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Marie Sibylla Merian
from Metamorphosis insectorum Surinamensium (Or, Transformations of Surinamese Insects)
Translated by Sarah O’Brien-Twohig

Typical of the Enlightenment voyage of exploration, Maria Sibylla Merian traveled in 1699 to the Dutch colony of Suriname out of scientific curiosity. Yet Merian was unique in this tradition*first, because she was accompanied by her daughter, who served as research assistant and help-mate, and, second, by the scope and reach of her journey. Merian’s Latin text* a second version of the Dutch original* illustrates not only the life cycle of butterflies and insects and a vibrant array of tropical fruits, but the interactions among these varied life forms within tropical ecology. The traveling scientist coupled minute observation with artistic detail in order to show both the beauty and exactness emanating from the natural world, hence appropriating the gaze of Enlightenment science. Visual and verbal texts show Merian’s artistic command of her subject, as well as her loving engagement with the natural world.

Maria Sibylla Merian to the Reader

From my youth onwards I have been concerned with the study of insects, in which I began with silkworms in my native city, Frankfurt am Main; then I observed the far more beautiful butterflies and moths that developed from caterpillars other than silkworms, which led me to collect all the caterpillars I could find in order to study their metamorphosis. I therefore withdrew from society and devoted myself to these investigations; at the same time, I wished to become proficient in the skill of painting in order to paint and describe them from life. Thus I depicted all the insects I could find, first of all at Frankfurt and then at Nuremberg, painting in great exactitude on vellum. By chance these were seen by several amateur naturalists who pressed me to publish my observations for the enquiry and pleasure of others interested in natural history. I was finally persuaded to do so and engraved them with my own hand on copper; the first part was published in quarto format in 1679, the second part in 1683. Later, I moved to Friesland and Holland where I continued my studies of insects, especially in Friesland, for in Holland I had less opportunity than elsewhere to find what is found specifically in heath and moorland. However, this need was supplied by other amateurs who brought me caterpillars so that I could observe their metamorphosis; in this way I gathered many observations
which I was able to add to the two previous parts. In Holland I saw with wonderment the beautiful creatures brought back from the East and West Indies, especially when I had the honor to be able to see the splendid collection belonging to the most Honorable Gentleman Dr. Nicolaas Witsen, Burgomaster of the city of Amsterdam and President of the East India Company, as also that of the Honorable Gentleman Mr. Jonas Witsen, Secretary of the city. In addition, I also saw the collection of Mr. Frederick Ruysch, Medicinae Doctor, Anatomes et Botanices Professor, that belonging to Mr. Livinus Vincent, and many others, in which I found these and countless other insects, but without their origins and subsequent development, in other words, how they develop from caterpillars into chrysalises, and so on. All this stimulated me to undertake a long and costly journey to Surinam (a hot and humid land where the above-named gentlemen had obtained these insects), in order to pursue my investigations further; accordingly, in June 1699 I travelled there to carry out more precise investigations; I remained there until June 1701; then I returned to Holland, where I arrived on 23 September. I made these sixty drawings, with corresponding observations, painted on vellum directly from life; both these and the mounted creatures may be seen at my house. I did not find in that land the opportunities I had hoped for to observe the insects, for the climate there is very hot and the heat did not agree with me; for this reason I was compelled to return home sooner than I had planned.

After I had come back to Holland and my paintings had been seen by several amateur naturalists, they pressed me considerably to have them published, for they were of the opinion that this was the first and most remarkable work ever painted in America. The cost involved in carrying out this work dissuaded me at first, but finally I decided to go ahead.

This work consists of sixty copperplate engravings whereon about ninety studies of caterpillars, worms, and maggots are depicted, showing how they change in colour and form when they shed their skins and finally change into butterflies, moths, beetles, bees, and flies. All these little creatures were placed on the plants, flowers, and fruit which they ate for nourishment; I have also included here species of West Indian spiders, ants, snakes, lizards, rare toads, and frogs, all of which I myself sketched and observed from life, with the exception of a few which I added on the testimony of the Indians.

In making this work I did not seek to profit myself; rather, I was content merely to cover my costs; I spared no expense in executing this work; I had the plates engraved by the most renowned masters, and used the best paper in order to please both the connoisseurs of art and the amateur naturalists interested in insects and plants. It will also give me great pleasure if I hear I have achieved my aim at the same time as giving people pleasure.

The text of this book, as in that on anatomy by Professor Bidloo [Govert Bidloo, Anatomia humani corpus, 1685], I have inserted on one sheet between two illustrations. I could have made the text much longer, but because the world today is very sensitive and the learned differ in their opinions, I have kept simply to my observations; in so doing, I provide the material for each individual to draw his own conclusions according to his own understanding and opinion, which he can then evaluate according to his own judgment: this approach has, however, already been used extensively by others such as Mouffet, Goedart, Swammerdam, Blankaart, and others. I have called the first transformation of all the insects chrysalises [pupae]; for the second metamorphosis of the caterpillar, I called those creatures which fly byday butterflies and those whichfly by night moths; the second metamorphosis of maggots and worms I referred to as flies and bees.
I have retained the names for the plants used by the residents and Indians in America; the Latin and other names were supplied by Mr. Casper Commelin, Medicinae Doctor, Horti Medici Botanicus and Member of the Academia Caesareo-Leopoldinae.

So long as God grant me health and life, I intend to add the observations I made in Friesland and Holland to those gained in Germany and to publish them in Latin and Dutch.

**Plate 2**

This is a ripe Ananas [pineapple], which, when it is to be eaten, must be peeled; the skin is as thick as a finger; if it is not peeled, enough sharp hairs remain on the flesh which prick one's tongue while eating and cause great pain. This fruit tastes as though one had mixed grapes, apricots, red currants, apples, and pears and were able to taste all of them at once. Its smell is attractive and strong; when the fruit is cut open the whole room smells of it. The crown of leaves and the small shoots sprouting from the side are planted in the ground and new plants grow from them; they grow as easily as weeds; the young shoots require six months to mature and ripen. They are eaten both raw and cooked, and one can also make wine or distill brandy from them; both taste delicious and have an unsurpassable flavor.

The caterpillar which sits on this pineapple I found in the grass beside the pineapples in 1700 at the beginning of May. It was light green with red and white stripes along the whole body. On 10 May it changed into a chrysalis from which, on 18 May, a very beautiful butterfly [Philaeletia dido] emerged decorated with luminous green flecks, which is shown twice, resting and in flight.

On the crown of the pineapple sits a small reddish worm which spins a thin web wherein lies a small chrysalis; this is the small worm which eats the cochineal insect; I have many of...
these and there are enough cochineal insects in this country for anyone interested to prove this for themselves. Above the web of that little worm lies a chrysalis whose skin I opened; I found therein a cochineal which is represented further up on the crown of the pineapples and is no other than the body of the two beetles depicted dormant and in flight, their red wings framed with a black border. I added this beetle [Chilocorus cacti] merely to decorate the plate. They were chosen from dried cochineal and are not specifically American species as has been observed by other researchers, among these Mr. Leeuwenhoek, letter 60 and 28 November 1687, pages 141 and 144 [of Vervolg der Brieven, 16881702], and Dr. Blankaart, De Insectis [Schou-Burg der Rupsen, 1688], fol. 215.

If the butterfly is observed through a magnifying glass, the “dust” on the wings resembles fish scales with three branches on each scale, covered with long hairs. The scales are so symmetrical that they can be counted without any difficulty. The body is covered with feathers interwoven with hairs.

Plate 5
This root is known as the Cassava; from it is baked the bread usually eaten by Indians and Europeans in America. The root is grated, then one presses out the juice, which is very poisonous; then the pressed-out root is laid on an iron plate like those used by hatmakers in this country; under this plate one lays a small fire so that the remaining moisture can evaporate; it is then baked like a rusk and has the same taste as a Dutch rusk. Should a man or an animal drink the extracted juice cold, he or it dies an extremely painful death; but if this water is boiled it makes a very good drink.

The large black caterpillar, with a blood-red head and hind part and black-yellow striped body, caused a great deal of damage to this plant in
Modern botanical name: Manihot esculenta.

Surinam during my stay; it ate whole fields of cassava which had been planted for human consumption. In December 1700 it shed its skin and became a brown chrysalis; four weeks later emerged a beautiful black and white flecked moth [Manduca rustica] with orange-yellow spots on its body.

This snake [Corallus enhydris] I added to complete the decoration of the plate; it is naturally twisted and curiously speckled. Its fat belly shows that it was carrying eggs such as those that lie on the cassava root. They do not have a shell like birds’ eggs but are surrounded with a blue-speckled skin like the eggs of crocodiles and Sauvegarden or turtles, and are oval in shape.

**Plate 15**
These Water Meloenen [water melons] grow on the ground like cucumbers grow on the ground in Holland. They have a hard skin which gradually
Modern botanical name: Citrullus lanatus.

becomes less hard towards the inside of the fruit. The flesh is shiny and melts in the mouth like sugar; it is healthy and has a very pleasant taste; it is very refreshing for the sick. The blossom is small and insignificant and yellow in colour; the seeds are red and turn black when the fruit is over-ripe.

The four-angled caterpillar lives on the leaves of the melon; the foreand hind-quarters of the body are blue, and the middle is green; the caterpillar has a sticky surface on its feet like a snail. On 5 July it spun itself into a cocoon. I was expecting something out of the ordinary from this unusual caterpillar, but my hopes were deceived when on 10 August 1700 such an unsightly moth [Sibine species] emerged. It has happened to me that the most beautiful and unusual caterpillars turned into the plainer creatures, while the plainest caterpillars turned into the most beautiful moths and butterflies. [...]

Plate 18

[...] I found many of these large black spiders [Avicularia avicularia] on the Guajaves trees. They live in a round nest like the cocoon of the caterpillar depicted on the following plate; they do not spin long threads as some travelers would have us believe. They are covered
with hair all over and have sharp teeth, with which they can bite fiercely, at the same time injecting a fluid into the wound. Their habitual form of nourishment is the ants which do not escape from them as they move up the tree, for these spiders (like all others) have eight eyes. With two of them they see upwards, with two to the right and two to the left. When they fail to find enough ants they take small birds from their nests and suck all the blood from their bodies. They shed their skin from time to time like the caterpillars, but I have never seen any of them fly. A smaller variety of spider [probably Heteropoda venatroia] shown here in its web, carries its eggs in a ball under its body, where they hatch. There also have eight eyes, but they are distributed further over the head than the large spiders. [...]

These spiders catch humming-birds from their nests. Humming-birds are the staple diet of the priests in Surinam, who (so I was told) eat nothing but these birds. They lay four eggs like all other birds and hatch them. They fly very fast.

They suck the honey from the blossom with outstretched wings as if motionless in the air; they are, with many brilliant colors, more beautiful even than the peacock.

Note: See Paravisini-Gebert, p. 18, for Plate 18 illustration (ed.).


8586, 8889, 91, 98, 100101.
Emilie duChatelet
Selected Works

V
COMMENTARY ON NEWTON'S
PRINCIPIA

VOLUME EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

This set of chapters also comes from Du Châtelet's scientific writings. They constitute the first section of her Commentary on Newton's Principia. Some have speculated that this "Brief Exposition" was intended originally as volume two of her Institutions. This may be so; in any case, when she returned to her studies in mathematics and physics in the 1740s, she had decided to undertake a much more ambitious task, the translation of the Principia itself. Her translation of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Mathematica (Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy) remains the only complete rendition into French, and the only one in any language that the Newtonian expert, I. Bernard Cohen, acknowledged as a guide in his own English version of this influential work. To translate the Principia, Du Châtelet read the important contemporary books and treatises in experimental physics, continued her study of analytic geometry, and mastered calculus. As such, she numbered among the twenty or so eighteenth-century men and women who understood this advanced mathematics, and who could manipulate its propositions to apply to other cases.

The decision to include a commentary meant that Du Châtelet gave her readers four different ways to understand Newton's ideas. There was the translation itself, and the abridged and simplified description of Newton's "system of the world," which is presented here. For those trained in the new mathematics, she went on to offer a section of analytical solutions, algebraic equivalents, for the most controversial idea of the Principia, the

1. Du Châtelet used Newton's 1726 third edition, but also consulted the 1713 second edition, and the abridged Latin version of Book III of the Principia published as De Systemate mundi [System of the World], the 1731 edition. The Jacquier and Le Sour edition of the Principia with its continuous commentary in the annotation was a valuable resource as well.
so-called problem of three-bodies (the interaction of forces exerted by three bodies moving through space; for example, a comet passing between two planets). In the fourth and last section she summarized two works considered to give key proofs of Newton's universal theory of the workings of the universe: Daniel Bernoulli's treatise on the Moon and the Earth's tides, and Alexis Clairaut's on the effects of attraction on the shape of the Earth.2

Du Châtelet completed the translation in the hectic year of 1745 when she and Voltaire were active courtiers at Versailles. In contrast, the vol of the Commentary dragged on year after year. She kept expanding its scope as new scientific memoirs appeared that corrected one or another aspect of Newton's suppositions. Du Châtelet did not finish correcting the proofs until just days before the birth of her fourth child in September 1749. She never saw publication of the two volumes because of her death a week later of a complication occasioned by the birth. No one knows what happened to the manuscript after that, but fortunately, her text was not lost altogether. The publisher must have kept the proofs. As the end of the 1750s approached, there was much excitement in the scientific community about Newton's theories because he had used predictions of the return of comets as proof of his theory of universal attraction. Clairaut, Du Châtelet's mathematics mentor and her advisor in the final stages of this, her last project, though he refused to act in any editorial capacity, encouraged the publishers to bring out her work. It would be useful publicity for Newton's theories and for his, Clairaut's, own role in establishing them.1 The official and complete version of Du Châtelet's translation and commentary appeared in 1759, ten years after her death. With its publication her learned reputation

2. For a more extensive discussion of these choices, see Antoinette Emich-Deléaz and Gérard Emich, "On Newton's French Translators," in Emile Du Châtelet: Rewriting Enlightenment Philosophy and Science, ed. Judith P. Zinzer and Julie Candler Hayes, SVES 1 (2003); Judith P. Zinzer, "Translating Newton's Principia: The Marquise Du Châtelet's Revisions and Additions for a French Audience," Notes and Records of the Royal Society of London 55, no. 2 (2001): 227-43. The four proofs hypothesized by Newton and subsequently proved by the end of the eighteenth century were the shape of the Earth, the precession of the equinoxes, the tides, and the orbit of comets and predictions of their visible return to the Sun's system.

Commentary on Newton's Principia

was assured. The *Foundations* and now this massive project proved her abilities as a mathematician and her understanding of some of the most complex controversies in eighteenth-century physics. Thus, she played a role in the acceptance of Newton's explanations of the workings of the universe, and to the virtual canonization of the man and his method of reasoning by experiment and mathematical analogy.

The *Commentary* and translation have been reprinted in facsimile editions. In 1966, Blanchard brought out the 1756 incomplete version; in 1990, Jacques Gabay produced the complete 1759 edition.

The letters that precede her *Commentary* illustrate the intertwining nature of her major preoccupations from 1745 to 1749. There was her work on "my Newton" as she referred to it and her duties as a courtier both at Versailles and after 1748 in Lunéville, at the court of King Stanislas. Then, in the spring of 1748 she began her affair with Jean-François de Saint-Lambert. When she became pregnant, the complications multiplied. As she explained in her letters to her lover, she needed to be in Paris to have Clairaut's assistance with the complicated mathematical section of the *Commentary* and her description of his memoir on the shape of the Earth. She would have preferred to be in Lorraine and she hoped to have the birth there, far from the ridicule of Paris and Versailles. There, she also would have the comfort of her friends such as the King's official mistress, Mme de Boufflers, of Saint-Lambert, her lover, and her husband—whose welcome response to her pregnancy had been to hope that it would be another son.

The letters to Jacquier and Boufflers come from the Besterman collection. All of those to Saint-Lambert come from the edition of her love letters by Anne Sopranì.

## RELATED LETTERS

**To Father Jacquier**

*In Paris, the 13th April 1747*

I assure you that the irregularity of the post is a misfortune, monsieur, for M. Clairaut informs me that you complain about not receiving my news, and I was sorry not to receive a response to the last letter I wrote to you. I am in the

Commentary on Newton's Principia

I had stopped discussing them with him, because I know the uselessness of it, it is always necessary to be on good terms with him, to enjoy the pleasure and the informality of his company and to expect nothing from him. I always have the affair of the regiment so vividly in my mind, and I believe it is the only feasible one. I am not satisfied with the answers I received from Vienna. It is not the last word, and I still have some hope.

Adieu, this is how one writes when one loves as much as I do. Adieu, I adore you, my soul leaves me to go and find you. I believe that I will die for joy when I see you again, if I find you as I left you. Your health makes me anxious. I hope that you do not deceive me about your regimen. I hope that the chevalier has not taken up again ... [words missing in the original text]
I do not like him to set you a bad example. Think of Mlle Dandreselle as in an invincible ignorance and I am only too much on the right track. You no longer speak to me either of "Matin [Morning]," of "Saisons [Seasons]," or of these verses on solitude with the one one loves. What are you doing then? I have not been able to see anything of the "Saisons [Seasons]" of the Abbé de Bemis; he is almost as lazy as you are. 35

Answer all in this letter, your answer will be long, and the short letters drive me to despair, they are a sure proof that one has little to say and that consequently one is scarcely in love.

35

FROM THE COMMENTARY ON NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA

INTRODUCTION

1. First ideas of philosophy on astronomy.

Philosophers began by having in astronomy, as in other matters, the same ideas as the common people, but they rectified them. Thus, it was initially believed that the Earth was flat, and that it was the center around which all celestial bodies turned.

35. Du Châtelet here is referring to poems that Saint-Lambert was working on, Les Saisons [The Seasons], a very long poem glorifying an economically productive countryside was finally finished long after her death and published in 1769. The Abbé François Joachim de Pierre de Bemis, an advisor to Mme de Pompadour, also composed verses on the seasons, which he read at the salons in Paris.
II

DISCOVERIES OF THE BABYLONIANS AND OF PYTHAGORAS.
The Babylonians, and then Pythagoras and his disciples, having examined these ideas derived from the senses, recognized that the Earth is round, and regarded the Sun as the center of the universe.\(^{(a)}\)

III

EFFORTS MADE TO MAINTAIN THAT THE EARTH IS AT REST.

PTOLEMY'S SYSTEM\(^{(b)}\)

One can only be surprised that the true system of the world having been discovered, the hypothesis that the Earth is the center of celestial movements still prevailed. Although this hypothesis agrees with appearances, and appears at first sight to be extremely simple, it does not easily account for celestial movements. Thus, Ptolemy, and those who have since his time wanted to sustain this opinion that the Earth is at rest, have had to clutter up the skies with different epicycles, and with countless circles that were very difficult to conceive of and to use, for there is nothing so difficult as to put error in the place of truth.

It is very likely that the authority of Aristotle, which was almost the only measure of truth in Ptolemy's time, is that which led this great astronomer [Ptolemy] into error, but why did Aristotle himself not endorse the true system, which he must have known since he attacked it? This does not redound to the credit of the human mind. Be that as it may, up to Copernicus it was believed that the Earth was at rest and the center of celestial movements.

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36. Du Châtelet offers this note: "(a) M. Newton in his Book De Systeate mundi [The System of the World], also attributed this opinion to Numa Pompilius, and he says (pag. 1.) that it was in order to represent the Sun in the center of the celestial spheres that Numa had built a round temple dedicated to Vesta, the Goddess of Fire, in the middle of which a perpetual fire was maintained." Du Châtelet is referring to Newton's book version of Book III of the Philosophiae naturalis principia mathematica [Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy]. Du Châtelet studied two of the three editions, 1713 and 1726, as well as the System of the World, published in both English and Latin (1728, 1731).

37. Du Châtelet proceeds to give a brief history of astronomy: from Ptolemy (after 93–161) and his system of concentric circular orbits of planets and the Sun around the Earth, to Nicolaus Copernicus (1473–1543) and his discovery of the Earth as the center of the solar system; to Tycho Brahe (1546–1601) and his extensive observations, which Johannes Kepler (1571–1630) then used to formulate the elliptical orbits of the planets around the Sun.
Commentary on Newton's Principia

IV

COPERNICUS REVIVED THE ANCIENT SYSTEM OF PYTHAGORAS ON THE
MOVEMENT OF THE EARTH.

This great man revived the ancient system of the Babylonians and of Pythagoras, and supported it with so many reasons and discoveries that the old fallacy could no longer prevail. Thus, Copernicus again placed the Sun at the center of the world, or, to put it more exactly, at the center of our planetary system.

V

TYCHO BRAHE'S SYSTEM.

Although celestial phenomena are very easily explained in Copernicus's system, although observations and reasoning equally favor it, there was in his time a very able astronomer who wanted to reject the evidence of his discoveries. Tycho, deceived by a badly done experiment, (b) and perhaps even more by the desire to create a system in between that of Ptolemy and that of Copernicus, supposed that the Earth was at rest, and that the other planets that turn around the Sun turn with it around the Earth in twenty-four hours. This leaves in place one of the great difficulties of the Ptolemaic system, the one occasioned by the excessive rapidity of movement of the first moving body. This proves how dangerous it is to misuse one's insights.

SERVICES THAT TYCHE RENDERED TO ASTRONOMY.

If Tycho lost his way in his assumptions about the movements of celestial bodies, he rendered great services to astronomy with the exactitude and the long sequence of his observations. He determined the position of a great number of stars with an exactitude unknown before him; he discovered the refraction of light through the air, which is key to astronomical phenomena; he was the first to prove by the parallax of the comets that they rise signifi-

(b) Du Châtelet offers this note: "(b) Copernicus had to answer the objection that the movement of the Earth would have to produce effects that were not taking place; that, for example, if the Earth moves, a stone thrown from the top of a tower must not fall at the foot of this tower, because the Earth moved while the stone was in free fall, and that nonetheless (the stone) falls to the foot of the tower. Copernicus responded that the Earth stands in the same relationship to bodies that fall to its surface as a moving ship in relation to things dropped on its deck, and he affirmed that a stone thrown from the top of the mast of a ship in motion would fall down at the foot of its mast. This experiment, whose result is not contested at present, was badly done at the time, and was the cause or the pretext that prevented Tycho from acknowledging the discoveries of Copernicus."
cantly above the Moon; it is he who discovered what is known as the variation of the Moon. Finally, it is from his observations on the course of the planets that Kepler, with whom he spent the last years of his life near Prague, drew his admirable theory of the movement of the celestial bodies.

VI

AFTER COPERNICUS MUCH REMAINED TO BE DISCOVERED. Copernicus had rendered a great service to astronomy and to reason, in re-establishing the true system of the world, and it was quite an achievement that human vanity had agreed to consider the Earth as just one of the planets, among many, but much remained to be discovered. As yet, nothing was known about either the curve that the planets describe in turning in their orbit, or about the laws that direct their courses, and it is to Kepler that we owe these important discoveries.39

DISCOVERIES OF KEPLER.

THE ELLIPTICITY OF THE ORBITS, THE PROPORTIONALITY OF THE AREAS AND THE TIMES. This great astronomer found that the astronomers who had preceded him were wrong in supposing that the orbits of the planets were circular, and he discovered, in making use of Tycho's observations, that the planets move in ellipses of which the Sun occupies one of the foci, and that they travel through the different parts of their orbits at different speeds. Thus, the area described by a planet, that is to say, the space contained between the lines drawn from the Sun to any two places occupied by the planet, is always proportional to the time.

THE RELATION BETWEEN THE PERIODIC TIMES AND THE DISTANCES. Some years later, in the course of comparing the time of the revolutions of several planets around the Sun with their different distances from this star, he found that the planets farther from the Sun move more slowly in their orbit, and by seeking to know if this proportion varies with distance, he finally found in 1618, after several attempts, that the duration of their revolutions is as the square root of the cube of their mean distances to the Sun.

VII

Not only did Kepler find these two laws that bear his name and that rule the courses of the planets and the curve they describe, but also he foresaw the force that made them describe it. The seeds of the idea of the power of at-

39. Kepler is credited with three laws. Du Châtelet takes the first for granted and describes only the second and third laws. I am grateful to Adam Apt for this clarification.
Commentary on Newton's Principia

traction are to be found in the preface of his commentary on the planet of Mars. And he goes so far as to say that the tides are the result of the pull of the Moon's gravity on the water toward the Moon; but he did not derive from this principle what one would have thought such a great man as he could have derived. For, he next gives in his *Epitome d'astronomie* [Epitome of Astronomy] (c) a physical reason for the movement of the planets derived from very different principles. In this same book on the planet Mars, he supposes a friendly side to the planets and an enemy side, and on the occasion of their aphelion and of their perihelion, he says, that the Sun attracts one of these sides and repulses the other.  

