GREGORY'S

LEGACY.

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GREGORY'S LEGACY.

Charlotte Pell

GREGORY'S LEGACY.

See page 31

A

FATHER'S LEGACY

TO

HIS DAUGHTERS.

BY DR. GREGORY.

A LETTER TO A NEW-MARRIED LADY.

BY MRS. CHAPONE.

ETC.

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PREFACE.

That the subsequent Letters were written by a tender father, in a declining state of health, for the instruction of his daughters, and not intended for the Public, is a circumstance which will recommend them to every one who considers them in the light of admonition and advice. In such domestic intercourse, no sacrifices are made to prejudices, to customs, to fashionable opinions. Paternal love, paternal care, speak their genuine sentiments undisguised and unrestrained. A father's zeal for a daugh-

ter's improvement in whatever can make a woman amiable, with a father's quick apprehension of the dangers that too often arise, even from the attainment of that very point, suggest his admonitions, and render him attentive to a thousand little graces and little decorums, which would escape the nicest moralist who should undertake the subject on uninterested speculation. Every faculty is on the alarm, when the objects of such tender affection are concerned.

In the writer of these Letters, paternal tenderness and vigilance were doubled, as he was at that time sole parent; death having before deprived the young ladies of their excellent mother. His own precarious state of health inspired him with the most tender solicitude for their future welfare; and though he might have concluded that the impression made by his instruction and uniform example could never be effaced from the memory of his children, yet

his anxiety for their orphan condition suggested to him this method of continuing to them those advantages.

The Editor is encouraged to offer this Treatise to the Public, by the very favourable reception which the rest of his father's works have met with. The Comparative View of the State of Man and other Animals, and the Essay on the Office and Duties of a Physician, have been very generally read; and, if he is not deceived by the partiality of his friends, he has reason to believe they have met with general approbation.

In some of those tracts, the Author's object was to improve the taste and understanding of his reader; in others, to mend his heart; in others, to point out to him the proper use of philosophy, by showing its application to the duties of common life. In all his writings, his chief view was the good of his fellow-creatures;

and as those, among his friends, in whose taste and judgment he most confided, think the publication of this small work will contribute to that general design, and at the same time do honour to his memory, the Editor can no longer hesitate to comply with their advice in communicating it to the Public.

INTRODUCTION.

MY DEAR GIRLS,

You had the misfortune to be deprived of your mother at a time of life when you were insensible of your loss, and could receive little benefit, either from her instruction or her example.—Before this comes to your hands, you will likewise have lost your father.

I have had many melancholy reflections on the forlorn and helpless situation you must be in, if it should please God to remove me from you, before you arrive at that period of life when you will be able to think and act for yourselves. I know mankind too well; I know their falsehood, their dissipation, their coldness to all the duties of friendship and humanity. I know the little attention paid to helpless infancy.—You will meet with few friends disinterested enough to do you good offices, when you are incapable of making them any return,

by contributing to their interest or their pleasure, or even to the gratification of their vanity.

I have been supported under the gloom naturally arising from these reflections, by a reliance on the goodness of that Providence which has hitherto preserved you, and given me the most pleasing prospect of the goodness of your dispositions; and by the secret hope that your mother's virtues will entail a blessing on her children.

The anxiety I have for your happiness has made me resolve to throw together my sentiments relating to your future conduct in life. If I live for some years, you will receive them with much greater advantage, suited to your different geniuses and dispositions. If I die sooner, you must receive them in this very imperfect manner,—the last proof of my affection.

You will all remember your father's fondness, when perhaps every other circumstance relating to him is forgotten. This remembrance, I hope, will induce you to give a serious attention to the advices I am now going to leave with you.—I can request this attention with the greater confidence, as my sentiments on the most interesting points that regard life and manners were entirely correspondent to your mother's, whose judgment and taste I trusted much more than my own.

You must expect that the advices which I shall give you will be very imperfect, as there

are many nameless delicacies in female manners, of which none but a woman can judge. You will have one advantage by attending to what I am going to leave with you; you will hear at least, for once in your lives, the genuine sentiments of a man who has no interest in flattering or deceiving you. I shall throw my reflections together without any studied order, and shall only, to avoid confusion, range them under a few general heads.

You will see in a little Treatise of mine, just published, in what an honourable point of view I have considered your sex; not as domestic drudges, or the slaves of our pleasures, but as our companions and equals; as designed to soften our hearts and polish our manners; and, as Thomson finely says,

> To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
> And sweeten all the toils of human life.

I shall not repeat what I have there said on this subject, and shall only observe, that from the view I have given of your natural character and place in society, there arises a certain propriety of conduct peculiar to your sex. It is this peculiar propriety of female manners of which I intend to give you my sentiments, without touching on those general rules of conduct by which men and women are equally bound.

While I explain to you that system of conduct which I think will tend most to your

honour and happiness, I shall, at the same time, endeavour to point out those virtues and accomplishments which render you most respectable and most amiable in the eyes of my own sex.

RELIGION.

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Though the duties of religion, strictly speaking, are equally binding on both sexes, yet certain differences in their natural character and education render some vices in your sex particularly odious. The natural hardness of our hearts, and strength of our passions, inflamed by the uncontrolled licence we are too often indulged with in our youth, are apt to render our manners more dissolute, and make us less susceptible of the finer feelings of the heart. Your superior delicacy, your modesty, and the usual severity of your education, preserve you, in a great measure, from any temptation to those vices to which we are most subjected. The natural softness and sensibility of your dispositions particularly fit you for the practice of those duties where the heart is chiefly concerned; and this, along with the natural warmth of your imagination, renders you peculiarly susceptible of the feelings of devotion.

There are many circumstances in your situation that peculiarly require the supports of religion, to enable you to act in them with spirit and propriety. Your whole life is often a life of suffering; you cannot plunge into business, or dissipate yourselves in pleasure and riot, as men too often do, when under the pressure of misfortunes; you must bear your sorrows in silence, unknown and unpitied; you must often put on a face of serenity and cheerfulness, when your hearts are torn with anguish, or sinking in despair. Then your only resource is in the consolations of religion. It is chiefly owing to these that you bear domestic misfortunes better than we do.

But you are sometimes in very different circumstances that equally require the restraints of religion. The natural vivacity, and perhaps the natural vanity, of your sex, is very apt to lead you into a dissipated state of life, that deceives you under the appearance of innocent pleasure; but which, in reality, wastes your spirits, impairs your health, weakens all the superior faculties of your minds, and often sullies your reputations. Religion, by checking this dissipation, and rage for pleasure, enables you to draw more happiness, even from those very sources of amusement, which, when too frequently applied to, are often productive of satiety and disgust.

Religion is rather a matter of sentiment than

reasoning: the important and interesting articles of faith are sufficiently plain. Fix your attention on these, and do not meddle with controversy; if you get into that, you plunge into a chaos, from which you will never be able to extricate yourselves: it spoils the temper, and, I suspect, has no good effect on the heart.

Avoid all books and all conversation that tend to shake your faith on those great points of religion which should serve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happiness depend.

Never indulge yourselves in ridicule on religious subjects; nor give countenance to it in others, by seeming diverted with what they say. This, to people of good breeding, will be a sufficient check.

I wish you to go no farther than the Scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace those you find clearly revealed: never perplex yourselves about such as you do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence. I would advise you to read only such religious books as are addressed to the heart, such as inspire pious and devout affections, such as are proper to direct you in your conduct, and not such as tend to entangle you in the endless maze of opinions and systems.

Be punctual in the stated performance of your private devotions, morning and evening. If you have any sensibility or imagination, this will

establish such an intercourse between you and the Supreme Being, as will be of infinite consequence to you in life. It will communicate an habitual cheerfulness to your tempers, give a firmness and steadiness to your virtue, and enable you to go through all the vicissitudes of human life with propriety and dignity.

I wish you to be regular in your attendance on public worship, and in receiving the communion. Allow nothing to interrupt your public or private devotions, except the performance of some active duty in life, to which they should always give place. In your behaviour at public worship, observe an exemplary attention and gravity.

That extreme strictness which I recommend to you in these duties will be considered by many of your acquaintance as a superstitious attachment to forms; but, in the advices I give you on this and other subjects, I have an eye to the spirit and manners of the age. There is a levity and dissipation in the present manners, a coldness and listlessness in whatever relates to religion, which cannot fail to infect you, unless you purposely cultivate in your minds a contrary bias, and make the devotional taste habitual.

Avoid all grimace and ostentation in your religious duties. They are the usual cloaks of hypocrisy; at least, they show a weak and vain mind.

Do not make religion a subject of common

conversation in mixed companies. When it is introduced, rather seem to decline it. At the same time, never suffer any person to insult you by any foolish ribaldry on your religious opinions, but show the same resentment you would naturally do on being offered any other personal insult. But the surest way to avoid this, is by a modest reserve on the subject, and by using no freedom with others about their religious sentiments.

Cultivate an enlarged charity for all mankind, however they may differ from you in their religious opinions. That difference may probably arise from causes in which you had no share, and from which you can derive no merit.

Show your regard to religion by a distinguishing respect to all its ministers, of whatever persuasion, who do not by their lives dishonour their profession: but never allow them the direction of your consciences, lest they taint you with the narrow spirit of their party.

The best effect of your religion will be a diffusive humanity to all in distress. Set apart a certain proportion of your income as sacred to charitable purposes; but in this, as well as in the practice of every other duty, carefully avoid ostentation. Vanity is always defeating her own purposes. Fame is one of the natural rewards of virtue. Do not pursue her, and she will follow you.

Do not confine your charity to giving money.

You may have many opportunities of showing a tender and compassionate spirit where your money is not wanted. There is a false and unnatural refinement in sensibility, which makes some people shun the sight of every object in distress. Never indulge this, especially where your friends or acquaintances are concerned. Let the days of their misfortunes, when the world forgets or avoids them, be the season for you to exercise your humanity and friendship. The sight of human misery softens the heart, and makes it better; it checks the pride of health and prosperity; and the distress it occasions is amply compensated by the consciousness of doing your duty, and by the secret endearment which nature has annexed to all our sympathetic sorrows.

Women are greatly deceived, when they think they recommend themselves to our sex by their indifference about religion. Even those men who are themselves unbelievers dislike infidelity in you. Every man who knows human nature connects a religious taste in your sex with softness and sensibility of heart; at least, we always consider the want of it as a proof of that hard and masculine spirit, which, of all your faults, we dislike the most. Besides, men consider your religion as one of their principal securities for that female virtue in which they are most interested. If a gentleman pretends an attachment to any of you, and endeavours to shake

your religious principles, be assured he is either a fool, or has designs on you which he dares not openly avow.

You will probably wonder at my having educated you in a church different from my own. The reason was plainly this: I looked on the differences between our churches to be of no real importance, and that a preference of one to the other was a mere matter of taste. Your mother was educated in the church of England, and had an attachment to it, and I had a prejudice in favour of every thing she liked. It never was her desire that you should be baptized by a clergyman of the church of England, or be educated in that church; on the contrary, the delicacy of her regard to the smallest circumstance that could affect me in the eye of the world, made her anxiously insist it might be otherwise,—but I could not yield to her in that kind of generosity. When I lost her, I became still more determined to educate you in that church, as I feel a secret pleasure in doing every thing that appears to me to express my affection and veneration for her memory. I draw but a very faint and imperfect picture of what your mother was, while I endeavour to point out what you should be *.

* The reader will remember, that such observations as respect equally both the sexes, are all along as much as possible avoided.

CONDUCT AND BEHAVIOUR.

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One of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. I do not wish you to be insensible to applause; if you were, you must become, if not worse, at least less amiable women. But you may be dazzled by that admiration which yet rejoices your hearts.

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. That extreme sensibility which it indicates may be a weakness and incumbrance in our sex, as I have too often felt; but in yours it is peculiarly engaging. Pedants, who think themselves philosophers, ask why a woman should blush when she is conscious of no crime? It is a sufficient answer, that nature has made you to blush when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you because you do so. Blushing is so far from being necessarily an attendant on guilt, that it is the usual companion of innocence.

