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W O M A N:

AS SHE IS, AND AS SHE SHOULD BE.

VOL. I.
W O M A N:  

A S S H E I S,

A N D

A S S H E S H O U L D B E.

I shall be led particularly to examine the natural station and duties of the Female Sex: its improvement, and the bounds which Nature herself has prescribed to the progress of that improvement; beyond which, every pretended advance will be a real degradation.—Sir James Mackintosh, on the Law of Nature and Nations.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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420.
PREFACE.

The predominating influence of the female part of the human species over the interests of the species at large, is a phenomenon not less striking in itself than important as to its results; a phenomenon, that can scarcely fail to present the mind with a wide and serious subject for its contemplation.

Under its simpler bearings, such a subject has in it little that the most scrupulous could hold distasteful:—but as, in the pages that are to follow, a sort of rebellion is to be betrayed against the principle of female authority, and an unequivocal protest put forth against its continued exercise (founded upon a denial of the rights, and sometimes of the merits, of women, to exercise such a sway)—as such is the position we take up, and are to maintain, we
feel that no pages ever needed a preface, and a preface that should justify their tenour, more than those now submitted to the reader.

The nature of such a theme demands, that in the taking it up, honesty of purpose should be avowed. Briefly, then,—we seek in this adventure (and the object is well worth the seeking) to restore the legitimate authority of the one sex,—by the force of moral elevation to add to the true influence of the other,—and so to promote the happiness of the species at large. We may have stepped aside to become the accuser, but it is the principle of love which we have endeavoured to keep in view.

That the motive of our writing, as well as the scope of our argument, will incur misconstruction, is a result for which we are not unprepared. To please all, in the exercise of such a task, is beyond hope; while, to avoid offending some, and perhaps many (if many are to be our readers), is, we fear, impossible. That a work of such a nature should be acceptable to the
sex, the ascendancy of which it seeks, in however remote a degree, to lower, is of course not likely; that it should find friends among the many and eager worshippers of that sex, would be an expectation nearly as unreasonable.

We seek to force open the windows of truth;—we are about to unrobe an idol. He who makes attempts of this kind, must look to be walked over by society in its eagerness. There is no swimming against the tide of custom without a few rough blows from its waves! Yet, though we have to assail prejudice (and prejudice too of all others the most inveterate), though we make war upon opinion, though we defy power, we have the encouragement (and it is a sufficient one) of reflecting, that what we have to offer is truth—that to set forth new truth is duty,—while the natural operation of all truth is in the production of happiness.

And besides that it is always right to have a faith in truth (which is no more to be extinguished or soiled than the sun-
beam, and which is still excellent though it flow not from the pen of a Burke)—apart from all abstract encouragements, there is likewise something of assurance in the peculiar and inviting character of the times in which we live. Big with expectation, the age before us speaks for itself. He must be blind indeed who does not see that men are at length making noble efforts to throw off their errors and their prejudices. No law of the Medes and Persians can there now be for controul of Opinion: it is the dress of the mind, altering and improving its fashion with growing civilization. Yes! great truths and principles at last walk fearlessly abroad, challenging investigation; and those which come home to our hearths and bosoms, must not remain longer unprobed.

The volumes before the reader are anonymous, but this can be of little moment: truth is of more importance than the name of its advocate; and it was apprehended there might seem somewhat presumptuous in an individual stepping forward on such
an occasion in strife with public opinion. Besides, as a still better reason, the authority of any single individual can be of little consequence on questions like the present. It has been, in fact, the leading purpose and design of our labours, to bring together the collective opinions of men of acknowledged eminence and received authority—to display, in a word, the weight of evidence belonging to our doctrine.

To the works of writers who have treated on the same subject (whether from the ranks of our own countrymen or among foreigners), we are, as may be supposed, more particularly indebted. In all cases we have preferred to make extracts at length, either in the body of our text or as notes; bearing it in mind that mere references cannot, in these bustling days, be much attended to: at the same time, we have not loaded a practical work with controversy, nor have we been so uncharry of the reader's patience, as to set forth mere inventories of words, regardless of their force and bearing upon the point immediately under consideration.
It may be matter of wonderment to some, that we should be occasionally found citing the productions of the female pen: 'tis as well to explain this. Our speculations are more especially directed towards the improvement of women, and that sex may naturally be expected to give greater attention to a more favoured or less suspected class of authority. Such remarks are also sometimes valuable for their candour, if not always for their depth.

A few of our references will be drawn from Scripture; we are sure they will be not less valued or regarded on that account.

Though the whole argument, taken up in the succeeding pages, will base itself a good deal upon authority, we must admit, that Testimony is, in Logic, by no means decisive of Truth; nor are we unmindful, that a growing fondness for facts, rather than for opinions, is a feature of the age,—the sanction of great names being little valued now. Well knowing this, we do not dream of stringing together quotations, as if from such-and-such
decisions there was no appeal. Yet there are subjects (and such a one we take this to be) where Opinion, and Opinion from high quarters, must ever carry with it a legitimate weight. In such appeals as we may feel it desirable to make, we believe we can produce names, which, while they add authority to truth, might have furnished excuse even for error; and thus at the same time may we congratulate ourselves upon breaking the charge of weakness as to our principle, as well as of meanness in our entertainment.

It should be added, that while these volumes profess to be little more than a collection of authorities, we do not, in whatever we may have put forth, lay claim to so entire an originality, (whether of sentiment or language), as not to have borrowed, consciously or unconsciously, from writers whom we have consulted. Without doubt we are indebted to other labours than our own, and it is not pretended to be denied that these sheets are the result of reading as well as original thinking.
Above the false vanity (for such we consider it) of saying nothing but what is absolutely new, we have endeavoured to consolidate the essence of what has been already here and there thrown out upon this subject. To adorn Truth from the wardrobe of Genius is always an honourable office, and, with a right object in view, we need not blush to have borrowed wit, as well as wisdom, from those who are able to furnish either.

We have only to trust, in conclusion, that the fashion of the address will not condemn its substance. As we have not the ability to compose what is called a system, so neither have we desired it! Universal systems, like universal nostrums, savour more of quackery than truth. To sacrifice everything to the system they have framed is the mode of some writers: it has not been ours! Had we attempted the air of a system on this occasion, it might have deterred rather than attracted the reader; and the subject is besides of much too complex and contradictory a nature to
admit of it. Sincerity should be unaffected. Careless even of that order in our remarks which might wear the garb of systematic attack, we have never stood to sort sentences. Things, not words, have been our aim; and we are only ambitious to deliver, after a plain manner, the private ideas we entertain on a subject that mightily interests us, and which we have tended with the vigils of years!
INTRODUCTORY.

"Quicquid agit mutier—nostri est farrago libelli."

Of all studies, there can be none more worthy the mind than a consideration of itself, and of the great Science of human nature; even in its vices the human race is a fitting subject for contemplation!

But strangely has it happened that enquiries, as respecting one great division of our species, have been prosecuted with little attention, and have been almost received with less. It was a remark of Johnson's, long ago, that "in philosophical discourses which teach by precept, as well as historical narratives that instruct by example, the peculiar virtues or faults of women fill but a small (too small) a part." Don Quixotes of the quill there have, doubtless, never been wanting; but effusions from such quarters have been for
the most part varnished, and put forth in a false tone. They have been, in most instances, palliative, or superfiney favourable, upon a subject where there was surely some ground for censure; and Flattery, never idle and untired, has been lavished by the ream, till it has almost sickened the very objects of its deceit.

To banish Truth in this manner for unmeaning compliment, is as injurious to that sacred cause, as it is unbecoming the dignity of literature. It is not soberly to be denied, that there is much in the character of Woman—especially in our day, which opens wide a field for anxious investigation. This the blindest advocate for the divinity of female nature must perceive—and the noisiest, with more or less limitation, admit.

But even had the subject of 'Woman' been canvassed in any degree proportionate to its merits and importance, it would still be possible to produce new ideas on an old subject: by mining more deeply, fresh veins may be discovered. The advance
of society, under its new phases, must ever continue to give fresh interest to every vital theme. No topic, much less the great topic of human nature, can be said to be exhausted. Previous speculations may be mistakes, and may be proved so; and even among things most known, there will never cease to exist new affinities and fresh differences.

We maintain that Woman has, in our day, attained a false social elevation—an elevation that morally degrades her, and which nature acknowledges not. "It appears to me," observes even a lady-writer of the day, "that the condition of women in society, as at present constituted, is false in itself, and injurious to them: that the education of women, as at present conducted, is founded in mistaken principles, and tends to increase fearfully the sum of misery and error in both sexes *.

The consequence of this false position of Woman in society has been mischief—mischief vast and widely spread. "It is

* Mrs. Jamieson.
not, nor it cannot come to good!" At the same time, be it well understood, we attach not the onus of blame to that sex. It must be evident, that it can be only by Man's verdict that Woman remains on her giddy eminence, for when was it ever known that strength submitted to weakness but by its own consent? Woman is not the responsible party, neither is she to be held morally accountable even for the imperfections that have assailed her. She has been a wanderer—she has left, but she has been seduced to leave, her proper and peculiar sphere. Wrong has been the consequence, but Woman has been as much its victim as its author. Let it not then be still asked who did that wrong; Man suffered it, and his, therefore, and his alone, be the fault! Is blame to rest where error originates, or where it is merely acted upon? The instigator is ever to be accounted the moral criminal!

But, the female character having become faulty, in consequence of the peculiar temptations spread by many circumstances
around it, but more especially springing from that uncontrolled influence (as mischievous as it is vast) which women exercise over society at large—such being the case, would it not be a worthy labour to attempt the curbing down, in the first place, all such influence, wherever dangerous or overgrown,—and afterward to seek the direction of a fitting and wholesome influence into its proper and peculiar channels? Let the devotion to Woman (if devotion to a creature there must needs be!) at least rest, and rest only, on the broad basis of devotion to her virtues!

But, at the same time, if such a task is to be carried through—if we are to be enabled, in any degree, to effect the purpose we hold in view, it is a conviction we cannot disguise, that much of what is now so taintinglly-luxurious in the female character has to be lopped away,—and perhaps nearly all that is left to be pruned. It is necessary to be severe in many cases before we can venture to be indulgent; just, before we can afford to be merciful.
On no occasion has it been sought in these pages to sustain argument (or have merely-satirical feelings been indulged in) by a repetition of those smart, but very often contemptible sallies, which have been levelled, time immemorial, against the sex. Such 'male impertinencies' are without end: but 'squibs' of that kind, in addition to being no more than common-place, are seldom anything beyond raillery;—all such we have accordingly rejected as unworthy serious attention; bearing in mind, that there is nothing so grave, nothing so estimable, as not to have been occasionally made the butt for shafts of ridicule, as powerless as they are malicious!

Holding all indiscriminate censure to be as senseless as it is illiberal, we have been both anxious and careful to avoid general imputations. But here we must be distinctly understood: We may not in all cases have expressly said (what frequently might have been said with truth) that there are many of the sex exempt from particular failings. Let not an omis-
sion, then, be mistaken for an injustice: "it is better to incur the risk of occasional misconception, than, by perpetually recurring to qualifying and explanatory phrases, to run the dangerous chance of wearying the reader."
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W O M A N:

AS SHE IS, AND AS SHE SHOULD BE.

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CHAPTER I.

FEMALE POWER, INFLUENCE, AND PRIVILEGES.

O ye men; it is not the great king, nor the multitude of men, neither is it wine that excelleth: who is it then that ruleth them, or hath the lordship over them? Are they not women?

By this also ye must know that women have dominion over you. Do ye not labour, and toil, and give, and bring all to the woman?

Yea! many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes.

Many also have perished, and erred, and sinned, for women.

Esdras.

§ 1.—The supremacy of the weak over the strong is a very remarkable phenomenon, and
it is as mischievous as it is remarkable. Whatever nature or law may have denied women, art and secret sway give them all: they are influential to a degree perfectly unguessed, and men are possessed by, not possessors of them.

"Woman was made of the man, and for the man:" this is the language of Scripture. Yet, though "expressly given to man for a comforter, for a companion,—not for a counsellor," Woman has managed to overstep her sphere—she has usurped the dominion of the head, when she should have aimed but at the subjection of the heart; and the hand which ought to be held out to man, only to sustain and cheer him on his journey, now checks his steps, and points out the way he is to go! From moment to moment his purposes are thwarted and broken in upon by a capricious influence, which he scarcely dares to question, yet makes it his pride to indulge.—Of this mighty evil it is that we are desirous to give a plain and unbiassed view.

There is, perhaps, no country on earth where women enjoy such, and so great privileges, as in our own. The phenomenon has never passed

* Sir Walter Raleigh.
unobserved by foreigners; and smartly enough has it been said, that were a bridge thrown across our Channel, the whole sex would be seen rushing to the British shores. In many countries women are slaves; in some they hold the rank of mistresses; in others they are (what they should everywhere be) companions; but in England they are queens!

It was remarked by Steele, even in his time, that “by the gallantry of our nation, the women were the most powerful part of our people;” and assuredly, female influence, far from finding its becoming level, has been on the growth among us ever since. It is now in its “high and palmy state,” and the star of Woman was perhaps never more in the ascendant than at this present writing(1).—The influence of Englishwomen,” as a cotemporary observes, “of attractive women” (and a large portion of our countrywomen are attractive) “is vast indeed: be they slaves or companions, sensual toys or reasoning friends, that influence is all but boundless.”

§ 2.—Female influence necessarily exists by sufferance; it can only be by man’s verdict that
it exists at all. And herein is the unaccountable part of the whole matter: there is actually something "stronger than strength,"—

"And mighty hearts are held in slender chains."

In the Moral Philosophy of Paley, there is a remark, so profoundly true, bearing upon our subject, that we cannot consent to hide it in a note. "Could we regard mankind," says that writer, "with the same sort of observation with which we read the natural history, or remark the manners of any other animal, there is nothing in the human character which would more surprise us, than the almost-universal subjugation of strength to weakness. Among men (in the complete use and exercise of their personal faculties) you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this one, too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a Woman, a madman, or a fool."

And thus does Man (too often the creature of passion, but never so much or completely so, as when Woman is its object) yield himself an unthinking victim: a most willing bond-slave here, he suffers his head to become the dupe to his pas-
sions. How (perhaps many a man asks himself) should he look for harm, where he has garnered up his heart, and where his earliest, latest wishes centre? And yet we may love, like Othello, "not wisely, but too well;" we may make unto ourselves idols of the heart, that shall wean us (as they weaned the wisest of old) from sobriety and duty. If the enthusiasm of devotion has sometimes stooped to borrow the language of love, far more often has the madness of love dared to borrow the language of devotion. Like the father in Parnell, our affections may become criminal, and "err'ing fondness" of this kind, amiable though it be, has to abide its consequences. Providence never fails to avenge any trespass on its own designs.

Led away "the captive of a face," "disturbed by a smile, or undone by a kiss;" a look sufficing to persuade, and a sigh to convince him: this is man's position!

"All they shall need, is to protest and swear,  
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear."  

Pope.

Beauty has but to lecture through her tears, and with Dido of old, "ire iterum in lacrymas, ite-
rum tentare precando,” and resolution is no longer a manly virtue. We resist, and resist, and resist again,—but at length turn suddenly round, and passionately embrace the enchantress.

Few are to be found who do not amuse themselves with a toy of some kind during every stage of life, and Woman (though perhaps as little enduring in outward charm as any other, and one that, if critically eyed, would not retain its divinity long,) is the most common and most fondled toy of all. How many, calling themselves men, are fooled by those who ought to be their comforters,—preyed upon by harpies in guise of angels! The hypocrite affects attachment; the coquette trifles with feeling; the prude strikes at the judgment; while the less principled reprobate lays out her traps for heedless passion.

In their most trifling pursuits do women somehow manage to create an almost-universal interest; in all their ordinary doings, in their ‘whereabouts,’—“leurs brouilleries leurs indiscrétions, leurs répugnances, leurs penchants, leurs jalousies, leurs piques,”—They have, in fine, continues the author* we are quoting, “cet art

* Montesquieu.
qu'on les petites ames d'intéresser les grandes.”

Nor are those mere “women’s fools” — the refuse of the other sex — who are led away blindfold thus: many of its chiefest ornaments are among their “following.” The great and small seem equally content to shape their desires to female foolishness, and with one false tear (uná falsâ lacrymâ, quam vix vi expresserit,) a pretty woman can undo at a moment what the best and wisest of men have been labouring for years to establish.

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“What is it Woman cannot do?
She'll make a statesman quite forget his cunning,
And trust his dearest secrets to her breast,
Where fops have daily entrance.”

Where (apart from outward attractions) this especial fascination which belongs to women lies, it is difficult to determine; wearing, as it does, the garb of secret and speculative influence, it becomes too vague to submit to a definition, — and thus it bases itself on a foundation as difficult to examine as to shake. We cannot look into the heart; and where women are concerned, the heart is more especially an enigma.

Thus much, however, may safely be concluded: were women really strong, the contact
or the occasional superiority might alarm pride; but, as the truth is, this "mortal omnipotence" is at last but an insect in the breeze; and though a creature which by its will, its wit, or its caprices, is sometimes able to shake us, soul and body, it nevertheless, from instant to instant, is dependant upon ourselves for the minutest succour.

§ 3.—Let us consider female influence under the several aspects in which it presents itself;—and first, as acting upon society at large. The supremacy of women is quite as much general and public, as it is domestic and individual: it spreads along the innumerable lines of social intercourse,—exerting itself, not merely over manners, but, which is often to be regretted, over modes of thinking. We see around the sex an almost-Chinese prostration—of mind as well as body: their approval it is that stamps social reputation,—their favour, and their favour alone, that is supposed to confer happiness. Nothing, soresooth, is right, but what bears the stamp of their approbation; and theirs alone is the great catholic creed of manners, any deviation from which is heresy. And women have no
Influence as Wives,

Notion of other merit or qualifications than such as they themselves please to dictate,—having been early taught to feel their own consequence, more than what is due to their creature, Man.

§ 4.—But in the connubial state do women exercise the most unlimited power. Female influence, in its action merely over manners and conventionalisms, might seem somewhat on the surface; but such is by no means its narrow bounds: mediately, if not directly, it is an agent in every possible direction. The wife controls her husband, and he acts upon others, and upon the state at large, according to his sphere in life.

Within the whole circle of deception, there is perhaps no creature so completely beguiled as many a modern husband;—we can all, in our private circles, point to a score of instances. Such a being is but an appendage to another—nothing of himself; he is a slave, and a slave of the worst kind—fooled to the bent of another’s will. Free agency is a thing quite gone from him, and, if mere confinement makes not captivity, he suffers a loss of liberty at his own hearth. He
is under a charm—loving, as Shakspeare phrases it, with an "enraged affection." Let the dear enchantress cry for the moon, she should have it from its sphere, were it possible. He would have the world from its axis, to give it her: no one can be richer than she in his promises: she, who but she, the cream of all his care!

"Dilige, et dic quicquid voles."

Women there are affectionate enough—it may be, devoted—in their character as wives; but then, it is at their husbands' peril to be happy by other means than such as in their wisdom they please to prescribe. Regents of the heart, they take care to govern it most absolutely: and thus it happens (as Phædrus said long ago) that "men are sure to be losers by the women, as well when they are the objects of their love, as when they lie under their displeasure!"

In right of marriage, Englishwomen become endowed with many and great privileges,—privileges that are growing in number and importance every day. Claims, greater than were ever before awarded, are now allowed them in Law and in Equity: over pecuniary matters they
have no small control, and are always at full liberty to plunge into wanton expenditure, leaving their husbands the responsible parties.

In short, the ceremony of wedlock, with its present obligations, more than restores any natural inequality between the sexes. No longer are women cyphers beyond the sphere of domestic life: they are parencers of our power. They are not, it is true, suffered as yet to dispute the prizes of ambition, but they partake largely of its reward; they have the lion's share—they divide, where they do not monopolize the spoil!

Were it not for difference of dress and person, one might almost mistake the wife for the husband in this country (5). Her will is not carried in his pocket, as is wisely arranged elsewhere:—“he pays the bills indeed, but my lady gives the treat.” And while she is spending money with both hands, and with a zeal that would lighten the bags of a loan-monger, he has to sell his woods and lands, borrow, or beg!

Slily and unperceived does the foot of female authority slip itself in: the wedge is easily driven home. This is a species of power that never exists long without favouring itself;—let an as-
cendancy be once gained (and the collar of command is soon slipped)—let a system of insinuation once transfer the authority of wedlock,—and, afterwards, every act, be it of large or small import—what must be done, what is to be said,—becomes not the act of the Man, but of the Woman. It is not planned, it is determined; and where the lady cannot give her reason, she gives her resolution.

"Hoc volo, sic jubeo; sit pro ratione voluntas:
Imperat ergo viro!" Juv.

This is "Gynocracy" with a vengeance! as Lord Byron was pleased, on some occasion, to denominate petticoat-sway. This very peculiar and distinct species of government (partaking in its nature not so much of a mild despotism, as of a pure unmixed tyranny) has now grown so common among us, that (albeit laid down neither in Plato nor Aristotle) it well deserves, as it has obtained, a definite and scientific denomination.

We have all seen the ivy twining around the oak, but behold a novelty—the oak twining itself about the ivy! The man who suffers himself to be led away blindfold thus, can only be likened
to the fool "that rejoiceth when he goeth to the
correction of the stock (v.)."—"Give not thy soul
to a woman, to set her foot upon thy substance."
To submit thus is contrary to the first law of
nature—it is a direct spurning of Revelation:—

"Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey?
- - - - - or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal—that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood?"

MILTON, P.L.

Let us presume to offer one word of advice
to the sex that, in truth, most needs it. Men
should let their love be at least manly; it is al-
ways possible to be affectionate without being
over-fond;—to copy the gentleness, without the
amorousness, of the dove. It is in itself a folly to
allow those we love to perceive the vehemence
of our affection; for such is human nature,—and
such especially is female nature, that where it
can control, it is nearly sure to become indifferent
about pleasing, and at last despotick. Persecution
may appear in many shapes, at home as well
as abroad (v.); it may address us in the voice of
mildness as well as of imperious command; and
the soft and playful creatures of our idle hours
may cause us misery for years: Nothing is to
be disregarded, however seemingly powerless! Though the capacities of Woman are comprised within a very narrow sphere, these act within the circle with vigour and uniformity. It is often by seeming to despise power, that women secure it to satiety! A love of power would seem almost part and parcel of Woman's composition;—for to this end they early learn to enlist every art they are mistresses of;—

In men we various ruling passions find.
In women two almost divide the kind;
These only fix'd, they first or last obey—
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

Pope.

§ 5.—Nor is the political influence belonging to women of contemptible amount. There is an old and true maxim, that though kings may reign, women virtually govern: 'tis they who hold the strings of all intrigues, great or small. “There are perhaps few instances,” says an elegant writer, “in which the sex is not one of the secret springs that regulate the most important movements of private or public transactions.” Not merely over the fanciful regions of fashion does the female empire extend itself; it dictates to

Fitzosborne's Letters.
the senate, as well as legislates for the ball-room. Women make no laws, it is true; they abrogate none: in so far Law shakes hands with Divinity; but they have an influence beyond any law (?):
"Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut?" Nothing resists them! What follows, though it be poetry, is too true a picture.

"What trivial influences hold dominion
O'er wise men's counsels and the fate of empire!
The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,
Depend upon our husbanding a moment,
And the light lasting of a Woman's will!"

Rowe.

Nor are women without civil and political power of the direct kind. They are vested with many important trusts, and enjoy most of those privileges which accompany property. They vote for many public functionaries, and their sweet voices are made admissible in electing directors for the government of thirty or forty millions of souls in British India.

And where their influence is but indirect, it is little less powerful on that account. In our public elections 'tis they who are the actual constituency,—they, after all, who virtually elect;
for which is the vote that they do not influence? The system of female canvassing has of late years become a traffic quite notorious.

The lady in Hudibras, did not exceed the truth when she asserted the vast powers and privileges of her sex:—

"We manage things of greatest weight
In all the world's affairs of state;
We make and execute all laws
Can judge the judges and the cause;
We rule in every public meeting
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magistrates in all great towns
Where men do nothing but wear gowns!

We are your guardians, that increase,
Or waste, your fortunes as we please;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well."

§ 6.—In our own most artificial of countries alone is it, that women are thus glorified with a false worship. Elsewhere in the world the social condition of women is on a scale very different. To this day, in Africa and a considerable portion of America, they are little more than upper domestics—sometimes lower still, (which remains to be regretted,—for either extreme of treatment is bad.) In Asia their condition
little better; their treatment among the Hindoos, with the severe philosophy of Menu respecting them, is well known*; and in the large and important empire of China, they experience an habitual confinement within the walls of their own homes—a custom, by the way, to the good effects of which, travellers bear harmonious record†. In continental Europe we find the sex pampered, and ranking higher in the social scale; but everywhere, in their condition, they continue immeasurably below Englishwomen. In Spain, and in Italy too, they are depressed more than is commonly supposed. Throughout the whole of Germany they are brought up to be useful, as well as ornamental. Even in France, the once parent-land of gallantry, it has been considered politic, since the days of the Revolution, to reduce the female mind more to a state of mediocrity, and to re-model the national system of education:—“**Elles avoient, sans doute, dans l'ancien régime, trop d'influence sur les affaires.”** † The Salique law, which excludes women from the throne (a serious affront, by the way, upon the sex), was, from earliest times, an express and peculiar provision of the French code.

* Vide Mill's British India. † Madame de Staël.
With regard to the antients, the wholesome rigour observed in their domestic policy by the Greeks and Romans, is well known; and as to other nations, Aristotle reports of the Scythians, Tacitus of the Germans, and Cæsar of the Gauls, that their customs, as affecting the other sex, were all conducted on similar principles. The Jews were remarkably prudent in the constitution of their social laws.\(^{10}\)

Shall it be put forward as serious argument, that Englishmen feel they are right in their own island system—in the mere quixotic treatment of women? Alas! "feeling" is, in itself, no trustworthy criterion either of right or wrong. This principle has led men to do many vicious, not to say foolish, things; and the indulgence of our noblest feelings may be carried too far. The wild Arab feels it to be his most honourable occupation to live by plunder, like his fathers before him; the Spartans of old felt it praiseworthy to be a successful thief; the Turk feels it an obligation of honour to conceal his wives from the eyes of men, and to look down with contempt upon the sex at large:—what will be said to this instance of feeling?

Wherever women are concerned, it is too
common to run into extremes. Doubtless the worse, infinitely the worse extreme, is that of ill-usage: but this, to the honour of Englishmen, is of rare occurrence. The more usual extravagance is that of unmitigated, undistinguishing dotage; a description of folly which can hardly be called unkind—it is unwise! If "kind treatment" means an abstinence from blows and actual insult, or if it implies mere nonsensical gallantry, then must our English boast of devotion to the sex be at once admitted; but if the term rather implies (as it should be imagined to imply) an ever-watchful attention to the repose of mind and to the best interests—not to the mere caprices—of women; if it means a respect for them as mothers, an attachment to them as wives, not a mere doting fondness for them as playthings—then are women, in this age and country, not treated kindly?

§ 7.—The proposal of placing any restrictions on the sex is usually met by the artful appeal to national vanity:—this involves a point standing at the very threshold of our argument.—It is looked upon as an immediate and necessary effect of a nation's "refinement," that women enjoy
rights and privileges,—however great or important. But is this circumstance, or, to call things by their true names, is that Effeminacy* which takes its growth from female influence,—is that supine and excessive softness of manners, which is so commonly attended with indulgence of all the natural passions, any worthy proof that we act up to a true and healthy standard of civilization?—Alas! luxurious habits, and all over-wrought and pseudo-civilization (under whatever shape) are but melancholy beacons of a nation’s corruption and decline!

"The ultimate tendency of civilization is towards barbarism":—this may be a startling maxim, but it is none the less sound, and it contains one of the most valuable lessons taught us by history.—Civilization has a bastard sister, whose fellowship renders even herself but a doubtful good; the name of this treacherous ally is Luxury,—saevis armis Luxuria, as the fine thought of Juvenal expresses it—a more fatal scourge than war! "Ere a nation grows old, and as it grows old, it gradually opens the door to this insidious guest, and thus does it sow within itself the very seeds of decay."(18)"

* Vide Chap. vii. § 5.
EFFIMINACY IS NOT CIVILIZATION.

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It can hardly be, but that "the capricious corruptions of refinement" must at length lay prostrate a nations energies.—When the mountain-top is once gained, descent only offers: in the march of civilization there is a highest point too. Many a mighty people has travelled with fearful rapidity on the very same path,—has gained the summit, and fallen—We are on the pass!)

But apply this false test of civilization in its effect on morals, on domestic life, and upon women themselves. Luxury, with its countless corruptions, takes up its abode principally among the higher ranks: yet history proclaims, and report still whispers, that "this most incorrigible class of the community"+ is as little distinguished by virtue, as by true refinement and happiness.

Montesquieu in his "Esprit des Loix" considers women a principal cause of luxury;—and he is of opinion that the laws of a wise government should prevent this sex from rendering the possession of wealth or excessive influence an instrument of national corruption †. "It has been considered wise in a well governed state, (observes the same author) that the sexes should

* Sir J. Mackintosh. † Paley.
‡ Vide B. xxvi, ch. 3.
not too frequently mix with each other,—and that advantages must result to both in consequence."

Another writer,* no less versed in the philosophy of history, makes the following comment upon that strictness which the antients thought it right to observe in their commerce with the fair sex:—"we may be assured that an extreme purity of manners was the consequence of this reserve: on the other hand, in modern times the females enter into all transactions of church and state, and no man can expect success, who takes not care to obtain their good graces. It is needless to dissemble:—the consequence of a very free commerce between the sexes, and of their living much together, will often terminate in intrigues and gallantry."

§ 8.—Observe the consequences that have ensued from suffering these "smiling mischiefs"—these "fair perditions," hurried down the united streams of ambition and pleasure, to take their own course. Ever since the world stood and time began, History and Tradition bear loud and fearful testimony to the evils of female interference or influence. The saving has proved

*Hume—Vide "Essays,"
itself too true: "For every iota of power possessed by a woman, mankind is, through some of its ramifications, the worse."

For what,—to begin with the most ancient of all records, does Scripture itself tell us? The fall of our race from original innocence and happiness, had its rise in the ambitious desires and curiosity of the first Woman. Alas! how entirely are the failings inherited by her busy representatives! "Of the woman came the beginning of sin, and through her we all die."

Mischief has ensued, and probably is to ensue, from this very source to the world's end. How eloquently, in "Paradise Lost," is Adam made to forewarn his descendants of

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"innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares."
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"Thus it shall befall
Him, who, to worth in woman overtrusting,
Lets her will rule."

"For still I see the tenour of man's woe
Holds on the same from Woman to begin."

Did not his wives turn away the heart of Solomon, God's chosen servant? Sampson's might was overthrown by the treachery of a concubine. After ruminating mischief against the Israelites, with what refined invention did Balaam at
length make choice of Woman; this seemed the most fitting instrument for his purpose, where-with to tempt the favoured people, that so they might become idolaters and be rejected of God. Through the same mischievous influence did John the Baptist\(^{15}\) perish; and we also read that the persecution of the Christians during the ministry of Paul was "aided and abetted" by women.

Ancient classic records furnish much the same tale; from the memorable days of Troy\(^{16}\) downwards.—The Roman age\(^{17}\) was not without its Fulvias, Messalinas, and Agrippinas:—The first revolution, in which kingly power was destroyed, had its origin in a dispute about women; the elevation of plebeians to the consulship (in itself another revolution) is traced to the malicious envy which one sister bore to another.

In Grecian history, the famous war of Peloponnesus, so calamitous to that country, took its rise from the personal resentment of Aspasia, the mistress of Pericles:—(It was under the sway of this famous courtezan, that Athens witnessed its most vicious as well as its most "refined" epoch.) Aristotle and Euripides, the chiefest glories of that land of genius, fled their country on account of women,
HISTORICAL EVIDENCE.

But in the annals of Greece and of Rome, and more especially during the era of their early greatness, be it admitted there are not to be pointed out so many instances of female mischief or aggression. It is as easy as it is satisfactory to account for this: their domestic policy was more according to nature; they educated the female portion of their families only with cautious wisdom,—and in this, as in other things, these great people may be said, for a long period of their history, to have lived up to the true standard of civilization.

The Roman code ("that grand monument of human wisdom, for which mankind must ever be inspired with veneration*"), rigorously excluded women from whatever was of a public nature;—they had their own domestic tribunal. But the Greeks had particular magistrates to inspect the conduct of their women, and we are told, that "such was the virtue, simplicity, and chastity of women in the Grecian cities, that in this respect hardly any people were ever known to have a wiser polity†." And with all these restrictions, there is ample proof that they by no

* Sir J. Mackintosh.  † Montesquieu.
means treated the fair sex with any want of practical generosity. We have precisely a similar account of the Romans, with regard to both these material points, public morality and kind treatment of women: we are told, that, while the laws were in their vigour, "the public morals were more fixed—the men more sober—the women more chaste:" and Livy, the historian, bears particular record that, "notwithstanding the avowed rigour of the Roman customs, no people were milder in their conduct towards women."

But from the days of Greece and Rome, down to those in which we live, evils, and the greatest of evils, have sprung from the same unsuspected source. The French revolution, the last great and stirring event upon which the world looks back, arose "amidst the yells and violence of women.*" Some Thais has ever been found in bustling times ready to lead the way:—"Dux femina facti."—Rousseau asserts, that "all the great revolutions were owing to women;" a fact which we may easily credit, if we can first admit the justice of Sir W. Raleigh's maxim—"The

* Burke's Reflections.
tongue is the cause of nearly all the evil that has happened in the world." A peculiar and most effective weapon of the sex, is this one little organ: "What hast thou not been capable of doing, O Woman! and what hast thou not been capable of saying?" The divinity of the tongue was among the Romans aptly personified as female; and after this manner was the goddess styled "Ate, mother of debate, and of all mischief!"

For the sake of women have the dearest and most devoted friends quarrelled—families have been divided—and nations have unceasingly drawn the sword of hostility: they are the very rot of power; for them have been empires lost and won, and the Times a thousand times put "out of joint." The greatest events may spring from trifling causes, and perhaps there are few things, great or small in their consequence, which are not to be traced to a female origin—"tis Woman that seduces all mankind."

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"femina litem"  
Nulla sed causa est, in qua non moverit."  
Juv.

* Gay.

c 2
It may seem that we have been all this time declaiming; but let us whisper a truth to the reader:—The influence of which we speak is not only overgrown, it is fearfully threatening and dangerous; it is rarely exerted for good: it is, in sad reality, "fundi nostri calamitas," an unsuspected leprosy at the heart of nearly all our social evil. Did we not well know this, so strange and yet so true, we might be tempted to view it rather as a constant farce, and with the eye of a Democritus: but as it is, we cannot say, "Rinem teneatis!" we are compelled to cry out, "Quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis?"

§ 9.—A sample has been given of the evils inflicted upon society by unwholesome liberty among women. "Here be truths," as Shakespeare says, "fearful truths!" But, alas! Wisdom might cry aloud in our streets; her's is a still, small voice, that is heeded not: and we call ourselves a thinking people, while we put our hands before our eyes, and in silence contemplate an evil fixing itself at our very hearths!

We have declared the mischief which the influence of women entails upon others: the in-
dictment carries, however, with it another count. It is injurious to themselves! It is impossible for womanly interference to exist without self-injury, as well as injustice towards others. The quixotic champions of the sex, who would extend as well as excuse such influence beyond its legitimate sway, only give proof here, that it may be sometimes necessary to be saved from one’s friends!

Very lamentable is it to see such a creature as Woman (such at least as she might be) lowered, and lowering herself, by the assumption of the very position she is unfitted for! Evils enough have ever proceeded from the ungoverned passions of men, and the temptations that beset them; and is poor weak Woman to be placed on a giddy eminence, and thus tempted and tampered with? What Woman breathing is fit to govern others?—“She who governs herself.” Is this a fitting answer? it might as well have been—“There is no such Woman!”

- - - - “Woman’s passions,
More violent than ours, and less controll’d
By reason, hurry on; and often find
Prodigious means to act prodigious ills!”
§ 10.—A highly artificial state of society is in its nature upon a rickety foundation: the fictitious and conventional principles of such a state once shaken, or on a sudden deranged, confusion cannot fail to be the consequence. The moral chain that holds the sexes together is even now upon the stretch; a link may give way, and the result to human happiness who can foresee? It yet, however, remains for us to recur by gradual steps to the first and more simple principles of nature.

But how is the bandage to be removed from the eyes—the scales to be torn from the moral vision? Man, the slave of prejudice and established mode, will not transport himself beyond the ignorant present. The selfish caterer to his own passions, he is either careless to give Woman any higher moral elevation than she at present enjoys, or perhaps he refuses to apply the lance to the wound, fearing to injure himself in the experiment: he prefers to lull himself still in the lap of Folly, nursing in his turn the false consequence of his Circe, While many are resolved to be blind, there are some who see, but who shut their eyes, and if the whole human race
RESTRICTIONS.

were mad, would not see or say it: they perhaps imagine it would be as easy to restore the heptarchy as a wholesome legitimate influence between the sexes—the mantle of society must continue rent for them!

§ 11.—That a reform, as immediate as may be, in our social state, is expedient, we hold to be unquestionable: it remains to be considered how far such a change is definite and practicable. Supposing evil to be connected with our own mild and indulgent system towards the sex, are we then, it may be asked, to fall back upon the avowed rigour of the Greek or Roman codes? If we are no longer to bow the knee unto Woman, and set her on an eminence as heretofore, must Man needs make a slave of his helpmate?

It is not necessary to do either:—Virtue bases herself in moderation, while Error usually lurks in the extremes. Experience, drawn as well from life as history, would, doubtless, determine at once in favour of the seeming severity of ancient domestic discipline. And a social reform of this kind, to the exact extent it was carried, would infallibly tend to benefit the whole human race,
and, more especially, would give moral character to the female division of it. It has been already shown how admirably such a system worked during the early period of the Roman and Grecian era. And with respect to the latter of these, one of its historians expressly tells us, "The depression of women levelled all the natural inequalities of their temper and disposition: the prude, the coquette, with the various intermediate shades of female character, entirely disappeared.*"

But such discipline, excellent as its principle may be, the greater refinement of modern life and manners practically precludes. There is one point, however, fixed and undoubted: an evil—and an evil of the first magnitude—is before us! We have to seek a corrective of some sort. While the same unhappy constitution exists, the products will continue the same. "Farewell all hope of true reformation in the state, while such an evil as this lies undiscerned or unregarded in the house†!"

With great benefit might we extract much from the legal codes, and the moral or social

* Gillies' Ancient Greece. † Milton.
RESTRICTIONS.

systems of our forefathers; by no means, however, forgetting that more certain salvation of reform—to reject much from our own. But Horace has well said,

"quid leges sine moribus
Vance efficient?"

The point in question is not so much one in which legislative power can ever interfere, as it is one that must be left to the result of a moral conviction upon the popular mind, and to individual exertions. Such a moral agency, with a firm conviction of its usefulness, must become an active principle in the one sex, before we can improve the latent and silent agencies of habit in the other. "The great end of female education is to fit Woman, as a relative creature, to be a zealous labourer in the midst of the whole human family, for the advancement of the whole human race; and to fit her, as an individual, to create happiness for herself, by means as purely self-dependent as the nature of things will admit.""

"I shall particularly examine," says Sir James Mackintosh, in alluding to the subject before us,

* Fox's Monthly Repository.

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"the natural station and duties of the female sex, its improvement, and the bounds which nature herself has prescribed to the progress of that improvement, beyond which every pretended advance will be a real degradation."

To that very point of degradation, if we have already brought the sex, it only remains, by bringing it nearer its natural destination, and acting towards it in a better and wiser spirit, to avert the social danger that is threatening. The female road through life must be no longer a royal one; Man must be invested with that reasonable control, that natural authority, which will prove better for all in the end. "Melius est cum severitate diligere," writes St. Augustine; "quam cum lenitate decipere." And as the wise and Christian spirit of a Jeremy Taylor has expressed the same sentiment: "The wisdom of the Man is to regulate all faults and indiscretions." She has an ill mistress that is ruled only by herself!

There is, in the meantime, no need to make the necessary dependance painful; it is quite enough that Woman be made to feel it without

* Holy Living.
doing penance. She must, however, be at once disarmed of all such influence, even of a private class, as is clearly of an unwholesome kind, and such as God and nature never intended to exist. And in public life she is no longer to be suffered in any presumptuous interference with matters quite irrelevant to her sex, being at once out of her province and beyond her capacity. In her own sphere (and that sphere is a wide one, viz. that of the affections) let her still be mighty; she ever must be so: but "the moment she descends from her elevation, and, ceasing to respect herself, casts from her those proprieties that her condition forbids her to dispense with, then—not even conventional courtesy must screen her from admonition and reproof."

In asserting thus boldly that our whole social structure is false, inasmuch as Woman holds in it a false position, it is by no means intended here to attribute moral blame unto her: Man alone is in fault—for he suffers it. Wherefore he is still bound (as doubtless he would be under any circumstances,) to treat Woman with zealous
kindness and untired respect: he has allowed female importance to grow, he has cherished its growth; it would little become him now to turn round, change countenance, and frown upon his own work. God forbid, that in a nation like this, and at this age of the world, there should ever be an absence of liberal, though corrected, generosity towards a weaker sex!

It is an "unwise kindness" that we would modify and correct. Indulgence may be carried (for it has been carried) too far; and perhaps, on reflection, it will be admitted by every reader, that there is a price too great for any return a woman has to make: and this alone is the extremity we would resist. We think with Steele, that "our women have already very much indulged to them in the participation of our fortunes and our liberties." When the sun of prosperity rises on Man, are not its beams reflected upon Woman to? We deny, therefore, and we deny with emphasis, the right of a whole sex of queens to wear any longer the power and false royalties which they have usurped, or with which they have been invested!
§ 12.—In conclusion, we would make a brief, and we hope not altogether vain, appeal to themselves. We implore them to remember, that as they have far more to receive than to grant, it would be more becoming to deserve respect ere they demand it. When they can once appreciate themselves and the opposite sex, they cannot fail to learn, that their true and only empire is that soft dominion which affection generates and confirms. They have to teach themselves to become more deserving and less assuming, and they will then be more what God and nature designed that they should be.

In Woman, weakness itself is the true charter of power; it is an absolute attraction, and by no means a defect; it is the mysterious tie between the sexes, a tie as irresistible as it is captivating, and begetting an influence peculiar to itself—in short, all independence is unfeminine: the more dependant that sex becomes, the more will it be cherished.

Wherefore, let all those forget ambition that ever knew it: its moral danger is to them no less than its worldly folly, for "where female ambition leads the van, the main body of vices are
sure to follow in the rear." Let the only con-
quest aimed at be that of self; and let them not
even wish to have a higher control of any kind
than such as their condition legitimately allows
them.

All that has been said let them well observe,
and then they will command heartfelt respect
from men, as well as merely engage their pas-
sions; then, will any power exerted against them
be worse than weakness in a bad cause; they
will stand upon a rock, and may assure them-
selves, that, in standing on it, they shall not be
shaken!
NOTES.—CHAPTER I.

(1) A low estimate of female pretensions is certainly not the fault of the present day. Women are, perhaps, sometimes in danger of being spoilt, but they cannot complain that they are too little valued. Their powers are too highly rated; their natural defects are overlooked; and the consideration in which they are held, the influence they possess, and the confidence placed in their judgment, are in some instances disproportionate with their real claims.

Mrs. Sandford.

(2) The clique of fine ladies, and the clique of dandies, still exist; and these are the donors of social reputation: we may say, as the Irishman said of the thieves, "They are mighty generous with what does not belong to them." Being without character themselves, we may judge of the merits which induce them to give a character to others.

Bulwer's England.

(3) I have seen women in England (says a Danish lady) give parties and receive guests, as if the master of the house were not in existence. They seemed all in pursuit of variety, and not unfrequently appeared to dissipate their pin-money—which, to us, would be little fortunes, without thought or care. Our husbands take care to claim the natural superiority of their sex; but though we do not participate in the advantages of English women, and have
less sway and power, I am willing to conclude our happiness is not decreased by the curtailment of these privileges.—Wolfe's Travels.


Cicero, in Paradoxis.

(5) Let it be ever remembered, that she who by teasing, by wheedling, by finesse under any shape whatever, seeks to weary or deceive her husband into consent or acquiescence, acts no less plainly in opposition to her duty of scriptural obedience, than she would have done had she driven him into compliance by the menaces and weapons of an Amazon.—Gisborne.

(6) People sometimes wonder to see some men rise fast to eminent dignities. They do not ascend by degrees, but fly from the lowest to the middle, and from that to the highest. "For what reason?" will people say; "What has he done?" The solution of all this is, that some powerful Woman protects him. The same complaints will be made a thousand years hence, if the world continues so long; and as a private man is not able to reform this confusion, prudence may permit him to make use of it.—Observe that I do not say it would be right to do so.

Bayle.

In a government which requires that particular regard be paid to its tranquillity, it is absolutely necessary to shut up the women, for their intrigues would prove fatal to their husbands:—

In monarchies women are subject to very little restraint:
there each courtier avails himself of their charms and passions to advance his own fortunes.—Montesquieu.

(7) Women are, by law, supposed to be under the control of their nearest male relatives, prior to marriage; and, in a case of seduction, a father is obliged to sue for the loss of his daughter’s services. After marriage the fiction is continued: she is a femme couverte, an infant under the care of a protector, whose power is declared to extend “to everything not criminal, or not entirely inconsistent with the wife’s happiness.”

(8) Even women who have no connexion with the political hemisphere, are seen to be inspired by the passion communicated from their superiors—imbibe the quintessence of political attachment and antipathy—and by the ardour with which they copy the only part of their model which they have the means of emulating, show that it is not through want of ambition that they are left behind in the race.—Gisborne.

Nor reigns Ambition in bold man alone,  
Soft female hearts the rude invader own!  

Young.

(9) We find the manners more pure, in the several parts of the East, in proportion as the confinement of women is more strictly observed.—Montesquieu.

(10) Josephus, the Jewish historian, mentions one of their laws which makes female testimony inadmissible:—“But let not the testimony of women be admitted, on account of the levity and boldness of their sex.”—B. iv. ch. 8.

(11) Let us pause to express our utter contempt for the man who would strike a woman! A blow is a reason for
NOTES.

a brute—neither fit for man to give nor woman to receive: besides, those who are perverse never mend by it; those who are gentle deserve it not!

(12) Trade and wealth are the strength and pursuit of every wise nation; yet these must certainly produce luxury,—which no less certainly must produce their destruction.—Soame Jenyns.

Profuseness will be where there is affluence; they are firmly linked together, and constant dependants upon one another. Wealth unbars the gates of cities; profuseness gains in at the same time, and there they jointly fix their residence: after some continuance in their new establishment, they build their nests and propagate their species; they hatch no spurious brood, but their genuine offspring.—Smith's Longinus.

One of the most certain consequences of a very extended commerce, and of what is called the most advanced and polished state of society, is an universal passion for riches, which corrupts every sentiment of taste, nature, and virtue.—Dr. Gregory.

(13) That luxury, which began to spread after the restoration of King Charles the Second, hath increased ever since; hath descended from the highest to the lowest ranks of our people, and is become national! Now nothing can be more certain than this, that national luxury may in time establish national prostitution.—Bolingbroke on Parties.

Were a Lucian or a Voltaire to pay us a visit from Guinea or the Five Nations, what a picture of manners might he present to his countrymen on his return! Nor would exaggeration be necessary to render it hideous: a
plain, historical account of some of our fashionable duelists, gamblers, and adulterers (to name no more), would exhibit specimens of "brutish barbarity," such as might vie with any that ever appeared in Kamchatka or the land of the Hottentots!—Dr. Beattie's Essay on Truth.

It is not the necessity of the lower, but the luxury of the higher classes, which stands in the way of our great public interests.—Dr. Chalmers' Political Economy.

(14) Turn to the polished age of Louis XV. "In a society," writes Marmontel, "where pleasure was the reigning object, it was natural that the female sex should possess a high degree of influence. They occupied, in fact, a more prominent part in the theatre of life than is usually assigned them: they were the arbiters not of public amusements only, but of literature and the arts—of celebrity, in short, of every kind. Their character was not, as is well known, improved by these circumstances; and it is certain, that from the character of the sovereign and the higher orders, the most dissolute and worthless of the sex became often the channel through which court favour was distributed."

(15) In consequence of the murder of that saint having been brought about by female agency, any woman who enters the chapel dedicated to him at Genoa, is, by a decree of the Pope, ipso facto, excommunicated.

(16) The subject of the Iliad, viz. the Trojan War, took its rise in the adultery of a woman; and as it had a female origin, so, too, was it protracted on account of another—a concubine of Achilles. The leading events of the Æneid
likewise point in the same direction: the adventurers in that poem are first involved at Carthage by the affair of the amorous Dido; their own women afterwards set fire to the fleet; and lastly, their struggles and disasters in the promised land have a similar origin:

"Causa tanti mali convus iterum."

(17) The mistress of Cethagus, a man very powerful in his day, may be said to have had, at one time, the whole power and patronage of the city at her disposal. The mistress of Verres, the pretor, had equal influence, and persons of worth and honour were obliged to court her smiles. This it was that made Cicero exclaim, in his famous oration, "What a shame is it that a pretor should perform the functions of his office as it pleased a woman!"

(18) Who is she? a rajah was always in the habit of asking, whenever a calamity was related to him, however severe or however trivial. His attendants reported to him one morning that a labourer had fallen from a scaffold when working at his palace, and had broken his neck. "Who is she?" demanded the rajah. "A man; no woman, great prince," was the reply. "Who is she?" repeated the rajah, with increased anger. In vain did the attendants assert the manhood of the labourer. "Bring me instant intelligence what woman caused this accident, or woe upon your heads!" exclaimed the prince. In an hour the active attendants returned, and prostrating themselves, cried out, "O wise and powerful prince, as the ill-fated labourer was working on the scaffold, he was attracted by the beauty of one of your highness's damsels, and gazing on her, lost his balance and fell to the ground."
NOTES.

"You hear now," said the prince, "no accident can happen, without a woman being, in some way, an instrument."

CAPT. SKINNER'S Excursions in India.

(19) I am sorry to say it, but I have too often observed that fear as well as love is necessary on the lady's part, to make wedlock happy; and it will generally do it, if the man sets out with asserting his power and her dependance.—RICHARDSON'S Elegant Epistles.
CHAPTER II.

INTELLECT IN WOMAN.

"Well I know, in the prime end
Of nature, her th’ inferior; in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel."

—Milton.

§ 1.—The true sphere of woman is a point, the importance of which can scarcely be overrated; and there are respects in which should be distinctly understood what it is not, as well as what it is. Now, although woman be, in common with man, distinguished by the possession of reason, yet is not the sphere of genius hers: she can claim neither its properties nor its privileges, and intellectual excellence is still less her province than it is her peculiarity.

Power of mind is sexual: that vigour of genius which distinguishes man is rarely to be found in the opposite sex; in a word, woman is a creature less intellectual than man. If we regard
the head as the fountain of intellect—the heart as the source of the affections—we may adopt the figurative language of Chamfort:—"The female has a cell less in the head:" whether, as a recompense on the part of nature, she can boast "a fibre more in the heart," must be a point for consideration elsewhere.

This much for the present we may be allowed to take for granted—the intellectual powers of woman differ from those of man, as well as her physical properties: Mind with her, both as to its operations and products, is of another kind, and takes a totally different direction.

Woman best appreciates what falls under the jurisdiction of sensation. She sometimes displays wit, but not genius; she thinks, but does not meditate, and is not so much a reasoning creature, as a creature capable of reason; while to improve is within the reach of the female mind, to create is matter of difficulty and performance; rather subtle than solid, it analyses with elegance, but not logically—with considerable grace, but very rarely with accuracy."

* Vide chap. xv.
Profound thought in fact belongs to, and is the power of, the man. That woman's capacity is not for intense application, her little aptitude for the perception of complicated truths, and all abstract studies, sufficiently shows. Unable to embrace the whole of anything, or to follow up the chain of an argument from its first principles to its remote consequences, she pauses upon minutiae, and only remarks individually. By constitution also averse to the tediousness of deduction, and to a wearisome multiplicity of evidence, can she be expected to hold fairly the balance between latent truth and varnished error? To understand things well, they must be looked at in all their various relations; and these being almost endless, female knowledge can hardly fail to be imperfect.

The imaginative faculty in woman displays, indeed, a very remarkable versatility of its own; it is of the firefly kind, ever in motion—but in unmeaning motion, and often without a direction. We are astonished by its quickness of passage, as it hurries to and fro on most rapid wing, and flutters about from one blossom of opinion to
50  DECEPTIVE IN MENTAL CHARACTER.

another: but, meantime, the judgment thus ban-
died about like a shuttlecock between contrary
opinions, is able to effect a complete investiga-
tion of nothing!

§ 2.—Decision is a grand characteristic of
mind; for there can scarcely be much conse-
quence of character where there is no strength
of intellect. The inference we are obliged to
draw, is, that women are wanting in mental
character; they do in fact appear to be, as a
sex, stamped by nature with mental identity.
There is no broad characteristic outline, no
idiosyncrasy in the female mind: it can boast
no distinct stock of native ideas—none such as
produce others spontaneously; all that it has are
acquired,—one by one, and with difficulty. A
distinguished poet thus commences his "Essay
on Woman"—

"Most women have no character at all;
Matter too soft a lasting form to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, and fair."

"Les femmes sont extrêmes," says La Bruyère.
Where there is any character it may be observed to be generally in extremes; it has no genuine and fixed standard of moderation. Guided by no principle, impelled only by passion and feeling, they exist the mere creatures of sensibility; and, as the same author has observed, "it commonly happens that those whom they love form even their manners."

Frequently has man been termed "an imitative animal;" the female division of the species is, however, entitled in a more exclusive degree to be so styled. From her cradle to her grave, woman is but learning to do what she sees others do;—and though to do things by example, and upon confidence of another's judgment, may be a point in prudence, it is only second wisdom, and writing as it were by a copy. Viewed in her strongest light, woman is still but an echo of the man; she owes, with the camelion, the colour she assumes to the colour of the object near her; and her mind, planet-like, is not brilliant in itself, but shines by aid of a borrowed light. "If situation influences the mind, and if uniformity of conduct be frequently occasioned by
uniformity of condition, there must be a greater diversity of male than female characters."

§ 3.—Physiognomy, though perhaps not one of the perfect sciences, has in it, like most things, some germ of truth; and need we look further than the soft, silly, simpering faces of those who make up the mere lump of the sex, to fathom the perceptible depth of their understandings?

"Eternal smiles their emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."—Pope.

Look around you upon the ordinary specimens of the sex, and look with indulgence; you will for the most part discover at a glance the narrow space between the centre and the surface of their wit. "Who can suppose," asks Lavater, "that a nose denoting power of mind can be debased to the insignificant pointed nose of a girl?" If there be lustre, there is not always character in the eye; and beautiful as the female countenance may be, we have commonly to look there in vain for outward evidence of talent. The

* Richardson.
more usual expression in women (and it is one eminently becoming them) is that of good nature: it is difficult, however, to distinguish the good-natured look from the unmeaning one. Expression in the human countenance may be serious—but seriousness may be affectation; it may be precise—but this again may be the mere offshoot of caprice: gravity alone (and how rarely have women that!) proclaims maturity in the mind, and is the outward symbol of intellectual strength.

If, indeed, the business of the mind were nothing else or more than to comprehend the economy of the tea-table; to set off a bad face; or heighten the effect of a good one; to invent a fashion and determine the proper latitude of a cap by the meridian of mere whim; to display the utmost quickness in solving charades, in devising albums, and so forth; if, to be infinitely skilled in all this, betokened intellectual excellence, then indeed (but not otherwise), must the capacity of every-day women be admitted not simply to rival, but greatly to surpass, that which belongs to, and is characteristic of man.
§ 4.—We proceed to consider in what sphere women make any approach to intellectual excellence. Their conversational powers, in the first place, have been always greatly extolled; this is a claim somewhat strenuously insisted on, wherefore we shall pause to consider it at more than usual length—entreated of those not interested to pass on to our next section.

Women do please in conversation; and there are reasons for it. In the first place, men court female society expressly as a recreation; they love to unbend their minds, and seek a respite from business, or from sense and speculation. For the soul of man has its slave, the body, to care for: it must at intervals break off its more severe schooling, and intermissions of this kind agreeably serve to slacken the cords of intellectual as well as physical exertion. Perhaps, also, the determination, on the one hand, to be pleased, furnishes as much the entertainment of social converse, as the actual gift of pleasing supplies on the other. It was observed by Burke, and the remark is put forth with the usual discernment of that writer, that "those persons
who creep into the hearts of most people—who are chosen as the companions of their softer hours, and their relief from cares and anxieties—are never persons of shining qualities or strong virtues."

Again: though men must take care to say only what they know, when they would please in conversation; yet "a small degree of knowledge entertains in a woman;" for she merely requires taste, her object being rather the agreeable than the useful. Besides all which, the very simplicity of mind, the playful thoughtlessness observable in women, is of itself engaging: they say, as they have always a licence to say, just what they please; they mortgage all the stores of their mind "to make a flash with;" their ideas are never frozen up, and no sooner do they conceive one, than they are sure to be delivered of it forthwith, with a perfect contempt as to time or place: they cannot wait for the slow operation of judgment, having far too much alertness and rapture to have leisure to tell their meaning.—So natural is it for the unthinking to suppose the little they know important, and to tell it forthwith!

"Dr. Fordyce."
CONVERSATIONAL TALENT.

Above all, it is to be remembered that charmers of sex, however unsuspected in their influence, mix themselves up with conversation as with everything else. When a beautiful woman speaks, more than half the point and magic of what she utters is in her glance; cheeks that are soft and blooming need not the aid of a ripe wit; a "red, red lip," has wisdom in it,—a philosophy of its own more than sufficient to confer

"A gay prerogative from common sense!"

There is eloquence itself in a pretty mouth, and whatever it presides over and gives birth to shall bear so near a semblance to the wisdom of Truth as to be mistaken for it: what man would not be liable to the error, who will consent to lay down reflection for a minute's space?

"With skill she vibrates her unwearied tongue,
For ever most divinely in the wrong!"

Young.

"La confiance fournit plus à la conversation que l'esprit." Confidence is half the battle in the wordy war, and gaiety oftentimes takes the place of sense very successfully. But this ready vivacity is in truth much better calculated to sur-

* La Rochefoucauld.
prise admiration than to deserve it: the speaker who dashes at everything, and is for ever aiming at something brilliant, can hardly fail of some lucky hits; it would be surprising were it not so— as it would likewise be, did not certain sage compilers of almanacks, among a hundred absurdities, foretell one truth. Examine your imaginary prodigy, and you may soon be convinced of this; “are you ambitious of saying a few good things? then give utterance to a great many indifferent ones.” it would, however, be the extremity of blindness to mistake this precocity for any evidence of true talent.

“You light is not daylight; I know it well. It is some meteor, that the sun exhales.”

“Women either talk too much or too little,” as the adage runs; that the far greater proportion of the daughters of Eve have tongues too voluble for their brains, is an old charge against the sex. The courage of the tongue is undoubtedly theirs, wherever else they may be irresolute. If there be only a few who write in “twelves,” it is common to most of them to speak in “folio.” They seem unable to move forward without an army of words at the heels of a solitary sentiment; so that in-
stead of their ideas "running together in a gang" (which Locke assures us is the nature of these little articles), it is their words which claim the peculiarity.

But with all their fascinating glibness of tongue, women are very uneven in their success: if they are brilliant to-day, they disappoint to-morrow. And this is precisely because they have in reality no variety of mental power; knowledge in them is bald and meagre; they have no stock of ideas to fall back upon, and like the mouse in the fable, "of little soul," have but one or two crannies to fly to. In the midst of their wordy abundance, they lack discretion, and indifferently sever words from sentiments (which, as Cicero tells us, is to separate the very soul from the body of conversation). "Elocuence in discourse," says a French writer, "requires more order in the ideas, and more energy in the thought, than women are susceptible of." Their happiest efforts are like the flourishes of a musician, detached in their kind; their very wit,—like fire in the flint—nothing while it is in,—is also nothing the moment it is out,—there are scintilla—

* Segur.
tions, but no continued blaze: they make bounds like the flying-fish, but sink rapidly again on the surface. If, indeed, whim is wit, or even its semblance, we must give women all the glory of it; it forms the grand item of female conversation. Thus it comes that women are so often found unequal to themselves, and with all their pretty fluency in nonsense, and a certain bewitching confidence in their own ignorance, they never interest long as intellectual companions (1).