VIII

SINGULAR ANECDOTE ON ATTRACTION.

The concept of the attraction of celestial bodies is to be found much more clearly stated in a book on the movement of the Earth by Hooke, printed in 1674, that is to say, twelve years before the principles [Principia]. Here is the translation of his words, p. 27. "Then I will explain a system of the world that differs in many regards from all the others, and which complies in every way with all the ordinary rules of mechanics. It is founded on these three suppositions."

1. That all celestial bodies, without any exception, have an attraction or gravitation toward their own center, by which they attract their own parts and prevent them from moving away, as we can see from the Earth. But they also attract all the celestial bodies that are in the sphere of their activity. Consequently, not only do the Sun and the Moon have an influence on the body and the movement of the Earth, and the Earth an influence on the Sun and the Moon, but also Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn have, by their attractive force, a considerable influence on the movement of the Earth, as also the reciprocal attraction of the Earth has a considerable influence on the movement of these planets.

40. Du Châtelet offers this footnote: "(c) See, Greg, Bk. I, Prop. 69." She is probably referring to David Gregory's (1666–1708) *Astronomiae physicae et geometricae elementa* [The Elements of Physical and Geometrical Astronomy] published in 1702, translated into English in a revised edition in 1726. It was here that she must have read of Kepler's *Epitome astrononmiae copernicanae* [Epitome of Copernican Astronomy], published in 1621.

41. Du Châtelet defines *aphelion* and *perihelion* in chapter one, section VII of this Commentary.

42. Robert Hooke (1635–1703) was a chemist and mathematician. With this quotation, Du Châtelet is giving Hooke credit for the concept of universal attraction twelve years before the publication of Newton's Principia. She may be referring to his "An Attempt to Prove the Motion of the Earth by Observations," published in 1674. Hooke's argument with Newton over attribution for the inverse-square law may also have been reported in another work that she studied.
"2. That all the bodies that have received a simple and direct motion continue to move in a straight line, up to that point whereby some other effective force they might be diverted and forced to describe a circle, an ellipse, or some other more complex curve.

"3. That the attractive forces are the more powerful in their operations, as the body on which they operate is closer to their center.

"With regard to the proportion in which these forces diminish as the distance increases, I admit that I have not yet verified this by experiments, but it is an idea which, having been followed as it deserves to be, will be very useful to astronomers to reduce all the celestial movements to one certain rule, and I doubt that one might ever be able to find it without this. He who understands the nature of the circular pendulum and circular motion will easily comprehend the basis of this principle, and will know how to find the directions in nature for establishing it exactly. I give this beginning here for those who have the opportunity and the capacity for this research, etc."

IX

It should not be thought that this idea just thrown in the air in Hooke's book detracts from the greatness of Mr. Newton, who was so considerable as to mention it in his book De Systenate mundi. (d) The examples of Hooke and Kepler serve to show the gap between a truth foreseen and a truth demonstrated, and of what little use the illuminations of genius are in the sciences, when they cease to be guided by geometry.

X

KEPLER'S STRANGE IDEAS.

Kepler, who made such beautiful and important discoveries as long as he followed this guide of geometry, provides one of the most striking proofs of the errors into which the best minds can fall when they abandon it to indulge in the pleasure of inventing systems. (e) For instance, who would have thought that this great man would indulge in the reveries of the Pythagoreans on numbers; that he could believe that the distances of the principal planets and their number were relative to the five regular solid bodies of geometry, (c)"


44. "Systems," such as Descartes', or that of the Scholastics, apparently based solely on conjecture without verification by observation and experiment, were anathema to Du Châtelet and other followers of Newton.

45. Du Châtelet offers this footnote: "(c) Mysterium cosmographicum. Kepler's work [The Cosmographic Mystery] was published in 1597."
which he believed were inscribed in them. Then, his observations having shown that the distances of the planets did not agree with this supposition, he imagined that celestial movements corresponded to the proportions by which one divides the string of a musical instrument, in order for it to emit the tones making up an octave. (f)\textsuperscript{46}

**VERY WISE COUNSEL GIVEN BY TYCHO TO KEPLER.**

Kepler, having sent to Tycho a copy of the work in which he tried to establish these chimeras, Tycho answered him, that he (g)\textsuperscript{47} advised him "to give up those speculations drawn from first principles and to apply himself rather to establishing his arguments on the solid basis of observations."

**HUYGENS'S BIZARRE IDEA.**

The great Huygens himself (h)\textsuperscript{48} believed that the fourth satellite of Saturn, which bears his name, with our Moon and the four of Jupiter, made six, and thus the number of secondary planets was complete, and that it would be useless to seek to discover new ones, because there are also six principal planets, and the number six is termed perfect, because it is equal to the sum of its divisors, 1, 2, and 3.

**XI**

**ADVANTAGE OF NEWTON OVER KEPLER, IN HIS TIME THE TRUE LAWS OF MOTION WERE BETTER KNOWN.**

It is by never diverging from the most profound geometry that M. Newton found the proportion in which gravity acts and that the principle, suspected by Kepler and by Hooke, became in his hands such a fecund source of admirable and unexpected truths.

One of the things which had prevented Kepler from drawing from the principle of attraction all the truths that are a result of it is the ignorance in his day of the true laws of motion. M. Newton had the advantage over Kepler of benefiting from the laws of motion established by Huygens, and which he, in turn, pushed much further.

\textsuperscript{46} Du Châtelet offers this footnote: "(f) Mysterium cosmographicum."

\textsuperscript{47} Du Châtelet offers this footnote: "(g) 'Utis suspensis speculationibus a priori descendebit animam petius ad observationes quam simul affectabat consuetudines adicerem.' (It is Kepler who speaks) 'Notio in secundo editione mysterii Cosmographici.'"

\textsuperscript{48} Du Châtelet offers this footnote: "(h) Dedication in his system of Saturn." Christian Huygens (1629-1695), the Dutch astronomer who rejected Newton's theory of attraction. She is referring to his observations about Saturn's rings, in *Systema Saturnium* (1659).
Mary Sommerville
Physical Geography
INTRODUCTION.

The daily accumulating knowledge in every branch of science has rendered it necessary to make many additions and corrections in the third edition of this work. In doing this, the Author acknowledges her obligations to Baron Humboldt's invaluable 'Cosmos,' with Colonel Sabine's excellent notes — and to the works of M. Elie de Beaumont, Sir Charles Lyell, and Sir Henry De la Beche;¹ to the researches of Messrs. Campbell, Thomson, Strachey, and Dr. Hooker in the Himalaya; and to papers in the periodical journals of Europe, India, and America.

The Author has to express her thanks to her friend Mr. Pentland for his kindness in again superintending the passage through the press of this work during her residence abroad, and for matter hitherto unpublished, on the countries visited by him during his diplomatic missions to Bolivia and Peru; and also to M. Elie de Beaumont, the Prince of Canino, and Dr. Weddell, for valuable information on the subjects of Geology, Ornithology, and Botanical Geography.

¹ 'Principles of Geology, by Sir Charles Lyell,' 8vo., 1850; 'Manual of Elementary Geology,' by Sir Charles Lyell, 8vo., 1851; 'The Geological Observer,' by Sir Henry T. De la Beche, C.B., 8vo., 1851. (Republished by Blanchard & Lea.)
INTRODUCTION.

It was the Author's wish and her publisher's intention that this work should be accompanied by maps to illustrate the most important questions of Physical Geography; but since Mr. Alex. Keith Johnston has published an edition of his splendid 'Physical Atlas' on a reduced scale,\(^1\) which affords all the information required, that plan has been abandoned.

The Author must also acknowledge the assistance she has received from another work recently published by the same author, his 'Geographical Dictionary,'\(^2\) the most complete General Gazetteer that has appeared in our own or in any other language.

Turin, March 4, 1851.

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\(^1\) 'The Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena,' 1 vol. fol., 1847; 'The Physical Atlas, reduced for the Use of Colleges, Families, &c.' 1 vol. 4to., 1850. (Reprinted by Blanchard & Lea.)

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PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

GEOL OGY.

Of Physical Geography—Position of the Earth in the Solar System—Distance from the Sun—Civil Year—Inclination of Terrestrial Orbit—Mass of the Sun—Distance of the Moon—Figure and Density of the Earth from the Motions of the Moon—Figure of the Earth from Areas of the Meridian—from Oscillations of Pendulum—Local Disturbances—Mean Density of the Earth—Known Depth below its Surface—Outline of Geology.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY is a description of the earth, the sea, and the air, with their inhabitants animal and vegetable, of the distribution of these organized beings, and the causes of that distribution. Political and arbitrary divisions are disregarded, the sea and the land are considered only with respect to those great features that have been stamped upon them by the hand of the Almighty, and man himself is viewed but as a fellow-inhabitant of the globe with other created things, yet influencing them to a certain extent by his actions, and influenced in return. The effects of his intellectual superiority on the inferior animals, and even on his own condition, by the subjection of some of the most powerful agents in nature to his will, together with the other causes which have had the greatest influence on his physical and moral state, are among the most important subjects of this science.

The former state of our terrestrial habitation, the successive convulsions which have ultimately led to its present geographical arrangement, and to the actual distribution of land and water, so powerfully influential on the destinies of mankind, are circumstances of primary importance.

The position of the earth with regard to the sun, and its connexion with the bodies of the solar system, have been noticed by the author elsewhere. It was there shown that our globe forms but an atom in the immensity of space, utterly invisible from the nearest fixed star, and scarcely a telescopic object to the remote planets of our system. The increase of temperature with the depth below the surface of the earth, and the tremendous desolation hurled over wide regions by
numerous fire-breathing mountains, show that man is removed but a few miles from immense lakes or seas of liquid fire. The very shell on which he stands is unstable under his feet, not only from those temporary convulsions that seem to shake the globe to its centre, but from a slow almost imperceptible elevation in some places, and an equally gentle subsidence in others, as if the internal molten matter were subject to secular tides, now heaving and now ebbing, or that the subjacent rocks were in one place expanded and in another contracted by changes of temperature.

The earthquake and the torrent, the august and terrible ministers of Almighty Power, have torn the solid earth and opened the seals of the most ancient records of creation, written in indelible characters on the "perpetual hills and the everlasting mountains." There we read of the changes that have brought the rude mass to its present fair state, and of the myriads of beings that have appeared on this mortal stage, have fulfilled their destinies, and have been swept from existence to make way for new races, which, in their turn, have vanished from the scene, till the creation of man completed the glorious work. Who shall define the periods of those mornings and evenings when God saw that his work was good? and who shall declare the time allotted to the human race, when the generations of the most insignificant insect existed for unnumbered ages? Yet man is also to vanish in the ever-changing course of events. The earth is to be burnt up, and the elements are to melt with fervent heat — to be again reduced to chaos — possibly to be renovated and adorned for other races of beings. These stupendous changes may be but cycles in those great laws of the universe where all is variable but the laws themselves, and He who has ordained them.

The earth is one of thirty-two planets which revolve about the sun in elliptical orbits: of these, twenty-five have been discovered since the year 1781.1 Mercury and Venus are nearer the sun than

---

1 The solar system consists exclusively of the sun and all the planets, satellites, and comets, whose motions are dependent upon its gravitation. It does not include the fixed stars. The following is believed to be a complete catalogue of the solar system:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date of Discovery</th>
<th>Discovers</th>
<th>Place of Discovery</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mercury</td>
<td>Known to the ancients</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Venus</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The earth (with one satellite)</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mars</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jupiter (with four satellites)</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturn (with seven satellites)</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uranus (with two or more satellites)</td>
<td>1781 ........Sir Wm. Herschel.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ceres</td>
<td>June 1, 1801</td>
<td>Piazzi</td>
<td>Palermo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pallas</td>
<td>March 28, 1802</td>
<td>Olbers</td>
<td>Bremen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juno</td>
<td>Sept. 1, 1804</td>
<td>Harding</td>
<td>Lilienhal.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
the earth, the others are more remote. The earth revolves at a mean
distance of 95,298,260 miles from the sun’s centre, in a civil year
of 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49:7 seconds, at the same time that

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date of Discovery</th>
<th>Discoverer</th>
<th>Place of Discovery</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vesta</td>
<td>March 29, 1807</td>
<td>Bremmen</td>
<td>Bremmen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iris</td>
<td>Oct. 4, 1800</td>
<td>Herschel</td>
<td>Berlin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flora</td>
<td>Dec. 23, 1820</td>
<td>Neison</td>
<td>Berlin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Metis</td>
<td>Jan. 19, 1837</td>
<td>Schiaparelli</td>
<td>Naples</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyge</td>
<td>April 12, 1849</td>
<td>Gasparis</td>
<td>Naples</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parthenope</td>
<td>May 11, 1850</td>
<td>Gasparis</td>
<td>Naples</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cléo</td>
<td>Sept. 13, 1850</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egeria</td>
<td>Nov. 2, 1850</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victoria</td>
<td>Dec. 19, 1852</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irene</td>
<td>May 19, 1851</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eunomia</td>
<td>July 19, 1851</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psyche</td>
<td>March 17, 1852</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thetis</td>
<td>April 17, 1852</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>Berlin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melpomene</td>
<td>June 24, 1852</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fortuna</td>
<td>Aug. 22, 1852</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Massilia</td>
<td>Sept. 19, 1852</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Callisto</td>
<td>Sept. 25, 1852</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ludmilla</td>
<td>Nov. 17, 1852</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thalia</td>
<td>Dec. 15, 1852</td>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Comets observed since January 1, 1847.

Jan. 7. Colla Parma.
Jan. 10. Schweizer Moscow.
Jan. 25. Miss Mitchell Nantucket.

Jan. 2. (Encke’s comet) Sept. 15. Hind London.

Jan. 11. Schweizer Moscow.
Jan. 28. Jenkins At sea.

1850—Jan. 1. Petersen Altona.
Jan. 2. Bond Cambridge.
Jan. 3. (Fly’s comet) Nov. 28. Challis Cambridge, E.

1851—Jan. 27. D’Arrest Leipsic.

1852—May 15. Chacornac Marseilles.
July 24. Westphal Gottingen.

From the elements and position of the orbits of the thirteen small bodies,
[namely, Flora, Vesta, Iris, Metis, Hebe, Astraea, Hyge, Parthenope, Victoria, Egeria, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas] which revolve between Mars and
it rotates in 24 hours about an axis which always remains parallel to itself, and inclined at an angle of 23° 27' 34.39" to the plane of the ecliptic; consequently the days and nights are of equal length at the equator, from whence their length progressively differs more and more as the latitude increases, till at each pole alternately there is perpetual day for six months, and a night of the same duration; thus the light and heat are very unequally distributed, and both are modified by the atmosphere by which the earth is encompassed to the height of about forty miles.

With regard to magnitude, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune are larger than the earth; the rest are smaller, but even the largest is incomparably inferior to the sun in size; his mass is 354,936 times greater than that of the earth, but the earth is nearly four times as dense.

Though the planets disturb the earth in its motion, their form has no effect on account of their great distance; but it is otherwise with regard to the moon, which revolves about the earth at a mean distance of 240,000 miles, and is therefore so near, that the form of both bodies causes mutual disturbances in their respective motions. The perturbations in the moon's motions from that cause, compared with the same computed from theory, show that the earth is not a perfect sphere, but that it bulges at the equator, and is flattened at the poles; it even gives a value of the compression of flattening. Again, theory shows that, if the earth were throughout of the same

Jupiter, it has been conjectured, with much probability, that they once formed the mass of a large planet which had exploded; upon this hypothesis several have actually been looked for, and found. The shooting stars which have appeared in such remarkable showers in the months of August and November, may possibly have had a similar origin, as they are believed to form a group which revolves about the sun in 182 days, in an elliptical orbit, and that in passing through the aphelion in August and November, they come in contact with the earth's atmosphere, on entering which with great velocity they become ignited and are consumed. An event so tremendous as the explosion of a world, is by no means beyond the unlimited power of steam under intense pressure.

The compression of the earth is the flattening at the poles. Its numerical value is equal to the difference between the equatorial and polar diameters, expressed in feet or miles, divided by the equatorial diameter.

The table of physical measurements of the earth may be taken as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Miles</th>
<th>Diameter</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Radius at the equator</td>
<td>3962-6  = 7925-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radius at the pole</td>
<td>3949-6  = 7899-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Difference of equatorial and polar radius</td>
<td>13-0  = 26-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mean radius, or at 45° latitude</td>
<td>3956-1  = 7912-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mean length of a degree</td>
<td>69-05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The fourth part of a meridian</td>
<td>6214-2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
density, it would be much less flat at the poles than the moon’s motions show it to be, but that it would be very nearly the same were the earth to increase regularly in density from the surface to its centre; and thus the lunar motions not only make known the form, but reveal the internal structure of the globe. Actual measurement has proved the truth of these results.

The courses of the great rivers, which are generally navigable to a considerable extent, show that the curvature of the land differs but little from that of the ocean; and as the heights of the mountains and continents are inconsiderable when compared with the magnitude of the earth, its figure is understood to be determined by a surface at every point perpendicular to the direction of gravitation, or of the plumb-line, and is the same which the sea would have if it were continued all round the earth beneath the continents. Such is the figure that has been measured in various parts of the globe.

A terrestrial meridian is a line passing through both poles, all the points of which have their noon contemporaneously, and a degree of a meridian is its 360th part. Now, if the earth were a sphere, all degrees would be of the same length; but, as it is flattened at the poles, the degrees are longest there, and decrease in length to the equator, where they are least. The form and size of the earth may therefore be determined by comparing the length of degrees in different latitudes.¹ Eleven arcs have been measured in Europe, one in the Andes of equatorial America, and two in the East Indies; but a comparison of no two gives the same result, which shows that the earth has a slightly irregular form. From a mean of ten of these arcs M. Bessel found that the equatorial radius of the earth is 3963.925 miles, and the polar radius 3949.8 miles nearly. Whence, assuming the earth to be a sphere, the length of a mean degree of the meridian is 69.05 British statute miles; therefore 360 degrees, or the whole circumference of the globe, is 24,858 miles; the diameter, which is something less than a third of the circumference, is about 8286 statute miles; and the length of a geographical mile of 60 to a degree is 0050.70 feet. The breadth of the torrid zone is 2815 geographical miles, the breadth of each of the temperate zones is 2854 miles, and that of each of the spaces within the arctic and antarctic circles 1140 miles nearly. The Astronomer Royal Mr. Airy’s results, obtained ten years afterwards, only differ from those of M. Bessel by 127 feet in the equatorial, and 138 feet in the polar radius, quantities not greater than the length of a good sized ballroom. In consequence of the round form of the earth, the dip or depression of the horizon is a fathom for every three miles of dis-

¹ The theoretical investigation of the figure of the earth, the method employed for measuring arcs of the meridian, and that of finding the form of the earth from the oscillations of the pendulum, are given in the ‘Connection of the Physical Sciences,’ by Mary Somerville, 7th Edition, 7th edition.
tance; that is to say, an object a fathom or six feet high would be
hid by the curvature of the earth at the distance of three miles.
Since the dip increases as the square, a hill 100 fathoms high would
be hid at the distance of ten miles, and the top of Kuchinjunga,
the most elevated point of the Himalaya, hitherto measured 28,178
feet high, would be seen to sink beneath the horizon by a person
about 167 miles off; thus, when the height is known, an estimate can
be formed of the distance of a mountain.

The oscillations of the pendulum have afforded another method of
ascertaining the form of the earth. Like all heavy bodies, its descent
and consequently its oscillations are accelerated in proportion to the
force of gravitation, which increases from the equator to the poles.
In order, therefore, that the oscillations may be everywhere performed
in the same time, the length of the pendulum must be increased pro-
gressively in going from the equator to the poles, according to a
known law, from whence the compression or flattening at the poles
may be deduced. Experiments for that purpose have been made in
a great number of places, but, as in the measurement of the arcs, no
two sets give exactly the same results; the mean of the whole, how-
ever, differs very little from that given by the degrees of the meridian
and the perturbations of the moon; and as the three methods are so
entirely independent of each other, the figure and dimensions of the
earth may be considered to be known. The sea has little effect on
these experiments, both because its mean density is less than that of
the earth, and that its mean depth of perhaps four miles is in-
considerable when compared with 3956 miles, the mean terrestrial
radius.\(^1\)

---

\(^1\) A pendulum which oscillates 80,400 times in a mean day at the equator,
will do the same at every point of the earth's surface if its length be in-
creased progressively to the pole as the square of the sine of the latitude.
The sine of the latitude is a perpendicular line drawn from any point of a
terrestrial meridian to the equatorial radius of the earth. That line ex-
pressed in feet or miles, and multiplied by itself, is the square of the sine
of the latitude. Gravitation increases from the equator to the poles accord-
ing to that law, and the length of the degrees augments very nearly in the
same ratio.

\(^2\) The compression deduced by M. Bessel from arcs of the meridian is
\(\frac{1}{299} \) ; that deduced by Colonel Sabine from his experiments with the pen-
dulum is \(\frac{1}{288.7} \). Other pendulum experiments have also given a compres-
sion of \(\frac{1}{298.2} \) and \(\frac{1}{266.4} \). The protuberant matter at the earth's equator
produces inequalities in the moon's motions, from whence the compression
of the earth is found to be \(\frac{1}{305.65} \); and although the reciprocal action of the
The discrepancies in the results, from the comparison of the different sets of pendulum experiments, and also of degrees of the meridian, arise from local attraction, as well as from irregularities in the form of the earth. These attractions, arising from dense masses of rock in mountains, cause the plumb-line to deviate from the vertical, and when under ground they alter the oscillations of the pendulum. Colonel Sabine, who made experiments with the pendulum from the equator to within ten degrees of the north pole, discovered that the intensity is greatly augmented by volcanic islands. A variation to the amount of a tenth of a second in twenty-four hours can be perfectly ascertained in the rate of the pendulum; but from some of these local attractions a variation of nearly ten seconds has occurred during the same period. The islands of St. Helena, Ascension, St. Thomas, the Isle of France, are some of those noted by Colonel Sabine.

There are other remarkable instances of local disturbance, arising from the geological nature of the soil; for example, the intensity of gravitation is very small at Bordeaux, from whence it increases rapidly to Clermont-Ferrand, Milan, and Padua, where it attains a maximum (owing, probably, to dense masses of rock under ground), and from thence it extends to Parma. In consequence of this local attraction, the degrees of the meridian in that part of Italy seem to increase towards the equator through a small space, instead of decreasing, as if the earth were drawn out instead of flattened at the poles.

It appears from this, that the effect of the whole earth on a pendulum or torsion balance may be compared with the effect of a small part of it, and thus a comparison may be instituted between the mass of the earth and the mass of that part of it. Now a leaden ball was weighed against the earth by comparing the effects of each upon a balance of torsion; the nearness of the smaller mass making it produce a sensible effect as compared with that of the larger, for by the laws of attraction the whole earth must be considered as collected in its centre; in this manner a value of the mass of the earth was obtained, and, as its volume was known, its mean density was found to be 5.675 times greater than that of water at the temperature of 62° of Fahrenheit’s thermometer. Now, as that mean density is double that of basalt, and more than double that of granite, rocks which undoubtedly emanate from very great depths beneath the surface of moon on the protuberant matter at the earth’s equator does not actually give the compression, it proves that it must be between — and —. Coincidences so near and so remarkable, arising from such different methods, show how nearly the irregular figure of the earth has been determined. The inequalities in the motions of the moon and earth alluded to are explained in Sections 5 and 11, ‘Connexion of Physical Sciences.’
the earth, it affords another proof of the increase in density towards the earth's centre. These experiments were first made by Cavendish and Mitchell, and latterly with much greater accuracy by the late Mr. Baily, who devoted four years of unremitting attention to the accomplishment of this important and difficult object. 1

Although the earth increases in density regularly from the surface to the centre, as might naturally be expected, from the increasing pressure, yet the surface consists of a great variety of substances of different densities, some of which occur in amorphous masses; others are disposed in regular layers or strata, either horizontal or inclined at all angles to the horizon. By mining, man has penetrated only a very little way; but by reasoning from the dip or inclination of the strata at or near the surface, and from other circumstances, he has obtained a pretty accurate idea of the structure of our globe to the depth of about ten miles. All the substances of which we have any information are divided into four classes, distinguished by the manner in which they have been formed: namely,—plutonic and volcanic rocks, both of igneous origin, though produced under different circumstances; aqueous or stratified rocks, entirely due to the action of water, as the name implies; and metamorphic rocks, deposited by water, according to the opinion of many eminent geologists, and consequently stratified, but subsequently altered and crystallized by heat. The aqueous and volcanic rocks are formed at or near the surface of the earth, the plutonic and metamorphic at great depths; but all of them have originated simultaneously during every geological period, and are now in a state of slow and constant progress. The antagonist principles of fire and water have ever been and still are the cause of the perpetual vicissitudes to which the crust of the earth is liable.