This modesty, which I think so essential in your sex, will naturally dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one. People of sense and discernment will never mistake such silence for dulness. One may take a share in conversation without uttering a syllable: the expression in the countenance shows it, and this never escapes an observing eye.

I should be glad that you had an easy dignity in your behaviour at public places, but not that confident ease, that unabashed countenance, which seems to set the company at defiance. If, while a gentleman is speaking to you, one of superior rank address you, do not let your eager attention and visible preference betray the flutter of your heart. Let your pride on this occasion preserve you from that meanness into which your vanity would sink you. Consider that you expose yourselves to the ridicule of the company, and affront one gentleman only to swell the triumph of another, who perhaps thinks he does you honour in speaking to you.

Converse with men, even of the first rank, with that dignified modesty which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them from feeling themselves your superiors.

Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess. It must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create

you many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy; yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated, and lose all self-command.

Humour is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited: but be cautious how you indulge it; it is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character; it may sometimes gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

Be even cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts and a cultivated understanding.

A man of real genius and candour is far superior to this meanness. But such a one will seldom fall in your way; and if by accident he should, do not be anxious to show the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of seeing you, he will soon discover it himself; and if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your own secret, he will probably give you credit for a great deal more than you possess. The great art of pleasing in conversation consists in making the company pleased with themselves. You will

more readily hear than talk yourselves into their good graces.

Beware of detraction, especially where your own sex are concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice — I think, unjustly. Men are fully as guilty of it when their interests interfere. As your interests more frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, your temptations to it are more frequent. For this reason, be particularly tender of the reputation of your own sex, especially when they happen to rival you in our regards. We look on this as the strongest proof of dignity and true greatness of mind.

Show a compassionate sympathy to unfortunate women, especially to those who are rendered so by the villany of men. Indulge a secret pleasure, I may say pride, in being the friends and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of showing it.

Consider every species of indelicacy in conversation as shameful in itself, and as highly disgusting to us. All double *entendre* is of this sort. The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at when it comes from your mouths, or even when you hear it without pain and contempt. Virgin purity is of that delicate nature, that it cannot hear certain things

without contamination. It is always in your power to avoid these. No man, but a brute or a fool, will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it if she resent the injury with a becoming spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men.

You will be reproached, perhaps, with prudery: by prudery is usually meant, an affectation of delicacy. Now I do not wish you to affect delicacy; I wish you to possess it. At any rate, it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous than disgusting.

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. After all, I wish you to have great ease and openness in your conversation. I only point out some considerations which ought to regulate your behaviour in that respect.

Have a sacred regard to truth. Lying is a mean and despicable vice. I have known some women of excellent parts, who were so much addicted to it that they could not be

trusted in the relation of any story, especially if it contained any thing of the marvellous, or if they themselves were the heroines of the tale. This weakness did not proceed from a bad heart, but was merely the effect of vanity, or an unbridled imagination. I do not mean to censure that lively embellishment of a humorous story, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth.

There is a certain gentleness of spirit and manners extremely engaging in your sex; not that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike. This arises either from an affectation of softness, or from perfect insipidity.

There is a species of refinement in luxury, just beginning to prevail among the gentlemen of this country, to which our ladies are yet as great strangers as any women upon earth: I hope, for the honour of the sex, they may ever continue so: I mean the luxury of eating. It is a despicable, selfish vice in men, but in your sex it is beyond expression indelicate and disgusting.

Every one who remembers a few years back is sensible of a very striking change in the attention and respect formerly paid by the gentlemen to the ladies. Their drawing-rooms are deserted; and, after dinner and supper, the gentlemen are impatient till they retire. How they came to lose this respect, which nature and

politeness so well entitle them to, I shall not here particularly inquire. The revolutions of manners in any country depend on causes very various and complicated. I shall only observe, that the behaviour of the ladies in the last age was very reserved and stately; it would now be reckoned ridiculously stiff and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected.

A fine woman, like other fine things in nature, has her proper point of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage. To fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over us, by the fullest display of their personal charms, by being always in our eye at public places, by conversing with us with the same unreserved freedom as we do with one another; in short, by resembling us as nearly as they possibly can. But a little time and experience will show the folly of this expectation and conduct.

The power of a fine woman over the hearts of men, of men of the finest parts, is even beyond what she conceives. They are sensible of the pleasing illusion, but they cannot, nor do they wish to dissolve it. But if she is determined to dispel the charm, it certainly is

in her power: she may soon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

There is a native dignity in ingenuous modesty to be expected in your sex, which is your natural protection from the familiarities of the men, and which you should feel previous to the reflection, that it is your interest to keep yourselves sacred from all personal freedoms. The many nameless charms and endearments of beauty should be reserved to bless the arms of the happy man to whom you give your heart, but who, if he has the least delicacy, will despise them if he knows that they have been prostituted to fifty men before him. The sentiment, that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms, provided her virtue is secure, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of your sex.

Let me now recommend to your attention that elegance, which is not so much a quality itself, as the high polish of every other. It is what diffuses an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every sentence you utter: it gives that charm to beauty, without which it generally fails to please: it is partly a personal quality, in which respect it is the gift of nature; but I speak of it principally as a quality of the mind; in a word, it is the perfection of taste in life and manners:—every virtue and every excellency in their most graceful and amiable forms.

You may perhaps think that I want to throw every spark of nature out of your composition, and to make you entirely artificial; far from it: I wish you to possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners. I think you may possess dignity without pride, affability without meanness, and simple elegance without affectation. Milton had my idea, when he says of Eve,

> Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love.

AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS.

Every period of life has amusements, which are natural and proper to it: you may indulge the variety of your tastes in these, while you keep within the bounds of that propriety which is suitable to your sex.

Some amusements are conducive to health, as various kinds of exercise: some are connected with qualities really useful, as different kinds of women's work, and all the domestic concerns of a family: some are elegant accomplishments, as dress, dancing, music, and drawing. Such books as improve your understanding, enlarge your knowledge, and cultivate your taste, may be considered in a higher point of view than mere amusements. There are a variety of others which are neither useful nor ornamental, such as play of different kinds.

I would particularly recommend to you those exercises that oblige you to be much abroad in the open air, such as walking, and riding on horseback. This will give vigour to your constitutions and a bloom to your complexions. If you accustom yourselves to go abroad always

in chairs and carriages, you will soon become so enervated as to be unable to go out of doors without them. They are like most articles of luxury, useful and agreeable when judiciously used; but when made habitual, they become both insipid and pernicious.

An attention to your health is a duty you owe to yourselves and to your friends. Bad health seldom fails to have an influence on the spirit and temper. The finest geniuses, the most delicate minds, have very frequently a correspondent delicacy of bodily constitution, which they are too apt to neglect. Their luxury lies in reading and late hours,—equal enemies to health and beauty.

But though good health be one of the greatest blessings of life, never make a boast of it, but enjoy it in grateful silence. We so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a correspondent delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we recoil at the description in a way she is little aware of.

The intention of your being taught needle-work, knitting, and such like, is not on account of the intrinsic value of all you can do with your hands, which is trifling, but to enable you to judge more perfectly of that kind of work, and to direct the execution of it in others. Another principal end is, to enable you to

fill up, in a tolerably agreeable way, some of the many solitary hours you must necessarily pass at home. It is a great article in the happiness of life, to have your pleasures as independent of others as possible. By continually gadding abroad in search of amusement, you lose the respect of all your acquaintances, whom you oppress with those visits, which, by a more discreet management, might have been courted.

The domestic economy of a family is entirely a woman's province, and furnishes a variety of subjects for the exertion both of good sense and good taste. If you ever come to have the charge of a family, it ought to engage much of your time and attention; nor can you be excused from this by any extent of fortune, though, with a narrow one, the ruin that follows the neglect of it may be more immediate.

I am at the greatest loss what to advise you in regard to books. There is no impropriety in your reading history, or cultivating any art or science to which genius or accident lead you. The whole volume of nature lies open to your eye, and furnishes an infinite variety of entertainment. If I were sure that nature had given you such strong principles of taste and sentiment as would remain with you, and influence your future conduct, with the utmost pleasure would I endeavour to direct your read-

ing in such a way as might form that taste to the utmost perfection of truth and elegance. "But when I reflect how easy it is to warm a girl's imagination, and how difficult deeply and permanently to affect her heart; how readily she enters into every refinement of sentiment, and how easily she can sacrifice them to vanity or convenience!" I think I may very probably do you an injury by artificially creating a taste, which, if Nature never gave it you, would only serve to embarrass your future conduct. I do not want to *make* you any thing; I want to know what nature has made you, and to perfect you on her plan. I do not wish you to have sentiments that might perplex you; I wish you to have sentiments that may uniformly and steadily guide you, and such as your hearts so thoroughly approve that you would not forego them for any consideration this world could offer.

Dress is an important article in female life. The love of dress is natural to you, and therefore it is proper and reasonable. Good sense will regulate your expense in it, and good taste will direct you to dress in such a way as to conceal any blemishes, and set off your beauties, if you have any, to the greatest advantage. But much delicacy and judgment are required in the application of this rule. A fine woman shows her charms to most advantage, when she seems most to conceal them. The finest bosom in

nature is not so fine as what imagination forms. The most perfect elegance of dress appears always the most easy, and the least studied.

Do not confine your attention to dress to your public appearances. Accustom yourselves to an habitual neatness, so that in the most careless undress, in your most unguarded hours, you may have no reason to be ashamed of your appearance. You will not easily believe how much we consider your dress as expressive of your characters. Vanity, levity, slovenliness, folly, appear through it. An elegant simplicity is an equal proof of taste and delicacy.

In dancing, the principal points you are to attend to are ease and grace. I would have you to dance with spirit; but never allow yourselves to be so far transported with mirth as to forget the delicacy of your sex. Many a girl dancing, in the gaiety and innocence of her heart, is thought to discover a spirit she little dreams of.

I know no entertainment that gives such pleasure to any person of sentiment or humour as the theatre. But I am sorry to say, there are few English comedies a lady can see without a shock to delicacy. You will not readily suspect the comments gentlemen make on your behaviour on such occasions. Men are often best acquainted with the most worthless of your sex, and from them too readily form their judgment of the rest. A virtuous girl often hears very indelicate things with a countenance

nowise embarrassed, because, in truth, she does not understand them; yet this is, most ungenerously, ascribed to that command of features, and that ready presence of mind, which you are thought to possess in a degree far beyond us; or by still more malignant observers, it is ascribed to hardened effrontery.

Sometimes a girl laughs with all the simplicity of unsuspecting innocence, for no other reason but being infected with other people's laughing; she is then believed to know more than she should do. If she does happen to understand an improper thing, she suffers a very complicated distress: she feels her modesty hurt in the most sensible manner, and at the same time is ashamed of appearing conscious of the injury. The only way to avoid these inconveniences is never to go to a play that is particularly offensive to delicacy. Tragedy subjects you to no such distress: its sorrows will soften and ennoble your hearts.

I need say little about gaming, the ladies in this country being as yet almost strangers to it. It is a ruinous and incurable vice; and as it leads to all the selfish and turbulent passions is peculiarly odious in your sex. I have no objection to your playing a little at any kind of game, as a variety in your amusements, provided that what you may possibly lose is such a trifle as can neither interest you nor hurt you.

In this, as well as in all important points

of conduct, show a determined resolution and steadiness. This is not in the least inconsistent with that softness and gentleness so amiable in your sex; on the contrary, it gives that spirit to a mild and sweet disposition, without which it is apt to degenerate into insipidity; it makes you respectable in your own eyes, and dignifies you in ours.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, MARRIAGE.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, MARRIAGE.

The luxury and dissipation that prevails in genteel life, as it corrupts the heart in many respects, so it renders it incapable of warm, sincere, and steady friendship. A happy choice of friends will be of the utmost consequence to you, as they may assist you by their advice and good offices; but the immediate gratification which friendship affords to a warm, open, and ingenuous heart, is of itself a sufficient motive to court it.