There are a class of women we must not forget to notice, commonly termed “Blues,” or “learned ladies.” Reader, could you frequent one of their conversazioni, and patiently mark the pourings-forth of such an assembled coterie, you would then have before you the auricular proof that a female brain may be a mere lottery-wheel of sense and nonsense,—that amongst an infinity of words, it is possible to search in vain for the decimal part of a novel idea. Five minutes’ space with them suffices to handle a religious controversy, a discussion upon politics, and perhaps is furnished forth in the intervals a slightly course of logic. Hear how they pass discursively from doctrine to manners—from use to
CONVERSATIONAL TALENT.

opinion; from the Bride of Abydos or Old Mortality to the New Testament; from that which is most grave to that which is most airy in its nature;

"Turn short, as doth a swallow, and be here.
And there, and here and yonder, all at once."

They will entertain you with a world of notions upon matters to which they are utter strangers, and treat, in a breath, of all the interests of Europe, without knowing the customs or constitutions of any one state; thus, surging about like the ocean, they manage to drain a subject dry with scarcely touching it, and with florid and vagrant impotence.

"Fling at your head conviction in the lump,
And gain remote conclusions at a jump!"

And like certain jumping insects, thecled grasshoppers, they chirp one another, too, into conceit and spirits: the propensity to give tongue seems catching; for ever uttering clouds and riddles, and all together in a breath, they will fairly wind themselves round and round with a logical web of their own spinning (a web fine-spun, but as little tangible as it is visible); yet when their iders become all, as it were, in a
tangle, you will see them, nevertheless, release themselves (from this slough of Despond, in which the listeners only are wading), with a mere breath, and as if nothing were wrong! They have the best right in the world to the motto of Pope;

" ’Tis true no meaning puzzles more than wit."

Some there are of this blue-stocking tribe, whose brain especially requires clarifying: Smiten with a love of paradoxes, fanciful theories, and any new-fangled notions, they love to be for ever dogmatising: there is a perfect hail of words, but in spite of the wordy infliction, the meaning itself is all in a mist. Alas! the speaker herself is only fumbling in the twilight of knowledge. This is not even lip-wisdom; whatever be the age of the fair speaker, judgment is still young, and it is never likely to be full grown!

Women of this description are actuated rather by a restlessness to shine than the desire to please. Conversation is never among them, as it ought always to be, a ball; there is no, "give and take." They only soliloquise; they dissent when they should discourse, and are loquacious, not conversable; they are, in a word, the very
opiates of conversation,—"social pests, busy absurdities!" "A woman with a beard is not so disgusting as a woman who acts the freethinker." The humblest enquirer is a more acceptable companion than the presumptuous, voluble solver of difficulties; and it is somewhat difficult to regard the intellectual virago, notwithstanding her petticoats, in the light of a female.

Women, be it granted, have the gift of the tongue; but as a general criterion of capacity, we may hold this true:—"Those who know little, talk much—those who know much, talk little." The tongue, like the race-horse, runs the faster the less weight it carries; and it is the thing most hollow that is most sonorous. There are far more words than there are ideas, as well as half a dozen words for the same thing; words are mere instruments—conviction is the work. We may conclude, then, that it is but indifferent eloquence which only shows that a person can talk. "Those who think much," says Sir William Temple, "talk little; now women and children (some sort of fools and madmen) are the greatest talkers."

* Lavater.
Female loquacity is a peculiarity expressly and repeatedly condemned in the sacred writings. "Let your women learn in silence," says St. Paul, "with all subjection. I suffer not the woman to teach, but to be in silence." Solomon has also made this the especial sign of a foolish woman: "A simple woman is clamorous; she is simple, and knoweth nothing." Quite endless are the authorities we might cite to show, that talking, however much the propensity, is not the province of women. "To argue and to dispute are qualifications purely masculine (writes the eloquent Mackenzie). It were too much to say, that to be in the right is a male quality; but to feel oneself in the right, or to show that feeling, is not delicately female."

Let us close our lucubrations on female loquacity with a passage from the writings of one whose pen was never wanting in fair lady's praise, where praise was judicious, but who asserted their true cause with impartiality as well as ability. "If it be admitted," says this writer*, "that female fluency in discourse is greater and more persevering than that of the other sex, it

* Gisborne.
Authorship.

behoves women more steadily to remember, that the fountains will be estimated according to the stream; that if the rill runs babbling along, shallow and frothy, the source will be deemed incapable of supplying an ampler current."

So much, then, for the vaunted conversational powers of women. And now, having already trespassed too much as to an equitable adjustment of space in this section, pass we on to another topic.

§ 5.—With regard to Authorship, the assurance of Dr. Johnson is scarce needed, that "the faculty of writing has been chiefly a masculine endowment." Doubtless there have been, from earliest times, fair creatures flirting with the pen, and in the present day we are fairly flooded with female magazines and receptacles of divers kinds,

"Whose corresponding misses fill the ream
With sentimental frippery and dream."

Cowper.

Book-making, however, on a scale more or less large, has been, from time to time, the serious occupation or amusement of women.
In the first and most honourable place among the literary creations of the female pen, and among its happiest efforts, we must class novels. But these, it is perhaps needless to say, are more ladylike than profound: we discover in them some acquaintance with society and manners, but this is contrasted with gross ignorance of human life. If they know something of convention, they know nothing of nature; they are, it is true, delicate mannerists; they have the knowledge of circles and coteries, but this alone cannot enable the mind to embrace or to depict character; for such a purpose a fashionable drawing-room is worse than nothing.

It has been observed that women feel more profoundly than men: it does not, however, appear that they have sufficient energy to depict these acute sensations. Their perception may be deep-seated, but it is to little purpose; they are not intelligible, scarcely to themselves. With the perpetual affectation of sentiment, there is a perpetual absence of its reality; and all the sentimental flights of sentimental spinsters have served as yet only to weary, and establish for
their originators the reputation of being tiresome. Passable library stuff may be, in the mean time, very great nonsense!

And women, as to style, too much delight to dress up their thoughts as they do their persons; they disguise truth with ornament, and overlay substance with mere garniture. This is a serious blemish,—a vital error in writing:—simplicity and common sense should be the staple of every effort of the pen!

Among the female aspirants, whom vanity has induced to befriend the Company of Stationers, there have been a few boldly taking flight beyond the beaten circles of fiction or poetry. Dissertations upon philosophy, and even in the departments of abstract science, have been attempted; but on these occasions the avowed trade is second hand—a mere melting down of poor authors into a retail shape:—whenever originality has been at all professed, these fair sages have dived into secrets of science only to lose themselves—their sole discoveries having been those of their own mistakes(4).

Upon the shelves of our bookseller are also to
be found female effusions upon an infinity of subjects;—books of travels, compilations of history, and even essays on political economy (3)!

Is not all this manifestly absurd? Must not delicacy—not to speak of other obvious inconveniences—preclude a female from doing literary justice to a tour; and, alas! how few travel except in their own dust! Again: can a woman pretend to that learned research, that intimate acquaintance with character and events, and, above all, that deep knowledge of the human heart and its passions, which alone decide the fitness of the historian? And we may ask yet more confidently, how is a retired female practically and really to know any thing of that most complicate and distracting of all themes, the policy of a great nation?—She neither can, nor is it needful that she should. If she will give her labouring genius vent, let her, in the name of decency, confine her talents to an exercise of the tongue, without good-naturedly rushing into print, and flooding the public with crude, undigested notions: the tongue, dangerous though it be, is a weapon more befitting women, and less mischievous than the pen. "Women speak
better than they write; for the happiest efforts they can make are called forth by the moment."

§ 6.—On the stage, and on the stage only, have women made any approach to intellectual excellence. But acting, pleasing though it be, is not so much an intellectual as a mechanical art: —an evidence of quickness of parts in its proficient—it is no sure proof of innate genius. Much of the effect produced by the drama takes its rise, as is well known, from stage trickery and scenic effect—the senses are taken captive: and when we witness a piece of fine acting, we are not only deceived by circumstance, but, very often, we deceive ourselves. Led away by the enthusiasm of the moment, we unconsciously award that merit to the performer which is perhaps more justly due to the genius of the author!

It may be observed here, that several of our national dramatic pieces are productions from the female pen. But of these, though it would be unjust to say they are not amusing, the far greater portion (such as certain comedies by Mrs. Centlivre and others) are not specimens of the most

* Zimmerman.
refined class,—indeed they are not tolerated upon the stage in the present day. The power of dramatic writing is altogether denied women by Segur:—"A woman has never been known to conceive a fine plan for a tragedy, because it requires a strength of intellect superior perhaps to that which she possesses."

§ 7.—But Opinion, in all ages, and Experience, have in common peremptorily decided what we have been here taking some pains to set forth—the mental inferiority of Woman as compared with man. The male intellect is unquestionably of more powerful calibre, claiming from nature a greater and more varied affluence of thought. To use the language of Bentham, "It is but natural that man, from his superior mode of living, should acquire more experience, more aptitude for business, and more connexion and logic in his ideas." A few instances out of the common rule may, it is true, be brought forward on the other side:—Greece produced its Aspasia, France a De Staël. What then? Are seventy instances, though seventy times doubled, sufficient, in upwards of five thou-
sand years, * to prove a general capacity in women for eminent intellectual exertions?

Female readers will naturally attach more weight to opinions on this point flowing from their own sex. Thus, then, did Madame De Staël think and write—"Let women be denied those rare literary talents, which, far from gaining them the affections of men, make them their competitors—and that excessive vigour of mind,—that profound faculty of attention with which great geniuses are endowed; their weak organs are not formed for these. Let us not, however, be accused as unable to write with warmth, and incapable of describing love* !"

Madame Cottin is yet more decided in expression of the same sentiment: "Women, having neither depth in their observation, nor connexion in their ideas, cannot possess genius. People may, if they please, ascribe this truth, which is demonstrated by facts, to the mode of their education. They are mistaken; for how many men of the lowest extraction, surrounded with prejudices, destitute of means, and more ignorant than the majority of women, have ex-

* Letters on Rousseau.
COMPARATIVE INFERIORITY.

alted themselves to the summit of glory, by the mere force of their genius? No woman, that I know of, has ever yet done the like."

A lady-writer of the present day makes admission to the same effect. "It is seldom that women are great proficients; the mind of woman is perhaps incapable of the originality and strength requisite for the sublime." "The female pencil has never yet limned the immortal forms of beauty."

But not to dwell longer upon a very threadbare, however obstinate dispute,—we conclude, that intellectual vigour is not the peculiar excellence of Woman,—any more than Fame, its accompaniment, is her ornament or glory. We will not exactly say with the poet—

"Their prudence in a share of folly lies,
Why will they be so weak as to be wise?"

but we do say, it would be a merit in them, never to say a witty thing any more than a silly one; they should be swift to hear, and slow to speak;

"Fond to improve, nor timorous to discern
How far it is a woman's grace to learn."

SHERIDAN.

* Mrs. Jamieson.
COMPARATIVE INFERIORITY.

Wit in them is, as the saying runs, "like metal in a blind horse," serves but to hazard them—"L'esprit de la plupart des femmes sert plus à fortifier leur folie que leur raison."*

"For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain;
Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of those who have it are undone."

LORD LYTTELTON.

And as for Learning—apart from wit, it cannot serve to breed aught but pride and self-sufficiency; like the whetstone to the scythe, it may sharpen, but it makes more dangerous to meddle with:—not to dwell upon another reason why females should not be deep thinkers (if this were possible); "the bare idea of a learned lady carries indecency along with it."

Briefly:—though the true element of character in a Man is to say what he thinks; in Woman it is not so: no native talent must induce them to emerge from the cloud in which they ought always to be enveloped. Dr. Gregory (who promises the sex, in the preface to his work, that "they shall hear at least once in their lives the

* La Rochefoucauld.
genuine sentiments of a man who has no interest in deceiving them;") thus frankly advises the girl—"Be even cautious in displaying your good sense; and if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret."

§ 88.—"It is the heart only," as Madame de Staël, (whom we cannot forbear again quoting,) has said—"It is the heart only, which must serve Woman, instead of instruction and experience; and it may render her worthy of feeling that, of which she is incapable of judging."

"She is indeed exalted by reflection, but weakness and sensibility must ever be the leading features of her character.*"

"Yes! this is the language of dispassionate truth. The empire of love and of sense is appropriated to Woman; the ascendant of genius belongs to Man. To acquire his love and esteem is the highest aim at which female ambition ought to soar: and there is no soundness of intellect, no brilliancy of imagination, that can otherwise create an abiding interest, or atone for hollowness in the affections: let disorder (if dis-

* On Literature.
order there must anywhere be) invade the head—and be it comparatively welcome; but let it never fix itself in the heart!

How far, and in what manner, it is desirable women should exert the intellectual power really theirs, we shall consider in another place*. For the present we are only desirous to take up this position:—that extraordinary mental strength is not the gift, nor can it be the glory of the woman; it is to her no legitimate source of public or even private influence.

Meantime this deficiency (if we may with any propriety use the term) is not her fault; it is not so much as her misfortune; it is her peculiarity: she was not her own maker! Either sex has its redeeming qualities and its peculiar distinctions, in the same manner as have all the creatures that range beneath both: some are found to possess noble qualities—others those of use; while some, again, with the useful unite the agreeable. To each link in the universal chain belongs its peculiar strength!

* Vide chap. xix. sec. 6.
NOTES.—CHAPTER II.

(1) An extreme smallness of fibre is usually met with in women; and thence it is that their understanding is so great in every thing that strikes the senses. Whatever depends on these is under their jurisdiction; but usually they are unable to dive into truths that are at all difficult to be discovered. Whatever is abstracted, to them is in-comprehensible; they only consider the outside of things—the manner, and not the reality.—Malebranche.

Mulier non est apta ad disciplinam propter grossitiam spirituum cerebr.——Albertus Magnus.

(2) Thus writes a celebrated courtier, who passed a life in the polite world, and studied human nature, not without some success: “Women are only children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit; but for solid reasoning and sound sense, I never in my life knew one that had it; or who reasoned or acted consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together.”—(See Chesterfield’s Letters.) The great philosophic courtier of the French school, could also ill accommodate himself (as we may gather from his ‘‘Vie de Paris, et de Versailles’’) to the insignificance which, as it seemed to him, predominated in the conversation of women.—See Chaudon’s Life of Voltaire.

(3) The common fluency of speech in many men and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity
of words; for whoever is a master of language and has a
mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon
the choice of both: whereas common speakers have only
one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in,
and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come
faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when
a crowd is at the door."—" It is with narrow-souled people
as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them,
the more noise they make in pouring it out.—Swift.

It has been said in praise of some men, that they could
talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be
owned to the honour of the other sex, that there are many
among them, who can talk whole hours together upon
nothing.—Addison.

"Elles n'ont pas, non plus, assez de justesse et d'at-
tention pour réussir aux sciences exactes, et quant aux con-
naissances physiques, c'est a celui des deux sexes, qui est le
of the unfeminine, nay mischievous, doctrines on the principles of social welfare, of which these tales are made the vehicles."

(6) History will, it must be owned, supply some few female instances of all the most masculine virtues; but appearances of that extraordinary kind are too uncommon to support the notion of a general equality in the natural powers of their minds.—Melmoth.

It appears to me, that the Creator has adopted, and that he has adopted with the most conspicuous wisdom, a corresponding plan of discrimination between the mental powers and dispositions of the two sexes. It would seem natural to expect—and experience confirms the justice of the expectation—that the Giver of all Good, after bestowing powers on man with a liberality proportionate to the existing necessity, would impart them to the female mind with a more sparing hand: he would confer the larger portion of his bounty on those who needed it most.—Gisborne’s Duties of Women.

(7) The most attractive quality in female conversation, which (we know not how to name it) flings a charm about the most ordinary remark—depends upon, and holds its empire by, the exclusion of everything which bears the least resemblance to pedantry.”—Athenæum.
CHAPTER III.

EMPIRE OF FASHION.

A woman of the world, wholly devoted to the art of pleasing, spreads through all her household an air of licentiousness and of worldliness: her house becomes a rock, from whence innocence never departs uninjured; every one imitates at home what she displays abroad; and she must pass over these irregularities, because her own manners do not permit her to censure them.

MADILLON.

§ 1.—FASHION, though it affects more or less the habits of the community at large, yet more especially does it concern the female portion of society. It may be almost termed a creature of woman's; she it is who enforces its laws—she who gives birth to and uprears it! “Fashion, the tyrant of men, is the goddess of women!”

It is because we conceive the influence of fashion to be deeply injurious to Woman—however indirectly it seem to affect that sex, that we shall go somewhat out of our way to expose, in detail, both its evils and its insignificance. Nor will the consideration of this subject include but
CONTAGIOUS NATURE OF FASHION.

a *fractional* part of that sex. The immediate patrons of Fashion (who are entitled to the full glory of wearing their own follies instead of those of others), may attempt to enforce exclusiveness; but confine this mischievous influence to themselves, 'they cannot by any exertions. Contagious in its very nature, it takes growth like a leprosy, spreading its form and complexion of opinion on every side; and whether it work by the introduction of new manners, or the adoption of passing novelties, it will be found taking its way, with inconceivable rapidity, through the length and breadth of the land. "The corruptions of the country are closely allied to those of the town*;" and in viewing the cottage of a peasant's wife, a shrewd guess might be ventured to what degree the luxury of the capital has risen. It is a propensity belonging to human nature to ape those above us, and thus classes become foolish and corrupt as well as individuals**(.)

§ 2.—The rigid rules of tyrant-made Fashion sway us all. "There was a time when the En-

* Swift.
OMNIPOTENCE OF FASHION.

...sh were as remarkable for their independence and indifference to the mode, as they are now noted for their servile obsequiousness to fashion.*" Though, under many aspects, it is a loathsome insect—vexation with a sting in it, yet, under perhaps as many, it is a chain upon us that has links of iron: where Fashion speaks, the free people of this country are slaves(3).

National habits, conventionalisms, and even refinements, there must undoubtedly be, in every civilized country: the only desideratum is, that they be reasonable. "Laws cannot regulate the mode of living, or the desire of those superfluitites which fashion, more irresistible than laws, has once introduced into general usage†." But in this country fashion is an usurper: her claims are perfectly exorbitant. We alter, and at a day's warning, the fashion of our garments, the hours of our repasts, and so forth:—for peace sake we must be contented so to do. But is it expected that we should as readily shift our feelings and our principles? Amid a thousand fluctuations, cannot even Opinion remain fixed!

* Bulwer's England. † Paley.

E 3
The omnipotent influence of Fashion stretches itself over all the concerns of life to such a blighting extent, that common sense, comfort, fortune, happiness, and health itself are sacrificed to the over-ruling power. She prejudiceth our cradles and our coffins; she chooseth our company, formeth our countenances, inditeth our discourse, and putteth the accent and emphasis on our words. She disposes our household, presides at our tables, arranges our toilet; may, she regulates contempt itself, and defines the bounds of our intimacies with one another! Reason may whisper thus that to bend, is the folly of cowardice; Common Sense may cry shame on our submission; Good Taste may dare to put in a plea. —'Tis all in vain!

Multitudes never blush, even upon conviction. The defaulters of fashion,—the vain and adventurous majority of the influential classes, can hardly be proved in the wrong: the laughers are all on their side. To assert, then, that wealth is neither talent nor virtue, is mere idle declamation: 'tis the fashion to think so! Opulence may always have the credit of as many good qualities as it can pay for; the calf will be worshipped, for
UTILITY OF FASHION.

it is a golden one, and in Fame's temple there
will always be found a niche wide enough for
rich and fashionable dunces\(^{\text{[3]}}\).

§ 3.—Let us regard Fashion under each of its
several points of view, and first as to its utility\(^{\text{[4]}}\).
Personal usefulness in its followers is a point
quite untenable; but it is pretended that it in-
directly benefits other classes of the community:
all the innumerable fopperies in which opulence
sports away the burthen of its superfluities, are
a supposed benefit to trade.

An ingenious writer asserts, that "the quan-
tity of work performed, and the number of hands
employed, to gratify the fickleness and luxury of
women, is prodigious.*" It may, indeed, be ad-
mitted, that honest indigence is compelled to
eke out its miserable existence in a variety of
ways, and that this is one: more, perhaps, are
always maintained by vanity than by benevo-
lence! But fashionable patronage of industry
is at last only partial, while its motive is ex-
clusively selfish. The necessaries of life must
ever be mainly in request, and it is upon these

* Mandeville.
that the bulk of labour, "the great mass of bones and sinews," must unceasingly be employed.

And well may the productive classes direct their powers into other and better channels, than in catering for the modish luxuries of high life. The movers in that circle commonly set a value on things in proportion to their futility: "the great interest themselves in frivolities, and the aggregate of their sentiments is termed 'Fashion.'" A hard matter were it to guess wherein lies the value of pearls and diamonds, or why an equipage of the latest build should cost more than a poor man's cottage, if it be not "Fashion!"

As to the pretended softening influence of fashion over manners, this is a mistake. To be fashionable is by no means to be polite; politeness is a virtue we must, indeed, all exercise towards each other; it is to be cultivated as well as higher branches of justice;—and good-breeding, if the last among the virtues, must not be least observed.

Real politeness is to give no one pain; the

* Bulwer's England.
absence of selfishness is its true spirit. Its least substantial part is its ceremony, and it is usually the fashionable adept at this, who is contemptible under every other aspect. It is true, that while the hatred of the crowd is honest and barefaced, passion in high life is expressed by rule, and even insult offered with indifference or grace; yet what does this prove but that "manner" is the first of impostors, and that politeness may degenerate into a cloak for dissimulation. "The very purpose of artificial manners," says Godwin, "is to stand between the feelings of the heart and the external behaviour." "Vulgarity," in the strict sense of that term, is of the heart only: there are the vulgar-born and there are the vulgar-minded. Those who are the most ready to pronounce a sentence of vulgarity upon others, have commonly the most indisputable claim to the title in their own persons: 'tis an attribute as often to be detected in the 'boudoir' of a countess, as in the cellars of broad St. Giles's.

§ 4.—Leaving the point whether fashion gives

* Inquirer.
an occasional lift to trade by its fooleries (and if it doth not even this, it has no earthly intelligible use), let us dissect it further, in regard to its moralities. Mere folly might be laughed at, but the folly we describe is hurtful, and is game that must be hunted down as well as crime: the sorriest animals may be mischievous, and it is not always sufficient to revenge ourselves with a smile.

Could this "Fashion" be confined to a coterie, it would be unworthy sober attention; it might then (with its code of laws so admirably adapted to engage the "ungifted" in its government, and the indolent in its practice) be permitted to dwindle down into its native insignificance. But, alas! it vitiates a wide circle of the community; "it makes a foppery in the human character which degrades it, reducing man into the diminutive of man in things which are great, and into the counterfeit of woman in things which are little." While, however, it is thus exquisitely contemptible under many aspects, it is still mighty for evil. It is the queen bee in the hive of folly: though it be error which supports custom,

* Paine.
it is Fashion alone that countenances error! The line between the "foolish" and the "depraved" is slight, yet the connexion intimate!

Gaiety wears an aspect very insinuating, but its glittering frigidity only serves to generate utter heartlessness. Modish manners at once exclude from the laws of fellowship all attachments contrary to the whims of self-interest. You see, in the drawing-rooms of the great world, women devoid of shame, and men without honour, or, as the satirist phrases it,

"Men without manhood, women without heart."

Churchill.

At their masquerades, the heart, as well as the visage, has a mask on it; or, if they have open faces, they have always secret hearts. A disgusting office would it be to pay a visit to the inmost recesses of such souls—for who, that has once stood in the dark caverns of the heart of a creature of fashion, can forbear blushing for human nature? Their heartlessness is subtle; it mildews every word and deed. The same elements assimilate in all; there is one common constitution—it is that of selfishness! This is their criterion even of morals,—this their guiding
principle—their everything—and they are imbued with it to the heart's core (10). They have made the world around them to become a looking-glass, representing appearances that are not really in it. We are living in "the marble age"—an age cold and polished!

Fashion can, and does sanction, many wanderings from right delicacy, and many deviations from strict morality (11):—it must needs protect its own consequences! Vicious, as well as foolish, the whole family of Fashion claim a privilege to sin on penalty-proof.

It is only asked of folly that it be well-bred—it is but required of sin that it be formal and punctilious. How accommodating is such a code of law as follows, to the consciences of those who are not much in love with dull propriety.

"The rules of life are the law of honour, the law of the land, and the scriptures. The law of honour is a system of rules constructed by people of fashion, and calculated to facilitate their intercourse with one another, and for no other purpose. It will be found, as might be expected from the character and design of the law-makers, to be in most instances favourable to the licentious
indulgence of the natural passions. Thus, it allows of fornication, adultery, drunkenness, prodigality, duelling, and of revenge in the extreme; and it lays no stress upon the virtues opposite to these."*

It is needless to say, that a neglect of positive duties is as common as caprice itself with the fashionable world. The wealthy and gay are proverbially the apathetic and unfeeling; but it is more especially matter for regret to observe how the female of high life regards her obligations as a wife, and as a mother. Maternity, one of the sweetest and noblest offices of woman, is a prospect at which she shudders. She is much too delicate to bestow on the fruit of her own womb the care and nutriment which nature designed it. The living part of herself, a fraction of her own nature, is regarded as an incumbrance; and she looks upon, as slavish, a duty fixed and indispensable—a duty imposed on every mother by society as well as by religion—and, neglecting which, she neglects one occasional end of her creation. Such considerations, however, the woman of fashion knows not, or repels. Why

* Paley's Moral Philosophy.
should she burden herself with vulgar duties? A good French cook for her table, or a flounce of the latest fashion, concern her infinitely more (13).

In other duties may be observed either a cold and indignant performance, or a proud rejection of the most common obligations and decencies of life. With respect to religion—a rule of action higher than morality—we can hardly expect much of that, from individuals who would rather be detected in any breach of morals than in an undress, and who would rather pay visits to any "lord" than the Lord of the whole earth. These are creatures, who can be ashamed of the most trivial infringement of courtesy, or of the modes of the hour; but they would also be ashamed of any action, however noble, if it were unfashionable. But goodness never was, in truth, a characteristic of this class; their whole system of life can scarcely fail to be utterly destructive of sobriety and all good feeling. "Those who are hurried away," says Montesquieu, "by a thousand impetuous passions, must of course every instant forget their Creator."

These persons understand neither the faith
that will not forsake a friend, nor the meekness that can forgive a foe. "Justice," "Humility," and so forth, are words indeed in the dictionary, and which serve well enough to adorn a sermon, to figure in the pages of an Addison, or schoolboy's declamation,—but that is all. Learning is pedantry, morality preaching, and fame, glory, patriotism, mere topics of sneer or slander. They have rendered Virtue, what the poets long since called it, a name—while poor Propriety is voted entirely obsolete. As for those rude ill-bred dictators, Piety and the Laws, they are regarded only as troublesome interruptions to their pleasures.—Yet this is the "society" which calls itself good!

Nor do they confine themselves to a neglect of morals and religion. Not having the colour of virtue themselves, they strive to render it contemptible; they acquire a love for that distinction in vice which they are unwilling, or unable, to attain in goodness. Scarcely could a stranger, observing the modes and sentiments of fashionable life, persuade himself that this was a country professing Christianity. The "great" (as they are abusively called) are not
only immoral—they are lovers of immorality. Religion is among them so ridiculous, that they seem in a conspiracy to make those, who do profess and practice it, ashamed in their presence, as if to be religious was indulging a bent thatdishonoured the mind.

Such are the persons we would turn aside to smite—to censure—and put to shame!

§ 5.—And this same fashion, poisonous as it is, essentially vicious as it is, is altogether ridiculous too. The law of folly, as well as the bane of wisdom, it has right prescriptive to be absurd.

Can the grave and respectable refrain from a contemptuous smile, when they see a thousand monstrous things doing around them in the world, which have no other conceivable foundation than the whim of the hour? Truly the modern disciple of Democritus must find ample employment for the risible faculty, when he looks upon all the toys and tinselries of this farce of Fashion—when he watches the capricious and shifting gales that govern its tides. And could each of us look with philosophic eye at the empty forms and pageantries of these airlings—at their vivid
amusement—at their almost childish intellect—and, more than all, their fantastic garb—we assuredly could neither envy nor respect these silliest of all mortals.

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"Who are these,
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth,
And yet are on it?"

§ 6.—Neither can "these strange flies—these fashion-mongers"—lay claim to any true elegance. Here we enter at once the camp of the enemy, and attack them on their own supposed vantage-ground, "Our Aristocracy," says Mr. Bulwer in his work on the English, "does not even preserve elegance to ton, and, with all the affectation, fosters none of the graces of a court."

As far as Taste is concerned in the doings of fashionable life, it is absolutely depraved. Can we for a moment apply such a term to the whimsical vagaries of Fashion,—and to the infrequent following of a rule of life which varies every day? However it shed its divine views in high places, 'tis in our eyes no sacred cloud, but a fog-fed exhalation; it is a real vapour, assuming for ever a new shape and a new colour; reducing, by its density, grace and de-
formity, youth and age, genius and folly, all into one outward seeming, and the same degrading level.

Especially in Dress, a most important article of fashionable existence—is there not displayed an obliquity of taste scarcely to be conceived, and fairly frightening reason from her propriety? Can even the harlequin liveries in which their menials are clad, of every form and complexion, —can these be thought for a moment in taste? We have more to say on the topic of dress hereafter *, but taste, on this head, must needs be beside the question, where all statures and complexions are doomed in common to an uniformity, which, though it live but a moon's age, will be succeeded by some other. Would it were possible they could agree as well—though it were but for a time, in the calmness of their passions! —Will scandal and envy ever be out of fashion, think you?—will kind feeling and benevolence ever become matters of taste in the drawing-rooms of the privileged?

Within the mansions of fashionable life are to be occasionally seen the productions of art

* Vide chap. vi. sect. 4.
or genius—for even the Arts sometimes sacrifice to fashion: yet this is no absolute proof of any chaste appreciation in their owners of what is excellent; Taste is of the mind. The phenomenon of which we speak, is often to be resolved into a very different principle, which is ostentation or display; and this, not from an inherent admiration of the possessor for the thing displayed, nor from any expectation that it may contribute at all to the gratification and comfort of the spectator: the real motive is altogether of a different kind, viz. to excite an awe of their wealth, and a personal deference, springing from the admiration of what it can command; nay, sometimes may be detected the lurking wish to produce, in the minds of others, a discontent with their own circumstances. *This* is ostentation with its most unsocial motives!

As a class, people of fashion have, in reality none of the fondness they pretend for their varied splendour—their villas, their equipages, furniture, liveries, appurtenances of the table, and so forth. Whether there be any admixture of taste in all this, let any one judge, by observing the conduct and sentiments of such as are con-
spicuous for these possessions: the truth can hardly fail to be apparent, that in the circumstance of having others know their good fortune, consists the radical satisfaction (13).

§ 7.—Were an estimate of the national character to be drawn from our saloons (which national honour forbid!) we should scarcely fail to be ranked before every people in the world—the French scarcely excepted, as determined lovers of gaiety. The very aim and end of living seems to be diversion, as though nothing were worth existing for but the present fancy.

People meet together in society, as is presumed, for conversation, and to cultivate friendly intercourse; but, with us, this is managed by crowding a hundred or two of souls into rooms not fit for threescore: thus does society become reduced to the simple element of an occasional crowd! And these devotees of worldly pleasure think themselves, forsooth, rational creatures, while they are only herding together night after night for mere animal enjoyment!

It is supposed, that the wider the sphere of acquaintance, the better; but it will be found,
that a crowd is not company. Those who can find pleasure in the levity of promiscuous crowds, are commonly as little able to contribute largely to their own amusement, as to that of others. From the want of time and opportunity, as well as fitting objects, we can know no one in a crowd, and we seldom find it worth while to make ourselves known.

The worst people, among the other classes of society, have their interlunar moments; not so the foolish worshippers of fashion. Who can observe, without a sigh, the extravagant joy and absurd airs of so many coquettes—and the many ridiculous fopperies played off by old dowagers and greyheaded children, all ambitious to lose their identity in a crowd? The race of exertion against time is incessant; they enact together one continued scene—a scene (as Cowper, the poet, sums it up), of idleness and luxury, music, dancing, cards, eating, drinking, coffee, scandal, dressing, yawning, sleeping.*

There is no bright side that fashionable life has to present. With a right only to pleasures that can be purchased, it owns abiding miseries, un-

* Cowper's Letters.
certain enjoyments; its bustling enjoyments are never let on long leases. It may have its fooleries and gilded vanities, but it has its splendid ills too, and ills none the less real for the gauds that surround them. Form and ceremony are but fetters. You may embroider slavery; yet a drawing-room is often but a larger sort of prison-house for the soul.—"The pleasures of English dissipation have for a century been the same—heartless without gaiety, dull without refinement*." Dullness is not banished, because dullness is rendered magnificent:—It has become a denizen in high life; and unless the ne-
like that which teaches us to forget. In their Sisyphean mode of enjoyment, they continue to roll up the stone which recoils on themselves. Entombing pleasure, never creating it—they continue to toil and toil on, and at last die in harness. The delusion is upon system. They hug their darling of pleasure to death; a perpetual intoxication of life makes them too mad for ease. 'Tis of such laughter that Solomon asks, 'What is it?'—and of mirth, 'what doth it?' They labour to be glad with anxious solicitude—actors from habit, if not by disposition, hypocrites!

"What numbers here thro' odd ambition strive
To seem the most transported things alive!"

Young.

In a word, they only act happiness. They force themselves upon the toil of seeming to enjoy their pursuits long after a consciousness of their insipiditY—"Verily, they have their reward!" The Devil, in Ben Jonson, was not greatly beyond the mark, when he averred, "that the pains in his native country were past-time to the life of a person of Fashion."

Ennui is not the less active, because not
always visible: she does not in all cases grave her hand-writing upon the visage with an iron pen.—Turn and contemplate yonder sprightly girl! Seems it not as if no expression but of a smile could sit upon that countenance? You are mistaken! That countenance is a tutored one; its owner would exchange condition with the old lady's poodle on the neighbouring ottoman. Separate her awhile from that circle of beaux—fluttering around her, and sunning themselves, like summer flies, in her charms—and view her now in her solitary chamber. Is she not another creature: her effervescent gaiety has made itself wings; it is extinguished as a spark that lately contributed to the general blaze. Never judge by the criterion of mirthless titters and joyless smiles: the aching heart may belie the frolic mien!

"How many lift the head, look gay, and smile
Against their consciences!"

The fallacy of forming a judgment from appearances, may be best known from the confessions of many who some time lived in the beau monde—who were practised in its gaieties,
and wrote from their very hot-bed; these persons in retiring from all the summer acquaintances and dull contagions of high life, cannot be supposed to have so acted from ignorance of its imaginary pleasures. Splendour, we distinctly learn from them, becomes uninteresting, high living insipid, flattery nauseous, and homage troublesome, after a full experience of them.

We conclude that the same round of delusive enjoyments must bring tediousness in their train. There is no pleasure that does not become blunted and indifferent as it grows habitual; and, above all others, the automaton vivacity of the ball-room dies most quickly its natural death.

... “Revelry, and dance, and show,
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause.”

Artificial stimulants, drug them as you will, leave the system less itself than before. This is a property of the machine for which there is no remedy. Let desire be anticipated; let no time be suffered to elapse between the wish and its accomplishment; still pleasure leaves us behind, never where it found us; and enjoyment travels only to a certain bound—beyond is
agony. The heart always suffers a re-action of this kind; it is in the nature of things. We may as well attempt to invade the prerogatives of heaven, as to make happiness [(17)]

§ 8.—But the view under which we would more especially regard fashion, is as it concerns women. "The power of resistance to evil in the female breast, is so much the less, where fashion extends impunity to the frail offender, and screens the loss of character." In exposing them to the deformities of the day, and allowing them to taste its rank poisons, the effect is, to an untold degree, vicious: and first, if we watch this infatuated class of society, we are not at liberty to doubt the injurious agency of fashion upon the mind.

For one of the most obvious points of observation in a fashionable mind, is the perfect non-existence of any idea as to what life is really for. Among the mass of trifling corruptions that find entrance there, there is no such thought as, 'for what purpose do I exist?' These beings are fit for nothing but to be lodgers a little while in the houses of their ancestors. They might as well have been born in some remote:

* Haslitt.
island of the South Sea; for they drag on through the night of fashionable existence, as if death, which must come, were to be an eternal sleep. The only knowledge at all coveted, is of this order:—intelligence of the movements of one another; where equipages deposit their burthens; whose party has had the most numerous and titled attendance; who 'kissed hands,' and who is at the Pavilion. To see their own names in the diurnal rubrics of Fashion is the very pitch of glory. All else in this sublunary world is voted as nothing!

And what is conversation, under its least offensive shapes, among them? A mere interchange of common places, filled up with annoying repetitions of stale impertinencies to every new comer; matters indifferent, alone obtain emphatic place:—If there be not sufficient knowledge to satisfy the mind, there will always be found enough to disgust it. The grand charm of social intercourse, viz., sympathy with others and (at least, seeming) forgetfulness of self, is, among the mob of fashion, utterly forgotten; and conversation is only a mirror, still presenting the impertinent figure of the speaker. Surely, politeness does not demand that we
should still listen untired—that we should sacrifice the most valuable of all things, Time, in giving a patient hearing to the tongue of affected vanity. To submit passively to an immolation of this sort, is a self-sacrifice too withering.\(^{19}\)

An *habitual vacuity of mind* is the characteristic of this class of society; their only activity is that in common with beasts; they are *ignavum pecus,* an idle set, a thought-avoiding crew, with heads of mud as well as hearts of stone. The air around them is Boeotian; they vegetate on in incurable apathy, and continue to move on sottishly upon their own dead level. *Difficiles nugas* form the staple of their existence. The chambers of the soul are all darkened, as though they had been *formed* to dullness: “The polished idleness of aristocratic life in England*\(^*\)” is necessarily productive of what Burke calls “the fat stupidity and gross ignorance that prevails in courts.”

* Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa Fortuna.*

And they are as incurable as they are stupid. To talk to such people on their besotted ways; to tell them we live for something better, and

\* Sir. J. Mackintosh.
that happiness is possible, would be to discourse on music to the deaf, or colours to the blind; their ideas are all inconsequent, depraved, and irrelative to the very idea of improvement. They are fools by system, clothing their minds like their bodies—after the fashion in vogue, and without examination; they think in a mass, and are only individually remarkable for more or less of that high-bred, presumptuous ignorance, which, as it knows no cause, can foresee no effect. Their ignorance is thick and gross; at the first approach of reason their minds close up like the hedgehog, and, in a word, they give one the idea of an abyss of shallowness.

To sum up their condemnation;—they are diseases of society; their souls, never large, live to feel no generous or becoming impulse; they take refuge in forms, and have all the farce of greatness without being great; they are paupers in mind; they are mere exaggerations of insignificance; they are "great" people—they are little people!\(^{(60)}\)

"Some when they die, die all; their mould'ring clay
Is but an emblem of their memories;
The space quite closes up through which they pass'd!"
To the example of such a class, if women be exposed, can they be expected to avoid stultification, though they escape vice? If they are taught to listen with interest to the idle buzz of fashion, and to devote their attention to the futile arts composing the business of high-life, can they fail to acquire a tastelessness in all their ideas? The legions of fantastic occupations, of superficial distractions, playing around the fancy but never reaching beyond, to which a Woman so exposed must sacrifice her time, will go far to impair the rational faculties: amusement must become the habit of one who does not think. She will have but a carcase of the mind, no vitality within; till in the end, forced to lend herself continually to the performance of a thousand mean trifles, she becomes by habit frivolous and absurd!

And those who madly emulate fashion, can hardly fail to inherit misery. They employ the first years of life to make the last intolerable; they remove from themselves, and the more this is done, the greater must be the distance from happiness. Life becomes a weary and wearying interlude; the victim frets onward through the
little spans of existence that lie between one
frivolity and another; calm is succeeded by con-
fusion, repose by agitation, till at length th
slightest inconvenience becomes a serious cala-
mity. Above all, scarcely can the example of
vice be escaped, and still less by women: let them
once become "infected with the fashions," let
the heart whirl about, alone and guideless, in
the vortex of dissipation, and it must hive in
much that is corrupt and infectious; it grows
distempered and scathed, until simplicity, mo-
desty, with every other charming characteristic
of Woman, become cancelled, and all is lost
that is really amiable!

How mortifying for a woman to reflect how
many possibilities of good she has thus left un-
profited, and to have to look back upon life as
a lost adventure. "She that liveth in pleasure,
is dead while she liveth."

And a point of no inconceivable importance,
is the sacrifice of health. Observe the emetic-
looking beauties, and pale sickly forms of fa-
shionable life. Whatever respect its followers
have for punctilio, they have certainly not the
most reverend regard for their own ease: the frame is bowed down as well as the intellect unstrung. The effect of dissipation upon the face is more sure and more rapid than that of time; and thus are female charms prematurely broken up, and made the sacrifice. While health smiles upon the face of poverty, disease often deforms the features of opulence; and the healthy stream, which courses through the arm of the rudest peasant girl, is as pure, and perhaps more so, than the red puddle which stagnates in the veins of her proud and titled countrywoman! Not the most sycophantick of anatomists could discover, that rank owned the more perfect organization!

Observe, among females of fashion, the pale, unripened beauties of their sickly forms. Too nice to be quite alive, the greatest labour they know, as they sink on their ottomans with almost Persian delicacy, is to vary the posture of indulgence: they seem to imagine the standard of elegance to be utter helplessness, and they therefore become as delicate as the vilest health could wish; they are even obliged to the in-
vention of vehicles for the capacity of moving themselves from one place to another. Is it not fortunate, if the body thus neglected and charged with noxious humours, has not to experience, not only all the vapourish horrors of the spleen, but the fullest penalty of multiplied disease?

§ 9.—Another topic which, in treating of women, should not be omitted, is 'amusements;' for as there is a fashion in caps and flounces, so is there in public amusements (21). "The early amusements of women are the circumstances that form their dispositions, and influence character."*

One, among the many standard ways, to kill 'those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought,' is the Italian Opera: this is an amusement, not simply ridiculous, but directly hurtful to public morals;—neither the dancing nor the dresses there exhibited, are such as ought to be tolerated by modest spectators.

And it is a little difficult to understand the satisfaction conveyed by the exhibitions of the King's Theatre (22). "The reason why I commonly

* Burton.
that I never yet saw anything which appeared to me not despicable. It is in vain to charm the ears, or gratify the eyes, if the mind be not satisfied. An *extravagance*, set off with music, dancing, machines, and fine scenery, is a pompous piece of folly!"

The Italian language is among us very little understood, and the genius of it certainly never entered into with spirit. To entertain an audience, without reducing it to the necessity of thinking, is doubtless a first-rate merit, and it is much easier to produce music without sense than with it; but the real charm of the Opera is this—it is an exclusive and extravagant recreation; and, above all, it is the fashion.

"Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear,  
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear;  
Their tastes would lessen if the prices fell,  
And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as well."

Young.

The *recitativo* is an affront to common sense; and if there be any one spectacle, more than another, opposed to the genius of the English, and unsuited to its taste, it is
the *Ballet* of the Opera House. Its eternal
dumb show, with its fantastic appeals to sense,
and to sense only, may be Italian perfection,
but here it is un-English, and tame absurdity!(23)
What but Fashion could tempt reasonable crea
tures to sit and applaud—what was really per
petrated—a Deshâyes dancing the death of Nelson!
Among "those singular phantasies of daring vulgarity, with which heads without culture amuse idleness without dignity," may be classed
*Ladies' Bazaars*;—or *Fancy Fairs,* as they are
now capriciously called: they *are* a strange fancy
truly; yet *Vanity Fairs* would be the far better
christening.

*Charity* is the professed object of these meet
ings!—beneath the surface you may detect
another, not quite so philanthropic; there is
palpable betrayal, much rather of affection for
self, than of sympathy with a fellow creature.
When close-fisted Fashion ever condescends to
the pettiest exertion of benevolence (of which,
by the way, *this* instance is a complete mis
prision!(25)), it must be under the mask of Vanity:
if its followers go out of their way to succour
others, they must be allowed to please themselves
at the same time: they recognize not the virtue of Charity with naked charms;—she must be gaudily attired in the robes of second-hand merchandise; and Beauty, and Rank, and Fashion—with their endless train of conceits—must bait that merchandise withal!

There are considerations behind, as connected with our subject, yet more repulsive. A cotemporary well says—"To trick out an innocent girl for public admiration, and teach her to wear a marketable smile on her countenance, is what no charitable results can compensate us for: it strikes at the root of those domestic blushing virtues, for which our countrywomen of old used to be honoured and beloved." Instead of the pretended merchandise with which these fair chapwomen are surrounded, let us have at once some such intimation as follows, in print; the advertisement would be a more honest one:—

"Notice, from the lady-patronesses, &c.—A look, half-a-crown; a smile, five shillings; a flattering recognition, half-a-sovereign; familiarity, a pound."

To enable young girls to look men unabashed in the face, and to tempt them, by every winning
contrivance to become purchasers, may be a highbred accomplishment, but assuredly it is not an English virtue!

§ 10.—One word on the subject of Exclusiveness. If Fashion have any feature more marked than another, it is its childish belief in its own superior refinements, and its insolent intolerance of every mode not prescribed within its own narrow circle,—an insolence which resolves itself into downright and offensive vulgarity. What though these leaders, in the race of folly be remarkable for self-possession in manner—a fine shape—or an imposing air? are they not also distinguished for egoistical vanity, that never sleeps; and for that always—insufferable impertinence of thinking themselves better than those around them! These are the very persons who, if stripped of mere externals, and their borrowed plumes, would obtain no more respect than their lowest menials:—with them, what is adventitious, is everything; separate them from this,—and where, and what, are they!

"I must confess," writes a distinguished traveller, lately among us, "I must confess, I
EXCLUSIVENESS.

know none more monotonous, nor more persuaded of its own pre-excellence, than the highest society of this country. A stony, marble-cold spirit, of caste and fashion rules all classes, and makes the highest tedious, the lower ridiculous. True politeness of the heart, and cheerful bonhomie are rarely to be met with in what is called society; we find at most a stiffness and awkwardness concealed under an iron mask of arrogance and hauteur*.

Is the picture overdrawn? Observe but the modes of living adopted by these exclusives: To follow the same habits, to enjoy the same pleasures that the many share, is alien to the spirit of Fashion; their secret is to monopolize a pleasure, till others gradually learn its source, and master its approaches;—it is then deserted for another. Thus are they for ever seeking pastures new, and when the herd rushes in, away they troop like scared fowl! "They live 'immured in the bastile of a word,' and survey at a distance the envied life of their fellow-creatures. They adopt inconvenient hours—are prepared to make a sacrifice of their daily comfort, nay of anything,
EXCLUSIVENESS.

rather than of their unsocial principle: and lest it should be suspected that they mould their nature in any particular from the crowd, they vote ill-health to be elegance, and loss of appetite a proof of exquisite delicacy:—if this be not vulgarity of mind, we should be glad to know, what can be so termed?

How dare this automaton race—this paltry handful of useless beings, fettered by their own prejudices, and inveterately cabined up in the formulae of a 'clique,'—how dare they presume, ineffable as is their conceit, to imagine that every pleasure of life is included within their circle, and that happiness is a park they can fence in!

The world laughs, and leaves them to be, what they cannot fail of being, disagreeable to each other. The far greater portion of the community pass this identical circle, without so much as troubling themselves about its existence, still less courting its fancied and exclusive advantages. If your fashionable fools would disdainfully shrink from a comparison with souls so underbred and unambitious—yet these might, with truer independence, blush, and with more sober fastidiousness, to acknowledge a kindred clay
with them; what though, exiled in the ship of fashionable scorn, and warned to keep their distance — yet by good fortune the "exclusives" keep theirs at the same time.

But alas! let Reason say what it will, a principle so entirely unsocial as we have described, cannot fail to offend many within the immediate sphere of its operation: from the mere resistance of human passion, it brings vexation in its train: we are all human, and it seems that in the eyes of some, even the exclusiveness of the fashionable world is not without its pains and penalties. We can only entreat all such persons to cherish a more honourable pride — the 'wax-like mimicry' of gilded folly is a real degradation.

The eagerness to graduate a few steps in the false scale of an ill-regulated society, is paltry and irrational. The term 'good company,' often implies company to which we do not really care to belong, but to which we would be thought to belong. Such a race after the 'great vulgar,' is the meanest point to which our ambition could possibly direct itself: the sacrifice of our time, our fortune, and our principles, are at once demanded from us; and while we commit this complicated
suicide, to whom are we paying this highest compliment of imitation?—To a class, whose standard of excellence is as opposite as possible to that of mind and morals!

And these people have as little reverence for each other as they have for the species at large. Their friendship is but a well-bred hypocrisy, ever at freezing point, and like echo, a sound without a substance: with no taste for the privacy of home, their cold and creeping hearts are just capacious enough to grasp the mysteries of ceremony. Their utmost benevolence consists in the exchange of petty courtesies, in a formal arrangement of the limbs and distortion of the features. Brought together without esteem, they part without regret; and in their coteries of vulgar gaiety, youth can find no companionship, middle age no quiet, and old age no indulgence! They spend their mornings in knocking at the doors of those they hope to find from home; and afterward, pass their evenings among those they had almost rather be blind than see!

Let us attempt to describe the Woman of Fashion.... This is a creature furnishing us with
a complex idea—a compound of inconsistencies: she pretends to extreme refinement and delicacy, and she is a pretender; she has very little that is feminine about her. In virtue of her caste, she is bold and masculine in her manners; (for your great lady is nothing without the accomplishment of assurance, and it demands a pretty large fund of impertinence to support what is called a fashionable character); secretly conscious that nothing but show and parade can give her any consequence, from this she will have it at all hazards; but she provokes contempt rather than promotes deference, for there is nothing in this world so paltry as the bustle of the insignificant. With no directors but her passions, and no master but her own will, she makes that will a law,—one, which she takes good care to enforce with all the insolence of wealth.

"Intolerabilius nihil est quam femina dives;
Nil non permittit sibi, turpe putat nil."

But absolute as the fashionable female is about her own pleasure, it is ridiculous enough that very often she does not know what her pleasure is; ("Otiosus animus nescit quid volet") for sooner
shall Fashion's fickle self forget to change, than one of its female votaries remain long in the same mind. Every hour brings its whim; they who are idle are always wanting somewhat.

But your fine lady's darling passion is pride: she is, like Beatrice in the play, 'set up and full of humours.' The glory of precedence is her noblest triumph: the spur ever in her side is to graduate one step higher in the exclusive circle; and the passion of striving in this race nearly swallows up every other. Essentially grovelling, she is haughty in that which should teach humility; humble only when 'tis base to be so. Ever insulting to her inferiors, her haughty swelling looks spurn them from her as of another and poorer nature; for, in fact, she values them at no higher rate than though they were savages living at the antarctic pole. She can make no allowance for pride in others, but there is something intelligible in this—it hurts her own:—Those who are not proud are never sensitive. Her conversation is of a piece with her manners; and when she unbends either—which is only when she wants other people, for habitually she closes her mouth as well as her door against the crowd—she is so
elaborately courteous that her artificial amenity betrays at once the very pride it was intended to conceal: it is evident her thoughts still hover about her own dear person, and that she salutes herself when she notices you. And yet, is it not strange?—this very creature, bristling with self-consequence, and aiming to set herself above others by contemptuous derision and insolence, creeps in the dust before one idol alone: she values herself, till she dies, infinitely more upon modish nonsense, than upon the best sense against the Fashion. For the honour of the god she thus makes to herself, she is ready to submit to any, even hourly inconvenience; but to none, and not for a moment, for the sake of mere propriety!

She on whom this incubus of Fashion sits, will be found, according to her position in life, an imperious wife, a harsh mother, an undutiful daughter, and a tyrannical mistress. The older she grows, she is but a stair lower from Heaven!

' Better is the churlishness of a man, than a courteous woman: a woman, I say, that bringeth shame and reproach!'
ANNIHILATION OF FASHION.

§ 11.—Yet there are truths that force themselves on the mind; there is an inward consciousness of natural propriety and right, which neither ignorance nor passion shall entirely pervert. Though our social condition be the unmixed tyranny we have declared it, there are some above the debasement of such a state: there are many who perceive that luxury and superficial refinements are neither necessary to true manliness, nor indispensable to womanliness. They feel longings for something better, and if, in an unwise spirit, they sometimes excuse pernicious practices because established—if they yield to some and make allowances for others, they still question with pain their own compliance with foolish customs, however protected or popular. "It is difficult not to contract at least indulgence for fashionable vices, in consequence of living in a world, where the public morals are corrupted." * "We can scarcely estimate," says a cotemporary, "the evils many estimable men are doing their country, from their acquiescence in habits and manners, originating with the frivolous or contemptible leaders of fashion." †

* Marmontel.  † Blackwood's Magazine.
We may all observe, among our own circles, that those of the most acknowledged worth and sense are the last to come into what is called the mode; and this alone shows, that society is on an especial bad footing; for what more frightful evidence can there be, when its true and chiefest ornaments retire from it with all possible sedulousness? The vitals of society at large must be tainted, when the constitution of refined life is thus radically vicious.

Surely the Augean stable of impurities must undergo ere long a thorough cleansing! Shall we in this age follow drunken custom, only mending it when we can? Shall we continue to sacrifice our time, our sentiments, our every thing, for the permission of a vapid fancy—a shadow? Must the whole faculties of a great people be bowed down before the idle restraints and precocious formalities imposed by a fraction of society upon the whole? "How long are they likely to suffer a few persons of overgrown wealth, laughable folly, and considerable profligacy, to usurp and exclusively to hold all consideration, all individual importance?"

* Thoughts on the Aristocracy, 1835.
ANNIHILATION OF FASHION.

Reason and religion alike enjoin that we break off every connection with vicious folly, whatever be its appearance—however high its rank or exalted its condition! We must rise from our prostration, and tear away the social net that entralls us all. ‘Custom is the law of fools;’ it must govern us no longer; it condemns us to many follies, but the greatest is to make one’s self its slave: of all blindness the worst is that which is voluntary! Let us then no longer be the slaves of insignificance, and live in subservience to an hour and a fashion: no longer let vice, though clothed in gold and purple, and though it sometimes wear the garb of the gentler sex, usurp the sceptre of authority!

Against habits so odious as we have described, must every competent judge of those manners which sweeten domestic privacy,—against principles so mischievous must every lover of his species, who desires not to refine away the little solid happiness of existence,—show himself inverterately and practically opposed.

But how, it may be asked, is this to be done with effect? It is, let us confess, more the purpose of these sheets to point to an evil, than
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to pretend its cure; yet we are well assured, that, when evils are once felt, and a necessity for remedying them perceived, remedies must and will come. "Expose the errors of any description of social mischief, and you have gone far towards impairing its efficiency!"

But on this head we can suggest one means of reform, and one that may alone suffice, which is Ridicule. The principle of shame is active and immediate; it is a sort of supplement to the law. Though ridicule be an edge tool, it is efficacious enough in its proper place:—the insolence of petty despots must be laughed at by an Aristophanes, as well as rebuked by a Cato!—"Once learn indifference for fashion and fine people, for the whereabouts of lords and ladies *," and behold this tyranny is but a name!

Meantime, whatever is to be done, must be done boldly: there must be no slumber over such a work. There is to contend with vigorous enemies,—Time the Formalist, and Power the Tyrant, as well as against Custom the Usurper. Above all, it must be remembered that it is to yourselves alone you have to look

* Bulwer's England.
for relief. A reform of the most glaring evils that distinguish our time, whether social or otherwise, will never be co-operated in by that knot of pigmies, whom we have been wasting ink to describe: even where such reform is unbound with self-interest, the truth is ever too glaring for their willing cecity: sooner expect 'grass in sand, or blood in turnips,' than moral conviction in that quarter. They must be dragged into improvement—and they must be dragged into it through the mire! They will scarcely take advice, when they will not so much as take warning! The name of their faults is "Legion." Forward in mischief, sluggards in good, they still remain, in spite of the age, hedged in and darkened by the luxuriant shadows of their own prejudices: their fears, not their hopes, point at the progress of improvement. They are, in a word, the lumber of the human race. Of all classes, they appear to least social advantage;—exactly the most useless and most mischievous section of the community.

My friends! let us make this moral struggle; it is worthy our courage! Let us crush this sectarian spirit—this servile conventionalism, at
once, and for ever; and let growing time assure an enlightened age, that the influence called 'Fashion' has at length bowed its sickly head. Let English independence but rouse itself in its native strength, and then, as the lion shakes from his mane the dew-drops of the morning, behold! the vapour of Fashion has passed away!
NOTES.—CHAPTER III.

(1) The very air of a court reeks with infection, and it taints the higher classes with a licentiousness that descends to their inferiors.—Channing.

With us the fusion of all classes, each with the other, is so general, that the aristocratic contagion extends from the highest towards the verge of the lowest.—Bulwer's England.

(2) From a work, not long since published, entitled "The Tour of a German Prince," we find that its distinguished author brought away the notion that Fashion was omnipotent throughout England. "This notion is one, (observes a critic in the Edinburgh Review), which, up to a certain point, it is impossible to over-charge. England is a country given over to that worst tyranny—the tyranny of caste over caste."

(3) That there is a fashion in the art of speaking, the daily corruption of our language gives audible proof. There is a fashion even in preaching, and "morality" has become a crime—yes, a crime, good reader!

(4) We accuse the French of frivolity, because they are governed by Fashion; but this extends only to their dress; whereas, the English allow it to govern their pursuits, habits, and modes of acting and thinking; in short, it is the 'alpha' and "omega" of all they think, do, or will. Their society, residence,—nay, their very friends are chosen
by this criterion; and old and tried friends wanting its stamp, are voted 'de trop.'—

Lord Byron's Conversations.

(5) It is scarce agreeable to good morals, or even to good language, perhaps, to say, that mere wealth and greatness, abstracted from merit and virtue, deserve respect. We must acknowledge, however, that they almost constantly obtain it.—Adam Smith.

(6) How Fashion ever became a title of honour and distinction, is a point of no small difficulty to determine. I have consulted several of my friends, who are well skilled in etymology; one of these traces the word up to the Latin; he brings it from the verb facio, which, among other things, signifies to do; hence, he supposes people of fashion (according to the old derivation of lucus a non lucendo), to be spoken of those who do nothing. Another carries the original no farther than the French word façon, which is often used to signify affectation. A third will bring Fashion from Φασίς: this, in the genitive plural, makes φάσκων, which in English is the very word. According to him, by people of 'fashion,' are meant people whose essence consisteth in appearances; and who, while they seem to be something, are really nothing.—Fyelding.

(7) At the time when fashion had such extreme ascendancy at Paris, the French artists, though expert enough at gilding and gewgaws, were unable to construct a lock for a door!

On dit que ce luxe sert à nourrir les pauvres aux dépens des riches; comme si les pauvres ne pouvoient pas gagner leur vie plus utilement, en multipliant les fruits de la terre, sans amollir les riches par des raffinements de volupté!—Telemaque, par M. Fenelon.
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The caprices of fashion, which upon the whole create employment, also make that employment irregular. A change from metal buttons to silk buttons, is alone sufficient to derange the industry of hundreds of workmen.—The Results of Machinery, 1831.

58 The Earl of Chatham thus defines politeness:—"Benevolence in trifles; or, the preference of others to ourselves in the little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. Bowing ceremonies, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness."

Every person who indulges ill-nature or vanity at the expense of others, and in introducing uneasiness, vexation, and confusion into society, (however exalted or high-titled), is thoroughly ill-bred. And whoever, from goodness of disposition or understanding, endeavours to the utmost to cultivate the good humour and happiness of others, (however low in rank, or however clumsy in figure or demeanour), hath in the truest sense of the word, a claim to good breeding.—Fielding.

59 Those who are called 'good company,' are only those whose vices are more refined; and perhaps it is with them, as it is with poisons, of which the most subtle are the most dangerous.—Montesquieu.

The same passions, the same ideas pervade the mind of the peer and the peasant; a gloss only is discernible in the language and appearances of the one, which the other does not possess. If any difference distinguish them, it is to the disadvantage of him who wears a mask: the people show themselves as they are—the great know the necessity of disguising themselves. Were they to exhibit themselves as they are, they would excite horror.—Swift.

510 Selfishness is the bane of fashionable life; for there

g 3
every one is selfish. What Court could be more polished than that of Marie Antoinette? Yet selfishness was the predominating principle.—Mrs. Sandford.

(11) Fashion, enlisted in the service of profanity, has devised softening apppellations for the most flagrant breaches of the laws of God and man. Hence, not only among the unprincipled, but in virtuous families,—among women of modesty, and by women of modesty, conversation is not unfrequently turned to topics and incidents, of which, to use the language of an Apostle, “it is a shame even to speak.”—Gisborne.