It has been ascertained by observation that the plutonic rocks, consisting of the granites and some of the porphyries, were formed in the deep and fiery caverns of the earth, of melted matter, which crystallized as it slowly cooled under enormous pressure, and was then heaved up in unstratified masses, by the elastic force of the internal heat, even to the tops of the highest mountains, or forced in a semi-fluid state into fissures of the superincumbent strata, sometimes into the cracks of the previously formed granite; for that rock, which constitutes the base of so large a portion of the earth's crust, has not been all formed at once; some portions had been solid, while others were yet in a liquid state. This class of rocks is completely destitute of fossil remains.

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1 It is clear that the mean density of the earth may be found from the attraction of the plumb-line by mountains, or by the irregularity in the oscillations of the pendulum, but the torsion balance is a much more sensible instrument than either. The density determined by M. Reichenbach differs from that found by Mr. Baily by only one twenty-eighth part.
Although granite and the volcanic rocks are both due to the action of fire, their nature and position are very different: granite, fused in the interior of the earth, has been cooled and consolidated before coming to the surface; besides, it generally consists of few ingredients, so that it has nearly the same character in all countries. But as the volcanic fire rises to the very surface of the earth, fusing whatever it meets with, volcanic rocks take various forms, not only from the different kinds of strata which are melted, but from the different conditions under which the liquid matter has been cooled, though most frequently on the surface—a circumstance that seems to have had the greatest effect on its appearance and structure. Sometimes it assumes a crystalline granitic structure, at other times it becomes glass; in short, all those massive, unstratified, and occasionally columnar rocks, as basalt, greenstone, porphyry, and serpentine, are due to volcanic fires, and are devoid of fossil remains.

There seems scarcely to have been any age of the world in which volcanic eruptions have not taken place in some part of the globe. Lava has pierced through every description of rocks, spread over the surface of those existing at the time, filled their crevices, and flowed between their strata. Ever changing its place of action, it has burst out at the bottom of the sea as well as on dry land. Enormous quantities of scoriæ and ashes have been ejected from numberless craters, and have formed extensive deposits in the sea, in lakes, and on the land, in which are embedded the remains of the animals and vegetables of the epoch. Some of these deposits have become hard rock, others remain in a crumbling state; and as they alternate with the aqueous strata of almost every period, they contain the fossils of all the geological epochs, chiefly fresh and salt-water testacees.¹

According to a theory now generally adopted, which originated with Sir Charles Lyell, whose works are models of philosophical investigation, the metamorphic rocks, which consist of gneiss, mica-schist, clay-slate, statuary marble, &c., were formed of the sediment of water in regular layers, differing in kind and colour, but, having been deposited near the place where plutonic rocks were generated, they have been changed by the heat transmitted from the fused matter, and, in cooling under heavy pressure and at great depths, they have become as highly crystallized as the granite itself, without losing their stratified form. An earthy stratum has sometimes been changed into a highly crystallized rock, to the distance of a quarter of a mile from the point of contact, by transmitted heat; and there are instances of dark-coloured limestone, full of fossil shells, that has been changed into statuary marble from that cause. Such alterations may frequently be seen to a small extent on rocks adjacent to a stream of lava. There is seldom a trace of organic remains in the

¹ Testaceae are shell-fish.
metamorphic rocks; their strata are sometimes horizontal, but they are usually tilted at all angles to the horizon, and form some of the highest mountains and most extensive table-lands on the face of the globe. Although there is the greatest similarity in the plutonic rocks in all parts of the world, they are by no means identical; they differ in colour, and even in ingredients, though these are few.

Aquatic rocks are all stratified, being the sedimentary deposits of water. They originate in the wear of the land by rain, streams, or the ocean. The débris carried by running water is deposited at the bottom of the seas and lakes, where it is consolidated, and then raised up by subterranean forces, again to undergo the same process after a lapse of time. By the wasting away of the land the lower rocks are laid bare, and, as the materials are deposited in different places according to their weight, the strata are exceedingly varied, but consist chiefly of arenaceous or sandstone rocks, composed of sand, clay, and carbonate of lime. They constitute three great classes, which, in an ascending order, are the primary and secondary fossiliferous strata and the tertiary formations.

The primary fossiliferous or palæozoic strata, the most ancient of all the sedimentary rocks, consisting of limestone, sandstones, and shales, are entirely of marine origin, having been formed far from land at the bottom of a very deep ocean; consequently they contain the exuviae of marine animals only, and after the lapse of unnumbered ages the ripple-marks of the waves are still distinctly visible on some of their strata. This series of rocks is subdivided into the Cambrian and the upper and lower Silurian and Carboniferous systems, each distinguished by the differences in their fossil remains.

In the Cambrian rocks, sometimes many thousand yards thick, organic remains are of comparatively rare occurrence, but the Silurian rocks abound in them more and more as the strata lie higher in the series. In the lower Silurian group are the remains of shellfish, almost all of extinct genera, and the few that have any affinity to those alive are of extinct species; erinoida, or stone lilies, which had been fixed to the rocks like tulips on their stems, are coëval with the earliest inhabitants of the deep; and the trilobite, a jointed creature of the crab kind, with prominent eyes, are almost exclusively confined to the Silurian strata, but the last traces of them are found in the coal-measures above. In the upper Silurian group are abundance of marine shells of almost every order, together with erinoida, vast quantities of corals, and some sea-weeds: several sauroid fishes, of extinct genera, but of a high organization, have been found in the highest beds—the only vertebrated animals that have yet been discovered among the countless profusion of the lower orders of animals that are entombed in the primary fossiliferous strata. The re-

1 Sauroid fish have somewhat of the form and organization of the lizard tribe.
mainst of one or more land plants, in a very imperfect state, have been found in the Silurian rocks of North America, which shows that there had been land with vegetation at that early period. The type of these plants, as well as the size of the shells and the quantity of the coral, indicate that a uniformly warm temperature had then prevailed over the globe. During the Silurian period an ocean covered the northern hemisphere, islands and lands of moderate size had just begun to rise, and earthquakes, with volcanic eruptions from insular and submarine volcanoes, were frequent towards its close.

The secondary fossiliferous strata, which comprise a great geological period, and constitute the principal part of the high land of Europe, were deposited at the bottom of an ocean, like the primary, from the débris of all the others, carried down by water, and still bear innumerable tokens of their marine origin, although they have for ages formed a part of the dry land. Calcareous rocks are more abundant in these strata than in the crystalline, probably because the carbonic acid was then, as it still is, driven off from the lower strata by the internal heat, and came to the surface as gas or in calcareous springs, which either rose in the sea and furnished materials for shell-fish and coral insects to build their habitations and form coral reefs, or deposited their calcareous matter on the land in the form of rocks.

The Devonian or old Red Sandstone group, in many places 10,000 feet thick, consisting of strata of dark red and other sandstones, marls, coralline limestones, conglomerates, &c., is the lowest of the secondary fossiliferous strata, and forms a link between them and the Silurian rocks, by an analogy in their fossil remains. It has fossils peculiarly its own, but it has also some shells and corals common to the strata both above and below it. There are various families of extinct sauroid fishes in this group, some of which were gigantic, others had strong bony shields on their heads, and one genus, covered with enamelled scales, had appendages like wings.

The shark approaches nearer to some of these ancient fishes than any other now living.1

During the long period of tranquility that prevailed after the Devonian group was deposited, a very warm, moist, and extremely equable climate, which extended all over the globe, had clothed the islands and lands in the ocean then covering the northern hemisphere with exuberant tropical forests and jungles. Subsequent inroads of fresh water, or of the sea, or rather partial sinkings of the land, had submerged these forests and jungles, which being mixed with layers

1 The old red sandstone of Scotland, where it is remarkably well developed, has been admirably illustrated in two recent works, by one of our most industrious and talented northern geologists, Mr. Hugh Millar. See *Old Red Sandstone,* and the recently published work, *Footprints of the Creator,* 1 vol. 12mo., 1850.
of sand and mud, had in time been consolidated into one mass, and were then either left dry by the retreat of the waters or gently raised above the surface.

These constitute the remarkable group of the carboniferous strata, which consist of numberless layers of various substances filled with a prodigious quantity of the remains of fossil land-plants intermixed with beds of coal, which is entirely composed of vegetable matter. In some cases the plants appear to have been carried down by floods, and deposited in estuaries; but in most instances the beauty, delicacy, and sharpness of the impressions show that they had grown on to the spot where the coal was formed. More than 300 fossil plants have been collected from the strata where they abound, frequently with their seeds and fruits, so that enough remains to show the peculiar nature of this flora, whose distinguishing feature is the preponderance of ferns; among these there were tree-ferns which must have been 40 or 50 feet high. There were also plants resembling the fox-fail tribe, of gigantic size, others like the tropical club mosses; an aquatic plant of an extinct family was very abundant, besides many others, to which we have nothing analogous. Forest-trees of great magnitude, of the pine and fir tribes, flourished at that period. The remains of an extinct arocaria, one of the largest of the pine family, have been found in the British coal-fields; the existing species now grow in countries in the southern hemisphere; a few rare instances occur of grasses, palms, and lilaceous plants. The botanical districts were very extensive when the coal-plants were growing, for some species are nearly identical throughout the coal-fields of Europe and America. From the extent of the ocean, the insular structure of the land, the profusion of ferns and fir-trees, and the warm, moist, and equable climate, the northern hemisphere, during the formation of the coal strata, is thought to have borne a strong resemblance to the South Pacific, with its fern and fir-clothed lands of New Zealand, Kerguelen-land, and others.

The animal remains of this period are in the mountain limestone, a rock occasionally 900 feet thick, which lies beneath the coal-measures, or sometimes alternates with the shale and sandstone. They consist of crinoidae and marine testacea, among which the size of the chambered shells, as well as that of the coral, shows that the ocean was very warm at that time, even in the high northern latitudes. The footsteps of a very large reptile of the frog tribe have been found on some of the carboniferous strata of North America.

The coal strata have been very much broken and deranged in many places by earthquakes and igneous eruptions, giving rise to faults or dykes, basaltic veins, which frequently occurred during the secondary fossiliferous period, and from time to time raised islands and land from the deep. However, these and all other changes that have taken place on the earth have been gradual and partial, whether
brought about by fire or water. The older rocks are more shattered by the earthquakes than the newer, because the movement came from below; but these convulsions have never extended all over the earth at the same time—they have always been local: for example, the Silurian strata have been dislocated and tossed in Britain, while a vast area in the south of Sweden and Russia still retains a horizontal position. There is no proof that any mountain-chain has ever been raised at once; on the contrary, the elevation has always been produced by a long-continued and reiterated succession of internal convulsions with intervals of repose. In many instances the land has risen up or sunk down by an imperceptible equable motion continued for ages, while in other places the surface of the earth has remained stationary for long geological periods.

The magnesian limestone, or permian formation, comes immediately above the coal-measures, and consists of breccias or conglomerates, gypsum, sandstone, marl, &c.; but its distinguishing feature in England is a yellow limestone rock, containing carbonate of magnesia, which often takes a granular texture, and is then known as dolomite. The permian formation has a fossil flora and fauna peculiar to itself, mingled with those of the coal strata. Here the remnant of an earlier creation gradually tends to its final extinction, and a new one begins to appear. The flora is, in many instances, specifically the same with that in the coal strata below. Certain fish are also common to the two, which never appear again. They belong to a race universal in the early geological periods, forming a kind of passage from the first tribe to saurian reptiles, and therefore called Sauroid. A small number of existing genera only, such as the shark and sturgeon, make some approach to the structure of these ancient inhabitants of the waters. The new creation is marked by the introduction of two species of saurian reptiles; 1 the fossil remains of one have been found in the magnesian limestone in England, and those of the other in a corresponding formation in Germany. They are the earliest members of a family which was to have dominion on the land and in the water for ages.

A series of red marls, rock-salt, and sandstones, which have arisen from the disintegration of metamorphic slates and porphyritic trap, containing oxide of iron, and known as the trias or new red sandstone system, lies above the magnesian limestone. In England this formation is particularly rich in rock-salt, which, with layers of gypsum and marl, is sometimes 600 feet thick; but in this country the muschelkalk, a peculiar kind of shelly limestone, is wanting, which in Germany and on the southern declivity of the Alps, is so remarkable for the quantity of organic remains. At this time creatures like frigs, of enormous dimensions, had been frequent, as they have left their footprints on what must then have been a soft shore.

1 Saurian reptiles are crocodiles, lizards, iguanas, &c
Forty-seven genera of fossil remains have been found in the trias in Germany, consisting of shells, cartilaginous fish, euriurites, &c., all distinct in species, and many distinct in genera, from the organic fossils of the magnesian limestone below, and also from those entombed in the strata above.

During a long period of tranquillity the colite or Jurassic group was next deposited in a sea of variable depth, and consists of sands, sandstones, marls, clays, and limestone. At this time there was a complete change in the aqueous deposits all over Europe. The red iron-stained arenaceous rocks, the black coal, and dark strata, were succeeded by light-blue clays, pale-yellow limestones, and, lastly, white chalk. The water that deposited the strata must have been highly charged with carbonate of lime, since few of the formations of that period are without calcareous matter, and calcareous rocks were formed to a prodigious extent throughout Europe: the Pyrenees, Alps, Apennines, and Balkan abound in them; and the Jura mountains, which have given their name to the series, are formed of them. The European ocean then teemed with animal life; whole beds consist almost entirely of marine shells and corals. Belemnites and ammonites, from an inch in diameter to the size of a cart-wheel, are entombed by myriads in the strata; whole forests of that beautiful euriurite the store-lily flourished on the surface of the colite, then under the waters; and the Pentacrinite, one of the same family, is embedded in millions in the anchorial shell-marble, which occupies such extensive tracts in Europe. Fossil fish are numerous in these strata, but different from those of the coal series, the permian formation, and tris; not one genus of the fish of this period is now in existence. The newly-raised islands and lands were clothed with vegetation like that of the large islands of the intertropical archipelagoes of the present day, which, no less rich than during the carboniferous period, still indicate a very moist and warm climate. Ferns were less abundant, as they were associated with various genera and species of the cycade, which had grown on the southern coast of England, and in other parts of northern Europe, congeners of the present eycas and zamia of the tropics. These plants had been very numerous, and the pandanus, or screw-pine, the first tenant of the new lands in ancient and modern times, is a family found in a fossil state in the inferior colite of England, which was but just rising from the deep at that time. The species now flourishing grows only on the coasts of such coral islands in the Pacific as have recently emerged from the waves. In the upper strata of this group, however, the conifereae and monocotyledonous plants become more rare—an indication of a change of climate.

1 Conifereae are plants with nearly imperceptible fructification, found in ponds, damp places, and in the sea.
Monocotyledonous plants are grasses, palms, and others, having only one seed-bole.
Hannah More
Black Giles the Poacher

Cheap Repository.

BLACK GILES,
THE POACHER;
WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF
A Family who had rather live by their Wits than their Work.

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PART I.

Poaching Giles lives on the borders of one of those great Moors in Somersetshire. Giles, to be sure, has been a sad fellow in his time, and it is none of his fault if his whole family do not end either at the gallows or at Botany bay. He lives at that Mud Cottage with the broken windows stuffed with dirty rags, just beyond the gate which divides the upper from the lower Moor. You may know the house at a good distance by the ragged tiles on the roof, and the loose stones which are ready to drop out from the chimney, though a short ladder and a hod of mortar, and half an hour of leisure time, would have prevented all this, and made the little house tight enough. But as Giles had never learnt any thing that was good, so he did not know the value of such useful sayings as, that “a tile in time saves nine.”

Besides this, Giles fell into that common mistake, that a beggarly looking cottage, and filthy ragged children raised most compassion, and of course drew most charity. But as cunning as he was in other things, he was out in his reckoning here; for it is neatness, housewifery, and decent appearance which draws the kindness of the rich and charitable, while they turn away disgusted from filth and laziness! not out of pride, but because they see that it is next to impossible to mend the condition of those who degrade themselves by dirt and sloth.
The common on which Giles’s hovel stands, is quite a deep marsh in a wet winter, but in summer it looks green and pretty enough. To be sure it would be rather convenient when one passes that way in a carriage, if one of the children would run out and open the gate, as it would save the post-boy from getting off, which is not very safe for the people within the chaise—but instead of any one of these children running out as soon as they hear the wheels, which would be quite time enough, what does Giles do, but set all his ragged brats, with dirty faces, matted locks, and naked feet and legs, to lie all day upon a sand-bank hard by the gate, waiting for the slender chance of what may be picked up from travellers. At the sound of a carriage, a whole covey of these little scarecrows start up, rush to the gate, and all at once thrust out their hats and aprons; and for fear they together with the noise of their clamorous begging, should not sufficiently frighten the horses, they are very apt to let the gate slap full against you, before you are half way through, in their eager scuffle to snatch from each other the halfpence which you may have thrown out to them. I know two ladies who were one day very near being killed by these abominable tricks.

Thus five or six little idle creatures, who might be earning a trifle by knitting at home; who might be useful to the public by working in the field, and who might assist their families by learning to get their bread twenty honest ways, are suffered to lie about all day, in hope of a few chance halfpence, which after all they are by no means sure of getting. Indeed, when the neighbouring gentlefolks found out that opening the gate was the family trade, they soon left off giving any thing. And I, myself, though I used to take out a penny, ready to give, had there been only one to receive it, when I see a whole family established in so beggarly a trade, quietly put it back again into my pocket, and gave nothing at all. And so few travellers pass that way, that sometimes, after the whole family have lost a day, their gains do not amount to two pence.

As Giles had a far greater taste for living by his wits than his work, he was at one time in hopes that his children might have got a pretty penny by tumbling for the diversion of travellers, and he set about training them in that indecent practice—but unluckily the moors being level, the carriages travelled faster than the children tumbled. He envied those parents who lived on the London road, over the Wiltshire Downs, which being very hilly, enables the tumbler to keep pace with the traveller, till he sometimes extorts from the light and the unthinking a reward, instead of a reproof. I beg leave, however, to put all gentlemen and ladies in mind that such tricks are a kind of apprenticeship to the trades of begging and thieving.

Giles, to be sure, as his children grew older, began to train them to such other employments as the idle habits they had learned at the gate very properly qualified them for. The right of common which some of the poor cottagers have in that part of the country, and which is doubtless a considerable advantage to many, was converted by Giles into the means of corrupting his whole family, for his children, as soon as they grew too big for the trade of begging at the gate, were promoted to the dignity of thieving on the Moor. Here he kept two or three asses, miserable beings, which, if they had the good fortune to escape an untimely death by starving, did not fail to meet with it by beating. So of the biggest boys were sent out with these lean and galled animals to carry sand or coals about the neighboring towns. Both sand and coals were often stolen before they got them to sell, or if not, they always took care to cheat in selling them. By long practice in this art, they grew so dextrous, that they could give a pretty good guess how large a coal they could crib out of every bag before the buyer would be likely to miss it.

All their odd time was taken up under the pretence of watching these asses on the Moor, or running after five or six half-starved geese; but the truth is, these boys were only watching for an opportunity to steal an odd goose of their neighbor’s. They used also to pluck the quills, or the down from these poor live creatures, or half-milk a cow before the farmer’s maid came with her pail. They all knew how to calculate to a minute what time to be down in a morning to let out their lank hungry beasts, which they had turned over night into the farmer’s field to steal a little good pasture.—They contrived to get there just time enough to escape being caught in replacing the stakes they had pulled out for the cattle to get over. For Giles was a prudent long headed fellow, and wherever he stole food
for his colts, took care never to steal stakes from the hedges at the same time. He had sense enough to know that the gain did not make up for the danger; he knew that a loose faggot pulled from a neighbor’s pile of wood after the family were gone to bed, answered the end better, and was not half the trouble.

Among the many trades which Giles professed, he sometimes practised that of rat-catcher, but he was addicted to so many tricks, that he never followed the same trade long. Whenever he was sent for to a farm-house, his custom was to kill a few of the old rats, always taking care to leave a little stock of young ones alive sufficient to keep up the breed; “for,” said he, “if I were to be such a fool as to clear a house, or a barn at once, how would my trade be carried on?” And where any barn was overstocked, he used to borrow a few from thence just to people a neighboring granary which had none; and he might have gone on till now, had he not unluckily been caught one evening emptying his cage of young rats under parson Wilson’s barn door.

This worthy minister, Mr. Wilson, used to pity the neglected children of Giles as much as he blamed the wicked parents. He one day picked up Dick, who was far the best of Giles’s bad boys. Dick was loitering about in a field behind the parson’s garden in search of a hen’s nest, his mother having ordered him to bring home a few eggs that night by hook or by crook, as Giles was resolved to have some pancakes for supper, though he knew that eggs were a penny a piece. Mr. Wilson had long been desirous of snatching some of this vagrant family from ruin, and his chief hopes were bent on Dick, as the least hackneyed in knavery. He had once given him a new pair of shoes, on his promising to go to school next Sunday—but no sooner had Rachel, the boy’s mother, got the shoes into her clutches, than she pawned them for a bottle of gin, and ordered the boy to keep out of the parson’s sight, and to be sure to play his marbles on Sundays for the future at the other end of the parish, and not near the churchyard. Mr. Wilson, however, picked up the boy once more, for it was not his way to despair of any body. Dick was just going to take to his heels as usual for fear the old story of the shoes should be brought forward, but finding he could not get off what does he do but run into a little puddle of muddy water which lay between him and the parson, that the sight of his naked feet might not bring on the dreadful subject. Now it happened that Mr. Wilson was planting a little field of beans, so he thought this a good opportunity to employ Dick; he told him he had got some pretty easy work for him. Dick did as he was bid; he willingly went to work, and readily began to plant his beans with dispatch and regularity, according to the directions given him.

While the boy was busily at work by himself, Giles happened to come by, having been skulking round the back way to look over the parson’s garden wall, to see if there was anything worth climbing over for on the ensuing night. He spied Dick and began to rate him for working for the stingy old parson, for Giles had a natural antipathy to whatever belonged to the church. “What has he promised thee a day, (said he) little enough, I dare say,”—“He is not to pay me by the day, (said Dick) but says he will give me so much when I have planted this peck, and so much for the next.”—“Oh, Oh! that alters the case, (said Giles)—one may, indeed, get a trifle by this sort of work—come give me a handful of the beans. I will teach thee how to plant when thou art paid for planting by the peck. All we have to do in that case is to dispatch the work as fast as we can, and get rid of the beans with all speed; and as to the seed coming up or not that is no business of ours; we are paid for planting, not for growing. At the rate thou goest on, thou wouldst not get sixpence tonight. Come along, bury away.” So saying, he took his hatful of the seed, and where Dick had been ordered to set one bean, Giles buried a dozen. So the beans were soon out. But though the peck was emptied, the ground was unplanted. But cunning Giles knew this could not be found out till the time when the beans might be expected to come up, “and then, Dick, (said he) the snails and the mice may go shares in the blame, or we can lay the fault on the rooks or the blackbirds.” So saying, he sent the boy into the parsonage to receive his pay, taking care to secure about a quarter of the peck of beans for his own colt; he put both bag and beans into his own pocket to carry home, bidding Dick tell Mr. Wilson that he had planted the beans and lost the bag.
In the mean time Giles’s other boys were busy in emptying the ponds and trout-streams in the neighboring manor. They would steal away the carp and tench when they were no bigger than gudgeons—by this untimely depredation they plundered the owner of his property, without enriching themselves. But the pleasure of mischief was reward enough. These, and a hundred other little thieveries, they committed with such dexterity, that old Tim Crib, whose son was transported last assizes for sheep stealing, used to be often reproaching his boys, that Giles’s sons were worth a hundred of such blockheads as he had; for scarce a night passed but Giles had some little comfortable thing for supper which his boys had pilfered in the day, while his undutiful dogs never stole any thing worth having. Giles, in the mean time, was busy in his way, but as busy as he was in laying nets, starting coveys, and training dogs, he always took care that his depredations should not be confined merely to game.