In the choice of your friends have your principal regard to goodness of heart and fidelity; if they also possess taste and genius, that will still make them more agreeable and useful companions. You have particular reason to place confidence in those who have shown affection for you in your early days, when you were incapable of making them any return: this is an obligation for which you cannot be too grateful. When you read this, you will naturally think of your mother's friend, to whom you owe so much.

If you have the good fortune to meet with any who deserve the name of friends, unbosom yourself to them with the most unsuspicious confidence. It is one of the world's maxims, never to trust any person with a secret, the discovery of which could give you any pain; but it is the maxim of a little mind and a cold heart, unless where it is the effect of frequent disappointments and bad usage. An open temper, if restrained but by tolerable prudence, will make you, on the whole, much happier than a reserved suspicious one, although you may sometimes suffer by it. Coldness and distrust are but the too certain consequences of age and experience; but they are unpleasant feelings, and need not be anticipated before their time.

But, however open you may be in talking of your own affairs, never disclose the secrets of one friend to another; these are sacred deposits, which do not belong to you, nor have you any right to make use of them.

There is another case in which I suspect it is proper to be secret, not so much from motives of prudence as delicacy; I mean, in love matters. Though a woman has no reason to be ashamed of an attachment to a man of merit, yet nature, whose authority is superior to philosophy, has annexed a sense of shame to it; it is even long before a woman of delicacy dares avow to her own heart that she loves; and

when all the subterfuges of ingenuity to conceal it from herself fail, she feels a violence done both to her pride and to her modesty. This, I should imagine, must always be the case where she is not sure of a return to her attachment.

In such a situation, to lay the heart open to any person whatever does not appear to me consistent with the perfection of female delicacy; but, perhaps, I am in the wrong. At the same time, I must tell you, that in point of prudence, it concerns you to attend well to the consequences of such a discovery. These secrets, however important in your own estimation, may appear very trifling to your friend, who possibly will not enter into your feelings, but may rather consider them as a subject of pleasantry; for this reason, love-secrets are of all others the worst kept. But the consequences to you may be very serious, as no man of spirit and delicacy ever valued a heart much hackneyed in the ways of love.

If, therefore, you must have a friend to pour out your heart to, be sure of her honour and secrecy. Let her not be a married woman, especially if she lives happily with her husband: there are certain unguarded moments, in which such a woman, though the best and worthiest of her sex, may let hints escape, which at other times, or to any other person than her husband, she would be incapable of; nor will a husband

in this case feel himself under the same obligation of secrecy and honour as if you had put your confidence originally in himself, especially on a subject which the world is apt to treat so lightly.

If all other circumstances are equal, there are obvious advantages in your making friends of one another. The ties of blood, and your being so much united in one common interest, form an additional bond of union to your friendship. If your brothers should have the good fortune to have hearts susceptible of friendship, to possess truth, honour, sense, and delicacy of sentiment, they are the fittest and most unexceptionable confidants. By placing confidence in them, you will receive every advantage which you could hope for from the friendship of men, without any of the inconveniences that attend such connections with our sex.

Beware of making confidants of your servants. Dignity not properly understood very readily degenerates into pride, which enters into no friendships, because it cannot bear an equal, and is so fond of flattery as to grasp at it even from servants and dependants. The most intimate confidants, therefore, of proud people are valets-de-chambre and waiting-women. Show the utmost humanity to your servants; make their situation as comfortable to them as possible; but if you make them your confidants, you spoil them, and debase yourselves.

Never allow any person, under the pretended sanction of friendship, to be so familiar as to lose a proper respect for you. Never allow them to tease you on any subject that is disagreeable, or where you have once taken your resolution. Many will tell you, that this reserve is inconsistent with the freedom which friendship allows; but a certain respect is as necessary in friendship as in love. Without it, you may be liked as a child, but you will never be beloved as an equal.

The temper and dispositions of the heart in your sex make you enter more readily and warmly into friendships than men. Your natural propensity to it is so strong that you often run into intimacies which you soon have sufficient cause to repent of; and this makes your friendships so very fluctuating.

Another great obstacle to the sincerity as well as steadiness of your friendships is the great clashing of your interests in the pursuits of love, ambition, or vanity. For these reasons it would appear, at first view, more eligible for you to contract your friendships with the men. Among other obvious advantages of an easy intercourse between the two sexes, it occasions an emulation and exertion in each to excel and be agreeable; hence their respective excellencies are mutually communicated and blended. As their interests in no degree interfere, there can be no foundation for jealousy, or suspicion of

rivalship. The friendship of a man for a woman is always blended with a tenderness, which he never feels for one of his own sex, even where love is in no degree concerned; besides, we are conscious of a natural title you have to our protection and good offices, and therefore we feel an additional obligation of honour to serve you, and to observe an inviolable secrecy whenever you confide in us.

But apply these observations with great caution. Thousands of women, of the best hearts and finest parts, have been ruined by men who approach them under the specious name of friendship. But supposing a man to have the most undoubted honour, yet his friendship to a woman is so near akin to love, that, if she be very agreeable in her person, she will probably very soon find a lover where she only wished to meet a friend. Let me here, however, warn you against that weakness so common among vain women, the imagination that every man who takes particular notice of you is a lover. Nothing can expose you more to ridicule than the taking up a man on the suspicion of being your lover, who perhaps never once thought of you in that view, and giving yourselves those airs so common among silly women on such occasions.

There is a kind of unmeaning gallantry much practised by some men, which, if you have any discernment, you will find really very harmless.

Men of this sort will attend you to public places, and be useful to you by a number of little observances, which those of a superior class do not so well understand, or have not leisure to regard, or perhaps are too proud to submit to. Look on the compliments of such men as words of course, which they repeat to every agreeable woman of their acquaintance. There is a familiarity they are apt to assume, which a proper dignity in your behaviour will be easily able to check.

There is a different species of men, whom you may like as agreeable companions, men of worth, taste, and genius, whose conversation, in some respects, may be superior to what you generally meet with among your own sex. It will be foolish in you to deprive yourselves of a useful and agreeable acquaintance, merely because idle people say he is your lover. Such a man may like your company without having any design on your person.

People whose sentiments, and particularly whose tastes correspond, naturally like to associate together, although neither of them have the most distant view of any further connexion; but as this similarity of minds often gives rise to a more tender attachment than friendship, it will be prudent to keep a watchful eye over yourselves, lest your hearts become too far engaged before you are aware of it. At the same time, I do not think that your sex,

at least in this part of the world, have much of that sensibility which disposes to such attachments. What is commonly called love among you is rather gratitude, and a partiality to the man who prefers you to the rest of your sex: and such a man you often marry, with little of either personal esteem or affection. Indeed, without an unusual share of natural sensibility, and very peculiar good fortune, a woman in this country has very little probability of marrying for love.

It is a maxim laid down among you, and a very prudent one it is,—that love is not to begin on your part, but is entirely to be the consequence of our attachment to you. Now, supposing a woman to have sense and taste, she will not find many men to whom she can possibly be supposed to bear any considerable share of esteem; among these few, it is a very great chance if any of them distinguishes her particularly. Love, at least with us, is exceedingly capricious, and will not always fix where reason says it should; but supposing one of them should become particularly attached to her, it is still extremely improbable that he should be the man in the world her heart most approved of.

As, therefore, nature has not given you that unlimited range in your choice which we enjoy, she has wisely and benevolently assigned to you a greater flexibility of taste on this subject.

Some agreeable qualities recommend a gentleman to your common good liking and friendship; in the course of his acquaintance he contracts an attachment to you; when you perceive it, it excites your gratitude; this gratitude rises into a preference, and this preference perhaps at last advances to some degree of attachment, especially if it meets with crosses and difficulties; for these, and a state of suspense, are very great incitements to attachment, and are the food of love in both sexes. If attachment was not excited in your sex in this manner, there is not one of a million of you that could ever marry with any degree of love.

A man of taste and delicacy marries a woman because he loves her more than any other. A woman of equal taste and delicacy marries him because she esteems him, and because he gives her that preference. But if a man unfortunately becomes attached to a woman whose heart is secretly pre-engaged, his attachment, instead of obtaining a suitable return, is particularly offensive; and if he persists to tease her, he makes himself equally the object of her scorn and aversion.

The effects of love among men are diversified by their different tempers. An artful man may counterfeit every one of them, so as easily to impose on a young girl of an open, generous, and feeling heart, if she is not extremely on her guard. The finest parts in such a girl may not

always prove sufficient for her security. The dark and crooked paths of cunning are unsearchable and inconceivable to an honourable and elevated mind.

The following, I apprehend, are the most genuine effects of an honourable passion among the men, and the most difficult to counterfeit. A man of delicacy often betrays his passion by his too great anxiety to conceal it, especially if he has little hopes of success. True love, in all its stages, seeks concealment, and never expects success; it renders a man not only respectful, but timid to the highest degree in his behaviour to the woman he loves. To conceal the awe he stands in of her, he may sometimes affect pleasantry, but it sits awkwardly on him, and he quickly relapses into seriousness, if not into dulness. He magnifies all her real perfections in his imagination, and is either blind to her failings or converts them into beauties. Like a person conscious of guilt, he is jealous, that every eye observes him; and, to avoid this, he shuns all the little observances of common gallantry.

His heart and his character will be improved in every respect by his attachment. His manners will become more gentle, and his conversation more agreeable; but diffidence and embarrassment will always make him appear to disadvantage in the company of his mistress. If the fascination continue long, it will totally

depress his spirit, and extinguish every active, vigorous, and manly principle of his mind. You will find this subject beautifully and pathetically painted in Thompson's Spring.

When you observe in a gentleman's behaviour these marks which I have described above, reflect seriously what you are to do. If his attachment is agreeable to you, I leave you to do as nature, good sense, and delicacy shall direct you. If you love him, let me advise you never to discover to him the full extent of your love; no, not although you marry him: that sufficiently shows your preference, which is all he is entitled to know. If he has delicacy, he will ask for no stronger proof of your affection, for your sake; if he has sense, he will not ask it for his own. This is an unpleasant truth, but it is my duty to let you know it. Violent love cannot subsist, at least, cannot be expressed, for any time together, on both sides; otherwise, the certain consequence, however concealed, is satiety and disgust. Nature, in this case, has laid the reserve on you.

If you see evident proofs of a gentleman's attachment, and are determined to shut your heart against him, as you ever hope to be used with generosity by the person who shall engage your own heart, treat him honourably and humanely. Do not let him linger in a miserable suspense, but be anxious to let him know your sentiments with regard to him.

However people's hearts may deceive them, there is scarcely a person that can love for any time without, at least, some distant hope of success. If you really wish to undeceive a lover, you may do it in a variety of ways. There is a certain species of easy familiarity in your behaviour which may satisfy him, if he has any discernment left, that he has nothing to hope for; but perhaps your particular temper may not admit of this. You may easily show that you want to avoid his company; but if he is a man whose friendship you wish to preserve, you may not choose this method, because then you lose him in every capacity; you may get a common friend to explain matters to him, or fall on many other devices, if you are seriously anxious to put him out of suspense.

But if you are resolved against every such method, at least do not shun opportunities of letting him explain himself. If you do this, you act barbarously and unjustly. If he brings you to an explanation, give him a polite, but resolute and decisive answer. In whatever way you convey your sentiments to him, if he is a man of spirit and delicacy, he will give you no further trouble, nor apply to your friends for their intercession. This last is a method of courtship which every man of spirit will disdain. He will never whine nor sue for your pity: that would mortify him almost as much

as your scorn. In short, you may possibly break such a heart, but you can never bend it. Great pride always accompanies delicacy, however concealed under the appearance of the utmost gentleness and modesty; and is the passion of all others the most difficult to conquer.

There is a case where a woman may coquet justifiably to the utmost verge which her conscience will allow. It is where a gentleman purposely declines to make his addresses, till such time as he thinks himself perfectly sure of her consent. This at bottom is intended to force a woman to give up the undoubted privilege of her sex—the privilege of refusing; it is intended to force her to explain herself, in effect, before the gentleman deigns to do it, and by this means to oblige her to violate the modesty and delicacy of her sex, and to invert the clearest order of nature. All this sacrifice is proposed to be made merely to gratify a most despicable vanity in a man, who would degrade the very woman whom he wishes to make his wife.