(12) The plain old English word wife, has long been discarded, as being only fit for the mouths of the vulgar. A well-bred ear is startled at the very sound ‘of wife’ as coarse and indelicate.—Connoisseur.

(13) In every uncorrupted nation of the earth this feeling is the same. Climate, which changes every thing, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society, which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love.—Herder’s Philosophy of Man.

If a woman of fashion have children, they are, one after the other, consigned to the hands of hirelings for their nutriment; and the first germs of the awakening mental perceptions, are warped by the blighting coarseness of those who serve with the disgusting sycophancy of selfish interest, a race of beings whom they in secret hate, because they are by them treated as animals of an inferior class.—Fox’s Monthly Repository.

(14) It is a great mistake to suppose that Fashion is a criterion of elegance. Elegance rests on immutable rules;
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but the versatility of fashion is proverbial. Its modes are entirely conventional, and are often as ungraceful as they are capricious.—Mrs. Sandford's Woman in her Social and Domestic Character.

(15) It is one of the unaccountable passions of depraved nature, that more pains should be taken to seem happy than to feel so. There is nothing so delicious to the rich and great as to be thought fortunate: the envy of others is the food of their own self-love;—the prostrated humility of poverty is their glory—but its pride, is death.

(16) I have spent part of my life in great companies, and in the bustle of a court; but there an is effeminacy of manners, a puerility of judgment prevailing there, that attaches me by force to solitude."—Montaigne.

Lord Chesterfield, courtier though he was, grew sick of the senseless pageants and hurry of the beau monde. He had been, he himself tells us, "behind the scenes," and had seen all the 'dirty pulleys and ropes' in action, which by their effects so astonished the vulgar; at length he withdrew into privacy, uti conviva satur, a satisfied guest.

I have left an assembly filled with all the great names of haut ton in London, and where little but names were to be found, to seek relief from the ennui that overpowered me in—a cider-cellar!—(Are you not shocked?) and have found there more food for speculation, than in the vapid circles of glittering dullness I had left.—Lord Byron's Conversations.

Noble poets have been rarely seen amid the brilliant circle in which they were born: the workings of their imagination were perpetually emancipating them, and one deep lonelines of feeling proudly insulated them among the impassioned triflers of their rank.—D'Israeli.
We might here cite confessions to a similar effect, even from female pens. Lady M. W. Montague says, in one of her letters, "I go very little into the grande monde, which has always had my hearty contempt."—And the namesake of this lady, Mrs. Montague, likewise writes, "The beasts of the field and the birds of the air are better company than the beau monde."—Elegant Epistles.

(17) Human happiness (says Paley) does not consist in the pleasures of sense, nor in an exemption from pain, labour, care, business, suspense, molestations, and those evils which are without; neither does happiness consist in rank, greatness, or elevated station:—

Happiness consists in the exercise of the social affections; in the exercise of our faculties of body or mind; in the pursuit of some engaging end: it depends upon the prudent constitution of the habits; and, lastly, it consists in health.—Paley's Moral Philosophy. [Can the automata of fashionable life lay claim to any of these modes of happiness?]

(18) The want of sense and reason which prevails in these circles is wholly inconceivable. An ignorance of all that the more refined of the middle, or even of the lower classes, well know, is accompanied by an insulting contempt for any one, who does not know any of the silly and worthless trifles, which form the staple of their only knowledge. An entire incapacity of reasoning is twin-sister to a ready, and flippant, and authoritative denial of all that reason has taught others.

Whoever, after passing an evening in such society, shall attempt to recollect the substance of the conversation, will find himself engaged in a hopeless task. It would be easier to record the changes of colour in a pigeon's neck, or the series of sounds made by an Apolloian
harp, or the forms and hues of an Aurora Borealis;—all is pleasing, all pretty, all serviceable in passing the time, but all unsubstantial. If man had nothing to do here below, but to spend, without pain or uneasiness, the hours not devoted to sleep, certainly there would be no reason to complain of these coteries; but if he is accountable for his time, then surely he has no right to pass it thus. Compared with this, dancing, which is exercise, is a rational mode of passing the hours—compared with this, it is worthy of a rational being to read the most frivolous romance ever penned.—*Thoughts on the Aristocracy*, 1835.

Do these people imagine, that because they are not required to labour for their bread, that they are to do as they please? We tell them that none are suffered to live according to their own humour, or for such ends as please their own fancy!—*Law’s Serious Call*.

(19) I look upon these sons and daughters of idleness and folly (to speak of them in a style suitable to their taste and talents), not as paying visits, but *visitations*, and am never obliged to give audience to one of this species, that I do not consider myself as under a judgment for those numberless hours which I have spent in vain. Since the days of man are shrunk into a few hasty revolutions of the sun, whole afternoons are much too considerable a sacrifice to be offered up to tame civility.—*Fitzosborne’s Letters*.

The mind never feels with more energy and satisfaction that it lives, that it is rational, great, active, free, and immortal, than during those moments in which it excludes idle and impertinent intruders.—*Zimmerman*.

If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague
of frigid impertinences, which should make a wise man tremble to think of!—Cowley.

(28) Where distinctions are possessed without the labour of deserving them, honour becomes a badge! "Those of no birth have to make their way in the world, to win their spurs; others start on a vantage ground,—they are born spurred."—Thoughts on the Aristocracy.

(31) The despotism of Fashion may, in many cases, require to be withstood, even when aspiring to jurisdiction merely over amusements. Fashion may, on some occasions, prove herself powerful enough to attach women to amusements, which, though neither stained with blood, nor derived from the infliction of pain (as in the Spanish bull-fights), may be such as for other reasons ought to be universally reprobated and exploded.—Grasorne's Duties of Women.

(32) In the Opera, the ears and the eyes are better satisfied than the mind; where, through a constant subserviency to music, the most ridiculous faults are become necessary: the actors dance round a tomb, and sing at the destruction of a city. We tolerate these extravagancies because we fancy ourselves on enchanted ground; and provided there be some show, fine dancing, music, and a few interesting scenes, we are satisfied!—Voltaire's Critical Essays on the Drama.

(85) The general admiration awarded to foreign music in Britain is despicable affectation. The Italian opera in England is witnessed with the most remarkable listlessness and inattention. It can raise no passion in the audi-
ence, because they do not understand the language in which it is written. (Among the very few who understand the language, and enter with pleasure and taste into the Italian music, the conduct of the dramatic part appears so ridiculous, that they can feel nothing of that transport of passion, the united effect of music and poetry) yet vanity prevails so much over the sense of pleasure, that the Italian opera is in England more frequented by people of rank, than any other public diversion; and to avoid the imputation of want of taste, they condemn themselves to some hours' painful attendance on it every week, and pretend to talk of it in raptures, to which their hearts will ever remain strangers.—GREVORY's Comparative View.

He who sits at a play, without understanding the dialect, may, indeed, discover which of the actors are best dressed, and how well the scenes are painted or disposed; but the characters and conduct of the drama must for ever remain a secret to him.—FITZOSBORNE's Letters.

There is no question but our great-grandchildren will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand!—ADDISON.

(34) There is nothing which has more startled our English audience, than the Italian recitativo at its first entrance upon the stage. People were wonderfully surprised to hear generals singing the word of command, and ladies delivering messages in music. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chanting out a billet-doux, and even the superscription of a letter set to a tune!—ADDISON.
(226) Not the least part of this evil is the consequent decay and corruption of our own drama. Many sage and philosophical reasons have been given for such decay, but the root of the matter is, the caprice of Fashion:—Yes! our own noble drama, and, with it, all the representatives of Shakspeare’s heroes, are victimized. "Warbling eunuchs fill a licensed stage," and foreign frippery and sing-song nonsense far outstrip the natural and noble sentiments of our immortal dramatists. Taste has become banished from among the people, and we have been progressing in pageantry—and, which is still worse, in indecency, till the British stage lies grovelling in the lowest pit of darkness; it has become as dull, as frivolous, and as immoral, as a fashionable drawing-room!

(226) This spurious liberality neither makes the poor wiser or better, nor does it stimulate them to independence. How many helpless girls, whose industry is their only resource,—not only against want, but against infamy, are thrown out of employment by the dangerous rivalry of charitable sempstresses, and embroiderers for the love of God!—New Monthly Magazine.

(227) Fashion, in this country, is a compound of opposite qualities: to-day you wonder at its servility, tomorrow at its arrogance.—Bulwen’s England.

(226) The public mind, once settled towards an examination of the aristocracy, has pierced from the surface to the depth; it has probed the wound, and it now desires to cure!—The novels which of late have been so eagerly read, and which profess to give a description of the life of the higher circles, have, in our own day, nauseated
the public mind with the description of men without hearts, women without chastity; polish without dignity, and existence without use.—Unconsciously exposing the falsehood, the hypocrisy, and vulgar insolence of patrician life, these works could not but engender a mingled indignation and disgust at the parade of frivolity—the ridiculous disdain of truth, nature, and mankind—the self-consequence and absurdity, which these novels exhibit as a picture of aristocratic society.—Bulwer's England.
CHAPTER IV.

NOVEL-READING.

Ye writers of what none with safety reads
Footing it in the dance that Fancy leads;
Ye novelists! who mar what ye would mend,
Sniv'ling and driv'ling folly without end:—

Cowper.

§ 1.—A distinguishing feature of the age, and one not the most flattering to its intellectual character, is the adoption of works of fiction into the body of our standard literature. This subject becomes somewhat serious, when we reflect that novels exist mainly for the entertainment of a weaker sex. "That the present state of woman's mind is unhealthy," says a cotemporary, "may be observed from the works, which are intended for her use (1) principally, wherewith the circulating libraries abound."

One might imagine, that in these times, there was novelty to be gleaned from real life, and in the page of Truth, without seeking it in Fiction. But not so: the public palate, once vitiated in its intellectual good, has enlarged its appetite
to grossness; and the reading portion of the community contentedly swallows, like Death, whatever accident may place within its capacious grasp. It is to be feared, that many Wordsworths would not now suffice, to curb the rage for 'strange incident and high-seasoned narrative.' There are too many of the 'false serpents' to be swallowed up. A protest, from whatever quarter, would be now

- - - "like a small stone thrown into a river,
The breach scarce heard!"

§ 2.—And in proportion to the demand for, and consumption of, works of fancy, the staple itself has become deteriorated. There is a rush of inferior writers, who, whatever fertility they display in producing, have none in perfecting: they are bookmongers by profession; the season makes its annual round, and whatever be the period of gestation, their literary offspring comes to the birth by the rules of the court calendar.

As some read, because they have nothing else in the whole world to do, so others take to writing, as it would seem, from precisely the same motive. Fashionable publishers had better at once announce, over their door-ways,
blish may be shot here;' for our day-labourers of polite literature seem to be engaged in little else than wheeling fresh rubbish to the moun-
tain's foot—neither adding to the height nor en-
larging the prospect.

"Is it possible," it has been humorously asked, "to conceive a degree of imbecility and stupidity so great, as that of him, who cannot make a book?" 'Twould, in truth, seem as if paper were stamped with printing-ink for the mere purpose of producing a sale.—Yet, among the many quackish volumes of the day, whether pretending only to amusement, or dubbing them-

selves "rail-roads to knowledge;"(*) among the vast host of ephemeral productions sent forth by 'the rank and file of literature,' and crowded into our reading-rooms, the tribe of novels may claim for themselves the distinction of graduating as the lowest of the low! "Many are poisonous, few of any use, and far the greater number are annuals."*

The novel style is of a straddling and slip-
shod order; burdened with strutting phrases and hyperboles, and images out of all keeping.

* Southey.
But with all the gift and glory of words, there is immediate evidence of exhaustion in meaning. Among a cloud of aphorisms, half impertinences, you barely detect a few naked ideas, vague and incongruous as a sick man’s dream—flitting about confusedly in a labyrinth of flowery envelopments. Their pages might be written as well as printed by steam, for aught of substance contained in them. “We’ll e’en to it,” exclaim these adventurers of the quill,—“we’ll e’en to it, like French falconers—fly at anything we meet.” And true it is, their productions—crammed page after page with the loosest-imaginable stuff—do contain ‘a considerable quantity of nothing.’ They contrive ‘magno conatu nihil dicere:’ and fairly extracted, the spirit as well as stature of their three volumes ‘octavo,’ “to its first state of nothing melted down,” might be hashed into the smallest ‘twelves.’

“The imagination,” says the severe Bacon, “not being tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which nature hath severed, and sever that which nature hath joined,—and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things!” Here is a mischievous privi-
lege, of which our writers of fancy, who have commonly still less propriety than meaning, unsparingly avail themselves. They will undo creation for you 'at a jerk,' and discourse on the sublime—on the very *arcana* of the universe, as familiarly as upon puppy dogs! But, to overstep thus the modesty of nature, is a small fault, where an excursive fancy or a heated imagination are confessed virtues: with the *privilege* of throwing reason overboard, the caterers for public taste make no pretence to method in their madness. Possibly such an author is himself some piece "of foolish compounded clay" that nature has made up in too great a hurry, forgetting to add to the lump the proper quantum of brains.

In these 'performances of *three acts*,' we find the same noble contempt for consistency throughout: the reader waits, in wondering admiration, for plot or moral to make their dilatory appearance; there is no epic of events—no harmonious whole. And, as to the delineation of individual character, we look in vain for the slightest humanity of relation! There is 'no keeping' in them; they are such as possibly *have been* in existence, and *may be* again, but not such as are
to be met with. We sicken of knights-errant and mawkish heroines, and begin to sigh for the society of plain men and every-day women. We close the hot-pressed volume, fresh from the reading-shop, and exclaim, as we labour through Chapter I., "This never could have happened—it is too absurd!"

As for scholarship, or qualifications of judgment, these same 'learned Thebans' are, at best, mere retailers of the shreds and parings of wisdom, grubs, who fatten on the very garbage of other works;—for, with an assurance that must perfectly amaze the plundered, they are content to pirate any where and every where. They are philosopherlings, and succeed only in foolosophizing; their rickety theories, when they venture at all on the sea of speculation, are all whims, or specious nonsense; but fortunately all their principles destroy themselves,—contradicting one another most manfully. Thus do they insult good sense, at the moment they fancy they are doing it honour.

The mere guess work of principles, and their consequences, may pass off with the crowd for acuteness; "Omne ignotum pro magnifico."
There are many, ever too ready to mistake as brilliant and extraordinary, what surpasses their comprehension; but the thinking mind commonly looks for some few genuine, not to say profound, deductions of reason. In the pages of the Novelist, we must expect these in vain: the solidity and symmetry of truth are entirely wanting, and experiments are only made upon its solubility, in tasteless and colourless generalizations. Like the gew-gaw flowers of a season, they never strike deeper than the mould; and well does the language of the poet Shenstone describe them:—"Superficial writers, like the mole, fancy themselves deep, when they are exceeding near the surface!"

Their very sentimentaling is so much trash: it is sentimentalism upon stilts. With a real or careless unconcern for the first interests of humanity, they incongruously mingle up pretensions to deep feeling. Skilled in the sorting of sentences, they are deplorably ignorant in men; they combine seeming depth of principle with utter recklessness, in the same frail sentence; they dress up trifles with the drapery of importance, and where they cannot engender and
cook up sentiment even upon trivial occurrences, they intrude it *apropos* of nothing.

A habit of this kind, in writing, has a tendency to suffocate principle, and to check and adulterate all true feeling\(^3\). 'Twas a marked blemish (and a serious and blighting one it is in *any* writer,) with the author of the "Sentimental Journey;" Who does not admire a feeling heart, but when a man wanders to and fro in the world, *seeking* occasions of sorrow with a cambric handkerchief in his hand, and shedding tears by the pint over any dead jackass in his way, the recital only fills us with disgust. Generosity does not consist in obeying *every* trivial impulse of feeling; and dry, practical inhumanity, often characterizes the heart ready to melt at every fictitious distress. An eminent critic ventures to assert that "sentimental writing is sometimes the product of a *bad* heart*.*

§ 3.—To the ancients, novels were unknown; for we *can* scarcely class the few pastorals they composed under this head. But among the walks of later literature, some ablest men have at times

* Horace Walpole.
BYGONE NOVELISTS.

relaxed their more important labours to engage the public attention in the language of fiction. But how different these from the sentiment-mongers of the present day! With infinitely more genius, they had far less flippancy: the elements of power in their writings are true and effective; they held up a glass to human nature, and professing amusement, *while they aimed at reformation*, they usefully converted the offshoots of imagination into vehicles for the sublimest truths.

Such writers of fiction are not only to be read, they may be studied; for they dipped their pens in intellect as well as fancy. Pure, easy, and perspicuous, they had *power over* the materials with which they worked: their wing never flags, for they deduced an interest direct from the heart and soul of man, never dreaming of going to seek it in mere narrative, or the descriptions of courts and costumes. Theirs are portraits of which all acknowledge the original: they studied man, as man—not merely as fashion moulds him: they observed the workings of the *human heart*—an object eminently more worthy investigation than the mere circumstances that envelop it,
and which very often overlay its true complexion and character.

If the writers of whom we speak lack charms now for the general reader, the fault lies not with them: an ungarnished sentiment may, to a fashionable ear, sound harshly-blunt, or intolerable; but the fault is at last in human nature, not in the artist who paints it too well.

It must then be confessed (though Truth is rarely married with Fiction but to its detriment), that as we open the incomparable pages of a Goldsmith, a Johnson, or a Mackenzie, we feel that it is sometimes justifiable to wrap up wisdom in seductive garb, for purposes of elevated recreation, or the attainment of moral ends. Example may, in skilful hands, be made a sort of picture, representing virtue as some defined object, and not merely as an abstraction. The fictions that Swiftian ingenuity has displayed, while they picture to us 'the thing that is not,' admirably serve the purpose of unfolding truth, moral as well as political. And "Tom Jones" (the vulgar and despised "Tom Jones") has probably done more for knowledge (and knowledge is one legitimate parent of
virtue) than ever did Miss Burney's far-famed "Evelina,"—a washy heroine—a petrifaction of water-gruel—a sort of 'lusus naturae' (rare without being wonderful), who is made to flounder without mercy through several volumes of a 'moral tale.' Yes! the 'Tom Jones' of Fielding, with all its blots, has more powerfully served the cause of happiness and of mankind, than the 'Cælebs' of Miss Hannah More, and all the slop put together that has been poured forth from the beginning of the world by sentimental spinsters,—who have as yet only succeeded in making virtue tiresome.

A species of writing—before only occasional, or (like the Travels of Gulliver) for some distinct end—has unfortunately perpetuated itself, and is now national. The public mind, once entertained without the necessity of thinking, constantly requires to be pandered to afresh; and Fiction, so adapted to the crowd with its graphic delineations and appeals to the more familiar emotions, has been suffered to take precedence of all other modes in writing.

As time-pleasers sprung up, and multiplied like locusts, Mammon by degrees became tri-
umphant even over talent: need we wonder that learning has so little advanced, since it grew to be mercenary?—Scott was a proof that genius could sell itself 'for a mess of pottage!' The master-spirit of the North lived and died a mere antiquarian in ballads, a raker-up of defunct legends; for he found that he could coin these into gold. Yet this writer was destined for better things;—he was 'one in ten thousand,' and nearly as versed in the Book of Life as him who was Nature's own secretary*. Even now, is he not a wizard among us all, at whose bidding the feelings and passions of humanity come and go? Lion's marrow flowed from his pen: he was, among the host of romancers, a star of the first magnitude, and all others pale before his influence!

§ 4.—The spirit of exaggeration which belongs to this branch of letters has done as little service to the cause of happiness as of truth. Tending to create interest in shadowy conceptions of existence, Novel-reading at length calls up false expectations of life; and, peopling the mind

* Shakspeare.
with mere illusions, builds up imagination on the ruins of common sense! This is likely to lead to painful delusions hereafter, if not to error; for to dream over ideal happiness is only breeding misery in detail: attentive to universal harmony, we may chance to forget that we have all a minor part to sustain in the concert.

Can our utmost stretch of imagination conceive a woman in the present day to be interested in a novel, the hero of which, we will suppose, has red hair, or is marked with the small-pox, or has a plebeian name?—the thing is impossible! The fairer part of the species are not, it seems, of Shakspeare's mind:—

"The rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet."

To have a true and effective hold upon the attention of fair readers, the leading character in a novel must be some gay and gallant votary of love and war,—who after having butchered a few hundreds of his fellow-creatures by the force of his single arm, and after having performed unheard of wonders, throws himself at the feet of a poor weak being like themselves. (6) This is the
modern receipt to obtain readers; this the class of incidents with which to intoxicate the
Desdemonas of the day: not only are women declared to be goddesses, but they are taught to
expect gods in men; they look for what is not—they ask too much for poor human nature, and
when they only find men, such as are fitted to live in this world, they imagine all their hopes
in life untimely blighted, and begin betimes to bow down their sickly heads;—in plainer phrase,
they fret and become vapourish. (6)

§ 5.—Those who drink deep of these senseless novelties, make a fast-filling puddle of their brains: the perception blunts itself and becomes stultified. It must be remembered, that
the majority of minds are undisciplined; the 'imaginative' is by far the most accommodating
faculty of the human creature; and even though the heart be ready, the head is always an awk-
ward fellow that requires culture.

The best of our novelists, ingenious architects as they may be of fancies, have in their effusions, more of spirit than of substance; sense miserably languishes; and when we think we
see reason, it is only fancy that is tickled. 'Tis their trade to put forth any philosophy but the mind's: their ideas, though sometimes pithily absurd, are the very froth of voidness, and at most, but fancies to smile at; pictures smartly touched, but not well studied. There is all the piquant and strained acidity of the fruit without its ripeness. The wit they put forth (which is of the conventional kind, and sure to run into affectation), always creeps; their pens want point, and display nothing of true humour but the 'husk and frothing circumstance.' As for their mere graphic delineations, their poor pale colourings of drawing-room life, these can scarce pretend to any depth.

In a word, they fall away like quacks in all their higher efforts; without the succours of judgment, the most whimsical flights of imagination become extravagant,—its loftiest and boldest efforts 'flat and unprofitable.' Put forth in accordance with a half-thinking age, novels are a pack of superficials, admirably adapted to vulgarize the mind, and keep it in abeyance.

Evils, positive as well as negative, remain to be told. Not only is a public inappetence bred
for our higher and better literature, but our very works of instruction approximate to the style and sentiment of romance. Thus is a deadly maim inflicted on all sound learning. Milton well said,—"It is of greatest concern to the commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as individuals."

A love of chaste composition, it is greatly to be feared, cannot readily return: our publications must be finished off to obtain a general reading. The better class of authors (who would not travel before their time, the way of all pen-ink-and-paper, to die silently among the trunk-makers), dare not carry wisdom to any strength. They are warned to hang an occasional clog upon the ardour of genius, to the end that lagging and yawning readers may keep up with them!—The fruits of lofty intellect are not easily plucked by dwarfish souls.

Place a work of undoubted merit before a reader of the day; let it be as familiar in expression as chaste in style,—making, however, its appeals rather to the region of judgment than that of fancy; place such a book before a reader of the day, and he or she will soon ex-
MORAL EFFECT.

claim — "But what is all this to me?" Their minds, dull to catch the most glowing outline, are of blotting paper; the ink is swallowed up, but you find only a dark undefined spot. Upon such souls the truly-beautiful can never be incarnated; they are as unwilling as they are unable to escape into the still champaign of truth. They drag through their hours of leisure in turning over the leaves of the newest volumes, with the exact attention that one examines the faces of a crowd; they drop buckets into empty wells, and grow old in drawing nothing up!

§ 6.—And novels are too often a crusade against morals as well as against intellect. How many, among the best,—that is to say, the most fashionable, are but another sort of Newgate calendars(7). Passion must be eagerly at work! there must be some "fascinating villain" for a hero; there must be crime in their table of contents:—if they lack this, the second and third volumes will remain unread, while the first is voted mawkish.

And works of fancy directly put forth an
emasculated philosophy; they resemble Milton's toad at the ear of Eve; and, if innocent of meaning, are not of mischief. They may, as we have already said, give a spur to the imagination; but to exalt or purify the affections, is rare indeed. The interest may be,—it not unfrequently is, high wrought; but the execution still turns to the effeminate and voluptuous side. This tends to make fatal impression on persons of light reflection; the female mind, more especially, resigning itself at once to the vivid and glowing illusions of romance. And there are individuals of a quicksilver clay, with whom a beckon from the imagination is more powerful than the firmest groundwork of principle.

The usual subject-matter in a novel is, of course, Love,—that passion being proverbially the inspirer of all works of imagination; but the lovers of romance court without delicacy, and drivel without tenderness. Kotzebue says—“The authors of romances know nothing about love.”

To conclude; there is an art of reading as well as of writing, and of thinking. The mind, in its intellectual growth, must run either to herbs
MORAL EFFECT.

or weeds; and books are either useful monitors or dangerous guides—there is no medium!

Let the idle be left to read what blockheads write; none are deceived but those who are willing to be deceived. It is open to every one of us to cherish ourselves with the milk of a better time; to turn and contemplate the calm beauty of that nobler literature, which comes to us with the stamp and esteem of ages; but, if we will forsake the beautiful, let us, at least, not marry the fantastic!
NOTES.—CHAPTER IV.

1. Il est un genre d’ouvrages d’imagination, dans lequel les Anglais ont une grande pré-éminence: ce sont les romans, sans allégorie, sans allusions historiques, fondés seulement sur l’invention des caractères et des événements de la vie privée. L’amour a été jusqu’à présent le sujet de ces sortes de romans. L’existence des femmes en Angleterre, est la principale cause de l’inépuisable fécondité des écrivains Anglais en ce genre.—Madame de Staël. De la Littérature.

2. The variety of penny-magazines,—the numerous ‘duodecimo classics,’ all full of cheap wisdom, and with save-trouble indexes, those ‘souls of books,’ attached to them,—these, and all other mushroom and hot-bed productions of the day, strongly remind one of certain knowledge-retailing locusts, who spread themselves at one time over Greece, offering to teach all possible knowledge for a few oboli!

Annuals (those mere copybooks for grown-up children to write verses and sentiment in), also a leading feature of the day—are another melancholy proof, that it is with literature, as with the drama and the higher walks of science,—the intellectual is superseded by the visible. Volumes intended for sale must be embellished, and though, among books, there have always been quacks, imposing wonders on the world, they have now become déaux, basing their claims upon garniture and a gilded outside. “Certainly,” says a critic in the Athenæum,
"many books find a market (as many pretty simpletons of the gentle sex do) rather for their beauty than for their value."

(3) The affectation of sentiment is highly prejudicial: thus the sympathy which works of fiction excite, by no means involves real feeling. The young woman who is versed in romances, will no doubt acquire the language of sentiment; she will have a sigh and a tear for every occasion, and be exuberant in her professions of sympathy."

MRS. SANDFORD.

(4) In Gulliver's Travels, there is a power that has moved the world. The power is not that of big words and vaunting commonplaces; Swift left these to those who wanted them! His object was to strip empty pride and grandeur of the imposing air which external circumstances throw around them; and for this purpose he has cheated the imagination of the illusions which the prejudices of sense, and of the world put upon it, by reducing everything to the abstract predicament of size.—HAZLITT.

(5) Heroes are generally lovers; on the stage, their swelling and blustering very much recommends them to the fair part of the audience. The ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting kings, or affronting the gods in one scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his mistress in another.—ADDISON.

(6) Perhaps, of all causes that have contributed to injure the health of women, the principal has been that infinite multiplication of novels within these hundred years. A girl who reads these at her tenth year, will at twenty-one be a vapourish woman.—M. TISSOT.
7) "Eugene Aram" may be named as one of this class. The moral is atrocious: so it is in Lord Byron's Werner, and many other popular tales. The author of the former of these productions has attracted no small share of public attention in the present day,—sometimes very deservedly; but, though many clever outlines of character, have proceeded from his pen, there is too much contempt for time and place; the situations and circumstance are commonly forced, and the motives to action unlikely. This very effective and admired writer might, like Scott, have passed his early life with greater public advantage. His "England and the English" (a work that will live) is perhaps the only one on which he can solidly base any future reputation.
CHAPTER V.

DANCING.

Few bring back at eve
Immaculate the manners of the morn;
Nor is it strange; light, motion, concourse, noise,
All scatter us abroad!

Young.

§ 1.—It must be matter of regret to a thinking mind, that education should be supremely swayed by custom. Such a principle cannot be otherwise than vicious, when to know how to dance has become a point quite indispensable in the breeding up of youth: They who are ‘lame among dancers,' are confessed cyphers in society!—A young lady, in the present day, must pass through the hands of a posture-master before her education can be considered at an end—before she can be called finished (alas! how true that expression)—before she is finally sent forth into the world, she must have the advantage of one master more, to give the last magic touch and polish to her accomplishments.

And who, and what, is this last preceptor?
The reply is too ridiculous. — Could we step into the polite circles of English life, with the mind a blank as to its customs, whom could we imagine this admirable finisher, this perfecter of youth, to be? Some one, doubtless, we should esteem him, of staid wisdom and experience, who is to furnish the young pupil with sound principles, and fence her inexperience with a knowledge of life and manners. Alas! here would be a mistake! This great magician is some whipper-snapper of a Frenchman, tricked out in pumps and silk-stockings,—inductor of ladies and gentlemen into the polite and shapely art of dancing! This—this is to be the acquaintance of a young Englishwoman for the last six or dozen months of her probation—this, her grand, last, and most perfect of models. (1)

But, above all, what a speaking satire on the age is it, when heads of families, careless how much they give a fellow like this, scruple not the screwing down to the tenth part of the same sum, a teacher of any thing really important! Even a Frenchman could exclaim with wondering admiration, "La danse fait or-
dinairement une des parties les plus essentielles
de l'éducation des filles, et l'on y consacre, sans
peine, beaucoup de temps et beaucoup d'argent * ?

It was the revival of our intercourse with the
French which gave new zest to a custom that
had almost degenerated, and which was never
English. Again we emulate,—

"A dancing nation, fickle and untrue † !"

§ 2.—To dance is not even *cum ratione in-
saniae. It needs a respectable stretch of the
imaginative faculty to discover any sense in it,
though to perceive the nonsense of it is plain
enough. It seems to have no plea in its favour
but one, and that one not the very wisest, to
wit—Fashion.

It is by no means needful or desirable that a
sprightly girl should live like her grandmother,
any more than that a 'man whose blood is warm
within,' should become reverend at eighteen, and
sit, as Shakspeare says, 'like his grandsire cut in
alabaster!' But why should rational creatures, pre-
tending to sobriety in their amusements, seek to
emulate the nature of a Frenchman—"a crea-

* M. Rollin. † De Foe.
"Absurdity of Dancing."

ture," says Washington Irving, "who partakes eminently of the nature of a gossamer or soap-bubble, for he passess three-fourths of his time between the heavens and the earth."

Ponder for one sober moment upon the antick tunes, the antick gestures, that belong to this exercise. Let us suppose the dance is up—the fiddles in full concert, and the signal given: the grown-up children, as delighted as urchins out of school, slip away from their moorings, and now away they all spin like hey-go mad! For about twenty minutes they continue to perform, with the utmost earnestness, the most contradictory evolutions: in their saltatory motion they sail about capriciously from side to side, shuffle their feet unmeaningly before their partners, and advance only in order to retreat again; after all which the gentlemen make a sort of Chinese prostration to their partners, and a pause ensues; presently, however, every couple is at it again; some wheel round and round to a tune, for all the world like two cockchafers impaled on the same bodkin. Thus do they 'roundabout' it till feeding time, when a general sweep is made towards the realms of re-
fresment, and the dancers repose awhile from their labours.

If we may borrow Mr. Locke's 'blind man' for a moment, we will imagine him to enter a ball-room for the first time:—could he possibly entertain any idea but that its inmates were all mad? And, indeed, would any thinking person, unprejudiced by habit and education, regard with fitting vision all these parakeets in their aviary, what must he bring himself to think of this bustling handful of his fellow-creatures? Surely his astonishment would equal that of the honest Chinese in Goldsmith, who was astounded at witnessing modish absurdities in a country deeming itself civilized!

§ 3.—"The art of dancing!"—can it even aspire to be a handmaid to the arts? and is grace its essence! We can see grace in the wavings of the forest and in the bound of the antelope; but the smallest possible quantity of that virtue in the fantastic capers of a modernized human creature. And Taste, which is essentially at variance with all modes, is most unequivocally so with fashions in dancing. True taste is
of a fixed nature; it can have no resting place, where all is capricious and uncertain: the stately capers executed of yore by our grandams—the attitudes which belonged to that day, were regarded as the supreme of elegance: they may be esteemed so again!

And the latest approved mode of performing this fanciful exercise has less of elegance and nature in it than ever;—the gentlemen are stiff and stilted: they skim along the floor flat-footed, treading to and fro, peacock-like, with vain-glorious steps; in the mean time, the ladies, by their side, are (without offence be it spoken) popping up and down like so many peas in the process of roasting; with them, if not with their stately partners, it is 'one eternal cut and shuffle,' for they go on shaking their feet, as if they would have them come off.—Activity is never graceful of a woman, and if exertion of muscular power be at all necessary on this occasion, it would seem to belong rather to the male portion of the performers.

Let us at least—if custom condemns us to a caper, and we cannot or dare not live up to our own unddictated tastes—let us at all events bear
INDELICACY OF THE DANCE.

in mind the recommendation of Lord Chesterfield, "not to be ridiculous, though in a ridiculous act."

§ 4.—But there are other and more vital considerations: the dance, under its present government, wars against that strict delicacy which has ever been the boast of the English character.

Is not the most approved method of 'showing off' a ball? The ball-room is in truth a posture Mall—a refined sort of advertisement or fashionable auction; but not really less coarse than Smithfield or any other cattle mart. A fine girl, or, in plainer phrase, fine animal (for that is what is meant), after being dressed forth with every aid that the voluptuousness of millinery can suggest, is fairly 'trotted out' for inspection; just as a horse, at a fair, is put through its paces, she is taught to move and 'attitudinize' in the manner most likely to attract the eyes of the chapmen. Thus is it, that our women are "brought out,"—or, to speak more correctly, dragged out; after this unseemly fashion are they hawked about from party to ball, and again
from ball to party,—that eldest sons, or stray sprigs of nobility, may have the opportunity of looking them over. Their beauties are obtruded, not offered;—in a word, they are the pursuing, not the pursued sex!

A young lady quits the microcosm of her boarding-school for the world itself:—the change is startling, but where is the scene of her début? A crowded ball-room!—and, as if even this were not surprise enough for the dazzled stranger,—and liberty were itself a gift unattended with danger, the change of situation is heightened by every possible aid of contrast; pains are taken, that in stepping forth from privacy, a young girl shall plunge at once into the main flood of vanity and dissipation.\(^{(3)}\) She is led forward to the dance,—placed in it by the side of some stranger of the opposite sex,—left upon a sudden to her own guidance; all this in the warm latitude of eighteen, or long before she has written ‘Woman.’ Is this common prudence? True, as Lord Byron says, ‘your budding Miss is a little shy and awkward at first coming out;’ but it is only at first: she may continue for awhile (if we may descend to a pun) a ‘dumb belle,’
requiring to be talked 'at' instead of 'to;' and it is perhaps matter of performance for an occasional beau to investigate the mystery at his elbow; but all the incipient difficulties belonging to this unfledged state rarely outlive a season, and the fair proficient early learns the use of a bright eye. Restraint necessarily destroys itself by the sexes frequently meeting in this manner; familiarity eats up circumspection, and a woman soon becomes accustomed to a thousand faces. It is true of women, if it be true at all, that 'the best people come out of company worse than they went in,'—*Multae inde impudicae domum rediēre, plures ambigua, meliores nulce.*

And if there are general exceptions to be laid against dancing, how are we to speak with patience, when we come to view it in detail? Are not the forms and modes of the dance more recently introduced among us, such as the Galoppe, Mazurka, Cotillon, Grandpere, with all the rest of the catalogue—are not these absolutely in the nature of 'romping,' and calculated to make young women very personifications of hoydenism? As for the fairly established *Waltz*—the favoured Waltz, with its Ionian mo-
tions, which Madame de Genlis would have prescribed even from a Parisian ball-room, we must be content to leave that to the severely just and indignant lash of Lord Byron.

§ 5.—Think, in conclusion, upon the light and vain, as well as sensual, character of the dance. If it only effeminates, it to that degree vitiates the mind. To take an absolute pleasure in whisking about 'on heedless vanity's fantastic toe,' can scarcely fail to breed thoughtlessness: it turns the head morally, if in no other manner. (4)

As for the polish, which it is pretended that dancing lends the behaviour and carriage, if this capability of 'bowing and standing upright,' be not at last a doubtful good, (5) it is at least of too small importance to be seriously regarded as a necessity. Women, so far as they are concerned, have a natural grace, which is only spoiled by art and affectation: and as to the other sex, (if we may turn aside to speak of them,) a man may polish himself quite sufficiently for purposes of scrambling through this miserable world; he may contrive to rub off his
FRIVOLITY OF THE DANCE.

'corners and rough sides,' (if he have any), without betaking himself to a dancing-master; for, could he accomplish a cotillon in the most ineffable manner, could he arrive at the perfection of dancing a pas de deux with Taglioni's self, he would be none the better man notwithstanding, and scarcely the more useful. He that has his excellence in his head and heart, and not in his heels, may be well bred, though he be never inducted into silks and pumps, nor make a bow to his dying day after the court fashion.

"He cannot be a sober man," wrote Tully, who looked at this exercise with almost puritanical abhorrence, "he cannot be a sober man who stands up to dance."\(^6\) So thought the first genius of Rome, who, like his conquering countryman, held in perfect contempt all the "pretty young dancers"\(^7\) of that day; and though the wisest among the Greeks has been charged with putting on 'the light cymar,' and learning to dance in his old age, who is there ready to admit the idle accusation? Tradition may say what it will; Posterity will not believe that Socrates ever danced!
Reader, if it be absolutely needful to shake melancholy out of the liver, let not frivolity at all events be the price of your deliverance; fly not to a mere excitement—a mechanic and unmeaning art; the property of which is, that it buys 'the merry madness of an hour' with succeeding irksomeness.

Health, if health be at all the pretence, is not a material to be improved in the atmosphere of a crowd, and in the torrid zone of suffocating hundreds. Still less is healthy enjoyment of the mind attainable by an habitual preference of the glitter of wax tapers to the light of the sun. To keep the eyes open towards the fag-end of a ball, is inverting the order of nature; it is acting our antipodes! "The huntsman is up in Arabia, and they have already passed their first sleep in Persia!"

Our amusements of exercise should be, in the first place, rational, then healthful, and such as may be enjoyed by daylight. The nearer they ally themselves to these requisites, the better they are.
NOTES.—CHAPTER V.

(1) Je n'imagine rien de plus ridicule que de voir un vieux maître-à-danser, d'un air refrogné de jeunes personnes; et prendre pour leur enseigner sa frivole science un ton plus pédantésque et plus magistral que s'il s'agissait de leur catéchisme.—J. J. Roumeau.

(3) Sallust, in speaking of Sempronia, the accomplished mistress of Catiline, says, 'Saltare elegantius, quam non esse est probä—' that she danced with more skill than became a virtuous Woman. Cato likewise objects this to Hudrenas.

(3) That dancing carries with it temptation, will scarcely be thought the language of exaggeration, when it has been even said, 'that in standing up to dance a man may infringe the whole decalogue. Let us see if this is possible:—

1. He who is devoted to any favourite occupation (and he who frequents the dance is always a lover of it) certainly makes his own pleasure a god.

2. Women, too often converted into idola, and enshrined in men's hearts, are especially courted in the effeminacies of the dance.

3. Levity of speech and protestations of every kind, are frequent among dancers.

4. In most countries the Sabbath is profaned by this amusement.

5. It is common for lovers of the dance to neglect their homes and families, and seek that amusement abroad.
6. Women may be said to kill men in the dance, for there are many of that sex who tempt and destroy the soul.

7. "He that looketh upon a Woman to desire her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart."

8. There are few things more powerful than the dance towards stealing the mind from a right sense of sobriety, as well as the ordinary duties of life.

9. Dancers, of course, aim at making themselves "agreeable" in conversation with their partners: now, all who cultivate that gift of amusing others with the tongue, are proverbially offenders against the exact truth.

10. Men frequently covet in their hearts the wives and daughters of their neighbours. In the ball-room, where women are in their pride and glory, the Tempter is more than ever present. And the best women are themselves tempted to envy the beauty or ornaments of one another.

[If this be good argument, it is possible to infringe each and all of the commandments in the indulgence of a caper.]

"Use not the company of a woman who is a dancer."

Salome inveigled Herod into a crime by a dance, for it cost John the Baptist his life. And when Moses saw the dancing of the Israelites, the tables of the Law were broken, and this levity and disobedience cost three and twenty thousand their lives.

(4) The celebrated Adam Clarke, in giving some account of his early life, speaks thus upon the subject:—"When about twelve or thirteen years of age, I learned to dance. I long resisted all solicitations to this employment; but at last I suffered myself to be overcome. I began now to value myself, which, as far as I can recollect, I had never thought of before. I grew impatient of control—I lost
the spirit of subordination, did not love work, imbibed a
spirit of idleness, and, in short, drank in all the brain-
sickening effluvia of pleasure. Dancing and company took
the place of reading and study; and the authority of my
parents was feared indeed, but not respected; and few
serious impressions could prevail in a mind imbued now
with frivolity, and the love of pleasure. I entered into
no disreputable assembly, nor associated with any whose
characters were either tarnished or suspicious: neverthe-
less, dancing was to me a perverting influence—an un-
mixed moral evil; for although it led me not to depravity
of manners, it greatly weakened the moral principle. Every
thing yielded to the disposition it had produced, and every
thing was absorbed by it. I have it justly in abhorrence
for the moral injury it did me; and I can testify (as far as
my own observations have extended, and they have had a
pretty wide range), I have known it to produce the same
evil in others that it produced in me. I consider it, there-
fore, as a branch of that worldly education which leads
from heaven to earth—from things spiritual to things
sensual, and from God to Satan. Let them plead for it
who will; I know it to be evil, and that only. They who
bring up their children in this way, or send them to those
schools where dancing is taught, are consecrating them to
the service of Moloch, and cultivating the passions, so as
to cause them to bring forth the weeds of a fallen nature
with an additional rankness, deep-rooted inveteracy, and
inexhaustible fertility. ‘No man in his senses will dance,’
said Cicero, a heathen; abase on those Christians who
advocate a cause by which many sons have become proflig-
gate, and many daughters have been ruined.”

(5) “I shall mention but a few of those instances in
which beauty or caprice have contrived to distort or dis-
figure the human form; your own recollection will add to these a thousand more, which have been practised to disguise nature, among our dancing masters and tailors, in their various schools of deformity. The fashion of turning the feet outwards, is contrary (as was taught us by the professor of anatomy) to the intent of nature: this might be seen from the structure of the bones, and from the weakness that proceeds from that manner of standing. To this we may add the erect position of the head, the projection of the chest, the walking with straight knees, and many such actions, which we know to be merely the result of fashion, and what nature never warranted.”—Sir Joshua Reynolds’s Discourses.

(6) Nemo saltat sobrius, nisi forte insanit; neque in solitudine, neque in convivio moderato atque honesto.

Cicero.

“'The Romans,” says Hume in his Essays, “considered the dance as infamous.”—The Greeks also regarded the practice of dancing as beneath the dignity of a sober person: they made slaves dance at their feasts when they desired the buffoonery of this entertainment.

(7) “The pretty young dancers.”—This was the contemptuous expression used by Caesar at the battle of Actium. The general ordered his soldiers to aim at the faces of the young patricians and other ‘exquisites’ of the day, who, at the very first onset, made display of their light-heeled qualities, seeking safety for their charms in flight.
CHAPTER VI.

DRESS.

In all ages the gentle sex have shown a disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty or an innocent love of finery.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

§ 1.—Dress is an accomplishment of women. This sex has ever betrayed a marked inclination to adorn their exterior (1). The old philosophers bluntly define Woman, "an animal fond of dress;" and modern writers* also regard this particular propensity in the female, as a natural bias (2). "We may observe," says Gisborne, "a fondness in women for the art of dress and exterior decorations. To this the female sex, anxious to call in every adventitious aid to heighten its native elegance and beauty, feels itself inclined by an inherent bias." Once, 'manners' made the Woman, but now female excellence depends on the man-milliners!

* See Dr. Gregory, and others.
VALUE OF ORNAMENT.

Dress has become a main element of corruption; we have made an abuse of a necessity—"a vanity, which the neighbourhood of other nations has induced, and we strive apace to exceed our pattern!"

As an art, as a refinement, "Dress" comes from the French school;—one of the worst manufactories for anything to debauch the senses with. Still do our countrywomen shape their tastes by, and emulate all the fripperies of, our volatile neighbours. What a pitch of absurdity is it,

To see one nation go to school
And learn of another like a fool;
To study all its tricks and fashions
Of epidemick affectations;
And dare to wear no mode of dress
But what they in their wisdom please!"

Butler.

§ 2.—It has been a question much controverted, but one that scarcely seems to deserve dispute—"Forma, an debeat plus Artis an Nature?"—Is Beauty most indebted to Art or Nature?—Surely, Art being but the child of Nature, it should seem at once that Beauty must

* Bacon.
be a stronger loadstone of itself. Its brightest feature is simplicity: it shines with its own lustre, and its array is like the lily of the field, needing not toil for its embellishment.

"The comeliness of the clothes depends upon the comeliness of the body*:" you may dress a beautiful Woman, but you cannot adorn her. The human shape is a beautiful thing, and though worth dressing, is well able to attract without conventional assistance. It may remain interesting in the midst of the most absurd or uncouth decorations, but it attracts with a force singularly diminished by the medium through which it operates. A beautiful Woman is still beautiful, not in consequence of her fine clothing, but (if we may be allowed a hacknied phrase of the day) in spite of them! In a word, the face must grace the apparel, not the apparel the face: the figure is to add lustre to the habit, not borrow from it. "On peut briller par la parure, mais on ne plait que par la personne. Nos ajustements ne sont point nous†."

Beauty is nothing without fitness: it is not the mere corruption of manners; and to be me-

* Sir Philip Sidney. † Rousseau.
chanically influenced by tire-women into un-meaning veneration, is the wisdom of the fool, 'who fell in love with the lady's laced apron.' We value not the steed by his trappings, nor the temper of a blade by the costliness of the scabbard.

Nor does dress improve such as are 'ungifted' by nature. 'Twas a wise speech of Lysander to Dionysius, who brought rich robes for his daughters: "These will only serve to make unhappy faces more remarkable." Let plainness be plainly attired, and thus at all events, will the reproach on the Grecian artist be avoided; "Unable to make your Venus beautiful, you have taken care to make her fine!"

§ 3.—And the general style of female attire in the present day, has an especial indelicacy in it. We behold our fair countrywomen tricked forth in strange and gauzy vestments, such as should be left only to warm and licentious climates. Even our neighbours on the other side the Channel are at length surpassed by "the transparent ladies of Great Britain, whose half-naked exposure is an affront to virtue."—"The
veil," says Dr. Doddridge in one of his recently-published letters, "is grown out of fashion among you, and you now study what ornamental dress may best discover as much as modesty will permit."

"Hoops are no more, and petticoats not much!"

_Byron._

How are a man's senses to be guarded against these irregularities of dress? To hear, forsooth, as sometimes we do hear, our fair countrywomen launching eloquently forth against the immorality of Don Juan, is strange prudery: had they not better put an additional flounce to their gowns, and cast aside scanty draperies,—which, while they leave nothing to conceit, make the charms they pretend to conceal less doubtful than the character of the wearer! Truly we might cry out with the antiquated dame in Scott:—"Heaven keep us from vanity!—and so this is the new guise, and modest maidens wear such tunics as these,—showing the shape of their persons as plain as if (Saint Mary defend us!) they were altogether without garments!"

That we should dream of censuring modes of

* Crusaders.*
dress, so admirably adapted, and (with submission be it added) intended for the gratification of our male cotemporaries, may be matter for surprise, and perhaps mirth; but it would be mirth grievously out of season. Warm, devoted in admiration of female loveliness, there is no end to the latitude we would allow women, to make themselves really charming; still we desire not even to witness attractions, that are to be recognized only by the annihilation of decency.

§ 4.—We must frankly confess that our private taste, in silks and gauzes, is worth very little; yet when we see around us modes and extravagancies of dress,—such as one would have imagined not even 'Beauty run mad' could have invented or approved,—we are obliged to have an opinion. [9]

"Taste in dress," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is certainly the lowest subject to which this word can be applied." Still there is room for bad taste, even in a costume. The great tyrant of taste is fashion: now, adherence to fashion as a rule in dress, is obviously to be vicious in taste:
TASTELESSNESS IN DRESS. 185

our countenances do not change; our figures remain the same; "Ce qui est bien, est toujours bien,"—what became them once, becomes them still. Would we be "architects in dress," we ought not to be guilty of tricking forth a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; yet this is done among us, every day, without thought or compunction, provided fashion give the word(4).

Instance in colour—a very important circumstance of female attire: colours may be beautiful in themselves, and yet quite unsuited to individuals: women of fair complexion ought clearly to choose light and brilliant colours; these heighten natural lustre; the more sombre and opposite tints rob such complexions of all life and expression.

"L'amour des modes est de mauvais gout, parceque les visages ne changent pas avec elles, et que la figure restant la même, ce qui lui sied une fois lui sied toujours*.”

But another proof that taste is not concerned in fashions—or, at least, that it has no known and fixed character,—lies in this circumstance;

* J. J. Rousseau.
the very principle of fashion is fluctuation and novelty. The days of stomachers hoop-petticoats and powder, and when gentlemen wore buckram, are now over; but the supreme of elegance, as was supposed, was centred in those modes of dress: we, in our day, regard them as ungraceful extravagancies.

And perhaps a better argument against modes in dress is contained in the fact, that we are constantly reverting to old fashions: you may chance to see an English lady in the nineteenth century,decking herself out like a Circassian girl ages ago in the seraglio of the sultan.

Every consideration must yield to the whims of the day; but, common sense defend us! what whims they are. "What a deformed thief this Fashion is!" It would be idle to urge that tucking up a woman's hair by the roots (thus leaving the face without relief, while the nape of the neck, not the most beautiful part, is exposed), — it would be in vain to protest, with La Bruyère, that this is what nature never intended; it is "the fashion!" Equally useless would it be to urge that moustachios are unclean,

* Shakspeare.
needless appendages, to the faces of the men;—
ythey have the same glorious plea!

Without speaking of all the barbarian hard-
ware, and et cetera's, a discreet superfluity of
which women always dispose about their little
persons, (ear-rings so weighty as to endanger
the lobes of the ears, and perhaps a watch at
the girdle, so minute that the dial-plate is ille-
gible!) without pausing to discuss the value of
these traps and nondescripts, for the general
merit of 'nick-nacks' is unquestionable, let us
confine our few strictures to the palpable misuse
of needful apparel.

Sleeves, a leading article of female attire, fur-
nish us with a complete illustration of fickleness.
In the olden time, sleeves were fashioned tight
at the shoulder, descending whence, they gradu-
ally assumed width, until, nearing the wrist, they
terminated in capacious ruffles. Pointblank
reverse is the present mode. 'Bishop's sleeves,'
as they are called, are now in the ascendant, an
inconvenient fashion in the first place; but what
has fashion to do with convenience? In its
wildest flight there might be some determinate
object in view; but here all purpose defies
enquiry. 'Tis a mode as much to be condemned for its detraction from any native beauty in the wearer, as for its intrinsic ugliness. The width of shoulder lent to the female figure by two overgrown balloons is unnatural and masculine. Is it attempted by artificial aid of contrast, to give a seeming miniature to the waist? If so, there is no true elegance at last attained, for little satisfaction can there be in seeing the human body cut in two like a wasp.

We should grow voluminous, if we counted up the caprices that preside over female garniture and bedizenments. The dress descends during one season downwards from the waist, in full and flowing folds, (some twenty yards perhaps in a single gown); by and bye, so close, 'ut nudos exprimat artus;' now the gown terminates in a host of flounces, roll upon roll; but anon, the edge is left bare and destitute, without a band of even the grossness of packthread! To day sandals are in vogue; but a moon hence, elegance must avoid them! At one moment the boot gives shape to the foot; at another, it detaches that important extremity from the leg in a manner quite odious! Even the tribe of
TASTELESSNESS IN DRESS. 189

ribands undergoes its variations; and from being ridiculously narrow, they magnify on a sudden into the width of cart-wheels. "The fringe succeeds the lace, the stays shorten or extend the waist, the head-dress receives frequent rises and falls every year, and in short the whole Woman, as curious observers of dress have remarked, is changed from top to toe in the period of five years."* Thus can Fashion do nothing rationally or by degrees; the spoiled child of fancy, it has all the impatience of childhood, delighting to plunge, with the full swing of caprice, from one extreme to the other.

In the present day, is issued forth, for the benefit of the ladies (but still more, for the benefit of the mantua-makers), a monthly, and for aught we know weekly, list of the newest fashions. There you have earliest information about gigots, rouleaus, and a catalogue of other names, perfectly unpronounceable, with the whole rabble of particulars thereto belonging, were we to detail which, we might grow as dull as the Court Journal itself! Truly, the anecdote related of 'a certain painter of costumes,

* Gay.
contained a piece of satire not unmerited:—
When the artist had portrayed the women of other
nations in their accustomed apparel, he represented
the Englishwoman in a state of nature, but with a piece of cloth under her arm; hereby intimating, that she changed her fashions so
often, he knew not how to complete his picture.

"What thought, what various numbers can express
The inconstant equipage of female dress?"

§ 5.—The subject of female dress has been
important enough to attract the attention of the
wisest men. In various countries we find that
statesmen have from time to time stood forward
We find in Scripture frequent exhortations addressed to women, against frivolity and excess in apparel. And let not the subject be thought beneath the dignity of polite literature, when such a man as Addison could stoop to criticise female fashions. Oh, that a censorship of the kind were established now, and that that pen could address one of its quiet but forcible papers to our unthinking countrywomen!

§ 6.—The pernicious influence of modern dress, and particularly the use of stays made of steel or bone upon the person, is a point on which we must at least say a few words.

"Fashions in dress are not worth disquisition; yet a circumstance against which indignation may reasonably be moved, is where the operation is painful or destructive of health, such as the straight lacing of the English ladies." This barbarous ligature, these worse than Chinese bands, are an active cause in the many consumptive and inflammatory maladies to which our countrywomen are subject; and it is the declared conviction of eminent members among

* Sir J. Reynolds.
the medical world, that if the present style of dress continues to be the fashion some time longer, the English race must sensibly degenerate, and few of our females can expect to arrive at old age.\(^8\)

The best models we have of the human form, exhibit no effects of restraint of any kind; and as Dr. Beattie observes, in his Essay on Truth, the superiority of the ancient painters and statues over the modern, is to be ascribed mainly to the \textit{superior} elegance and more exact proportions of the human frame in those days.\(^9\)

Even now the Turkish and Asiatic women, so distinguished for the elegance of their form and gracefulness of carriage, owe these advantages to their not being \textit{made crooked} by patent contrivances; from their infancy they are accustomed to wear no dress but what is perfectly loose.\(^{10}\)

It is said that beauty should learn to suffer. There are, doubtless, resources in vanity which can reconcile women to worse martyrdoms than those here mentioned. To please and secure admiration is naturally more or less the wish of every female heart; but to solicit that distinction, fancy is put \textit{fearfully to the torture}.\(^{11}\)
EFFECT ON HEALTH.

Not among the least of their sufferings is the wearing of shoes, such as, if used in any active manner, would lame their wearers for life. When we reflect how little of this vicissitude, termed 'life,' is spent with any satisfaction, we may well admire how people can be found so weak as to do this. Surely existence has evils enough without either excruciating the waist or impaling one's extremities.—There is also a custom of muffling up to the ears in the morning, and going about half-naked in the evening, which must have a serious effect upon health. If women will not listen to the dictates of propriety, let this be, at least, a consideration, to have some weight with them.\(^{(129)}\)

But as a reform of this kind is rather to be wished than expected, we would make a last appeal to their vanity—we would tell those (with whom this "Fashion" is the ruling principle, and who obey it merely because it is fashion), that beauty never deigns to dwell where health is a stranger.\(^{(13)}\) They are to bear in mind, that though health does not constitute beauty, yet is beauty the child of health, and cannot long exist without that parental influence. Health
is the most approved paint for the complexion; it gives elasticity to the step—lustre to the eye.

§ 7.—Neither is the point of pecuniary extravagance in dress beneath a passing remark. All persons may be extravagant, whatever be their means. The love of this particular gratification, with many women, is bounded only, (if it be bounded at all), by their inability to give it play. Fashion wears out, as is well known, more apparel than the human race ever could. Some there are who will put on their backs every shilling they can get at, and hang their very revenues about their necks, (thus resembling those Indians, who wear all the gold they can call their own in a bob at the nose). They are for ever casting their skin and arraying themselves in new garb, as if they thought a gown was like a stratagem in war, to be used but once: they care little who suffers, so they come by it. Nothing is too good to deck out their little persons; with Katherine in the play, they must swim about in silks and satins, and be attired and appointed 'like other gentlewomen.' The
EFFECT ON THE MIND.

scarcest furs are to be fetched from the Poles, and costly tissues from the Equator!

Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour!

Shakespeare.

§ 8.—But it is rather with the mental dress, than the outward attire of women that we have to do: If women unceasingly tend the body, they must neglect the mind. What an engrossing of female attention must it be, for ever plying the busy ministry of the toilet; not a little bothered with their own indecision, and spoiling the temper with its endless fret!

"For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that;
And I will wear—I cannot tell what!"

To conclude:—the gross and bodily idol of dress is unworthy to occupy a rational mind beyond the needful limits: there are few vanities to be pointed out so contemptible as this of outward adornment. "We fall from right notions
of human nature, when we abuse the end of clothing, and turn the necessities of life into so many instances of pride and folly."* It was sin that first introduced the very necessity of dress; a reflection which alone is tolerably humiliating to a thinking mind; and 'tis as absurd, as it is melancholy, to behold a creature priding itself on that, which was given to hide its shame and shield its impotence from the elements. "A desire of decencie," says one of our olden writers, "first gave occasion to invent apparel; and afterward, pride, playing upon conceited notions of decencie, hath infinitely varied the same in matter, form, and colour, and so now doth, and will continually."† The trappings of makers of robes can add no dignity to poor puny mortality. Let women turn and contemplate their common mother—the first mantua-maker; and in so doing let them strive to emulate the innocence, as well as the simplicity of Eve.\(^{14}\)

* Law's "Serious Call." † Camden's Remaines.
EFFECT ON THE MIND.

decently be withheld from it. As a heathen philosopher said long ago, "Eadem ratio est habenda vestibus, in quo (sicut in plerisque rebus) mediocritas optima est." *

Let women, with all possible sedulousness, keep aloof from the deformities of the day—for deformities there are, belonging to dress, mental as well as personal: As Tertullian writes: "these preposterous fashions, if they conceal defects of person, expose so many defects of mind." The female apparel most needed (but 'tis one that will never be greatly in vogue!) is that in which the mind clothes itself—the apparel of circumspection!

* Cicero.
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I
NOTES.—CHAPTER VI.

(1) Aristotle makes it the reason why women are more addicted to pride in apparel than men, that being conscious of little inward worth, they seek to make it up by borrowed ornaments.—BAXTER.

One may observe that women, in all ages, have taken more pains than men, to adorn the outside of their heads. —ADDISON.

(2) Les petites filles, presque en naissant, aiment la parure.—J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Le Tribun du peuple qui se rendit l'avocat des dames Romaines contre le sévère Caton, pour leur faire restituer, après la seconde guerre Punique, le droit d'user d'or et d'argent dans leurs habits, semble insinuer, que la pareur était comme leur partage naturel. [Cette raison ne fait pas d'honneur au sexe, quelle taxe de petitesse et de foiblasse d'esprit, en faisant voir combien il est sensible aux plus petites choses].—M. ROLLIN.

(3) So preposterous are the freaks which modern Fashion has exhibited, that her votaries, when brought together in her public haunts are frequently unable to refrain from gazing with an eye of ridicule and contempt on each other; and, while individually priding themselves on their elegance and taste, appear, to an indifferent spectator, to be running a race for the acquisition of deformity.—Gisbornet's Duties of Women.

(4) Our ladies seem to have no other standard for grace
but the run of the town. If Fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature, ceases. Foreigners observe that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful or more ill-dressed than those of England. Our countrywomen have been compared to those pictures where the face is the work of a Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by some pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.—Goldsmith.