Giles’s boys had never seen the inside of a church since they were christened, and the father thought he knew his own interest better than to force them to it, for church time was the season of their harvest. Then the hen’s nests were searched, a stray duck was clapped under the smock-frock, the tools which might have been left by chance in a farmyard, were picked up, and all the neighboring pigeon houses were thinned, so that Giles used to boast to his wife, that Sunday was to them the most profitable day in the week. With her it was certainly the most laborious day, as she always did her washing and ironing on the Sunday morning, it being, as she said, the only leisure day she had, for on the other days she went about the country telling fortunes, and selling dream books, and wicked songs. Neither her husband’s nor her children’s cloaths were ever mended, and if Sunday, her idle day, had not come about once in every week, it is likely they would never have been washed neither. You might, however, see her as you were going to church, smoothing her own rags on her best red cloak, which she always used for her ironing cloth on Sundays, for her cloak when she travelled, and for her blanket at night; such a wretched manager was Rachel! Among her other articles of trade, one was to make and sell peppermint, and other distilled waters. These she had the cheap art of making without trouble, and without expense, for she made them without herbs and without a still. It was her way to fill so many quart bottles with plain water, putting a spoonful of mint water in the mouth of each; these she corked down with rosin, carrying to each customer a phial of real distilled water to taste, by way of sample. This was so good, that her bottles were commonly bought up without being opened; but if any suspicion arose, and she was forced to uncork a bottle, by the few drops of distilled water lying at top, she even then escaped detection, and took care to get out of reach before the bottle was opened a second time. She was too prudent ever to go twice to the same house.

There is hardly any petty mischief that is not connected with the life of a poacher. Mr. Wilson was aware of this, he was not only a pious clergyman, but an upright justice. He used to say that people who were truly conscientious, must be so in small things as well as in great ones, or they would destroy the effect of their own precepts, and their example would not be of general use. For this reason he never would accept of a hare or a partridge from any unqualified person in his parish. He did not content himself with shuffling the thing off by asking no questions, and pretending to take it for granted, in a general way that the game was fairly come at; but he used to say, that by receiving the booty, he connived at a crime, made himself a sharer in it, and if he gave a present to the man who brought it, he even tempted him to repeat the fault.

One day poor Jack Weston, an honest fellow in the neighbourhood, whom Mr. Wilson had kindly visited and relieved in a long sickness, from which he was but just recovered, was brought before him as he was sitting on the justice’s bench; Jack was accused of having knocked down a hare, and of all the birds in the air, who should the informer be but Black Giles the Poacher? Mr. Wilson was grieved at the charge, he had a great regard for Jack, but he had a still greater regard for the law. The poor fellow pleaded guilty. He did not deny the fact, but said he did not consider it a crime, he did not think game was private property, and he owned he had a strong temptation for doing what he had done, which he hoped would plead in his excuse. The justice desired to know what this temptation was. "Sir, (said the poor fellow) you know I was given over this spring in a bad fever. I had no friend in the
world but you, Sir. Under God you saved my life by your charitable relief and I trust also, you may have helped to save my soul by your prayers and your good advice. I know I can never make you amends for all your goodness, but I thought it would be some comfort to my full heart, if I could but once give you some little token of my gratitude. So I had trained a pair of nice turtle doves for Madam Wilson, but they were stolen from me, Sir, and I do suspect Black Giles stole them. Yesterday morning, Sir, as I was crawling out to my work, for I am still but very weak, a fine hare ran across my path. I did not stay to consider whether it was wrong to kill a hare, but I felt it was right to shew my gratitude—so, Sir, without a moment’s thought, I did knock down the hare which I was going to carry to your Worship, because I knew Madam was fond of hare. I am truly sorry for my fault, and will submit to whatever punishment your Worship may please to inflict.”

Mr. Wilson was much moved with this honest confession, and touched with the poor fellow’s gratitude. What added to the effect of the story, was the weak condition and pale sickly looks of the offender. But this worthy justice never suffered his feelings to bias his integrity—he knew that he did not sit on that bench to indulge pity, but to administer justice. And while he was sorry for the offender, he would not justify the offence. “John, (said he) I am surprised that you could for a moment forget that I never accept any gift which causes the giver to break a law. On Sunday I teach you from the pulpit the laws of God, whose minister I am. At present I fill the chair of the magistrate, to enforce and execute the laws of the land. Between those and the others there is more connexion than you are aware. I thank you John, for your affection to me, and I admire your gratitude, but I must not allow either affection or gratitude to be brought as a plea for a wrong action. It is not your business nor mine, John, to settle whether the game laws are good or bad. Till they are repealed, we must obey them. Many, I doubt not, break these laws through ignorance, and many, I am certain, who would not dare to steal a goose or a turkey, make no scruple of knocking down a hare or a partridge. You will hereafter think yourself happy that this your first attempt has proved unsuccessful, as I trust you are too honest a fellow ever to intend to turn poacher. With poaching much moral evil is connected; a habit of nightly depredation; a custom of prowling in the dark for prey, produces in time a disrelish for honest labor. He whose first offence was committed without much thought or evil intention, if he happen to succeed a few times in carrying off his booty undiscovered, grows bolder and bolder—and when he fancies there is no shame attending it, he very soon gets to persuade himself, that there is also no sin. While some people pretend to scruple about stealing a sheep, they partly live by plundering of warrens. But remember that the warrener pays a high rent, and that therefore his rabbits are as much his property as his sheep. Do not then deceive yourselves with these false distinctions. All property is sacred, and as the laws of the land are intended to fence in that property, he who brings up his children to break down any of these fences, brings them up to certain sin and ruin. He who begins with robbing orchards, rabbit warrens, and fish ponds, will probably end with horse-stealing, or highway robbery. Poaching is a regular apprenticeship to bolder crimes. He whom I may commit as a boy to sit in the stocks for killing a partridge, may be likely to end at the gallows for killing a man.

“Observe, you who now hear me, the strictness and impartiality of justice. I know Giles to be a worthless fellow, yet it is my duty to take his information; I know Jack Weston to be an honest youth, yet I must be obliged to make him pay the penalty. Giles is a bad man, but he can prove this fact; Jack is a worthy lad, but he has committed this fault. I am sorry for you Jack, but do not let it grieve you that Giles has played worse tricks a hundred times, and yet got off while you were detected in the very first offence, for that would be grieving because you are not so great a rogue as Giles. At this moment you think your good luck is very unequal, but all this will one day turn out in your favor. Giles is not the more a favorite of heaven because he has hitherto escaped Botany Bay or the Hulks, nor is it any mark of God’s displeasure against you, John, that you were found out in your very first attempt.”

Here the good justice left off speaking, and no one could contradict the truth of what he had said. Weston humbly submitted to his sentence, but he was very poor, and knew not where to raise the
money to pay his fine. His character had always been so fair, that several farmers present, kindly agreed to advance a trifle each to prevent his being sent to prison, and he thankfully promised to work out the debt. The justice himself, though he could not soften the law, yet shewed Weston so much kindness, that he was enabled, before the year was out to get out of this difficulty. He began to think more seriously than he had ever yet done, and grew to abhor poaching, not merely from fear, but from principle.

We shall soon see whether Poaching Giles always got off so successfully. Here we have seen that prosperity is no sure sign of goodness; and in the Second Part, we may, perhaps, see that the "triumphing of the wicked is short."

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**PART II.**

**THE HISTORY OF WIDOW BROWN's APPLE TREE.**

I think my readers got so well acquainted, in the First Part, with Black Giles the Poacher, that they will not expect in this Part to hear any great good either of Giles himself, his wife Rachel, or any of their family. I am sorry to expose their tricks, but it is their fault, not mine. If I pretend to speak about people at all, I must tell the truth. I am sure if folks would but turn about and mend, it would be a thousand times pleasanter to me to write their histories, for it is no comfort to tell of any body's faults. If the world would but grow good, I should be glad enough to tell of it, but till it really becomes so, I must go on describing it as it is, otherwise, I should only mislead my readers, instead of instructing them.

As to Giles and his boys, I am sure old Widow Brown had good reason to remember their dexterity. Poor woman! she had a fine little bed of onions, in her neat and well-kept garden; she was very fond of her onions, and many a rheumatism has she caught by kneeling down to weed them in a
damp day, notwithstanding the little flannel cloak and the bit of an old mat which Madam Wilson gave her because the old woman would needs weed in wet weather. Her onions she always carefully treasured up for her winter’s store, for an onion makes a little broth very relishing, and is indeed the only savory thing poor people are used to get. She had also a small orchard, containing about a dozen apple trees, with which in a good year she has been known to make a couple of barrels of cyder, which she sold to her landlord towards paying her rent besides having a little keg which she was able to keep back for her own drinking. Well! would you believe it, Giles and his boys mark’d both onions and apples for their own; indeed a man who stole so many rabbits from the warren, was likely enough to steal onions for sauce. One day when the widow was abroad on a little business, Giles and his boys made a clear riddance of the onion bed, and when they had pulled up every single onion, they then turned a couple of pigs into the garden, who allured by the smell, tore up the bed in such a manner, that the widow when she came home, had not the least doubt but the pigs had been the thieves. To confirm this opinion, they took care to leave the little hatch half open at one end of the garden, and to break down a bit of a fence at the other end.

I wonder how any body can find in his heart not to pity and respect poor old widows! There is something so forlorn and helpless in their condition that methinks it is a call on every body, men, women, and children, to do them all the kind services that fall in their way. Surely their having no one to take their part, is an additional reason for kind-hearted people not to hurt and oppress them. But it was this very reason that led Giles to do both.

It happened unluckily for this poor widow, that her cottage stood quite alone. On several mornings together (for roguery gets up much earlier than industry) Giles and his boys stole regularly into her orchard, followed by their jack asses. She was so deaf that she could not hear the asses if they had brayed ever so loud, and to this Giles trusted; for he was very cautious in his rogueries, since he could not otherways have contrived to keep out of prison; for though he was almost always suspected, he had seldom been taken up, and never convicted. The boys used to fill their bags, load their asses and then march off; and if in their way to the town where the apples were to be sold, they chanced to pass by one of their neighbors, who might be likely to suspect them, they then all at once began to scream out, “buy my coal—buy my sand, O!”

Besides the trees in her orchard, poor widow Brown had in her small garden one apple-tree particularly fine; it was a redstreak, so tempting and lovely that Giles’s family had watched it with longing eyes, till at last they resolved on a plan for carrying off all this fine fruit in their bags. But it was a nice point to manage. The tree stood directly under her chamber window, so that there was some danger that she might spy them at work. They therefore determined to wait till the next Sunday morning, when they knew she would not fail to be at church. Sunday came, and during service Giles attended. It was a lone house, as I said before, and the rest of the parish were safe at church. In a trice, the tree was cleared, the bags were filled, the asses were whipt, the thieves were off, the coast was clear, and all was safe and quiet by the time the sermon was over.

Unluckily, however, it happened, that this tree was so beautiful, and the fruit so fine, that the people, as they used to pass to and from church, were very apt to stop and admire Widow Brown’s redstreaks—and some of the farmers rather envied her that in that scarce season, when they hardly expected to make a pie out of a large orchard, she was likely to make cyder from a single tree. I am afraid, indeed, if I must speak out, she herself rather set her heart too much upon this tree, and had felt as much pride as gratitude to a good Providence for it, but this failing of her’s was no excuse for Giles. The covetousness of this thief had for once got the better of his caution; the tree was too completely stripped, though the youngest boy Dick did beg hard that his father would leave the poor old woman enough for a few dumplings, and when Giles ordered Dick in his turn to shake the tree, the boy did it so gently that hardly any apples fell for which he got a good shake of the stick with which the old man was beating down the apples.

The neighbours on their return from church stopped as usual, but it was—not, alas! to admire the apples, for apples there were none left, but to lament the robbery, and console the widow:
meantime the redstreaks were safely lodged in Giles's hovel under a few bundles of hay which he had contrived to pull from the farmer's mow the night before, for the use of his jack asses. Such a stir however, began to be made about the widow's apple tree, that Giles, who knew how much his character laid him open to suspicion, as soon as he saw the people safe in church again in the afternoon, ordered his boys to carry each a hatful of the apples and thrust them in at a little casement window, which happened to be open in the house of Samuel Price, a very honest carpenter in that parish, who was at church with his whole family.—Giles's plan, by this contrivance, was to lay the theft on Price's sons, in case the thing should come to be further enquired into. Here Dick put in a word, and begged and prayed his father not to force them to carry the apples to Price's. But all that he got by his begging was such a knock, as nearly laid him on the earth. "What you cowardly rascal," said Giles, "you will go and peach, I suppose, and get your father sent to gaol."

Poor Widow Brown, though her trouble had made her still weaker than she was, went to church again in the afternoon; indeed she rightly thought, that trouble was a new reason why she ought to go.—During the service she tried with all her might not to think of her redstreaks, and whenever they would come into her head, she took up her prayer book directly, and so she forgot them a little and indeed she found herself much easier when she came out of the church, than when she went in.—Now it happened oddly enough that on that Sunday, of all Sundays in the year, she should call in to rest a little at Samuel Price's, to tell over again the lamentable story of the apples, and to consult with him how the thief might be brought to justice. But, O reader! guess if you can, for I am sure I cannot tell you, what was her surprize, when on going into Samuel Price's kitchen, she saw her own redstreaks lying in the window! The apples were of a sort too remarkable for colour, shape, and size to be mistaken. There was not such another tree in the parish. Widow Brown immediately screamed out, "lass a day! as sure as can be here are my redstreaks; I could swear to them in any court." Samuel Price, who believed his son to be as honest as himself, was shocked and troubled at the sight. He knew he had no redstreaks of his own—he knew there were no apples in the window when he went to church—and did verily believe them to be the widow's; and how they came there he could not possibly guess. He called for Tom, the only one of his sons who now lived at home. Tom was at the Sunday School, which he had never once missed since Mr. Wilson the minister had set up one in the parish. Was such a boy likely to do such a deed?

A crowd was by this time got about Price's door among which was Giles and his boys, who had already taken care to spread the news that Tom Price was the thief. Most people were unwilling to believe it. His character was very good, but appearances were strongly against him. Mr. Wilson, who had staid to christen a child, now came in. He was much concerned that Tom Price, the best boy in his school, should stand accused of such a crime. Accordingly he sent for the boy, examined, and cross examined him. No marks of guilt appeared. But still though he pleaded not guilty there lay the redstreaks in his father's window. All the idle fellows in the place, who were likely to have committed such a theft themselves, fell with great vengeance on poor Tom. The wicked seldom give any quarter. "This is one of your sanctified ones!" cried they. "This was all the good that Sunday Schools did! For their parts they never saw any good come by religion. Sunday was the only day for a little pastime, and if poor boys must be shut up with their godly books when they ought to be out taking a little pleasure, it was no wonder they made themselves amends by such tricks."—Another said he should like to see Parson Wilson's righteous one well whipped. A third hoped he would be clapped in the stocks for a young hypocrite as he was, while old Giles, who thought to avoid suspicion by being more violent than the rest, declared "that he hoped the young dog would be transported for life."

Mr. Wilson was too wise and too just to proceed against Tom without full proof. He declared the crime was a very heavy one, and he feared that heavy must be the punishment. Tom, who knew his own innocence, earnestly prayed to God that he might be made to appear as clear as the noon-day, and very fervent were his secret devotions on that night.

Black Giles passed his night in a very different manner. He set off as soon as it was dark with his sons and his jack-asses laden with their stolen goods. As such a cry was raised about the apples, he
did not think it safe to keep them longer at home, but resolved to go and sell them at the next town, borrowing without leave, a lame colt out of the moor to assist in carrying off his booty.

Giles and his eldest sons had rare sport all the way in thinking, that while they were enjoying the profit of their plunder, Tom Price would be whipped round the market-place at least, if not sent beyond sea. But the younger boy, Dick, who had naturally a tender heart, though hardened by his long familiarity with sin, could not help crying when he thought that Tom Price might perhaps be transported for a crime which he himself had helped to commit. He had had no compunction about the robbery, for he had not been instructed in the great principles of truth and justice. Nor would he therefore, perhaps, have had much remorse about accusing an innocent boy. But though utterly devoid of principle, he had some remains of natural feeling and of gratitude. Tom Price had often given him a bit of his own bread and cheese, and once, when Dick was like to be drowned, Tom had jumped into the pond with his clothes on, and saved his life when he was just sinking—the remembrance of all this made his heart heavy. He said nothing, as he trotted bare-foot after the asses and heard his father and brothers laugh at having outwitted the godly ones; and he grieved to think how poor Tom would suffer for his wickedness, yet he kept him silent; they called him sulky dog, and lashed the asses till they bled.

In the mean time, Tom Price kept up his spirit as well as he could. He worked hard all day, and prayed heartily night and morning. “It is true,” said he to himself, “I am not guilty of this sin but let this accusation set me on examining my self and truly repenting of all my other sins, if I find enough to repent of, though I thank God I did not steal those apples.”

At length Sunday came. Tom went to school as usual. As soon as he walked in there was a deal of whispering and laughing among the worst of the boys, and he overheard them say, “Who would have thought it? This is master’s favorite! This is Parson Wilson’s sober Tommy! We shan’t have Tommy thrown in our teeth again if we go to get a bird’s nest, or gather a few nuts of a Sunday.” “Your demure odes are always hypocrites,” says another. “The still sow sucks all the milk,” says a third.

Giles’s family had always kept clear of the school. Dick indeed had sometimes wished to go, not that he had much sense of sin, or desire after goodness, but he thought if he could once read, he might rise in the world, and not be forced to drive asses all his life. Through this whole Saturday night he could not sleep. He longed to know what would be done to Tom: he began to wish to go to school, but he had not courage; sin is very cowardly; so that on Sunday morning he went and sat himself down under the church wall. Mr. Wilson passed by. It was not his way to reject the most wicked, till he had tried every means to bring them over, and even then, he pitied and prayed for them:—he had indeed long left off talking to Giles’s sons, but seeing Dick sitting by himself, he once more spoke to him, desired him to leave off his vagabond life, and go with him into the school. The boy hung down his head, but made no answer:—he did not however rise up and run away, or look sulky as he used to do.—The minister desired him once more. “Sir,” said the boy, “I can’t go; I am so big, I am ashamed.”—“The bigger you are, the less time you have to lose.”—“But, Sir, I can’t read.”—“Then it is high time you should learn.”—“I should be ashamed to begin to learn my letters.”—“The shame is not in beginning to learn them, but in being contented never to know them.”—“But, Sir, I am so ragged!”—“God looks at the heart and not at the coat.”—“But, Sir, I have no shoes and stockings.”—“So much the worse. I remember who gave you both,” (here Dick coloured.) “It is bad to want shoes and stockings, but still if you can drive your asses a dozen miles without them, you may certainly walk to school without them.”—“But, Sir, the good boys will hate me, and won’t speak to me.”—“Good boys hate nobody, and as to not speaking to you, to be sure they will not keep your company while you go on in your present evil courses; but as soon as they see you wish to reform, they will help you, and pity you, and teach you, and so come along.” Here Mr. Wilson took this dirty boy by the hand, and gently pulled him forward, kindly talking to him all the way.

How the whole school stared to see Dick Giles come in! No one, however, dared to say what he thought. The business went on, and Dick slunk into a corner, partly to hide his rags and partly to hide his sin, for last Sunday’s transaction sat heavy at his heart, not because he had stolen the apples, but
because Tom Price had been accused. This, I say, made him slink behind. Poor boy! he little thought there was one saw him who sees all things, and from whose eye no hole or corner can hide the sinner.

It was the custom in that school for the master, who was a good and wise man, to mark down in his pocket book, all the events of the week, that he might turn them to some account in his Sunday evening instructions, such as any useful story in the newspaper, any account of boys being drowned as they were out in a pleasure boat on Sundays; any sudden death in the parish, or any other remarkable visitation of Providence, insomuch, that many young people in the place, who did not belong to the school, and many parents also, used to drop in for an hour on a Sunday evening, when they were sure to hear something profitable. The minister greatly approved this practice, and often called in himself, which was a great support to the master and encouragement to the people.

The master had taken a deep concern in the story of Widow Brown’s apple-tree. He could not believe Tom Price was guilty, nor dared he pronounce him innocent; but he resolved to turn the instructions of the present evening to this subject. He began thus—“My dear boys, however light some of you may make of robbing an orchard, yet I have often told you there is no such thing as a little sin, if it be wilful or habitual. I wish now to explain to you also, that there is hardly such a thing as a single solitary sin. You know I teach you not merely to repeat the commandments as an exercise for your memory, but as a rule for your conduct. If you were to come here only to learn to read and spell on a Sunday, I should think that was not employing God’s day for God’s work—but I teach you to read that you may by this means come so to understand the Bible and the Catechism, as to make every text in the one, and every question and answer in the other, to be so fixed in your hearts, that they may bring forth the fruits of good living.”

Master. How many commandments are there?

Boy. Ten.

Master. How many did that boy break who stole Widow Brown’s apples?

Boy. Only one, Master. The eighth.

Master. What is the eighth?

Boy. Thou shalt not steal.

Master. And you are very sure that this was the only one he broke? Now suppose I could prove to you that he probably broke not less than six out of those ten commandments, which the great Lord of heaven himself stooped down from his eternal glory to deliver to men; would you not then think it a terrible thing to steal, whether apples or guineas?

Boy. Yes, Master.

Master. I will put the case. Some wicked boy has robbed Widow Brown’s orchard. (Here the eyes of every one were turned on poor Tom Price except those of Dick Giles, who fixed his on the ground.) I accuse no one, continued the master. Tom Price is a good boy, and was not missing at the time of the robbery, these are two reasons why I presume he is innocent; but whoever it was, you allow that by stealing these apples he broke the eighth commandment.

Boy. Yes, Master.

Master. On what day were these apples stolen?

Boy. On Sunday.

Master. What is the fourth commandment?

Boy. Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day.

Master. Does that person keep holy the Sabbath day who loiters in an orchard on Sunday, when he should be at church, and steals apples when he ought to be saying his prayers?

Boy. No, Master.

Master. What command does he break?

Boy. The fourth.

Master. Suppose this boy had parents who had sent him to church, and that he had disobeyed them by not going, would that be keeping the fifth commandment?

Boy. No, Master—for the fifth commandment says, thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother.
This was the only part of the case in which poor Dick Giles’s heart did not smite him; for he knew that he had disobeyed no father; for his father, alas! was still wickeder than himself, and had brought him to commit the sin. But what a wretched comfort was this! The master went on.

**Master.** Suppose this boy earnestly coveted this fruit, though it belonged to another person, would that be right?

**Boy.** No, Master; for the tenth commandment says, “Thou shalt not covet.”

**Master.** Very well. Here are four of God’s positive commands already broken. Now do you think thieves ever scruple to use wicked words?

**Boy.** I am afraid not, Master.

Here Dick Giles was not so hardened but that he remembered how many curses had passed between him and his father while they were filling the bags, and he was afraid to look up. The master went on.

“I will now go one step further. If the thief, to all his other sins has added that of accusing the innocent to save himself, if he should break the ninth commandment, by “bearing false witness against a harmless neighbour, six commandments are broken for an apple!”—But if it be otherwise, if Tom Price should be found guilty, ‘tis not his good character shall save him. I shall shed tears over him, but punish him I must.”—“No, that you shan’t,” roared out Dick Giles, who sprung from his hiding place, fell on his knees, and burst out a crying: “Tom Price is as good a boy as ever lived: it was father and I stole the apples!”

It would have done your heart good to have seen the joy of the master, the modest blushes of Tom Price, and the satisfaction of every honest boy in the school. All shook hands with Tom, and even Dick got some portion of pity. I wish I had room to give my readers the moving exhortation which the master gave. But while Mr. Wilson left the guilty boy to the management of the master, I thought it became him as a minister and a magistrate, to go to the extent of the law in punishing the father. Early on Monday morning he sent to apprehend Giles; in the mean time Mr. Wilson was sent for to the gardener’s house two miles distant to attend a man who was dying. This was a duty to which all others gave way in his mind. He set out directly, but what was his surprise on his arrival to see, on a little bed on the floor, Poaching Giles lying in all the agonies of death! Jack Weston, the same poor young man against whom Giles had informed for killing a hare, was kneeling by him offering him some broth, and talking to him in the kindest manner. Mr. Wilson begged to know the meaning of all this, and Jack Weston spoke as follows:

‘At four this morning, as I was going out to mow, passing under the high wall of this garden, I heard a most dismal moaning. The nearer I came, the more dismal it grew. At last who should I see but poor Giles, groaning and struggling under a quantity of brick and stones, but not able to stir.—The day before he had marked a fine large net over this old wall, and resolved to steal it, he thought it might do as well to catch partridges as to preserve cherries; so, Sir, standing on the very top of the wall, and tugging with all his might to loosen the net from the hooks which fastened it, down came Giles, net, wall and all, for the wall was gone to decay. It was very high indeed, and poor Giles not only broke his thigh, but has got a terrible blow on his brain, and is bruised all over like a mummy. On seeing me, Sir, poor Giles cried out, ‘Oh Jack! I did try to ruin thee by lodging that information, and now thou wilt be revenged by letting me lie here and perish.’—‘God forbid, Giles,’ cried I, ‘thou shalt see what sort of revenge a Christian takes.’ So, Sir, I sent off the gardener’s boy to fetch a surgeon, while I scampered home and brought on my back this piece of a hammock, which is indeed my own bed, and put Giles upon it, we then lifted him up, bed and all, as tenderly as if he had been a gentleman, and brought him in here. My wife has just brought him a drop of broth, and now, Sir, as I have done what I could for his poor perishing body, it was I who took the liberty to send to you to come to try to help his poor soul, for the doctor says he can’t live.’