It is of great importance to distinguish whether a gentleman, who has the appearance of being your lover, delays to speak explicitly from the motive I have mentioned, or from a diffidence, inseparable from true attachment. In the one case, you can scarely use him too ill: in the other, you ought to use him with

great kindness; and the greatest kindness you can show him, if you are determined not to listen to his addresses, is to let him know it as soon as possible.

I know the many excuses with which women endeavour to justify themselves to the world, and to their own consciences, when they act otherwise. Sometimes they plead ignorance, or, at least, uncertainty of the gentleman's real sentiments; that may sometimes be the case. Sometimes they plead the decorum of their sex, which enjoins an equal behaviour to all men, and forbids them to consider any man as a lover till he has directly told them so. Perhaps few women carry their ideas of female delicacy and decorum so far as I do; but I must say, you are not entitled to plead the obligation of these virtues in opposition to the superior ones of gratitude, justice, and humanity. The man is entitled to all these who prefers you to the rest of your sex, and perhaps whose greatest weakness is this very preference. The truth of the matter is, vanity, and the love of admiration, is so prevailing a passion among you, that you may be considered to make a very great sacrifice whenever you give up a lover, till every art of coquetry fails to keep him, or till he forces you to an explanation. You can be fond of the love, when you are indifferent to, or even when you despise, the lover.

But the deepest and most artful coquetry is

employed by women of superior taste and sense, to engage and fix the heart of a man, whom the world and they themselves esteem, although they are firmly determined never to marry him. But his conversation amuses them, and his attachment is the highest gratification to their vanity; nay, they can sometimes be gratified with the utter ruin of his fortune, fame, and happiness. God forbid I should ever think so of all your sex! I know many of them have principles, have generosity and dignity of soul, that elevate them above the worthless vanity I have been speaking of.

Such a woman, I am persuaded, may always convert a lover, if she cannot give him her affections, into a warm and steady friend, provided he is a man of sense, resolution, and candour. If she explains herself to him with a generous openness and freedom, he must feel the stroke as a man, but he will likewise bear it as a man: what he suffers, he will suffer in silence. Every sentiment of esteem will remain; but love, though it requires very little food, and is easily surfeited with too much, yet it requires some. He will view her in the light of a married woman; and though passion subsides, yet a man of a candid and generous heart always retains a tenderness for a woman he has once loved, and who has used him well, beyond what he feels for any other of her sex.

If he has not confided his own secret to any

body, he has an undoubted title to ask you not to divulge it. If a woman chooses to trust any of her companions with her own unfortunate attachments, she may, as it is her own affair alone ; but if she has any generosity, or gratitude, she will not betray a secret which does not belong to her.

Male coquetry is much more inexcusable than female, as well as more pernicious ; but it is rare in this country. Very few men will give themselves the trouble to gain or retain any woman's affections, unless they have views on them, either of an honourable or dishonourable kind. Men employed in the pursuits of business, ambition, or pleasure, will not give themselves the trouble to engage a woman's affections merely from the vanity of conquest, and of triumphing over the heart of an innocent and defenceless girl. Besides, people never value much what is entirely in their power. A man of parts, sentiment, and address, if he lays aside all regard to truth and humanity, may engage the hearts of fifty women at the same time, and may likewise conduct his coquetry with so much art as to put it out of the power of any of them to specify a single expression that could be said to be directly expressive of love.

This ambiguity of behaviour, this art of keeping one in suspense, is the great secret of coquetry in both sexes. It is the more cruel in

us, because we can carry it what length we please, and continue it as long as we please, without your being so much as at liberty to complain or expostulate; whereas, we can break our chain, and force you to explain, whenever we become impatient of our situation.

I have insisted the more particularly on this subject of courtship, because it may most readily happen to you at that early period of life, when you can have little experience or knowledge of the world; when your passions are warm, and your judgments not arrived at such full maturity as to be able to correct them. I wish you to possess such high principles of honour and generosity as will render you incapable of deceiving, and at the same time to possess that acute discernment, which may secure you against being deceived.

A woman, in this country, may easily prevent the first impressions of love; and every motive of prudence and delicacy should make her guard her heart against them, till such time as she has received the most convincing proofs of the attachment of a man of such merit as will justify a reciprocal regard. Your hearts, indeed, may be shut inflexibly and permanently against all the merit a man can possess: that may be your misfortune, but cannot be your fault. In such a situation, you would be equally unjust to yourself and your lover, if you gave him your hand when your heart revolted against

him. But miserable will be your fate if you allow an attachment to steal on you before you are sure of a return; or, what is infinitely worse, where there are wanting those qualities, which alone can ensure happiness in a married state.

I know nothing that renders a woman more despicable, than her thinking it essential to happiness to be married. Besides the gross indelicacy of the sentiment, it is a false one, as thousands of women have experienced; but, if it was true, the belief that it is so, and the consequent impatience to be married, is the most effectual way to prevent it.

You must not think from this that I do not wish you to marry; on the contrary, I am of opinion that you may attain a superior degree of happiness in a married state, to what you can possibly find in any other. I know the forlorn and unprotected situation of an old maid, the chagrin and peevishness which are apt to infect their tempers, and the great difficulty of making a transition, with dignity and cheerfulness, from the period of youth, beauty, admiration, and respect, into the calm, silent, unnoticed retreat of declining years.

I see some unmarried women, of active, vigorous minds, and great vivacity of spirits, degrading themselves; sometimes by entering into a dissipated course of life, unsuitable to their years, and exposing themselves to the

ridicule of girls, who might have been their grandchildren; sometimes by oppressing their acquaintances by impertinent intrusions into their private affairs; and sometimes by being the propagators of scandal and defamation. All this is owing to an exuberant activity of spirit, which, if it had found employment at home, would have rendered them respectable and useful members of society.

I see other women, in the same situation, gentle, modest, blessed with sense, taste, delicacy, and every milder feminine virtue of the heart, but of weak spirits, bashful, and timid: I see such women sinking into obscurity and insignificance, and gradually losing every elegant accomplishment; for this evident reason, that they are not united to a partner who has sense, worth, and taste to know their value; one who is able to draw forth their concealed qualities, and show them to advantage; who can give that support to their feeble spirits which they stand much in need of; and who, by his affection and tenderness, might make such a woman happy in exerting every talent, and accomplishing herself in every elegant art that could contribute to his amusement.

In short, I am of opinion that a married state, if entered into from proper motives of esteem and affection, will be the happiest for yourselves, make you most respectable in the eyes of the world, and the most useful mem-

bers of society. But I confess, I am not enough of a patriot to wish you to marry for the good of the public: I wish you to marry for no other reason but to make yourselves happier. When I am so particular in my advices about your conduct, I own my heart beats with the fond hope of making you worthy the attachment of men who will deserve you, and be sensible of your merit. But Heaven forbid you should ever relinquish the ease and independence of a single life, to become the slaves of a fool, or a tyrant's caprice.

As these have always been my sentiments, I shall do you but justice, when I leave you in such independent circumstances as may lay you under no temptation to do from necessity what you would never do from choice. This will likewise save you from that cruel mortification to a woman of spirit, the suspicion that a gentleman thinks he does you an honour or a favour when he asks you for his wife.

If I live till you arrive at that age when you shall be capable to judge for yourselves, and do not strangely alter my sentiments, I shall act towards you in a very different manner from what most parents do. My opinion has always been, that when that period arrives, the parental authority ceases.

I hope I shall always treat you with that affection and easy confidence, which may dispose you to look on me as your friend. In

that capacity alone I shall think myself entitled to give you my opinion ; in the doing of which, I should think myself highly criminal, if I did not, to the utmost of my power, endeavour to divest myself of all personal vanity, and all prejudices in favour of my particular taste. If you did not choose to follow my advice, I should not on that account cease to love you as my children. Though my right to your obedience was expired, yet I should think nothing could release me from the ties of nature and humanity.

You may, perhaps, imagine that the reserved behaviour which I recommend to you, and your appearing seldom at public places, must cut off all opportunities of your being acquainted with gentlemen. I am very far from intending this : I advise you to no reserve but what will render you more respected and beloved by our sex. I do not think public places suited to make people acquainted together ; they can only be distinguished there by their looks and external behaviour : but it is in private companies alone where you can expect easy and agreeable conversation, which I should never wish you to decline. If you do not allow gentlemen to become acquainted with you, you can never expect to marry with attachment on either side. Love is very seldom produced at first sight ; at least, it must have, in that case, a very unjustifiable foun-

dation. True love is founded on esteem, in a correspondence of tastes and sentiments, and steals on the heart imperceptibly.

There is one advice I shall leave you, to which I beg your particular attention. Before your affections come to be in the least engaged to any man, examine your tempers, your tastes, and your hearts very severely, and settle in your own minds, what are the requisites to your happiness in a married state; and as it is almost impossible that you should get every thing you wish, come to a steady determination what you are to consider as essential, and what may be sacrificed.

If you have hearts disposed by nature for love and friendship, and possess those feelings which enable you to enter into all the refinements and delicacies of these attachments, consider well, for Heaven's sake, and as you value your future happiness, before you give them any indulgence. If you have the misfortune (for a very great misfortune it commonly is to your sex) to have such a temper and such sentiments deeply rooted in you; if you have spirit and resolution to resist the solicitations of vanity, the persecutions of friends (for you will have lost the only friend that would never persecute you), and can support the prospect of the many inconveniences attending the state of an old maid, which I formerly pointed out, then you may

indulge yourselves in that kind of sentimental reading and conversation which is most correspondent to your feelings.

But if you find, on a strict self-examination, that marriage is absolutely essential to your happiness, keep the secret inviolable in your own bosoms, for the reason I formerly mentioned; but shun, as you would do the most fatal poison, all that species of reading and conversation which warms the imagination, which engages and softens the heart, and raises the taste above the level of common life. If you do otherwise, consider the terrible conflict of passions this may afterwards raise in your breasts.

If this refinement once takes deep root in your minds, and you do not obey its dictates, but marry from vulgar and mercenary views, you may never be able to eradicate it entirely, and then it will embitter all your married days. Instead of meeting with sense, delicacy, tenderness, a lover, a friend, an equal companion, in a husband, you may be tired with insipidity and dulness, shocked with indelicacy, or mortified by indifference. You will find none to compassionate, or even understand your sufferings; for your husbands may not use you cruelly, and may give you as much money for your clothes, personal expense, and domestic necessaries, as is suitable to their fortunes. The world would therefore look on you as unrea-

sonable women, and that did not deserve to be happy, if you were not so. To avoid these complicated evils, if you are determined at all events to marry, I would advise you to make all your reading and amusements of such a kind as do not affect the heart, nor the imagination, except in the way of wit or humour.

I have no view by these advices to lead your tastes; I only want to persuade you of the necessity of knowing your own minds, which, though seemingly very easy, is what your sex seldom attain in many important occasions in life, but particularly on this of which I am speaking. There is not a quality I more anxiously wish you to possess, than that collected decisive spirit which rests on itself, which enables you to see where your true happiness lies, and to pursue it with the most determined resolution. In matters of business, follow the advice of those who know them better than yourselves, and in whose integrity you can confide; but in matters of taste, that depend on your own feelings, consult no one friend whatever, but consult your own hearts.

If a gentleman makes his addresses to you, or gives you reason to believe he will do so, before you allow your affections to be engaged, endeavour, in the most prudent and secret manner, to procure from your friends every necessary piece of information concerning him, such as his character for sense, his morals, his

temper, fortune, and family; whether it is distinguished for parts and worth, or for folly, knavery, and loathsome hereditary diseases. When your friends inform you of these, they have fulfilled their duty. If they go further, they have not that deference for you which a becoming dignity on your part would effectually command.