(5) Modes of dress are continually changing; and that fashion appearing ridiculous to-day which was admired five years ago, we are experimentally convinced that it owed its vogue chiefly or entirely to the custom and fashion.—Adam Smith.

(6) L'on condamne celle qui fait de la tête des femmes la base d'une édifice à plusieurs étages, dont l'ordre et la structure changent selon leurs caprices; qui éloigne les cheveux du visage, bien qu'ils ne croissent que pour l'accompagner; qui les relève et les hérisse à la manière des Bacchantes, et semble avoir pourvu à ce que les femmes changent leur physionomie douce et modeste en une autre qui soit fière et audacieuse.—La Bruyère.

(7) Women are required "to adorn themselves with shamefacedness in modest apparel"—"to have their heads covered"—"to let their adorning be not that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, but the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit"—"hair was given for a covering (says St. Paul), not to deck yourself withal."

(8) What absurdity is it to think that the natural shape of a woman's chest is not so elegant as we can make it by the confinement of stays. The common effects of this
practice are disorders in the stomach, and obstructions in the lungs, from their not having sufficient room to play, which cuts off numbers of young women by consumptions in the very bloom of life. But nature has shown her resentment of this practice in the most striking manner, by rendering half the women of fashion deformed in some degree or other. Deformity is peculiar to the civilized part of mankind, and is almost always the work of our own hands.—Gravezv's Comparative View.

The author of the "Serious Call" instances a case of a young lady, who died in consequence of this discipline of fashion:—"When her body was opened, it appeared that her ribs had grown into her liver, and that other parts of the body were much hurt by being crushed together with her stays."—Law.

(9) On fait que l'aisance des vêtemens, qui ne généquent point le corps, contribuait beaucoup a lui laisser dans les deux sexes ces belles proportions qu'on voit dans leurs statues, et qui servent encore de modèle à l'art, quand la nature défigurée a cessé de lui en fournir parmi nous. De toutes ces entraves gothiques, des ces multitudes de ligatures qui tiennent de toutes parts nos membres en pressé, ils n'en avoient pas une seule. Leurs femmes ignoraient l'usage de ces corps de bâlème par lesquels les nôtres contrefont leur taille plutôt qu'elles ne la marquent. Je ne puis concevoir que cet abus poussé en Angleterre, à un point inconcevable, n'y fasse pas à la fin dégénérer l'espèce et je soutiens même que l'objet d'agrément qu'on se propose en cela est de mauvais gout.—Jean Jacques Rousseau.

True elegance, being simple, cannot travel into extremes; such extremes can only be acceptable as they quadrature with our own wild and corrupt inclinations.
Narrowness of waist is not found in the *Venus de Medici*, or any other pure and approved models of the female form; there, the line of beauty, instead of being abrupt and sudden, assumes a graceful and glowing curve of outline—"fine by degrees, and beautifully less."—How different from the contour of our modern beauties:—

For when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets my eye in human show?
So slender waist, with such an abbot's loin,
Did never sober nature sure conjoin!—

*Bp. Hall's Satires.*

(10) After having read the eloquent reprobation of this destructive breast-work in Beccario's Lessons of Political Economy, I little expected to find it still in use in sober sensible England. It is but too true, the English ladies are imprisoned in stays, and in stays so stiff, that they are rendered as unbending as a hedgestake by this cuirass. (*Our ladies are soft and flexible as a silken cord.*)—*Count Paschô's Observations.*

(11) Combien d'exemples du mespris de la douleur avons nous en ce genre! Que ne peuvent elles, que craignent elles, pour peu qu'il y ait d'adgencement à esperer en leur beauté:—

Vellere queis cura est albos à stirpe capillos
Et faciem, demptâ pelle, referre novam.

J'en ay veu englouter du sable, de la cendre, et ce travailler à point nommé de ruyner leur estomach, pour acquérir les paie couleurs. Pour faire un corps bien espagnolé, quelle geheene ne souffrent elles, guindees et cengeles, à tout de grosses coches sur les costes, jusques à
NOTES.

le 'chair vifve? ouy, quelquefois à en mourir.—MON-
TALON.

(12) "The prevailing mode of dress," says a cotem-
porary, "has carried off more women in this country,
during the last ten years, than war has destroyed men in
the same space of time. No less than two hundred female
patients, sometime ago under the care of one physician,
either actually died, or are likely to linger for life, under
incurable complaints, all of which were contracted by the
exposure of their persons agreeably to the fashions of the
day."

(13) Venustas, et pulchritudo corporis non possunt se-
cerni a valetudine.—CICERO.

(14) It is with women as with books, where a certain
plainness of manner and dress is more engaging than that
glare of paint, and airs, and apparel, which may dazzle the
eye, but reaches not the affections.—HUME.

(15) Never let thy clothing be above thy condition, nor
always equal to it.—Choose not that which is light and
amorous, discovering that through a thin veil, which thou
pretendest to hide.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

I am not against the ladies adorning their persons;
let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and
nature can conspire to produce for their embellishment,
but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and
humour.—DR. ISAAC SCHOMBERG.

(16) Is there any thing sinful in particular dress or
affected manners? No: but all people know that it shows
the state of the mind, and that it is impossible for a ri-
diculous outside to have any thing wise, or reasonable, or good within. All the world agree in owning that the use and manner of clothes is a mark of the state of a person's mind.—Law's *Serious Call*.

As the index tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapter, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in Man or Woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) all the internal quality of the soul.—Masinger.
CHAPTER VII.

FEMALE ESTIMATE OF MEN.

A un homme vain, indiscrét, qui est grand parleur et
mauvais plaisant, qui parle de soi avec confiance, et des
autres avec mépris; impétueux, altier, entreprenant; sans
mœurs di probité; de nul jugement et d'une imagination
tres libre, il ne lui manque plus, pour être adorer de bien
des femmes, que de beaux traits, et la taille belle.

La Bruyère.

§ 1.—Among the social blemishes of Woman, is one that peculiarly demands consideration; having been an unceasing cause of mischief, and at all times extremely offensive to the sober part of the other sex: we allude to the partiality that women ordinarily feel, and do not attempt to disguise, for the more contemptible order of men. “There is one particular,” writes Mackenzie, “in which the sex is daily blamed, and in which their conduct has afforded matter for severe censure; I mean a predilection they are supposed to bear to frivolous men, possessing no one valuable talent, no one
quality sufficient to procure either respect or esteem." (1)

If any sanguine and charitably-disposed reader imagine that our fair countrywomen have improved in this respect, and since the above was penned, we may refer him to the pages of a very late writer upon manners:—"With us," says the author of 'England and the English,' "women associate with the idler portion of society—the dandies—the hangers on!"

This penchant seems to be a disease that beauty is sure to catch. The most fascinating woman knows so little her true power, that, Nero-like, she only stoops to murder flies and beaux: "Any rank fool goes down*;" and with the least possible discrimination,

"She smiles on every forward fop she sees."

Boileau.

No man is insensible of the favours of women; no man can deny himself the effort to secure himself some share in their approbation or love; but many are instantly driven back with a writhing consciousness of female caprice. They are martyrs to that feeling, which is, perhaps,

* Otway.
inseparable from all high natures, of suscepti-
bility and even bitterness at injustice.—Is it not
mortifying, if not sarcastic, to behold the fa-
vours of the fair heaped by wholesale upon
a mere coxcomb, who has no earthly recom-
mendation but his face, his coat, or his impu-
dence; and who spends half his days between
curling-irons and a glass! (a)

This animal, "by nature framed to be a
woman's fool," is one of a species, to the consi-
deration and development of which we purpose
todevote, however unworthily, a few paragraphs.

§ 2.—Those who make up "the wheel of
fops*," are among the very dregs of our sex.
Their whole merit is made up of dress and
drive, show and emptiness:—

"A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe."
Rowe.

The creature is no admirer of any particular
woman, but a professed adorer and slave of the
whole sex, (a respect which he endeavours to
show, by staring insultingly at every female he
meets). As fleas and other disgusting insects

* Young.
molest those who have the tenderest skins and complexions, just so do these flesh-flies haunt the fairer part of the species. The ladies, however, change them as often as they do their other fashions; for a fool off the stage, as well as on, soon wearies: so in music, quavers and unmeaning words are softer than a true manly manner; yet who can bear them long, or too often?

The occupation of these nice men,—as they are expressively called,—as they rove insect-like through the parterre of beauties, (uttering small-talk, for which insipidity would be too good a name,—and paying the identical compliments to one piece of vanity, already lavished on a score!) the understood occupation of these dangling imps of frivolity is to show themselves au fait at gallanting a lady,—or only her fan, as occasion may be;—to spend ad libitum as much flattery as they can muster; to listen patiently and thankfully (so long as any lady will condescend to talk),—doting all the while upon wonders they never find in her mind, and laughing with all their soul at the most casual remark, till their 'crowing' becomes infectious, and the fair
speaker is enabled to make the discovery of her own wit. Such an one does Byron apostrophize:—

E'en now thou'rt nightly seen to add
One insect to the glittering crowd;
And still thy trifling heart is glad,
To join the vain and court the proud!

'And yet these very creatures, who will out-quipxote Chesterfield in seeming gallantry, (who, if they get a smile or favour, pretend forthwith to be ravished, as though they had the whole world in possession), who spend all their hours by the side of women, and all their breath in 'handsome lies' for their service,—these are the very creatures who entertain and treacherously avow the meanest opinion of the sex; whose tone of speech, when addressed to women, is "half lust, half irony," and who, among men, talk of love itself with all the impudence and levity of sailors! 'Tis written in their philosophy that women of icy constitutions are a dead weight; and for modesty,—(or, as they would term it, 'frigidity'), they have a sneer always ready. Against the treachery of such men it is that the poet warns the sex:
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did ye but know, how seldom fools are just!
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betray'd!

Male modesty is a virtue, which perhaps now-a-days we may venture to assign to very few without offence: certainly our coxcombs of the day have the smallest-possible quantity of such a characteristic. They are, indeed, utterly innocent of every description of mauvaise honte; and they especially love to show the peculiarity in insulting their betters,—a trick which they will perform in the most ineffable manner, and after a pick-tooth sort of fashion, as if they were dealing with a dog! Luckily, their own claims being fictitious, 'they are themselves animals easily slain,—by a dose of their own insolence.' If they have sometimes elegance of shape, they have all coarseness and cowardice of soul: and, airy and fantastic as they seem, there is, in reality, a thick bed of mud at the bottom of their brains,—which would endure but one scumming to get at. The only part of their head at all tended is the hair that grows upon it: their minds are to be grasped in a nutshell;
the features of the soul are all darkened; the form of the man may be there, but you search in vain for any stamp of the god: when you have seen one, you have seen all, for they assimilate so as to lose their identity.

Such is one of these 'day-flies,'—and one of the latest edition! And this combination of insignificance,—which all the words in Johnson's Dictionary would fail to do justice to,—this, this,—(find me a name for it !) was designed to be a rational being: picture to yourself, good reader, such a nonentity,—having scarcely the form or natural utterance of man,—a creature but one degree removed from the men described by Shakspeare, as fancifully carved out of a cheese-paring after dinner!

In the same class, or mob, we may rank certain gentlemen of the epaulette. These, again, are nondescripts that it would be difficult to characterize, were it not for the badges of their outward man. The votary of war among the Romans was distinguished by ability of head as well as arm; and while the schoolmen wore hair on the face,—soldiers were shaven:—but our
modern heroes of the blade are almost *appendages to their whiskers*;

"Transform'd to those ambiguous things that ape
Goats in their visage, women in their shape."

'A black man,' says the proverb, 'is a pearl
in a fair woman's eye.' The tale, which the ancients feign, of Venus doting on Vulcan,—while Mercury and Apollo were bidden stand aside, is only a figure with satire wrapped up in it:
'Tis an every-day truth; and many a *modern* goddess suffers herself to be swayed by a similar perversion of infatuated passion,—Behold, according to a great poet, the incarnation of female taste personified in a monster:—

Who rough, and black, and filthy did appear,—
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye,—
Yet he of ladies oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by—
Oh, who does know the bent of woman's fantasie?

*Spensers’s Fairy Queen.*

'A passion for a scarlet coat' has ever been among the fancies and foibles of women;\(^4\) they are absolutely infatuated in favour of that colour. With Mrs. Sneak, in the comedy, they "reverence the army; officers are so brave, so polite,
so every thing a woman can wish!" A man, with otherwise contemptible claims to notice, has only to appear 'en militaire' to turn the scale in his favour. If he have had also the good luck to have been engaged in a duel or two, he will be still better received;—as if another man, in a plain coat, had less of the brute virtue of courage, or could not protect a woman! Surely the honest mastiff is as safe a guard as the noisy and cringing spaniel: determination is not merely the being venturesome, for a man may have firmness enough for courage, though he lack the folly to be desperate.

§ 3.—After viewing these 'kick-shaws,' these painfully-small specimens of human nature, let us look on another picture: behold the creatures we have been describing yet more dwarfed by comparison. Those of whom we are now to speak, are the rejected of women; yet may they be for all that of a rich and noble clay: the iron vigour of their merit is not indeed concealed beneath holiday wreaths, but their unseen aims are as grand as their souls are large—their passions as pure as they are intense. They are
specimens of human nature to glory in—
"copies of Adam before he tasted of Eve and
the apple*."

In their very plainness of manner there is
that which awes—a something, before whose
quiet rebuke mere courtly bearing falls away
like affectation: yes, merit may be above man-
nerism and superficial introductions;—they
want not a name for small perfections who
are seeking honour in a nobler arena. Loftiness
of spirit, kindliness of heart, (by their tendency
to improve the great moralities which are due
to mankind), far outbalance "the minor morals"
belonging to society. Such men, if they seem
proud, are not, and their looks might be forgiven
for their worth's sake. If they be a little too
much in love with solitude, it is because they
prefer to live much in a little time, instead of
creeping through life to indifferent purpose:
their retirement is not so much from society as
into themselves.

In the drawing-rooms of the world, or in
the fantastic boudoir, we must rarely ex-
pect to find such incarnations of loftiness:

* Bp. Earle.
MEN OF WORTH.

they as seldom follow in the common highways of acting as of thinking; but, if they do sometimes condescend to the level of those around them, and become common-place in trifles, can it be supposed they will obsequiously wait, cap in hand, for the passing notice of caprice—dancing attendance, until lap-dogs, or other favourites, make way for them? Can men, who when they speak, each word is a thought—“each thought an acorn”—listen with patience to hear preferred the frothy and “wicked wit of fashion-mong’ring boys.” They have as little the gift as the will to talk sufficiently idle; nor will they stoop to—

“Those soft parts of conversation,
That chamberers have.”

Let us imagine a very ordinary scene: let a young lady of fashion be engaged with the first worth or intellect in the land, and now—

A motley figure of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Comes simpering on :—

CHURCHILL.

In plain prose, let some dandy come forward,

* Shakspeare.
with rings on his fingers, and able to 'speak small' like a woman—let us imagine him to be some "honourable" puppy, with a long 'handle' to his name, who fancies or pretends he has a heart to dispose of—a heart that has flamed and fluttered for scores before; or, let an eldest son, with a large fortune, and a thoughtless inclination to fling it about him, come into her presence; or, better than all, let a gay epauletted officer, with gingling spur, and with a breast padded forth like a pigeon, be ushered into her presence; let this creature, without uttering a syllable, or only muttering politeness, place his hand upon his heart, and make her the most respectful of bows—let any change of performers like this occur, and behold, the man of real worth, is a cypher. 

§ 4.—Personal devotion seldom fails to attain its object; and those who display the readiest skill in out-fawning each other, are nearly sure of winning the day. "We do not like people," it was acutely said, "for the merit we may discover in them, so much as for that they can find in us." This is a remark too
MEN COMPARED.

often applicable to women: their laws of mannerism do not admit of honesty, and the fair sex have commonly as little admiration as they affect, for men, who happen to know what is due to themselves as well as to others. "There is no such thing," said Richardson; "at least, it is very difficult, so to draw a good man, that he may be thought agreeable to the ladies in general."  

The youngest and gayest are, of course, the warmest to admire and the quickest to praise; protestations cost nothing, and they are generally worth as little as they cost: but the man of sense and principle is not near so ready with his mouth and sentiments. He will not kiss away his hand in courtesies, and cry 'Madam! Madam!' but, nevertheless, "he outbalances those glisteners, as far as a solid substance doth a feather,—or gold, gold-lace."

For weigh men truly against one another; observe the wheat how it bears its head up ostentatiously when the ear is empty; how modestly it inclineth downward when it is filled with grain; thus is it with presumption and

* Bp. Earle.

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merit among men: intrinsic excellence is lowly, and deeply earthen. Is the ore ever distinguished upon the face of the earth? Under her rudest and most withered surfaces are the rarest minerals found. She produces flowers and weeds with rapidity, and in abundance,—but the more precious metals she ripens in her bosom. Again: it is with men as with books, the most amusing are not the most valuable, and the volume of nonsense often hides itself under a gilt cover.

"So essentially different are the talents requisite for the man who is to shine in the world, from those which are calculated for shining in the saloon, that History scarcely furnishes us with six examples of men who have united both."

It may be, that men whose character is unfashioned by forms and strongly marked, who are full of energy, and whose powers exert themselves out of the common road, have in their exterior something seemingly-harsh or unpleasing: like Cassius, they, perhaps, "love not plays,—hear no music;" yet may they be the kindest and

* Bulwer.
best of men. Hume, the historian, sacrificed little to the graces, but his heart was warm and generous—and with him, as with many others, a severe aspect hid under it in an agreeable companion. Adam Smith was a recluse, because an occasional absence of mind rendered him a little formal in his manners: "his grave conversation made him seem distant and reserved, when, in fact, no man had warmer feelings."* "He had not," says one of his biographers, "that gaiety of temper, so agreeable in society, which is, however, often accompanied with frivolous and superficial qualities."(*)

§ 5.—"The sexes have now," says Shaftesbury, (and this was said in a much less artificial age), "little other distinction than that of person and dress. Their peculiar and characteristic manners are confounded and lost. The one has advanced into boldness, as the other has sunk into effeminacy." Women, living, as they do, in a sea of trifles, expect those around them to be always sailing a pleasure-boat in the same ocean.** Light and airy themselves, they soon give their

* D'Irland's Literary Character.

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companions a sensation of giddiness;—We are all disposed to imitate whatever model is constantly before our eyes.

It was acutely remarked by the great philosopher of whom we but now spoke, that "the delicate sensibility required in refined life destroys the masculine firmness of the character."* And such is at length a result of the pseudo civilization of these times. The minds of men have become, as it were, debauched: a false standard of sexual value is raised up,—and it is not sufficient to ape the female world in shape, but those who would please them (and who will deny himself the effort?) must cast aside all manliness of disposition, and become effeminate in manner, in habit, and in sentiment. "Is it wonderful, that the wish prevalent in most men, and especially in young men, to render themselves acceptable in social intercourse with the female sex, should betray them into a mode of behaviour which they perceive so generally welcome? Is it wonderful, that he who discovers trifling to be the way to please should become a trifler?"†

* Adam Smith. † Gisborne's Duties of Women.
THE SEXUAL CHARACTER.

Can it be then a melancholy truth, that the sure favour of women is the established franchise of puppyism?—Alas! the purchase is too dear. Nature never intended the soul an element for frivolity to dwell in! Must man be caught young, trained as he grows like the monkey, and, when dressed out at whim, be made to congee and play tricks for the entertainment of the thoughtless or the idle?

... "To turn a chamberer,
To pick up gloves, and fans, and knitting-needles,
To list to songs and tunes, to watch for smiles,
And smile at pretty prattle, and look into
The eye of feminie,—as tho' they were
The stars receding to our early wish." Byron.

§ 6.—Yet refinement and pleasure may be indulged in without effeminacy: there is a proper and becoming gallantry always due to the weaker sex; yet to please women, one need not (were the female mind constituted as it should be) become a woman. How often must it be repeated, that the female character (be its merits, as well as its blemishes, what they may) is not a model for man to copy?—
What is essential to the character of each, is what distinguishes one from the other.

Though the masculine character can scarcely be said to be opposed to the feminine—it is assuredly its contrary; and neither nature nor reason sanction a partiality between the sexes, on account of those qualities, in which they resemble each other. Rousseau emphatically says, in giving us his model of either sex, "Emile est homme, et Sophie est femme. Voilà toute leur gloire:—Dans la confusion des sexes, qui regne entre nous, c'est presque un prodige d'être du sien."
discrimination. 223

dans leur coeurs." They must no longer suffer
the error of the eye to determine the heart, or be
taken as easily with outward form, as straws and
feathers are attracted by a little amber. Fools
alone should be left to reign o'er fools. Any
idiot laughers may have her circle of minions
around her, but it should be the ambition of a vir-
tuous woman to let her society, as well as her affec-
tions, be above the pitch of a coxcomb's flight.

Let the odious saying be no longer repeated,
that the creatures, on whom we spoiled a pen
at the outset of our chapter, were "only made
to be companions to women;" nor let there be
again cause for any writer of the day, however
privileged and popular, to make such an at-
tack as follows:—" 'Tis of no consequence how
women's hearts are disposed of; they have na-
ture's privilege to dispose of them as absurdly
as possible."†

**The sex most capable of rewarding virtue,
(says a later writer, and in a better spirit) should
be taught to honour and admire virtue,—as it
was formerly taught to admire accomplished
vice;—should be taught to feel for the patriot
what it feels for the soldier, and what too often

* Comte de Grammont.  † Lord Byron.
it feels for the roué. The education which you must give must be moral,—must be an education that will give a chivalric love,—such love as women are prone to feel,—not for the romantic depravities of life, not for the mawkish devilry and romance of a bourgeois Byron, but for what is great and noble in life.”*

As for the coxcomb himself, he is beyond the reach of a sober sentiment, or of any advice we can afford to offer: not to break a few flimsy flies upon the wheel have we gone out of our way in this chapter; on their account we would not black the end of a quill. They come within the list of Shakspeare’s “past-saving slaves,” remaining all their lives the diminutive of man in things which are great, the counterfeit of woman in things which are little! Such a creature is an object that all who would be useful, or respected in life, must utterly contempt, and (in wholesome reverence of the good old motto, noscitur a sociis), entirely stand apart from. “Foppery is never cured; it is the bad stamina of the mind, which like those of the body are never rectified: once a coxcomb, always a coxcomb.”†

* H. L. Bulwer’s France. † Johnson.
NOTES.—CHAPTER VII.

(1) There are a sort of men so like women, that they are to be taken in the same way; I mean those who are commonly called "fine men," who have little reflection and less knowledge.—Chesterfield.

When we see a fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favourite; noise and flutter are such accomplishments as they cannot withstand.—British Essayists.

A juger de cette femme par sa beauté, sa jeunesse, sa fierté, ses dédains, il n'y a personne qui doute que ce ne soit un héros qui doive un jour la charmer: son choix est fait, c'est un petit monstre qui manque d'esprit:—

Les belles filles sont sujettes à venger ceux de leurs amants, qu'elles sont maltraitées, ou par de laids, ou par de vieux ou par d'indignes maris.—La Bruyère.

(2) Un jeune homme, qui aime à se parer vainement comme une femme est indigne de la sagesse et de la gloire.—M. Fénélon.

Exceed not in the humour of rags and bravery, for none are esteemed for gay garments but by fools and women.—Sir W. Raleigh to his Son.

(3) It is worthy of remark that Homer, in his Iliad, has mentioned Nireus, as well as Thersites, but once throughout; thus signifying that the most beautiful (if merely beautiful), equally with the most odious, men, only deserve notice just to show them contemptible:—

—— καλὸν .

Ἐδῶς ἵππ’ ἄλλῳ οὐκ ἵπποι βια φρειν οὐδεὶ τις ἄλλη.

Γ' 44-5.
(4) An enterprising hardihood of disposition, without any other recommendable quality, very often leads to success with the fair sex.—Sir Walter Scott.

Nothing draws a woman like to valour. A man of arms is always void of ceremony, which is the wall that stands betwixt Pyramus and Thisbe, that is, man and woman; for there is no pride in woman but that which rebounds from our own baseness; so that by our shame-facedness we put them in mind to be modest. To be accounted handsome, just, learned, and well-favoured,—all this carries no danger with it; but it is better to be admitted to the title of valiant acts; at least, that imports the venturing of mortality, and all women delight to hold him safe in their arms who hath escaped there from a thousand dangers;—to speak at once, man hath a privilege in valour.—Sir Philip Sidney.

(5) Dwelling hath, indeed, been chiefly upheld by the nonsense of women, who either from their extreme cowardice and desire of protection, or, as Mr. Bayle thinks, from their excessive vanity, have been always forward to countenance a set of Hectors and bravoes, and to despise all men of modesty and sobriety, though these are often at the bottom not only the better but the braver men.—Fielding.

(6) The greatest compliment which man can pay the sex (and one he is most likely to pay, if well received among them) is entering upon the married state; that state is one, useful, sanctified, and necessary,—as wise men best of all know; yet the following great names are enlisted in contempt of matrimony:—Newton, Locke, Boyle, Gibbon, Hume, Adam Smith, Harvey, Leibnitz, Bayle, Hobbes, Hampden, Sir Francis Drake, Earl of Essex, Pitt, Michael Angelo, the three Caracci's, Sir Joshua
NOTES.

Reynolds, Haydn, Handel, Wolsey, Pascal, Fenelon, De Fleury, Pope, Akenside, Swift, Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, Thomson, and Jeremy Bentham. Among the ancients we find nearly all the philosophers: Plato, Pythagoras, Epicurus, Bion, Anaxagoras, Heraclitus, Democritus, and Diogenes. The following distinguished men were married, but proved unhappy in that state: Aristotle, Socrates, Pittacus, Periander, Euripides, and Aristophanes; Among the moderns,—Boccacio, Dante, Milton, Steele, Addison, Dryden, Molière, Racine, Sterne, Garrick, and Lord Bacon.

(7) That character in conversation, which commonly passes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falsehood.
—Burke.

Men of the weakest minds, and most contracted notions, become more active and popular, and are better received, than men of feeling hearts and liberal understandings.—Zimmerman.

(8) This great man sometimes stooped, like Addison, to avow his aversion for “pretty fellows:”—In his “Wealth of Nations” he says, “The external graces, the frivolous accomplishments, of that impertinent and foolish thing, called ‘a man of fashion,’ are commonly more admired than the solid and masculine virtues of a warrior, a statesman, a philosopher, or a legislator.”

(9) Elles y introduisent une sorte de niaiserie dans les discours, et de mésintelligence de coterie, une insipide gaieté, qui doit finir par éloigner tous les hommes, traitement supérieurs.—Madame de Staël.

(10) The rake is, must be, generally, in dress a coxcomb, in address a man of great assurance; thinking highly of himself, meanly of the sex; he must be past
blushing, and laugh at those who are not: he must flatter, lie, laugh, sing, caper, and be a monkey and not a man.—
And can a good man put on these appearances? must he thus debase himself to stand well with the fair sex?—Richardson.

(11) There are certain moral boundaries which nature has drawn between the two sexes, and neither of them can pass over the limits of the other, without equally deviating from the beauty and decorum of their respective characters.—Fitzosborne’s Letters.

(12) My children, let vain acquaintances have as little of your time as possible.—Contract no foolish friendships, or vain fondnesses for particular persons. But, above all, avoid the conversation of fine-bred fops and beaux, and hate nothing more than the idle discourse, the flattery, and compliments of that sort of men; for, they are the shame of their own sex, and ought to be the abhorrence of yours!—Law’s Serious Call.

(13) “Il faut être folle pour aimer les fous; le devoir d’attirer ces gens-la montre la gout de celle qui s’y livre.” —In truth, the inclination of an ordinary woman for a man of this sort is nothing else but self-love diverted upon another object; likeness begets liking, and fellow-feeling makes wondrous kind. Perhaps there is not a finer piece of satire on this foolish part of the sex than those lines by Dryden:—

“ Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form
   And empty noise,—and loves itself in man.”
CHAPTER VIII.

GALLANTRY.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour.
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
Forward, not permanent—sweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,—
No more!

SHAKESPEARE.

§ 1.—It is remarked by Shaftesbury, as a high encomium on the play from which our motto is taken, that “it contains no adoration or flattery of the sex.” Gallantry, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, is an insult upon women!

Can it be longer disguised, that women (however influential), are, in a moral sense, but mere love-toys; that they pass on, in their generation, from lovely and privileged youth to unrespected age? Man is not, in truth, just or really—generous to his softer helpmate; his traffic with her is of the selfish kind: it has a large admixture of illiberality, and male devotion too often
ceases with, as it dates itself from, the impulse of passion. A spurious gallantry towards the sex (at least, towards its beautiful or influential part), there is ever at hand, ready-coined; but let that beauty, or that influence which called it forth, pass away,—and they may look in vain, who look for adoration then:—

Man's very sympathy with their estate
Has much of selfishness, and more suspicion.

Byron.

Such gallantry has no substance in it; it is varnished, and altogether in a false tone, as unworthy its object as themselves. As the gods of old were treated by their votaries with sacrifice and ceremony in abundance, but with the smallest-possible quantity of love; even so is it with women: they are humoured, sometimes adored, but treated more like children than rational creatures;—idolized as mistresses, seldom honoured as wives!

Alas! women little suspect the truth, and their actual position. Intoxicated by an almost regal homage, they continue strangers to themselves, and still more strangers to the real feelings and opinions of men regarding them.
CAUSES OF GALLANTRY.

Sarcely would they lay so much stress on left-handed compliments, and all that homage, which is but a sort of disguised pity, were their eyes open; and they must be next to blind not to perceive, that though one moment they are everything, the next they are nothing! (1) Open contempt is a bitter pill; but far more loathsome is that which disguise has gilded.

§ 2.—That this Gallantry is false and hollow, is evidenced in the fact, that the female qualities which call it forth, are not themselves intrinsic; not creations of, or connected with, the heart; there is nothing abiding in them; they are not genuine, or based on any true standard of excellence.

First comes the loadstone of beauty: if a woman have every attraction of Virtue, but not the one virtue of Attraction, there will be found a large class of men among whom you might in vain seek her a suitor. Let her have all the seducement of an eloquent tongue, yet where is the man that will be a listener, and acknowledge the excellence in the furrows of her face? The company of any fool, provided she be a pretty
CAUSES OF GALLANTRY.

fool, is preferred.—"Il y a peu de femmes dont le mérite dure plus que la Beauté.*"

But for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade!

Shakespeare.

With young men, respect is ordinarily a mere farce, and overacted; whatever they may say, and they do not of course want for words, their admiration of the sex lies not in their hearts, but in their eyes; they would scorn even Dian herself in the wane; and while professing themselves slaves of the whole sex,—

The beauteous are their prey—the rest their scorn."

Another source of woman's attraction lies in her wealth and worldly possessions; this is a battery not to be resisted; these are merits to which few are not keenly sensible, and with such considerations a large class of men is baited: here lies the germ of their devotion. Their zeal admits largely of qualifying dross, like that of Demetrius, the sculptor, who made silver shrines for Diana. A goddess is not always courted for her own sake; and many a mo-

* La Rochefoucauld.
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 dern one might exclaim with 'her of the bow?—
' Non me, sed mea ambiunt!'

Thus, even beauty, with some, like other
wares, has its price: "'Tis a drug—a mere
drug, Sir; may be had anywhere!" Smiles and
romance are at a discount; the jewel must be
set, in order to please such gallants, and the
bridge to their favour must be one of gold.

To 'achieve an heiress,' is the goal of ambition:
and wherever such tempting fish with golden fins
are seen to swim, behold a full train of hungry
pike are after them. The real beauty of your
heiress is the ready penny; and she is chosen
like old plate, not for its fashion, but its weight
and value: what though her eyes want brilli-
ancy, her diamonds possess that virtue; and
there are charms in her iron-chest, though her
complexion be not of snow.

There are also, among the crowd of parasites
who dance obsequious attendance on women,
some, who do it with motives still lighter or
less definite; many play 'the gallant' from habit,
from obedience to fashion, or because they aim
at the character of men of gallantry: some seek
the mere amusement of an intrigue, and being,
(as is no wonder,) sick of themselves, they make vows 'as false as dicers' oaths unto women,' laughing with all, without trusting any.

But all have their motive, and it is a selfish one;\(^3\) for only let the pettiest passion inter-vene,—and all their boasted ardour they blow, with Othello, to the skies. Like Æneas, they can take their siesta in comfort, though their poor Didos were heartbroken; and, like another braggadocio of Troy, they have no gallantry to spare, or beyond the occasion:—

- - - "No more Achilles draws
His conquering sword in any woman's cause!"

Pope.

§ 3.—"Gallantry is altogether of modern growth," says Lord Shaftesbury; "a certain adoration of the sex passes in our age without the least charge of profaneness or idolatry." And well may gallantry be of modern origin, without any reflection or imputation upon the ancients, who understood truth and nature too well to admit any such ridiculous invention. The fol-
lies of the days of Chivalry which succeeded, yet remain to us, without their heroism, and in
a country where no she-saints are worshipped, the ritual of adoration towards mortal woman, with all the strange cozenage consequent thereon, remains still in force. (3)

"How many women," writes one of that sex, "has the cold unmeaning intercourse of gallantry rendered vain and useless! Yet this heartless attention to the sex is reckoned so manly, so polite, that I fear this vestige of Gothic manners will not be done away, even by a more reasonable and affectionate mode of conduct."*

"Antecedently to experience, could it appear probable," says Gisborne, "that a man of sense, when conversing with a woman whom he deemed to possess a cultivated understanding, would study, as it should seem, to shun every subject of discourse, which might afford scope for the exercise of reason;—that his whole aim would apparently be to excite noisy gaiety founded on nothing,—to discuss the merits of caps and colours, of essences and fans, and to intoxicate the head and beguile the heart by every mode and extravagance of compliment? Yet such is

* Mary Wollstonecraft.
the sort of conversation daily to be heard,—and not in public places only, but in private families; and not only from the giddiness of empty young men, but from men of mature years and of a more sober caste.”

This gallantry, so unworthy the age, should be permitted to die its natural death.(4) In their own demeanour must men set the example of rebuking its spirit; this would go a long way towards weeding it forth altogether:—

"Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle!"

What ceremonious and insulting nonsense is it, to show a marked preference to either sex.

"We should do nothing," as Rousseau says, "we should lay it down as an inviolable rule, to do nothing unreasonable; now no good reason can be given why we should treat one sex with more respect than the other,—except, indeed, that they may deserve it less."† Let them have all kindness, zealous and even respectful; Scripture itself enjoins us "to give honour to the woman as the weaker vessel." It is not, however, said, 'Give greater honour.' All homage paid

* Duties of Women. † Treatise on Education.
to the sex, merely as such,—more especially when individual claims to it are wanting, is, to say the best of it, but unthinking and ill-advised romance.

§ 4.—It is from Poetry, and the stores of Fiction, that this false worship of women, termed 'Gallantry,' deserves much of its artificial existence. (4) "Poetry," says Burke, "is the art of substantiating shadows, and of lending existence to nothing." And as another powerful writer has observed, "those who deal in fiction, of course appeal to the evidence of the poets."*

If fools have sometimes become 'Cymons' or poets from the influence of the fair sex, far more frequently have poets become fools! The whole tribe of sonneteers, upwards and downwards, feign an adoration they never felt, (for few of them, as it appears, were ever in love; and all their tales, about other men seeking death like blind puppies for the love of mortal woman, are but roguish fictions). They imagined, that they were compelled to a ditty,—that they were not freemen

* Junius.
of their company unless occasionally in the melting mood.\(8\) So Shakspeare tells us,

"Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs."

Shakspeare's own sonnets are among the best of their kind; but, as a writer of the present day judiciously observes,—"when he is most eloquent, we recognize only his assumption of a fictitious character, borrowed in moments of thoughtless accordance with the capricious rhodomontade of the times."* To the same effect writes Mackenzie:—"Shakspeare was not so happy in his delineations of love and tenderness, as of the other passions, because the majesty of his genius could not stoop to such refinements."

What really incredible things have the poetic sponsors of the sex in all ages promised and vowed in their name! The soi-disant poets of this age are not behind in flattering women with a vain worship; they hold forth a picture of the female empire, built only upon shadowy excellencies; a false enthusiasm which very often leads them to sacrifice the other sex,—"as if woman could ever be of porcelain, while man

* Campbell.
of common earthenware."* The sex has been extolled with every sickening exaggeration that invention would permit, till at length common sense and truth are quite put aside for fulsome poetics.(7)

Woman has never yet seen herself reflected in aught but the flattering fictions of poetry, or the ephemeral productions of mere writers of imagination; yet this class of authors are by no means exclusively endowed above others with kindly or indulgent feelings. "Brilliancy of imagination is no proof of warmth in the heart." The poets have, in fact, little advanced the cause of true and honourable love. "Conjugal love," honestly declares Burns,(8) "is a passion I highly venerate; but somehow it does not make such a figure in poetry as that other species of the passion,—'where love is liberty, and nature law.'" The obligation to amorous ditties arose with Petrarch, the prince of sonneteers and the Apollo of sentiment; but, it is questionable, if eloquence would have inspired that great man (at least in a poetical shape), had Laura been his wife. Even Ovid made love like a rake; nor

* Autobiography of an Opium-Eater.
is the seducing Anacreon the most refined among amatory poets.

§ 5.—We shall devote a section, invidious though it may seem, for the purpose of opening female eyes a little more to the real truth. Writers, in the higher walks of literature, have perhaps erred in the other extreme. They have been sometimes too unsparing on the errors and foibles of women. (6) This may be at once imagined from the tone of the following passages in our British Essayists:

"One would naturally expect to meet with unqualified applause among writers who treat of the female character; we find, however, that this is not the case, and that women are often treated in books with the most sovereign contempt by the most elegant writers."*

"The graver sort of men are continually throwing out sarcastic hints, if not open invectives, against their countrywomen."†

The following were authors of direct satires upon women:—Boileau, Simonides, Butler, and Pope; Churchill, Hall, and Donne,—these latter

* Lounger.  † The World.
being divines. La Bruyère has also forcibly satirized female errors. Nor can it be said of Cato, the Roman, that he is the most well-bred man on record, who has put forth strictures against the fair sex:—Our own Chesterfield is more intelligibly (though covertly) contemptuous, than perhaps any other writer.* The great Milton had, it appears, an almost-Turkish contempt for the sex at large, and he pelted women in his writings with the first and last ink of his pen. Swift is a name that stands also charged with the propensity of 'squibbing the ladies.' To use Dr. Johnson's words respecting this writer: "If his general thoughts on women were such as he exhibits, a very little sense in a lady would enrapture him, and a very little virtue would astonish him."

Among the antients, we find in the 'Dictes of Socrates,' the Satires of Juvenal, &c., strictures not the most courtly upon women. Diogenes was not among their flatterers; Plato was for depressing them very low, in the moral, as well as social scale. The antipathy of Euripides is well known. "But would you see," observes

* Vide "Letters," sparsim.

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M. Bayle, "a man who has said more against the fair sex in three words, than ever Euripides had done in fifty tragedies, consider this reply of Sophocles;—Being asked, why the women he brought upon the stage were good and honest women,—whereas Euripides introduced none but what were very bad,—he answered, "Euripides represents them as they really are, and I as they ought to be."

The remark we have here quoted may be likewise applied to the productions of the most popular writer in the present age. By the magic of a Byron's pen we indeed behold the fairer sex idealized into beautiful perfection; how the heart melts over the fascinating delineations of female worth and heroism pictured forth in the characters of a Medora or an Angiolina! Would to heaven they were not ideal, but ideal they are; and Byron himself frequently avowed that his heroines only had existence in his own fancy. He described them 'in posse,' not 'in esse;' he gave them extreme refinement, united with great simplicity, and an entire absence of education; and it was imagination alone that furnished his pen with creatures so immeasurably
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Unlike the sophisticated beings of civilized existence. The following harsh version of Byron's real sentiments is said to have proceeded from his own lips:—"Like Napoleon, I have always had a great contempt for women; and formed this opinion of them, not hastily, but from my own fatal experience. My writings, indeed, tend to exalt the sex; and my imagination has always delighted in giving them a beau idéal likeness; but I only drew them, as a painter or statuary would do,—as they should be. They live in an unnatural state of society."

* Medwin's Conversations.
NOTES.—CHAPTER VIII.

(1) Ce qui réussit aux une, perd les autres; les qualités leur nuisent quelquefois,—quelquefois les défauts leur servent: tantôt elles sont tout, tantôt elles ne sont rien!—

*Madame de Staël, De la Littérature.*

In the work just quoted, the earliest effort of Madame de Staël's genius, there are other passages so illustrative of our general principle, that we cannot forbear transcribing one or two from its pages:—

"La situation des femmes est très imparfaite dans l'ordre civil. Il arrivera, je le crois, une époque quelconque, dans laquelle des législateurs philosophes donneront une attention sérieuse à l'éducation que les femmes doivent recevoir; aux devoirs qu'il faut leur imposer, au bonheur qui peut leur être garanti: mais, *dans l'état actuel, elles ne sont, pour la plupart, ni dans l'ordre de la nature, ni dans l'ordre de la société:—*"

"On peut découvrir des inconvénients à tout dans les affaires humaines; il y en sans doute à la supériorité des femmes. Certainement il vaut beaucoup mieux, en général, que les femmes se consacrent uniquement aux vertus domestiques."

(2) I will own to you, under the secrecy of confession, that my vanity has very often made me take great pains to make many a woman in love with me if I could, for whose person I would not have given a pinch of snuff.—

*Chesterfield's Letters.*
(3) The sage legislators of republican states have ever required of women a particular gravity of manners:—they have banished gallantry, a commerce that produces idleness; that renders the women corruptors, even before they are corrupted; that gives a value to trifles and degrades things of importance.—Montesquieu’s Spirit of Laws.

(4) We wish we could agree with a lady-writer of the day, who seems to think the social reformation so desirable has already taken place. “The sentiment for woman has undergone a change; the romantic passion, which once almost deified her, is on the decline; and it is by intrinsic qualities she must now inspire respect; there is less of enthusiasm entertained for her, but it is more rational, and perhaps equally sincere.”—Mrs. Sandford.

(5) The historical and other fictions of Scott, which have engrossed so much of the admiration of the present age, are, for the most part, in the delineation of character, purely poetical. “We regard,” says the Edinburgh Review, “the female characters in the Waverley novels, only as beautiful and poetical creations; and we are gratified without being deceived. These characters are ideal; such they must necessarily be:—the course of woman’s existence glides comparatively unobserved through the under-currents of domestic life. We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the poetical effusions of gallantry, and the false varnish of chivalrous devotion. It is to be feared that the practice of the days of chivalry was much at variance with its professions: facts teach us, that there was little real consideration for women in those times.”
Scott himself thus writes of a chivalrous age, in his "Quentin Durward":—"A tone of romantic and chivalrous gallantry (which, however, was often disgraced by unbounded licence), characterized the intercourse between the sexes: the language of knight-errantry was used, and its observance followed, though the pure spirit of honourable love and benevolent enterprise, which it inculcates, did not qualify and atone for its extravagancies."

(6) Dryden, whatever he may have written, had not one of the "gentle bosoms." Cowley only published his "Mistress," because he imagined some effusion of the sort was looked for from his pen: he says in the preface to that work, "Poets are scarcely thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love."

(7) Instance the effusions of Mr. Robert Montgomery!—"Woman, the Angel of Life" (a production full of the bitterest—bad stuff meanly versified), has run a successful heat with the most absurd rhodomontade that ever preceded it. (A reviewer facetiously observes on the occasion of this poem making its appearance: "There is one decidedly pleasant line in the whole book; it is, 'Frederick Shoberl, Jun., 4, Leicester-street, Leicester-square.' We never had any notion that such a name would have rung harmoniously in our ears, until we found it to be the term and conclusion of the work called 'Woman,' set up as the last milestone, to show that our wearisome pilgrimage was at an end."

(8) Burns himself adopted "that warm strain of compliment, which," observes his biographer, "he seems to have all along considered the most proper to be used when—
ever fair lady was to be addressed in rhyme." "He was also in the occasional practice of composing songs, in which he surpassed the licentiousness, as well as the wit and humour of the old Scottish muse."—LOCKHART.

(9) "Non possunt invectivæ omnes, et satire in se-minas scriptæ uno volumine comprehendi."
CHAPTER IX.

ABUSE OF THE MARRIED STATE.

A notorious characteristic of our English society is the universal marketing of our unmarried women,—a marketing peculiar to ourselves in Europe, and only rivalled by the slave merchants of the East. A spirit of insincerity is thus encouraged among all women; it is not talent, it is not virtue, it is not even the graces and fascination of manner that are sought by the fair dispensers of social reputation: no, it is the title and the rent-roll!

Bulwer's England.

§ 1.—One of the most melancholy aspects worn by the age before us, is the real indelicacy with which the legal and chartered commerce of the sexes is conducted. Matrimony has become a contract for mutual deception,—a market, in which but very select few are above purchase. A woman's acceptance of a suitor's hand was of old a shrewd sign that she loved him,—but this is anything rather than a symbol of liking now; there may be a pretence to passion, but it is only a pretence: the spirit of the age in its matrimonial angling lets itself out, and an observer without being over acute may detect it; it is an
animus intimately connected with the Currency question.

Love is no longer what it was, when the first pair trod the lawns of Paradise: if it be yet lingering anywhere, we shall find, with the shepherd in Virgil, that it is 'a native of the rocks.' Not a whit more delicacy or honesty is there in the bargain of hearts in civilized life, than in the buying and selling of a colt; and the most solemn of all engagements is entered upon and conducted, as if the propagation of guineas were the sole end of its establishment. Alas! when a couple are in our day to be united, sympathy of souls is the last and least important of considerations. Can their goods and chattels be brought to unite? If there is no difficulty of this sort, the parties easily content themselves with 'love ready made;' and thus is all the trouble and charge of billets-doux and protestations clearly saved. No sooner are the preliminaries signed and sealed, than they are both piously in love,—according to act of parliament.

'Are not our women laid out when marketable to be bought up? If they ever form mere attachments of the heart, are they not hidden to
learn prudence, and to endeavour to forget them? Are they not carefully instructed that marriage is not matter of affection, but that they are thereby to secure as much of wealth and station as they can possibly achieve? "Where the treasure is, there must be the heart also."

For what is meant by the term 'well-married?' What is a good match in the popular acceptation of the phrase? Is not its meaning this,—That a woman has married above herself; that she is to take precedence of her old connections—of the companions of her youth? If, reader, you should chance to witness in society the entrance of any young man who creates an immediate sensation,—if you observe 'a super-dulcified smile' on every lady's lip, all anxious to catch his attention, and yielding with amiable deference to his opinions, depend on it,—this is a rich and elder son.

But perhaps the most odious of sights in this most mercenary age, is to behold a young girl welcoming, like an early rose-bud, the first golden rays that dart on her; farming out her charms, selling herself to decrepitude for a price—for a settlement! What is she, but what
the most abandoned of her sex are? There is a term that would in the moral sense more aptly apply to such as her: it is offensive however, and we omit it! (1)

And with men of the world, what is the possible degree of ill-temper, stupidity, or ugliness from which they would shrink if the owner of these drawbacks happened to be an heiress. The length of the purse, present or contingent, is the charm of charms. Long before they have written 'man,' our modern youth see the full propriety of mingling in their love-passages or "serious intentions," the utile dulci, which may be translated thus: they think full as much of the fortune as the lady. The latter, in fact, is a commodity tacked to her rent-roll—a mere peg to hang an establishment upon. The proud, but beggared noble, can in these days stoop to a union with plebian blood; but, in aristocratic phrase, he is only taking so much dung to fertilize his estate.—"What is woman without gold or fee simple: a toy while she is young, a trifle when she is old* ."

To its mercenary spirit is to be traced much

* Mrs. Montagu.
of the licentiousness as well as the misery of the age. As the Marquis of Beccaria ably shows in his essays on crimes and punishments, "When the interest or pride of families, or paternal authority,—not the inclination of the parties, unite the sexes,—gallantry soon breaks the slender ties, in spite of moralists who exclaim against the effect while they overlook the cause."

§ 2.—"If there be one curse which comes to earth direct with all the steam of hell about it, it is an ill-assorted marriage."\(^{(2)}\) Ask you, what remains in store for a couple so united, as they drag through the morning of life? Misery! What at its close? Still, misery!

Let us watch the progress of a madness, which thus punishes itself. The oaths (mere superfluous breath!) we will suppose are plighted,—miniatures exchanged, and presents made over to the lady, in proportionate value with the suitor's purse and rank in life. At length the temple of Hymen is in sight: They enter; but no sooner are they admitted, than they find it is not the palace they expected. The scales fall
off. They distinguish only the spots in the sun's phasis, and can perceive nothing but fog awaiting them in the atmosphere of married existence.

What we consider 'a bargain,' we are all well pleased with; yet money feeds not the flame of affection: The lamp of love, if neglected, soon burns itself out. The bride discovers that her husband is not her lover:—For ardour and sentiment is exchanged the full coldness of neglect; and disgust, which keeps equal pace with time, follows close on the heels of satiety.

But when the time of sweet words is a season entirely past—(and, alas! engagements between such lovers are like treaties between princes, the party desirous of coming to a rupture, is never at a loss for a pretence;—'Tis well, if the marriage ceremony be not itself the signal for hostilities!)—when avowed hatred at length un-masks itself,—behold! the cup of misery is full. Such a war is without end, as without honour! There remain no bonds, save those that were drawn by the pen of the scribe;—a skin of parchment the only barrier to entrench,—and what a barrier against conflicting passion! "In
company they are in purgatory,—when only together, in a hell.*” They live, as though they were creatures that had a natural antipathy, in a cage together. There is one point, but one only, on which they are harmonious, a settled conviction of each other’s faults. They are ‘counterparts’ only in the untoward sense, for their wishes ever run counter. We read, that in the days of Boadicea, our countrywomen were to be seen fighting by the side of their husbands; with many a married couple, a remnant of the custom yet survives!

We cannot here accuse ourself of any exaggeration. There are many, it is true, who, from deference to opinion, or for appearance sake, put a check on their outward behaviour; but it needs not the eyes of an Argus to perceive, that the connubial state, as it commonly exists among the higher classes, presents but a sorry picture of human felicity.

Many a shoe looks well and neat, yet where it pinches none but the wearer knows. The law, which cannot compel the love, fixes the hypocrisy, of the married; but they cannot,* Steele.
otherwise than by a notorious fiction, be styled man and wife; for other than civil purposes the contract is so much waste paper. "Not all the legal and ecclesiastical glue ever compounded can sodder up two incongruous natures." Persons may be united—minds only can meet!

At the best, your married worldlings rarely know each other all their lives; they go to their graves without any enlarged knowledge of the taste and sentiments of each other. The perfume and sweetness of marriage is lost to them. They resemble the earth with its attendant the moon; a mysterious connection, indeed, is supposed to exist, but they move in distinct orbits; or, like a divided globe of Mercury, they have each a separate centre of their own.

§ 3.—There is an Iliad of evils attached to the female possession of wealth and the influence it carries with it,—but none, perhaps, greater, or more serious, than in the consequent abuse of marriage, and the absence of sincerity induced between the sexes. The antients paid money to the family of the wife, and this we find was also a custom with the Scripture-patriarchs: but, in
our day, the fashion of the world has enabled
the wife to bring money to her husband; and
see, what is the consequence? Marriage is, in
few instances, blessed; we see our species be-
traying and betrayed, deceiving and deceived;
uniting without love, and loving without de-
licacy!

"A great fortune with a wife," says an old
adage, "is a bed full of brambles." In truth,
where women have endowments of wealth, they
are seldom more humble for the addition."
Gold may be bought too dear; and she who has thou-
sands in her lap, may spend it all and more.
To use a homely but expressive figure,—"The
cow, though she give great store of milk, may
afterward kick down the pail!"

Experience is a treasure all must buy,—and
in the matter of wedlock as in other things; but
he who weds an heiress generally purchases a
pretty pennyworth! Unless very different from
her caste, caprice and extravagance are like to
be found strictly in proportion. Such wives
may well be dear: a man had better marry his
cook-wench in her stuff-gown, or take to wife
the widowed squaw of a Red Indian!
258 REAL EXCELLENCE OF THIS STATE.

§ 4.—Let it not, however, be supposed that any institution is bad from an abuse of it. It is human nature which is frail! While we condemn the actors we applaud the part. We can satirize drunkards, yet admire the grape.

For marriage is neither "a necessary and permitted evil," as popery blindly insinuates, nor is it "an intolerable burden, and cleaving curse for life," as it is said certain Protestant churches once profanely decreed. It is still less "the hell anticipated," that senseless humourists proclaim it. Nothing of all this is it in its own nature, and such evils as do attach to it spring altogether from the faults of those who know not how to use it. It is, in its working, 'this or that,' according to the motives, temper, and disposition of the parties; and if the affections, which should be inseparable from such a state, prove short lived, this is because goodness is often itself fictitious:

"Marriage is a heaven, or hell,
Which e'er you make it!"

The real checks and hinderances (and these are but few) which follow in the train of matrimony, have in the main a wholesome rigour. It
is, in short, a state necessary and sanctified; but let us not praise 'the Hercules' that few have blamed, or descend to the puerile ostentation of panegyric upon that of which all the sensible part of mankind acknowledge the excellence.

§ 5.—Since the miseries of the married economy are, as we make them, artificial,—since they are local, accidental, and extrinsick, it becomes the married to knit again carefully the knot which may have slid. If they plead (as with some there may be room for pleading,*) that their affections are not in their own power, they have yet to remember, that they may regard where they cannot esteem: kindness is always in our own power, if fondness be not.(4)

No two minds can be expected to assimilate entirely, any more than two faces can bear exact resemblance. Hence we ordinarily claim indulgence for our own peculiarities, and expect some subservience to our humours; being bound in our turn to respect and make allowance for those of others. But in a connexion so intimate as exists between the married, forbearance is a

* Vide Chap. 19, Sect. 5.
virtue indispensable; it smoothens asperities, for asperities will occur. The sweetest rose is not without its prickles; and one proud, untimely, or needless word may cut the throat of the staunchest effection. "Les mariages ont assez d'épines sans leur donner encore cette amertume."

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive!

But, while the society between the sexes is to be regarded on either hand as a school for the kind affections, we are bound to add, that subservience is more especially incumbent on the wife. "Where want of congeniality impairs domestic comfort, the fault is generally chargeable on the female side; for it is for woman, not for man to make the sacrifice."

How eloquently is Eve made to address her husband in the 'Paradise Lost':—

"My author and disposer!—What thou bid'st
Unargued I obey; so God ordains.—
God is thy law,—thou, mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and chief praise!

\* Fénelon.  
\* Mrs. Sandford.
§ 6.—A large portion of the misery, which is around us in the world, springs from imprudence at the outset of life. The prejudice of the eye determines the heart; and the giddy and thoughtless unite themselves for life to those ‘whom they have only seen by the light of tapers.’ Of those who marry, there is scarce one in twenty that has marriageable gifts; and very soon are they galled by the hymeneal chain, who have no true inherent inclination for its mild bondage. With some natures, the very essence of all human enjoyment is liberty; and in them love,—

‘Which marriage is not like ™ improve,’*

would wither under constraint. Such persons are not fitted for the married state. The mouth may promise, the hand may seal, what the heart will afterwards refuse to ratify.(6)

Listen to the stories of disappointed love. Collect its complaints. What do they all amount to, and on what hinge do they turn? They were mistaken in the person! “It is not the Rachel for whom I served.” It is another. “And it came to pass, behold, it was Leah.”

* Butler.
Be it well-mind, therefore, by all persons eager to commit matrimony, that, like a stratagem in war, this is that one adventure in which a man can err but once. It is a lottery, in which if a prize be missed, he is for ever undone. His best or worst fortune is a wife; and though a man can scarcely possess any thing better than a good woman, he can assuredly be cursed with nothing more intolerable than a bad one!

Be ye then wise merchants in such a bargain; you may have the whole world to take your choice in, and yet be deceived. He who is only
MISCONCEPTIONS ON MARRIAGE.  263

perhaps some difference in tastes offers that *concordia discors*, that suitable disagreement, which makes up happy wedlock: "You may depend upon it," says Coleridge, "that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage*.”

Yet there are many points on which the unwary must stand warned. Consider your intended helpmate well; view her by the lamp of opportunity; let her *temper* be regularly assayed and found to possess the requisite carats. Search the fountains of her heart, and search narrowly. *This* kind of geography may prove the most useful science ever learned.

Beauty (6) in a wife is a very important point: be this snare especially guarded against where not coupled with stauncher qualities. To choose such a companion for the rough highways and head-winds of life, would be the wisdom of projecting a voyage round the world in a gay and painted gondola, without ballast, mast, or rudder! The father of a fool has no joy in him, and a man leagued for life to an animated doll, can hardly achieve happiness! Above all,

* Table Talk.
be not carried adrift by the glitter of accomplishments. 'Choose not the rapier by its ringing, nor a wife by her singing.'

Though we by no means join in the sentiment of a great philosopher, who being asked when a man should marry, replied—"A young man not yet—an old man not at all!" still there is one consideration belonging to this subject, which at least is obvious and undoubted:—What we would say is expressed to our hands in the language of Dr. Chalmers:—"The more we elevate man into a reflective being, and raise his standard of enjoyment, the more will the important step of marriage become a matter of deliberation and delay." "The choice is difficult, the success doubtful, and the engagement perpetual." It is a state, the cares and duties of which are many and complicate:—Releasing us from none of our former obligations to society, it imposes on us others yet stronger;—they are such, indeed, as nothing but the truest love can prompt and sweeten!

* Political Economy.  
† Gibbon.
NOTES.—CHAPTER IX.

(1) The female of rank, or "respectability," as it is termed, is trained to undergo a species of prostitution which is sanctioned by law. Disguise it as we will, under the fine sounding names of "excellent match," and other specious terms which have been invented to make interest look like affection, the marriage which is entered into by a female for the consideration of wealth or station, is at best but prostitution clothed in the robes of sanctity.—Fox's Monthly Repository.

(2) When rank and equipages, or when caprice and levity have induced a couple to unite themselves for life, matrimony has no pleasant side. They accustom themselves to consider each other as the hateful cause of every misfortune they undergo; aspereity is mingled with their conversation, coldness with their caresses.—Kotzebue.

(3) Si dotata erit imperiosa; continuo que viro inequitare conabitur.—Petrarchus.

(4) It necessarily happens that adverse tempers, habits, and tastes oftentimes meet in marriage; in which case, each party must take pains to give up what offends, and practise what may gratify the other! A man and woman in love with each other do this insensibly; but love is neither general nor durable; and where that is wanting, no lessons of duty, no delicacy of sentiment, will go half
so far with the generality of mankind as this one intelligible reflection, that they must each make the best of their bargain: and that, seeing they must either both be miserable, or both share in the same happiness, neither can find their own comfort but in promoting the pleasure of the other.—Paley's Moral Philosophy.

Reason shows us that it is impossible that kind of love can be kept alive through the married state which forms the charm of a single one; experience informs us that it never was so. We must preserve it as long and supply it as happily as we can. When passion subsides, and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollected that no object, however sublime, can continue to transport us with delight when it no longer strikes us with novelty. You have made your choice, and ought to approve it!—Mrs. Thrale. (Elegant Epistles).

(5) Such is the common process of marriage:—a youth or maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one another. Having little to divert attention or diversify thought, they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude that they shall be happy together. They marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness had before concealed; they wear out life in altercations, and charge nature with cruelty.—Johnson.

(6) The danger in the choice of a wife is beauty, by which men in all ages, wise and foolish, have been be-
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trayed; though I know it is in vain to use reason or arguments to dissuade thee from being captivated therewith, there being few that ever resisted that witchery; yet I cannot omit to warn thee, as of other things, which may be thy ruin and destruction.—Sir W. Ralhgn to his Son.

END OF VOL. I.
W O M A N:

AS SHE IS, AND AS SHE SHOULD BE.

VOL. II.
W O M A N:

AS SHE IS,

AND

AS SHE SHOULD BE.

I shall be led particularly to examine the natural station and duties of the Female Sex; its improvement, and the bounds which Nature herself has prescribed to the progress of that improvement; beyond which, every pretended advance will be a real degradation. —Sir James Mackintosh, on the Law of Nature and Nations.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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W O M A N:
AS SHE IS, AND AS SHE SHOULD BE.

CHAPTER X.

F A M O U S W O M E N.

Women are illustrious in history, not from what they may have been in themselves, but in proportion to the mischief they have done, or caused. The best female characters are precisely those, of which History never heard, or disdains to speak.

MRS. JAMIESON.