Mr. Wilson could not help saying to himself, “Such an action as this is worth a whole volume of comments on that precept of our blessed Master, “Do good to them that hate you.” Giles’s dying groans confirmed the sad account Weston had just given. The poor wretch could neither pray himself,
nor attend to the minister. He could only cry out, "Oh, Sir, what will become of me? I don't know how to repent. Oh my poor wicked children! Sir, I have bred them all up in sin and ignorance. Have mercy on them, Sir, let me not meet them in the place of torment to which I am going." He languished a few days, and died in great misery.

Except the minister and Jack Weston, no one came to see poor Giles, besides Tommy Price, who had been so sadly wronged by him. Tom often brought him his own rice milk or apple dumpling, and Giles, ignorant and depraved as he was, often cried out, that he thought now there must be some truth in religion, since it taught even a boy to deny himself, and to forgive an injury.

Mr. Wilson the next Sunday made a moving discourse on the dangers of what are called "petty offences." This, together with the awful death of Giles, produced such an effect, that no Poacher has been able to shew his head in that parish ever since.

Z.
Mary Rowlandson

Narrative Of The Captivity And Restoration Of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson

The sovereignty and goodness of GOD, together with the faithfulness of his promises displayed, being a narrative of the captivity and restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, commended by her, to all that desires to know the Lord’s doings to, and dealings with her. Especially to her dear children and relations. The second Addition [sic] Corrected and amended. Written by her own hand for her private use, and now made public at the earnest desire of some friends, and for the benefit of the afflicted. Deut. 32.39. See now that I, even I am he, and there is no god with me, I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal, neither is there any can deliver out of my hand.

On the tenth of February 1675, came the Indians with great numbers upon Lancaster: their first coming was about sunrising; hearing the noise of some guns, we looked out; several houses were burning, and the smoke ascending to heaven. There were five persons taken in one house; the father, and the mother and a sucking child, they knocked on the head; the other two they took and carried away alive. There were two others, who being out of their garrison upon some occasion were set upon; one was knocked on the head, the other escaped; another there was who running along was shot and wounded, and fell down; he begged of them his life, promising them money (as they told me) but they would not hearken to him but knocked him in head, and stripped him naked, and split open his bowels. Another, seeing many of the Indians about his barn, ventured and went out, but was quickly shot down. There were three others belonging to the same garrison who were killed; the Indians getting up upon the roof of the barn, had advantage to shoot down upon them over their fortification. Thus these murderous wretches went on, burning, and destroying before them.

At length they came and beset our own house, and quickly it was the dolefulest day that ever mine eyes saw. The house stood upon the edge of a hill; some of the Indians got behind the hill, others into the barn, and others behind anything that could shelter them; from all which places they shot against the house, so that the bullets seemed to fly like hail; and quickly they wounded one man among us, then another, and then a third. About two hours (according to my observation, in that amazing time) they had been about the house before they prevailed to fire it (which they did with flax and hemp, which they brought out of the barn, and there being no defense about the house, only two flankers at two opposite corners and one of them not finished); they fired it once and one ventured out and quenched it, but they quickly fired it again, and that took. Now is the dreadful hour come, that I have often heard of (in time of war, as it was the case of others), but now mine eyes see it. Some in our house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in their blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head, if we stirred out. Now might we hear mothers and children crying out for themselves, and one another, "Lord, what shall we do?" Then I took my children (and one of my sisters’, hers) to go forth and leave the house: but as soon as we came to the door and appeared, the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house, as if one had taken an handful of stones and threw them, so that we were fain to give back. We had six stout dogs belonging to our garrison, but none of them would stir, though another time, if any Indian had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord hereby would make us the more acknowledge His hand, and to see that our help is always in Him. But out we must go, the fire increasing, and coming along behind us, roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their guns, spears, and hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the house, but my brother-in-law (being before wounded, in defending the house, in or near the throat) fell down dead, whereat the Indians scornfully shouted, and hallowed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his clothes, the bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and the same (as would seem) through the bowels and hand of my dear child in my arms. One of my elder sisters’ children, named William, had then his leg broken, which the Indians perceiving, they knocked him on [his] head. Thus were we butchered by
those merciless heathen, standing amazed, with the blood running down to our heels. My eldest sister being yet in the house, and seeing those woeful sights, the infidels hauling mothers one way, and children another, and some wallowing in their blood: and her elder son telling her that her son William was dead, and myself was wounded, she said, "And Lord, let me die with them," which was no sooner said, but she was struck with a bullet, and fell down dead over the threshold. I hope she is reaping the fruit of her good labors, being faithful to the service of God in her place. In her younger years she lay under much trouble upon spiritual accounts, till it pleased God to make that precious scripture take hold of her heart, "And he said unto me, my Grace is sufficient for thee" (2 Corinthians 12.9). More than twenty years after, I have heard her tell how sweet and comfortable that place was to her. But to return: the Indians laid hold of us, pulling me one way, and the children another, and said, "Come go along with us"; I told them they would kill me: they answered, if I were willing to go along with them, they would not hurt me.

Oh the doleful sight that now was to behold at this house! "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he has made in the earth." Of thirty-seven persons who were in this one house, none escaped either present death, or a bitter captivity, save only one, who might say as he, "And I only am escaped alone to tell the News" (Job 1.15). There were twelve killed, some shot, some stabbed with their spears, some knocked down with their hatchets. When we are in prosperity, Oh the little that we think of such dreadful sights, and to see our dear friends, and relations lie bleeding out their heart-blood upon the ground. There was one who was chopped into the head with a hatchet, and stripped naked, and yet was crawling up and down. It is a solemn sight to see so many Christians lying in their blood, some here, and some there, like a company of sheep torn by wolves, all of them stripped naked by a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting, and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out; yet the Lord by His almighty power preserved a number of us from death, for there were twenty-four of us taken alive and carried captive.

I had often before this said that if the Indians should come, I should choose rather to be killed by them than taken alive, but when it came to the trial my mind changed; their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit, that I chose rather to go along with those (as I may say) ravenous beasts, than that moment to end my days; and that I may the better declare what happened to me during that grievous captivity, I shall particularly speak of the several removes we had up and down the wilderness.

THE FIRST REMOVE

Now away we must go with those barbarous creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding, and our hearts no less than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, up upon a hill within sight of the town, where they intended to lodge. There was hard by a vacant house (deserted by the English before, for fear of the Indians). I asked them whether I might not lodge in the house that night, to which they answered, "What, will you love English men still?" This was the dolefullest night that ever my eyes saw. Oh the roaring, and singing and dancing, and yelling of those black creatures in the night, which made the place a lively resemblance of hell. And as miserable was the waste that was there made of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, calves, lambs, roasting pigs, and fowl (which they had plundered in the town), some roasting, some lying and burning, and some boiling to feed our merciless enemies; who were joyful enough, though we were disconsolate. To add to the dolefulness of the former day, and the dismalness of the present night, my thoughts ran upon my losses and sad bereaved condition. All was gone, my husband gone (at least separated from me, he being in the Bay; and to add to my grief, the Indians told me they would kill him as he came homeward), my children gone, my relations and friends gone, our house and home and all our comforts—within door and without—all was gone (except my life), and I knew not but the next moment that might go too. There remained nothing to me but one poor wounded babe, and it seemed at present worse than death that it was in such a pitiful condition, bespeaking compassion, and I had no refreshing for it, nor suitable things to revive it. Little do many think what is the savageness and brutishness of this barbarous
enemy, Ay, even those that seem to profess more than others among them, when the English have fallen into their hands.

Those seven that were killed at Lancaster the summer before upon a Sabbath day, and the one that was afterward killed upon a weekday, were slain and mangled in a barbarous manner, by one-eyed John, and Marlborough’s Praying Indians, which Capt. Mosely brought to Boston, as the Indians told me.

THE SECOND REMOVE

But now, the next morning, I must turn my back upon the town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I knew not whither. It is not my tongue, or pen, can express the sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit that I had at this departure: but God was with me in a wonderful manner, carrying me along, and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor wounded babe upon a horse; it went moaning all along, "I shall die, I shall die." I went on foot after it, with sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms till my strength failed, and I fell down with it. Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture upon the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill we both fell over the horse's head, at which they, like inhumane creatures, laughed, and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our days, as overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might see more of His power; yea, so much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it.

After this it quickly began to snow, and when night came on, they stopped, and now down I must sit in the snow, by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with my sick child in my lap; and calling much for water, being now (through the wound) fallen into a violent fever. My own wound also growing so stiff that I could scarce sit down or rise up; yet so it must be, that I must sit all this cold winter night upon the cold snowy ground, with my sick child in my arms, looking that every hour would be the last of its life; and having no Christian friend near me, either to comfort or help me. Oh, I may see the wonderful power of God, that my Spirit did not utterly sink under my affliction: still the Lord upheld me with His gracious and merciful spirit, and we were both alive to see the light of the next morning.

THE THIRD REMOVE

The morning being come, they prepared to go on their way. One of the Indians got up upon a horse, and they set me up behind him, with my poor sick babe in my lap. A very wearisome and tedious day I had of it; what with my own wound, and my child's being so exceeding sick, and in a lamentable condition with her wound. It may be easily judged what a poor feeble condition we were in, there being not the least crumb of refreshing that came within either of our mouths from Wednesday night to Saturday night, except only a little cold water. This day in the afternoon, about an hour by sun, we came to the place where they intended, viz. an Indian town, called Wenimesset, northward of Quabau. When we were come, Oh the number of pagans (now merciless enemies) that there came about me, that I may say as David, "I had fainted, unless I had believed, etc" (Psalm 27.13). The next day was the Sabbath. I then remembered how careless I had been of God's holy time; how many
Sabbaths I had lost and misspent, and how evilly I had walked in God’s sight; which lay so close unto my spirit, that it was easy for me to see how righteous it was with God to cut off the thread of my life and cast me out of His presence forever. Yet the Lord still showed mercy to me, and upheld me; and as He wounded me with one hand, so he healed me with the other. This day there came to me one Robert Pepper (a man belonging to Roxbury) who was taken in Captain Beers’s fight; and had been now a considerable time with the Indians; and up with them almost as far as Albany, to see King Philip, as he told me, and was now very lately come into these parts. Hearing, I say, that I was in this Indian town, he obtained leave to come and see me. He told me he himself was wounded in the leg at Captain Beer’s fight; and was not able some time to go, but as they carried him, and as he took oaken leaves and laid to his wound, and through the blessing of God he was able to travel again. Then I took oaken leaves and laid to my side, and with the blessing of God it cured me also; yet before the cure was wrought, I may say, as it is in Psalm 38.5-6 "My wounds stink and are corrupt, I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day long." I sat much alone with a poor wounded child in my lap, which moaned night and day, having nothing to revive the body, or cheer the spirits of her, but instead of that, sometimes one Indian would come and tell me one hour that "your master will knock your child in the head," and then a second, and then a third, "your master will quickly knock your child in the head."

This was the comfort I had from them, miserable comforters are ye all, as he said. Thus nine days I sat upon my knees, with my babe in my lap, till my flesh was raw again; my child being even ready to depart this sorrowful world, they bade me carry it out to another wigwam (I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles) whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I sat with the picture of death in my lap. About two hours in the night, my sweet babe like a lamb departed this life on Feb. 18, 1675. It being about six years, and five months old. It was nine days from the first wounding, in this miserable condition, without any refreshing of one nature or other, except a little cold water. I cannot but take notice how at another time I could not bear to be in the room where any dead person was, but now the case is changed; I must and could lie down by my dead babe, side by side all the night after. I have thought since of the wonderful goodness of God to me in preserving me in the use of my reason and senses in that distressed time, that I did not use wicked and violent means to end my own miserable life. In the morning, when they understood that my child was dead they sent for me home to my master’s wigwam (by my master in this writing, must be understood Quinnapin, who was a Sagamore, and married King Philip’s wife’s sister; not that he first took me, but I was sold to him by another Narragansett Indian, who took me when first I came out of the garrison). I went to take up my dead child in my arms to carry it with me, but they bid me let it alone; there was no resisting, but go I must and leave it. When I had been at my master’s wigwam, I took the first opportunity I could get to go look after my dead child. When I came I asked them what they had done with it; then they told me it was upon the hill. Then they went and showed me where it was, where I saw the ground was newly digged, and there they told me they had buried it. There I left that child in the wilderness, and must commit it, and myself also in this wilderness condition, to Him who is above all. God having taken away this dear child, I went to see my daughter Mary, who was at this same Indian town, at a wigwam not very far off, though we had little liberty or opportunity to see one another. She was about ten years old, and taken from the door at first by a Praying Ind. and afterward sold for a gun. When I came in sight, she would fall aweeping; at which they were provoked, and would not let me come near her, but bade me be gone; which was a heart-cutting word to me. I had one child dead, another in the wilderness, I knew not where, the third they would not let me come near to: "Me (as he said) have ye bereaved of my Children, Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin also, all these things are against me." I could not sit still in this condition, but kept walking from one place to another. And as I was going along, my heart was even overwhelmed with the thoughts of my condition, and that I should have children, and a nation which I knew not, ruled over them. Whereupon I earnestly entreated the Lord, that He would consider my low estate, and show me a token for good, and if it were His blessed will, some sign and hope of some relief. And
indeed quickly the Lord answered, in some measure, my poor prayers; for as I was going up and down mourning and lamenting my condition, my son came to me, and asked me how I did. I had not seen him before, since the destruction of the town, and I knew not where he was, till I was informed by himself, that he was amongst a smaller parcel of Indians, whose place was about six miles off. With tears in his eyes, he asked me whether his sister Sarah was dead; and told me he had seen his sister Mary; and prayed me, that I would not be troubled in reference to himself. The occasion of his coming to see me at this time, was this: there was, as I said, about six miles from us, a small plantation of Indians, where it seems he had been during his captivity; and at this time, there were some forces of the Ind. gathered out of our company, and some also from them (among whom was my son's master) to go to assault and burn Medfield. In this time of the absence of his master, his dame brought him to see me. I took this to be some gracious answer to my earnest and unfeigned desire. The next day, viz. to this, the Indians returned from Medfield, all the company, for those that belonged to the other small company, came through the town that now we were at. But before they came to us, Oh! the outrageous roaring and hooping that there was. They began their din about a mile before they came to us. By their noise and hooping they signified how many they had destroyed (which was at that time twenty-three). Those that were with us at home were gathered together as soon as they heard the hooping, and every time that the other went over their number, these at home gave a shout, that the very earth rung again. And thus they continued till those that had been upon the expedition were come up to the Sagamore's wigwam; and then, Oh, the hideous insulting and triumphing that there was over some Englishmen's scalps that they had taken (as their manner is) and brought with them. I cannot but take notice of the wonderful mercy of God to me in those afflictions, in sending me a Bible. One of the Indians that came from Medfield fight, had brought some plunder, came to me, and asked me, if I would have a Bible, he had got one in his basket. I was glad of it, and asked him, whether he thought the Indians would let me read? He answered, yes. So I took the Bible, and in that melancholy time, it came into my mind to read first the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, which I did, and when I had read it, my dark heart wrought on this manner: that there was no mercy for me, that the blessings were gone, and the curses come in their room, and that I had lost my opportunity. But the Lord helped me still to go on reading till I came to Chap. 30, the seven first verses, where I found, there was mercy promised again, if we would return to Him by repentance; and though we were scattered from one end of the earth to the other, yet the Lord would gather us together, and turn all those curses upon our enemies. I do not desire to live to forget this Scripture, and what comfort it was to me.

Now the Ind. began to talk of removing from this place, some one way, and some another. There were now besides myself nine English captives in this place (all of them children, except one woman). I got an opportunity to go and take my leave of them. They being to go one way, and I another, I asked them whether they were earnest with God for deliverance. They told me they did as they were able, and it was some comfort to me, that the Lord stirred up children to look to Him. The woman, viz. goodwife Joslin, told me she should never see me again, and that she could find in her heart to run away. I wished her not to run away by any means, for we were near thirty miles from any English town, and she very big with child, and had but one week to reckon, and another child in her arms, two years old, and bad rivers there were to go over, and we were feeble, with our poor and coarse entertainment. I had my Bible with me, I pulled it out, and asked her whether she would read. We opened the Bible and lighted on Psalm 27, in which Psalm we especially took notice of that, ver. ult., "Wait on the Lord, Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine Heart, wait I say on the Lord."

THE FOURTH REMOVE

And now I must part with that little company I had. Here I parted from my daughter Mary (whom I never saw again till I saw her in Dorchester, returned from captivity), and from four little cousins
and neighbors, some of which I never saw afterward: the Lord only knows the end of them. Amongst them also was that poor woman before mentioned, who came to a sad end, as some of the company told me in my travel: she having much grief upon her spirit about her miserable condition, being so near her time, she would be often asking the Indians to let her go home; they not being willing to that, and yet vexed with her importunity, gathered a great company together about her and stripped her naked, and set her in the midst of them, and when they had sung and danced about her (in their hellish manner) as long as they pleased they knocked her on head, and the child in her arms with her. When they had done that they made a fire and put them both into it, and told the other children that were with them that if they attempted to go home, they would serve them in like manner. The children said she did not shed one tear, but prayed all the while. But to return to my own journey, we traveled about half a day or little more, and came to a desolate place in the wilderness, where there were no wigwams or inhabitants before; we came about the middle of the afternoon to this place, cold and wet, and snowy, and hungry, and weary, and no refreshing for man but the cold ground to sit on, and our poor Indian cheer.

Heart-aching thoughts here I had about my poor children, who were scattered up and down among the wild beasts of the forest. My head was light and dizzy (either through hunger or hard lodging, or trouble or all together), my knees feeble, my body raw by sitting double night and day, that I cannot express to man the affliction that lay upon my spirit, but the Lord helped me at that time to express it to Himself. I opened my Bible to read, and the Lord brought that precious Scripture to me. "Thus saith the Lord, refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy" (Jeremiah 31.16). This was a sweet cordial to me when I was ready to faint; many and many a time have I sat down and wept sweetly over this Scripture. At this place we continued about four days.

THE FIFTH REMOVE

The occasion (as I thought) of their moving at this time was the English army, it being near and following them. For they went as if they had gone for their lives, for some considerable way, and then they made a stop, and chose some of their stoutest men, and sent them back to hold the English army in play whilst the rest escaped. And then, like Jehu, they marched on furiously, with their old and with their young: some carried their old decrepit mothers, some carried one, and some another. Four of them carried a great Indian upon a bier; but going through a thick wood with him, they were hindered, and could make no haste, whereupon they took him upon their backs, and carried him, one at a time, till they came to Banquaug river. Upon a Friday, a little after noon, we came to this river. When all the company was come up, and were gathered together, I thought to count the number of them, but they were so many, and being somewhat in motion, it was beyond my skill. In this travel, because of my wound, I was somewhat favored in my load; I carried only my knitting work and two quarts of parched meal. Being very faint I asked my mistress to give me one spoonful of the meal, but she would not give me a taste. They quickly fell to cutting dry trees, to make rafts to carry them over the river: and soon my turn came to go over. By the advantage of some brush which they had laid upon the raft to sit upon, I did not wet my foot (which many of themselves at the other end were midleg deep) which cannot but be acknowledged as a favor of God to my weakened body, it being a very cold time. I was not before acquainted with such kind of doings or dangers. "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee" (Isaiah 43.2). A certain number of us got over the river that night, but it was the night after the Sabbath before all the company was got over. On the Saturday they boiled an old horse's leg which they had
got, and so we drank of the broth, as soon as they thought it was ready, and when it was almost all
gone, they filled it up again.

The first week of my being among them I hardly ate any thing; the second week I found my stomach
grow very faint for want of something; and yet it was very hard to get down their filthy trash; but the
third week, though I could think how formerly my stomach would turn against this or that, and I
could starve and die before I could eat such things, yet they were sweet and savoury to my taste. I was
at this time knitting a pair of white cotton stockings for my mistress; and had not yet wrought upon
a Sabbath day. When the Sabbath came they bade me go to work. I told them it was the Sabbath day,
desired them to let me rest, and told them I would do as much more tomorrow; to which they
answered me they would break my face. And here I cannot but take notice of t

THE SIXTH REMOVE

On Monday (as I said) they set their wigwams on fire and went away. It was a cold morning, and
before us there was a great brook with ice on it; some waded through it, up to the knees and higher,
but others went till they came to a beaver dam, and I amongst them, where through the good
providence of God, I did not wet my foot. I went along that day mourning and lamenting, leaving
farther my own country, and traveling into a vast and howling wilderness, and I understood
something of Lot’s wife’s temptation, when she looked back. We came that day to a great swamp, by
the side of which we took up our lodging that night. When I came to the brow of the hill, that looked
toward the swamp, I thought we had been come to a great Indian town (though there were none but
our own company). The Indians were as thick as the trees: it seemed as if there had been a thousand
hatchets going at once. If one looked before one there was nothing but Indians, and behind one,
nothing but Indians, and so on either hand, I myself in the midst, and no Christian soul near me, and
yet how hath the Lord preserved me in safety? Oh the experience that I have had of the goodness of
God, to me and mine!

THE SEVENTH REMOVE

After a restless and hungry night there, we had a wearisome time of it the next day. The swamp by
which we lay was, as it were, a deep dungeon, and an exceeding high and steep hill before it. Before I
got to the top of the hill, I thought my heart and legs, and all would have broken, and failed me. What,
through faintness and soreness of body, it was a grievous day of travel to me. As we went along, I saw
a place where English cattle had been. That was comfort to me, such as it was. Quickly after that we
came to an English path, which so took with me, that I thought I could have freely lyen down and died. That day, a little after noon, we came to Squakeag, where the Indians quickly spread themselves over the deserted English fields, gleaning what they could find. Some picked up ears of wheat that were crickled down; some found ears of Indian corn; some found ground nuts, and others sheaves of wheat that were frozen together in the shock, and went to threshing of them out. Myself got two ears of Indian corn, and whilst I did but turn my back, one of them was stolen from me, which much troubled me. There came an Indian to them at that time with a basket of horse liver. I asked him to give me a piece. "What," says he, "can you eat horse liver?" I told him, I would try, if he would give a piece, which he did, and I laid it on the coals to roast. But before it was half ready they got half of it away from me, so that I was fain to take the rest and eat it as it was, with the blood about my mouth, and yet a savory bit it was to me: "For to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet." A solemn sight methought it was, to see fields of wheat and Indian corn forsaken and spoiled and the remainders of them to be food for our merciless enemies. That night we had a mess of wheat for our supper.

Margaret Fuller

The Great Lawsuit

This great suit has now been carried on through many ages, with various results. The decisions have been numerous, but always followed by appeals to still higher courts. How can it be otherwise, when the law itself is the subject of frequent elucidation, constant revision? Man has, now and then, enjoyed a clear, triumphant hour, when some irresistible conviction warmed and purified the atmosphere of his planet. But, presently, he sought repose after his labors, when the crowd of pigmy adversaries bound him in his sleep. Long years of inglorious imprisonment followed, while his enemies revelled in his spoils, and no counsel could be found to plead his cause, in the absence of that all-promising glance, which had, at times, kindled the poetic soul to revelation of his claims, of his rights.

Yet a foundation for the largest claim is now established. It is known that his inheritance consists in no partial sway, no exclusive possession, such as his adversaries desire. For they, not content that the universe is rich, would, each one for himself, appropriate treasure; but in vain! The many-colored garment, which clothed with honor an elected son, when rent asunder for the many, is a worthless spoil. A band of robbers cannot live princely in the prince's castle; nor would he, like them, be content with less than all, though he would not, like them, seek it as fuel for riotous enjoyment, but as his principality, to administer and guard for the use of all living things therein. He cannot be satisfied with any one gift of the earth, any one department of knowledge, or telescopic peep at the heavens. He feels himself called to understand and aid nature, that she may, through his intelligence, be raised and interpreted; to be a student of, and servant to, the universe-spirit; and only king of his planet, that, as an angelic minister, he may bring it into conscious harmony with the law of that spirit.