Whatever your views are in marrying, take every possible precaution to prevent their being disappointed. If fortune, and the pleasures it brings, are your aim, it is not sufficient that the settlements of a jointure and children's provisions be ample, and properly secured, it is necessary that you should enjoy the fortune during your own life. The principal security you can have for this will depend on your marrying a goodnatured, generous man, who despises money, and who will let you live where you can best enjoy that pleasure, that pomp and parade of life, for which you married him.

From what I have said, you will easily see that I could never pretend to advise whom you should marry; but I can with great confidence advise whom you should not marry.

Avoid a companion that may entail any hereditary disease on your posterity, particularly (that most dreadful of all human calamities) madness. It is the height of imprudence to run into such a danger, and, in my opinion, highly criminal.

Do not marry a fool; he is the most intractable of all animals; he is led by his passions and caprices, and is incapable of hearing the voice of reason. It may probably, too, hurt your vanity to have husbands for whom you have reason to blush and tremble every time they open their lips in company. But the worst circumstance that attends a fool is his constant jealousy of his wife being thought to govern him. This renders it impossible to lead him, and he is continually doing absurd and disagreeable things, for no other reason but to show he dares do them.

A rake is always a suspicious husband, because he has only known the most worthless of your sex. He likewise entails the worst diseases on his wife and children, if he has the misfortune to have any.

If you have a sense of religion yourselves, do not think of husbands who have none. If they have tolerable understandings, they will be glad that you have religion, for their own sakes, and for the sake of their families; but it will sink you in their esteem. If they are weak men, they will be continually teasing and shocking you about your principles. If you have children, you will suffer the most bitter distress, in seeing all your endeavours to form their minds to virtue and piety, all your endeavours to secure their present and eternal happiness, frustrated and turned into ridicule.

As I look on your choice of a husband to be of the greatest consequence to your happiness, I hope you will make it with the utmost circumspection. Do not give way to a sudden sally of passion, and dignify it with the name of love. Genuine love is not founded in caprice; it is founded in nature, on honourable views, on virtue, on similarity of tastes, and sympathy of souls.

If you have these sentiments, you will never marry any one when you are not in that situation, in point of fortune, which is necessary to the happiness of either of you. What that competency may be can only be determined by your own tastes. It would be ungenerous in you to take advantage of a lover's attachment, to plunge him into distress; and if he has any honour, no personal gratification will ever tempt him to enter into any connexion which will render you unhappy. If you have as much between you as to satisfy all your demands, it is sufficient.

I shall conclude with endeavouring to remove a difficulty which must naturally occur to any woman of reflection on the subject of marriage. What is to become of all those refinements of delicacy, that dignity of manners, which checked all familiarities, and suspended desire in respectful and awful admiration? In answer to this, I shall only observe, that if motives of interest or vanity have had any share in your resolutions

to marry, none of these chimerical notions will give you any pain; nay, they will very quickly appear as ridiculous in your own eyes as they probably always did in the eyes of your husbands. They have been sentiments which have floated in your imaginations, but have never reached your hearts. But if these sentiments have been truly genuine, and if you have had the singular happy fate to attach those who understand them, you have no reason to be afraid.

Marriage, indeed, will at once dispel the enchantment raised by external beauty; but the virtues and graces that first warmed the heart, that reserve and delicacy which always left the lover something further to wish, and often made him doubtful of your sensibility or attachment, may, and ought ever to remain. The tumult of passion will necessarily subside; but it will be succeeded by an endearment, that affects the heart in a more equal, more sensible, and tender manner. But I must check myself, and not indulge in descriptions that may mislead you, and that too sensibly awake the remembrance of my happier days, which, perhaps, it were better for me to forget for ever.

I have thus given you my opinion on some of the most important articles of your future life, chiefly calculated for that period when you are just entering the world. I have endeavoured to avoid some peculiarities of opinion, which,

from their contradiction to the general practice of the world, I might reasonably have suspected were not so well founded. But, in writing to you, I am afraid my heart has been too full, and too warmly interested, to allow me to keep this resolution. This may have produced some embarrassment, and some seeming contradictions. What I have written has been the amusement of some solitary hours, and has served to divert some melancholy reflections. I am conscious I undertook a task to which I was very unequal; but I have discharged a part of my duty. You will at least be pleased with it, as the last mark of your father's love and attention.

A LETTER
TO A NEW MARRIED LADY.

BY MRS. CHAPONE.

MRS. CHAPONE'S

LETTER

TO

A NEW-MARRIED LADY.

INDEED, my dear young friend, you have highly obliged me by such a distinguishing mark of friendship and consideration, as that of finding time, on the most important day of your life, to inform me, with your own hand, of your marriage: an event most interesting to me, who wish your happiness with the sincerest ardour. You tell me you expect from me, not a letter of formal congratulation, but of serious and friendly advice on the new situations and duties in which you are going to be engaged. You wish I could be always with you to watch and direct your conduct, and seem full of that salutary fear and distrust of your own prudence, which is the best security for youth and inexperience. Whilst you retain this, I may venture to

answer for you, that you will not materially deviate from the paths of duty and happiness.

I am glad you are still to remain a few weeks under the paternal roof, which has hitherto sheltered you from every evil, and where you have seen examples only of good; but, from this scene of regularity and quiet cheerfulness, you will soon go to London, to become mistress of yourself and of a family, and to plunge at once into the hurry and bustle of a world to which you are almost a stranger. Thither will my anxious good wishes attend you: for, on the manner of your first setting out depends more than you can possibly imagine.

I know you have not been brought up in modish principles, and that you do not at present consider marriage as a title to unbounded liberty and perpetual dissipation, instead of a solemn engagement to subjection and obedience, to family cares and serious employments. You will probably, indeed, meet with people who will endeavour to laugh you out of all such regards, and who will find something very ludicrous in the idea of authority in a husband. But whatever your opinions may be on this head, it is certain that a man of Mr. B.'s generosity would be much mortified and distressed to find himself obliged to exert his authority in restraining your pleasures, particularly on his first setting out with you on the journey of life. He knows

he should be universally condemned, as either jealous or covetous, should he interfere to stem the torrent of dissipation, into which it will be the business of most of your acquaintance to see you fairly plunged ; for well they know that when once you are drawn into the whirlpool, more than female strength is required to get out of it again. Curiosity and vanity will join their temptations. You have a new face and new finery to show, new flattery to hear, and every fine place about town to see and to be seen in.

Alas ! poor Mr. B. !—What chance have you for a moment's attention ! and what a sudden end is here of all that dear domestic happiness to which you both looked forward with rapture a few weeks ago !—you have nothing for it but to engage as deeply in the same course, and leave to whining swains in the country all ideas of that union of heart, that sweet intercourse of tenderness and friendship of which " soft souls in love " are apt to dream, when they think of living with the object of their wishes.

Mr. B. chose you from affection only : the superiority of his fortune, and the large field of choice which that fortune, joined with his amiable person and character, secured to him, precludes the possibility of any other motive. I—who know the disinterestedness of your nature, and the perfect freedom of rejection which your parents have always allowed you—

have not the least doubt that your preference of him was the genuine effect of a real attachment, without any bias from his riches. Youth is naturally disinterested, and your heart is hitherto uncorrupted. But, my dear, the mode of living, in this too civilised part of the world, leaves scarce a single trace of nature; and even youth now grows a stranger to tenderness and truth, and pursues wealth (as the means of gratifying vanity) with all the rapacity of an old usurer. It is necessary, therefore, that you should prove to your husband the sincerity of your attachment, which he may justly doubt if he sees that your happiness arises from the enjoyment of his fortune rather than of him. By a reserved and moderate use of his indulgence, by always preferring his company, and that of his particular friends, to public diversions and assemblies, by studying his taste rather than your own, and making the gratification of it your highest pleasure, you must convince him that your heart is his own; a truth which should always appear in the general tenour of your conduct, rather than in professions, or in that officious parade of affection which designing women often substitute in the place of every genuine mark of tenderness and consideration. Dean Swift*, in his coarse way, says very sensible things on the subject of displaying affection, which, how-

* *Vide* his Letter to a new-married Lady.

ever, may safely be left to your own natural delicacy: "*l'amour, de sa nature, aime le secret;*" and a person of sensibility is always averse to showing any passion or affection before those whose sympathy is not interested in it. An amiable author*, of much more delicacy than the Dean, goes so far as to advise his daughters never to show the extent of their love even to their husbands; a precept which does no honour to his own sex, and which would take from ours its sweetest charms, simplicity and artless tenderness. A haughty and imperious woman, who desired an undue power over her husband, would indeed do wisely to keep him always in suspense, and conceal from him an affection which must increase his power and diminish her own; but a gentle and truly feminine nature has no such desires, and consequently needs no such arts. A modest heart may trust its genuine feelings with a husband who has generosity and delicacy, and who, like yours, is untainted with that base opinion of women, which a commerce with the worst of the sex always inspires.

Swift (and almost every male writer on the subject) pronounces that the passion of love in men is infallibly destroyed by possession, and can subsist but a short time after marriage. What a dreadful sentence must this appear to

* Dr. Gregory.—*Vide* Father's Legacy.

you at this time! your heart, which feels its own affection increased, knows not how to support the idea of such a change in the beloved object: but, my dear friend, the God of Nature, who provided the passion of love as the incitement to marriage, has also provided resources for the happiness of this his own institution, which kind and uncorrupted natures will not fail to find. It is not indeed intended that we should pass our lives in the delirium of passion: but whilst this subsides, the habit of affection grows strong. The tumult and anxiety of desire must of course be at an end when the object is secure; but a milder and more serene happiness succeeds, which in good hearts creates a tenderness that is often wanting amidst the fervours of violent passion. Before this palls, your business is to build the solid foundation of a durable friendship. This will best be done whilst the partiality of fondness places all your excellences in the fairest point of view, and draws a veil over your defects. This season you should take care to prolong, as far as is possible, that habit and esteem may have time to take deep root: to this end you must avoid every thing that can create a moment's disgust towards either your person or your mind. Keep the infirmities of both out of the observation of your husband more scrupulously than of any other man; and never let your idea in his imagination be accompanied with circumstances unpleasant or dis-

graceful. A mistress of a family cannot always be adorned with smiles. It will sometimes be incumbent on you to find faults, and human nature may sometimes fail of doing this with proper temper and dignity; therefore let it never be done in the presence of your husband. Do not disturb him with the detail of your grievances from servants or tradespeople, nor with your methods of family management. But above all let nothing of this kind embitter his meals when you happen to be tête-à-tête at table. In mixing with the world and its affairs, he will often meet with such things as cannot fail to hurt a mind like his, and which may sometimes affect his temper. But when he returns to his own house, let him there find every thing serene and peaceful, and let your cheerful complacency restore his good humour, and quiet every uneasy passion.

Endeavour to enter into his pursuits, catch his taste, improve by his knowledge; nor let any thing that is interesting to him appear a matter of indifference to you. Thus will you make yourself delightful to him as a companion and friend, in whom he may be always sure to find that sympathy which is the grand cement of friendship. But if you affect to speak of his pursuits as beyond your capacity, or foreign to your taste, you can be no longer pleasing to him in that light, and must rely merely on your personal attractions, of which, alas, time and

familiarity must every day impair the value. When you are in the country, perhaps you may sometimes find hours, and even days, for each other's society, without any other company: in this case, conversation will hardly supply sufficient entertainment; and, next to displeasing or disgusting him, you should of all things dread his growing dull and weary in your company. If you can prevail upon him to read with you, to practise music with you, or to teach you a language or a science, you will then find amusement for every hour; and nothing is more endearing than such communications. The improvements and accomplishments you gain from him will be doubly valuable in his esteem; and certainly you can never acquire them so agreeably as from his lips. And though you should not naturally be disposed to the same taste in reading or amusement, this may be acquired by habit, and by a hearty desire of conforming to his inclinations and sharing in his pleasures. With such a master you will find your understanding enlarge, and your taste refine to a degree far beyond your expectations; and the sweet reward of his praises will inspire you with such spirit and diligence as will easily surmount any natural inaptitude.