§ 1.—We purpose in this chapter to observe how fame, or the possession of power of any kind, has personally and individually affected women. Let it not, however, be supposed that we have here any sinister intention to stamp the prevailing character of Woman, from the examples with which history furnishes us of
that sex. Whatever doubt there may be as to the possible fitness of women for exalted station, there can be none as to the fact, that the specimens before us of female celebrity are, in the main, a disgrace, not only to that sex, but often to human nature. Women who have attained notoriety in any way, have been, for the most part, wanting in the accompaniment of virtue!

Experience teaches, that to entrust power into female hands, is to ensure for it abuse; for it shows that, whenever greatly tempted, female nature has been frail. Where is the human creature, of whichever sex, that when placed on an eminence transcendentally too high, has not grown giddy with its false grandeur?

§ 2.—Female celebrity is attainable by the following methods:—1st. By the actual possession of rank and power, hereditary or acquired.—2ndly. By a character (an attributed character) for genius.—3rdly. By beauty.—4thly. By the possession of masculine qualities.

Those who are known for their virtues, are so little known, that their names occupy but
small space in the lists of fame. The number too of these, as compared with the crowd of distinguished women, is small,—indeed so small, that, like certain insignificant quantities in the science of algebra, it might be neglected. But we venture to express a hope,—nay, a belief, that this meritorious, however humble a class of women, is by no means a fractional portion of the sex at large.

To set out with our own country, its most distinguished queen was Elizabeth. Much as the name of this princess has been lauded, history lays little stress on her private virtues. With all the violent passions of her father, she had weaknesses of her own that sit heavily on her character. "Does Elizabeth," says Lavater, "rise gigantic among queens? Yet how little, how mean, was the superannuated coquette!" Her vanity surpassed the ordinary bounds of that failing, and there was no lack of all those little passions which have ever perplexed a female reign. Who will excuse her dissimulation, her jealousy and ungenerous treatment of Mary?—whose beauty, it seems, was an aggravation not to be forgiven, despite the strong masculine
sense attributed to her rival by the courtly penmen of the day.

The queenly fame of Elizabeth for wisdom, is a mistake. The praise belonging to those acts which distinguished her reign, is due rather to her ministers, who were indeed among the ablest to whom this island ever gave birth. It has been asked, whether a weak sovereign could choose wise counsellors? But this is a remark not at all applicable to Elizabeth, who claims only the negative merit of retaining in office those appointed by her father and brother.

It never was pretended that the learning of Elizabeth had depth. She was a dabbler in languages, (a mechanical accomplishment at best,) but in all the graver walks of learning Elizabeth was a mere pedant in petticoats.

Lastly, her character for chastity was somewhat unsteady. Though she assumed the title of the Virgin Queen, her conduct was, in many respects, such as to render her right to that title more than doubtful. Such was

- - - Our own half-chaste Elizabeth,
Whose vile ambiguous method of flirtation
And stinginess, disgrace her sex and station.

Byron.
MARY of Scotland was as remarkable for her beauty and her crimes, as for the possession of a crown. Throughout life, she was completely the creature of passion, and her utter shamelessness in the matter of modesty is notorious. Few lives, perhaps, were ever spent in such a circle of depravity. She caused the murder of her husband, because he avenged himself upon a musician, who was her gallant; and she completed the measure of her enormities, by marrying her husband's assassin!

Katherine II., Empress of Russia, occupies a distinguished place in the list of female monarchs; but in public life, the grasping ambition of this woman was restrained by no feelings of justice or compunction, and her private character remains quite indefensible. She indulged all the natural passions to the most unlimited and shameless extent. The name of Katherine of Russia is a name

- - - - "nullâ virtute redemptum
A vitiis."

Christina of Sweden has been unaccountably held up as a grand model, and the great
prodigy of her sex. Unfeminine in the extreme, this princess never displayed, as she perhaps never felt, any inclination for the employments or society of her own sex; she occupied herself with such amusements as required strength and activity; and on one occasion, having dismissed her female attendants, she laid aside the garb as well as manners of her sex:—"I would become a man," said this virago; "yet I do not love men because they are men, but because they are not women."

Her learning, like Elizabeth's, was pedantic, though it does not appear that she knew enough to make even a lady a pedant. Formed naturally with the romantic turn of mind so common to her sex, she chose rather, in contempt of nature, to direct her studies to disputes about the nature of ideas, vortexes, and such unavailing speculations. All her pretended philosophy seems only to have had this effect on her,—that she had far less self-knowledge than the generality of her sex: never was she known to admit or approve of what happened to disaccord with her own views or inclinations.

Her caprice was unbounded. After abdi-
cating her throne, she expressed a fervent hope never to revisit her native country; but she found herself discontented, and probably disregarded in a private station, for she was now a female Sampson with her hair shorn: she was therefore again desirous to have reassumed the reins of government; but this was not permitted; for, among her other caprices, she had renounced her religion.

Christina was mean and vindictive: by the murder of a faithful servant, she at length drew on herself the general hatred of her cotemporaries. We have but to add, (what requires no confirmation) that this famous personage,—female we can scarce call her,—was far from being religiously strict in her life and morals. The historians of that day,—nay, the very writers of her own court, made no scruple to arrange and publish accounts of the royal intrigues.

We may add to our list of queens the two consorts of Napoleon, whose names have attracted much attention from being mixed up so frequently with the great events of modern
times. The Empress Josephine, amiable under many aspects, had great faults, and perhaps was not innocent of that serious one, which, if justly charged upon her, can meet no pardon. It has been said, and repeated more than once, that she was 'false to the Emperor.' According to the Duchess of Abrantes, Napoleon had very just cause for his divorcement of her.

Josephine was of a noble spirit; yet she could stoop to all the weak extravagance and foolish vanities of a French woman of fashion; blemishes which may be, in some measure, attributed to Napoleon's own weakness, for he is reported to have said, at St. Helena, "I never denied the Empress Josephine any thing!"

Marie Louise, during the life of her royal husband, was little else than an insipid beauty; but she has since entirely forgotten her dignity as a queen, and as a woman,—soiling in the dirt of vulgar amours, the title she received from the conqueror of Austerlitz and Marengo.

Among the antients, Cleopatra stands emi-
WOMEN POLITICALLY GREAT. 9

cement as a female sovereign. Her beauty, like that of Mary, seems to have been in her day unrivalled; and perhaps it was this excellence, together with the extravagancies of her life, which have equally contributed to hand down her name to posterity. Although a woman more than commonly attractive and accomplished, she was also one of great vice and wickedness. She passed a life abandonedly voluptuous,—as false to her numerous lovers in succession, as she was to the dignity of her sex and crown.

Semiramis is another of the stars of antiquity. With excessive ambition and love of power, she prevailed upon her infatuated husband to invest her with the sovereignty for the space of five days,—an interregnum which she commenced by putting him to death. History has, of extreme licentiousness of con-

vourites in succession
WOMEN POLITICALLY GREAT.

ZENOBIA, Queen of Palmyra and the East, derived, like Elizabeth of England, the splendour of her reign not so much from herself, as from the wisdom of her counsellors, among whom was the celebrated Longinus. According to some historians, she hastened the death of her husband, and thus prematurely took upon herself the sovereignty. The boldness and presence of mind which she displayed during her reign, have met with applause; but her boasted courage deserted her, it seems, in the day of trial. She, for the first time in her life, owned a master, and throwing the guilt of her obstinate resistance to the Romans upon her ministers, purchased life by the sacrifice of her honour. "Her counsellors (she said) were to be blamed, and not herself.—What could a weak woman do, when beset by ambitious and artful men, who made her subservient (!) to all their schemes? — The letter which affronted Aurelian was not her own; Longinus wrote it,—the insolence was his." That minister was in consequence borne away to immediate execution, and nobly did he die, forgiving and pitying the queen's weakness. But, as Gibbon writes,
"The fame of this great man will survive that of the queen who betrayed him." History has other severe things to say of Zenobia. She is reported to have frequently indulged her propensity to intoxication, when in the midst of her officers!

Olympias, consort of Philip of Macedon, was a haughty woman, wanting in humanity, and without virtue. Her career throughout was stained with blood, and, as some say, with the blood of a husband! Philip divorced her upon suspicion of her infidelity; and it was the rather supposed that Alexander was not really his son, as she herself did not deny the charge.

Among the crowd of famous but shameless women, we may mention, but only mention, the names of a Messalina, an Agrippina, a Medea, and a Clytemnestra.

§ 3.—Notwithstanding, as Madame de Staël expresses it,—"le danger trés-rare de recontrer une femme dont la supériorité soit en disproportion avec la destinée de son sexe," there have been, from time to time, some women that
have surpassed the ordinary intellectual stature of the sex.

France has produced the rarest and ripest specimens of female genius. In this respect, Madame de Staël stands herself preeminent, as well over her countrywomen as her sex at large. Though, without doubt, a woman of comprehensive mind, yet, apart from her talents, the daughter of Necker seems to have had few estimable points. Her best virtues approximated to and partook of the nature of faults; she is accused of meanness, and of vanity in the extreme. Byron, who studied her character, though he estimated her talents at their full value, charges her with "extraordinary self-complacency, and being too much occupied with self." (3)

In respect to the merits of Madame de Staël as a writer, there can be no doubt or denial but they were of an order in literature more than respectable. It would be difficult, if not impossible to place, after the manner of Plutarch, another female by her side by way of parallel. She stands forth (to adopt again the language of Lord Byron,) "the first of her sex who has
really proceeded its often-claimed equality with man. We have before had women who have written interesting novels and poems, in which their tact at observing drawing-room characters has availed them; but never before have those faculties which are peculiar to man, been developed as the possible inheritance of woman."

It remains to be regretted, that this learned lady was too overbearingly-proud of the intellectual fame she had acquired, to leave room for any deference to the opinions of others. She contracted in early life a very disputatious and paradoxical spirit.

The tendency of her works of imagination (a class of writing in which she particularly excelled) is far from blameless. In the novel of 'Delphine,' its elegance will hardly be admitted as an excuse for its doctrine; and if the novels which succeeded this were none less beautiful, they were equally extravagant.

On the other hand, when Madame de Staël represented Virtue, she stands charged with doing it "under the sombre and disgusting stupor of dulness, severity, and ennui."

* Letter from Geneva.
Reputation of Genius.

She took a more active part in political life than became her sex or station; and apart from her intrusion on public concerns, she appears (like the cirago of Sweden) to have partaken of, and perhaps also to have aimed at, the masculine character. Entirely neglectful of those graces which give its great charm to female society, her very appearance was often such as to create disgust; and she repelled those who sought her, equally by the forbidding offensiveness of her manner, and the carelessness of her attire.

With regard to her moral character, rumour does not leave it altogether spotless. There
the imagination of Pope, for she gave birth to a son previous to her union with Abelard. By a singular perversion of judgment, she was ambitious to be esteemed the mistress, rather than the wife of the man she loved:

Not Caesar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love!

Pope.

Madame Dacier, the far-famed lady-scholar, was, in common with several of our preceding female worthies, of a masculine character. Hers was no mere sprinkling of pedantry; she was thickly be powdered with it, and shook off her learned dust upon all with whom she came in contact. Her ardour in the cause of antiquity, frequently carried her beyond the usual gentleness of her sex; and in the learned controversies of that day, (concerning which we have all heard and read *usque ad nauseam,* ) this authoress frequently suffered expressions to escape her mouth and pen of a somewhat outrageous character. Madame Dacier, with all her book-learning, is a little too unfeminine to add real grace to the page of woman's history.
The character of Madame Roland is a marked and brilliant one in respect to talent. But she was proud and obstinate, and an inveterate meddler in politics; added to all which she was (after migrating from one faith to another,) an avowed and settled sceptic in religion.

Madame de Maintenon had many marks of nobleness, as was sufficiently shown in her adversity: "yet she was the mistress of Louis XIV." She was a sunbeam that had gone astray. Hers was naturally a fine spirit; but mark well what power made of it. Excel-
privately married,) could boast of talents sufficiently varied, but they were confessedly on the surface.

Among talented women in our own country, the name of Lady M. W. Montague will be immediately assigned a first place. She had a mind lively and accomplished, but it belonged to as proud a dame as ever wore veil or petticoat. She courted the society of all the eminent wits of her day,—among others of Pope, who was her professed admirer; but she subsequently proved the bitter enemy of that poet, on account of some gallantry he had thrown out upon her gallantries in his writings.

The letters bearing the name of this lady have considerable merit, though not that of the most perfect delicacy. Their authenticity is no longer doubtful. Horace Walpole expressly says,—"The letters of this lady are genuine. I have seen the originals, among which are some superior to those in print; but some of them are very immodest."

Greatly more is it to the honour and lasting fame of Lady Montague, that she introduced
inoculation into this country, (having first tried its efficacy on her own child!) than that she was either a celebrated toast, or a dabbler with the pen.

Theatrical talent, though not talent of the highest order, has its own standard of reputation. The name of Siddons will here naturally suggest itself. We shall not stop to question the justice of that fame, which this celebrated actress won and wore in the walks of her profession; yet, as a woman, she was not always admirable.

Some writers have profusely charged her with hardness of heart,—with being of a penurious disposition, in spite of a noble income,—and with a general want of charitable feeling. The truth appears to be, (as even her defenders and biographers admit), that "this famous actress, reasonable and just in all her feelings, and upon reflection sometimes charitable, was at no time a woman of generous impulses."

Among the crowd of minor candidates for literary fame, comes the pride of Lichfield,
Miss Seward, whose greatest glory it has been that a Scott stooped to be her editor. She was as voluminous as she was a presumptuous writer. She merely 'talks' in her writings, and talks too, the while, with infinite looseness and conceit. The insufferable egotism in every page of her tedious volumes, constantly reminds one how insipid is praise, when it reflects back on the quarter from whence it sprung.⁹

The productions of Mrs. Rowe and Mrs. Hannah More have had their day. These may have found readers since; but they savour far too much of the devotee for any liberal age.

Modern female aspirants to literary fame are 'few and far between.' Of these, such as they are, perhaps the less said the better, for many reasons.

Ancient literature boasts the name of an Aspasia. This was the greatest philosopher in petticoats the world has witnessed. Her mischievous influence it was, which, by introducing luxury and effeminacy at Athens, paved the way
for the downfall of her country. The moral character of Aspasia was notoriously profligate: she was the avowed mistress of Pericles.

Sappho, "the burning Sappho," flourished as a poetess during a very early period. There seems ample ground for crediting all the loathsome imputations with which the memory of this name is loaded. If she indeed zealously courted the sovereignty of the mind, she followed that slave, the body, in its sensual errands, with no less fervency. Sufficient may be gathered from the pages of Ovid alone to blast the name of Sappho; and there is an Ode, 'breathing disgrace,' preserved by Longinus.

Thus, great and varied as may be the intellectual accomplishments attributed to women of literary fame,—however much they may be ladies of vertu, (take heed, reader, that you read not virtue!) it is too clear that the higher female quality of modesty has been often wanting. There seems some germ of truth, as well as bluntness, in the assertion, that "the expectation is somewhat idle to look for excellence of head and heart in the same frail tenement!"
§ 4.—There have been women that have achieved greatness in right of beauty. We find in ancient history the Helens, the Phædras, and Julias, in graceless abundance. Many readers will probably be of opinion that beauty richly deserves a crown. "Certainly," observes Lucian, "more have obtained that honour for their beauty, than for all other virtues besides."

In this class we may place Anne Boleyn, the far-famed beauties in the reign of Charles, and all the fortunate sisterhood of Venus before and since. Some beauties are merely known and immortalized as the heroines of sonnets; such were Petrarch’s Laura, the Fornarina of Raphael, Zachariissa, &c.

Thus, in speaking of women remarkable for their beauty, the words of Le Sage are, in most cases, justifiable. "If these women you so much admire have the charms of Diana’s nymphs, it is too sure they have not their chastity!"

§ 5.—It remains to consider a class of women distinguished for masculine qualities. Among
these virile petticoats, Joan of Arc claims foremost rank. This famous 'virago' was, in respect to her mission, either an impostor, or an enthusiastic madwoman. But her character for virtue is unquestionably on a rickety foundation, and there seems little ground for removing the imputations brought against her in history.

Margaret of Anjou, 'in stomach and courage more like a man than a woman,' was distinguished by all the ferocity, as well as the courage, of the age in which she lived. This princess was an acknowledged adulteress!

Shall we quote next the virago tribe of Scythia? It is doubtful whether these nondescript creatures were ever in existence. 'Twould certainly be greatly more to the honour of the sex, if they were fabulous. The account we have does not, however, leave these prodigies immaculate. We are told by Strabo and others, that the Amazons condescended, at intervals of time, to visit the neighbouring countries, for the sake of promiscuous intercourse with the
other sex. All their male children were strangled without mercy.

The boldness of the Spartan women has been the subject of applause. We learn from history, that when their sons perished in battle, they felt and expressed joy at the event; but M. Rollin well observes on this occasion,—

"J'aimerois mieux que dans une telle occasion la nature se fit entrevoir d'avantage, et que l'amour de la patrie n'étoufât pas tout-à-fait les sentimens de la tendresse maternelle."

There are other specimens of masculine women in modern records, but they are all disgusting. We may just mention the celebrated female voluptuary, Mademoiselle de l'Enclos. Though eminently beautiful, highly accomplished, and of manners so elegant that her society was courted by all the distinguished characters of that age, yet she held chastity, and even constancy, in utter contempt. With her, the very idea of delicacy was a refinement. We unite heart and hand in the sentiment expressed by Rousseau:—" Aussi Mademoiselle de l'Enclos a-t-elle passé pour un prodige. Dans le mépris des vertus de son sexe, elle
§ 6.—As to women eminent for the possession of the milder virtues, we do not for these, among the mob of famous women, ask or desire a place. Yet there is such a class, unknown though it be to history. Virtue is most active, as it is ever most frequent, in private life. It shuns ostentation and the light, and publicity is almost inconsistent with its very end and nature.

Not but that there have been women virtuous even upon an eminence. We shall not pause to praise models that none have blamed; it is sufficient just to mention the names of Lady R. Russel, and Madame de Sévigné. These ladies may be, perchance, only remembered by our readers as the writers of certain Letters:—'Tis well it should be also known, that they were women of virtue and domestic excellencies.
VIRTUOUS WOMEN.

And lest the name of Lucretia should here present itself to the reader's mind, (leaving us to be thought guilty of an omission), we are bound to add, that there are considerations connected with that story. Without dwelling now upon the threadbare topic of the vice of suicide (never to be excused by the occasion!) there seems to have been as much of weakness as of virtue, in the scruples of this same Roman paragon. The mighty sacrifice came too late; and it was not very wise to be creating a sensation on an event, about which she had much better have said nothing.\(^{(10)}\)

Much rather,—since we have again been drawn to allude to Roman history,—much more does Octavia, the noble wife of Augustus, call for our applause. This princess was far more attached to her duties as a wife and as a mother, than to the idle state of her station. A similar meed of approbation must be extended to the famed Cornelia, of whom it was that Cicero said, "If the name of 'Woman' had not distinguished her, she had deserved the first place among philosophers."

The "Three good Women," in honour of
whom Montaigne wrote his Essay, were, in addition to their worldly distinctions, remarkable for the possession of domestic virtues.

§ 7.—To conclude:—"Great reputation is the privilege of intellectual power."* Celebrity of any kind is not the woman’s glory. "La gloire même peut-être reprochée à une femme, parce qu’il y a contraste entre la gloire et sa destinée naturelle. L’austère vertu condamne jusqu’à la célébrité de ce qui est bien en soi, comme portant une sorte d’atteinte à la perfection de la modestie."†

Your Pandora will prove no blessing, but a curse! The eloquent author of the 'Deserted Village,' justly says, "Women, famed for their valour, their skill in politics, or their learning, leave the duties of their own sex to invade the privileges of ours!"(11) They step out of the sphere allotted to them by nature, and it then only remains for them to assume characters, which are an outrage upon female delicacy!

A true mother, a Cornelia, is of more usefulness in the sight of God and man, than all the

* Burke;
† Madame de Staël.
CELEBRITY, UNFEMININE.

accomplished women of rank and half-witted authoresses that ever lived,—of more true and universal value, than all the fearless viragoes, that ever adorned the wide page of history, or that are to be gathered together from the earth's four quarters.

Let us conclude here with a well-known couplet from the pen of one, who, poet though he was, never stooped to sacrifice Truth at the shrine of Flattery.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's safest station is retreat.

LYTTELTON.
NOTES.—CHAPTER X.

(1) It has been an inveterate fashion, to place this princess in the class of wise monarchs. It may seem bold to declare, that the history of Elizabeth's reign furnishes no substantial evidence that she possessed remarkable talents, either solid or brilliant. She had, however, violent passions, and the sudden bursts of these will frequently be mistaken by the multitude for proofs of exalted talents:—hers were all of the unamiable order. We seek in vain through the whole of her life for instances of generosity, benevolence, or gratitude.—Lodge's Illustrious Portraits.

(2) There is a play founded upon exactly similar horrors, contained in the life of the infamous Marguerite of Burgoyne. This exhibition of crime is, to the shame of France be it spoken, highly popular throughout that country at the present moment. "After the 'Tour de Nesle,' what more can the French dramatists think of in the way of atrocity? In this play, the heroine poisons her father, stabs and drowns all the lovers she can get (number unknown), intrigues with one son, and assassinates the other! After such a selection from the fair sex, it is difficult to guess from what female conception of the beautiful, the French poets will form their next fashionable heroine."—England and the English.

(3) Madame de Staël was not happy out of a large circle. Her extravagant admiration of the Paris society, was
neither more nor less than genuine admiration of herself.
Ambitious of all sorts of notoriety, she would have given
the world to have been noble, and a beauty.—M. Simon.

'Napoleon could not endure women who meddled
with politics. Madame de Stael ventured to ask him,
whom he thought the greatest of women? The reply of the
emperor is well known; it was blunt, but it breathed severe
wisdom. — "She, madam, who has had the greatest number
of children."

Even here, as in the case of Heloise, our sex has not
been backward in alleging the existence of an Abelard in
the person of M. Schickel, as the inspirer of her works.—
Byron.

During her confinement in the Bastile, she became
enamoured of the Chevalier des Mesnil, another state-pris-
isoner. The infidelity of this person is said to have after-
NOTES.

(8) The following very sensible remark is from the pen of this lady. "The virtue of a woman must only shine to her own recollection; it loses that name when it is ostentatiously exposed to the world. A lady who has performed her duty as a daughter, a wife, and a mother, raises in us as much veneration as Socrates or Xenophon, and much more than I would pay either to Julius Caesar or Cardinal Mazarine; though the first was the most successful enslaver of his country, and the last the most successful plunderer of his master."

(9) This authoress speaks in the easiest manner possible of giving an English version to the most worthy of the Odes of Horace, whilst her hair was dressing! Upon the productions of other female pens, this lady, so wise in her own conceit, was a severe and a partial critic. She could brook no rival.

(10) Ita hæc causa ex utroque latere coarctatur, ut si extenuatur homicidium, adulterium confirmetur. Si purgatur adulterium, homicidium cumuletur: nec omnino inventur exitus, ubi dicitur: si adulterata, cur laudata?—si pudica, cur occisa?—St. Augustine.

[Translation.] This case has its difficulties on each side; so that if the murder be extenuated, the adultery is confirmed; if we acquit her of adultery, she must be charged with murder. Nor can we in any way answer this charge:—if she was an adulteress, why is she praised?—if chaste, why did she destroy herself?

(11) The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated
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philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver, or their eyes — Goldsmith.
CHAPTER XI.

BEAUTY.

It is seldom that beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance. LORD BACON.

§ 1.—Of all the affronts indirectly levelled at the worthy and sensible portion of the female sex, adoration of beauty is at once the most absolute and most irrational. It is chiefly for this reason we draw attention to a theme, which,—though (like all interesting subjects) worn threadbare and exhausted on its sunny side,—still offers much that remains unsaid, under its less pleasing aspects.

It of course goes to one's heart, to speak in any manner dispraisingly of the 'dear deceit;' nevertheless, unswayed by the fascination of our theme, and apart from romance, we look upon beauty as (what Shakspeare's self has termed it) 'a vain and doubtful good.' It is a
notional excellence, having in itself no more intrinsic value than fancy pleases to attach to it; it is an idol that men themselves mint, and stamp, and then adore; and with this, as with many other valued things, virtue is merely an abstraction,—residing not so much in the object, as the mind that contemplates it. Moreover, 'tis a mischievous as well as ideal quality, intoxicating the holder more surely than the beholder. 'Beauty doth beauty lack,' and 'the lightest are those that wear most of it.'

This is one of those fortunate gifts, which, in the commerce of the world, wins 'golden opinions from all sorts of people.' It is an excellent advocate, and yet, in the mean time, the chiefest of impostors; if, in the language of philosophy, it be 'the best letter of recommendation,'† it is also 'a silent fraud.'‡ Beauty has been the torment as well as delight of mankind ever since the world stood, and since the angels themselves were tempted from heaven by this fallacious good.—Still have we to look for mischief from the same source, as

* Shakspeare. † Aristotle. ‡ Theophrastus.
BEAUTY.

long as women find themselves deified for a mere god-send quality!

"Of women," says Dr. Johnson, "it has always been known that no censure wounds so deeply, or rankles so long, as that which charges them with want of beauty." Though, to a well-regulated mind, there can be little reproach in being old, yet tell some women their age, and you make them blush as deeply as if you accused them of being unchaste!(1) They calculate, and here they are cunning logicians, that beauty is the surest stepping-stone of female ambition: it is indeed the qualification with which they commonly step into favour. There are few mothers, with whom, (as with her that knelt of old in the temple of Venus,) beauty in their female offspring is not an earliest wish;—

Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis
Murmure.

Juv.

§ 2.—"'Twas a pretty fable, concerning the last and most difficult office imposed on Psyche,—to descend to the lower regions, and bring back a portion of Proserpine's beauty in a box. The
messenger, impelled by female curiosity, and by a desire, natural enough, to add to her own charms, raised the lid, and behold, there issued forth an essence,—a vapour!

In truth, it is difficult to form any punctual notions of beauty. Qualities of personal attraction, the most opposite imaginable, are each looked upon as beautiful in different countries, or by different people in the same country. That which is deformity at Paris, may be beauty at Pekin!

- - - Beauty, thou wild fantastic ape,
Who dost in every country change thy shape;
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white!
Cowley.

The frantic lover sees 'Helen's beauty in an Egyptian brow.' The black teeth, the painted eyelids, the plucked eyebrows, of the Chinese fair, have admirers; and should their feet be large enough to walk upon, their owners are regarded as monsters of ugliness. The Lilliputian dame is the beau idéal of perfection in the eyes of a northern gallant; while in Patagonia they have a Polyphemus-standard of
A FICTITIOUS EXCELLENCE.

beauty. Some of the North American nations tie four boards round the heads of their children, and thus squeeze them, while the bones are yet tender, into a square form. Some prefer the form of a sugar loaf; others have a quarrel with the natural shortness of the ears, and therefore from infancy these are drawn down upon the shoulders!

We even read of nations, where a man makes no pretensions to being well-favoured or prepossessing, without five or six scars in his face. For this, which was probably at first a mere whim connected with valour, grew at last to have so entire a share in the idea of beauty, that it became a custom to slash the faces of infants!

"Ask a toad," says Voltaire, "what is beauty, the supremely beautiful, the 'το καλός' ? he will answer you, that it is his female, with two large round eyes projecting out of its little head, a broad flat neck, yellow breast, and dark brown back!" And now ask a Guinea negro the same question. With him beauty would consist in a greasy black skin, hollow eyes, thick lips, and a flat nose—with perhaps an
ingot of gold in it. A fair complexion would, in Africa, be a shocking deformity:

If I had been at Timbuctoo, there
No doubt I should be told that black is fair.

Byron.

With the modern Greeks, and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean, corpulency is the perfection of form in a woman; and those very attributes which disgust the western European, form the attractions of an oriental fair. It was from the common and admired shape of his countrywomen, that Rubens in his pictures delights so much in a vulgar and odious plumpness:—when this master was desirous to represent the ‘beautiful,’ he had no idea of beauty under two hundred-weight. His very Graces are all fat.

Thus is supposed beauty, after all, as good as real. Late writers have come to the conclusion, that in reality no form of matter is intrinsically more beautiful than another, and that we make a preference only from habit.(3)

"If we can depend upon any principle which we learn from philosophy, this, I think," says Hume, "may be considered as certain and un-
doubted; that there is nothing in itself beautiful or deformed, desirable or hateful; but that these attributes arise from the peculiar constitution and fabric of human sentiment and affection."

"If a man born blind were to recover his sight," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "and the most beautiful woman were brought before him, he could not determine whether she was handsome or not; nor, if the most beautiful and most deformed were produced, could he any better determine to which he should give the preference."

Why, it might be asked, should full eyes with large pupils be esteemed beautiful? There is no warrant for this approval but caprice. And it is at least a well-known fact, that persons with eyes so formed are almost uniformly of a weak and sickly habit.

The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point, which colour most becomes it. We account red hair an abomination; but in the time of Elizabeth it found admirers and was in fashion. Mary of

* Essays.
Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies at this day counterfeit yellow hair.

§ 3.—"Beauty and grace are the power and arms of a woman." * Here it is that the sex feels its puissance most over subjugated man. The power it gives them they well know, and need no instructions how to wield. Even the knowledge of vicious conduct in a woman, does not cancel her personal attractions—it may and ought to diminish respect for her; but though she were utterly abandoned, it is difficult to withhold testimony to the beauty of form or feature, and these may be powerful enough to overcome detestation of the wearer's guilt: for,

Beauty, though injurious, hath strange power.

Milton.

But where are we to detect its especial source of power? Often forsooth in a dimple, sometimes beneath the shade of an eyelid, or perhaps among the recesses of a little fantastic

* Tasso.
ATTRACTION, BUT TRANSITORY. 41

curl! The fit of admiration seizes us without warning, and either disposition, or our weakness, favours the surprise. One look, one glance, may fix and determine us.  

Few are there that can withstand 'the sly smooth witchcraft of a fair young face.' "It calls the cynic from his tub to woo." Led by no sense as they are by the eyes, you may see the most sober men content to lock up their wishes in the meshes of a little auburn hair. Many could demonstrate to perfection the eligibility of freedom to servitude, and yet are practically too weak to resist the sensual allurements of some pretty casuist:—a touch, soft as the brush from the pinions of the dove, winds them to her purpose.

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
And Beauty draws us with a single hair!"

We seek not here to revolt the enthusiasm of any man, or to warp any natural bias that may be felt towards the daughters of men; yet how far an unmitigated dotage upon beauty is reasonable, no one in his sober senses can hesitate to decide. 'Tis a composition we can all
admire; it exists doubtless for peculiar ends; but let it maintain its legitimate influence, and be bounded there. The privilege of being first heard, it is always likely to have; but must it always continue to take place of every thing, ordinary and extraordinary?

For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?
An outside? Fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,—
Not thy subjection!

Milton, P. L.

Yet this influence, vast as it is, is but for awhile; it is "a short-lived tyranny."* It is an electrifier, the power of which only endures while an adventitious property abides with it. "Nature a donné aux femmes les agrémens, et a voulu que leur ascendant finit avec ces agrémens."† The holiday-time of beauty has its date, and 'tis the penalty of nature that girls must fade and become wizened, as their grandmothers have done before them.

The venerable abbey and aged oak, are the more beautiful in their decay; and many are the charms around us, both of art and nature, that may still linger and please. The

* Socrates.  † Montesquieu.
VALUE OF BEAUTY.

breaking wave is most graceful at the moment of its dissolution; the sun, when setting, is still beautiful and glorious, and though the longest day must have its evening, yet is the evening as beautiful as the morning; the light deserts us, but it is to visit us again; the rose retains after-charms for sense, and though it fall into decay, it renews its glories at the approach of another spring. But for Woman there is no second May!—"Stat sua cuique dies." To each belongs her little day, and Time, that gives new whiteness to the swan, gives it not unto Woman!

§ 4.—Before we reckon up the actual worth of beauty, we would just observe, that very much of what we imagine beautiful, is counterfeit, glassy, and adventitious. Gold can gild a rotten stick, and the paste looks like the diamond, till it be inspected. Women are sometimes painted as well as their pictures, and can contrive to lose themselves very advantageously under their dress. If every bird had its proper feather, they might be left as ridiculous as Aesop's crow. Beauty makes itself wings, and flies away with their apparel. "'Tis excellently done—if God
did all;" but alas! they have one face given them, and make themselves another.

We sometimes read in romances, of heroines (princesses or others) being incarcerated, concealed in castles, and so forth:—On these occasions, they are denied the commonest necessities of life; still we are to suppose the fair sufferers more captivating in their distress,—nay, rendered more lovely for the privations they suffer. Alas! this is mere unthinking romance! Drag beauty through the every-day degradations, and mean thoroughfares of distress,—and where is she? what does she become without her dressing-case?—a nonentity!

Reader, if thou art an enthusiast in thy worship of beauty,—if its supreme excellence and divinity be an article in the creed of thy devotion, we seek not to disturb this faith: believe we have spoken heresy, but inquire not into the pedigree of the charms you see;—

--- He that will undergo
To make a judgment of a woman’s beauty,
And see through all her plasterings and paintings,
Had need of Lyceus’ eyes; and with more ease
May look, like him, thro’ nine mud walls, than make
A true discovery of her!

--- Massinger.

• Shakspeare.
VALUE OF BEAUTY.

And what, at last, is human beauty in the perfection it is capable of? As regards Creation at large, 'tis by no means of a surpassing order. It is, as Clarendon observes, "by many degrees inferior to that of a thousand beasts and other creatures;" and "you will find (says even a lady-writer) many a creature, by earth, air, and water, that is more beautiful than a woman."*

It was a remark of Dryden's, that "Nature, in any individual person, makes nothing that is perfect in all its parts." How rarely do we see an elegant roundness of form associated with delicacy of limb; these are nearly too incompatible to be united in the same frame. When Zeuxis drew his famous picture of Helena, he could find no woman living whose form was without fault; he was at length compelled to model his portrait from the separate charms of five different virgins.(7)

Hume, the historian, denies that a man could cure his love even by viewing his mistress through a microscope. Such constancy may well be doubted in the majority of men;

* Mrs. Montagu.
disgust is a powerful damper! What a shock to vanity is given in Swift's account of the nurse in Gulliver: "And where is the harm, the misanthropy of this? The moral lesson is as fine, as the intellectual exhibition is amusing."

For beauty is but a superficial and damasked surface. It is a virtue only skin thick,—cutaneous; could you remove its "painted screen" from the loveliest face you can light upon, you would behold nothing but loathsomeness beneath! Reflect then, foolish lover, (if it be but outward charms thou art enamoured of,) that it is but earth, a mere excrescence, that so vexeth thee. "Minus amant qui acutē vident," (for though lovers fancy they see with their eyes, "Love is better than a pair of spectacles to make that seem greater which is seen through it.") Thou wouldst infallibly doat less, if thou couldst see better: imagination is a notorious deceiver. The object of your devotion may be far from being what she seems. "It may be her accoutrements that thou art in love with; put another into them, and she

* Hazlitt.
VALUE OF BEAUTY.

would seem all out as fair."* "Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman."† See her, as Lucian advises, early in a morning: a peacock on the promenade, she may be any thing but a fine bird in the parlour. Or, couldst thou see her, as Ovid prescribes, in beggar's weeds; think'st thou, when your goddess had thus laid aside a part of her divinity, thou wouldst longer affect her as thou dost? Or, but examine your paragon narrowly, and in the light; stand near,—nearer yet. Is she any longer what thou fancied her to be? Truly, it is sometimes with women as with other things,—Quaedium videntur, et non sunt!

Of all flowers, this of beauty is one whose verdure is least abiding, and which fades and falls the soonest. It is liable to be destroyed by a thousand accidents; and what is there to insure it against the great and common accident of disease? The most superfine complexion may become jaundiced, and the wearer of a hundred hearts,—in the very bud of her beauty,—in the morn and liquid dews of youth, cannot

* Anatomy of Melancholy.   † Shakspeare.
VALUE OF BEAUTY.

seal a day’s patent for her charms, or the continuance of her power:—

For not the least of all our maladies
But in one minute’s sight brings beauty under
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities!

SHAKESPEARE.

Accident apart, beauty is, in its nature, consumptive; it is “Time’s fool.”—“Sweet, but not lasting,” ’tis no commodity of the vegetable class, or a beverage to stand long cellilage. The clay cottage to which we are tenants for life, cannot last long, even in tolerable condition. Time is the rider that breaks youth; ’tis a pioneer, and an unsparing one; it overturns empires, prescribeth limits to all things, and must even use women as it doth the rest of its fair workmanship. “It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture.”

The sponge of oblivion has never spared daughter of Eve,—and the brightest paragon of elegance and airiness can only live to inherit age and dust; “Time that spoils every thing, will make her also a cat!”

The puissance of beauty is in the season of

* Lacon.                          † Cowper.
VALUE OF BEAUTY.

Youth; the 'lumen purpureum juventae' is the real charm. "Il ne sert rien d'être belle, sans être jeune." Beauty is nothing without this ally, and it never survives a separation. But Youth itself is 'a stuff that will not endure:' its proud livery must become as a tattered weed; Decay's effacing fingers must write upon either cheek, and delve little graves where red and white blended together once in soft and charming texture. At 'thirty,' ill-natured Time (that old man who knows no remorse) begins to shake his glass at the sex; and the title of Old Maid may, with no impropriety, be assumed at 'forty.' When a woman has passed that Rubicon, 'the black ox treads on her toe:' an unperceived dimness is growing in her eye, and there remains but a shattered outline of face and figure. Every day "or thins her lip, or points her nose;" the face becomes ossified and oblong, and only a flat cold length of bone appears; the mouth is dismantled, the complexion coarse-grained; each limb takes on itself the body's bulk, and its sweet roundness of contour steals off; the cheeks fall beneath the

* La Rochefoucauld.
chin, the forehead flies to the crown of the head, and the eyes of this day are of the colour that the lips were once!

Thus, vamp it as you will, beauty is in the end but a poor matter! Let brilliancy of complexion, harmony of form, make up in the pleroma of youthful loveliness, still 'tis the frailest of possessions. Charms, like the hours their destroyers, are winged; they are of the butterfly kind, 'ephemerae,' that only live to be a little while on the wing. Alas! as we gaze, are they not blowing down the wind like gaudy and unstable bubbles? Turn round, and behold they are gone!—

The bubble bursts,—the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends! Gay.

Look, while the fair one curls her hair; is it not imperceptibly growing grey? How fresh and fair one day,—how withered another! Let your goddess have every limb proportioned to love's wish; let her be, like Cleopatra, a person of 'infinite variety;' let her continue to the most advanced stage of the female reign in remarkable preservation; let her be 'bright as the full moon,' (to borrow an Arabian proverb),—yet
must her eye be one day rayless. The rose the fuller it is blown, the sooner it is shed; the peach soon as ripe, is rotten. Let her head be from Prague, her breast from Austria; let her feet be of the Rhine, her shoulders from Brabant, and her hands and complexion from England; let her have the gait of the Spaniard, and the Venetian tire: let her, in short, be another Helen, and have a 'box of beauty' to repair herself withal; let her person have stolen away every thing that nature can afford,—yet must she travel the same road with us all. "Get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come;—

In Nature's happiest mould, however cast,
To one complexion thou must turn at last.

Shakespeare.

What, then, is this quintessence that men fall prostrate to? It is a little cunning red and white, the mere outside of a woman,—it is dust that they deify! She that has a form of the finest clay, must at last inherit worms and creeping things; and the man who imagines he has a fortune in a face or a figure, has
52 THE BEAUTIFUL, OTHERWISE DEFECTIVE.

at last (as Massillon has said) but "a fortune of dirt!" Beautiful as was Mary of Scotland, thou hadst better behold a Gorgon's head than that queen's carcass; you would be able to gaze upon the mummy of Cleopatra herself—say, and the fair consorts of all the Ptolemies, without one amorous sigh:—

Beauty! thou pretty plaything,—dear deceit!
That steals so gently o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new joy unknown before!
The grave discredits thee:—thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd!
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at the glass,
To deck those charms, and keep them in repair?

BLAIR.

§ 5.—The term 'beauty,' derives itself from \textit{beo}, to bless, or to make happy: the same word in Greek signifies both 'good' and 'beautiful,' and in Scripture, those are often termed beautiful who are esteemed good. But alas! mere mortal and every-day beauty, while it breeds expectation, rarely gives birth to per-
formance. This pleasing call is often 'the herald of a lie.' We regard an attractive woman as we would a pleasing picture: "Struck with the principal figure, we do not sufficiently mark in what manner the canvas is filled up."*

Is a woman exceeding-beautiful? Then a pound to a cherry-stone, she has great failings: Pride is a rarely-failing accompaniment; sequiturque superbia formam.—"'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud."† To court its smile, is the coldest and most ungrateful of tasks; the swan itself is not surpassed in vain-glory, though it has a whiter bosom.—A house, though stuccoed and showy, may be badly furnished. The Chinese temples, as we are told, greatly exceed others in the fineness of their materials and the beauty of their workmanship; but within are monstrous shapes of the gods of that people:—so may you see, in a professed beauty, arrogance ashamed to yield, obstinacy delighting to contend:—

"Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named!"

* Junius. † Shakspeare.
Envy is a close and natural ally of beauty, rivalry among women naturally tending to create endless and rancorous discord: 'the golden apple' is never yielded. Deceit is another of its associates: "there is never a fair woman has a true face." You behold a countenance mild and angelic,—a mien and carriage subdued and graceful; yet that woman may be a tigress in human form,—a serpent, a Messalina! There is a fruit that grows on the Dead Sea's banks, lovely to the sight, but turning to ashes when tasted. Under the silver cloud, may lurk the thunder: the surface of the earth produces flowers, though the volcano lie sleeping beneath. 'How angelic women look, and yet, great Heaven! what things they can do!' The great enemy of our race had angelic features, and we read that a fairer person lost not heaven;—

"A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
Beauty that shocks you!"

The liberality of nature in the person, is frequently attended with a deficiency of understanding. "Beauty and Folly do not often part

- Shakspeare.
THE BEAUTIFUL, OTHERWISE DEFFECTIVE. 55

company." She who has beauty physical, has generally of the beauty intellectual little or none: "her beauty and her brain go not together."* The rose, lovely though it be, grows upon a brier; and the tree showeth pleasant blossoms while the trunk is rotten:—even so Nature, where she enriches the image, is often wont to deface, or leave defective, the mind. We find gifts of the body, and we admire; but as we look further, we see defects of the understanding go with them:—we cry out with the fox in the fable, O pulchrum caput, sed cerebrum non habet! A fair face, a fine head, —but very little brains in it!

It is a more serious charge, that Beauty and Virtue cannot keep company; they seem to have ever had a mortal quarrel between them. "Rara est concordia Forma etque Pudicitia." Thus Nature still leaves the beautiful with a blot. "Those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest."—"To have honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar."† She that is exceeding fair, may also be exceeding false; and 'angel,'—one of the many en-

* Cymbeline.  † Shakspeare.
dearing names of woman, may be the name of a very bad one.

We have ventured to use a greater plainness in considering this subject, than pretty women often meet with. We know that "nothing is so agonizing to the fine skin of vanity, as the application of a rough truth."* But we are anxious to warn them as rational creatures against valuing themselves upon that, of which a piece of marble is capable.**

Beauty is a possession, as it were, foreign,—for none can give it themselves, or preserve it when they have it; they can scarce retain it above a score of years, while they may continue old and ill-favoured for fifty or sixty. "The praises which befit a rational being," says one of their own sex, "are virtues of choice, not beauties of accident."†

Beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For tho' beauty may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms.

C. J. Fox.

* Bulwer. † Lady M. Montague.
NOTES.—CHAPTER XI.

(1) The 'sprete injuria forma' is the greatest with a woman. A man of rank hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked, 'Did they call each other ugly?'' "No!" "Well, well, then, I shall soon reconcile them."

—HOMAGE WALPOLE.

That a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion.—Mrs. THRALE.

(2) Our opinions of beauty are entirely the result of fashion and caprice. The antients who pretended to be connoisseurs in the art, have praised narrow foreheads, red hair, and eyebrows that joined above the nose. But the difference between the antients and the moderns is not so great, as between the different countries of the present world. A lover of Gongora, for instance, sighs for thick lips; a Chinese lover is poetical in praise of thin. In Circassia, a straight nose is thought most consistent with beauty; cross but a mountain which separates it from the Tartars, and there flat noses, tawny skins, and eyes three inches asunder, are all the fashion.—GOLDSMITH.

(3) Few men are willing to allow, that custom or fashion have much influence upon their judgments concerning what is beautiful or otherwise, but imagine that certain rules are founded upon reason and nature, not upon habit or prejudice. A very little attention, however, may convince them of the contrary. Can any reason, for example,
be assigned, why the Doric capital should be appropriated to a pillar, whose height is equal to eight diameters; the Ionic volute to one of nine; and the Corinthian foliage to one of ten? The propriety of each of those appropriations, can be founded upon nothing but habit and custom.—Adam Smith.

(4) The Order of the Golden Fleece, instituted by Philip, Duke of Burgundy, was in honour of a lady whose favours he enjoyed, and whose hair was yellow. As to eyebrows, there is no end to the fancies and fine speeches spent upon them. They have been made to express all the passions. Homer declares them to be the seat of majesty, Virgil of dejection, Horace of modesty, Juvenal of pride, and so on, to the end of the chapter.

(5) After every other gift of arms had been exhausted on man, there remained (says Ariosto) for woman only beauty,—the most victorious of the whole.—Madame de Staël says of the earliest times, “Les anciens n’avoient de motif de préférence pour les femmes, que leur beauté.”—How exquisitely, though by a bold figure of poetry, is the power of beauty described in Homer: the moment Helen shows herself on the ramparts of Troy, the poet beautifully feigns the aged Priam as forgetting all his own miseries and those of his people, in rapture at her charms:—

Oů νεμεσις, Τρώας καὶ ὅκενήμας Ἀχαϊῶς
Τοιὴ δ’ ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἀλγεα παρχείν.
Ἄν’ ἦσε ἀδουλὰς τῆς εἰς ἔτα λουκεῖν.

And afterward, when Menelaus (for so we read elsewhere) came, armed with rage and fury, to revenge himself on the lovely, but guilty, cause of so much bloodshed, his weapon fell in her presence, and his arm grew nerveless.
NOTES.

Mahomet, who knew human nature well, holds out as a chief inducement to the Faithful, that in his paradise will be found the most perfect beauties, "free from all the natural imperfections and inconveniences of that sex."—Vide Koran.

(6) What zephyr is too light to fill the gossamer sails of woman's vanity? The form of a feature, the whiteness of a hand, the shade of a ringlet,—a cap, a feather, a trinket, a smile, a motion,—all, or any of these, (or distinctions yet finer and more shadowy, if such there be,) are enough to constitute the sign and shibboleth of her fantastic supremacy.—Men and Manners in America.

(7) From what select, but too often unworthy originals, many of the exquisite pictures, both here and on the Continent, of the Virgin-mother have been drawn, painters well know. Deos eą facie novimus, quâ pictores et factores voluerunt.—CICERO, de Nat. Deor.

(8) When we gaze on a well-proportioned statue, there is a triumph of art that calls forth a purer admiration than we should probably be inclined to award to the original itself. "Beauty (affecting as it is) is no creature of our reason; it strikes us, without any reference to use."—BURKE.
CHAPTER XII.

LOVE.

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient against love, than sober advice; and I am of opinion that Hudibras and Don Quixote may be as effectual to cure the extravagancies of this passion, as any one of the old philosophers.

ADDISON.

§ 1.—“Woman is a creature that loves!”* “De toutes les passions violentes, celle qui sied le moins mal aux femmes, c’est l’amour.”† This is the one passion supposed to take full mastery of the heart and mind of every born woman,—to form, as it were, the very business of her life.

Thus “Love” presents us with one of the most curious and interesting chapters in the history of Woman. To treat, therefore, as we are about to treat, such a topic with any degree of ridicule,—where under some aspects there is so much room for reverence, may subject us to serious misconception. But not of that beautiful feel-

* Fontenelle.  † La Rochefoucauld.
ROMANTIC LOVE.

ing,—less warm than passion, yet more tender than friendship,—shall we for a moment irreverently speak: of the pure, disinterested affection,—as charming as it is reasonable,—which one creature may feel for another, we as little desire, as we should dare, to speak lightly. But there is a certain romantic, senseless, extravagant kind of love, such as poets celebrate and sentiment-mongers feign, at which we do seek to aim a shaft of ridicule. "In England," as a late writer says, "love is ideal—sentimental! It is not the offspring of the heart, but the imagination."* Generous deeds and contempt of death, have at times covered this folly with a veil; the arts have twined for it a fantastic wreath, and the Muses have decked it with their sweetest flowers: but this makes it none the less dangerous, or less ridiculous.

§ 2.—To talk of love in its romantic sense, of love such as was attributed to the golden age, is to talk about a cloud. "Tis an abstraction much too soft and subtle to be tangible. The superfine sentimentality and numberless mysti-

* II. Bulwer's France.
fications thrown by sundry dreamers around this idea of the passion, make it a topic that will scarce bear handling.

Wieland was of opinion, that the metaphysical effects of love begun with the first sigh, and ended with the first kiss! Here spoke your true disciple of love! Such enthusiasts usually refer you to their own feelings, which indeed you can no more deny than they can prove. Catullus, who yielded to none in the extravagancies of the passion, says of his own love,—

"Amo; quare id faciam, fortasse requiras
Nescio!—sed fieri sentio et excrucior."

According to some, what an unaccountable mystification is here to deal with! What a windy, weathercock passion to dwell in a human breast! What revolutions in a very moment of its existence! Tender in its own nature, it is nevertheless in its action a wild, engrossing, ungovernable impulse. "In life, (says Bacon), it doth much mischief,—sometimes like a syren, sometimes like a fury."

Amore nihil mollius, nihil violentius.

Bernard.
It burns the more fiercely for obstructions. 'Tis made up of pain, as well as pleasure; for strip it of either of these, (which are supposed to form the very soul of an amour,) and what so insipid? 'Tis "a boundless burning waste!"* "the pleasant frenzy of the mind!"† Even Shakspeare's sober muse labours on this occasion with most admired wildness,—

"Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails!
Love is a smoke, raised with the fume of sighs.
What is it else?—A madness most discreet,
A choking gall!"

Many writers have considered this love as a kind of disease, and esteem those who are in love as sick. Tully defines it "a furious fever of the mind." And, according to Plato, (who styled it "the great devil," for its vehemence and sovereignty over man,) love is a species of madness.

"Tout n'est qu' illusion dans l'amour:"‡
"Love is nothing more than an illusion. It creates for itself another universe; its language is always figurative; its eloquence consists in

* Campbell. † Dryden. ‡ J. J. Rousseau.
its disorder; and when it reasons least, it is most convincing."• Your lover who reasons, is not of the true quixotic breed; if he dare to do this, farewell sentiment,—he may begin forthwith to live and think like ordinary men. Let his imaginative powers be in their vigour, his love may be the riper for it, but be his intellectual faculties for ever blunt or crazed!

- - - - "he that truly loves,
Burns out the day in idle fantasies."

Thus then is love, in the sense in which ladies love to think upon it, but a creation of fancy, a refinement, an idea; (9) "merely a name, (as the Citizen of the World says, in Goldsmith,) first used by the cunning part of the fair sex, and admitted by the silly part of ours." "Cupid's dart is an image we have carved out for ourselves.'—'The beginning and origin of love, is nothing but a kind of foolish melancholy."†

§ 3.—"How much a man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviour to love!" Here we set out with a very new and sage reflection; but,

• Adam Smith.  † Sir Philip Sydney.
in sober truth, how very ridiculous an animal is the human creature, when it assumes this novel attitude! In the follies and extravagancies of love, humanity richly deserves to be pitied. "Toutes les passions nous font-faires des fautes; mais l'amour nous en fait-faires de plus ridicules!"*

"Kana liebe so bethören?" 'Can love so stultify?' exclaims the seducing Wieland, with all the assumed astonishment of unsophisticated innocence. Exquisite irony! Were Love and Folly to sever partnership,—to decide that their tents and flocks should be no longer in common,—that the one should travel eastward, the other westward,—could our amazement be too great? 'Twould be a miracle of the first magnitude: "Extreme love," to use the language of philosophy, "is only another word for folly." "Immensus amor ipsa stultitia est."† "Amare et sapere Jovi ipsi non datur." To love and be wise, exceeds man's might!

The situation of a mind in this state of diction, outgoes description. "There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned." While the

* La Rochefoucauld. † Cardan, de Sapientiâ.
inamorato plies the tender vocation, tempest.
tost with apprehensions, all the world else is
but a dull circumstance. He goes on stabbing
himself with Cupid's lance, and with groans
that thunder love, gives utterance to impos-
sibilities. He can feed upon the meagre diet of
a smile, yet withers at a tear. His lady's eyes
are his book, and he catches her far-off glance
as though it were a glory from heaven. If her
heart be hardened, he can grow grey in hope,
and sigh himself into the complexion of a
mummy,—that beautiful paleness, which Ovid
calls 'Cupid's livery.' Every robe she wears,
every fashion she takes up, pleases him above
measure: her dog, her picture, all that concerns
her, are adored as reliques. (3)

Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie.

Butler.

And love's soft homage demands all this noble
madness of the lover: its language is "a per-
petual hyperbole."* "Women look upon it as
right, that every lover should be a little mad-
dish; and every attempt to rescue him from

• Bacon.
the thraldom imposed by their charms, they look upon as an overt act of treason against their natural sovereignty. No girl ever liked a young man less for his having done things foolish, and wild, and ridiculous, provided she was sure that love of her had been the cause."

To others than the parties concerned, how tiresome and insipid is the manufacture of love. What so unseemly as to behold a pair of lovers playing the game of faces and whinnying to each other, making vows really endless, as if the last were too frail to hold!—their poor hearts the while in such an amorous flutter, that their transports are too high to be supported with decency!

Every cool, deliberate exhibition of the passions, argues but a small share of understanding. Previous to, as well as after marriage, these unsocial displays are better avoided. "Among the numerous relations of life," as Hazlitt says, "that of man and wife is the least interesting,—if not to the parties concerned, at least to by-standers."

If we sit down soberly to measure the vehem-

* Cobbett.
mence of desire in a lover, with the importance of its object, the result can hardly be otherwise than ridiculous. "To every body but the man who feels it, the passion appears entirely disproportioned to the value of the object; and love, though it is pardoned in a certain age, is always laughed at, because we cannot enter into it. All serious and strong expressions of it, appear ridiculous to a third person; and though a lover may be good company to his mistress, he is so to nobody else. He himself is sensible of this, and as long as he continues in his sober senses, endeavours to treat his own passion with raillery and ridicule. It is the only style in which we care to hear of it; because it is the only style in which we ourselves are disposed to talk of it."* 

"Nous plaisons plus souvent par nos défauts que par nos bonnes qualités." This is a very peculiar feature in love,—which is well painted blind, for it sees not defects. "When a person is once heartily in love, the very faults and caprices of his mistress, however unpleasant they be, and rather connected with anger and

* Adam Smith.
hatred, are yet to be found, in many instances, to give additional force to the prevailing passion."* A woman is often liked "with all her faults,—nay, for her faults."† Abundat dulcisbus vitis, as was said of Seneca's style; as in the character of Hamlet,—what is bad, seems merged or forgotten in what is pleasing.

And here 'tis a yet more absurd circumstance, that women, perceiving a part of their power to spring from imperfection, and supposing that they are universally beloved, not in spite of blemishes, but in consequence of them, are even proud of their failings; the like of which, perhaps, was never known, unless it be the case of the wiseacre, who gave God thanks that he knew nothing of geography!

§ 4.—Seraphic love is that of angels; this may also yet remain for us, but natural love is the chain of this world. The love of the sexes, stripped of its romance, is founded upon mere mortal qualities; a natural impulse is awakened by the intervention of beauty, and the presence of a desired object. Love is en-

* Hume's Essays. † Congreve.
tirely and solely consequent on the perception of *loveliness.* Liking is not, indeed, always the child of confessed beauty; but it should be remembered, that beauty is "the lover's gift;" —whatever is liked, to the liker is beautiful. Burke, a writer whose authority the warmest admirers of taste and of the ideal will scarcely question, thus sums up the point in dispute:—

"The object, therefore, of this mixed passion, which we call love, is the beauty of the sex. Men are carried to the sex in general, as it is the sex, and by the common law of nature; but they are attached to particulars by personal beauty!"

Love extends itself throughout creation. Brutes acknowledge its influence. The snake lays aside his poison, and runs desirous to his mate; tigers rush into love, and the haughty lion feels the same impulse. The dog quits the side of his master to follow his favourite female, and if separated from her, he trembles in every limb, sending forth cries of complaint, and neglecting his food:—can human love do more? Even with inanimate crea-

* On the Sublime, &c.
tures, a degree of love seems manifest; there are likings and there are antipathies: the lodestone attracts iron; the ivy and oak display a remarkable sympathy:—

Love's common unto all the mass of creatures,
As life and breath!

Cartwright.

Nature has likewise given its own impulse to the sexes of the human species. "Partout où il se trouve une place où deux personnes peuvent vivre commodément, il se fait un mariage. La nature y porte assez, lorsqu'elle n'est point arrêtée par la difficulté de la subsistance."* The great man who made this remark, does not simply consider such alliance on the side of instinct,—for then he would have said, "Wherever two persons encounter each other, a union results." But, besides personal and social recommendations in the object of love, there must be also the means of subsistence: these alone are the requisites and causes that induce the passion of love; all else is fanciful and Miltonic.

For, of the refinement of love, the great

* Montesquieu.
mass of mankind can know nothing. With the cottage population, and above all, with the manufacturing millions, the passion is a mere natural impulse. Go, ye who doubt, into the dens of humanity at Glasgow or Birmingham, where male and female, old and young, live huddled together in unseemly contiguity. Among "the masses," sentimental love has few worshippers!

Of all purifiers, Adversity is the greatest: even in circles of life the most refined, it is found to stimulate the moral perception in a remarkable manner. At its earliest aspect, love shakes his light wings and prepares for flight,—rapture and romance vanish; the mask falls off,—and behold, the actors are awake!

"Non habet paupertas unde suum pascat amorem."

§ 5.—The merely-mortal nature of love is evidenced in its decay. We can recognise but two kinds of love;—that adoration which is founded on personal attractions in the object beloved; and that more sober affection which is caused by amiable and social qualities. Alas! both of these seem to have their allotted date.
INSTABILITY OF LOVE.

"Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health, is short-lived, and apt to have ague fits."9 [7] 'Tis needless to inquire why possession is more tasteless than pursuit, and how it happens that satiety proves the eclipse of love: the 'short eternity of passion's power' is a law of nature, against which it is as useless to contend as it is in vain to repine. Thus, however, the fact is:—as an ill-fed flame blazes awhile, till at length it flickers quite away, so human ardour burns out as it kindles. It seems unable to feed on itself without expiring, and at last dies a violent death in its own flame. Our inclinations languish with the charms that first excited them,—herein obeying the same law that governs all earthly joys and wishes, which, being for the most part, volatile, vagrant, and easily dissipated, are never so lasting as they are eager;—

"For all our joys are but fantastical!"

Enjoyment comes before our possession of most things, and with possession, usually comes disgust; thus we have, before we have; and

* Erasmus.
have not, when we have, which is probably one of the rifest paradoxes ever met with.

There are two circumstances which may serve in part to explain, how possession and security so effectually turn their powerful arms against the fairer part of the species. And first, it were easy, by an induction of facts, to prove that the imagination directs nearly all the passions, and mixes itself up with almost every circumstance of action and pleasure,—for "we anticipate, and eat out the heart and sweetness of our pleasures, by delightful forethoughts of them."

Imagination is, in fact, the true and proper element of passion:—passion may fan a flame, but it is the imagination which lights it. As exerted over beauty, there is a bewitching illusion which intoxicates us with ideal charms, and amuses us with chimerical beauties instead of the reality. This deceptive faculty can perform miracles; it can make a Venus out of a Gorgon, and in its fantasy call up a thousand ideal perfections.

"Love is begot by Faeuy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed;
Destroyed by Knowledge,—and at best
Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd!"

* Jeremy Taylor.
The gloss of novelty must depart; the varnish even of that celebrated picture 'Woman,' must wear away; and whatever the lover may dream, the bride will prove a mere mortal woman. The heart will give excellencies which are not of flesh and blood; but the object of human love must be on the earthly side, at least, of perfection. The divinity must be seen at last, and cast her cloud from her.—The substance of which all human nature is compounded, is derived from materials less refined than ether or that uncorporeal clothing in which angels are said to be habited.

Could the idolatrous Tartar once lift up the veil which screens his idol from the view, his superstition would be for ever cured. "An idol," says Addison, "may be undeified by many accidental causes. Marriage, in particular, is a kind of counter-apotheosis, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman."