Such is the inheritance of the orphan prince, and the illegitimate children of his family will not always be able to keep it from him, for, from the fields which they sow with dragon's teeth, and water with blood, rise monsters, which he alone has power to drive away.
But it is not the purpose now to sing the prophecy of his jubilee. We have said that, in clear triumphant moments, this has many, many times been made manifest, and those moments, though past in time, have been translated into eternity by thought. The bright signs they left hang in the heavens, as single stars or constellations, and, already, a thickly-sown radiance consoles the wanderer in the darkest night. Heroes have filled the zodiac of beneficent labors, and then given up their mortal part to the fire without a murmur. Sages and lawgivers have bent their whole nature to the search for truth, and thought themselves happy if they could buy, with the sacrifice of all temporal ease and pleasure, one seed for the future Eden. Poets and priests have strung the lyre with heart-strings, poured out their best blood upon the altar which, reare’d anew from age to age, shall at last sustain the flame which rises to highest heaven. What shall we say of those who, if not so directly, or so consciously, in connection with the central truth, yet, led and fashioned by a divine instinct, serve no less to develop and interpret the open secret of love passing into life, the divine energy creating for the purpose of happiness;--of the artist, whose hand, drawn by a preexistent harmony to a certain medium, moulds it to expressions of life more highly and completely organized than are seen elsewhere, and, by carrying out the intention of nature, reveals her meaning to those who are not yet sufficiently matured to divine it; of the philosopher, who listens steadily for causes, and, from those obvious, infers those yet unknown; of the historian, who, in faith that all events must have their reason and their aim, records them, and lays up archives from which the youth of prophets may be fed. The man of science dissects the statement, verifies the facts, and demonstrates connection even where he cannot its purpose.

Lives, too, which bear none of these names, have yielded tones of no less significance. The candlestick, set in a low place, has given light as faithfully, where it was needed, as that upon the hill. In close alleys, in dismal nooks, the Word has been read as distinctly, as when shown by angels to holy men in the dark prison. Those who till a spot of earth, scarcely larger than is wanted for a grave, have deserved that the sun should shine upon its sod till violets answer.

So great has been, from time to time, the promise, that, in all ages, men have said the Gods themselves came down to dwell with them; that the All-Creating wandered on the earth to taste in a limited nature the sweetness of virtue, that the All-Sustaining incarnated himself, to guard, in space and time, the destinies of his world; that heavenly genius dwelt among the shepherds, to sing to them and teach them how to sing. Indeed, Der stets den Hirten gnädig sich bewies. He has constantly shown himself favorable to shepherds.

And these dwellers in green pastures and natural students of the stars, were selected to hail, first of all, the holy child, whose life and death presented the type of excellence, which has sustained the heart of so large a portion of mankind in these later generations.

Such marks have been left by the footsteps of man, whenever he has made his way through the wilderness of men. And whenever the pygmies stepped in one of these, they felt dilate within the breast somewhat that promised larger stature and purer blood. They were tempted to forsake their evil ways, to forsake the side of selfish personal existence, of decrepit skepticism, and covetousness of corruptible possessions. Conviction flowed in upon them. They, too, raised the cry; God is living, all is his, and all created beings are brothers, for they are his children. These were the triumphant moments; but as we have said, man slept and selfishness awoke.
Thus he is still kept out of his inheritance, still a pleader, still a pilgrim. But his reinstatement is sure. And now, no mere glimmering consciousness, but a certainty, is felt and spoken, that the highest ideal man can form of his own capabilities is that which he is destined to attain. Whatever the soul knows how to seek, it must attain. Knock, and it shall be opened; seek, and ye shall find. It is demonstrated, it is a maxim. He no longer paints his proper nature in some peculiar form and says, "Prometheus had it," but "Man must have it." However disputed by many, however ignorantly used, or falsified, by those who do receive it, the fact of an universal, unceasing revelation, has been too clearly stated in words, to be lost sight of in thought, and sermons preached from the text, "Be ye perfect," are the only sermons of a pervasive and deep-searching influence.

But among those who meditate upon this text, there is great difference of view, as to the way in which perfection shall be sought. Through the intellect, say some; Gather from every growth of life its seed of thought; look behind every symbol for its law. If thou canst see clearly, the rest will follow.

Through the life, say others; Do the best thou knowest today. Shrink not from incessant error, in this gradual, fragmentary state. Follow thy light for as much as it will show thee, be faithful as far as thou canst, in hope that faith presently will lead to sight. Help others, without blame that they need thy help. Love much, and be forgiven. It needs not intellect, needs not experience, says a third. If you took the true way, these would be evolved in purity. You would not learn through them, but express through them a higher knowledge. In quietness, yield thy soul to the casual soul. Do not disturb its teachings by methods of thine own. Be still, seek not, but wait in obedience. Thy commission will be given.

Could we, indeed, say what we want, could we give a description of the child that is lost, he would be found. As soon as the soul can say clearly, that a certain demonstration is wanted, it is at hand. When the Jewish prophet described the Lamb, as the expression of what was required by the coming era, the time drew nigh. But we say not, see not, as yet, clearly what we would. Those who call for a more triumphant expression of love, a love that cannot be crucified, show not a perfect sense of what has already been expressed. Love has already been expressed, that made all things new, that gave the worm its ministry as well as the eagle; a love, to which it was alike to descend into the depths of hell, or to sit at the right hand of the Father. Yet, no doubt, a new manifestation is at hand, a new hour in the day of man. We cannot expect to see him a completed being, when the mass of men lie so entangled in the sod, or use the freedom of their limbs only with wolfish energy. The tree cannot come to flower till its root be freed from the cankering worm, and its whole growth open to air and light. Yet something new shall presently be shown of the life of man, for hearts crave it now, if minds do not know how to ask it.

Among the strains of prophecy, the following; by an earnest mind of a foreign land, written some thirty years ago, is not yet outgrown; and it has the merit of being a positive appeal from the heart, instead of a critical declaration what man shall not do.

The ministry of man implies, that he must be filled from the divine fountains which are being engendered through all eternity so that, at the mere name of his Master, he may be able to cast all his enemies into the abyss; that he may deliver all parts of nature from the barriers that imprison them; that he may purge the terrestrial atmosphere from the poisons that infect it; that he may preserve the bodies of men from the corrupt influences that surround, and the maladies that afflict them; still more, that he may keep their souls pure from the malignant insinuations which pollute, and the gloomy images that obscure them; that we may restore its serenity to the Word, which false
words of men till with mourning and sadness; that he may satisfy the desires of the angels, who await from him the development of the marvels of nature; that, in fine, his world may be filled with God, as eternity is.

[Louis Claude de Saint-Martin, from The Ministry of Man and Spirit, 1802]

Another attempt we will give, by an obscure observer of our own day and country, to draw some lines of the desired image. It was suggested by seeing the design of Crawford's Orpheus, and connecting with the circumstance of the American, in his garret at Rome, making choice of this subject, that of Americans here at home, showing such ambition to represent the character, by calling their prose and verse, Orphic sayings, Orphics. Orpheus was a lawgiver by theocratic commission. He understood nature, and made all her forms move to his music. He told her secrets in the form of hymns, nature as seen in the mind of God. Then it is the prediction, that to learn and to do, all men must be lovers, and Orpheus was, in a high sense, a lover. His soul went forth towards all beings, yet could remain sternly faithful to a chosen type of excellence. Seeking what he loved, he feared not death nor hell, neither could any presence daunt his faith in the power of the celestial harmony that filled his soul.

It seemed significant of the state of things in this country, that the sculptor should have chosen the attitude of shading his eyes. When we have the statue here, it will give lessons in reverence.

Each Orpheus must to the depths descend,
For only thus the poet can be wise
  Must make the sad Persephone his friend,
And buried love to second life arise;
  Again his love must lose through too much love,
Must lose his life by living life too true,
  For what he sought below is passed above,
Already done is all that he would do;
  Must tune all being with his single lyre,
Must melt all rocks free from their primal pain,
  Must search all nature with his one soul's fire,
Must bind anew all forms in heavenly chain.
  If he already sees what he must do,
Well may he shade his eyes from the far-shining view.
{Poem by Fuller}

Meanwhile, not a few believe, and men themselves have expressed the opinion, that the time is come when Euridice is to call for an Orpheus, rather than Orpheus for Euridice; that the idea of man, however imperfectly brought out, has been far more so than that of woman, and that an improvement in the daughters will best aid the reformation of the sons of this age.

It is worthy of remark, that, as the principle of liberty is better understood and more nobly interpreted, a broader protest is made in behalf of woman. As men become aware that all men have not had their fair chance, they are inclined to say that no women have had a fair chance. The French revolution, that strangely disguised angel, bore witness in favor of woman, but interpreted her claims no less ignorantly than those of man. Its idea of happiness did not rise beyond outward enjoyment, unobstructed by the tyranny of others. The title it gave was Citoyen, Citoyenne, and it is not unimportant to woman that even this species of equality was awarded her. Before, she could be condemned to perish on the scaffold for treason, but not as a citizen, but a subject. The right, with
which this title then invested a human being, was that of bloodshed and license. The Goddess of Liberty was impure. Yet truth was prophesied in the ravings of that hideous fever induced by long ignorance and abuse. Europe is conning a valued lesson from the blood-stained page. The same tendencies, farther unfolded, will bear good fruit in this country.

Yet, in this country, as by the Jews, when Moses was leading them to the promised land, everything has been done that inherited depravity could, to hinder the promise of heaven from its fulfilment. The cross, here as elsewhere, has been planted only to be blasphemed by cruelty and fraud. The name of the Prince of Peace has been profaned by all kinds of injustice towards the Gentile whom he said he came to save. But I need not speak of what has been done towards the red man, the black man. These deeds are the scoff of the world; and they have been accompanied by such pious words, that the gentlest would not dare to intercede with, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Here, as elsewhere, the gain of creation consists always in the growth of individual minds, which live and aspire, as flowers bloom and birds sing, in the midst of morasses; and in the continual development of that thought, the thought of human destiny, which is given to eternity to fulfil, and which ages of failure only seemingly impede. Only seemingly, and whatever seems to the contrary, this country is as surely destined to elucidate a great moral law, as Europe was to promote the mental culture of man.

Though the national independence be blurred by the servility of individuals; though freedom and equality have been proclaimed only to leave room for a monstrous display of slave dealing and slave keeping; though the free American so often feels himself free, like the Roman, only to pamper his appetites and his indolence through the misery of his fellow beings, still it is not in vain, that the verbal statement has been made, "All men are born free and equal." There it stands, a golden certainty, wherewith to encourage the good, to shame the bad. The new world may be called clearly to perceive that it incurs the utmost penalty, if it rejects the sorrowful brother. And if men are deaf, the angels hear. But men cannot be deaf. It is inevitable that an external freedom, such as has been achieved for the nation, should be so also for every member of it. That, which has once been clearly conceived in the intelligence, must be acted out. It has become a law, irrevocable as that of the Medes in their ancient dominion. Men will privately sin against it, but the law so clearly expressed by a leading mind of the age,

Tutti fatti a sembianza d’ un Solo;  
Figli tutti d’ un solo riscatto,  
In qual era, in qual parte del suolo  
Trascorriamo quest’ aura vital,  
Slam fratelli, slam stretti ad un patte:  
Maladetto colui che lo infrange,  
Che s’ innalza sul fiacco che piange,  
Che contrista uno spirto immortal."  
[Alessandro Manzoni]

All made in the likeness of the One,  
All children of one ransom,  
In whatever hour, in whatever part of the soil  
We draw this vital air,  
We are brothers, we must be bound by one compact,
Accursed he who infringes it,
Who raises himself upon the weak who weep,
Who saddens an immortal spirit.

cannot fail of universal recognition.

We sicken no less at the pomp than at the strife of words. We feel that never were lungs so puffed with the wind of declamation, on moral and religious subjects, as now. We are tempted to implore these "word-heroes," these word-Catos, word-Christys, to beware of cant above all things; to remember that hypocrisy is the most hopeless as well as the meanest of crimes, and that those must surely be polluted by it, who do not keep a little of all this morality and religion for private use." We feel that the mind may "grow black and rancid in the smoke" even of altars. We start up from the harangue to go into our closet and shut the door. But, when it has been shut long enough, we remember that where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire; with so much talk about virtue and freedom must be mingled some desire for them; that it cannot be in vain that such have become the common topics of conversation among men; that the very newspapers should proclaim themselves Pilgrims, Puritans, Heralds of Holiness. The king that maintains so costly a retinue cannot be a mere Count of Carabas fiction. We have waited here long in the dust; we are tired and hungry, but the triumphal procession must appear at last.

Of all its banners, none has been more steadily upheld, and under none has more valor and willingness for real sacrifices been shown, than that of the champions of the enslaved African. And this band it is, which, partly in consequence of a natural following out of principles, partly because many women have been prominent in that cause, makes, just now, the warmest appeal in behalf of woman!

Though there has been a growing liberality on this point, yet society at large is not so prepared for the demands of this party, but that they are, and will be for some time, coldly regarded as the Jacobins of their day.

"Is it not enough," cries the sorrowful trader, "that you have done all you could to break up the national Union, and thus destroy the prosperity of our country, but now you must be trying to break up family union, to take my wife away from the cradle, and the kitchen hearth, to vote at polls, and preach from a pulpit! Of course, if she does such things, she cannot attend to those of her own sphere. She is happy enough as she is. She has more leisure than I have, every means of improvement, every indulgence.

"Have you asked her whether she was satisfied with these indulgences!"

"No, but I know she is. She is too amiable to wish what would make me unhappy, and too judicious to wish to step beyond the sphere of her sex. I will never consent to have our peace disturbed by any such discussions.

"'Consent'--you! it is not consent from you that is in question, it is assent from your wife."

"Am I not the head of my house!"

"You are not the head of your wife. God has given her a mind of her own."
"I am the head and she the heart."

"God grant you play true to one another then. If the head represses no natural pulse of the heart, there can be no question as to your giving your consent. Both will be of one accord, and there needs but to present any question to get a full and true answer. There is no need of precaution, of indulgence, or consent. But our doubt is whether the heart consents with the head, or only acquiesces in its decree; and it is to ascertain the truth on this point, that we propose some liberating measures."

Thus vaguely are these questions proposed and discussed at present. But their being proposed at all implies much thought, and suggests more. Many women are considering within themselves what they need that they have not, and what they can have, if they find they need it. Many men are considering whether women are capable of being and having more than they are and have, and whether, if they are, it will be best to consent to improvement in their condition.

The numerous party, whose opinions are already labelled and adjusted too much to their mind to admit of any new light, strive, by lectures on some model-woman of bridal-like beauty and gentleness, by writing or lending little treatises, to mark out with due precision the limits of woman's sphere, and woman's mission, and to prevent other than the rightful shepherd from climbing the wall, or the flock from using any chance gap to run astray.

Without enrolling ourselves at once on either side, let us look upon the subject from that point of view which to-day offers. No better, it is to be feared, than a high house-top. A high hill-top, or at least a cathedral spire, would be desirable.

It is not surprising that it should be the Anti-Slavery party that pleads for woman, when we consider merely that she does not hold property on equal terms with men; so that, if a husband dies without a will, the wife, instead of stepping at once into his place as head of the family, inherits only a part of his fortune, as if she were a child, or ward only, not an equal partner.

We will not speak of the innumerable instances, in which profligate or idle men live upon the earnings of industrious wives; or if the wives leave them and take with them the children, to perform the double duty of mother and father, follow from place to place, and threaten to rob them of the children, if deprived of the rights of a husband, as they call them, planting themselves in their poor lodgings, frightening them into paying tribute by taking from them the children, running into debt at the expense of these otherwise so overtasked helots. Though such instances abound, the public opinion of his own sex is against the man, and when cases of extreme tyranny are made known, there is private action in the wife's favor. But if woman be, indeed, the weaker party, she ought to have legal protection, which would make such oppression impossible.

And knowing that there exists, in the world of men, a tone of feeling towards women as towards slaves, such as is expressed in the common phrase, "Tell that to women and children;" that the infinite soul can only work through them in already ascertained limits; that the prerogative of reason, man's highest portion, is allotted to them in a much lower degree; that it is better for them to be engaged in active labor, which is to be furnished and directed by those better able to think, &c. &c.; we need not go further, for who can review the experience of last week, without recalling words which imply, whether in jest or earnest, these views, and views like these! Knowing this, can we wonder that many reformers think that measures are not likely to be taken in behalf of women, unless their wishes could be publicly represented by women!
That can never be necessary, cry the other side. All men are privately influenced by women; each has his wife, sister, or female friends, and is too much biassed by these relations to fail of representing their interests. And if this is not enough, let them propose and enforce their wishes with the pen. The beauty of home would be destroyed, the delicacy of the sex be violated, the dignity of halls of legislation destroyed, by an attempt to introduce them there. Such duties are inconsistent with those of a mother; and then we have ludicrous pictures of ladies in hysterics at the polls, and senate chambers filled with cradles.

But if, in reply, we admit as truth that woman seems destined by nature rather to the inner circle, we must add that the arrangements of civilized life have not been as yet such as to secure it to her. Her circle, if the duller, is not the quieter. If kept from excitement, she is not from drudgery. Not only the Indian carries the burdens of the camp, but the favorites of Louis the Fourteenth accompany him in his journeys, and the washerwoman stands at her tub and carries home her work at all seasons, and in all states of health.

As to the use of the pen, there was quite as much opposition to woman’s possessing herself of that help to free-agency as there is now to her seizing on the rostrum or the desk; and she is likely to draw, from a permission to plead her cause that way, opposite inferences to what might be wished by those who now grant it.

As to the possibility of her filling, with grace and dignity, any such position, we should think those who had seen the great actresses, and heard the Quaker preachers of modern times, would not doubt, that woman can express publicly the fulness of thought and emotion, without losing any of the peculiar beauty of her sex.

As to her home, she is not likely to leave it more than she now does for balls, theatres, meetings for promoting missions, revival meetings, and others to which she flies, in hope of an animation for her existence, commensurate with what she sees enjoyed by men. Governors of Ladies’ Fairs are no less engrossed by such a charge, than the Governor of the State by his; presidents of Washingtonian societies, no less away from home than presidents of conventions. If men look straitly to it, they will find that, unless their own lives are domestic, those of the women will not be. The female Greek, of our day, is as much in the street as the male, to cry, What news! We doubt not it was the same in Athens of old. The women, shut out from the market-place, made up for it at the religious festivals. For human beings are not so constituted, that they can live without expansion; and if they do not get it one way, must another, or perish.

And, as to men’s representing women fairly, at present, while we hear from men who owe to their wives not only all that is comfortable and graceful, but all that is wise in the arrangement of their lives, the frequent remark, "You cannot reason with a woman," when from those of delicacy, nobleness, and poetic culture, the contemptuous phrase, "Women and children, and that in no light sally of the hour, but in works intended to give a permanent statement of the best experiences, when not one man in the million, shall I say, no, not in the hundred million, can rise above the view that woman was made for man, when such traits as these are daily forced upon the attention, can we feel that man will always do justice to the interests of woman! Can we think that he takes a sufficiently discerning and religious view of her office and destiny, ever to do her justice, except when prompted by sentiment; accidentally or transiently, that is, for his sentiment will vary according to the relations in which he is placed. The lover, the poet, the artist, are likely to view her nobly. The father and the philosopher have some chance of liberality; the man of the world, the legislator for expediency, none.
Under these circumstances, without attaching importance in themselves to the changes demanded by the champions of woman, we hail them as signs of the times. We would have every arbitrary barrier thrown down. We would have every path laid open to woman as freely as to man. Were this done, and a slight temporary fermentation allowed to subside, we believe that the Divine would ascend into nature to a height unknown in the history of past ages, and nature, thus instructed, would regulate the spheres not only so as to avoid collision, but to bring forth ravishing harmony.

Yet then, and only then, will human beings be ripe for this, when inward and outward freedom for woman, as much as for man, shall be acknowledged as a right, not yielded as a concession. As the friend of the negro assumes that one man cannot, by right, hold another in bondage, should the friend of woman assume that man cannot, by right, lay even well-meant restrictions on woman. If the negro be a soul, if the woman be a soul, apparend in flesh, to one master only are they accountable. There is but one law for all souls, and, if there is to be an interpreter of it, he comes not as man, or son of man, but as Son of God.

Were thought and feeling once so far elevated that man should esteem himself the brother and friend, but nowise the lord and tutor of woman, were he really bound with her in equal worship, arrangements as to function and employment would be of no consequence. What woman needs is not as a woman to act or rule, but as a nature to grow, as an intellect to discern, as a soul to live freely, and unimpeded to unfold such powers as were given her when we left our common home. If fewer talents were given her, yet, if allowed the free and full employment of these, so that she may render back to the giver his own with usury, she will not complain, nay, I dare to say she will bless and rejoice in her earthly birth-place, her earthly lot.

Let us consider what obstructions impede this good era, and what signs give reason to hope that it draws near.

I was talking on this subject with Miranda, a woman, who, if any in the world, might speak without heat or bitterness of the position of her sex. Her father was a man who cherished no sentimental reverence for woman, but a firm belief in the equality of the sexes. She was his eldest child, and came to him at an age when he needed a companion. From the time she could speak and go alone, he addressed her not as a plaything, but as a living mind. Among the few verses he ever wrote were a copy addressed to this child, when the first locks were cut from her head, and the reverence expressed on this occasion for that cherished head he never belied. It was to him the temple of immortal intellect. He respected his child, however, too much to be an indulgent parent. He called on her for clear judgment, for courage, for honor and fidelity, in short for such virtues as he knew. In so far as he possessed the keys to the wonders of this universe, he allowed free use of them to her, and by the incentive of a high expectation he forbade, as far as possible, that she should let the privilege lie idle.

Thus this child was early led to feel herself a child of the spirit. She took her place easily, not only in the world of organized being, but in the world of mind. A dignified sense of self-dependence was given as all her portion, and she found it a sure anchor. Herself securely anchored, her relations with others were established with equal security. She was fortunate, in a total absence of those charms which might have drawn to her bewildering flatteries, and of a strong electric nature, which repelled those who did not belong to her, and attracted those who did. With men and women her relations were noble; affectionate without passion, intellectual without coldness. The world was free to her, and she lived freely in it. Outward adversity came, and inward conflict, but that faith and
self-respect had early been awakened, which must always lead at last to an outward serenity, and an inward peace.

Of Miranda I had always thought as an example, that the restraints upon the sex were insuperable only to those who think them so, or who noisily strive to break them. She had taken a course of her own, and no man stood in her way. Many of her acts had been unusual, but excited no uproar. Few helped, but none checked her; and the many men, who knew her mind and her life, showed to her confidence as to a brother, gentleness as to a sister. And not only refined, but very coarse men approved one in whom they saw resolution and clearness of design. Her mind was often the leading one, always effective.

When I talked with her upon these matters, and had said very much what I have written, she smilingly replied, And yet we must admit that I have been fortunate, and this should not be. My good father’s early trust gave the first bias, and the rest followed of course. It is true that I have had less outward aid, in after years, than most women, but that is of little consequence. Religion was early awakened in my soul, a sense that what the soul is capable to ask it must attain, and that, though I might be aided by others, I must depend on myself as the only constant friend. This self-dependence, which was honored in me, is deprecated as a fault in most women. They are taught to learn their rule from without, not to unfold it from within.

This is the fault of man, who is still vain, and wishes to be more important to woman than by right he should be.

Men have not shown this disposition towards you, I said.

No, because the position I early was enabled to take, was one of self-reliance. And were all women as sure of their wants as I was, the result would be the same. The difficulty is to get them to the point where they shall naturally develop self-respect, the question how it is to be done.

Once I thought that men would help on this state of things more than I do now. I saw so many of them wretched in the connections they had formed in weakness and vanity. They seemed so glad to esteem women whenever they could!

But early I perceived that men never, in any extreme of despair, wished to be women. Where they admired any woman they were inclined to speak of her as above her sex. Silently I observed this, and feared it argued a rooted skepticism, which for ages had been fastening on the heart, and which only an age of miracles could eradicate. Ever I have been treated with great sincerity; and I look upon it as a most signal instance of this, that an intimate friend of the other sex said in a fervent moment, that I deserved in some star to be a man. Another used as highest praise, in speaking of a character in literature, the words "a manly woman."

It is well known that of every strong woman they say she has a masculine mind.

This by no means argues a willing want of generosity towards woman. Man is as generous towards her, as he knows how to be.

Wherever she has herself arisen in national or private history, and nobly shone forth in any ideal of excellence, men have received her, not only willingly, but with triumph. Their encomiums indeed are always in some sense mortifying, they show too much surprise.
In every-day life the feelings of the many are stained with vanity. Each wishes to be lord in a little world, to be superior at least over one; and he does not feel strong enough to retain a life-long ascendant over a strong nature. Only a Brutus would rejoice in a Portia. Only Theseus could conquer before he wed the Amazonian Queen. Hercules wished rather to rest from his labors with Dejanira, and received the poisoned robe, as a fit guerdon. The tale should be interpreted to all those who seek repose with the weak.