Your behaviour to his particular friends and near relations will have the most important effects on your mutual happiness. If you do not adopt his sentiments with regard to them,

your union must be very incomplete, and a thousand disagreeable circumstances will continually arise from it. I am told that he is an excellent son to a mother, who, with many good qualities, has defects of temper which determined him to decline her continuing to live with him after his marriage. In this he is equally kind and prudent; for though he could himself meritoriously bear with failings to which he had been accustomed from his infancy, in a parent who dotes upon him, yet this would have been too hard a task upon you, who have not an equal affection to support your duty, and to whom her ways would have been new and unusual. But though I thus far highly approve his consideration for you, yet you must remember how great a part of her happiness she is thus deprived of on your account, and make her all the amends in your power by your own attentions, as well as by promoting opportunities of indulging her in the company of her son. It would be a grievous charge on your consience, if through your means he should become less observant of her, or diminish aught of that duty and affection which has hitherto so amiably distinguished him. Be careful therefore that no dispute may ever happen between this lady and yourself, no complaint from either of you disturb his peace, to whom it would be so painful and unnatural to take part against either. Be armed against the

sallies of her temper, and predetermined never to quarrel with her, whatever she may say or do. In such a relationship, this conduct would not be meanness, but merit; nor would it imply any unworthy compliance or false assent; since silence and good-humoured steadiness may always preserve sincerity in your conversation, and proper freedom in your conduct. If she should desire to control your actions, or to intermeddle in the affairs of your family, more than you think is reasonable, hear her advice with patience, and answer with respect, but in a manner that may let her see you mean to judge of your own duties for yourself. "I will consider of what you are so good to observe to me.——I will endeavour to rectify whatever is amiss"—or some such general answer, will probably for the time put a stop to her attempts of this kind.

Great care must be taken to proportion at least your outward regards with equity and good breeding between your husband's relations and your own. It would be happy if your feelings could be almost the same to both; but whether they are so or not, you are bound by duty and prudence to cultivate as much as possible the good will and friendship of the family into which you are now adopted, without prejudice to that affection and gratitude in which I am sure you can never be wanting towards your own.

If it is an important duty to avoid all dissen-

sions and disobligations with those who are nearly connected with your husband, of how much greater consequence is it to avoid all occasions of resentment between yourselves? Whatever may be said of the quarrels of *lovers*, believe me those of married people have always dreadful consequences, especially if they are not very short and very slight. If they are suffered to produce bitter or contemptuous expressions, or betray an habitual dislike in one party of any thing in the person or mind of the other, such wounds can scarcely ever be thoroughly healed: and though regard to principle and character lays the married couple under a necessity to make up the breach as well as they can, yet is their affiance in each other's affection so rudely shaken in such conflicts that it can hardly ever be perfectly fixed again. The painful recollection of what is past will often intrude upon the tenderest hours, and every trifle will awaken and renew it. You must *even now* be particularly on your guard against this source of misery. A new-married pair, from their very excess of fondness, sometimes give way to little jealousies and childish quarrels, which at at first, perhaps, quickly end in the renewal and increase of tenderness, but, if often repeated, they lose these agreeable effects, and soon produce others of a contrary nature. The dispute grows every time more serious—jealousies and

distrusts take deeper root—the temper is hurt on both sides—habits of sourness, thwarting, and mutual misconstruction prevail, and soon overpower all that tenderness which originally gave them birth. Keep it then constantly in mind, that the happiness of marriage depends entirely upon a solid and permanent friendship, to which nothing is more opposite than jealousy and distrust. Nor are they less at variance with the true interests of passion. You can never be a gainer by taxing your husband's affection beyond its natural strength; the fear of alarming your jealousy, and bringing on a quarrel, may force him to feign a greater fondness than he feels; but this very effort and constraint will in fact diminish, and by degrees extinguish that fondness. If therefore he should appear less tender or attentive than you wish, you must either awaken his passion by displaying some new grace—some winning charm of sweetness and sensibility, or else conform (at least in appearance) to that rate of tenderness which his example prescribes; for it is your part rather modestly to follow as he leads, than make him feel the uneasiness of not being able to keep pace with you. At least one may pronounce that there is nothing less likely to increase affection than ill humour and captiousness. The truth is, that pride rather than tenderness usually occasions the unreasonable

expectations of an exceptious person, and it is rewarded, as it deserves, with mortifications, and the cold dislike of those who suffer from it.

I am unwilling to sadden your present halcyon days, and the fair prospect of happiness before you, by supposing the possibility of any proper cause of jealousy—any real unkindness or infidelity on the part of Mr. B. As far as the human character can be known or relied on, you have reason to think yourself secure from this heaviest of calamities; and nothing but irresistible proof, unsought for, and obtruded upon your senses, should ever shake your confidence and esteem. If this were to happen—if my dear tender friend should be doomed to the heart-breaking trial of seeing those looks of love changed into

> "—— hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
> "That mocks the tear it forced to flow:"
>
> GRAY.

what must then be your resource?——Not rage and exclamation——not sullenness and pride——not an appeal to the world, which would laugh at your complaints—nor even to your friends, who cannot help you, unless by a separation, which would publish and complete your misfortune!—The comforts and helps of religion, with a firm resolution not to be driven out of the path of duty, can alone support you

under such a sorrow. The only hope of removing the cause of it must be derived from time and future contingencies, which you will watch for and improve. Sickness or disappointment may give him opportunity for reflection, and for observing the merit of that silent patience, the dignity of that uniform adherence to your duty, which must force his esteem, and may at length regain his heart. If not, yours will of course be cured of the exquisite pain of unrequited love, which cannot very long subsist in a mind of any dignity or strength. If you have children, they will supply the "aching void" with a passion not less lively than that which you will have subdued; for their sakes life will still be valuable to you, and entertained with cheerfulness. But let me hasten from a subject so unsuitable to your present situation, and to your most reasonable hopes.

I cannot but flatter myself that ladies are mightily improved since the time when Dean Swift (writing on the same occasion that I do now) exhorts his fair pupil to make no friendships with any of her own sex. This is, in effect, forbidding her to make any friendships at all; for the world, with very good reason, tolerates no male friends at your age, excepting your nearest relations. The rules of decorum, in such points, are founded on a knowledge of human nature, which young women cannot

have attained, and are therefore apt to despise such rules, as founded on base ideas of the nature of friendship, or of the hearts that entertain it. But one would have supposed that the Dean had lived long enough in the world, and thought ill enough of mankind to have been convinced of the impropriety of a young lady's making her strictest intimacies and confidential attachments with persons of the other sex. But, setting aside the danger to her reputation, and even to her morals, surely a woman who despised her own sex, and would converse with none but men, would be not less ridiculous than a man who should pass his whole time among women. Like the monkey in the fable, she would stand a chance of being rejected and disowned by both species. The reasons the Dean gives for this preposterous advice, if ever founded in truth, are certainly so no longer. You may find advantages in the conversation of many ladies, if not equal to those which men are qualified to *give*, yet equal at least to what *you, as a female*, are capable of *receiving*. Yet in one point the Dean and I agree; in recommending your husband to be your first and dearest friend, and his judgment to be consulted in the choice of every new one you may hereafter make. Those you already possess are, I believe, secure of some portion of his esteem, and he is too much interested in

your constancy and fidelity of heart to wish you to be fickle towards them. I shall therefore depend on his full consent to my having always the pleasure of styling myself

Your faithful

and affectionate friend,

H. CHAPONE.

EDUCATION.

A Fairy Tale.

BY MISS TALBOT.

EDUCATION.

A FAIRY TALE.

A NUMBER of boys were diverting themselves one fine day in a meadow, when a wrinkled old woman came up to them, and stopped their play: her looks were unpleasing, and her interruption unseasonable. One of the biggest, who had been taught by his tutor to respect her, addressed her very civilly; but, of the little urchins, some ran away frighted, and hid themselves; and others very insolently laughed at her, and called her old witch. Little George, the youngest of them all, a very pretty good humoured lad, held by the hand of the eldest (who he thought, as he had always been his friend, would protect him,) and listened; but a little afraid, too, and not much liking either her looks or the being hindered of his play: however, he was too well bred to say any thing rude. She smiled, and, taking his other hand, "Do not be afraid of me, my dear child," said she, "for though those idle boys yonder call me Crossness, and Severity, my true name is

Instruction. I love every one of you, and you, my little dear, in particular; and my whole business is to do you good. Come with me to my castle, and I will make you as happy as the day is long."

Little George did not know how to trust her, but, as he saw his friend Henry disposed to follow the old lady, he even ventured along with them.

The castle was an old melancholy looking building, and the path to it very much entangled with briars and thistles; but the old woman encouraged them, in a cheerful tone, to come along; and taking out a large key, which had several strange words engraved upon it, she put it into the door, which immediately flew open, and they entered a spacious hall magnificently furnished: through this they passed into several apartments, each finer and pleasanter than the other; but to every one they ascended by steep steps, and on every step strange and unknown words were engraved.

Perhaps you would be glad to know some more particulars of these apartments: and, indeed, I should have told you, that, as soon as they entered the great hall, she made them sit down to a pretty collation of plum-cakes, biscuits, and sweetmeats, which were brought in baskets covered with flowers, by four smiling rosy-cheeked girls, called Innocence, Health, Mirth, and Good Humour. When they were

sufficiently refreshed, the old lady returned to them in a finer dress, and with a much more pleasing look. She had now a wand in her hand, of ivory tipped with gold, and with this she pointed out to them the ornaments of the room. It was supported by strong but handsome pillars of adamant; and between the pillars hung festoons of fruit and flowers: at the upper end were niches, with very beautiful statues in them; the principal one was Truth. It appeared to be of one entire diamond, and represented the most beautiful woman that ever eyes beheld: her air was full of dignity and sweetness: in one hand she held a sceptre, in the other a book, and she had an imperial crown on her head. The old fairy gently touched this figure with her wand, and immediately it stepped down from the pedestal, and began to speak. No music was ever so pleasing as the voice of Truth. She addressed herself to our little hero, and examined him in his catechism. As he had formerly been a little idle, he could not say it so well as at that minute he wished to do. "Little wretch," said the old fairy, frowning, "why do you answer so stupidly? Have you never been taught?" Here was a loophole through which a boy of a cowardly spirit might have crept out, by pretending that his tutor had been in fault, and not himself; but little George scorned to tell a lie; nor could he be so base as to excuse

himself, by accusing an innocent person; therefore, though trembling for fear of the old fairy and her wand, he answered, "Indeed, madam, I have been often bid to learn it, but I loved my diversions so well that I never could apply to it." Here the old fairy, smiling, kissed him, and said, "My dear child, I forgive your past idleness, in favour of your noble honesty. A fault honestly owned is half amended, and this nymph shall reward you."

Immediately Truth gave him a little catechism, bound in silver, enameled, a pocket bible, with ruby clasps, and a small looking-glass, in a gold case. "In these books, my dear," said she, "you shall find constant directions from me, which, if you follow, will make you good, and great, and happy. If you never offend against me, I will be ready to assist you in all difficulties. If ever you should be tempted to offend me, look in this glass: if you see yourself in it your own natural figure, go on contentedly, and be sure you are under my protection; but if you see yourself in the form of a slave and a monster, greasy, ragged, loaded with chains, a double tongue hanging out of your mouth, and a pair of ass's ears on your head, tremble to think that you are got into the power of the wicked enchanter, Falsehood; retract the lie you have told, stand still wherever you are, call out aloud for my assistance, and do not stir from

the spot you are in till I come to help you." So saying, the bright form reascended her pedestal, and four others, who stood on each hand, being touched by the fairy wand, moved towards him.

The first was a young woman, clothed in a long white robe, perfectly neat and plain: she had fine flaxen hair, and blue eyes, which were fixed on the ground; a white veil shaded her face, and her colour went and came every minute. She advanced with a slow pace, and spoke, in a voice very low, but as sweet as the nightingale's:

"My name," said she, "is Modesty. I have no merit, but, perhaps, as you are so young, it may be in my power to be of some little use to you. Before you get to the top of this castle, you will see many strange things, and be bid to do many things, of which you do not understand the reason; but remember that you are very young, and know nothing, and that every body here is wiser than you: therefore, observe attentively all that you see, and do readily all that you are bid. As you have recommended yourself to Truth, we, her handmaids, are ready to give you all the assistance we can; and you will need it all.