And next, to consider love, not merely as a vapourish passion raised by outward attractions, but as influencing the mind and affections. Even
here, alas! has love, the purest love, too often its date. That men love now, seems to carry with it no necessity that they will or can love in future. "The fancies of men change, and he that loveth to-day, hateth to-morrow." All that connects itself with the natural and material world is changeable; and so too is it with much that connects itself with mind. Humanity is never uniform; change appears to be a manifest quality by which our whole nature is fitted to advance.\(^{(9)}\)

And, in its love of what is novel, the mind only obeys a natural law. "Some degree of novelty," says Burke, "must be one of the materials in every instrument that works upon the mind, and curiosity blends itself more or less with all our enjoyments."

"Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its savour."

While curiosity is doubtless a very active principle, it is soon exhaustive of variety. And can Love, the softest among the passions, of material far too delicate to stand the wear and tear of accident,—can Love presume to enter

* Sir W. Raleigh.
the arena against old 'Edax rerum,' and throw the glove to an invincible enemy? "Love bears within itself the very germ of change." It's 'sweetest sweet, variety,' dissipates and wears itself out; there soon remains for the most affectionate lover nothing new to expect,—nothing which is not already known. No kind of love can exist without a feeling of interest, yet all interest is annihilated by knowledge and certainty. "La curiosité est suicide de la nature, et l'amour n'est que la curiosité."

If it be still asked why love, based upon imperishable qualities, should not have continuance, the only answer that remains, is, that very often human nature cannot help it: it can as little prevent, as foresee its own action. The bonds of the warmest love may prove at last but ropes of sand: in vain do you urge principle and moral feeling;—

"Masterless passion sways us to the will
Of what it likes or loathes."

What mortal is likely through 'the seven ages' to think and feel alike? What devotion can be so deep-seated, as to spring up, phœnix-like,

* Byron.
from the embers of a passion, which, having had its birth and lived its time, verges towards decay? "When the passions are jaded and exhausted, the kindly feelings, which are their offspring, lie supine."

We cannot at pleasure separate our devotion to the mind, from devotion to the person; and Dr. Johnson justly observes, "Even though mutual esteem produces mutual desire to please, time itself, as it modifies unchangeably the external mien, determines likewise the direction of the passions." Since the beginning of the world, there is not an instance on record of two lovers sighing for one another, when they became grey-headed.\(^{(10)}\)

Eternal love let man, then, never swear,
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.

\textit{Young.}

One feature belonging to love is very remarkable. There is too often in the mind, as strong a propensity to hate as to love; but there has sometimes been found but a single step between the frenzy of love and the bitterness of hatred. "Fondness, growing to a pleu-\footnote{Bulwer.}
risy, dies in its own too much!'—"Plus on aime une maitresse, et plus on est pres de la haier."—"Sweet love, I see, changing his property, turns to the sourest and most deadly hate;"

Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot.

There lies within the very flame of love,
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it.

Shakespeare.

Neither is *conjugal* love always durable.
"Wedlock, even in its *happiest* lot," writes Mackenzie, "is not exempted from the common fate of all sublunary blessings. There is ever a delusion in hope, *which cannot abide with possession*.”

For what famous salt is there to keep the sweets of matrimony from cloying? "*Married* people, for being so closely united, are but the apter to part,—as knots, the harder they are pulled, break the sooner."* There is a dangerous enemy to contend with in a search after connubial felicity, and this is insipidity. In all love’s bill of mortality, there is not a more fatal disorder. There are homes where dis-

* Swift.
cord never finds an entrance; but few where
vapidity cannot insinuate itself.' 'Discord is
an incendiary who sets fire over one's head, and
love is burned out without redress or remedy:
but vapidity is an underminer, who saps the
foundation; and when there is a fall, love is
buried at once in the ruins.' The love of
many can withstand the storm of adversity, but
with few can it survive the calm of fidelity! (11)

Ahi crudo Amor, ch'egualmente n'ancide
L'assentio, e'l mel, che tu fra noi dispensi;
E d'ogni tempo egualmente mortali
Vengon da te le medicine, e i mali.

TASSO.

Those who love, squander their love too fast
at first setting out. (12) They cry, 'Let us never
part!' How absurd is this! "Lovers do not
understand the interest of their loves, who by
their good will would never be parted for a
moment. The best company requires the sea-
soning of retirement."*

They see each other now in their courtship,
and only at intervals, which naturally pass in
mutual exertions to please and in the dispo-
sition to be pleased. The silly pair are not

* Shaftesbury.
sober just yet; reaction has not begun. They have created that unreal world of their own, which is so incident to the impassioned dreams of youth; but the true cosmorama of life must one day be discovered. Love, a pleasing scene in the distance, may prove but a gross-daubed landscape close to the eyes. (13)

"Le mariage est beau, mais dans la perspective
Il présente de loin un coup d'œil attirant.
Dès qu'il est vu de près, il paraît différent."

§ 6.—Of all the affections, Friendship is the most sublime, and most founded on principle. (14) Love, though more worshipped, is much less divine; "Il est plus ordinaire de voir un amour extrême qu'une parfaite amitié." Friendship has in it something far more sober and judicious, and far less sensual, than love. It is a cordial which inspirits the system without injuring it; and time, an enemy to all other things, is only powerful to cement it. "Le temps, qui fortifie les amitiés affoiblit l'amour."

The love which Nisus, in Virgil, bore to Euryalus,—which David bore to Jonathan,

* La Bruyère.
SUPE\nRIBILITY OF FRIENDSHIP. 85

(for "he loved him as his own soul," presents us with the idea of a perfect diapason of feelings and wishes. And can the love of Woman exceed or equal this? [Austin somewhat boldly contends, that apart from more important objects, "manly friendship had been a more becoming solace for Adam, than to spend so many secret years in an empty world with one woman."]

As a sex towards whom we are naturally and involuntarily drawn, Woman is doubtless most captivating; yet man may be, as an individual, more estimable. One sex we love,—esteem remains for the other; and perhaps the latter is a purer and nobler attachment of the two. "Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it."*

"Friendship's an abstract of love's glowing flame;
'Tis love refin'd, and purg'd from all its dross;
'Tis next to angels' love."

§ 7.—'Who loves, raves; 'tis youth's frenzy,' for 'by love the young and tender wit is turned to folly'. The time of trifling is always early, and in the hey-day of life. 'Parva leves

• Bacon.
THE PASSION OF THE YOUNG.

capiunt animos,' says the great master of the Art of Love; and, in truth, the puerility of this passion bespeaks its season. "The winged boy," is for boys to sport with!

Art thou a knight-errant in these matters? then art thou also young; thou hast all the enthusiasm of a novice in life; thou art of an age when we esteem a cherry-lip and a bright eye of more account than all other earthly things;

"L'amour dans un jeune homme est toujours romanesque." But our "poetry of life" decreases as our knowledge and experience advance, and men put on the spectacles of common sense after thirty. All that is useful for the purposes of life, is unfavourable to that foolish enthusiasm which forms the lover and the poet.

Dr. Johnson says, "It is always a weak man who falls in love." To the same effect runs a French adage, "L'amour a grande part aux faiblesses humaines." The impulse of love may be viewed, in common with most attachments, as a proof of insufficiency. It might be here asked, (for it has been asked elsewhere,) 'What great men have ever been in love?' (Lest the question should chance to be suspected of
DANGERS OF LOVING.

Singularity, we may add, that it was deliberately expressed by one of the wisest of those, whose sayings are based upon observation of mankind,—by one,* not a mere scholar, but who read the book of the world with as much accuracy as the volumes of his own library.) History, it will be found, furnishes us with few eminent graduates in the passion of love!

§ 8.—In concluding this chapter, let us address a few words to our male readers. If solitude be without solace, and there be found no warmth in it, seek all such persons for companionship: if passion twine itself inextricably round the heart, we may not neglect this mystic chain; and in the union of two kindred souls, may doubtless be found a sure foundation for what little happiness this world can afford. A friend, a devoted companion is thus secured for life,—such as, were a man to live upwards of a century, he might acquire in no other manner. Let no man, in the mean time, teach himself to expect more from Woman than a human creature is capable of. If he look for an angel

* Lord Bacon.
in an earthly bride, he must bespeak his goddess; 'tis certain there are none such ready made.\(^{(16)}\)

To those who have still their hearts in their own keeping, we desire more especially to address a few words of caution. The mere sensuality of love carries its own condemnation: of that 'tis needless to speak;—but we would hold out a beacon against another extreme of the passion called 'Love,' which is scarcely less hurtful,—we mean, its foolish romance and idealism.

A celebrated Cardinal once affirmed, from his own experience in life, that no man ever did any thing great in the world, until love with its abstractions was no longer an object with him.\(^{(17)}\) And Lord Bacon says, "How much ought men to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things, but itself. As for the other losses, the poet's relation doth well figure them,—that he that preferred Helena, quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas; for whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection, quitteth both riches and wisdom."* A great

* Vide "Essays."
DANGERS OF LOVING.

moral writer, in a forcible appeal to the youth of his own sex, inculcates the same truth; —

Let beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart!

DR. JOHNSON.

The truth is, that this impulse of "falling in love," (a phrase, by the way, somewhat of the drollest, giving the idea of an involuntary accident), is the child of indolence and luxury. Those great men who have had their minds properly employed, have been sufficiently able to avoid external and artificial allurements. "Nothing," says a philosophic historian, "so much encourages the passion of love, as ease and leisure; or is more destructive to it than industry."* "Among an idle people alone does love become an affair of importance;"† and this is what Gordonius, a learned physician, must have meant, when he termed love 'the proper passion of nobility.' Peaceful and idle times always inspire love: so it is said in Shakspeare:

- - - Now that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires.

* Hume.  † Helvetius.
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Occupation will alone suffice to destroy love. Let the mighty current be changed by one equally mighty, *Alterius vires subtrahit alter amor*;—The birth of one inclination proves the death of another. So, according to an emblem of antiquity,* one Cupid is represented as contending with another, and striving to wrest the garland from him.

In love, the first cured may chance to be the best cured. Let no one, however, esteem himself secure against its attacks; it may knock at any man's door, for the soft intruder carries its infectious fire, not only into hearts unoccupied, but into those well fortified. This is one of the few cases in which the follies of others do not serve to make us wise. "From the constant exertion of sound reason alone, can the cure of this disease be expected."† Every whisper of passion must be hushed,—every beckon of the fancy chastised, for nothing so encourages love as brooding over it. *Principiis obsta.* In your heart's 'virgin encounter,'—at the first onset, be resolute; and 'tis infinite to

* Pausanias. † Zimmerman.
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one but you have effectually, and for ever, cast off this vassalage, with all its effeminate trammels. Then you make love your subject, and disengage the mind from "that slavery to the females, which the natural violence of our passions has imposed on us."

Rouse yourself, and the weak, wanton Cupid
Will from your neck unloose his amorous fold.

Shakespeare.

Reader, if thou be victimized by a sliding heart, be well careful to trust none with more power over it than can be at pleasure recalled. If you be unhappily in love,—or rather we should have said, in love unhappily, beware at least how you show it; nibbling at the bait, discovers eagerness to be caught. Quickly does passion gather force; and in the amorous warfare, the Parthian exercise proves the better discipline. "Fly then," as Mentor of old warned his unwary pupil,—"Fuyez : on ne peut vaincre l'amour qu'en fuyant. Contre un tel ennemi, le vrai courage consiste à craindre et à fuir, mais à fuir sans délibérer, et sans se donner à soi—

* Hume's Essays.
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mème le temps de regarder jamais derrière soi."*

"Up! God has form'd thee with a wiser view,
Not to be led in chains, but to subdue;
Calls thee to cope with enemies, and first
Points out a conflict with thyself the worst!"

But, even if you have been fortunate in your choice, if you discreetly love, weed at least from your attachment mere sickening romance, and all that unmeaning idealism, of which we have spoken in the foregoing pages. It is unworthy of either sex,—to receive as to offer; for never was it intended that one creature should give its worship to another. "As if," indignantly exclaims Bacon, "as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself a subject, though not of the mouth, as beasts are, yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes."

Quelle injustice aux dieux d’abandonner aux femmes
Un empire si grand sur les plus belles ames,
Et de se plaire à voir de si fables vainqueurs
Régner si puissamment sur les plus nobles cœurs.

Corneille.

* Télémaque.
NOTES.—CHAPTER XII.

(1) "In painting love, with what contrary passions is Sappho moved. As Longinus writes in his work on the Sublime:—

"Οὐθαυμάζεις, ὡς ὃν· αὐτῷ τὴν ψυχὴν, τῷ σώμα, τῆς ἴκους, τὴν γλώσσαν, τὰς ψείς, τὴν χρώαν, τὰν ὀλυμπίαν, διοικήμανα ἐνεπιθής, καὶ καθ’ ὁπεναιτιῶσεις δια ψυχήσει, καλεῖαι, ἀλουστεῖ, φορνεῖ, ἡ γὰρ φοβεῖται, ἡ παρὰ ἄλγιον ἀλήθεια ἑνα μὴ ἐν τι περὶ αὐτῆς πάθος φαινεῖαι, παθῶν ὑπὸ σένοδος. Πάντα μὲν τὰ τοιαῦτα γίνεται περὶ τοῦτο ἔρωτας."

[Translation.] Are you not amazed to find how, in the same moment, her soul, her body, her ears, her tongue, her eyes, her colour,—are all as much absent from her as if they had never belonged to her? And what contrary effects does she feel together! She burns, she freezes, she raves,—that one would think she was possessed not by one passion only, but that the whole circle of them had made one jarring rendezvous in her breast; all true symptoms of those who are far gone in love.

(2) 'Tis written, among other things, in the fanciful volume of Love, that there is 'a fate in loving; that particular persons are destined for each other. Hence proceeds 'Love at first sight,' which ranks among the most favourite phenomena in the extravagancies of this passion. But such 'ready-made' affection, such a flashy, gunpowder passion is rarely of continuance; it burns much too fiercely. If it rise in a night, like Jonah's gourd, another sun may
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suffice to crush it. Hearts too easily won, are easily deserted. "Hot love, soon cold," as runs the old adage: that which has been kindled with haste, seldom retains its heat longest. And this kind of love is entirely based on what is perishable; it has beauty for its foundation, ‘Solos formosos amamus, primo velut aspectu.’ "We love the beautiful only," says Isocrates, "at a first glance."

(3) Desire the passionate lover to give you a character of his mistress,—he will tell you that he is at a loss for words to describe her charms, and will ask you very seriously, if ever you were acquainted with a goddess, or an angel? If you answer that you never were, he will then say, that it is impossible for you to form a conception of such divine beauties, as those which his charmer possesses; so complete a shape, such well-proportioned features, so engaging an air, such sweetness of disposition, such gaiety of humour. You can infer nothing, however, from all this discourse, but that the poor man is in love; and that the general appetite between the sexes, which nature has infused into all animals, is in him determined to a particular object by some qualities which give him pleasure. The same divine creature, not only to a different animal, but also to a different man, appears a mere mortal being, and is beheld with the utmost indifference."—Hume, Essay xviii.

(4) Our errors may render us amiable. I said one day to a young girl, 'If you were but as good as your brother!' 'I don't care,' she exclaimed, 'you would not be so fond of me, if I were!'—Goethe.

(5) Would a disease-smitten beauty still retain attrac-
sions for the most ardent lover? A story is told of Raymond Lully, who in his youth became enamoured of a lady, with a tender heart and soul of sensibility, as well as (to all appearance) exquisite beauty of form and feature. She refused his suit; but Lully was not to be repulsed, and played the part of a desperate lover. At length his mistress, protesting that her refusals had cost her as much grief as himself, made the following severe trial of his affection: uncovering her bosom, she exposed the frightful wounds of a cancer that consumed her. The sight drew tears from Lully, but it extinguished his ardour. He forgot his passion, and afterwards studied philosophy at Paris, with a success well known.

(6) "Nemo Amore capitur, nisi qui fuerit ante Formâ, specieque delectatus," says Aristotle; and Plato defines love, "pulchra fruendi desiderium." To the same purport seem several passages in Scripture: "Do we not love a woman who is comely?" "Many have been deceived by the beauty of a woman, for herewith love is kindled as with fire." (Were not this the case, a woman advanced in years, who has grown grey in cultivating the amiable and mental qualities, would be the fittest object of love.)

(7) Admiration is a very short-lived passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising up to its view.—ADDISON.

(8) There are so many circumstances, perfectly nameless, to communicate to the new-married man the fact, that it is not a real angel of whom he has got the possession; there
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are so many things of this sort,—so many and such powerful dampers of the passions, and so many incentives to cool reflection, that it requires something,—and a good deal too, to keep the husband in countenance in this his altered and enlightened state.—Cobbett's Advice to Young Men.

(9) Possession, like all earthly blessings, carries within it its own principle of corruption. The deadliest foe to love is not change, nor misfortune, nor jealousy, nor wrath, nor any thing that flows from passion, or emanates from fortune; the deadliest foe to it is Custom! With Custom die away the delusions and the mysteries which encircle it. With all passion, the soul demands something unexpressed, some vague recess to explore or to marvel upon. Custom leaves nothing to romance, and often but little to respect. The whole character is bared before us like a plain, and the heart’s eye grows wearied with the sameness of the survey. And to weariness succeeds distaste, and to distaste, one of the myriad shapes of the Proteus,—aversion; so that the passion we would make the rarest of treasures, fritters down to a very instance of the commonest of proverbs; and ‘out of familiarity cometh indeed contempt!’—Bulwer.

(10) A story is told of a monk, who became so desperately in love with a neighbour’s daughter, that his abbot, who had a great regard for him, determined to effect his cure; this was done in the following manner:—He shut up the two lovers in a close apartment; their provisions were put in at a small wicket every day, and no one was suffered to approach them. The result may be easily imagined.
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(11) The freedom of will is permitted to us in the occurrences of ordinary life, as in our moral conduct; and in the former as well as the latter case, is often the means of misleading those who possess it. Thus it usually happens, more especially to the enthusiastic and imaginative, that, having formed a picture of admiration in their own mind, they too often deceive themselves by some faint resemblance in some existing being, whom their fancy, as speedily as gratuitously, invests with all the attributes necessary to complete the beau ideal of mental perfection. No one perhaps, even in the happiest marriage, with an object really beloved, ever found all the qualities he expected to possess; but in far too many cases, he finds he has practised a much higher degree of mental perception, and has erected his airy castle of felicity upon some rainbow, which owed its very existence only to the peculiar state of the atmosphere. —Sir Walter Scott.

Although there be not easily found such an antipathy as to hate one another, like a toad or poison; yet that there is oft such a dislike in both or either, to conjugal love, as hinders all the comfort of matrimony, scarce any one can be so simple as not to apprehend.—Milton, on Divorce.

(12) Ceux qui s'aiment d'abord avec la plus violente passion contribuent bientôt chacun de leur part à s'aimer moins, et ensuite à ne s'aimer plus.—La Bruyère.

(13) Courtship is a fine bowling-green turf, all galloping round and sweet-hearting,—a sunshine holiday in summer time: but when once through matrimony's turnpike, the weather becomes wintry, and some husbands are seized with a cold aquisit fit, to which the faculty give the name of indifference.—G. A. Steevens.

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(14) Love is a restless and impatient passion, full of caprices and variations; arising in a moment from a feature, from an air,—from nothing, and suddenly extinguishing after the same manner. But Friendship is a calm and sedate affection, conducted by reason and cemented by habit; without jealousies or fears, and without those feverish fits of heat and cold, which cause such an 'agreeable torment' in the amorous passion.—Hume, Essay xix.

Montaigne denies women the power of maintaining friendship:—"La suffisance ordinaire des femmes n'est pas pour répondre à cette conference et communication, nourrice de cette sainte couture; ny leur ame ne semble assez ferme pour soutenir l'estreinte d'un nœud si pressé et si durable. Ce sexe, par nul example, n'y est encore peu arriver, et, par le commun consentement des escholes anciennes, en est rejecute."—Essais. Livre 1.

(15) You may observe, that amongst all the great and worthy persons, whereof the memory retaineth, either ancient or recent, there is not one (except Marcus Antonius and Appius Claudius the Decemvir) that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. —Bacon.

This passion hath its floods in the very times of weakness, which therefore show it to be the child of folly.—Idem.

[It is remarkable, that Bacon himself, who, if he was never in love, was married,—found reason to repent his choice of a female companion: he enjoyed no felicity in the married state. The following is the final clause in the will of that great man:—"Whatsoever I have given, granted, confirmed, or appointed to my wife in the former part of this my will, I do now, for just and great causes,
utterly revoke and make void, and leave her to her right only.—Fr. St. Alban.]

(16) We generally make love in a style, and with sentiments very unfit for ordinary life; they are half theatrical, half romantic. By this means we raise our imagination to what is not to be expected in human life; and because we did not think beforehand of the creature we are enamoured of, as subject to ill-humour, age, sickness, impatience, or sullenness,—but altogether considered her as the object of joy,—human nature itself is often imputed to her, as her particular imperfection or defect.—Spectator.

(17) "On passe souvent de l'amour à l'ambition, mais on ne revient guère de l'ambition à l'amour."—The world was very near losing a Petrarch from the trammels of this passion. "Love, to which he had consecrated the prime of his life, appeared indeed for a long time to enervate his mind, but suddenly abandoning the soft and effeminate style in which he breathed his sighs at Laura's feet, he addressed kings, emperors, and popes with manly firmness. He who languished, sighed, and even wept at the feet of his mistress, no sooner turned his thoughts towards the important transactions at Rome, than he assumed a higher tone, and not only wrote, but acted, with all the strength and spirit of the Augustan age."—Zimmerman, on Solitude.

(18) "All the pretended necessities of man," observes Rousseau, "not even excepting the fond illusions of love, have no foundation in nature, but in the voluntary deprivation of the senses." Ovid has frankly said, "Oitia si tollas, periére Cupidinis arcus;" and to the same effect are many maxims of the old philosophers: 'Vacuo pectore regnat
amor; 'Otiosi animi affectus;' 'Amor Otiosae cura est sollicitudinis; Juventé gignitur, juxta nutritur, fieris alitur, Otioque, inter lata fortuna bona;' &c.

(19) Were it decent to turn a letter into a sermon, I should immediately break out into a passionate declamation against excessive and ungoverned Love,—that obvious trifler, for which the experienced Solomon had such a contempt, that he would not so much as give it a place in his catalogue of specious vanities. Too well I know that it is the nurse, as well as daughter of Idleness, and that it throws the mind into a stupid lethargy, in which it forgets its business, and its God,—for the sake of some fading idol, which it has dressed up in all the chimerical charms which a liberal imagination can bestow and dote upon:—

I have now seriously to look back upon an amour of about twenty-eight months; and I find, that at the expense of a great many anxious days and restless nights, fond transports, passionate expostulations, weak submissions, and a long train of other extravagancies,—which I should be ready to call impertinent, if they were not too injurious to admit of so soft a name,—I have only purchased a more lively conviction that all is vanity.—Dr. Doddridge's Letters.
CHAPTER XIII.

THE VAIN WOMAN.

Ah, why so vain, though blooming in thy spring,
Though shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing!

Young.

§ 1.—Of all the failings peculiar to that beautiful part of the species distinguished by petticoats, Vanity takes most acknowledged rank. How far the blemish is general,—whether belonging to a fraction of the sex, or to a bulky division of it,—we venture not to determine. Chesterfield, who should have known something of women, declares vanity to be their ruling passion,—that it is not an individual, but a sexual failing. "'Tis the fault of women," observes Zimmerman, "if we sicken, even before we grow tired of them; for their vanity must be gratified, however the means differ." Shakspeare seems to have considered no woman inaccessible to flattery:—

"Flatter and praise,—commend, extol their graces,
Tho' ne'er so black, swear they have angels' faces:
VANITY, THE FOIBLE OF WOMEN.

That man who hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman!"

Milton, who studied, if he did not correctly estimate female nature, introduces the great Tempter, in his poem, with a direct appeal to the vanity of our first mother. But, whether or no we are to look at this failing as a compound in the original sin,—whether handed down regularly from mother to daughter, or only inherited at intervals,—certain it is, that many women have such a proportion of it in their composition, as needs both art and pains to subdue and keep under. The blemish is not in all cases detectable,—nor with some, even by intimacy; yet how few are displeased to be commended for qualities which they have not; and, much as they profess to scorn the character of a flatterer, how many can condescend in the meanest manner to flatter themselves!

§ 2.—If it be inquired whether this particular weakness governs women more imperiously than men, the reply is, that it does,—in consequence of a natural inferiority of judgment in the weaker sex, and likewise its greater mental
vivacity. Meantime, there is no denial of the existence of male vanity; there can be little doubt that this alloy, in greater or less ingredients, is part and parcel of the human creature.

But men have ambition, and the more serious occupations of life, to divert them from frivolities and a vain contemplation of self. Besides, male qualities are essentially such as are rather calculated (if they generate any species of moral fungus) to nourish Pride. 'Tis beauty, and such personal qualities as belong more entirely to women, which tend to breed self-admiration and love. "Their weakness," says Montesquieu, "admits not of pride, but of vanity!"

And here, as we are setting out to speak more directly of female failings,—to describe 'Woman, as she is,'—and lest it should be demanded at the threshold of our inquiry, "whether men are not, in many respects, equally blameworthy?"—let us pause to offer a reply. The human creature, of whichever sex, is indeed of a fallible nature, and there are innumerable cases in which, while women are wrong, men are not right. It is not, however, of men that we, in these pages, profess directly
to treat; and besides, there are errors exclusively female. The standard of morality, as between the sexes, is not in all respects the same. If it be not an opposite, it is a different standard. "Virtue in woman," as Swift said, "is very different from what would be thought so in man." The distinctions of good and ill are in her more marked and decided; and it has been often observed, that the soft sex, when degraded, falls lower than the other. "Proper deformity shows not in the fiend so horrible as in woman."* "Give me any wickedness," exclaimeth Scripture itself, "any wickedness, but the wickedness of a woman."(3)

All have their weaknesses, and in either sex we may detect peculiar leanings towards error; for can it be pretended that the petty arts of coquetry belong to Man? The "womanish passion of jealousy," is only his by imitation, while the seeds of it are certainly sown in every softer bosom. On the other hand, ambition, (that infirmity of noble minds), and such errors as connect themselves with the higher passions, are more prevalent among men; the want of

* Shakspeare.
energetic character for the most part precludes these in the female.

Greater moral restrictions have been, and for the wisest reasons, imposed by custom upon the one sex than the other. Society requires from Woman a particular sobriety of character, (formed, as she was from the beginning, to obey another being, and one so imperfect as doubtless man himself is). It has been careful to guard her against danger from without. It has thrown around her the ever-resisting bulwark of Opinion. 'Her greatest strength is shown in standing still:' her sphere in life, (that domestic sphere in which female excellence and exertion are best displayed), offers far less room for action, and consequently admits less of temptation. The whole care incumbent on her is to be useful in her station, and to please man; but his duty is greatly more extensive and more difficult. The creature of circumstances, (which he is often powerless to control), it becomes his necessity to combat with greater and more manifold temptations. In a word, the sphere marked out for him is the tempestuous one of active life!
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It follows, as a necessary deduction, that transgressions in the female sex are more flagrant, and less venial.

§ 3.—To come back from this digression,—let us attempt to portray the vain woman. Though she exists on the breath of others, she lives but for herself; she is a self-venerating creature. Flattery is with her the spice that gives life its savour, the 'sauce piquante,' without which existence is unpalatable. To behold her own charms perpetually mirrored in the admiring eyes of those around, is the summit of an ambition which is seldom alaked. To this end her hours are all spent in manoeuvring and laying traps for attention. Does she draw off her glove?—'tis only to display a hand or arm that have never known what industry is. Has she a foot of the Lilliput-order?—it is to be seen eternally peeping forth from the shortest of petticoats:—

To judge by the convulsions she practises with her eyes, 'twould seem as if she thought some magical effect seated there, instead of a natural charm. Her smiles are never those of
sense, but practice; she laughs at every thing, not because her mirth is moved, or to display any exuberance of good humour, but to show her white teeth. In short, every motion displays her sense of her own charms, and she is encumbered by them in all she says and does. Her tone of voice,—her mien is not her own: and thus does she spoil by affected vanity every gift she has,—acting and manœuvreing without stint or pause, and enforcing notice by every silly effort of pragmatical vanity.

According to the old maxim, 'Study thyself!' a vain woman should be, of all philosophers, the most practical,—for she devotes her time to little else than self-contemplation; but unfortunately her studies concern not the mind, but its clay-tenement. A mere pimple on her face would suffice to rob her of good humour and equanimity. Alas! would that many of the sex paid such medicinal attention to their mental blotches!

The vain woman might be styled her own gallant, for she makes passionate addresses to her own dear attractions. She has one golden idea always in her treasury, and this one is her
own perfection! She does not apprehend the wisdom that teaches, "the worst person to think too much about is one's self;"—On the contrary, she esteems it much better and wiser to be amused about her own dear person, than tired of every thing else.

Vanity especially loves to hear its own voice. As it knows no feelings that border on humility, it readily conceits that every thing it does must be graceful. Thus, our pretty puppet will give tongue, and this ruins all! We almost doubt, as we listen, if Heaven had a hand in making a thing at once so fair and so foolish. Her words,—mere liquid sounds of half articulate nonsense, gush from her pretty coral-spouted mouth with unmeaning eagerness, or deliberate drawl. The trickling effusion has a sort of healing power, for what the eyes may have enthralled, the tongue unbinds. We saw the angel in her face,—we hear the woman in her tongue. "Assuredly," says a popular writer, "nothing makes women so much like angels as always to see, and never to converse with them."

This silly passion, with its wolfish appetite, ever craving and never appeased, deserts not its
THE VAIN WOMAN.

victim even in sickness,—a season when others lay aside disguise. In the chamber of disease, you shall not find vanity divested of her robes!

Surely, of all sights this is the most disgusting,—an old woman in the garb of youth!—to see conceit keeping equal pace with age,—to see the florid Gothic pillar restored and painted,—Helen, in short, made out of Hecuba! "Les vieux fous sont plus fous que les jeunes."* How every-day a sight is it to see "matrons, whose heads already bear the blossoms of the grave, scrupling not to cover them with roses."†

The vain woman, in the wane of her beauty, still courts that applause which she can no longer command. She consults her glass with as much zeal as if the contemplation of her own face could alter its shape and colour,—but never to learn the truth from it. Though she sees other women become grey; yet, with her, a year has not twelve months in it. Nothing would convince her of age, but the parish register. The great enemy of her sex writes legibly enough, but she cannot, or will not, read the unwelcome hand. She closes her eyes

* La Rochefoucauld. † Quin.
to defects of face and figure visible to all else at a moment's glance. A September blossom in the livery of Spring, she only aggravates the encroachments of age by contending with them, and continues to tend a shrivelled skin till she is in her coffin. With nought of her old but herself, she puts not off her trappings till Time perforce puts on her winding sheet! Still

"Affectation with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen."

While she is half the property of the grave, and ought to bethink herself of shrouds and hatchments, she haunts the theatre and ballroom,—clinging but the more closely to the levities of a world she must soon leave for ever!

Alas! neither purchased robes nor borrowed ivory suffice. 'Fifty' is an incurable disease! Above all, how ugly such a soul looks. We turn away in disgust at the paltriness of the motive, and lament the miserableness of the end!

"Peu de gens savent être vieux."* Alas!
"there are more who blush at a silver-coloured hair, than for an act of folly."† Hence it comes,

* La Rochefoucauld. † Zimmerman.
that women, when they reach the evening of life, sometimes draw down on themselves those slights which breed querulousness in them. But the fault is with themselves; age is never despised, but when it renders itself contemptible. If it have unavoidable deformities of its own, how shocking to add to it the deformity of folly! But age is really in itself beautiful, and to violate its character is a grave offence. "What has age, if it has not esteem? It has nothing!"*

§ 4.—From this tyranny of Vanity, with all its numerous train of demands, we are most anxious, in foremost place, to purify the female mind; for—like a flaw in the diamond, or a small star in a fine mirror, this may be a single defect,—yet 'tis a serious one. We discard the harsh saying, that "without vanity they would have little pleasure;"† that this is "their zest of pleasure and their balm of woe:" we are sure that there are joys for the sex above this,—that they may relish and adorn life without being frivolous. But they must themselves

* Young. † La Rochefoucauld.
aim at higher objects of contemplation than what has been termed "the lady's library,"—the looking-glass; they are destined (did they but know it!) to high and really-important purposes.

Vanity, it has been said, if not altogether a venial error, is scarce worth hunting down: it is argued to carry with it its own punishment: but this is dangerous casuistry. There is, doubtless, no praise so little to be envied, as that which people bestow on themselves; but alas! 'tis the inferior mind that cries out that it is great, and that goes about seeking for applause. The soul's health is deeply concerned in the curbing such a defect: Hae nugas in seria mala ducent. Is conceit in the front? Then be sure worse failings march in the rear! "Vanity when full grown, is the worst of vices, and the occasional mimic of them all."*

"Tell a woman she is wondrous fair," says an old adage, "and she will soon turn fool." To unteach is difficult work, and, once dyed in vanity, the mind can scarce take any other colour. It is a tyrant that endures the presence of no other. It is a louder beggar than

* Burke.
EXTINCTION OF VANITY.

any physical want. "Les passions les plus violentes nous laissent quelquefois du relâche, mais la vanité nous agite toujours;" it grows with the growth, strengthens with strength. The peevish humour never sleeps. Can cork be kept down in water? can dram-drinking be taken to with impunity? Even so is it with vanity once dominant in the mind; yet, as it is easier to carry a small fire out of a room than the smoke it produces, just so, "extinguish vanity in the bud, and you easily retrench minor defects and redundancies; the blossoms will fall of themselves, when the root that nourishes them is destroyed."

Vanity in the sex is an acknowledged foible, which the worldling understands and takes advantage of; he looks upon the graces of whim, flutter, and affectation, as the well-known prerogatives of the sex, and he practises on them accordingly. But Man must learn to act a nobler part towards the sex which was made for him, than turning either its fool or flatterer. "Were men not flatterers," says Steele, "women would not fall into that general

* La Rochefoucauld.
cause of all their follies and our misfortunes, —their love of flattery.” ’Tis even in such badinage that fools eminently shine; —let him who has talents seek some worthier direction for them, than in catering to affected vanity: “La flatterie qui sert à l’ambition exige beaucoup plus d’esprit et d’art, que celle qui ne s’adresse qu’aux femmes.”*

If a man be ambitious to recommend himself to the opposite sex by true gallantry, he should cease at once to be indiscriminate, and only praise, in his demeanour, those who do honour to the name of Woman. One civility is worth twenty compliments; and admiration is at all times better shown indirectly by respect, than directly by applause. It was well said by the Emperor Napoleon,—“There are a great many flatterers, but how few can praise in a noble and decent manner!”

Till men think and act differently, it is in vain to expect women to spend that time in fitting and honourable duties, which at present, “wise in their generation,” they find is better spent at their glasses. And let women, on their

* Madame de Staël.
part, have minds more planted above the treachery of selfish parasites;—let them know that there are praises which degrade, as well as reproaches that exalt. Open flattery is nothing less than an indirect insult,—for what is it but seeking favour at the expense of judgment? And what, after all, is the true worth of a compliment? Uttered continually to many, does it not become at last a distinction to none? *Vanity itself forbids women to be vain!*

We can always conquer a folly if we please, though we cannot always please to conquer our follies. The truth is, *self*, after all, is the mightiest of our corruptors; for the flattery of others could never have sufferance or acceptance, did there not lurk, in the bosom of the listener, a flatterer, who sounded a louder note than all: the *arch*-sycophant, with whom all the petty-flatterers have intelligence, is *Self*.

This appetite, to receive a real check, must be famished without remorse: adulation, once expected and paid, is sure to be usuriously exacted. Praise must no longer be fed on as a regular entertainment, and then by degrees vanity will lose its food. The oily small-talk
insinuated into the ears, must be suffered to glide off the soul like other idle music, as little cherished by the receiver, as it is remembered by the giver. "La flatterie est une fausse monnaie, qui n'a de cours que par notre vanité."

And what at last is there in Woman,—in humanity in any shape, to warrant vanity? Alas! human life is, with us all, but a circulation of the meanest actions and necessities. What if, in woman, the bubble of beauty be at its highest reach, yet,—sure of wrinkles and liable to the small pox,—should such a creature be vain? To the more sensible portion of that sex, we say,—be your own heart your mirror; then reflection will be indeed a benefit. If possible, have no eyes for your own virtues,—no ears, no tongue for your own praises:

Your greatest glory 'tis to shine unknown;
Of all applause be fondest of your own.

Young.
NOTES.—CHAPTER XIII.

(1) No flattery is either too high or too low for women. They will greedily swallow the highest, and gratefully accept of the lowest; and you may safely flatter any woman, from her understanding, down to the exquisite taste of her fan. He who flatters them most, pleases them best. No assiduity can be too great; no simulation of passion too gross; as, on the other hand, the least word or action that can possibly be construed into a slight or contempt, is unpardonable, and never forgotten. (But these are secrets which you must keep inviolably, if you would not, like Orpheus, be torn to pieces by the whole sex.)"—Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.

(2) Who can find a virtuous woman? Behold this have I found,—searching one by one to find out the account; one man among a thousand I have found; but one woman among all those have I not found!—Ecclesiasticus.

(3) Our living dowagers of the present day, do not hesitate to borrow their youthful ornaments even from the dead; before the hair has grown really grey,—before time has imparted to it even its autumnal tint, it is artfully replaced by dark flowing locks obtained by every revolting contrivance: and it is a revolting fact but too well known, that many and many a set of teeth which bit the dust of Waterloo, by an untimely resurrection, appeared again
on earth, smiling lasciviously at Almack's ball. So much for what is termed fashion!—Bubbles, from the Brunnens of Nassau.

(4) Chacun se sert de leurs agremens et de leurs passions pour avancer sa fortune, leur foiblesse ne leur permet pas l'orgueil, mais la vanité.—Montesquieu.
CHAPTER XIV.

THE COQUETTE.

Slow to be warm'd, and quick to rove,
    From folly kind, from cunning loth;
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
    Yet feigning all that's best in both:
Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
    More joy it gives to woman's breast,
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
    Than one true manly lover blest.

MOORE.

§ 1.—A creature by nature fond of pleasing, Woman sometimes carries this impulse to excess; and thus is generated what is termed 'Coquetry.'
(1) This foible is cousin-german to vanity,—yet it furnishes us with an almost distinct class of women. 'Tis in them that peculiar species of self-love which constantly urges the pleasing others, in order to gratify themselves.

In attempting to describe the Coquette, we pretend not to set forth all the art and garniture of this successful actress on the stage of life: Coquetry is a science, and has its mysteries!
§ 2.—The coquette appears not so much to value any tribute of applause for itself, as she takes independent pleasure in the employment of her art, and in a consciousness of its power. There is a *veni, vidi, vici* celebrity belonging to love, as well as war;—'tis this she aims at: her object is to dazzle, not to affect, and her ambition might nearly be summed up in "the causing a sensation!" But should some stubborn soul at any time receive her well-aimed battery unhurt, her little dream of power is over.—With considerable cunning, the coquette has the power to unite apparent artlessness;—

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Artless she is, with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected!

**Congreve.**

She has subtlety unbounded: she can be all things to all men, and assume with the utmost ease, as it serves her turn, a temper or sentiments quite foreign to her real character. In a word, she knows, Armida like, (Tasso's famous personification of female coquetry,) *ogn' arte*
feminil, ch' amore allieti,—each female art to allure passion;—

Usa ogn' arte la donna onde sia colto
Nella sua rete alcun novello amante
Ne con tutti, nè sempre un stesso volto
Serba, ma cangia a tempo alto e sembianti.
Hortien pudica il guardo in se raccolto
Hor lo rivolge cupido e vagante
La sferza in quegli, il freno adopra inquesti
Come lor vede in amar lenti, o presti.
Fra si contrarie tempre in ghiaccio, e in foco
In riso e in pianto, e fra paura, e spene
Inforsa ogni suo stato, e di lor gioco
L'ingannatrice Donna à prender viene.(8)

Gierusalemme Liberata.

In the game of men, the Coquette well knows how (if we may adopt a gamester's phrase) to 'play off and on,'—and not a little is it to her advantage that the opponent is easily 'gulled.' Inflamed by successes, she only burns the more to extend her victories. Fresh triumphs form the salt of her existence; and were there 'a hecatomb of suitors,' 'twould scarce content her!

A thing of art, 'seducing all, but loving none,' she is much better pleased with the crowd of lovers, than with the reality of love. She is as constant to novelty, as if she really suspected she might be better received where
she was known less; (3) her affections never find a resting-place, for her object is only to enslave many. Thus like her glass, she continues to receive all images, without preserving any. To make but a single conquest, flattering as it might be, she would hold a scandal to her charms. The admirer of a month's standing, she jilts without mercy, and he may 'go hang,' if he will, in penitential garters,—she has need of him no longer!—and though (if we may stoop to Newgate-phraseology) her 'hangers-off' in this way be not many, she still has 'hangers-on' in ignoble abundance: she flaunts forth her colours afresh,—and behold, swarms of flies, of every shape and colour, come buzzing around:

"One lover to another still succeeds,—
Another,—and another after that,—
And the last fool is welcome as the former;
Till having lov'd his hour out, he gives place
And mingles with the herd that went before him."

Observe, as some new victim presents himself to the sacrifice:—the fine-drawn thread is invisible; you see neither hook nor line, yet the subtle angler is offering her baits; she is
already spreading her net, and preparing the bird-lime of her charms. See how she adjusts that curl, moistens her lips, languishes towards the fated object with her eyes, and throws her whole body into its most agreeable attitude:—and now, at length, she unmasks, and spies out the footsteps of the game. Soon as the simple object of these manoeuvres shows a disposition to nibble, the bait is withdrawn; and when the female angler becomes tolerably assured of having hooked her fish, she begins to play him up and down the stream, losing all sight of the apparent end of her operation in an intense enjoyment of the pleasure of the means!

Poor deluded manhood! To see a man’s liberty nibbled away after this fashion—the creature of honourable passion, yet trifled with by its object! To see a woman weave a fine web to catch a fly withal,—and the poor insect taken without mercy, and hampered up to await the leisure of his refined torturer! 'Tis a thing almost to weep at,—to behold man, made for the contemplation of noble objects,

"Transform'd by love into a whining fool,
A woman's plaything!"
THE COQUETTE DESCRIBED.

There are wines which one objects not to taste, but has no desire to make an ordinary beverage; so it is with the Coquette in the world. It may safely be asserted that this is not the description of woman to win affection from the sober part of the other sex,—to 'steal them from themselves.' The gay and uncertain things run after in a ball-room, are the very last that are to be selected as companions in the journey of life! Men may allow their feelings to be paltered with and frittered away for awhile, but they are not long in making the discovery that they are upon the most sleeveless of occupations; that general courtships, like general invitations, invite all, but entertain none!

Purchase the smiles of a coquette at no price,—they are dear at a farthing; they are but 'shoeing-horns;' (if we may borrow a homely metaphor) 'to draw you on.' Forget your proud fair, best quitted with disdain, and be not over hasty to step into a sunshine like this. Can a man take fire to his bosom and remain unharmed? The cradle of ease is not such a woman's lap. Better be a dummy in the door-
WAY OF A HABERDASHER,—BETTER, IN SHORT, HAVE A PIPPIN FOR A HEART, THAN DISPOSE OF IT WHERE A HOTTENTOT COULD NOT LAY OUT HIS AFFECTIONS WITH COMFORT. YOU WOULD ONLY BECOME ENFEEBLED BY THE TREACHEROUS IVY THAT HAS CLUNGED TO YOU; YOU WOULD BE A LEAF HANGING TO A BRANCH AT THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN!

IT IS PRINCIPALLY FROM THIS CLASS OF WOMEN THAT "OLD MAIDS" ARE FURNISHED: (HERE WE GET UPON QUITE A "VIRGIN SUBJECT," AND MUST NOT BE UNGRACIOUS ENOUGH TO DISMISS IT HASTILY.) THERE ARE A LARGE CLASS OF FEMALES, WHO BY NO MEANS OF THEIR OWN FREE CHOICE ARRAY THEMSELVES IN VIRGIN WHITE; BUT, LIKE CERTAIN DESOLATE COUNTRIES, THEY CONTINUE FREE, BECAUSE NO ONE EVER THOUGHT THEM WORTH THE TROUBLE OF A CONQUEST. SUCH ISOLATED OBJECTS SEEM TO EXIST BY WAY OF MAKING A VARIETY IN THE WORKS OF CREATION. BUT THERE ARE, NONETHELESS, SOME FEW WHO LIVE TO BE 'NICK-NAMED,' AND GROW OLD IN SINGLE BLESSEDNESS, THROUGH THEIR OWN DEFAULT: THEY HAVE OUTSTAIRED THEIR TIME, AND, LIKE UNSKILFUL ARCHERS, BENT THE BOW TILL IT BROKE;—

"FAIR TO NO PURPOSE, ARTFUL TO NO END,
YOUNG WITHOUT LOVERS,—OLD WITHOUT A FRIEND!"
THE COQUETTE DESCRIBED.

In the superannuated coquette, the rage for conquest still burns; the passion for pleasing survives the legitimate end of its being, only becoming more importunate as time steals more and more the natural power of affording pleasure; (4)

"And now she would,—but now she cannot, wed!"

'Patience, and shuffle the cards,' is the motto of the passée coquette in the game of men:—younger sisters of the hook appear; new flights of beauties come and go, and she is obliged to take up with the leavings of other flirts. Though no self-flattery short of infatuation can invest her with good or pleasing qualities, she still lives in the noise and bustle of dissipation, and continues to 'beg an alms' of flattery, with no other earthly claim to attention than is derived from having existed nearly a century in this miserable world,—a very poor and doubtful plea for 'a virgin with a winter face'!—Thus are the last days of a coquette worse than the first. The rebuffs she meets with do not tend to sweeten her temper. Vexed by every petty slight, pained by casual incivility,
A COMMON FAILING?

and mortified by the modifications of a compliment, she becomes "as spiteful as an old saying,"—a mere image of earth and phlegm, needing paint for her heart even more than for her complexion. The more antiquated she grows, the more does she lend herself to ridicule, and exists only to embitter the close of a useless life by the conflict of her own passions,—"alive ridiculous, and dead forgot."

Pride,—disappointed pride, now stops her breath,
And with true scorpion-rage, she stings herself to death.

Soame Jenyns.

§ 3.—"Women," says La Rocheffoucauld, "do not themselves know half their coquetry; they can less subdue that than their passions." The same writer observes elsewhere,—but let us use his own words: "La coquetterie est le fond et l'humeur des femmes; mais toutes ne la mettent pas en pratique, parce que la coquetterie de quelques-unes est retenue par la crainte ou par la raison." Rousseau, the painter of the admirable but ideal 'Sophia,' considers Woman as by nature a coquette,—"her coquetry only changing its form and its object according to
her different views." - And to similar effect is a saying of Tasso's:—"*Where is there so simple a girl, who, being out of her swaddling clothes, understands not the art to appear handsome and to please?"

Toute femme est coquette, ou par raffinement,
Ou par ambition, ou par tempérament.

DESTOUCHES.

It is not, in sad truth, to be denied that the best, the most amiable women, love a little chicanery. Naturally enough might we expect the young and thoughtless to tyrannize over affections they know not how to value; but what shall be said, when the more sober portion of the sex are detected worrying their prey? There is too much disposition on all hands to play off one man against another, and women cannot forego the amusement of a little torture, even at the expense of their truest attachments. Few lovers are there so fortunate as not to perceive this active feature of the female character, before they are in a very advanced siege of courtship. To the impassioned, such capricious coquetry becomes an engine of consider-

* Treatise on Education.
able annoyance. No one propensity is there in the female so baffling, for there is none against which a man is so completely helpless and unarmed.\(^6\)

Swift considered Coquetry as among the chiefest sources of human misery. "The reason why so few marriages are happy," observes that writer, "is because young ladies spend their time in making nets,—not in making cages." Another elegant writer has likewise said; "The finished coquette belongs to a set among women, of all others the most mischievous, by making disorders in society."

Can it be, that in proceeding after this manner, the motive of adding to their strength, is the aim of women in their commerce with the other sex? There are men, indeed, whom obstacles encourage, and the favour refused is the favour they covet,—what they have, bearing no comparison in value with what they might have. But this profound trifling, with its artificial checks, only disgusts and distresses the sober and sensible. Few indeed desire love ready made; but who, with a heart in his body, admires the doublings of a capricious passion?
Truth and nature preside over those influences most powerful and most pleasing. Though love and coquetry may appear to hunt in couples, they commonly become, in the end, antagonist passions.

There is no reason, why a heart frankly and easily won, should therefore be easily deserted; or why the difficulty of engaging a woman's affections should enhance their value. Is not the guest who frankly accepts our hospitality, full as deserving our care as he who from affected shyness requires solicitation?

§ 4.—The true source of female Coquetry may be found in the pusillanimous behaviour of the other sex. He well deserves to be fooled who will submit to it; and Steele aimed a blow in the true direction when he said, "Female frailties are to be imputed to the false ornaments men put on folly and coquetry."

This blemish of women stands among the foremost to be cured or curbed. It is a fault of the first magnitude,—'pray you, avoid it altogether.' Vanity doubtless loves to be making fresh conquests, and applause from strange
minds is a charm nearly irresistible; but women must learn to achieve conquests over themselves before they think of subduing others. No enemy is so insidious as self; and a woman is often tampering with her own peace of mind, while she fancies she is only trifling with that of others.

As the danger of men lies in the imbibing a savage philosophy, so that of women lurks in a thoughtless gallantry and the habitual employment of petty and frivolous arts. Simplicity,—strange though it may sound,—is the soil most productive of Variety; and, to be 'natural,' (unnatural as the advice may seem,) is the true policy of the softer sex. Better to be unpretending, than have a false lustre; better to be plain and simple, than ugly all over with affectation and coquettishness. Sterne hoped wisely for his daughter: 'I wish she may ever remain a child of nature; I hate children of art!'

"Rien n'empêche tant d'être naturel que l'envie de le paraître."—'Nous gagnerions plus de nous laisser voir tels que nous sommes, que d'essayer de paraître ce que nous ne sommes
pas.”* She who aims at doing least damage
in the war of hearts, often does the most;—

“Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she, who means no mischief, does it all!”

Affect not then, gentlest reader, simplicity
itself; adorn that virtue, but never counterfeit
it. It is indeed your proper empire to please,
but at the same time bear well in mind the
poet’s warning:—

- - - “in pleasing your chief glory lies,
And yet from pleasing your chief danger lies;
Then please the best, and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence!”

* La Rochefoucauld.
NOTES.—CHAPTER XIV.

(1) There are other, but not so commonly received, acceptations of the term 'Coquetry.' Johnson defines it (and Addison somewhere expresses himself in the same manner,) as 'an affectation of amorous advances.'

(2) Each varied art to win the soul she tries,
To this, to that, a different mien applies;
Now scarcely dares her modest eyes advance,
And now she rolls them with a wanton glance;
She these repels, and those incites to love,
As various passions various bosoms move.
While thus she gives alternate frost and fires,
And joy, and grief, and hope, and fear inspires,
With cruel pleasure she their state surveys,
Exulting in those ills her power could raise.

*Hooke's Translation of Tasso.*

(3) Ce qui nous fait aimer les nouvelles Connaissances n'est pas tant la lassitude que nous avons des vieilles, ou le plaisir de changer, que le dégoût de n'être pas assez admirés de ceux qui nous connaissent trop, et l'espérance de l'être davantage de ceux qui ne nous connaissent pas tant.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

(4) "You proceed with no imaginable purpose," (writes Dr. Doddridge to a female correspondent,) "with no imaginable purpose but to amaze and subdue us; at least you never endeavour to use your conquests to any other
NOTES.

advantage than as a sacrifice to your vanity; which is just as wise, as if one should give a man a stab, only that he might admire the exquisite keenness of the dagger."

(5) Le plus dangereux ridicule des vieilles personnes qui ont été aimables, c'est d'oublier qu'elles ne le sont plus.—
La Rochefoucauld.

(6) To delude a young man by encouraging his attentions for the pleasure of exhibiting him as a conquest,—for the purpose of exciting the assiduities of another person,—or from any motive except the impulse of mutual regard, is a proceeding too plainly repugnant to justice, to delicacy and sentiment, to require much observation.—
Gisborne's Duties of Women.

(7) Thus writes Sterne in one of his letters to his daughter:—"Make no friendships with the French women; sometimes women of the best principles are the most insinuating. I am so jealous of you, that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your disposition."—Elegant Epistles.
CHAPTER XV.

SELFISHNESS IN WOMAN.

Most women, and many good ones, have a closeness and something selfish in their dispositions. Burke.

§ 1.—If, in the wide catalogue of human faults, there be one more than another which we would cover with our hand as the most un sightly blot on human nature, it is the vice of Selfishness. There are faults that may be wept over, but this is not one of them;—and crimes, springing directly from the passions, seem almost venial, compared with that habitual, undisguised self-worship which is the offspring of a mean soul. 'Tis a blemish that stands out grossly to the eye, more

"Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inherits our frail blood!"

And if the charge of Selfishness is to be at all laid against Woman, assuredly it is not the least light that could be brought against the sex. The heart has ever been supposed their
peculiar sphere, and she who is to be regarded apart from the generous affections, is low indeed in the scale of excellence:—still there are selfish women! To adopt the language of a cotemporary,—"while the sensual appetites are alone pandered to, what is useful neglected, and what is noble never dreamed of, can it be wondered at, that selfishness becomes a distinguishing characteristic of the sex?"

§ 2.—But, in making the avowal that Selfishness is more an attribute of woman than is commonly supposed, let us in justice add, that the propensity is in some measure the creature of circumstance. The dependant condition of women in life,—their very helplessness,—demands from them that watchfulness and zeal for their own wellbeing, which is indeed to be observed equally distributed throughout creation,¹—man alone standing above all, pre-eminent and sufficient to himself! "The organ of Cautiousness (say the phrenologists) is more active in women,—coming to them instead of the strength and vigour of the male."*

* Spurzheim.
COMPATIBLE QUALITIES.

Apart from mere poetry and romance, it is clear that the region of feeling in the female breast must be somewhat limited. How should it be otherwise? Dependant upon a few individuals for her happiness, and circumscribed, more or less, within the rampart of domesticity, the force of emotion can hardly fail to be narrowed. Her sympathies are not divisible; precluded by circumstance from embracing any wide circle of communion with her fellow-creatures, she lives in no 'dreams of lofty imagination,' and her mind is powerless to realize the value of any extended liberalism.

Who so likely as a woman to be drawn aside by the under-currents of hope and fear? Who so swayed about by an apprehension of what to-morrow may bring forth?

§ 3.—It may be marvelled at by some, how we can reconcile, with inherent selfishness, certain qualities and feelings which are observable among women. Let us investigate this: there are qualities, which, though not exactly modifications of self-love, may be found not incompatible with it.
And first, as to female affection for offspring. This feeling, beautiful and admirable though it be, is, from the birth, the effect of a blind instinct, (which, whenever it lives, is afterwards cherished by habit and involuntary associations.) The most virtuous and the vilest women hold it in common; for an abandonment or neglect of offspring is rare among the most profligate. Brutes feel the maternal impulse; the she-bear is not without it, nor the untamed tigress; "Commune animalium omnium est cura quaedam eorum quae procreata sunt."* "The instinct of all animals for the preservation of their offspring is stronger than even the desire of satisfying their own wants."† With regard to the human race in particular, neither the most loathsome contagion of vice, nor the absolute destruction of principle, have been always potent enough to cancel an affection stamped indelibly by the hand of Nature herself.

And how many mothers, despite the fullest measure of a parent’s solicitude, are self-wrapped at last. Their children they love, as they are theirs; beyond their own hearth,
the fondest parents are often mere worldlings. Little inherent excellence is there in that love which begins at home and ends there. St. Paul has indeed well said, that "they who provide not for their own house, are worse than infidels;" but we may add, that those who provide only for their own house, are, at least, equal with infidels. Let charity begin at home, but let it go abroad too.

Pity is another feminine quality; and can that (it may be asked) be a selfish nature, which is so sensibly touched by the misfortunes of another? To this, it might be replied, that very often self-love is the true cause of grief and of sympathy with others: (2) a sense of the weakness of human nature, or perhaps a consciousness of individual frailty, forces melancholy forebodings on the mind. "It is quite incredible," says Milton, "how cold, how dull, how far from all fellow-feeling many are, without the spur of self-concernment."—But, without falling back on the cold philosophy which teaches truth in this manner, we may at least say with the Latin motto, "Jactantias maerent quae minus dolent." 'They often make the most ado, who are in
realilty the least concerned.' We cannot look into the heart, but we do often see those, who bewail the most, forgetting the quickest. Lady-like sensibility may admirably ape the mode in which sorrow shows itself; but beautifully writes Swift: "Inward anguish of the mind may be too big to be expressed by so little a thing as a tear; then it turns its edge inward upon the mind."

Observe the Widow; here is the case of a female who has just broken the nearest, if not dearest, of all connexions:—is it not notable that there are very few who do not mend rapidly upon it? The case is almost proverbial. Poor soul! she is indeed inconsolable, until the decent time for sickness and immoderate grief has expired; but she soon learns to bear the accident perfectly like a Christian, and comes forth again, only altered by that complexion of sadness in which she dresses her person and countenance. "There never was such a thing under the sun," says a voluminous writer "as an inconsolable widow."* Health and contentment are indeed qualities that cannot

* Sir R. L'Estrange.
lie, and the loss of a husband is, it seems, a mis-
fortune that the lapse of a few moons can cure,
as effectually as lesser evils. (3)

It is a curious subject for speculation, what
on earth some of our modern ladies would do,
if burying themselves in Hindoo fashion,—if
tearing the hair, after the manner of the
Egyptians,—or, if even shaving the eyebrows,
came to be esteemed as symbols of grief. Think
you, our countrywomen would ever bring them-
selves to give African tokens of love? Hear, as
a reply to this, what one of our standard writ-
ers has said: "The sight of a grey hair has
often caused a severer pang than the death of a
child or husband!"

If we regard closely the ever-shifting scenery
of female nature, we might chance to find that
Selfishness is sometimes a composition in Love
itself; and that even affection is not always free
from the rubbish of interest. Love is a tyrant;
but that no less imperious passion,—self-love,
may govern just as absolutely. "A woman,"
says the caustic La Rochefoucauld, "loves no-
thing but through self-love." There is severity in

* Dr. Knox.
this remark, and it has the fault of generalness; but they are by no means a large number, who have that beautiful prodigality of heart,—to love so well, as not to love themselves best:—

So much self-love in their composure's mix'd,  
Their love to others still remains unfixed.

DRYDEN.

And how many, when avowedly in love, appear more occupied with the passion, than with its object: they indeed wish that object happy, for were he visibly otherwise, it would recoil on themselves. A woman, too, is often persuaded by an appeal to her interests:—the great high-priest of the art,* repeatedly recommends present-making and love-gifts; and there are a thousand other ways to force the growth of love in the female bosom, though it were an alp of ice. There are various external considerations, why a woman accepts a lover, each of which has greatly more weight in her determination than his individual merit: and perhaps, if a woman would confess the truth, the highest proof of merit in a lover, is devoted admiration of her. "They are most in love with him," says Chesterfield, "who

* Ovid.
they think is most in love with them." Thus is liking at last but the reflection of flattery. The lady desires her lover's presence, because he is always talking about her. Egotism (and, according to Hazlitt, "women are pure egotists") cherishes the inclination to listen, and not finding the same stimulus elsewhere, she becomes dependant on him alone for the continuance of the gratification.

In the female mind, love is also sometimes the hope to reign, or a mere wish to charm. The very pleasure derived from the being loved, may resolve itself into the triumph over another.

Even conjugal love may have in it the varied shade of a selfish disposition. How many married women are there in the world, who, while they act up to the strictest line of duty, only suffer their affection to look out through their prudence. The interest of Woman is closely linked with that of Man; and this reflection, and that her whole fate in life is dependant on his, often carries its own forcible argument to the female breast. The swallow coddles under the eaves of thy house, and clings to thee in thy summer-day; but will it abide the
approach of the storm? "If thou have a fair wife and a poor one,—if thine own estate be not great, assure thyself that love abideth not with want."* Those who dip with us in the dish, are not always our best lovers.(3)

How many a tame fool do we see around us in the world, who takes a serpent to his bosom, who feeds a lioness at home, and, like Laocoon in Virgil, dreams not of the danger that lurks beneath his own altar. He listens on to his Circe, never suspecting the grimace of counterfeited devotion to himself;—and she, well knowing 'viri molles aditus,' the way to market her smiles, swears she loves him better than her own soul, whose life she would not ransom for her little dog's!