But not only is man vain and fond of power, but the same want of development, which thus affects him morally in the intellect, prevents his discerning the destiny of woman. The boy wants no woman, but only a girl to play ball with him, and mark his pocket handkerchief.

Thus in Schiller's Dignity of Woman, beautiful as the poem is, there is no "grave and perfect man," but only a great boy to be softened and restrained by the influence of girls. Poets, the elder brothers of their race, have usually seen further; but what can you expect of every-day men, if Schiller was not more prophetic as to what women must be! Even with Richter one foremost thought about a wife was that she would "cook him something good."

The sexes should not only correspond to and appreciate one another, but prophesy to one another. In individual instances this happens. Two persons love in one another the future good which they aid one another to unfold. This is very imperfectly done as yet in the general life. Man has gone but little way, now he is waiting to see whether woman can keep step with him, but instead of calling out like a good brother; You can do it if you only think so, or impersonally; Any one can do what he tries to do, he often discourages with school-boy brag; Girls can't do that, girls can't play ball. But let any one defy their taunts, break through, and be brave and secure, they rend the air with shouts.

No! man is not willingly ungenerous. He wants faith and love, because he is not yet himself an elevated being. He cries with sneering skepticism; Give us a sign. But if the sign appears, his eyes glisten, and he offers not merely approval, but homage.

The severe nation which taught that the happiness of the race was forfeited through the fault of a woman, and showed its thought of what sort of regard man owed her, by making him accuse her on the first question to his God, who gave her to the patriarch as a handmaid, and, by the Mosaical law, bound her to allegiance like a serf, even they greeted, with solemn rapture, all great and holy women as heroines, prophetesses, nay judges in Israel; and, if they made Eve listen to the serpent, gave Mary to the Holy Spirit. In other nations it has been the same down to our day. To the woman, who could conquer, a triumph was awarded. And not only those whose strength was recommended to the heart by association with goodness and beauty, but those who were bad, if they were steadfast and strong, had their claims allowed. In any age a Semiramis, an Elizabeth of England, a Catharine of Russia makes her place good, whether in a large or small circle.

How has a little wit, a little genius, always been celebrated in a woman! What an intellectual triumph was that of the lonely Aspasia, and how heartily acknowledged! She, indeed, met a Pericles. But what annalist, the rudest of men, the most plebeian of husbands, will spare from his page one of the few anecdotes of Roman women!— Sappho, Eloisa! The names are of threadbare celebrity. The man habitually most narrow towards women will be flushed, as by the worst assault on Christianity, if you say it has made no improvement in her condition. Indeed, those most opposed to new acts in her favor are jealous of the reputation of those which have been done.
We will not speak of the enthusiasm excited by actresses, improvisatrices, female singers, for here mingles the charm of beauty and grace, but female authors, even learned women, if not insufferably ugly and slovenly, from the Italian professor's daughter, who taught behind the curtain, down to Mrs. Carter and Madame Dacier, are sure of an admiring audience, if they can once get a platform on which to stand.

But how to get this platform, or how to make it of reasonably easy access is the difficulty. Plants of great vigor will almost always struggle into blossom, despite impediments. But there should be encouragement, and a free, genial atmosphere for those of more timid sort, fair play for each in its own kind. Some are like the little, delicate flowers, which love to hide in the dripping mosses by the sides of mountain torrents, or in the shade of tall trees. But others require an open field, a rich and loosened soil, or they never show their proper hues.

It may be said man does not have his fair play either; his energies are repressed and distorted by the interposition of artificial obstacles. Aye, but he himself has put them there; they have grown out of his own imperfections. If there is a misfortune in woman's lot, it is in obstacles being interposed by men, which do not mark her state, and if they express her past ignorance, do not her present needs. As every man is of woman born, she has slow but sure means of redress, yet the sooner a general justness of thought makes smooth the path, the better.

Man is of woman born, and her face bends over him in infancy with an expression he can never quite forget. Eminent men have delighted to pay tribute to this image, and it is a hacknied observation, that most men of genius boast some remarkable development in the mother. The rudest tar brushes off a tear with his coat-sleeve at the hallowed name. The other day I met a decrepit old man of seventy, on a journey, who challenged the stage-company to guess where he was going. They guessed aright, "To see your mother." "Yes," said he, "she is ninety-two, but has good eye-sight still, they say. I've not seen her these forty years, and I thought I could not die in peace without." I should have liked his picture painted as a companion piece to that of a boisterous little boy, whom I saw attempt to declaim at a school exhibition.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last. [William Cowper](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/2648)

He got but very little way before sudden tears shamed him from the stage.

Some gleams of the same expression which shone down upon his infancy, angelically pure and benign, visit man again with hopes of pure love, of a holy marriage. Or, if not before, in the eyes of the mother of his child they again are seen, and dim fancies pass before his mind, that woman may not have been born for him alone, but have come from heaven, a commissioned soul, a messenger of truth and love.

In gleams, in dim fancies, this thought visits the mind of common men. It is soon obscured by the mists of sensuality, the dust of routine, and he thinks it was only some meteor or ignis fatuus that shone. But, as a Rosicrucian lamp, it burns unwearied, though condemned to the solitude of tombs. And, to its permanent life, as to every truth, each age has, in some form, borne witness. For the truths, which visit the minds of careless men only in fitful gleams, shine with radiant clearness into those of the poet, the priest, and the artist.
Whatever may have been the domestic manners of the ancient nations, the idea of woman was nobly manifested in their mythologies and poems, where she appeared as Sita in the Ramayana, a form of tender purity, in the Egyptian Isis, of divine wisdom never yet surpassed. In Egypt, too, the Sphinx, walking the earth with lion tread, looked out upon its marvels in the calm, inscrutable beauty of a virgin's face, and the Greek could only add wings to the great emblem. In Greece, Ceres and Proserpine, significantly termed "the goddesses," were seen seated, side by side. They needed not to rise for any worshipper or any change; they were prepared for all things, as those initiated to their mysteries knew. More obvious is the meaning of those three forms, the Diana, Minerva, and Vesta. Unlike in the expression of their beauty, but alike in this,—that each was self-sufficing. Other forms were only accessories and illustrations, none the complement to one like these. Another might indeed be the companion, and the Apollo and Diana set off one another's beauty. Of the Vesta, it is to be observed, that not only deep-eyed deep-discerning Greece, but ruder Rome, who represents the only form of good man (the always busy warrior) that could be indifferent to woman, confided the permanence of its glory to a tutelary goddess, and her wisest legislator spoke of Meditation as a nymph.

In Sparta, thought, in this respect as all others, was expressed in the characters of real life, and the women of Sparta were as much Spartans as the men. The Citoyen, Citoyenne, of France, was here actualized. Was not the calm equality they enjoyed well worth the honors of chivalry? They intelligently shared the ideal life of their nation.

Generally, we are told of these nations, that women occupied there a very subordinate position in actual life. It is difficult to believe this, when we see such range and dignity of thought on the subject in the mythologies, and find the poets producing such ideals as Cassandra, Iphigenia, Antigone, Macaria, (though it is not unlike our own day, that men should revere those heroines of their great princely houses at theatres from which their women were excluded,) where Sibylline priestesses told the oracle of the highest god, and he could not be content to reign with a court of less than nine Muses. Even Victory wore a female form.

But whatever were the facts of daily life, I cannot complain of the age and nation, which represents its thought by such a symbol as I see before me at this moment. It is a zodiac of the busts of gods and goddesses, arranged in pairs. The circle breathes the music of a heavenly order. Male and female heads are distinct in expression, but equal in beauty, strength, and calmness. Each male head is that of a brother and a king, each female of a sister and a queen. Could the thought, thus expressed, be lived out, there would be nothing more to be desired. There would be unison in variety, congeniality in difference.

Coming nearer our own time, we find religion and poetry no less true in their revelations. The rude man, but just disengaged from the sod, the Adam, accuses woman to his God, and records her disgrace to their posterity. He is not ashamed to write that he could be drawn from heaven by one beneath him. But in the same nation, educated by time, instructed by successive prophets, we find woman in as high a position as she has ever occupied. And no figure, that has ever arisen to greet our eyes, has been received with more fervent reverence than that of the Madonna. Heine calls her the Dame du Comptoir of the Catholic Church, and this jeer well expresses a serious truth.

And not only this holy and significant image was worshipped by the pilgrim, and the favorite subject of the artist, but it exercised an immediate influence on the destiny of the sex. The empresses, who embraced the cross, converted sons and husbands. Whole calendars of female saints, heroic dames of chivalry, binding the emblem of faith on the heart of the best beloved, and
wasting the bloom of youth in separation and loneliness, for the sake of duties they thought it
religion to assume, with innumerable forms of poesy, trace their lineage to this one. Nor, however
imperfect may be the action, in our day, of the faith thus expressed, and though we can scarcely
think it nearer this ideal than that of India or Greece was near their ideal, is it in vain that the truth
has been recognised, that woman is not only a part of man, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh,
born that men might not be lonely, but in themselves possessors of and possessed by immortal
souls. This truth undoubtedly received a greater outward stability from the belief of the church, that
the earthly parent of the Saviour of souls was a woman.

The Assumption of the Virgin, as painted by sublime artists, Petrarch's Hymn to the Madonna
cannot have spoken to the world wholly without result, yet oftentimes those who had ears heard
not.

Thus, the Idea of woman has not failed to be often and forcibly represented. So many instances
throng on the mind, that we must stop here, lest the catalogue be swelled beyond the reader's
patience.

Neither can she complain that she has not had her share of power. This, in all ranks of society,
except the lowest, has been hers to the extent that vanity could crave, far beyond what wisdom
would accept. In the very lowest, where man, pressed by poverty, sees in woman only the partner of
toils and cares, and cannot hope, scarcely has an idea of a comfortable home, he maltreats her,
often, and is less influenced by her. In all ranks, those who are amiable and uncomplaining, suffer
much. They suffer long, and are kind; verily they have their reward. But wherever man is
sufficiently raised above extreme poverty, or brutal stupidity, to care for the comforts of the
fireside, or the bloom and ornament of life, woman has always power enough, if she choose to exert
it, and is usually disposed to do so in proportion to her ignorance and childish vanity. Unacquainted
with the importance of life and its purposes, trained to a selfish coquetry and love of petty power,
she does not look beyond the pleasure of making herself felt at the moment, and governments are
shaken and commerce broken up to gratify the pique of a female favorite. The English shopkeeper's
wife does not vote, but it is for her interest that the politician canvasses by the coarsest flattery.
France suffers no woman on her throne, but her proud nobles kiss the dust at the feet of
Pompadour and Dubarry, for such are in the lighted foreground where a Roland would modestly aid
in the closet. Spain shuts up her women in the care of duennas, and allows them no book but the
Breviary; but the ruin follows only the more surely from the worthless favorite of a worthless
queen.

It is not the transient breath of poetic incense, that women want; each can receive that from a lover.
It is not life-long sway; it needs but to become a coquette, a shrew, or a good cook to be sure of that.
It is not money, nor notoriety, nor the badges of authority, that men have appropriated to
themselves. If demands made in their behalf lay stress on any of these particulars, those who make
them have not searched deeply into the need. It is for that which at once includes all these and
precludes them; which would not be forbidden power, lest there be temptation to steal and misuse
it; which would not have the mind perverted by flattery from a worthiness of esteem. It is for that
which is the birthright of every being capable to receive it,—the freedom, the religious, the
intelligent freedom of the universe, to use its means, to learn its secret as far as nature has enabled
them, with God alone for their guide and their judge.

Ye cannot believe it, men; but the only reason why women ever assume what is more appropriate
to you, is because you prevent them from finding out what is fit for themselves. Were they free,
were they wise fully to develop the strength and beauty of woman, they would never wish to be men, or manlike. The well-instructed moon flies not from her orbit to seize on the glories of her partner. No; for she knows that one law rules, one heaven contains, one universe replies to them alike. It is with women as with the slave.

Vor dem Sklaven, wenn er die Kette bricht,
Vor dem freien Menschen erzittert nicht.

Tremble not before the free man, but before the slave who has chains to break. [Schiller, "Woods of Faith"]

In slavery, acknowledged slavery, women are on a par with men. Each is a work-tool, an article of property-no more! In perfect freedom, such as is painted in Olympus, in Swedenborg's angelic state, in the heaven where there is no marrying nor giving in marriage, each is a purified intelligence, an enfranchised soul,-no less!

Jene himmlissche Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib. [Goethe]

The child who sang this was a prophetic form, expressive of the longing for a state of perfect freedom, pure love. She could not remain here, but was transplanted to another air. And it may be that the air of this earth will never be so tempered, that such can bear it long. But, while they stay, they must bear testimony to the truth they are constituted to demand.

That an era approaches which shall approximate nearer to such a temper than any has yet done, there are many tokens, indeed so many that only a few of the most prominent can here be enumerated.

The reigns of Elizabeth of England and Isabella of Castile foreboded this era. They expressed the beginning of the new state, while they forwarded its progress. These were strong characters, and in harmony with the wants of their time. One showed that this strength did not a woman for the duties of a wife and mother; the other, that it could enable her to live and die alone. Elizabeth is certainly no pleasing example. In rising above the weakness, she did not lay aside the weaknesses ascribed to her sex; but her strength must be respected now, as it was in her own time.

We may accept it as an omen for ourselves, that it was Isabella who furnished Columbus with the means of coming hither. This land must back its debt to woman, without whose aid it would not have been brought into alliance with the civilized world.

The influence of Elizabeth on literature was real, though, by sympathy with its finer productions, she was no more entitled to give name to an era than Queen Anne. It was simply that the fact of a female sovereign on the throne affected the course of a writer's thoughts. In this sense, the presence of a woman on the throne always makes its mark. Life is lived before the eyes of all men, and their imaginations are stimulated as to the possibilities of woman. "We will die for our King, Maria Theresa," cry the wild warriors, clashing their swords, and the sounds vibrate through the poems of that generation. The range of female character in Spenser alone might content us for
one period. Britomart and Belphoebe have as much room in the canvass as Florimel; and where this
is the case, the haughtiest Amazon will not murmur that Una should be felt to be the highest type.

Unlike as was the English Queen to a fairy queen, we may yet conceive that it was the image
of a queen before the poet's mind, that called up this splendid court of women.

Shakespeare's range is also great, but he has left out the heroic characters, such as the Macaria of
Greece, the Britomart of Spenser. Ford and Massinger have, in this respect, shown a higher
flight of feeling than he. It was the holy and heroic woman they most loved, and if they could not
paint an Imogen, a Desdemona, a Rosalind, yet in those of a stronger mould, they showed a
higher ideal, though with so much less poetic power to represent it, than we see
in Portia or Isabella. The simple truth of Cordelia is neither male nor female; it is the beauty of
virtue.

The ideal of love and marriage rose high in the mind of all the Christian nations who were capable
of grave and deep feeling. We may take as examples of its English aspect, the lines,

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more. [Richard Lovelace]

The address of the Commonwealth's man to his wife as she looked out from the Tower window to
see him for the last time on his way to execution. "He stood up in the cart, waved his hat, and cried,"To Heaven, my love, to Heaven! and leave you in the storm!"

Such was the love of faith and honor, a love which stopped, like Colonel Hutchinson's, "on this
side idolatry," because it was religious. The meeting of two such souls Donne describes
as giving birth to an "abler soul."

Lord Herbert wrote to his love,

Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them such.

In Spain the same thought is arrayed in a sublimity, which belongs to the sombre and passionate
genius of the nation. Calderon's Justina resists all the temptation of the Demon, and raises her
lover with her above the sweet lures of mere temporal happiness. Their marriage is vowed at the
stake, their souls are liberated together by the martyr flame into "a purer state of sensation and
existence.

In Italy, the great poets wove into their lives an ideal love which answered to the highest wants. It
included those of the intellect and the affections, for it was a love of spirit for spirit. It was not
ascetic and superhuman, but interpreting all things, gave their proper beauty to details of the
common life, the common day; the poet spoke of his love not as a flower to place in his bosom, or
hold carelessly in his hand, but as a light towards which he must find wings to fly, or "a stair to
heaven." He delighted to speak of her not only as the bride of his heart, but the mother of his soul,
for he saw that, in cases where the right direction has been taken, the greater delicacy of her frame,
and stillness of her life, left her more open to spiritual influx than man is. So he did not look upon
her as betwixt him and earth, to serve his temporal needs, but rather betwixt him and heaven, to
purify his affections and lead him to wisdom through her pure love. He sought in her not so much the Eve as the Madonna.

In these minds the thought, which glitters in all the legends of chivalry shines in broad intellectual effulgence, not to be misinterpreted. And their thought is reverenced by the world, though it lies so far from them as yet, so far, that it seems as though a gulf of Death lay between.

Even with such men the practice was often widely different from the mental faith. I say mental, for if the heart were thoroughly alive with it, the practice could not be dissonant. Lord Herbert's was a marriage of convention, made for him at fifteen; he was not discontented with it, but looked only to the advantages it brought of perpetuating his family on the basis of a great fortune. He paid, in act, what he considered a dutiful attention to the bond; his thoughts travelled elsewhere, and, while forming a high ideal of the companionship of minds in marriage, he seems never to have doubted that its realization must be postponed to some other stage of being. Dante, almost immediately after the death of Beatrice, married a lady chosen for him by his friends.

Centuries have passed since, but civilized Europe is still in a transition state about marriage, not only in practice, but in thought. A great majority of societies and individuals are still doubtful whether earthly marriage is to be a union of souls, or merely a contract of convenience and utility. Were woman established in the rights of an immortal being, this could not be. She would not in some countries be given away by her father, with scarcely more respect for her own feelings than is shown by the Indian chief, who sells his daughter for a horse, and beats her if she runs away from her new home. Nor, in societies where her choice is left free, would she be perverted, by the current of opinion that seizes her, into the belief that she must marry, if it be only to find a protector, and a home of her own.

Neither would man, if he thought that the connection was of permanent importance, enter upon it so lightly. He would not deem it a trifle, that he was to enter into the closest relations with another soul, which, if not eternal in themselves, must eternally affect his growth.

Neither, did he believe woman capable of friendship, would he, by rash haste, lose the chance of finding a friend in the person who might, probably, live half a century by his side. Did love to his mind partake of infinity, he would not miss his chance of its revelations, that he might the sooner rest from his weariness by a bright fireside, and have a sweet and graceful attendant, "devoted to him alone." Were he a step higher, he would not carelessly enter into a relation, where he might not be able to do the duty of a friend, as well as a protector from external ill, to the other party, and have a being in his power pining for sympathy, intelligence, and aid, that he could not give.

Where the thought of equality has become pervasive, it shows itself in four kinds.

The household partnership. In our country the woman looks for a "smart but kind" husband, the man for a "capable, sweet-tempered" wife.

The man furnishes the house, the woman regulates it. Their relation is one of mutual esteem, mutual dependence. Their talk is of business, their affection shows itself by practical kindness. They know that life goes more smoothly and cheerfully to each for the other's aid; they are grateful and content. The wife praises her husband as a "good provider," the husband in return compliments her as a "capital housekeeper." This relation is good as far as it goes.
Next comes a closer tie which takes the two forms, either of intellectual companionship, or mutual idolatry. The last, we suppose, is to no one a pleasing subject of contemplation. The parties weaken and narrow one another; they lock the gate against all the glories of the universe that they may live in a cell together. To themselves they seem the only wise, to all others steeped in infatuation, the gods smile as they look forward to the crisis of cure, to men the woman seems an unlovely syren, to women the man an effeminate boy.

The other form, of intellectual companionship, has become more and more frequent. Men engaged in public life, literary men, and artists have often found in their wives companions and confidants in thought no less than in feeling. And, as in the course of things the intellectual development of woman has spread wider and risen higher, they have, not unfrequently, shared the same employment. As in the case of Roland and his wife, who were friends in the household and the nation’s councils, read together, regulated home affairs, or prepared public documents together indifferently”

It is very pleasant, in letters begun by Roland and finished by his wife, to see the harmony of mind and the difference of nature, one thought, but various ways of treating it.

This is one of the best instances of a marriage of friendship. It was only friendship, whose basis was esteem; probably neither party knew love, except by name.

Roland was a good man, worthy to esteem and be esteemed, his wife as deserving of admiration as able to do without it. Madame Roland is the fairest specimen we have yet of her class, as clear to discern her aim, as valiant to pursue it, as Spenser’s Britomart, austerely set apart from all that did not belong to her, whether as woman or as mind. She is an antetype of a class to which the coming time will afford a field, the Spartan matron, brought by the culture of a book-furnishing age to intellectual consciousness and expansion.

Self-sufficing strength and clear-sightedness were in her combined with a power of deep and calm affection. The page of her life is one of unsullied dignity.

Her appeal to posterity is one against the injustice of those who committed such crimes in the name of liberty. She makes it in behalf of herself and her husband. I would put beside it on the shelf a little volume, containing a similar appeal from the verdict of contemporaries to that of mankind, that of Godwin in behalf of his wife, the celebrated, the by most men detested Mary Wolstonecraft. In his view it was an appeal from the injustice of those who did such wrong in the name of virtue.

Were this little book interesting for no other cause, it would be so for the generous affection evinced under the peculiar circumstances. This man had courage to love and honor this woman in the face of the world’s verdict, and of all that was repulsive in her own past history. He believed he saw of what soul she was, and that the thoughts she had struggled to act out were noble. He loved her and he defended her for the meaning and intensity of her inner life. It was a good fact.

Mary Wolstonecraft, like Madame Dudevant (commonly known as George Sand) in our day, was a woman whose existence better proved the need of some new interpretation of woman’s rights, than anything she wrote. Such women as these, rich in genius, of most tender sympathies, and capable of high virtue and a chastened harmony, ought not to find themselves by birth in a place so narrow, that in breaking bonds they become outlaws. Were there as much room in the world for such, as in Spenser’s poem for Britomart, they would not run their heads so wildly against
its laws. They find their way at last to purer air, but the world will not take off the brand it has set upon them. The champion of the rights of woman found in Godwin, one who pleads her own cause like a brother. George Sand smokes, wears male attire, wishes to be addressed as Mon frère; perhaps, if she found those who were as brothers indeed, she would not care whether she were brother or sister.

We rejoice to see that she, who expresses such a painful contempt for men in most of her works, as shows she must have known great wrong from them, in La Roche Mauprat depicting one raised, by the workings of love, from the depths of savage sensualism to a moral and intellectual life. It was love for a pure object, for a steadfast woman, one of those who, the Italian said, could make the stair to heaven.

Women like Sand will speak now, and cannot be silenced; their characters and their eloquence alike foretell an era when such as they shall easier learn to lead true lives. But though such forebode, not such shall be the parents of it. Those who would reform the world must show that they do not speak in the heat of wild impulse; their lives must be unstained by passionate error; they must be severe lawgivers to themselves. As to their transgressions and opinions, it may be observed, that the resolve of Eloisa to be only the mistress of Abelard, was that of one who saw the contract of marriage a seal of degradation. Wherever abuses of this sort are seen, the timid will suffer, the bold protest. But society is in the right to outlaw them till she has revised her law, and she must be taught to do so, by one who speaks with authority, not in anger and haste.

If Godwin's choice of the calumniated authoress of the "Rights of Woman," for his honored wife, be a sign of a new era, no less so is an article of great learning and eloquence, published several years since in an English review, where the writer, in doing full justice to Eloisa, shows his bitter regret that she lives not how to love him, who might have known better how to prize her love than did the egotistical Abelard.

These marriages, these characters, with all their imperfections, express an onward tendency. They speak of aspiration of soul, of energy of mind, seeking clearness and freedom. Of a like promise are the tracts now publishing by Goodwyn Barmby (the European Pariah as he calls himself) and his wife Catharine. Whatever we may think of their measures, we see them in wedlock, the two minds are wed by the only contract that can permanently avail, of a common faith, and a common purpose.

We might mention instances, nearer home, of minds, partners in work and in life, sharing together, on equal terms, public and private interests, and which have not on any side that aspect of offence which characterizes the attitude of the last named; persons who steer straight onward, and in our freer life have not been obliged to run their heads against any wall. But the principles which guide them might, under petrified or oppressive institutions, have made them warlike, paradoxical, or, in some sense, Pariahs. The phenomenon is different, the law the same, in all these cases. Men and women have been obliged to build their house from the very foundation. If they found stone ready in the quarry, they took it peaceably, otherwise they alarmed the country by pulling down old towers to get materials.