"Above all things, fear Disgrace: it is a filthy puddle in the neighbourhood of this castle, whose stains are not easily wiped off.

Those who run heedlessly or wilfully into it, after repeated warnings, grow in time so loathsome that nobody can endure them.

"There is an enchantress you will meet with, called Flattery, who will offer you a very pleasant cup: if you drink much of it your head will turn; and, while you fancy yourself a most accomplished person, she will touch you with her wicked wand, and immediately you will be metamorphosed into a butterfly, a squib, or a paper kite. But as, perhaps, you must taste her cup, take this nosegay of violets; and, as you find your head a little giddy, smell to it, and you will be so refreshed that she will have no power to hurt you. This little nosegay will defend you also against the magician Pride, who in a thousand shapes will try to introduce himself to you, and persuade you to go with him to a high rock, from whence he will either throw you down some frightful precipice, into the pool of Disgrace, or else change you into a lion, or a tiger, or a bear, or into such a huge dropsical figure, that every body shall hate to look upon you, and that you shall not be able to pass through the gates that lead to Happiness. When you suspect his coming, smell to your violets, and you will immediately see through his disguise; and, at the same time, they shall make you so little, he shall not see you; and when you are in a

crowd, smell to them again, and you shall pass through it without difficulty. I wish I had a better gift to bestow; but accept of my all."

Little George thanked her kindly, and stuck the nosegay in his bosom.

On the pedestal of the next figure was inscribed Natural Affection. Her countenance was sweet and engaging, her garment embroidered with storks, doves, and various pretty animals: she had bracelets on her arms, and fine rings on every finger: every one was the gift of some beloved friend or relation. "My dear George," said she, "I love you for the sake of your parents: I have a thousand pretty gifts to bestow, and this particularly will be of use to you." She then gave him a small enameled box, with pictures on every side. "When," said she, "you are in doubt how to behave, look upon the pictures. They are those of your parents, relations, and friends: being gifted by a fairy, you will see every figure in motion: and as your papa and mamma, your brothers and sisters seem affected by your behaviour, you will judge whether you are acting right or wrong. I am sure it is your desire always to give them pleasure, and not pain; to be an honour to them, and not a reproach."

The next image that spoke was entirely made of sugar, but a sugar as firm, and almost as clear

as crystal. Her name was Good Temper. In her bosom, she had a nosegay of roses without thorns. She took our little friend by the hand, and seeing it scratched from a scuffle he had with his companions, she healed it with a touch; and gave him a small amethyst phial filled with honey and oil of a peculiar kind.

"Touch your lips with this julep," said she, "every morning. Though the phial is small, it is inexhaustible; and you will never more be liable to harm from any idle quarrel, as you will never say anything peevish or provoking; all your companions will love you; and your servants will think it a blessing to live with you."

One figure more remained, and the fairy had no sooner touched it, but down from her pedestal jumped sprightly Diligence. She was dressed like a huntress: activity and nimbleness appeared in every limb. She sprang to George, clapped her hands on his shoulders, and immediately there appeared a couple of little wings. "These wings," said she, "will be of great use to you in ascending the steep steps you will have to go up, by and by: but all wings need frequent pluming; and these will lose all their virtue, if you do not keep them in order every day, by using the talisman I am going next to give you." This talisman was a golden spur. "This," said she, "whenever your wings are drooping (as they will very often, when the old

witch Laziness approaches, who would metamorphose you into a dormouse), you must run gently into your side, and they will be ready immediately to carry you out of her reach. I am sure you have too much true courage to fear a little trifling pain, when it will be the means of gaining you every improvement.—Good night, good night, my love, I see you are sleepy; but as soon as you awake in the morning, be sure to make use of your spur."

The good old fairy then led Henry and George into a little neat room, where they went to bed and slept till day-break, dreaming of all the agreeable things they had seen and heard. George did not awake till Henry was already up and dressed: but he awoke disturbed, and began to tell his friend his dreams. "I thought," said he, "that, looking out of the window, I saw all my companions at play, and flew out to them directly, to show them those fine things that the statues had given me. Instead of admiring me, they fell upon me: one seized one fine thing, and another another, till poor I had nothing left but my wings. What vexed me too, in the scuffle my violets were scattered, the books torn, the pictures spoiled, the glass broke, and the julep spilled; so that they were never the better, though I was so much the worse. Well, I took to my wings, however, and thought I might as easily fly in as out, and then the good fairy would give me

more pretty things. But no such matter: the windows were shut; the doors were barred and bolted; owls and bats flew about my head, geese hissed at me, asses brayed at me, monkeys chattered in my ears, and I fell down nobody knows whither."

"Be thankful," said Henry, "that it was only a dream: here are all your pretty things safe;" and so saying, he gently touched his side, like a true friend, with the spur, and up jumped little George all alive and merry. He read in his books; he with pleasure saw his own honest face in the glass of Truth: he observed, with delight, the pictures of his friends and relations all smiling upon him.

While he was thus employed, in stepped a sober-looking man, leaning on a staff. "My young friends," said he, "I am sent to conduct you through the noble apartments of this castle."

"A fine conductor, indeed!" said little George, who had unfortunately forgot both his violets and his phial: "your crutch, honest man, will keep up rarely with my wings."

"Your wings, youngster," replied Application (for that was his name), "will be of little service, unless I lend you a staff to rest upon, which, wherever you set it down, will make your footing sure."

This speech was unheeded by little George, who, already upon the wing, fluttered away.

Henry soon overtook him, having quite as good pinions, though he did not boast of them; but stayed first to bring with him the staff, the phial, and the nosegay, against his friend should need them. Little George was now trying to mount up a steep staircase, which he saw multitudes of his own age ascending: very eagerly he stretched his wings, whose painted plumage glittered in the sun-beams, and very often just reached the top: but he was greatly surprised to find that he always slid back again, as if he had stood upon a slope of ice; so that hundreds and hundreds had got through the folding doors above, while he was still but at the bottom. He cried for vexation: gave hard names to the boys that got before him, and was laughed at by them in return. The box of pictures gave him no comfort, for there he saw his father frowning, and his mother looking unhappy. At this minute, friendly Henry came to his relief, and giving him the violets, the phial, and the staff: "Make use of these," said he, "and you will easily get up with them who are now before you. Observe, that they have every one of them just such a staff, and that, notwithstanding their wings, they can rise but one step at a time."

George, who had now touched his lips with the phial, thanked him very kindly, and they mounted several steps, hand in hand: on some were inscribed, *Propria quæ maribus;* on

others, *As in præsenti*, and various other magic verses; which they just rested long enough on every step to read; and, as they ascended, the steps grew easier and easier. George, however, was a little out of breath, and more than once wished himself out of the castle: yet he was delighted to find himself almost overtaking the foremost, who had some of them loitered by the way.

And now he entered into an apartment more magnificent than any he had ever seen. Thousands of rooms opened, one beyond another, furnished with all the elegance of taste: from every one of these were delightful prospects: but then, for a long while, he had not leisure to attend to the strange varieties of rich and uncommon furniture, exciting his curiosity every minute. One long gallery was hung with paintings, so exquisitely fine that every figure seemed alive: and some of them actually spoke, and amused him with a thousand agreeable stories. Here he saw all the metamorphoses of the heathen gods, the adventures of Æneas, and a number of other things that I have not time to describe. A young damsel attended him, dressed in a gown made of feathers more gay than the rainbow: she had wings upon her head: she gave him the most delicious sweetmeats, and he drank out of a sparkling cup the pleasantest liquor imaginable. This light dish did not quite satisfy a hungry stomach: so that

George was not very sorry when, passed through the gallery of Fiction, his fair conductress Poetry consigned him over to the care of a good hospitable old man, in the next apartment, whose table was already covered with wholesome and substantial food. This apartment, called the Saloon of History, was by no means so gay as the former, but deserved examination better. The walls were covered with marble, adorned with the finest basso relievos, statues, and bustos, of every celebrated hero and legislator, which struck the observing eye with veneration. The master of the feast was extremely good-natured and communicative, and ready to answer every question that George's curiosity prompted him to ask. He commended him for his love of Truth, and toasted her health, as his own patroness: but as the old gentleman was sometimes a little prolix in his stories, our young traveller amused himself, every now and then, with looking over his treasures. Surveying the box of pictures, he could not help wishing for a nearer sight of the friends they represented. A window, that stood open just by him, and overlooked a delightful play-field, reminded him of his wings: but the recollection of his frightful dream prevented him from attempting an escape.

At this minute, the fairy Instruction appeared with a smiling look. "I know your thoughts, my dear," said she, "and am willing to allow

you every reasonable indulgence. I have in my service a number of little winged beings, whose business it is to convey my young friends, from time to time, to their beloved homes. In order to your returning safely, accept this key: you must be sure to rub it every morning, that it may not grow rusty; else the characters that are engraved upon it will disappear. If your key is kept bright, you need only read the inscription aloud, and, without difficulty, you will return to this very apartment, and be entitled to an honourable reception; but if the key should grow rusty, beware of a disgraceful fall. Let your dream warn you to take care of your precious gifts, and to make a due use of them."

She had scarcely done speaking before there was a general voice of joy heard through the whole apartment—"The holidays are come, the holidays are come:" and immediately a number of little cherubims appeared in the air, crowned with garlands, and away with them flew little George; but unluckily, in his haste, left both the staff and the spur behind him. Indeed, at this minute they were needless.

His friends were all ready to receive him with affectionate joy. They commended his improvements, and listened with delight to his account of the surprising things he had seen, and rejoiced in the marks of favour he had received from excellent and powerful fairies. He played about all day with his companions,

and everything was thought of that could best divert him. In the midst of these amusements the poor key was in a few days forgot; nor did he recollect it, till one day he saw Henry sitting under a tree, and very diligently brightening up his own. "Stupid boy," said giddy George, "what do you sit moping there for? Come and play." "So I will presently," said Henry, "but I must not neglect the means of returning honourably to the good fairy." "Hang the old fairy," cried George: "besides, my key will keep bright enough, I warrant it, without all this ado." However, looking at the key, he found it brown with rust; and sadly his arm ached with the vain endeavour of rubbing it bright; for as he could not succeed in five minutes, down he flung it in despair.

"What do you cry for, my pretty master?" said a man in a fine coat, who was passing by. George told him his distress. "Be comforted," said the man; "I will give you a gold key set with emeralds, that shall be better by half, and fitter for a young gentleman of your rank, than that old woman's rusty iron."

Just then, George, who did not want cleverness, began to suspect something; and smelling to his violets, the fine man appeared in his true shape; which was, indeed, no other than that of the magician Pride. He was immoderately tall and bloated; his eyes were fierce and malignant; his cheeks were painted; a

peacock sat upon his head; a bear and a leopard followed him: in one hand he held an empty bladder, and in the other a fatal wand: his under vest was stained and ragged, but over it he had a pompous herald's coat, with a long train, supported by an ugly dwarf and a limping idiot, whom he turned back continually to insult and abuse. Well was it for little George that his violets had rendered him invisible: he saw the magician go on to one of his companions, who, being destitute of such a defence, immediately became his prey. "Take this nosegay, my child," said the wicked wretch, and presented him with a bunch of nettles finely gilded, but very stinging. The poor boy had no sooner touched them than his countenance expressed pain; he quarrelled with everybody round him; yet the simpleton kept continually smelling to his nosegay, and the more he was nettled the more quarrelsome he grew: his size too increased in proportion; he became swelled and bloated: he grew tall, too tall at once, but it was only by being raised to an enormous pair of stilts, on which he could not walk a step without danger of tumbling down.

George could not help laughing at his ridiculous figure, but would, out of good nature, have offered him his own bunch to smell to, if those unfortunate stilts had not raised him quite out of his reach: he, therefore, was making the best of his way back, having first

secured his key, when a laughing giddy hoyden called out to him that she had found a bird's nest. Away with her he ran upon this new pursuit; and from bird's nest to bird's nest, and from butterfly to butterfly, they scampered over the flowery fields till night drew on: she then persuaded him to go with her to her mother's house, which was just by, and rest himself.