Many of the more ordinary feelings and peculiarities of the sex, are to be traced to other than generous impulses. Would you know why the quality of courage and daring in men so greatly recommends them to women? This admiration springs, not so much from any abstract appreciation of what is noble, as from the reflection that this particular male quality is the assur-

* Sir W. Raleigh.
ANCE. 145

ance of protection to themselves:—they are swayed by an instinct springing from their natural timidity, "which," as some writer bluntly declares, "is so great, that a woman is perhaps the most cowardly of all the creatures that God ever made."

§ 4.—But perhaps the most disgusting form in which a desire of aggrandizing self can be clothed, is the lust of money. "Avarice is ambition's bastard sister, however ambition be ashamed of the relationship."* He must have a remarkable incapacity for observation, who has failed to detect this propensity among women. In these days, money has more female adorers than talent, or any other honoured possession; and "a woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been at court, or in an assembly."†

For pomp and power alone are Woman's care,
And where these are, light Eros finds a seere;
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

Childe Harold.

Look at the marriage-prostitution around us,

* Sir Walter Scott.
† Gay.

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— the most sordid motives urging to the most solemn of engagements: —

— "quod non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames?"

Observe the many girl-wives of the 'Cæsuses' of the age. 'For a consideration,' many would be content to wed a walking infirmary, and live at the will and beck of a loathsome superior: "Dummodo sit dives, barbarus ille placet."

Thus, however invulnerable some women may be on the point of honour, there is still a charm in reserve, which commonly proves a sure lullaby for the consciences of grown children. They may still, Achilles-like, be wounded in one part,—and a very tender one—their interest; with Alcmena, they will yield to a golden Jove.

Though, doubtless, there are men too, who clothe themselves in the apparel of Dives, yet Ambition is rather the god of male devotion. Alas! 'tis the seeming daughters of Paradise, who are the most zealous disciples of Mammon. 'Tis they who prostrate themselves before the shrine of the money-god,

— "the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven."
"We find graces in woman," observes La Rochefoucauld, "but benevolence in man." Women take most pains to give us pleasure, but Man aims more extensively at doing us substantial service. "The fair sex," says a great political writer, "who have commonly more tenderness than ours, have seldom so much generosity. Humanity is the virtue of a woman, —generosity of a man."

Lavish in words, women are commonly but niggards in deed. "Some have been known to do a wise thing, many a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing!" That they rarely make donations, is a maxim of the civil law: "Raro mulieres dare solent:" — even pecuniary bounty, the commonest sacrifice we can make, is among them casual, and adventitious in its operation. But it is generosity of heart, in which true liberality consists; for as to giving, the most profligate, who have their hands full already, are often generous without reflection; where there is no enlargement of the heart, generosity is but the virtue of a recluse!

* Adam Smith.
§ 5.—Yet men have in some degree to thank themselves for much of that narrow and selfish policy which is observed to actuate women. These are made the mere slaves of sense and show; there is inbred in them a lust of homage and precedence. Is it then any wonder, that they connect themselves with those around them only by the isthmus of self-interest, and that they suffer insulated interests alone to pilot them?

Who such diligent worshippers of rank and externals as women of our day? who such aristocrats in spirit?—(and what is an aristocratic bias but refined selfishness?)—whose memory so execrable for poorer relations or fallen friends? Become unfortunate,—and whatever be your personal merit, you are nearly sure to lose consequence in the eyes of your fairer acquaintances. "'Tis much in a female friend," says Zimmerman, "if, after a considerable decrease of fortune on your part, she still continues your acquaintance."—"If thou be for her profit, she will use thee; if thou have nothing, she will forsake thee!"

If in their hearts they honour virtue, how
seldom have the ordinary run of women courage enough to defend it when attacked. They sometimes display even a disposition to ridicule the generous emotions; they acknowledge no lofty sympathies, and judge of merit in individuals by their success in "getting on" in life. "Our women," says the author of 'England and the English,' "seldom exalt the ambition of public life. They think self-interest the sole principle of public conduct. Why is this? Because all women are proud; station extols their pride." "A man professing very exalted motives is a ridiculous animal; and Byron fell from the admiration of fine ladies, when he set out for Greece."

It must be confessed, that the conduct of ordinary women does offer some scope for unsparing reflections. Nothing is to be got from them without proportionate sacrifice; and though, like Fortune, the personification of caprice in her own affairs, Woman is unlike the deity in one respect,—she rather bargains for, than throws away her favours!

It need scarcely be added, that this fault of female-selfishness is peculiarly offensive to the
male division of the species; there is, indeed, no one blemish so deeply to be regretted in the companions of our softer hours. 'Tis like a ragged button on a court-dress, (a metaphor the ladies may appreciate). By excellencies of the heart should we teach ourselves to discriminate between women. Openness of disposition, and an entire absence of whatever approaches to meanness,—this, with unblemished modesty, is nearly all that is asked of them, and it forms their surest title to esteem and love. May not thus much be at least and with reason expected?

Our countrywomen are, it is true, more "refined," more pretenders than ever to purity of principle; but alas! the heart is mildewed. The husk may be fair, but the kernel is wanting; there are many of Byron's "Lady Adelines" in the world, with their one defect,—'a vacant heart, though a splendid mansion.'

With every pleasing, every useful part,
Say what can Chloe want? She wants a heart;
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never reached one generous thought.

Pope.
NOTES.—CHAPTER XV.

(1) Principio generi animantium omni est a naturâ tributum, ut se, vitam, corpusque tueatur,—declinetque ea, quæ nocturâ videantur,—omniaque quæ sint ad vivendum necessaria, anquirat et paret.—Ciceró.

(2) "La pitié est souvent un sentiment des nos propres maux dans les maux d'autrui. C'est une habile prévoyance des malheurs où nous pouvons tomber."

(3) In the well-known picture, "The Reading of the Will," (by Wilkie,) how inimitably has that great painter of life portrayed the widow. She appears to have been "refusing to be comforted;" but soon as she hears her own name, and the valuable ' particulars' coupled therewith, proclaimed by the notary,—behold the flood-gates of grief are stopped, and our fair mourner sits the very type of happiness.

(4) Ce qui fait que les maîtresses et les amans ne s'ennuient point d'être ensemble, c'est qu'ils parlent toujours d'eux-mêmes. Il n'y a point de passion où l'amour de soi-même règne si puissamment que dans l'amour; et l'on est souvent plus disposé à sacrifier le repos de ce qu'on aime qu'à perdre le sien.—La Rochefoucauld.

(5) Innumerable have been instances of female deceit in love. From the Judiths and Dalilas of Scripture downwards, "what story," asks the poet, Lee, "is not full of Woman's falsehood?" We may mention here an anecdote,
perhaps not commonly known:—Washington, who was once enamoured of one of the fair daughters of Eve, ventured to repose extreme confidence in the object of his attachment, which was, however, abused on the first opportunity. His papers were stolen from him, and their contents reported to Howe, the general on the opposite side,—a misfortune which compelled Washington to abandon the important place he then occupied.

(6) A female may be elegant in her person and manners; she may be educated and accomplished, graceful and fascinating; she may be surrounded by all that luxury which modern arts have devised; and yet she will want real delicacy of character and unaffected refinement of mind, if she can enjoy these things with one sacrifice to justice, or any undue or unfair infringement of the comfort of any other human being.—Mrs. Jamieson.
CHAPTER XVI.

FAULTS AND FOLLIES.

Every each of them hath some vices;—
If one be full of wantonness,
Another is a chideress:—&c.

Spenser.

§ 1.—We proceed to open the more general table-book of female failings. There are a crowd of unbecomingly petty blemishes which sit on the female character, and which, trifling as they may seem, sully its general excellence; for Woman, though a creature mild by nature, created with few native impulses, (or such only as recommend and sweeten domestic privacy),—not, indeed, an object to be feared,—not even a creature to be wondered at, but a being to be loved;—although woman be thus in her simplicity, yet as the bodily frame, if suffered to run to waste, may breed within itself diseases that lurked not at the birth within the healthy current of its veins,—even so may the pure mind of woman generate within itself disfigure-
ments of a moral kind. Yes! she has acquired many blemishes that are peculiarly her own, and which man himself knows not: there are many respects in which, besides the loss of innocence, Woman has fallen, even since the Fall.

First,—let us speak of the catholic failing of Deceit. There are not many women without some spice of the artful in their composition. This so-general recourse to dissimulation arises, perhaps, from the discovery that they can obtain nothing by force;—thus cunning becomes in time a distinct feature of character.

We pretend not for a moment that the heart of woman is to us an open volume; "Un homme jamais ne connaît une femme."* Where is the cunning diviner, that can penetrate through the folds and workings of a female breast? Beautiful as it sometimes is, 'tis never of crystal to see through.

For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At women by appearances;
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexities;
And daub their tempers o'er with washes,
As artificial as their faces!

* Hoffman.
DECEIT.

Their ways are unknown, like the paths of the ocean; there is ever in them less of reality than of seeming; wilily do they proceed to their purposes, by long circuits and indirect ways,—looking anxiously in one direction, while their hearts are another. How conveniently can they offend,—how conveniently can they forgive!—"No animal temporizes like a woman."(1)

She who has arrived at perfection in deceit, can appear simple as the dove, with all the serpent's cunning: her heart is a double one,—a stranger to, and holding no alliance with the tongue; her looks are nets, her words charms; and with the siren's song, she has all the craft of the Circe. Does temptation dwell on the lip? So, alas, may falsehood too!—There are artful smiles; there are still more artful tears:

"O! Father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!"

And, as another and later poet more beautifully writes;

Oh! too convincing, dangerously dear
In woman's eye, the unanswerable tear.
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue,—at once her spear and shield.
DECEIT.

Avoid it! Virtue ebbs, and Wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiv'n;
By this, how many lose—not earth, but heav'n!
Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
And seal their own, to spare some wanton's woe!

BYRON.

The very feelings and affections may be subtilized; crafty in her revenge, the deceitful woman can be politic even in her love. When she finds the ardour of her lover increase, she cools her own with the assurance of his; and all her protestations were but to tempt him to give in the same security. She emulates shadows; when you follow, she avoids; when you fly, then she pursues! This is admirably described in Tasso:—

E s'alcut mai con suon tremante, e fioco,
Osa parlando d'accennar sue pene
Finge, quasi in amor roza, e inesperta
Non veder l'alma ne' suoi detti aperta
Ma se prima ne gli atti ella s'accorge
D'huom che tenti scoprir l'accesso voglie
Hor gli s'invola, e fugge, et hor gli porge
Modo, onde parli, e in un tempo il ritoglie
Cost il di tutto in vano error lo scorge
Stranco, e deluso poi di spene il toglie.(6)

Gierusaleime Liberata.
CAPRICE.

The ordinary conversation of women betrays a degree of duplicity; 'tis their delight to bewilder, and to wrap up their meaning and their motive in mist:

Thus saying nothing,—all she meant to say;
She played the part the sex delights to play!

CRABBE.

Their tact and skill of tongue, in extricating themselves from dilemma, is absolutely wonderful:—a very young girl shall show ability in this way. She looks down, to be sure, on her apron strings, as if they had a gift of inspiration; but in reality she wants neither for words nor confidence:

L'adresse d'une femme est incompréhensible!

DESTOUCHES.

§ 2.—Nor is the Caprice of female nature, in some individuals, much less active than its duplicity. So much is woman the puppet and gossamer of her own whims, that, when free to act or not to act, she does not at last that which she would: She knows not her own mind in her own pleasures; and scorning what should best
Can you fix quicksilver, or make the eddying sea stand still? Then expect not aught but volatility among the generality of women! Their white eyes, unstable as water, and varying like April weather, are as endless as they are mutable. Their wishes, like the passing wave, are of a moment,—their joys of an hour, and volatile as a spirit's dream. What they for the moment want, is discovered to be 'the sovereign'st thing on earth;' what they find they do not like, is worse than nothing!—all 'their constancies expire before their fashions.' Their nature is, in a word, a mere huddle of uncertainty! Doting on toys, they throw gems away,—careless in things of moment,—enthusiastic only in trifles!
CAPRICE.

All sublunary things have been supposed subject to mutation,—but the caprice of woman surpasses all. With reason are such personifications as have direct reference to mutability regarded as female: the moon is of the second gender, (and in truth, some women might have dropped from that quarter!) The wind has frequently furnished an illustration of fickleness; but woman has better title to the poetic claim. The wind has been found to blow for days,—ay, and for weeks together, from the same point of the compass! All writers, poets or others, from Virgil downward, proclaim the same truth; all declare woman "a creature moveable by nature,—more than the slender twig, or pliant ear of corn before the wind."*

"Varium et mutabile semper fœmina!"

Would women confine capriciousness of disposition to themselves, the matter would not be so much. To sacrifice ourselves is a weakness we may all, if we think proper, indulge in for then it is at our own expense. But men become sufferers when "those unsettled things,"

* Tasso.
(as Anacreon styles capricious women,) refuse to be pleased:

"Seldom contented, often in the wrong;
Hard to be pleas'd at all, and never long!"

Their very smiles are capricious. "We pretend no privilege," says Scott himself in one of his novels, "for reducing to consistence that most inconsistent of all created things,—the heart of a beautiful and admired female."* And with how large a number do their affections thus ebb and flow like the tide!—"Won by an apple,—lost by its paring:" now they will make a man an offender for a word; by-and-by they fall into the extremity of dotage. Do you imagine your mistress pleased? Then 'tis infinite to one, the pretty capricieuse is on the eve of ill humour! (3)

Seems it not as if our fair countrywomen, so "uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"† partook somewhat of the variableness of our common climate? Even while the sun and sky are unclouded,—a storm is at hand! Thus, however, it fortunately happens for men, that though their danger may be great in what makes

* Pirate.
† Scott.
women powerful, there is still a valve of safety left in what renders them unpleasing. "La Caprice est dans les femmes tout proche de la beauté, pour être son contre-poison, et afin qu'elle nuise moins aux hommes, qui non quériroient pas sans remède."*

Few women are there not more or less subject to the vacillation of temper we have been describing. If acquainted with her own wishes, how rarely is the human creature, wearing a petticoat, to be found, who can display such a regulation of them as circumstances require:—

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still!  

Pope.

It is the bounden duty of man to check and regulate this unevenness of disposition; it is an office of kindness as well as of need:—"Les caprices ne sont pas des besoins."† As for those, calling themselves men, who suffer their steps to be guided or thwarted by a woman's will,—thus substituting the unsteadiness of a weathercock for their own firmness,—such contemptible puppets are beyond the reach of a sober sentiment!

• La Bruyère.  † Delaville.
§ 3.—"The anger and hatred of women, have ever been allowed the strongest and most lasting."*  

* Hunc sexum rabie jecur incidenda seruntur  
Præcipites.  

JUVENAL.

Impatient of advice or control, the passionate woman is unable to bear or to forbear. Like the crooked shapeless material of which, as we read, the first of the sex was formed, there is no bending her. Contradict her meanest wish, and straight she grows tetchy and petulant, fretting with as much zeal as if she suspected that were a relief to the mind.

If the love of woman be warm and vehement, so is her hate boundless. Both these, during their life, border on fury; but, if the former lasts but for a season, it is not always so with the unamiably quality. Her revenge is only quick, when it is sure to be crushing; it can bide its time, and is as stealthy as it is inverteate. "Audax ad omnia fæmina, quæ vel amat vel odit."

Is it soberly imagined that ebullitions of temper display any proper and becoming spirit,—

* Lord Shaftesbury.
or that resentment shows women any better than they are? On the contrary, they suffer themselves to be seen through a microscope. Anger, in its mildest shapes, is but the inside of a weak mind turned out,—proof positive of a poor and impotent nature:—

- - - - - - quippe minuti
Semper et infirmi est animi exiquique voluptas,
Ultio. Continuo sic collige, quod Vindictà
Nemo magis gaudet quam femina.

Juvenal.

'*Tis women of this class, who make men lead chaste lives. They have little else of their own sex than its habiliments:—

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it!

Shakspeare.

§ 4.—A peculiarity of the female mind, is its engrossing ardour for novelty. This is not indeed so much wrong, as it is unwise. 'Tis an infirmity to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with whatever sparkles. "All wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance."* Great minds, and of the best parts, are not addicted

* Dr. Johnson.
ARDock for novelty.

to wonderment: they have little admiration, because few things appear to deserve it, or are new to them. And though one of the greatest men terms wonder "the seed of knowledge,"—yet he also adds; "Vain admiration of any thing is the root of all weakness."

Shakspeare, in describing to us a Moorish hero, full of prodigy, and a narrator of strange adventures, thought it natural to assign the attentive part to a woman. (The name of his heroine denotes of itself a superstitious person.)

- - - - "These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline."

§ 5.—The softer sex is remarkably characterised by inconsistency of purpose, and an absence of all moral courage. As in a fine instrument, the more minute and delicate be its mechanism, the more it is subject to inconstancy and change,—so is it with the organs peculiar to woman. Scarcely more self-direction seems her property, than is belonging to the hands of the watch at her girdle!

The yielding bosoms of the fair, easily elevated, are as easily depressed. They sink

* Bacon.
into the most incurable melancholy, and rise to the most enraptured heights. At one moment they seem the very soul of tranquillity and tenderness; but another ushers in 'confusion worse confounded;'—now spirited; and anon, with a thought, dejected or humbled.

The virtuous, it has been observed, are often thus undecided and timorous in their nature. True,—but the timid are not therefore virtuous! Many women have (to adopt a Shakesperian phrase) "waxen minds,"

- - - "as soft as their complexions are,
And credulous to false prints."

But, fortunately, if you melt, you may mould these to what form you will. As their physical weakness calls for aid, even so does their weakness of resolve, and the lamentable vacillation of mind which marks their conduct, constantly demand the check of close and unwearied surveillance.

§ 6.—That bad fever of the soul, Envy, or a spirit of rivalry, is more often an inmate in the female breast than would be imagined. It conceals itself under other passions. Pride,
in the first place, will not allow it vent; while, to conceal envy of a rival, jealousy of men is, with the sex, an old and ordinary pretence.

While the unmarried envy the condition of those who have entered on that state; the married envy those who are younger and more blooming! This particular advantage of youth over age, appears to be one of the most serious affronts in the lists of female contention. It is one, against which even parental affection has not been always proof; for it sometimes happens that the daughter blooms before the mother can be content to fade! Well might the sacred penman exclaim,—"But a grief of heart and sorrow is a woman that is jealous over another woman!" —"No malice to a woman's,—no bitterness like to hers!"

How often do women meet as instinctive foes! *Comparison* is the mirror of beauty, as well as of deformity; and therefore they early learn to take absolute and independent pleasure in pelting each other's charms as well as characters. "It is always to be understood," says Steele, "that a lady takes all you detract from the rest of her sex, to be a gift to her."
ENVY.

La Bruyère observes, "Les hommes sont le cause que les femmes ne s'aiment point." There is some truth in this. The conduct of the other sex has considerable tendency to animate women to this servile war; and a war, alas! that is without end,—for with whatever virulence either vanity or ambition can inspire the female breast, with all this is there to contend!

Yet female hostility is much too inveterate, too universal, to be accounted for entirely from any male influence. "We find assemblies of women," says Zimmerman, "too frequently marked by malice to each other and slander of the absent."

Scandal's the sweetner of the female feast.

Young.

Let but a coterie of such women get together, and they proceed forthwith to detail and retail every petty scandal they can come at. Much would they prefer, doubtless, to talk about their own dear selves; but as they are not likely to be unanimous on that point, conversation is levelled at the absent. They can agree, like Herod and Agrippa, in minting mischief; and "what woman talks of another woman in order to
praise? Will it be said, that on such occasions, 'tis only the few who take active part in conversation: that the rest look on in apathy, or listen in disgust? Alas! the majority are pleased! The maxim of the political economists is nearly universal: "Where there is no demand for a commodity, there will be no supply."

There are women still more venomous,—overflowing with 'envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness;' there are some that deal in secret slander, as well as the open and unblushing scandal. There are insects that slander with a smile, who have all the bitterness and malignity of rage, without its openness. These practise an undervaluing silence. *Surmise* (that gossamer which malice loves to blow on reputation) is the most efficient weapon that hate can use.\(^4\) Refined rancour,

"Just hints a fault, and hesitates dislike."

A clipping of character, to satisfy the mere lechery of a tale, is sufficiently bad and reprehensible; but to rake up old grievances for malicious as well as temporary gratification,—to disinter the remains of defunct offences, and
to be probing old wounds that might remain closed,—this is an office altogether as unpardonable, as it is unseemly. "Many a wretch has rid on a hurdle, who has done much less mischief than utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation."*

If women, remarkable for such habits, would but examine themselves with as much zeal as they act the inquisitor over others, they never could have the idle vanity to fancy themselves perfect creatures; nor could they summon boldness enough to cast the first stone at an offending sister! Those who have this especial bent to point out blemishes in another, are the very persons who perceive not the beam in the eye disfiguring themselves. Severe and unsparing enough, when it touches their neighbours,—yet to own a folly, or to attempt its cure, is an act of self-judgment never passed. Then they are all bland, and full of the milk of human kindness; the drop of gall is for others!

"Let women not talk of each other at all," says a French writer, "lest they deviate into

* Sheridan.
detraction!" But if this is impossible, or unreasonable to expect, let them at least consider, that slander fouls its instrument even more than its object. Noisy indignation proves no virtue in the speaker; and those who are really virtuous, are content to remain so in silence.

§ 7.—Female curiosity must not pass unnoticed. There is a prying disposition,—a fussy, meddling much-ado-about-nothingness, which (however some women be pleased to dignify it as 'a talent for observation,') is greatly at war with amiability and a true feminine disposition.

Cunning enough about their own affairs, women of this sort are indefatigably busy about what concerns them not at all; they have no very-reverend tenacity of the counsels of others, however reserved about their own.

"Un homme est plus fidèle au secret d'autrui qu'au sien propre; une femme, au contraire, garde mieux son secret que celui d'autrui."

"Keep the door of thy mouth," it is said

* La Bruyère.
in Scripture, "from her who lieth in thy bosom." Those who have secrets in their keeping, must not be tempted to entrust them to confidants only just as discreet as the reeds of Midas; rather be it at once written in the wind!—for women in general conceal only what they know not! The more you charge them to preserve a secret, the more will they seem to labour with it till it be revealed.

"What means," says Sir W. Raleigh, "did the devil find out, or what instrument did his own subtlety present him, as fittest and aptest to work his subtlety by? Even the unquiet vanity of the Woman. What was the motive of her disobedience? Even a desire to know what was most unfitting her knowledge;—an affection which has ever since remained in all the posterity of her sex."

Aristotle, who was united, it seems, to a woman of Eve's true progeny, made it one of the three things of which, after a life of experience, he solemnly repented,—that he had ever trusted a woman with a secret! We might here entreat our fairer readers to "remember Lot's
wife!" but if this warning be too old-fashioned for a refined generation, let us offer a moral sample from the page of poetry:—

Let not that devil, which undoes your sex,—
That cursed curiosity,—seduce you
To hunt for needless secrets; which neglected
Shall never hurt your quiet,—but once known
Shall sit upon your heart!

Rowe.

§ 8.—Besides the blemishes already spoken of, there is a degree of Obstinacy habitual to some female minds,—an inveterate self-opinionation, that abstracts largely from real generosity of character. 'Tis a peculiarity especially abhorrent and unbecoming the softer sex.

For better or worse, the obstinate woman will do as she lists. Let her but fix her eyes on a rose, and she will have it, though in the plucking she prick her fingers. Her way is to be the way on all occasions, great or small; once let her get a crotchet in her head, and the cunning of Satan himself shall not remove it.

"This," says a classical author, "is the nature of women;—when you are desirous, they are
unwilling; when you are disinclined, they come forward with their claims.”(6)

“Quand une femme veut, elle est impénétrable.”*

Such a woman is neither to be led nor driven to what is right. Reproof bridles up opposition, and contradiction is but the madder for its chain. Always more easily humoured into impertinence than chid into good conduct; self-offending with an hour’s liberty, yet not to be well-persuaded with a month’s entreaty! Any thing rather than own a fault, though every thing depend on its acknowledgment: as soon enjoin the carrying water in a sieve! So Seneca’s wife, to conceal her own blindness, insisted that the world was in darkness.(7)

The lady in Hudibras spoke the honest truth of some of her sex:

“No can the rigorousst course
Prevail,—unless to make us worse;
Who still, the hasher we are us’d,
Are further off from being reduc’d,
And scorn t’abate, for any ills,
The least punctilios of our wills!”

* Fagan.
Conversation and argument especially furnish a field for female obstinacy; and here some are quite indefatigable. Doubtless there are many among the sex, excellent in heart, who would tear off the ornaments and habiliments from their persons to relieve distress; and yet nothing on earth would perhaps induce these very women to give up or change an opinion,—especially if it be a wrong one! The worst side in an argument is commonly their favourite one; yet you may as well attempt to bring the clouds to the earth, or silence an echo by strength of voice, as produce conviction; they refuse it; their hours are all deaf. They consult the opinions of others, only in the secret hope of finding themselves in the right, and are able to find no people of common sense but those of their own opinion. There is one way, and one way only, to dislodge them from an opinion,—which is, to take possession of it yourself! They cannot bear to appear in the wrong, (even for the honour of Truth itself,) forgetting that none are oftener in the wrong than those who cannot bear to be thought so. In a word, they convert their ears into leaky
vessels, and suffer the words of others to hang in them like jewels, finding no entrance:—

"Persuade a woman 'gainst her will,
She's of the same opinion still!"

§ 9.—A cherished peculiarity among the chosen trappings of female folly is Affectation. How perfectly endless and disgusting are all the incapable languishing airs some women give themselves! This blemish sits over their most ordinary doings. "They amble, and lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, making their wantonness their ignorance."* Surely it is nothing but affectation to walk (fracto incessu) with that Frenchified, mincing, broken, and counterfeit gait, for which Philo Judæus long ago reprobated the sex. Hierom well describes one of this sort:—"She walks along," says that writer, "and with the ruffling of her clothes, makes men look at her; her shoes creek, her waist is pulled in; her upper garment sometimes falls; then she tarries to show her naked shoulders, and covers that in all haste which voluntarily she showed." Even such were the daughters of Sion, whom the

* Shakspeare.
prophet Isaiah condemned, because they walked
"with outstretched necks and wanderings eyes,
mincing as they went, and nicely treading with
their feet."

One particular species of affectation is nervousness. To be nervous (as some women are
nervous) is only, in other phrase, to be foolish.
To lose all presence of mind at the slamming
of a door or the fracture of a tea-cup, has very
little in it of the attractive,—however some
senseless persons may be pleased to attach an
interest to weakness of this kind. These
victims of sensibility live in constant alarm
lest they should be frightened from their
equanimity; thus distracting themselves with
the very fear of being distracted!

Affectation may indeed ripen to belief; then
it becomes rather the object of pity than con-
tempt. But be this well minded; to affect
tremors, is quite as unbecoming in a woman,
as to act the Amazon! "Affectation is a
greater enemy to the sex than the small-pox;"
"it is certain deformity. "Vanity is never at its
full growth, till it spreadeth into affectation,—

* Saville.
then it is complete." The fitting punishment for this sickly issue of pride and folly, is contempt: in truth, affectation is the only true source of the ridiculous; for surely that is an ill-framed mind, which can find subject for ridicule in any other direction.

But will it be believed, that some of these same tender beings,—victimized, so to speak by nervous irritability,—all melting—mild as they seem, and 'calm as rocked infants,'—will it be credited that these personifications of susceptibility can be stony-hearted or cruel? If the reader will look carefully into the volume of female nature,—page almost the last,—he will find, (in scarce legible characters, but he will find) that this is entirely possible. Notwithstanding the preposterous 'tenderness' of some women; despite the fearful liability of their nerves to accident, their hearts are not always so gentle as their lips; they can display cruelty beyond what poets feign. The crab-tree, with its gay foliage, has a sour fruit; and there is a flower, 'moly,' which has the fairest of all blossoms, but a root as black as ink. Bowers conceal serpents beneath their
verdant shades, and so may the lovely breast of Woman harbour and betray violence!

The classic writers, while they compliment the sex in what is really charming, have not forgotten truth; they represented the Graces in female guise,—but so did they the Furies too! The name of Agrippina, not to speak of more instances, may serve to show that it is possible, as Shakspeare says, to see,

"A tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide!"

And need we draw attention to the savage bull-fights of Spain? Women, to this day, cheer on the combatants, (as they did the gladiators of old in a Roman arena.) Fond to distraction of these cruel sports, it is the female voice that, when danger is at its height, is warmest in its applause, loudest in its ecstasy! We may also just allude to the revolting, but well-known circumstance, that at the execution of public criminals women form the majority of spectators.

But the most refined cruelty is of the mind; who has not felt that an unkind word may stab more severely than a blow?

"It were much better to be dead,
Than wear a heart a woman loves to rend!"
"Better dwell in the corner of a house-top, or in the wilderness," than with such an one; she is "as rottenness to the bones;—a continual dropping!"

§ 10.—The disposition to Satire in a woman, is a blot of the first magnitude. The desire to please seems a bias almost inherent in the female mind; but, in the pursuit of this object, it unfortunately happens, that a woman may become liable to a serious defect; this is Raillery,—or to describe it in more indulgent phrase, the art of describing the imperfections of others in an 'entertaining' manner.

Wit of the practical kind is a dangerous weapon in any hands,—and where women have this wit at will, it is to be feared they commonly shoot it in the bow of thoughtlessness and sometimes of malice. They give things a turn of ridicule not at all suited to it, and, which is worse, they strive to make men ridiculous who by no means merit their scorn. "There is a great difference," says Shaftesbury, "between seeking to raise a laugh from every thing, and seeking what justly may be laughed at."
These manoeuvres for applause, form no true foundation for respect. Those who presume beyond the just limits of their province, must expect the mortification of being disagreeably driven back into them; and women, therefore, ought not to be surprised, if they are sometimes denied that courtesy, which is only theirs for the mortifying reason that they are 'the weaker vessel.' Rationally may it be doubted, whether these inventive females ever secure to themselves a bosom-friend of their own sex; and as to men, let a woman be as seductive as Cleopatra, but satirical withal,—it will be found that a pardonable fear (which courtesy forbids to resent) of Ridicule,—a fear, precluding at once the ground-work of any permanent liking,—keeps them back: small temptation is there to encounter one who wields this cruel species of artillery.

It has been often observed, and particularly by foreigners, that there is a contemptuous insolence, a fault-finding spirit, which characterises our countrywomen. It is not indeed without a great deal of trouble they can divest themselves of reverence, or make themselves
disagreeable; but such a propensity forms a large item to be deducted from the character of an amiable and liberal disposition; it makes beauty itself sour, and insulates its possessor from all around. The best tempered metal is rather that which is most yielding and flexible.

This satirical propensity to underrate merit in others will be found most common with those whose little wit predominates over their less judgment: greatly is that wisdom to be suspected which is always blaming. "I make no more estimation," says Lord Bacon, "of the making of a satirical simile of every thing, or the turning of every thing to a jest, than I do of the tricks of tumblers; the one being the same in the mind that the other is in the body,—matters of strangeness, without worthiness!" Deep matter for melancholy is it, that Woman should encourage this habit of 'misperising what she looks on,'—that she should fancy she can for a moment set herself above others by impertinent derision and insolence. To make attempts of this kind is only to pretend strength, where weakness would be no
reproach, and where even to conquer is less honourable than to fly!

I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey!

Shakespeare.

Observe in what scornful postures such a disdainful beauty sometimes sets her face, looking as if she was born to give men every thing, and receive nothing from them! That any fancied perfection in an inexperienced girl, (for this habit is indeed most observable in the young) with nothing but herself in the scale, and a few vanities that make her light,—that any imaginary merits on her side, should inspire her with an insolence capable of treating men with disdain,—all this is so preposterous, that nothing less than daily experience could render it credible!

"Who, and what art thou, O woman! that presumest to deck thy brow in frowns?"

§ 11.—There is one species of female pride so peculiar as to demand exclusive notice:
"Chaste women are often proud and forward, as presuming upon the merits of their chastity."• They exhibit this haughtiness in many ways,—but especially they glory in spurning indignantly from them their more frail sisterhood. This is a feeling that benevolence must regret, as much as wisdom will condemn. Doubtless, modesty is one of the first of female virtues; and though not all we require in the sex, it is that on which their estimation in society mainly depends:—yet surely, a modest observance warrants no feelings of triumph; and on no occasion is pride justifiable for mere acts of duty.

Modest women are naturally found among the protected and privileged classes of society. It would well, therefore, become those who indulge in such feelings of offensive pride, to bear in mind their own safer and more fortunate position in life. The absence of temptation is a particular blessing; and, after all, there are many whom circumstances alone leave blameless. "There are persons virtuous, only because they have no opportunity of being otherwise."† "La plupart des honnêtes

• Bacon † Napoleon.
over-discernment, to which we our-\[\ldots\] have been tempted. Besides which, "a woman's being proud of her virtue, seems as if it cost her so much pains to get the better of herself, that the inferences are very ri-\[\ldots\]" When the trader praises his com-\[\ldots\] M. of Halifax.
modity, it may be suspected he is only desirous to part with it. And this fungous pride is often the spurious offspring of an over-starched virtue. Prudery is itself a fault, and perhaps there is some truth in the saying, "There is little virtue of heart in a prude,"—"a courtly word (says Addison) for female hypocrites who have a short way to being virtuous, by showing that others are vicious." Under the vizors of sentimentality and prudence often lurks artifice—and sometimes vice: your very discreet women are the first to be tired of discretion.\(^9\)

Let our modest, truly-refined women wrap themselves up in their own innocence,—and indulge, if they please, in all the agreeable reflections it may furnish: but let them cease to look down contemptuously upon those, who perhaps are as often unfortunate as criminal;—let them not plume themselves upon that, without which they would be altogether worthless.

§ 12.—We have before spoken, and at some length, upon the garrulosity of women. But

\* Vide Chap. II. Sect. 4.
in a former occasion, we rather spoke of this habit as a peculiarity, than blamed it as a fault. — This is not so much a parent fault, as it is one of the subordinate class: levity at first precipitates reflection, and easiness then makes loquacious. Though less pains in the world can hardly be taken than to hold one's tongue, yet this seems an effort beyond the ability of women.

"Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue," said Eliphaz to Job, when he would discourse of such acts of power and omnipotence as belonged to none but God. "A continual dropping in a rainy day, and a contentious woman are alike." — "As the climbing up a sandy way is to the feet of age, so is a woman full of words to a quiet man!" — "A silent and loving woman is a gift of the Lord. If there be kindness, meekness, and comfort in her tongue, then is not her husband like other men."

The sacred penmen did not exhaust their eloquence so repeatedly on this topic, (and so earnestly, if we may judge from the above striking comparisons) without some grounds. — A petulant tongue carries always somewhat of
LOQUACITY.

poison and venom in it, wasting and destroying private families."* Shakspeare is pleased to speak somewhat lightly and contemptuously of this inflection:—

"Do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As doth a chesnut in a farmer's fire?"

But this is not an evil to be despised and set at nought; a tongue that would not give an echo fair play, is not a mere insect-vexation, that the mind can brush away and forget. An unsparing use of the original member is a distinct affliction upon the male part of the species: (10) "The tongue is a small thing, but it is often heard to the utter confusion of a man:"—courage does not stand armed in the ear. Wonderfully trying is it to the temper and the whole nervous system. The Chinese have a good proverb:—"Fear no weapon but a woman's tongue!" And our great dramatist beautifully and more naturally has said, in another place:—

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"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman!"

King Lear.

* Clarendon.
§ 13.—We scarce know whether we may venture to speak in the form of reproof of the inveterate habit of weeping, so common to women. We should blush to be found speaking of sorrow in the language of ridicule; but "a lady's tears being an ordinary inundation," are a very equivocal sign of grief. It was a saying of the witty King James, that "women in general, like the crocodile, are ready to weep on every slight occasion." And to the same purport runs the old adage;—"As much pity is to be taken of a woman weeping as a goose going bare-foot!" *Est quaedam flere voluptas; they seem almost to find a pleasure in tears, and 'tis certain they have tears at pleasure;*¹¹

For women shed and use them at their liking.

Byron.

Do but vex a woman ever so little, and presently she will put her finger to her eye, and the tears are seen chasing one another down her cheeks; upon this many a goose of a man will conjure her to be calm,—but this spoils all, for the more entreated, the more is she for the melting mood. The most approved of remedies

* Shakspeare.
is to let sulkiness have its full swing and wear itself out,—or to find itself alone and unnoticed.

"Women's weapons,—water drops,"* are engines of no small weight in the commerce of life, and the handkerchief is one of the most powerful machines wielded by the sex. Yet let them not really imagine (as from inveterate practice they seem to do), that this tear-shedding is any becoming habit. 'Beauty in tears' is a phrase, and well enough in a book. "The bonnie tear in woman's e'e," is poetry and pretty,—but it is not so apart from purposes of writing and the sentiment-mongers! Women may rest assured that beauty ceases to be beauty on those doleful occasions, and a sobbing female is at no time a very enticing object.

§ 14.—We have only to speak further of a general and habitual Levity. Women are suffered from their youth up to acquire and hold to a taste for frivolous occupations and amusements. If, as some suppose, their natural temper incline them somewhat to frivolity, must custom confirm and make the folly entire?

* Shakspeare.
How many women," exclaims Lady M. W. Montague. "I think it enough to say they are women, to manage any thing that comes into their heads." They are content to condemn themselves without intermission to trifles; they might in turn be called children, for such they are in nearly every thing but stature, and setting their affection on dolls. — The law," says Abercromby, "sometimes considers women as in a state of pupillage; and they frequently may be reckoned so in conduct." Thoughtless of every thing but what touches on the round of the day's amusements, they think of nothing, talk about any thing, and laugh at every thing! How many are there of this description who live to be old, see the world, but have not looked at it: — qui ont un esprit qui n'ose penser, un cœur qui n'ose sentir, des yeux qui n'osent voir, des oreilles qui n'osent entendre: qui ne se présentent que pour se montrer stupides, condamnées sans relâche à des bagatelles!"

The excuse commonly made by women for trivial errors, whether of omission or commission, 'that they did not think of it,' is

* Montesquieu.
HABITUAL LEVITY.

surely the most irrational that could be uttered. "As if," (to use the words of Clarendon) "the non-exercising that faculty which distinguishes us from brutes, could be a mitigation of any guilt we are involved in!" Let women know that 'tis impossible they can be acquainted with their own hearts, any more than with their own features, otherwise than by reflection; and let them learn to eschew the vacuum of an unoccupied hour. That they do no harm in life is a plea altogether senseless; the spider in their window is harmless! But more belongs to the duty of a Christian than what we are doing to-day, and what we may be about to-morrow!

We have laid a last stress upon this failing of 'Levity,' because it wears a general and overlooking aspect. 'Tis the leaven pervading the whole, that makes up an unwholesome compost;—'tis not so much from any one of the component parts of the female character, but from the posture and direction assumed by all, that we have to look for results.
NOTES.—CHAPTER XVI.

(1) The female mind is a world apart. We may investigate it as moralists, or study it as lovers, through all the various scenes of a protracted life, and yet go to our graves as ignorant of its holes and corners, its recesses and foldings, as at the first hour of inquiry! — New Monthly Magazine.

(2) Oft when some lover trembling woos the fair,
   She seems to lend an inexperienced ear;
   Or while a crimson blush her visage dyes,
   With coyness feign'd, she downward bends her eyes:
   But when she sees a youth prepared to tell
   The secret thoughts that in his bosom dwell;
   Now sudden from his sight the damsel flies,
   Now gives an audience to his plaints and sighs:—
   Thus holds from morn till eve his heart in play,
   Then slips delusive from his hopes away!
   Hoole's Translation of Tasso.

(3) A fellow that lives in a windmill has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodged in a woman. To think of a whirlwind,—though 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation,—a very tranquillity of mind and mansion. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turned; and by one as well as another, for motion, not method, is their occupation. To know this,
and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason, and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct.—Congreve.

(4) How large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant hints, nodded away and cruelly winked into suspicion by the envy of those who are past all temptation of it themselves. How often does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by a report, which the party who is at the pains to propagate it, beholds with much pity and fellow-feeling;—that she is heartily sorry for it; hopes in God it is not true. However, (as Archbishop Tillotson wittily observes upon it), is resolved in the mean time to give the report her pass, that at least it may have fair play to take its fortune in the world,—to be believed or not, according to the charity of those into whose hands it shall happen to fall.—Sterne.

(5) The good husband keeps his wife in the wholesome ignorance of unnecessary secrets. They will not be starved with the ignorance, who perchance may surfeit with the knowledge of weighty counsels, too heavy for the weaker sex to bear. He knows little, who will tell his wife all he knows.—Steele.

(6) "Novi ingenium mulierum; nolunt ubi velis, ubi nolis, capiunt ultro."

"Neque jus, neque bonum, neque sequum sciant:—melius? pejus!—prosit? obsit!—Nihil vident, nisi quod libido suggerit."

(7) If thou study a thousand years, thou shalt find nothing else but contrariety unto man. If all the world were paper,
all the sea ink, all the plants and trees pens, and every man a writer,—yet were they not able, with all labour and cunning, to set down all the craft and deceits of women.—Female Policy Detected, 1704.

(8) "Exaggeration, that rhetoric of weak minds and logic of false ones, becomes by degrees habitual to women. So fond are they of superlatives in all they say, that the poor 'positive' is never half positive enough for them!"

(9) Though there is not one woman in ten thousand who is capable of making a good actress, yet the character of virtue they all admirably well put on; and as well those individuals who have it not, as those who possess it, can all act it to the utmost degree of perfection.—Fielding.

(10) Over her tongue you possess a clear right to exercise, if necessary, some control; for if she use it in an unjustifiable manner, it is against you, and not against her, that the law enables, and justly enables, the slandered party to proceed; which would be monstrously unjust, if the law were not founded on the right which the husband has to control the tongue of his wife, to compel her to keep it within prescribed limits. A charming, a most enchanting life, indeed, would be that of a husband, if he were bound to cohabit with, and to maintain, one, for all the slanders of whom he was answerable, and over whose conduct he possessed no compulsory control.—Cobbett's Advice to Men.

(11) The primitive Christians were in the habit of hiring 'Preface,' or female mourners, at their funerals, that by...
NOTES.

their facility of shedding tears, they might add to the lamentation of those really concerned.

Neve puellarum lacrymas moveare memento
Ut sierent, oculos erudiere suos.

Ovid.
CHAPTER XVII.

VIRTUES IN WOMAN.

"With the materials which are to be found in Woman, it would be next to impossible not to produce a masterpiece occasionally."

§ 1.—The errors of the many are told: we have now to speak the virtues of the few. We dismiss the rule to dwell upon the deviations! Juvenal, and Boileau succeeding him, decried the sex at large without doing justice to the valuable part of it:—let us at any rate avoid the censure which attaches in this respect. There is good and ill together in the female character; and we would 'chronicle it, like Griffith,'—not compromising the whole by the conduct of a section, which, however large, represents only itself. 'Tis better to see women flattered even beyond measure, than any of them suffering detraction.

And there are women who, in conduct as in feature, are all but perfect. Female excellence
is not yet everywhere fallen into the scar and yellow leaf; nor is all rotten in the state of Denmark! Amidst dust are pearls found, and diamonds lie in the hardest rocks.

Examples of woman's worth swim not upon the surface of society; they are as retired as they are rare. They add a lustre, if not a saving lustre to the sex:—truth will not allow us to add, that there are a sufficient number of these exquisite flowers to dispose with general effect in the whole garland;—the dark ears of corn are in sad profusion, and they blacken the whole field.

Like the olive tree,—said to fertilize the surrounding soil,—there are some few ministering angels in female guise among us all and about our paths, who sweetly serve to cheer and adorn life. Our amusements are insipid unless they contribute to them; our efforts of noblest ambition feeble, unless they applaud,—its rewards valueless, unless they share them! There are, too, some rude spirits in the world, whose bolder nature female influence admirably serves to refine and temper; and perhaps it is not an extreme eulogium of the poet,—that without that influ-
ence many a man had been 'a brute indeed!' The concurrence of both sexes is necessary to the perfection of our being, as to the existence of it:—Man may make a fine melody, but Woman is also required to make up harmony!

In thus saying what is but due to the sex, we speak not of mere personal attractions. 'Tis indeed something melancholy to talk of women in the past tense; a virtuous mind in a fair body must ever be a fine picture in its best light. But there are women deeply endeared to every one of us, who are without beauty. Need we repeat that eternal truism, that a woman's external accomplishments are comparatively as nothing; her moral qualities alone render her amiable. The rind may be coarse, yet conceal a noble fruit. The heart is the only true sphere, and in that lonely Ida there may be found reposing a 'celata Venus,' who has taken up her dwelling there! Women there are, wanting perfection of form and feature, who are lovely in the true sense of this word. Personal beauty may attract—has attracted; but moral beauty is essentially, neces-
sarily attractive. "A handsome woman," said the Emperor Napoleon, "pleases the eye;—a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel,—the other a treasure."

Nec divinitus est interdum, Venerisque sagittis
Deteriore sit ut forma muliercula ametur:
Nam facit ipsa suis interdum fæmina factis,
Morigeris que modis, et mundo corpori' cultu.

Lucretius.

There is no gallantry, but common justice, in the avowal, that there are some women, whose conduct is above praise, whose path is all but shadowless,—or, at least, as unsullied as consists with humanity: to whose excellent nature it would be as foreign to ridicule, as to injure, a fellow-creature; who, with all the delicacy of the woman, have the generous impulses of man:—pure, yet impassioned; owning hearts melting with goodness,—dignity without art, and sense without weakness. The metal, in a word, is sterling, as well as its polish absolute. The more it is tried, it comes forth the finer and better,—having in its composition no more than that mixture of alloy inseparable perhaps from its nature and usefulness:—the best metal-blade is not without its mixture of iron.
INDIVIDUAL MERIT.

To borrow the apposite language of a French writer; theirs is "un mérite paisible, mais solide, accompagné de mille vertus qu'elles ne peuvent couvrir de toute leur modestie,—qui échappent, et qui se montrent à ceux qui ont des yeux."*

When we see women such as these, we are touched with a degree of admiration we find it difficult to express,—dashed only with a regret that such excellence should be exposed to the temptations which are around it on every side; (for under our ridiculous institutions, what is the life of a virtuous woman but a perpetual struggle with herself?) When we look in this pleasing direction, we are taken prisoner; were there many such, who would not blush even to be thought a censor? Our own stric-tures upon the more ordinary samples of the sex, become qualified, and almost soften into involuntary applause. We began with satire, we end as an enthusiast!—But let us not turn flatterers, where adulation is out of place. Who praises the rose for its beauty, even though it be beautiful?

* La Bruyère.
The nature of women is good. 'Tis its abuse which has made it to retrograde. If it have faults that are somewhat obvious, it has also virtues for the inquiring eye. These are still its own; and women may in truth place much that is unpleasing or offensive in their character to circumstance.

For the truth of the matter is, and we must not disguise it, a large portion of women,—of the more ordinary class, have neither virtues nor vices. They are,—the complete puppets and creatures of habit,—what the Roman comedian called "every-day beauties, with nothing but their sex to recommend them."* Since women, then, act from impulse rather than from principle, it is but fair it should be added, that, if not quite so good, neither are they (under a moral aspect) so bad, as a superficial observer would be led to imagine.(1)

There are many thoughtless, but not dissipated,—insignificant, yet harmless; who, if they seldom give themselves the trouble to exercise the energies of virtue, as seldom fall into a folly. Such is the character of the Lady

* Terence.
INDIVIDUAL MERIT.

Ann, in Shakspeare, "a character without any particular inclination for vice, or any steady principle of virtue; whose actions are regulated by opinion, not by conscience."—*

There is many a Lady Ann in the world! With the most devoted admiration for individual merit, it is impossible to deny, or close the moral vision to this,—

"Virtue they find too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever!"

In our foregoing pages we have attempted to paint Woman, not so much in an individual, as in the prevailing, character which distinguishes kinds, or classes. It may seem that, in the execution of our task, we have been severe; but it has been our aim to preserve a faithful, if it be not altogether a pleasing likeness. The present of women, false or true, has been given; if it wear an ungracious aspect, let us turn for a moment to anticipate their future.

It is always pleasant to end with something kind, and the rather if it be reasonable. If now, in an unfavouring soil, where many seeds are sown we reap a full harvest of weeds, we

* Mrs. Jamieson.
at least reap a few flowers; all are not choked and killed; while, on the other hand, many, very many, would bloom to wholesome maturity under other and more careful culture.

However superior reason may exalt man over woman, there yet remains something to exalt one human being over another,—and this is virtue! Man has indeed the most capacities for general greatness, but by no means exclusively for that which is moral.

In an amiable woman, we would still blame what in others might pass unnoticed; faults and follies are only the more to be lamented, where there is a near approach, or any leaning, to perfection. By correcting the more usual extravagancies, of which in the previous pages we have spoken, we would rescue all such women,—and by their example the whole sex, from the community of blame. "Fas est et ab hoste doceri." It is possible to learn even from an enemy, yet believe us when we say, that in this case it is not so. We have never wantonly cavilled for cavil's sake; but rather, with the dictates of a well-wisher, have allowed reproof to precede reform, and have only made an inci-
sion for a cure. In the following words by a grave writer, we find at once a full and fair avowal of our motives and our designs:

"Some people that judge hastily will perhaps say, that I am exercising too great a severity against the sex; but more reasonable people will easily observe, that I entirely spare the sex and only arraign their education; that I not only spare them, but plead their interest, assert their honour, commend their natural tempers; and only condemn that education which is so injurious to their interests, so debases their honour, and deprives them of the benefit of their excellent natures. Their education, I confess, I cannot spare."*

We say seriously, and in all love, to women at large,—Reform yourselves, and you may then even reform men! (3) Thus you will live down all calumniators; you will condemn mere libels to infamy, and make all strictures, whether unsoundly or unkindly put forth, to be a series of vexatious falsehoods. With pleasure could we contemplate the conviction, that we have been too fond of our own notions; our end

* Law.
and aim will be at once attained, and the provoking so noble a resentment would be itself a glory. Then would you have the keys of happiness and misery in your own possession; you would assume the character of the sex into your own hands, and take out of ours the question, Whether it shall merit praise?
NOTES.—CHAPTER XVII.

(1) It may be particularly observed of women, that they are for the most part good or bad, as they fall among those who practise vice or virtue; and that neither education nor reason give them much security against the influence of ill example. Whether it be that they have less courage to stand against opposition, or that their desire of admiration makes them sacrifice their principles to the poor pleasure of worthless praise, it is certain, whatever be the cause, that female goodness seldom keeps its ground against laughter, flattery, or fashion.—Dr. Johnson.

(2) The prevailing manners of an age depend more than we are aware of, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of the women. How much then is it to be regretted, that they should ever sit down, contented to entertain and polish only, when they are able to reform.—Steele.

Plusieurs avantages d'\textit{une grande importance} pour la morale et le bonheur d'un pays, se trouveroient perdus, si l'on parvenoit, à rendre les femmes tout-à-fait insipides ou frivoles. Elles auraient beaucoup moins de moyens pour adoucir les passions furieuses des hommes.—Madame de Stael, \textit{De la Littérature}. 
CHAPTER XVIII.

MODESTY.

The honour of a maid is her name.

Shakspeare.

§ 1.—One main element essential to a perfect formation of the female character is 'Modesty.' This is the one charm of charms; 'tis what its mantle of green is to nature, and without it female nature would be a very poor piece of business indeed.

A modest reserve is that mystical moral engine, with which nature hath armed the weak to engage the strong. There is miracle-working power in a blush,—a softness, a majesty, a pomp in simplicity,—wanting which, mere quality is contemptible, and elegance itself ungraceful. 'Tis modesty that supplies the very nerves and soul of beauty; “a fair woman without virtue,” as a Scriptural figure expresseth it, “is like palled wine.”
The highest incitement to love lies in Modesty; for though there are men to be encountered, who would rather that beauty, like a piece of good fortune, fell as it were into their mouths, yet the more usual feeling is of an opposite character. "Tis the 'sequestered and veiled modesty' of the other sex, which is of itself the attraction. "Men," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "are like certain animals, who will feed only when there is but little provender, and that got at with difficulty through the bars of a rack; but refuse to touch it when there is an abundance before them." A beautiful truth is it, that

"Modesty may more betray our sense,  
Than woman's lightness!"

§ 2.—In either sex, there are particular points which, by almost universal assent, are determined to be the criteria of rectitude or of depravity. In respect to the female, the sentence of the world is passed on her in proportion to her deviation from the strict path of virtue. This particular excellence is to the character of
the sex, what blood is to the body,—its principle of vitality; Modesty is, in a word, with a woman 'the point of honour.' In men, deviations from the strict line of chastity are more forgiven, if not sanctioned; and this happens, not merely because, losing public esteem in one instance, they can regain it in a hundred others, but because also the consequences on this side are far less serious. The civil misdemeanor is nothing; nor does it, even in a moral point of view and in intensity, approach the guilt of female transgression.\(^2\)

To a woman, a false step is as bad as a fall, and very often it proves an irretrievable fall. There are but a few steps to vice, and it lurks fearfully close upon the confines of virtue. Little do women know what they have done, who have overstepped the outworks of decorum. The snow is sullied by the slightest touch; the lily that the canker-worm has touched,—that has once festered, is more offensive than a weed. How sweet is rose-water in its beautiful glass prison; but break the glass, and let the water take its own course,—doth it not embrace dust,
and lose for ever its original sweetness? Even so, female honour once, is always stained:—

"Tis hard, perhaps, on here and there a waif
Desirous to return, and not receiv'd;
But 'tis a wholesome rigour in the main:
Teaching th' unblemish'd to preserve with care
That purity, whose loss is loss of all!"

§ 3.—"I throw down the gauntlet," exclaims the boisterous founder of the 'Wollstoncraft' school, "and deny the existence of sexual virtues, not even excepting modesty!"* Perhaps the exceptions of this Amazon of the pen are, for the most part, better received as rules; but, for once, there seems a stumbling upon truth: valuable as modesty is, there does appear ample room for doubting whether it be any natural and inherent quality:—it is one of the conventional virtues.

The refined delicacy imposed by civilized life, is an ideal local creation;—a truth, of which a visit to Otaheite might suffice to produce conviction. Among Europeans, modesty is the creature of habit—of that peculiar

* Rights of Women.
influence which is often able, not only to warp, but to beget a second, nature. *It is custom alone that establishes decency.* "A practice which is tolerated by public usage," says Paley, "neither receives the same construction, nor gives the same offence, as where it is censured and prohibited." A plurality of wives shocks no idea of decency in a Mahomedan mind, and is practised without reserve, compunction, or disgrace. "It is a breach of modesty to suffer an ankle to be seen, where it is the fashion for women to hide their feet; and she is imprudent who shows half her face, in a country where decency bids her to be veiled."

Were there any *native* virtue in modesty, it would be of the same force under all circumstances, but it is not. There are women, around whom if you can throw the drapery of secrecy, they become disguised and altered indeed. Observe the female mind, when it is untutored or uncontrouled,—as under the melancholy influence of insanity: even as a shape alters in a dream, behold on a sudden, 'the graceful, gentle Ophelia,' (though of circles the most refined) becomes transformed, as it were,
into a heedless gipsy, singing strange songs, and uttering expressions equally void of taste and method. And even in convents, where women are utterly excluded from the world and its conventionalisms, how many living ‘Eloisas’ do we hear of,—despite the rigours of a monastic life?—‘They who have had an opportunity,’ observes Zimmerman, ‘to observe the operation of the passions on the habits, humours, and dispositions of rectuse females, have perceived with horror the cruel and unrelenting fury with which they goad the soul; and with what impetuous and irresistible force they command obedience to their inclination.’

The truth is, setting poetry aside, women are by no means free from the alloys inseparable from humanity; the very desire to please, so prevalent in them, is only directing itself towards the fulfilment of a natural law. For social purposes, it is wisely contrived to imbue the female mind with a conventional purity. It is altogether an artificial principle; it is good-breeding alone which so imperatively, and so wisely demands that we should all conceal many of our inclinations, and stifle the
most casual expression of them with care and severity: in women, they are flatly to be disowned. The peace and happiness of society at large demand, that what every one knows, and what is universally felt and understood, should be nevertheless kept as though it were a profound secret.

Observe a female of the most refined education, of purest moral principle. You may detect a visible guard placed over her words and actions; if you watch her too narrowly, it renders her uneasy,—and, unless she is sufficiently fortified by art, she is thrown into manifest disorder. In her eyes may sometimes be detected an alarm, lest you have extorted from her that consciousness, which modesty bids her with all her faculties conceal. While good-breeding calls upon the tongue to falsify the inclinations, nature is not always a sincere party to its laws. She still retaineth the eye, ever awkward at disguise, to herself: this is an outward portal, through which the feelings visibly pass in and out:—

How beautiful an instance of true modesty is that recorded concerning the Penelope of
antient history:—When this princess set out with Ulysses for Ithaca, her father Icarius overtook the fugitives in his chariot, and passionately entreated his daughter to return with him, instead of following the man she loved. Penelope returned no answer, but let down her veil:—a well-marked stroke of character in a refined and honourable mind. Icarius, who divined her thoughts, erected on that very spot a statue to Modesty.

But though the virtue of modesty be artificial, 'tis none the less pleasing, 'tis none the less estimable: merit is scarcely less praiseworthy in its possessor from its being acquired. Above all, modesty in a woman is a virtue indispensable:—what is to become of that innocence against which profiliety and selfishness are ever up in arms, if experience teach it not the art of self-defence?

§ 4.—Society has thought proper to throw around women the powerful bulwark of Opinion, a more practical substitute, perhaps, for restraining vice, than all the codes of morals ever penned! In truth, women, "frail as the
glasses where they view themselves,* need some degree of _surveillance_, and especially during the season of youth. " _Faëmina semper custode eget._ " Marry thy daughters," says Lord Burleigh, "lest they marry themselves!"

The passions are the voice of our mortal nature, and unless duly silenced, they will endeavour to be heard: theirs is a language easily learned, and without a grammar; they exclude not stupidity itself from its cogitations. Though the inclinations be not always observed on the wing, they may have only retired for awhile into the recesses of the heart, waiting the spur of the occasion. Alas! there are occasions,—there are odds, that might corrupt a vestal; let opportunity be joined with impor-
tunity and inclination, and abandonment of virtue is like to be the product of all three! " Humanly speaking," says Dr. Johnson, "there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue." Female feet, never of the firmest, will slip without succour; the rain of adversity may descend, the winds of temptation and the flood of example may all

* Shakspeare.
beat against a bosom that may prove but a bulwark of sand. Thus, at length, all the fair fences of chastity are thrown to the earth, and the sun of modesty is no more seen!

The best of women, though they have all their sex’s softness, need somewhat of its cunning; they not only require art, but, *artem celare artem*,—the skill to conceal it. Frankness is not on all occasions a virtue, and nakedness of mind is sometimes the highest of indecencies. “A *close* behaviour is the fittest to receive virtue for its constant guest, because there, and there only, it can be secure. Proper reserves are outworks, and must never be deserted. If a woman seeth danger, though at never so remote a distance, she is for that time to shorten her line of liberty.”* Women should imitate the iceberg of the glacier; it feels the sun’s beams, yet it seems scarcely to feel them; to the eye, at least, it is impassive and refuseth to melt.

A virtuous woman must not have so much as a smile at her own disposal; ’tis not enough that she be constant; she must be esteemed so by

* Advice to a Daughter, – Saville.
her husband and by the world,—giving "none occasion to the adversary to speak evil:" for female honour bases itself upon reputation as well as conscience; and of so delicate material is it, that the very breath of suspicion may wound it. The antients required from women, not only modesty, but *fama pudicitiae*, the character of it. 'The wife of Caesar,' said the stern Roman, 'must not even be suspected!'

For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul,—supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation.

**Milton.**

Especially bound, therefore, is this sex to have a watchful eye over all that relates to their outward manners. The scrutinizing glance of hundreds ever continues to follow them with the pertinacity of their shadows. They must live with circumspection, if they would die with prudence; they must not despise the merest punctilios, which, like many things that seem empty, have their use:—

The choariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

**Shakspeare.**
Thus the very shadow of an impropriety must be regarded even as though it were substantial. All this let them well observe, and they will then become, not merely roses as the poets sing, but roses upon the tree!

§ 5.—We have ventured to direct attention to the subject of Modesty in the foregoing part of this chapter, not only on account of the high value of such an ingredient in the composition of the female character, but because, in truth, the age before us is, not merely an age of slight morality, but a frightfully-licentious age. (6) "Instances of licence," as Hume said of his time, "daily multiplying, weaken the scandal with the one sex, and teach the other, by degrees, to adopt a maxim of La Fontaine's:—

"Quand on le sçait, c'est peu de choses;
Quand on l'ignore, ce n'est rien."

But this could scarcely happen if women were as they should be. Paley well says, "Men are in all respects the most virtuous, where women are the most chaste." * Whenever the 'marriage of nature' does take place before 'the

* Moral Philosophy.
FEMALE LICENTIOUSNESS.

marriage of society,' the fault is too often proved to be on the woman's side. Men, it should be confessed, are no more 'Scipios,' than they are 'Tarquins.'

And alas! there are women, distinguished only by their shamelessness. "There are those who betray their own sex, and solicit ours; who have abandoned the very memory, not only of innocence, but shame."*

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs cow'n'd
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.
Are there, among the females of our isle,
Such faults,—at which it is a fault to smile?
There are! Vice, once by modest nature chain'd
And legal ties, expiates unrestrain'd;
Without thin decency held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too!

Young.

Sad and frightful testimony does the page of history bear to licentiousness among women. Without dwelling, in this place, on the authority of private memoirs, (such as are found in the pages of Grammont and others), we find reams of historic evidence on this degrading subject. Many are the evils that licentiousness in the world has fathered. On account of this

* Steele.
vice it was that the earth was deluged and
the tribe of Benjamin destroyed. In the days
of Troy, the space of a ten-years’ war was
found too prolonged to ensure the chastity
of the wives of the Grecian princes. (The
consort of Ulysses was alone an exception,
and to this day the name of “Penelope” is a
proverb and a prodigy in the public history
of Woman.)

If we turn to the luxurious period of the
Roman age, we find, not only the pens of
Juvenal and Sallust loudly exposing the vices
of their countrywomen; History treats them
with equal severity. “L’affreux débordement
des mœurs obligeoit bien les empereurs de faire
des loix pour arrêter à un certain point l’impud-
dicité.”—“On trouve dans les historiens des
jugemens rigides, rendus sous Auguste et sous
Tibère contre l’impudicité de quelques dames
Romaines.”

Can it be pretended, that in later times(7) mo-
rality is at interest, or that the present age lags
at all behind its predecessors in shamelessness?
The unnatural sphere in which women are
* Esprit des Loix.
placed and privileged, has necessarily contributed to make them more than ever transgressors against propriety: in a word, liberty among them has given birth to licentiousness! It scarcely needs now to go hunting up and down the world for examples of vice. 'Twould be superfluous to direct the imagination of our readers towards those enervating regions of the south, (to that soil which Florus calls 'certamen Bacchi et Veneris,' ) where our wealthier females love so much to resort, and to absent themselves for awhile from the comparative restrictions of English manners. Alas! 'tis unnecessary to cross the Channel to acknowledge how much human nature can forget its own dignity. We emulate too successfully at home the freedom and gallantry of foreign manners; and by the aid of those 'sturdy moralists,' our travelled grandees, Italy has indeed, as Byron writes,

- - - "pour'd her exotic follies o'er the town,
To sanction vice and hunt decorum down."

Virtue is taking her leave of our once-moral, once-English nation, and none stretch forth a
hand to detain her! The curse of Hamlet seems upon us:—

"To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire!"

§ 6.—"The middle classes are, of all, the most free from the vices of conduct."* Females of this class may claim, in their moral deportment, an exception (springing from peculiar circumstances) to an otherwise-general rule. For, if we look above or below, how shocking is the picture of vice which presents itself! "In the extremes of condition, the extremes of licentiousness are equally found." The peasant-girl esteems herself as below censure, while your creature of fashion esteems herself above it; (as if, great heaven! rank made a woman the less a reprobate!)

In the lower ranks of life, how large a proportion of the sex feeds on the bread of daily prostitution! *(8) But, besides these, (who, however they have not virtue sufficient to avoid evil, have often feeling enough to be ashamed besides these, how stands the case with

* Stephen Montague.
regard to the great mass of the community, the working classes? "Nothing can equal the shameless abandonment of the female peasantry," says a modern writer;* and another contemporary affirms, (as to the other great division of the labouring poor), "that nothing can exceed the coarseness of the females in our manufacturing districts."†

But the higher classes, if our courts of law speak truth, are no less guilty, and far more culpable. We are bold to believe, that in the proudest drawing-rooms of fashionable life, there may be found specimens of vice and indiscretion that would disgrace the purlieus of St. Giles'.(9)

We cannot look for pure and exalted models of the female character, so long as those who should furnish example, forget their station, and suffer the instinct of elevated sentiment to lose itself in selfish pleasures. "The criminal indulgencies of high life lead to that lamented dissoluteness of principle, which manifests itself in a prodigality of public conduct."‡ "To think," as De Foe honestly told us years ago,

* Bulwer’s England. † Monthly Repository, 1834. ‡ Paley’s Moral Philosophy.
to fact. 'Difficile est satiram non scribere'; (11)
yet let us add with sorrow,

- - - "Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et duci potuisse, et non potuisse refelli!"

Doubtless, the reader burns to tell us and
the writers we have been quoting, that 'tis all
banter,—that 'tis impossible ladies with such
angelic form and feature, of manners so win-
ning and mien so graceful, can be all dark
within:—alas! this is mere enthusiasm. They
may be fair, 'tis true, exquisitely fair,—but they
are possibly not more fair than wanton. If we
may borrow Plutarch's simile, they are like the
sword of Telephus, which, if it make wounds,
is ready to cure them:—there is yet another and
better figure ready to our hands in the page of
Lucian, who compares his own countrywomen
to certain Egyptian temples,—magnificent and
graceful structures from without,—but gaze
within, and the deity of the place is some
deformed or loathsome object! So too, your
female divinities seem angelic,—show as vestals,
and yet may be drawn aside, like the angels
before them, to sin and forget their own dign-
ity.
it is true; yet he can have the society of as many as he pleases, without marrying at all. He may take and put away as many as will listen to him, provided he steers clear of a priest and human ceremony; and if the length of his purse will admit of his courting the wives of other men, he may out-paramour the Turk, only incurring the penalty of fine, in the event of discovery.\textsuperscript{13}

Such has long been law in this our most "civilized" country, and later statutes show still less consideration for an unprotected sex.\textsuperscript{13} There are very heathens who might serve to shame us: the Goths compelled a man to wed the victim of his seduction, if she proved his equal in rank; but if not, he was constrained to assign her a portion according to his means. The Prussian laws, it is said, instead of punishing the breach of promise, wisely aim at enforcing the performance of it; this they do by imprisonment, by fine of half the man's fortune, or else setting aside a portion of the proceeds of his labour. Should he elope to avoid marriage, the woman he has deceived is married to him by proxy, and a maintenance
in whatever climate he may be of this extent. And
in the age of Swinburne, as we are in-
stantly in a single man, unless a female, and
these cannot be any alternative, he is compelled to marry her, whatever may be his rank in
life.

But it should be observed that we have been
in the custom allowing to topics, which had
been better left unmeddled, or concerning which
a man's woman should know nothing at all,
we must you issue, and make answer,—she
may be a lower term. There are, indeed, topics
and elements connected with such subjects, on
which we would be not at all to the advantage
of female mankind to form either conjecture
or reflection. But, as in geometry, we must
have some acquaintance with the oblique line,
in order to apprehend what is right; so is a
general knowledge of evil in itself a foil:
without its virtue lies open and unfeared. To
suffer the human mind to continue ignorant of
the common abuse of any thing, because there
is a possibility of its own individual abuse of
it, is nothing less than absurd; danger must be
known to be avoided, and where we would ward
off the blow, we must see the eye that menaces, and the hand that strikes!

"I would, if possible," says Steele, "represent the errors of life, especially those arising from what we call gallantry, in such a manner as that people of pleasure may read me. In this case, I must not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but speak of sin as a gentleman."—'Tis in this spirit we have endeavoured to guide our pen. Be it likewise remembered, (if any further apology be wanted,) that Solomon himself thought it not wrong, in the way of censure, to write, and to write circumstantially, on licentiousness among women. And finally, let us ask, if this volume is to be (what we intend it) a looking-glass—a wholesome notebook for female folly,—whether we ought wholly to bolster up a failing, so sheltered and sanctioned in its extravagancies as this, and which is both morally and politically bad?

- - - Namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen
Famined in penâ est, nec habet victoria laudem;
Extinxisse nefas tamen, et sumpsisse merentis,
Laudabor, pœnas.

VIRGIL.

Vice especially courts censure, when united
with the power of doing signal mischief to the community. To conceal it would be the excess of folly which Horace condemns,—that of concealing a cancerous shame! Meantime, 'matronam nullam ego tango,'—we strike faults, not persons,—we touch not the innocent; and in vain would be circulated libels, that can neither wound virtue, nor rob her of serenity!
NOTES.—CHAPTER XVIII.

(1) The men will complain of your reserve; they will assure you that a franker behaviour would make you more amiable. But trust me, they are not sincere when they tell you so. I acknowledge that on some occasions it might render you more agreeable as companions, but it would make you less amiable as women; an important distinction, which many of your sex are not aware of.—FORDYCE.

(2) In a departure from chastity, Woman incurs more complicated guilt; and infidelity in the husband is much less heinous than in the wife. This is a settled distinction, acknowledged, as Montesquieu has shown, by all civilized countries: "Toutes les nations se sont également accordées à attacher du mépris à l'incontinence des femmes: c'est que la nature a parlé à toutes les nations."—"Il y a tant d'imperfections attachées à la perte de la vertu dans les femmes, tout leur âme en est si fort dégradée, ce point principal ôté en fait tomber tant d'autres, que l'on peut regarder populaire l'incontinence comme le dernier des malheurs." This moral inequality in the relative obligations of the two sexes, is not to be looked at as a capricious feature in human institutions; the rule is not founded in prejudice, but in reason, and "by the force of reason it is necessary to maintain this proposition, because women, as a sisterhood, are prone to deny the truth of it." For most sufficient and satisfactory causes is the penalty of transgression rigidly exacted from them:—the woman is marked out by nature
as the *repository* of those bonds and cements of society, without which it could not subsist; she is to be answerable for the *genuineness* of the offspring. Property depends in great measure upon purity in women; for not only might there be confusion as to rightful heirs in families, but, as a consequence, an utter obscurity as to descents and pedigrees. Ostensible brothers and sisters cannot be sure of their relationship to each other; and, which is worse than all, a man cannot know his own children,—a very serious and cruel mischief;—"for if there be a horrible situation on earth," as an eloquent French writer has said, "it is that of an unfortunate father who is afraid to indulge the soft sentiments of his heart; who, when embracing his child, is in doubt whether his caresses are bestowed on the offspring of another, or on the pledge of his own infancy and dishonour,—the plunderer of his children's fortune!"

"Soutenir vaguement que les deux sexes sont égaux, et que leurs devoirs sont les mêmes, c'est se perdre en déclamations vaines, c'est ne rien dire tant qu'on ne répondra pas à cela:—

"La rigidité des devoirs relatifs des deux sexes n'est ni ne peut être la même. Quand la femme se plaint là dessus de l'injuste inégalité qu'y met l'homme, elle a tort; cette inégalité n'est point une institution humaine, ou du moins elle n'est point l'ouvrage du préjugé, mais la raison: c'est à celui des yeux que la nature a chargé du dépôt des enfans d'en répondre à l'autre."—J. J. Rousseau.

(5) "After the first sacrifice," says Paley, "the danger is great of the woman betaking herself to a life of public profligacy." When once innocence is lost, modesty is not like to be long troublesome; so Tacitus says: "Nec femina amissâ pudicitiâ alia abnuerit." She who has
been light to one, will scarce hold weight when tempted by others; she can remain constant to vice only. Though she hazard her reputation to oblige you, she will afterwards sacrifice you to gratify herself; such love, vicious in the beginning, is sure to be treacherous all along.

(4) We are in truth but children in the science of love, compared with women. Were you to hear them set forth our courtship and our compliments! They give you plainly to understand that we bring them nothing which they did not know before, and had digested without our assistance.—Montaigne.

(5) Il n'importe donc pas seulement que la femme soit fidele, mais qu'elle soit jugée telle par son mari, par ses proches, par tout le monde; il importe qu'elle soit mo- deste, attentive, réservée, et qu'elle porte aux yeux d'autrui, comme en sa propre conscience, le témoignage de sa vertu.
—J. J. Rousseau.

She is the best woman concerning whom least is said abroad, either to her praise or dispraise; as the person, so the very name, of a virtuous woman ought to be retired.
—Thucydides.

(6) Do you really think that the refinement of manner, the censorious, hypocritical, verbal scrupulosity, which is carried so far in this picked age of ours, is a true sign of superior refinement, taste, and purity of morals? Is it not rather a whitening of the sepulchre? Our modern idea of delicacy attaches more importance to words than to things,—to manners than to morals!—Mrs. Jamieson.

(7) Femmes de Paris, et de Londres, pardonnez-le moi,
je vous supplie. Nul séjour n'exclut les miracles, mais
pour moi je n'en connais point; et si une seule d'entre
vous a l'ame vraiment honnête, je n'entends rien à nos
institutions.—J. J. Rousseau.

De mulierum inexhausta libidine, luxuque insatia-
bili, omnes quaeque regiones conqueri posse existimo.—
Stefh.

What pranks in this kind the Middle Ages have played,
is not to be recorded;—no tongue can sufficiently declare.
Every story is full of woman's insatiable licentiousness:
what country, what village, doth not complain of it?—
Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

(6) Look at the public streets of our Metropolis; are
they anything else or better than itinerant seraglios? On
the pavement of Regent Street is to be found a larger and
more barefaced exhibition of marketable beauty than per-
haps any where in the whole world. There do the Cyprian
corps perambulate night and day,—and there, in fact, is the
British slave-market. 'Tell it not in Gath,'—proclaim it
not even in the streets of Paris!

(9) If 'tis your wish to become sensible of the gradations
of vice, bring a girl of the town into the company of a
woman of gallantry.—Zimmerman's Aphorisms.

(10) All the more ordinary schemes of curbing public im-
morality, according to the usual methods of punishment,
end just where they began, only with this difference; that
for one reformed, we find twenty corrupted, and for one
reclaimed, a hundred made worse. To take up a poor street-
walker, and transport her to Bridewell, is only making the
miserable still more miserable, and more profligate. The
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inmates of these abodes of confinement, by associating together, corrupt each other, and often issue forth more abandoned than they went in. It is a sad remedy which serves to increase the disease! Punishment is one thing; but an efficacious scheme of prevention is another and a better.

(11) 'Bonis nocet qui malis parcit.' There is no infamy too high to be unveiled. "Why should vice be unblamed for fear of blame? And if thou may'st spit on a toad envenomed, why may'st thou not speak of vice without danger."—BISHOP HALL.

(12) English law is essentially a luxury. To say it is open to all, is to say that strawberries in March are common to all; they are, to those who can pay for them. The rich, when discontented with their conjugal partners, have only to vamp up a history of infidelity in the Court of King's Bench, and forthwith our wise and accommodating statute-book permits them new helpmates. Adultery is with us no indictable matter; 'tis merely profitable work cut out for the gentlemen of the long robe. "The offence has been left, ever since the Restoration, to the feeble coercion of the Spiritual Courts, which," says Blackstone, "treat it with a great degree of tenderness and lenity." Our political code of morality is, in truth, no more than a pocket code; it punishes not crime, but its detection, and then merely by fine. Poor Chastity is never deemed worth a single farthing; for whenever damages are obtained, it is only as compensation for the loss of services sustained in a wife or daughter. Thus an English jury is called upon to rate the feelings of an injured husband by the
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† Rain of Three;" said, with true Smithfield discernment, to
prove the charge he has been robbed of!

63 Whichever be the state of morality among women,
there can be no excuse for the ungenerous principle which
is embodied in the clause respecting illegitimate children of
the late Poor Law Bill. Women already undergo the
pangs of childbirth, and have the exclusive care of their
offspring;—and are not these sufficient burdens?

64. The old and Mosaic law permitted no man to aban-
don a woman who had 'humbled' her. Her person was
not to be separated from herself; and where one had been
possessed, the other was bestowed also. If this was mora-
lity three thousand years ago, can it be otherwise now? Is
the pleasure of the Creator only binding as it has the san-
c- tion of human institutions to enforce it? To argue thus, is
a solecism in divinity. We set not the sun to the dial, but
the dial to the sun. If it be said that these laws are waxen
old, there is a reply at hand, "You shall neither add to,
or diminish from it." We are not to make Scripture
-speak as we think. The law of that Being, to whom all
things present and future are laid open, is his will, and his
will is his law. To suppose a change in one, infers a
change in the other, and either a change in Himself; an
idea wholly irreconcilable with Scripture. The true dis-
tinction seems to be this:—laws merely ceremonial may be
now neglected; but all moral injunctions, such as regard
the well-being of society and the prevention of moral evil,
all these may be presumed, as not only remaining in force,
but that they are to remain in force as long as the objects
which they bear reference have continuance on earth;
for they concern the enduring relation which men bear to their Creator, and to each other. Our Saviour did not think proper to make any serious alterations in the great code of moral government, originally delivered long before from Mount Sinai. What was murder, is now murder; what was adultery, is now adultery; and what was none of these, is still none of these!
CHAPTER XIX.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

So much of our domestic happiness is in the hands of women, and their influence is so great upon our earliest years, that the universal interest of the world requires them to be well instructed in their province.

Dr. Johnson.

§ 1.—The female character of this day is varnished, not polished. Our countrywomen are mere off-shoots of ill-management,—resembling trees which bear fruit according to the quality of the soil in which they take root.

We have been persuaded, with our systems, to paint the windows of truth and nature, till in our experiment we have dammed up the light. Qualities in Woman are no longer estimated as good, but as shining,—not as reasonable, but as extraordinary! (1) All that is aimed at in female education, is to communicate polished manners and superficial accomplishments; art is made the exclusive ally,—nature neglected, or laid aside. Can it then be expected vol. II.
mothers, and leaving them during the ambiguous season of youth to the chance-consequence of ill example, is attended with multifarious evils; the moral danger is not among the least to be feared; mothers are (we tremble as we write it) the ruin of their daughters in patronising these hot-beds of mischief and self-destruction. At a public school, it is said, the faculties of young girls become considerably enlarged; this may be true, but the enlargement is not that of the intellectual powers. (4)

When young-eyed impudence emerges from its bondage, how frequently does it conceal, under the roses of youth, the thorns and briars of iniquity!

Is not the systematic principle of the day in education, as in various other departments, expediency,—alias selfishness,—alias what-you-will? Even in the bringing-up of women, vanity is the ruling principle; they are to grow and to live for effect. They are flowers planted in too rich a soil, where all strength and usefulness is sacrificed to appearance; they are pictures whose value and true beauty is destroyed by varnish. As if love were the supreme good,
they are educated to inspire it: they are, in a word, rendered,—as Milton said,

- - "Empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise,
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite; to sing and dance,
To dress, and roll the tongue, and roll the eye!"

To render them desirable in the eyes of the other sex; to set off their personal charms to the best possible advantage; to instruct them in those arts and manoeuvres by which nature is supposed to be improved upon; these are the aims and ends of our fashionable seminaries; and thus strengthening the frivolous or mischievous bent of natural inclinations, do we encourage a creature,

- - "formed of softer earth,
To take the bent of pleasure from her birth!"

Parents must perceive, in part at least, the risks and responsibility thus incurred; but these are prone to urge as well the necessity of Custom in this matter, as the common prudence of giving their children every conventional advantage within their means. Good and evil, it is argued, must be mixed up in every human
institutions; and the result of all this casuistry and deliberation is, that worldly considerations strike the balance.

It becomes, therefore, an important object to expose the systematic imperfections of our schools, the true nature of the instruction with which they do furnish the mind, and their absolute inefficiency to good in any direction. (5)

The unfitness of those who commonly assume the management of youth is, in the first place, an evil of itself. Is a woman destitute of talents for every other occupation in life? she is, however, perfectly competent as a teacher! And next, as to what is taught;—of all that connects itself with honourable utility they learn nothing; for the more substantial parts of instruction is substituted a sort of mechanical drill. The mind of a girl is furnished only with what the most ignorant can acquire, and which even the forgetful might detain:—the culture, in short, both of head and heart, is made subordinate to the acquirement of certain corporeal accomplishments. No exertion is offered to any other faculty than the Memory, and this is only loaded with that patch-work knowledge, which
is any thing but wisdom. *The Judgment is utterly neglected or forgotten!* Of geography they learn little more than the names of the principal states of Europe, or the number of counties in their own country. As to historical knowledge, they have by heart a list of all the kings of Europe, in the exact order of succession,—but the understanding is not a jot the more expanded; with an intimate acquaintance as to its facts, they have not the most limited apprehension of either the spirit or philosophy of History!

In the meantime, what *have* they really acquired? It has, doubtless, been attempted to make them, as Cowper says, "mistresses of more tongues than one," they *may* have the parrot-acquirement of three or four languages, but these only serve them for misuse in speech, their ordinary conversation being half in bad French, half in worse-English; they have been taught *uprightness*, (though not exactly that of the heart)—they *can* dance, but it might be as well, if they remained in almost Turkish ignorance upon *this* point;* they have likewise, it should be in justice added, among the list of

* Vide Chap. V.
their accomplishments, a capacity of working at certain nondescript and unmeaning toys:—

In the circle of the more *useful* arts, what do the generality of young women know when they quit school?—Instance in drawing; they may be faultless in sketching butterflies and Chinese mandarins,—at copying flowers upon screens in the Indian tinting, and so forth; but they understand nothing of the general *principles* of that art, and would probably find it matter of performance to draw a hedge-stick from nature!

Mechanically they attain to an acquaintance with the *rules* of music; (6) nay, we will suppose their execution is to a nicety; yet all the while they may feel or know nothing of its genius and spirit! The study of *any* particular art is, in fact, very often a constrained study: to *force* the mind, therefore, upon an occupation for which nature may not have capacitated it, is a custom equally vain and irrational. What can *be* more ridiculous than thus to compel girls indifferently to play on an instrument and sing, or to make sketches by wholesale,—when they have possibly no taste or aptitude for the one, and
no ear for the other. Instead of being regarded as means of occasional recreation, these are now ends seriously pursued for their own sake!

All considerations such as these have very little weight upon the leaden intellects of parents in this age; they are not even understood. Every girl who has friends to support the folly must needs learn to squall 'Di tanti palpiti,' and wade through the regular routine of a "fashionable" education.—Hence it comes, that our young women, with long tongues and short petticoats, dance and flirt so well,—and talk so ill. They are sent forth into the world with no more claim or pretensions to true domestic qualities, than has the pretending peacock, (with its fine feathers and screaming qualifications,) to be esteemed a household bird.

And after this fashion is it that England's daughters are mercilessly saddled with divers follies, and ingrafted with those modish flimsy appendages, dignified by the title of 'accomplishments!' They are talented, but only talented, (a vile word, as Coleridge justly says:) they emerge from their boarding schools with about the precise quantum of real wisdom
which they could call their own at a more innocent age; they have attained merely growth of the body; they are, in a word, elegant, accomplished, and useless! "Female education," as an elegant writer has said, "is so much worse than none, as it is better to leave the mind to its natural and uninstructed suggestions, than to lead it into false pursuits, and contract its views by turning them on the lowest and most trifling objects."*

§ 3.—There is still, however, some remedy for this social disease; there is yet a breathing-hole of hope. The cure of an evil, moral as well as physical, may be simple, though the leprosy itself be complicate. We say then, let the female heart be cultivated; this best and most essential sphere is, equally with the understanding, to be opened and strengthened by culture. A foremost object in the education of a youthful mind, should be to instil right principles, and cherish the kindly affections of our nature; a second, and it is but a secondary purpose, may be to add ornament to the structure. Thus,

* Melmoth.
we by no means denounce accomplishments, but only their misuse and misapplication. There are many pleasing qualities; those, however, which are useful, are alone sterling.

"It is not so much the female mind that wants cultivating," as a sensible writer of the present day well observes, "it is the female character that wants exalting: the doctrine may be unpopular, but what you have to do cannot be done merely by the elegancies of literature. The education which you must give, to be useful, must be moral!"

To please seems, indeed, the consequence,—the first necessity as it were, of woman's social position; but neither the desire to please, nor the determination to be pleased, should be awakened by the possession of mere showy qualities. What a woman knows, is comparatively of little importance to what a woman is!

Even as we are all said to have a mother-tongue, so have we a mother-disposition; youth and white paper receive any impression, and human nature is observed to shift about, (such is the omnipotence of habit!) towards vice or

* H. L. Bulwer's France.
virtue, *as it is trained!* The female mind, more especially, is as wax; ere time has yet hardened it, it is capable of *any* impression. You can *melt* it again and again, and mould it to what form you will. The tenderness and sensibility of women render them as easy to conduct, as to tempt; and they *are* fully capable of being *formed to* the purest virtues,—to every thing, in short, which can deserve praise and affection. Wherefore, let a cultivation of the social and endearing qualities of the heart precede even the culture of the head. The merely-decorative parts of education may be thrown aside without compunction, provided we can ensure the observance of what is right. Virtues must be *genuine*; they must shine and expand in the shade as well as in the sun-beam.

§ 4.—Secondly; female knowledge must apply to *domestic* purposes. If woman *is* to be eminently useful, she must be eminently instructed to that end. Ignorance, if it have at all an exact meaning, lies in the want of knowing those things which our respective calling or state of life supposes us to understand.
Now what is the destination of women? They compose one half of the species, and are destined to constitute the happiness of the other half; they are to be wives and mothers;—in a word, they were created for the domestic comfort and felicity of man. Their education, then, must be relative to man!

All education is only so far valuable, as it aids more effectually the useful and honourable objects of life. Now there are employments expressly suited to women, and to which they should be suited; employments, indeed, indispensable towards rendering themselves happy as well as useful in society. They have not to seek so much the art of pleasing, as of living well!

§ 5.—If it be a great object that women be useful, it is no less important that they be virtuous; virtue alone can make happy. Let girls then be trained up especially in the knowledge, and in habits, of Religion. The little quantum of attention paid (and it is scarcely possible to pay less) to this point, and to the great science of Morals, in our seminaries, is one active cause in the production of social mischief.
RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

Are we to expect moral rectitude, where there is no acquaintance with the main principles of right? Surely not! Manners should only be the natural reflection of morals!—Let a young woman know, if you please, the sciences only by name; but let her understand virtue more than in idea, and religion better than by the Catechism. Do this,—or you will create an aversion or indifference to what is good from non-acquaintance with what it is,—a dislike of the most commendable things, for want of understanding them.

For the sake of her weakness, upon the score of her very beauty, Woman should not be left without the panoply of religion. What is there to sustain, if religion support not her frailty? By nature a very reed,

"A puny insect fluttering in the breeze;"

a creature pressed to the earth for original sin on the one hand, and yet placed on the giddy height of personal adoration by man:—with a brief lease of an uncertain existence,—with a lease yet more limited of her charms, "what shall uphold this feeblest creature in nature,
who smiles and expires, if her hopes extend not beyond a transitory existence?"*

§ 6.—We should be grieved to see women mere cyphers, adding consequence to the numerical figure; we would not leave them arithmetical counters, apart from all feeling and passion. On the contrary, we would seek to extend their influence beyond external captivation, and to place them far above the level of their portraits at the Exhibition. Better they should even be over-busy spectators, than absolute spectacles in life.**(8)

They are by no means to be left in darkness, as regards wholesome knowledge. No less essential is it to beware of giving the female mind too little, than of offering it too much, instruction. The weaker it is, the more important it becomes to strengthen it; for, the best heart in the world, if it have not a sound head or at least good sense to support and regulate it, may prove an equal source of error to its owner and of annoyance to others. Let women become, therefore, more rational, at the expense of being less

* Chateaubriand.
brilliant. Accomplishments may embroider a day, but there must be something solid to interweave with the ordinary texture of life.

But against all deep learning (as much as against unmitigated pedantry,) we at once put in a proviso, and an unmodified proviso.\[9] The slightest smattering of abstract or scientific knowledge has rarely any other effect, than to render a woman conceited or tiresome to those around her; and the proverb very justly says, "A wise woman is seldom learned, for she knows that a learned woman is never wise."

An advanced state of the female mind becomes also an object of fear, from solicitude for female happiness. "L'on ne pourrait craindre l'esprit des femmes que par une inquiétude délicate sur leur bonheur. Il est possible qu'en développant leur raison, on les éclaire sur les malheurs souvent attachés à leur destinée."*

It is quite true, that the acutely-informed and highly-refined mind commands greater and wider sources of intellectual enjoyment, than if it possessed only the ordinary knowledge of good and evil. But, if it be asked, why women

* Madame de Staël.
are to be debarred from that it is more than question intellectual persons are eve others in happiness; disc price that men pay for | morbísd sensitiveness is bre which would be peculiar| woman. "I am told," wi daughter, "that she is els. The price paid for such ad| tages they be;) is such as that my child may escape th

The next consideration, is for women, is, what is fittin valeant humeri, quid ferr they can do, and what is be This we may be sure of; is like a traveller's bag; if and with the materials which it will contain much; if il nothing! Even such intel of the wholesome kind, mu tiously and gradually admini come before strong meat. not be too many, and those
be neglected. The planter sets not his saplings too closely; they would check each other's growth, and thus continue dwarfish for ever. "Elles doivent apprendre beaucoup de choses mais seulement celles qu'il leur convient de avoir."*

Let a woman learn the great broad ways of knowledge, if you will,—but by no means its uncertain or crooked paths. This would be only playing with fiery flames! Let the first great principles of philosophy be laid open for her inspection,—she may be the better for it; but its endless and often-mischiefous combinations, should be to her a closed volume. Conversation with sensible men, and the virtue of listening, might alone tend to make the female mind as wise as it has need to be.

Women may make their native language a **study**; they can never study it too well! How many have only a smattering of French or German, as an excuse for being ignorant of their own tongue. Those languages are only of **practical** use in their respective countries, and are assuredly in no way necessary to enable

* J. J. Rousseau.
the generality of females to fulfil their destination. There is also a circle of readable English authors sufficiently wide and improving, and let attention be directed to these;—nothing will tend so harmlessly to refine the mind, as the Belles-Lettres of this country. "Reading can do a woman no harm," says one of our Essayists, "provided they confine themselves to books fit for them, and do not meddle with such as they cannot understand."* One point, in the mean time, should be distinctly understood:—what they read or learn must not be masculine; their studies are to be practical, for whatever is unassayed or theoretical is as much beyond the reach and strength of the female mind, as it is out of the natural and healthy play of its machinery (10).

For their own sakes, and indeed for the sake of men, women should lay aside all trivial studies. Of novel-reading we have already spoken, and at sufficient length;† they should put away from them such volumes as that much-studied rubrick,—that horn-book of the foolish great—the "Peerage of Great Britain:"—all useless

* Mirror.  † Vide Chap. IV.
knowledge is a near neighbour to Ignorance! Botany is an innocent and fitting object for adolescent and female inquiry; if it does not absolutely strengthen, it at least employs the mind, which is a desirable object. Poetry is likewise an amusement,—refined, and more or less intellectual. And History (11) more particularly has claims to notice, beyond purposes of mere amusement. The more popular and elementary divisions of Chemistry likewise well merit the attention of those, who, with the leisure, have the inclination to study them; and, as intellectual amusements, there are many other agreeable branches of science:—there are, besides, a hundred elegant occupations for women, which have taste as their object.

§ 7.—An English-woman in the nineteenth century receives three independent and contrary educations: from her teachers first, which is worst of all; from the world, and this is not the most salutary; and lastly, from her husband, whose mild tuition and careless direction of the female mind, are not very often, as they should be, of any useful, or domestic order.
From her parents, a girl receives no education; and yet this is the one Nature would expressly point out. Who prevents mothers from educating their children in person? We know of no law that restrains them, and of no impediment whatever but the fanciful tyrant, Custom. —To avoid the trouble of making them virtuous, they are contented that others should make them fine! (12)

The domestic system of education is more prevalent in other countries of Europe, and there is no substantial reason given for our own preference of public instruction:—with the antients, courtesans alone were educated in this manner. And look at our sister-country of the north:—Scotland, with its pure morality and its nobleness of principle in both sexes, owes as much to the domestic education of her children, as to the paternal care of her clergy,—both admirable influences!

A school-room is an admirable microcosm, and it may well serve to fit boys for the world; but this is not a recommendation in regard to the other sex. As to intellectual culture, we have already shown the fallacy of expecting
PRIVATE TUITION.

ought substantial on that head from any such quarter. The best public schools only push on the forward:— the crowd is left to itself, or is uncared for; for the mass of scholars are treated by teachers as unskilful riders treat horses: some they pull in; to others they give the rein: how, then, can improvement be expected? And as to considerations of morality, it must be quite clear that innocence, during the early part of life, is more secure at home than any where else.

Women exercise a wide and undoubted influence upon life: if this be already carried to unwholesome excess, and if it be almost too late to narrow or to alter systems, let us at least change them; and so, by morally elevating, let us enable women to exercise that vast influence in the most becoming and least offensive manner. “In point of sound policy, we should either improve women, or abridge their power; if we will give them an important trust, we should qualify them for the proper discharge of it; if we give them liberty, we should guard against their abuse of it.”

* Gregory’s Comparative View, 1798.
PRIVATE TUITION.

To the suggestions and proposals thrown in these pages, we are by no means wedded: aim not at writing a modern "Emilius." are by no means in love with our own plans or even the form of them; — all we surely know is, that Error, if never disturbed and broken will be immortalized, and stand typed for ever. If we can, therefore, by these, or by any other means better adapted, change the sex from which they now are, we shall, even to such an extent, do a great good. We shall find at last, like Aladdin in the fable, that we have 'changed our old lamp for a new one to some purpose — for one less showy, but many-times-told in useful,—for one which shall recommend it by its intrinsic qualities, as well as by service only!
NOTES.—CHAPTER XIX.

(1) We have been pursuing the path of improvement, till we have encountered confusion. The business of female life, for some years past, has consisted of a cultivation of those resources, which were formerly considered as its amusements. Comfort has been sacrificed to refinement; fastidious observances control natural cheerfulness; and false sentiment and affectation are too generally substituted for real good taste and genuine delicacy of feeling.—From a Pamphlet, by a Lady, 1831.

(2) It is much to be lamented that this sex is not only educated in pride, but in the silliest and most contemptible part of it. We turn them over to the study of beauty and dress, and the whole world conspires to make them think of nothing else. Mankind seem to consider them in no other view than as so many painted idols, to allure and gratify their passions. So that if women are vain, light, gaw-gaw creatures, they have this to excuse themselves, that they are such as their education has made them. If a fondness for our persons, a desire of beauty, a love of dress, be a part of pride, (as surely it is a most contemptible part of it), the first step towards a woman’s humility seems to require a repentance of her education. A very ordinary knowledge of the spirit of Christianity, seems to be enough to convince us, that no education can be of true advantage to young women, but that which trains them up in humble industry, in great plainness of life, in exact
modesty of dress, manners, and carriage, and in strict devotion.—Law's Serious Call.

(3) Our forcing system of education inundates us with hard, clever, sophisticated girls, with whom vanity and expediency take place of conscience and affection; with feelings and passions suppressed or contracted, not governed by higher faculties or purer principles. Hence the strange anomalies of artificial society; girls of sixteen, who are models of manners, miracles of prudence, marvels of learning; who sneer at sentiment, and laugh at the 'Juliet's' and 'Imogens'; (!)—and matrons of forty, who when the passions should be tame and wait upon the judgment, amaze the world and put us to confusion with their doings.—Mrs. Jamieson.

(4) "Boarding schools have been multiplied in the last twelve or fifteen years to an astonishing degree, and during that period not only have nervous disorders, but divorces, scandalous intrigues, and elopements, increased with the same rapidity among all classes of the community" (A modern French writer observes on this head:—"Elope-ments, or as they might be termed in English, trips to Gretna Green, are completely out of the question in France. On this side the Channel, young ladies enjoy liberty which would be deemed excessive on the other. The law absolutely prevents the possibility of any marriage, without the written sanction of paternal authority; and to marry without this, cannot be done under the age of twenty-five years.—Le Mariage de France, M. Lefebvre.)

(5) The Rev. Mr. Chirol, (one of his Majesty's Chaplains,) gave the public, some few years ago, a truly appalling
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description of these seminaries. He says:—“I have represented them such as I found them, such as they are at present, from the most minute investigation, the most respectable authorities, and an aggregation of uncontroverted facts, collected in more than five hundred schools, of every rate and description, from one end of the empire to the other.”—Chirol on Education.

(6) Je ne sais pas comment la coutume de faire apprendre à grands frais aux jeunes filles à chanter et à jouer des instrumentes est devenue si commune et est regardée comme une partie essentielle de leur éducation. J’entends dire que des quelles sont établies dans le mode, elles n’en font plus aucun usage:—

La musique demande de grandes précautions. Les plus sages législateurs ont cru que rien n’étoit plus pernicieux, à une république bien policée, que d’y laisser introduire une musique effeminée. Des mères chrétiennes, pour peu qu’elles soient instruites, doivent comprendre jusqu’où elles sont obligées de porter la délicatesse sur ce point. Une expérience, presque universelle, montre, que l’étude de la musique les dissipe extraordinairement, et leur inspire du dégout et de l’aversion pour les autres occupations, qui sont néanmoins infiniment plus importantes et plus essentielles à cet âge.—M. Rollin.

(7) Woman is, perhaps, more enthusiastic in religion than man, but this is not so much a libel as it sounds on the other sex; it was a social feature to be expected. Which sex could best stand upright in so imperfect a state as the absence of religion, wanting this great help and rule of human conduct? It might confidently be asserted, Woman, so circumstanced, would be the most extreme...

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An angry person, but a perfect shower-bath on all social frivolity. The enthusiasm of our Scottish ladies has grown to such a height, that I am almost certain it lead to some dangerous revolution in the state; and you, to try to check it would only make the evil worse. You ever choose a wife, Hogg, for goodness' sake, as a value your happiness, don't choose a very religious vein."—Hogg's Private Life of Scott.

(8) It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power,—to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller's.

—Hughes.

(9) On regarde une femme savante comme on fait une belle arme: elle est ciselée artistement, d'une polissure admirable, et d'un travail fort recherché; c'est une pièce de cabinet que l'on montre aux curieux, qui n'est pas d'usage, qui ne sert ni à la guerre, ni à la chasse, non plus qu'un cheval de manège, quoique la mieux instruit du monde.—La Bruyère.

(10) The remarks ventured here will not be considered as ill-timed, or out of place, by any who have observed the presumption among our "learned ladies" (so called) of the present day. We may yet live to see such intellectual Amazons publicly styled "Mistresses of Arts."—Our brethren of the West have, it is said, already established a College for ladies in Lexington, Kentucky. Here degrees are to be conferred,—M.P.L., Mistress of Polite Literature; M.I., Mistress of Instruction, &c. &c.
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je? Si toutesfois il leur fasche de nous ceder en quoy que
cel soyt, et veulent par curiosité avoir part aux livres, la
poésie est un amusement propre à leur besoing: c'est un
art folastre et subtil, desguisé, parlier tout en plaisir, tout
en montre, comme elles. Elles tireront aussi diverses
commoditez de l'histoire. En la philosophie, de la part
qui sert à la vie, elles prendront les discours qui les dres-
sent à juger de nos humeurs et conditions, à se defendre
de nos trahisons, à regler la temerité de leurs propres
desirs, à mesnager leur liberté, allonger les plaisirs de la
vie, et à porter humainement l'inconstance d'un serviteur,
là rudesse d'un mary, et l'importunité des ans et des rides,
et choses semblables. Voylà, pour le plus, la part que je leur
assignerois aux sciences.—Essais de Montaigne. Livre iii.

(19) Les femmes de leur côté ne cessent decrier que nous
les élevons pour être vaines et coquettes; elles s'en prennent
à nous des défauts que nous leur reprochons. Quelle folie!
Et depuis quand sont-ce les hommes qui se mêlent de
l'éducation des filles? Qui est-ce qui empêche les meres
de les elever comme il leur plait?—J. J. Rousseau.

(13) What punishment is inflicted on the idle? To
learn an additional lesson, or to get by heart a portion
of the Scriptures! Must not this tend to beget disgust and
aversion for the very things the mind should be taught to
love? If any disposition be shown to coquetry, the offender
is perhaps deprived of every sort of finery, and con-
demned to the extremest simplicity in dress. Is not this
as much as to say, that the absence of ornament is a humili-
ation? The mind is thus confirmed in that very frivolity, or
vanity, which it should be endeavoured to prevent.
(14) If it be true, (as beyond all peradventure it is,) that female influence is most extensive, nothing certainly can be of more importance than to give it a proper tendency, by the assistance of a well-directed education. Far am I from recommending any attempts to render women learned, yet surely it is necessary they should be raised above ignorance. Such a general tincture of the most useful science, as may serve to free the mind from vulgar prejudices, and give it a relish for the rational exercise of its powers, might very justly enter into the plan of female erudition. That sex might be taught to turn the course of their reflections into a proper and advantageous channel, without any danger of rendering them too elevated for the feminine duties of life. In a word, I would have them considered as designed by Providence for use as well as show, and trained up not only as women, but as rational creatures.—Pittsborne’s Letters.
CHAPTER XX.

SPHERE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

- - - Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good!

MILTON.

§ 1.—"The sphere of Domestic Life is the sphere in which female excellence is best displayed:"
within this compass lies the utmost of Woman's character. She may possess beauty, manner, and other esteemed qualities,—yet these are as nothing, if she be deficient in those attributes which belong to and adorn domestic privacy.(1)

Next to pleasing God, is to please man; "A woman that honoureth her husband, shall be accounted wisest of all." Before the altar must she swear "to love, serve, honour, and obey:" she owes him in this world undivided love; and there is one sole interest that is to absorb all others. Duties, wishes, habits,—all must be

* Gisborne's Duties of Women.
molten into the stream of affection; and she must unceasingly strive to oblige, with all her soul, that man who has made her a present of his own. With grace to bear even warmth and peevishness, she must learn and adopt his tastes, study his disposition, and submit, in short, to all his desires with that graceful compliance, which in a wife is the surest sign of a sound understanding. A good wife should be "as a mirror, to represent her husband."* (a)

The idea of sacrificing their tastes and pleasures in this manner, may appear at the first glance to many women, revolting; but, after a moment's reflection, nothing will appear more rational and necessary. (3) Besides that Law and Gospel equally command them to be "under obedience;"—besides this compulsion of duty, common-sense would dictate its necessity. Divided influence can never be good: can a house divided against itself stand? A dependant condition there must be somewhere; and there is self-evident wisdom in assigning that state to the least strong:—the sacrifice must proceed from that party whose strength

* Plutarch.
and intellectual faculties are inferior, and who, with subordinate powers, has assigned unto her a subordinate place.—'The man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man!' The de-
pendance on either side is far from equal. "La femme et l'homme sont faits l'un pour
autre, mais leur mutuelle dépendance n'est pas
equal:—les hommes dépendent des femmes
par leurs désirs; les femmes dépendent des
hommes, et par leurs désirs, et par leurs be-
soins;—nous subsisterions plutôt sans elles,
qu'elles sans nous.'*

§ 2.—We may, perhaps, be forgiven the
digression, if we turn aside here to establish
more clearly the point we have been just as-
serting. Let us reflect upon the circumstances
connected with the creation of woman,—its
purposes, and the manner of it.

"The woman was made for the man." She
was made occasionally only, and for a particular
end;—"It was not good for man to be alone."

Man, made entirely by God, (for no creature
of a similar nature contributed at all towards

* J. J. Rousseau.
his existence), was fashioned immediately after the Divine Image; and thus, being a copy of so great an original, perfect, as it were, in his kind;—Nature fashioned him in a strife of grandeur, and Man stood forth the last complete creation that issued from the hand of God.

Whereas Woman, who succeeded, was not so properly created, as formed,—made after man, taken out of his substance, fashioned after an earthly pattern,—and thus but the image of man, and only a copy of a copy. But this question is not left to be decided by speculative arguments. The image of the Creator was not, we are told, common to both: "He is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man." Thus, then, the conclusion forced on the mind is irresistible, putting an end to all cavil; he draws his irradiation directly from the Deity,—she only by reflex communication with him:

- - - inferior,—in the mind
And inward qualities, which most excel:
In outward also, her resembling less
His image, who made both.

Milton, P. L.

And it must not be here forgotten that, while
man sinned only by instigation, woman was the open transgressor: foremost in evil, but last in the order of Nature;—thus she became subject to another.

When man stood rebuked for the first time before his Maker, it was because he had unwisely hearkened unto the voice of his wife. But hear the words of God himself on that occasion:—“Unto the woman he said, Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee!” Thus, then, the authority is conclusive; man has his charter of superiority from the mouth of God himself!

Reason supports the dictates of Revelation. Behold the weakness of the one sex,—the strength and sufficiency of the other! It becomes us not,—lost in the doubt of human imbecility,—to question that unsearchable wisdom, which, of the same lump, created one vessel fragile, the other glorious and erect.

Thus, however, it is: Nature has placed a wide barrier between us and them; under each of the several aspects,—moral, physical, and intellectual,—woman has less strength than discovers itself in the opposite sex. The sexes
differ in their characteristics; they differ also in their perfections: "His perfections excel hers in all real dignity."*

Man's disposition is the result of strength; but woman presents us with a reversed picture: —her disposition is the consequence of weakness. Throughout Creation, the female is found inferior to the male,—surpassing it only in beauty. Charms and beauty in the human creature are, indeed, a worthy attachment in their way,—but they have an influence only over the heart. Power is the chief element in all the higher and commanding qualities of our nature; power belongs to intellectual eminence.† In fine, the difference between the sexes is that of 'magna' and 'minus;'

"Woman is the second part to the book of man."† One is the 'Alpha,'—the other the 'Omega!' All this is not law in the romance of Love;—it is not the fashion of thought with the world;—but it is the law of Nature, and of God!

The whole universe is one vast system,—the very essence of which consists in subordi-

* Milton.  † Lavater.


submission in woman.

_nation:_ nothing must be removed out of its place. Listen to the voice of ever-watchful Nature, who has assigned to all their part. If we deviate in the least from the proper end of our existence,—to that extent must moral and social order feel (alas! it has felt) a consequent derangement.

Thus, then, we conclude: Man, the first of creatures, stands clothed with authority to rule over the _whole_ earth: and from the eminence of his creation, he assumes the moral right to carry the sceptre of _wedlock_. Nature in her own legible hand-writing declares, and Revelation confirms it, that "Woman was made inferior to Man, whom she was born to obey."

Unto Woman therefore we say, not only as it is the will of God, but her own true interest; "Submission is thy lot!" And 'tis thy glory, too:—as much greatness of mind may be shown in submission, as in command;—the grace of _meekness_ is a woman's crown!

"I suffer not," saith St. Paul, "the woman to usurp authority over the man:" If the apostle could not suffer it, into what mould is he mortified that can? Wherefore be the
pertness of all male cavillers replied to in the words of the same writer; "Nay, but who art thou, O man, that repliest against God?"

§ 3.—There are a multiplicity of little cares, from which it is in the power, as it is within the sphere, of women, to relieve men. To adopt a figure, beautifully applied to the sex by Xenophon; a woman is to become "the queen-bee of the hive;"

- - - - - - - To tend
Her household cares, a woman's best employment.

Gray.

'Tis a mischievous and mistaken notion, that an educated or refined female is not to attend to (we will not say, stoop to) the necessary duties of household life. There is no situation in life, in which female industry is not indispensable.\(^7\) 'Tis for domestic qualities that we find women extolled in Scripture;\(^8\) the writings of Solomon particularly abound with admirable directions concerning the business of a family; all of which, however they may be thought too mean and mechanical for this refined generation, are founded in eternal truth and nature! The prophet Nathan, when he
sought to describe the vast treasure which the poor man enjoyed in his wife, could find no better figure, or apter comparison, than a poor lamb,—one of the most peaceable and domesticated of all creatures!

By Homer, and nearly all the classic and admired writers of antiquity, we find women extolled, as much for their skill in the labours of the loom and similar occupations, as for beauty.(9) Plutarch writes, that the Egyptian women wore no shoes, purposely that they might accustom themselves to be occupied at home: and it is said, in Josephus, that, by the Persian laws, wives were forbidden to be seen at all by strangers.

It has been insisted upon by some of the philosophers, that no woman should come abroad more than three times in her life;—to be baptized, to be married, and to be entombed! Extravagant as this idea may seem, and very different as privacy is from imprisonment, there is a good principle at the bottom,—which is briefly this; that the highest honour of a virtuous woman consists in a rational seclusion. "Pudicity," among the Romans, was painted
ness, must needs be an unwise occupation. It has the affections alone for its source, and those who court its smiles must cultivate an under-growth of reasonable and domestic enjoyments; these are among the very few pleasures that pass harmlessly over the mind, leaving behind them no stain of sensuality.

"The weak have remedies, the wise have joys;
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart and pleasures felt at home."

How happy she that owns a disposition such as this; who claims, in a husband, the prize, not the mere power, of conquest; and who wears, like some bridal ornament of state, the light chain that binds her to her lord. Unambitious, like the lady-bird creatures around her,—to haunt the pillows of fools and fops, to live in the worship of men, (such as we described on a former occasion)* who not even by their im-pudence can tiptoe themselves out of insigni-ficance;—without any contemptible ambition of this sort, she can still listen to the sober gallantries of one; and with a glowing ear,—

"Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most."

* Vide Chap. VII. § 2.
§ 5.—There is one situation which has especial claims on female attention, which at once points out the impropriety of their aiming at mere worldly pleasures or distinctions; this is, where they are mothers. So far are we of the Mussulman creed, that we imagine the continuation of the species to have been one leading object in the creation of women: wherefore, they are especially engaged in the proper work of their calling, when nurturing and taking care of children.

Now this is a very important office; those who perform it, should be themselves fit and worthy. If wives be bad, children will be scarce perfect. From an indifferent model, we cannot have a good cast; and so we ordinarily say of any indifferent article, that it is made of bad stuff. 'Twas a Cornelia who gave birth to the Gracchi; an Agrippina produced a Nero!

The offices of motherhood are among the first and noblest duties of womankind:—Hae tibi erunt artes; these are 'wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.' "To her, who is good in her nature, the little faint cry of her babe is the
sweetest music." If a woman, then, be proud of any thing, let her emulate such pride as the mother of the Gracchi felt, when certain frivolous companions would have enticed her from home and its duties: "These," said Cornelia, pointing to her children, "are my jewels, my pastime, my operas, my amusements!" Little, perhaps, did the mothers of Newton, of Franklin, or of Washington suspect, while they tended their offspring in domestic privacy, how hallowed and important was their task.

Let the society of the sexes be so wisely ordered, that each may be busied, like Virgil's bees, in their place; and, as the same writer prettily figures elsewhere, let them be as the oak and the vine,—the tenderness of the one supported by the other's strength. Each is important in its place, and in it each is admirable. Light and darkness, direct opposites, are nevertheless both good:—Providence worketh out its designs by the 'soft, small rain,' as well as by mightier elements; and the lowly violets of the field, cheering and ornamenting without offence, have their innocent use as well as the corn by which

* Cobbett.
they grow. Women were never intended to
be objects of dalliance, but to be useful and
honourable: once cease to make them alternate
toys and drudges, and you have converted
them into affectionate companions, knowing
their sphere and honoured in it. ‘Uxor, nomen
dignitatis, non voluptatis.’

And is that sphere too limited, or so humble,
as not to demand and reward exertion? Are
its duties, such as we have described them,
unimportant; or are they any burden for the
shoulders of a child? Surely, ’tis madness to
say this. A prudent woman ranks precisely in
the same class of honour as a wise man. She
who ponders well over these things, will one day
learn to say with the widow of Shunam, and,
like her, to glory in the saying:—“I dwell
among mine own people!”
NOTES.—CHAPTER XX.

(1) Aristote, sans donner atteinte en aucune sorte au solide mérite et aux qualités essentielles du sexe, a marqué, avec sagesse, la différente destination de l’homme et de la femme, par la différence des qualités du corps et de l’esprit que l’auteur même de la nature a mise entre eux,—en donnant à l’un force de corps et une intrépidité d’ame; et donnant à l’autre, au contraire, une complexion foible et delicate, accompagnée d’une douceur naturelle et d’une modeste timidité, qui la rendent plus propre à une vie sédenteire, et qui la portent à se renfermer dans l’intérieur de la maison, et dans les soins d’une industrieuse et prudent économie.

Ce partage, loin d’avilir et de dégrader la femme, l’éleve et l’honore véritablement en lui confiant une espece d’empière et de gouvernement domestique, qui ne s’exerce que par la douceur, la raison, l’équité, et le bon esprit; et en lui donnant lieu souvent de cacher et de mettre en sûreté les plus rares et les plus estimables qualités sous le précieux voile de la modestie et de l’obéissance. Car, il faut l’avouer de bonne foi, il s’est rencontré dans tous les tems, et dans tous les conditions des femmes qui par un mérite solide se sont élevées au dessus de leur sexe; comme il y a eu une infinité d’hommes qui ont deshonorable le leur par leurs défauts. Mais ce sont des cas particuliers, qui ne sont point la règle, et qui ne doivent point prévaloir contre une destination fondée dans la nature, et prescrite par le Créateur même.—Histoire Ancienne, par M. Rollin.

Livre iii.
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(2) It behoves a woman not to make peculiar or private friendships of her own, but only to have communication with her husband’s acquaintance, esteeming his intimates alone as hers.—Plutarch.

As a looking-glass, if it be a true one, faithfully represents the face of him that looks in it; so a wife ought to fashion herself to the affection of her husband, not to be cheerful when he is sad, nor sad when he is cheerful.—Erasmus.

(3) Natural order among mankind requires that the women should serve the men, as well as children their parents; justice demanding that the lesser shall serve the greater.—St. Augustine.

There must be, says Montesquieu, a head of every house, an undivided authority: "Il est contre la raison, et contre la nature, que les femmes soient maîtresses dans la maison."

Inasmuch as the mother herself owes obedience to the father, his authority is to be the rule with their offspring rather than hers. In a competition, therefore, of commands, the father is to be obeyed.—Paley’s Moral Philosophy.

The wills of two persons, who pass their lives together, are liable every moment to be in opposition to each other. It is necessary, for the sake of peace, that the preeminence of man should be established, which will prevent or terminate disputes.—Jeremy Bentham.

(4) Our law considers man and wife as one person; yet there are some instances in which she is considered, separately, as inferior to him, and acting by his command. During marriage, the very being, or legal existence, of the woman is suspended, or at least it is incorporated and
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consolidated into that of the husband, under whose wing, cover, and protection, she performs every thing.—Blackstone’s Commentaries.

[Modern times have introduced exceptions to the above doctrine, but the general rule still continues; and its wisdom is proved from the inconveniences that have been felt by a departure from it.—Roper.]

"Il est presque reçu par-tout que la femme passe dans la famille du mari." She adopts his name and title, and it is agreed, that the offspring derive nobility from his family rather than from that of hers. Uxor consuetur dignitate mariti, says a law maxim; and another adds,—Si mulier nobilis nuperit ignobilem, desinet esse nobilis. "In the preeminence of the man," observes an able French writer, "the laws and government of all nations throughout the world agree. The nature and degrees of this preeminence are not indeed every where the same, (for these differ in proportion as laws and customs differ). Thus far, however, the consent is universal: 'The woman, how noble soever her fortunes, or any other personal advantages, is not upon any consideration exempted from subjection to the husband.'”—Charron on Wisdom.

(5) The sacred writings are full of exhortations exhorting to female obedience. "Teach the young women to love their husbands, and to be keepers at home."—"Let the wife see that she reverence her husband." St. Paul more expressly says,—and one word from him on the subject is final: "Wives be subject to your husbands, as is fit in the Lord,"—"in every thing." And we are solemnly told, in another place, that "the husband is head over the wife, as Christ is head over the church:" a figure so forcible and striking, as to permit no further doubt or caril.
A wise woman," says St. Paul, "overseeth the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."
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Le sexe a conservé cette louable coutume du travail des mains dans tous les temps, et dans tous les pays. L'histoire remarque qu'Alexandre, le plus grand des conquérans, et l'Empereur Auguste, maître de l'univers, portoient des habits travaillés par leurs meres, leurs femmes, ou leurs sœurs. Le Christianisme nous fournirait d'autres modèles non moins illustres. L'important est d'appliquer le travail des mains, non à des ouvrages frivoles, mais à des choses, utiles et d'usage:

Voila, à proprement parler, la science des femmes: voila l'occupation que la Providence leur a assignée comme par précipit, et pour laquelle elle leur a donné plus de talent, qu'aux hommes: voila ce qui les rend véritablement dignes d'estime et de louange, quand elles sont assez heureuses pour remplir tous ces devoirs. — M. Rollin, sur les Belles Lettres.

The Romans thus summed up the qualities of a wife: 

*Probitas, Fama, Fides, Fama pudicitiae, Lanificaeque manus.*

At their marriages, attendants followed with a distaff, spindle, and wool, intimating that industry was expected in the wife.

Les femmes ont naturellement à remplir tant de devoirs qui leur sont propres, qu'on ne peut assez les séparer de tout ce qui pourroit leur donner d'autres idées, de tout ce qu'on traitre d'amusements et de tout ce qu'on appelle des affaires. De la dérive pour les femmes toute la pratique de la morale, la pudeur, la chasteté, la retenue, le silence, la paix, la dépendance, le respect, l'amour, enfin une direction générale de sentiments à la chose du monde.
la meilleure par sa nature, qui est l'attachement unique à sa famille.—Montesquieu, Esprit des Loix.

The arts of the needle, &c., are more necessary for women, as the weakness of their sex and their general system of life debar ladies from many employments, which, by diversifying the circumstances of men, preserves them from being cankered by the rust of their own thoughts.
—Johnson.

(11) The following sentences are from a prose paper of Burke's, embodying his idea of a perfect wife. It was a composition which he presented to his lady on the anniversary of her marriage. He entitled it, "The character of ——," leaving her to fill up the blank:—

"She is not made to be the admiration of every body, but the happiness of one.

"She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness.

"Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes:—

"She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do."—Prior's Life of Edmund Burke.

(12) There are many of these remarkable sayings by the women of antiquity on record: such was that by the wife of Leonidas, that "her countrywomen alone could produce men." The wife of Philo the philosopher, being asked why she wore no gold, made a noble answer, that "she thought her husband's virtues sufficient ornaments."

(13) Within her sphere, Woman can never fail to be an
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object of the deepest interest; an interest that she bears along with her upon the most obvious grounds. The earth, though not indeed worshipped as heretofore, is held valuable on account of the vegetation it produces. So woman claims our deepest attention, were it solely (which it by no means is) in consideration of one great purpose of her being,—the part she bears in the propagation of man! Though there happen to be some imperfections in the soil, it may still produce a noble fruit.—To carry our figure a little further, though the truth it conveys may be unpopular, we should add, that woman is not to assume the same standard of excellence with man, any more than the mould is to be estimated equally with what it can produce.
CONCLUDING ADDRESS.

We have closed our labours. In the course of the foregoing pages, it has been found impossible to avoid giving occasional shock to Prejudice; yet let us hope, that in putting forth what are necessarily bold and unsparing truths, boldness has on no occasion been permitted to sink into offensiveness.

It should be remembered, that Truth, if it be avowed at all, requires honesty. It cannot be qualified, like medicine, and is ordinarily written, not so much to please, as to amend. "To reform, and not to chastise," says Junius, "is, I am afraid, impossible!"

What we have written, we have reviewed, and with all care. But, however much there be to confess as blameworthy in style, or in the method of the work, we find nothing of moment to regret or retract in its general sentiment.

Let us be permitted to add this much:—could we believe for one moment, that any
thing here or indirectly, be to us a caution.

Could we perceive the possibility of such a thing as being tented to destruction, they receive per

we think difference cause an evil is

it needs generate must the heads of grow?

We do as fervently committed no mistake...
that to indulge a mere satirical itch for
ag, by the adoption of, and abuse of, such
me, would be repaid only with unceasing
orse. It has been perhaps as much our
nce as our choice to write. Strongly im-
ested with the importance of a very inter-
ing subject, (and none, perhaps, could be
ound more worthy attention), we could not
(having once permitted it to sink deep into the
ind,) continue silent. If we can do good, it is
what we have desired; if in any thing (as is
possible) we have erred or have given offence,
it has been without intending it!

THE END.
ERRATA.

Page 72. Read 8, for humam, read human.

78, ... 13, for uncorporal, read incorporeal.

130, ... 9 from the bottom, for Armida-like, read like Armida.

133, ... 3, for unbecomingly, read unbecoming.