He found there a lady lolling in an easy chair, who scarce raised her head to bid him welcome. A table, however, stood by her, ready spread with every kind of dainty, where Idleness (for so was his playfellow called) invited him to sit down; and after supper, he was conducted into a chamber set round with shelves of playthings, where, in a soft down bed, he slept till very late the next day. At last, though unwillingly, he got up; but for no better purpose than to look over those worthless toys which he half despised all the while. "What," thought he, "is this tinsel, and glass, and wood, to compare with the rich treasures of the old fairy's castle? Neither the old woman here, nor the simpleton her daughter, will answer me a question I ask, nor divert me with such stories as the very pictures and statues there were full of." Thus thinking, he continued, nevertheless, to divert himself with the playthings, and was going fast back into the love of rattles and bells,

when a sudden panic seized him on seeing, in the corners of every shelf, fillagree cages full of dormice. "Miserable boy that I am," cried he; "this must certainly be the den of Laziness! How shall I escape?" He tried to stretch his wings; but, alas, they drooped: and now, for the first time, he found and lamented the want of his spur. He ran to the windows. Every prospect from thence was desolate and barren, resembling exactly what he had read, in his ruby-clasped book, of the field of the sluggard.

In vain did he look for the Holidays to transport him from this wretched place: the last of them was already on the wing, and almost out of sight: for it is peculiar to these little beings to approach slowly, but to fly away with amazing swiftness. However, he met with assistance where he least expected it: a dismal cloud hung almost over his head, which he feared would every minute burst in thunder; when out of it flew a black eagle, who seized little George in her talons, and in a moment he found himself at the gates of the castle of Instruction.

Perhaps you may not think his case now much better than it was before. A little dormouse could have lain snug and warm in cotton; whereas poor George was forced to stand in the cold, among thorns and briers, vainly endeavouring to read the inscription on

his key, which was now, alas, grown rustier than ever. In the mean time, he saw most of his companions, his friend Henry one of the foremost, fly over his head, while their polished keys glittered like diamonds; and all of them were received into the apartments they came out of, with joyful acclamations. The boy upon stilts, indeed, did not make so good a figure: he reached up to the window, but his false key would not open it; and, making a false step, down he tumbled into the dirty pool.

At this minute the old fairy looked out, and calling to George, "Why do not you, my child," said she, "make use of your wings and your key? I am impatient to have you amongst us again, that you may receive finer gifts, and see greater wonders than any you have ever met with yet."

Here a woman came to him, clothed in hare-skins and shivering with an ague: she touched him with a cold finger that chilled his blood, and stammered out these terrifying words:—"D d' ont g go int t to the ccastle: P punishment is r ready for r y you; r run away."

"Scorn punishment, and despise it," said Foolhardiness, a little pert monkey in a scarlet coat, and mounted upon a goose.

"Fear Disgrace," said Shame; and with a rosebush which she carried, brushed the monkey into the dirty pool, where he lay screaming and chattering, while his goose hissed at him.

Poor George knew not what to do. It once came into his head to make a plausible excuse, and say his key was very bright, but the lock was out of order: but bethinking himself to apply to his glass, he no sooner saw the ass's ears than, in honest distress, he called out, "O Truth, Truth, come to my assistance: I have been very idle, and I am very sorry. Truth, Truth, come to my assistance."

He fainted away with terror as he spoke, but when he recovered, found himself within the castle, the bright figure of Truth smiling upon him; and Forgiveness, another very amiable form, distinguished by a slate and a sponge, with which she wiped out all faults, caressing him. Indeed she had need, for he felt himself a little stiff and sore with some rough methods that had been used to bring him to himself. These two nymphs consigned him to the care of Amendment, who promised never to forsake him till he got to the top of the castle; and, under her guidance, he went on very cheerfully.

Indeed, he was a little vexed at the first steps he came to, on finding himself struck pretty hard by an angry-looking man. But when he found that it was only in order to return him his staff and his spur, he thanked him for his friendly blow, and from that time proceeded with double alacrity: he soon overtook his companions again; and you may

imagine how joyful was the meeting between him and Henry, who loved him too well not to go on very melancholy, while George had stayed behind. "How I rejoiced," said he, "to see you under the conduct of the lady Amendment; now, nothing can ever part us more."

The Poetical Gallery, the Saloon of History, afforded them new delight. In every room through which they passed were tables covered with gems, medals, little images, seals, intaglios, and all kinds of curiosities, of which they were assured, that the more they took the more welcome they should be.

But here George was a little perplexed again. His pockets were filled over and over; still, as he came to new treasures, he was forced to throw aside the old ones to make room; yet was told that it would not be taken well if he did not keep them all. At last he came, fortunately, into a room of polished steel, where, on a throne of jasper, sat a lady with a crown upon her head of the brightest jewels. Upon her robe was woven, in the liveliest colours, and perfectly distinct, though in miniature, every thing that the world contains. She had steel tablets in her hand, on which she was always engraving something excellent; and on the rich diadem that encircled her forehead, was embroidered the word Memory.

"You could not," said she to George, "have

applied to a properer person than to me, to help you out of your present difficulty." She then gave him a cabinet, so small and so light, that he could carry it without the least inconvenience; and, at the same time, so rich and elegant, that no snuff-box set with diamonds was ever more ornamented. It had millions of little drawers, all classed and numbered; and in these he found all the fine things he had been so encumbered with, ranged in their proper order.

"The only thing I insist on," said she, "is, that you will keep your drawers exactly clean, and never litter them with trash. If you stuff them with what does not deserve a place, they will no longer be capable of containing real treasures, but the bottom of the cabinet will become directly like a sieve; and if Malice or Resentment ever persuade you to put in any thing out of their shops, you will soon find every drawer infested with snakes and adders. But above all things, value the gifts of Truth, Gratitude, and Friendship, which will fill them with constant perfume, that shall make you agreeable to every body."

Thus furnished, George proceeded joyfully, and ascended from one apartment to another, till he became possessed of all the treasures of the castle. Sometimes Imagination led him into delightful gardens, gay with perpetual spring; sometimes, from entrances dug into the solid

rock (on the side of the apartments opposite to the windows), he wandered through the mines of Science, and brought from thence riches that had not yet been discovered. The *holidays* always found him cheerfully glad to go with them, but not impatient for their approach; and equally glad to return when they flew back. Whenever he returned, he was received with honour, and crowned with wreaths of bays and laurels: he became a favourite with the Virtues and the Graces; and at last was led by them to the top of the castle, where Reputation and Prudence waited to receive him, and conduct him through a fair plain that was stretched out along the top of the mountain, and terminated by the glittering temple of Felicity.

ON THE

LITERARY EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

BY DR. KNOX.

"Ornament, as Crates said, is that quality which possesses the power of adding grace But that quality possesses the power of adding grace which renders a woman more graceful. Now it is neither gold, nor the emerald, nor the purple dye, which does this; but it is that, whatever it is, which exhibits indications of dignity and delicacy, of a well-regulated mind, and of modesty."

PLUTARCH.

THERE are many prejudices entertained against the character of a learned lady; and perhaps, if all ladies were profoundly learned, some inconveniences might arise from it; but, I must own, it does not appear to me that a woman will be rendered less acceptable in the world, or worse qualified to perform any part of her duty in it, by having employed the time,

from six to sixteen, in the cultivation of her mind. Time enough will remain, after a few hours every day spent in reading, for the improvement of her person, and the acquisition of the usual accomplishments. With respect to these accomplishments, I will not presume to direct the method of pursuing them. I will not so far intrude on a province, which by no means belongs to me. The ladies themselves, and their instructors, want no directions in matters of external ornament, the end of which is to please on intuition. However arrogant the men have been in their claims of superiority, they have usually allowed the ladies the possession of a delicate taste, displayed in the improvement and perception of all kinds of beauty and grace.

The literary education of women ought indisputably to be varied according to their fortunes and their expectations. Much refinement, and a taste for books, will injure her, whose time, from prudential motives, must be entirely engrossed by economy. Few women are indeed exempted from all attention to domestic care. But yet the unmarried, and those who enjoy opulence, find many intervals, which they often devote to some species of reading. And there is no doubt but that the reading would be selected with more judgment, and would afford more pleasure and advantage, if the taste were formed by early culture.

I will then venture to recommend, that ladies of this description should have a classical education. But let not the reader be alarmed. I mean not to advise that they should be initiated, without exception, in Greek and Latin; but that they should be well and early acquainted with the French and the English classics.

As soon as they can read with fluency, let them begin to learn Lowth's Grammar, and to read at the same time some very easy and elegant author, with a view to exemplify the rules. They should learn a part in grammar every morning, and then proceed to read a lesson, just in the manner observed in classical schools in learning Latin. After a year spent in this method, if the success is adequate to the time, they should advance to French, and study that language exactly in the same mode. In the French grammar, it will not be necessary to go through those particulars which are common to the grammars of all languages, and which have been learned in studying English.

Several years should be spent in this elementary process; and when the scholar is perfectly acquainted with orthography and grammar, she may then proceed to the cultivation of taste. Milton, Addison, and Pope, must be the standing models in English; Boileau, Fenelon, Fontenelle, and Vertot, in French; and I wish these to be attended to

solely for a considerable time. Many inconveniences arise from engaging young minds in the perusal of too many books. After these authors have been read over with attention, and with a critical observation of their beauties, the scholar may be permitted to select any of the approved writers of France and England for her own improvement. She will be able to select with some judgment, and will have laid a foundation which will bear a good superstructure. Her mind, if she has been successful in this course, will have imbibed an elegance which will naturally diffuse itself over her conversation, address, and behaviour. It is well known, that internal beauty contributes much to perfect external grace. I believe it will also be favourable to virtue, and will operate greatly in restraining from any conduct grossly indelicate and obviously improper. Much of the profligacy of female manners has proceeded from a levity occasioned by the want of a proper education. She who has no taste for well-written books, will often be at a loss how to spend her time; and the consequences of such a state are too frequent not to be known, and too fatal not to be avoided.

Whenever a young lady in opulent circumstances appears to possess a genius, and an inclination for learned pursuits, I will venture to say she ought, if her situation and connexions permit, to be early instructed in the

elements of Latin and Greek. Her mind is certainly as capable of improvement as that of the other sex. The instances which might be brought to prove this, are all too well known to admit of citation; and the method to be pursued must be exactly the same as that which is used in the private tuition of boys, when it is judiciously conducted.

And here I cannot refrain from adding, that though I disapprove, for the most part, of private tuition for boys, yet I very seriously recommend it for girls, with little exception. All sensible people agree in thinking, that large seminaries of young ladies, though managed with all the vigilance and caution which human abilities can exert, are in danger of great corruption. It has been asked why I approve of public education for boys and not for girls, and whether the danger to boys in large seminaries is not as great as to girls? I must answer, in general, that the corruption of girls is more fatal in its consequences to society than that of boys; and that, as girls are destined to private and domestic life, and boys to public life, their education should be respectively correspondent to their destination. Vanity and vice will be introduced by some among a large number, and the contagion soon spreads with irresistible violence. Who can be so proper an instructor and guardian as a tender and a sensible mother? Where can virgin

innocence and delicacy be better protected, than under a parent's roof, and in a father's and a brother's bosom? Certainly nowhere, if the parents are sensible and virtuous, and the house free from improper or dangerous connexions. But where the parents are much engaged in pleasure or in business; where they are ignorant or vicious; where a family is exposed to the visits or constant company of libertine young persons; there it is certainly expedient to place a daughter under the care of some of those judicious matrons who preside over the schools in or near the metropolis. But I believe it often happens, that young ladies are sent from their parent's eye to those seminaries, principally with a view to form connexions, or to acquire external graces. I leave it to the heart of a feeling father to determine, whether it is not cruel to endanger the morals of his offspring from motives of interest or vanity.

THE END.

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