These are all instances of marriage as intellectual companionship. The parties meet mind to mind, and a mutual trust is excited which can buckler them against a million. They work together for a common purpose, and, in all these instances, with the same implement, the pen.
A pleasing expression in this kind is afforded by the union in the names of the Howitts. William and Mary Howitt we heard named together for years, supposing them to be brother and sister; the equality of labors and reputation, even so, was auspicious, more so, now we find them man and wife. In his late work on Germany, Howitt mentions his wife with pride, as one among the constellation of distinguished English women, and in a graceful, simple manner.

In naming these instances we do not mean to imply that community of employment is an essential to union of this sort, more than to the union of friendship. Harmony exists no less in difference than in likeness, if only the same key-note govern both parts. Woman the poem, man the poet; woman the heart, man the head; such divisions are only important when they are never to be transcended. If nature is never bound down, nor the voice of inspiration stifled, that is enough. We are pleased that women should write and speak, if they feel the need of it, from having something to tell; but silence for a hundred years would be as well, if that silence be from divine command, and not from man's tradition.

While Goetz von Berlichingen rides to battle, his wife is busy in the kitchen; but difference of occupation does not prevent that community of life, that perfect esteem, with which he says,

Whom God loves, to him gives he such a wife!

Manzoni thus dedicates his Adelchi.

To his beloved and venerated wife, Enrichetta Luigia Blondel, who, with conjugal affections and maternal wisdom, has preserved a virgin mind, the author dedicates this Adelchi grieving that he could not, by a more splendid and more durable monument, honor the dear name and the memory of so many virtues.

The relation could not be fairer, nor more equal, if she too had written poems. Yet the position of the parties might have been the reverse as well; the woman might have sung the deeds, given voice to the life of the man, and beauty would have been the result, as we see in pictures of Arcadia the nymph singing to the shepherds, or the shepherd with his pipe allures the nymphs, either makes a good picture. The sounding lyre requires not muscular strength, but energy of soul to animate the hand which can control it. Nature seems to delight in varying her arrangements, as if to show that she will be fettered by no rule, and we must admit the same varieties that she admits.

I have not spoken of the higher grade of marriage union, the religious, which may be expressed as pilgrimage towards a common shrine. This includes the others; home sympathies, and household wisdom, for these pilgrims must know how to assist one another to carry their burdens along the dusty way; intellectual communion, for how sad it would be on such a journey to have a companion to whom you could not communicate thoughts and aspirations, as they sprang to life, who would have no feeling for the more and more glorious prospects that open as we advance, who would never see the flowers that may be:gathered by the most industrious traveler. It must include all these. Such a fellow pilgrim Count Zinzendorf seems to have found in his countess of whom he thus writes.

Twenty-five years' experience has shown me that just the help-mate whom I have is the only one that could suit my vocation. Who else could have so carried through my family affairs? Who lived so spotlessly before the world? Who so wisely aided me in my rejection of a dry moralit?! Who so clearly set aside the Pharisaism which, as years passed, threatened to creep in among us? Who so
deeply discerned as to the spirits of delusion which sought to bewilder us? Who would have governed my whole economy so wisely, richly, and hospitably when circumstances commanded? Who have taken indifferently the part of servant or mistress, without on the one side affecting an especial spirituality, on the other being sullied by any worldly pride? Who, in a community where all ranks are eager to be on a level, would, from wise and real causes, have known how to maintain inward and outward distinctions? Who, without a murmur, have seen her husband encounter such dangers by land and sea? Who undertaken with him and sustained such astonishing pilgrimages! Who amid such difficulties always held up her head, and supported me? Who found so many hundred thousands and acquitted them on her own credit? And, finally, who, of all human beings, would so well understand and interpret to others my inner and outer being as this one, of such nobleness in her way of thinking, such great intellectual capacity, and free from the theological perplexities that enveloped me?

An observer adds this testimony.

We may in many marriages regard it as the best arrangement, if the man has so much advantage over his wife that she can, without much thought of her own, be, by him, led and directed, as by a father. But it was not so with the Count and his consort. She was not made to be a copy; she was an original; and, while she loved and honored him, she thought for herself on all subjects with so much intelligence, that he could and did look on her as a sister and friend also.

Such a woman is the sister and friend of all beings, as the worthy man is their brother and helper.

Another sign of the time is furnished by the triumphs of female authorship. These have been great and constantly increasing. They have taken possession of so many provinces for which men had pronounced them unfit, that though these still declare there are some inaccessible to them, it is difficult to say just where they must stop.

The shining names of famous women have cast light upon the path of the sex, and many obstructions have been removed. When a Montague could learn better than her brother, and use her lore to such purpose afterwards as an observer, it seemed amiss to hinder women from preparing themselves to see, or from seeing all they could when prepared. Since Somerville has achieved so much, will any young girl be prevented from attaining a knowledge of the physical sciences, if she wishes it? De Stael’s name was not so clear of offence; she could not forget the woman in the thought; while she was instructing you as a mind, she wished to be admired as a woman. Sentimental tears often dimmed the eagle glance. Her intellect, too, with all its splendor, trained in a drawing room, fed on flattery, was tainted and flawed; yet its beams make the obscurest school house in New England warmer and lighter to the little rugged girls, who are gathered together on its wooden bench. They may never through life hear her name, but she is not the less their benefactress.

This influence has been such that the aim certainly is, how, in arranging school instruction for girls, to give them as fair a field as boys. These arrangements are made as yet with little judgment or intelligence, just as the tutors of Jane Grey, and the other famous women of her time, taught them Latin and Greek, because they knew nothing else themselves, so now the improvement in the education of girls is made by giving them gentlemen as teachers, who only teach what has been caught themselves at college, while methods and topics need revision for those new cases, which could better be made by those who had experienced the same wants. Women are often at the head of these institutions, but they have as yet seldom been thinking women, capable to organize a new
whole for the wants of the time, and choose persons to officiate in the departments. And when some portion of education is got of a good sort from the school, the tone of society, the much larger proportion received from the world, contradicts its purport. Yet books have not been furnished, and a little elementary instruction been given in vain. Women are better aware how large and rich the universe is, not so easily blinded by the narrowness and partial views of a home circle.

Whether much or little has or will be done, whether women will add to the talent of narration, the power of systematizing, whether they will carve marble as well as draw, is not important. But that it should be acknowledged that they have intellect which needs developing, that they should not be considered complete, if beings of affection and habit alone, is important.

Yet even this acknowledgment, rather obtained by woman than proffered by man, has been sullied by the usual selfishness. So much is said of women being better educated that they may be better companions and mothers of men! They should be fit for such companionship, and we have mentioned with satisfaction instances where it has been established. Earth knows no fairer, holier relation than that of a mother. But a being of infinite scope must not be treated with an exclusive view to any one relation. Give the soul free course, let the organization be freely developed, and the being will be fit for any and every relation to which it may be called. The intellect, no more than the sense of hearing, is to be cultivated, that she may be a more valuable companion to man, but because the Power who gave a power by its mere existence signifies that it must be brought out towards perfection.

In this regard, of self-dependence and a greater simplicity and fulness of being, we must hail as a preliminary the increase of the class contemptuously designated as old maids.

We cannot wonder at the aversion with which old bachelors and old maids have been regarded. Marriage is the natural means of forming a sphere, of taking root on the earth: it requires more strength to do this without such an opening, very many have failed of this, and their imperfections have been in every one’s way. They have been more partial, more harsh, more officious and impertinent than others. Those, who have a complete experience of the human instincts, have a distrust as to whether they can be thoroughly human and humane, such as is hinted at in the saying, "Old maids’ and bachelors’ children are well cared for," which derides at once their ignorance and their presumption.

Yet the business of society has become so complex, that it could now scarcely be carried on without the presence of these despised auxiliaries, and detachments from the army of aunts and uncles are wanted to stop gaps in every hedge. They rove about, mental and moral Ishmaelites, pitching their tents amid the fixed and ornamented habitations of men.

They thus gain a wider, if not so deep, experience. They are not so intimate with others, but thrown more upon themselves, and if they do not there find peace and incessant life, there is none to flatter them that they are not very poor and very mean.

A position, which so constantly admonishes, may be of inestimable benefit. The person may gain, undistracted by other relationships, a closer communion with the One. Such a use is made of it by saints and sibyls. Or she may be one of the lay sisters of charity, or more humbly only the useful drudge of all men, or the intellectual interpreter of the varied life she sees.
Or she may combine all these. Not "needing to care that she may please a husband," a frail and limited being, all her thoughts may turn to the centre, and by steadfast contemplation enter into the secret of truth and love, use it for the use of all men, instead of a chosen few, and interpret through it all the forms of life.

Saints and geniuses have often chosen a lonely position, in the faith that, if undisturbed by the pressure of near ties they could give themselves up to the inspiring spirit, it would enable them to understand and reproduce life better than actual experience could.

How many old maids take this high stand, we cannot say; it is an unhappy fact that too many of those who come before the eye are gossips rather, and not always good-natured gossips. But, if these abuse, and none make the best of their vocation, yet, it has nor failed to produce some good fruit. It has been seen by others, if not by themselves, that beings likely to be left alone need to be fortified and furnished within themselves, and education and thought have tended more and more to regard beings as related to absolute Being, as well as to other men. It has been seen that as the loss of no bond ought to destroy a human being, so ought the missing of none to hinder him from growing. And thus a circumstance of the time has helped to put woman on the true platform. Perhaps the next generation will look deeper into this matter, and find that contempt is put on old maids, or old women at all, merely because they do not use the elixir which will keep the soul always young. No one thinks of Michael Angelo's Persicnan Sibyl, or St. Theresa, or Tasso's Leonora, or the Greek Electra as an old maid, though all had reached the period in life's course appointed to take that degree.

Even among the North American Indians, a race of men as completely engaged in mere instinctive life as almost any in the world, and where each chief, keeping many wives as useful servants, of course looks with no kind eye on celibacy in woman, it was excused in the following instance mentioned by Mrs. Jameson. A woman dreamt in youth that she was betrothed to the sun. She built her a wigwam apart, filled it with emblems of her alliance and means of an independent life. There she passed her days, sustained by her own exertions, and true to her supposed engagement.

In any tribe, we believe, a woman, who lived as if she was betrothed to the sun, would be tolerated, and the rays which made her youth blossom sweetly would crown her with a halo in age.

There is on this subject a nobler view than heretofore, if not the noblest, and we greet improvement here, as much as on the subject of marriage. Both are fertile themes, but time permits not here to explore them.

If larger intellectual resources begin to be deemed necessary to woman, still more is a spiritual dignity in her, or even the mere assumption of it listened to with respect. Joanna Southcote, and Mother Ann Lee are sure of a band of disciples; Ecstatica, Dolorosa, of enraptured believers who will visit them in their lowly huts, and wait for hours to revere them in their trances. The foreign noble traverses land and sea to hear a few words from the lips of the lowly peasant girl, whom he believes specially visited by the Most High. Very beautiful in this way was the influence of the invalid of St. Petersburg, as described by De Maistre.

To this region, however misunderstood, and ill-developed, belong the phenomena of Magnetism, or Mesmerism, as it is now often called, where the trance of the Ecstatica purports to be produced by the agency of one human being on another, instead of, as in her case, direct from the spirit.
The worldling has his sneer here as about the services of religion. "The churches can always be filed with women." "Show me a man in one of your magnetic states, and I will believe."

Women are indeed the easy victims of priestcraft, or self-delusion, but this might not be, if the intellect was developed in proportion to the other powers. They would then have a regulator and be in better equipoise, yet must retain the same nervous susceptibility, while their physical structure is such as it is.

It is with just that hope, that we welcome everything that tends to strengthen the fibre and develop the nature on more sides. When the intellect and affections are in harmony, when intellectual consciousness is calm and deep, inspiration will not be confounded with fancy.

The electrical, the magnetic element in woman has not been fairly developed at any period. Everything might be expected from it; she has far more of it than man. This is commonly expressed by saying that her intuitions are more rapid and more correct.

But I cannot enlarge upon this here, except to say that on this side is highest promise. Should I speak of it fully, my title should Cassandra, my topic the Seeress of Prevorst, the first, or the best served subject of magnetism in our times, and who, like her ancestresses at Delphos, was roused to ecstasy or phrenzy by the touch of the laurel.

In such cases worldlings sneer, but reverent men learn wondrous news, either from the person observed, or by the thoughts caused in themselves by the observation. Fenelon learns from Guyon, Kerner from his Seeress what we fain would know. But to appreciate such disclosures one must be a child, and here the phrase, "women children," may perhaps be interpreted aright, that only little child shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.

All these motions of the time, tides that betoken a waxing moon, overflow upon our own land. The world at large is readier to let woman learn and manifest the capacities of her nature than it ever was before, and here is a less encumbered field, and freer air than anywhere else. And it ought to be so; we ought to pay for Isabella's jewels.

The names of nations are feminine. Religion, Virtue, and Victory are feminine. To those who have a superstition as to outward signs it is not without significance that the name of the Queen of our mother-land should at this crisis be Victoria. Victoria the First. Perhaps to us it may be given to disclose the era there outwardly presaged.

Women here are much better situated than men. Good books are allowed with more time to read them. They are not so early forced into the bustle of life, nor so weighed down by demands for outward success. The perpetual changes, incident to our society, make the blood circulate freely through the body politic, and, if not favorable at present to the grace and bloom of life, they are so to activity, resource, and would be to reflection but for a low materialist tendency, from which the women are generally exempt.

They have time to think, and no traditions chain them, and few conventionalities compared with what must be met in other nations. There is no reason why the fact of a constant revelation should be hid from them, and when the mind once is awakened by that, it will not be restrained by the past, but fly to seek the seeds of a heavenly future.
Their employments are more favorable to the inward life than those of the men.

Woman is not addressed religiously here, more than elsewhere. She is told to be worthy to be the mother of a Washington, or the companion of some good man. But in many, many instances, she has already learnt that all bribes have the same flaw; that truth and good are to be sought for themselves alone. And already an ideal sweetness floats over many forms, shines in many eyes.

Already deep questions are put by young girls on the great theme, What shall I do to inherit eternal life?

Men are very courteous to them. They praise them often, check them seldom. There is some chivalry in the feelings towards "the ladies," which gives them the best seats in the stage-coach, frequent admission not only to lectures of all sorts, but to courts of justice, halls of legislature, reform conventions. The newspaper editor "would be better pleased that the Lady's Book were filled up exclusively by ladies. It would, then, indeed, be a true gem, worthy to be presented by young men to the mistresses of their affections." Can gallantry go farther?

In this country is venerated, wherever seen, the character which Goethe spoke of as an Ideal. "The excellent woman is she, who, if the husband dies, can be a father to the children." And this, if rightly read, tells a great deal.

Women who speak in public, if they have a moral power, such as has been felt from Angelina Grimke and Abby Kelly, that is, if they speak for conscience' sake, to serve a cause which they hold sacred, invariably subdue the prejudices of their hearers, and excite an interest proportionate to the aversion with which it had been the purpose to regard them.

A passage in a private letter so happily illustrates this, that I take the liberty to make use of it, though there is not opportunity to ask leave either of the writer or owner of the letter. I think they will pardon me when they see it in print; it is so good, that as many as possible should have the benefit of it.

Abby Kelly in the Town-House of ---

The scene was not unheroic,—to see that woman, true to humanity and her own nature, a centre of rude eyes and tongues, even gentlemen feeling licensed to make part of a species of mob around a female out of her sphere. As she took her seat in the desk amid the great noise, and in the throng full, like a wave, of something to ensue, I saw her humanity in a gentleness and unpretension, tenderly open to the sphere around her, and, had she not been supported by the power of the will of genuineness and principle, she would have failed. It led her to prayer, which, in woman especially, is childlike; sensibility and will going to the side of God and looking up to him; and humanity was poured out in aspiration.

She acted like a gentle hero, with her mild decision and womanly calmness. All heroism is mild and quiet and gentle, for it is life and possession, and combativeness and firmness show a want of actualness. She is as earnest, fresh, and simple as when she first entered the crusade. I think she did much good, more than the men in her place could do, for woman feels more as being and reproducing; this brings the subject more into home relations. Men speak through and mostly from intellect, and this addresses itself in others, which creates and is combative.
Not easily shall we find elsewhere, or before this time, any written observations on the same subject, so delicate and profound.

The late Dr. Channing, whose enlarged and tender and religious nature shared every onward impulse of his time, though his thoughts followed his wishes with a deliberative caution, which belonged to his habits and temperament, was greatly interested in these expectations for women. His own treatment of them was absolutely and thoroughly religious. He regarded them as souls, each of which had a destiny of its own, incalculable to other minds, and whose leading it must follow, guided by the light of a private conscience. He had sentiment, delicacy, kindness, taste, but they were all pervaded and ruled by this one thought, that all beings had souls, and must vindicate their own inheritance. Thus all beings were treated by him with an equal, and sweet, though solemn courtesy. The young and unknown, the woman and the child, all felt themselves regarded with an infinite expectation, from which there was no reaction to vulgar prejudice. He demanded of all he met, to use his favorite phrase, "great truths."

His memory, every way dear and reverend, is by many especially cherished for this intercourse of unbroken respect.

At one time when the progress of Harriet Martineau through this country, Angelina Grimke’s appearance in public, and the visit of Mrs. Jameson had turned his thoughts to this subject, he expressed high hopes as to what the coming era would bring to woman. He had been much pleased with the dignified courage of Mrs. Jameson in taking up the defence of her sex, in a way from which women usually shrink, because, if they express themselves on such subjects with sufficient force and clearness to do any good, they are exposed to assaults whose vulgarity makes them painful. In intercourse with such a woman, he had shared her indignation at the base injustice, in many respects, and in many regions done to the sex; and been led to think of it far more than ever before. He seemed to think that he might some time write upon the subject. That his aid is withdrawn from the cause is a subject of great regret, for on this question, as on others, he would have known how to sum up the evidence and take, in the noblest spirit, middle ground. He always furnished a platform on which opposing parties could stand, and look at one another under the influence of his mildness and enlightened candor.

Two younger thinkers, men both, have uttered noble prophecies, auspicious for woman. Kinmont, all whose thoughts tended towards the establishment of the reign of love and peace, thought that the inevitable means of this would be an increased predominance given to the idea of woman. Had he lived longer to see the growth of the peace party, the reforms in life and medical practice which seek to substitute water for wine and drugs, pulse for animal food, he would have been confirmed in his view of the way in which the desired changes are to be effected.

In this connection I must mention Shelley, who, like all men of genius, shared the feminine development, and unlike many, knew it. His life was one of the first pulse-beats in the present reform-growth. He, too, abhorred blood and heat, and, by his system and his song, tended to reinstate a plant-like gentleness in the development of energy. In harmony with this his ideas of marriage were lofty, and of course no less so of woman, her nature, and destiny.

For woman, if by a sympathy as to outward condition, she is led to aid the enfranchisement of the slave, must no less so, by inward tendency, to favor measures which promise to bring the world more thoroughly and deeply into harmony with her nature. When the lamb takes place of the lion
as the emblem of nations, both women and men will be as children of one spirit, perpetual learners of the word and doers thereof, not hearers only.

A writer in a late number of the New York Pathfinder, in two articles headed "Femality," has uttered a still more pregnant word than any we have named. He views woman truly from the soul, and not from society, and the depth and leading of his thoughts is proportionably remarkable. He views the feminine nature as a harmonizer of the vehement elements, and this has often been hinted elsewhere; but what he expresses most forcibly is the lyrical, the inspiring and inspired apprehensiveness of her being.

Had I room to dwell upon this topic, I could not say anything so precise, so near the heart of the matter, as may be found in that article; but, as it is, I can only indicate, not declare, my view.

There are two aspects of woman's nature, expressed by the ancients as Muse and Minerva. It is the former to which the writer in the Pathfinder looks. It is the latter which Wordsworth has in mind, when he says,

With a placid brow,
Which woman ne'er should forfeit, keep thy vow.

The especial genius of woman I believe to be electrical in movement, intuitive in function, spiritual in tendency. She is great not so easily in classification, or re-creation, as in an instinctive seizure of causes, and a simple breathing out of what she receives that has the singleness of life, rather than the selecting or energizing of art.

More native to her is it to be the living model of the artist, than to set apart from herself any one form in objective reality; more native to inspire and receive the poem than to create it. In so far as soul is in her completely developed, all soul is the same; but as far as it is modified in her as woman, it flows, it breathes, it sings, rather than deposits soil, or finishes work, and that which is especially feminine flushes in blossom the face of earth, and pervades like air and water all this seeming solid globe, daily renewing and purifying its life. Such may be the especially feminine element, spoken of as Femality. But it is no more the order of nature that it should be incarnated pure in any form, than that the masculine energy should exist unmingled with it in any form.

Male and female represent the two sides of the great radical dualism. But, in fact, they are perpetually passing into one another. Fluid hardens to solid, solid rushes to fluid. There is no wholly masculine man, no purely feminine woman.

History jeers at the attempts of physiologists to bind great original laws by the forms which flow from them. They make a rule; they say from observation what can and cannot be. In vain! Nature provides exceptions to every rule. She sends women to battle, and sets Hercules spinning; she enables women to bear immense burdens, cold, and frost; she enables the man, who feels maternal love, to nourish his infant like a mother. Of late she plays still gayer pranks. Not only she deprives organizations, but organs, of a necessary end. She enables people to read with the top of the head, and see with the pit of the stomach. Presently she will make a female Newton, and a male Syren.

Man partakes of the feminine in the Apollo, woman of the Masculine as Minerva.
Let us be wise and not impede the soul. Let her work as she will. Let us have one creative energy, one incessant revelation. Let it take what form it will, and let us not bind it by the past to man or woman, black or white. Jove sprang from Rhea, Pallas from Jove. So let it be.

If it has been the tendency of the past remarks to call woman rather to the Minerva side,—if I, unlike the more generous writer, have spoken from society no less than the soul,—let it be pardoned. It is love that has caused this, love for many incarcerated souls, that might be freed could the idea of religious self-dependence be established in them, could the weakening habit of dependence on others be broken up.

Every relation, every gradation of nature, is incalculably precious, but only to the soul which is poised upon itself, and to whom no loss, no change, can bring dull discord, for it is in harmony with the central soul.

If any individual live too much in relations, so that he becomes a stranger to the resources of his own nature, he falls after a while into a distraction, or imbecility, from which he can only be cured by a time of isolation, which gives the renovating fountains time to rise up. With a society it is the same. Many minds, deprived of the traditional or instinctive means of passing a cheerful existence, must find help in self-impulse or perish. It is therefore that while any elevation, in the view of union, is to be hailed with joy, we shall not decline celibacy as the great fact of the time. It is one from which no vow, no arrangement, can at present save a thinking mind. For now the rowers are pausing on their oars, they wait a change before they can pull together. All tends to illustrate the thought of a wise contemporary. Union is only possible to those who are units. To be fit for relations in time, souls, whether of man or woman, must be able to do without them in the spirit.

It is therefore that I would have woman lay aside all thought, such as she habitually cherishes, of being taught and led by men. I would have her, like the Indian girl, dedicate herself to the Sun, the Sun of Truth, and go no where if his beams did not make clear the path. I would have her free from compromise, from complaisance, from helplessness, because I would have her good enough and strong enough to love one and all beings, from the fulness, not the poverty of being.

Men, as at present instructed, will not help this work, because they also are under the slavery of habit. I have seen with delight their poetic impulses. A sister is the fairest ideal, and how nobly Wordsworth, and even Byron, have written of a sister.

There is no sweeter sight than to see a father with his little daughter. Very vulgar men become refined to the eye when leading a little girl by the hand. At that moment the right relation between the sexes seems established, and you feel as if the man would aid in the noblest purpose, if you ask him in behalf of his little daughter. Once two fine figures stood before me, thus. The father of very intellectual aspect, his falcon eye softened by affection as he looked down on his fair child, she the image of himself, only more graceful and brilliant in expression. I was reminded of Southey's Kehama, when lo, the dream was rudely broken. They were talking of education, and he said.

"I shall not have Maria brought too forward. If she knows too much, she will never find a husband; superior women hardly ever can."

"Surely," said his wife, with a blush, "you wish Maria to be as good and wise as she can, whether it will help her to marriage or not."
"No," he persisted, "I want her to have a sphere and a home, and some one to protect her when I am gone."

It was a trifling incident, but made a deep impression. I felt that the holiest relations fail to instruct the unprepared and perverted mind. If this man, indeed, would have looked at it on the other side, he was the last that would have been willing to have been taken himself for the home and protection he could give, but would have been much more likely to repeat *the tale of Alcibiades with his phials*.

But men do not look at both sides, and women must leave off asking them and being influenced by them, but retire within themselves, and explore the groundwork of being till they find their peculiar secret. Then when they come forth again, renovated and baptized, they will know how to turn all dross to gold, and will be rich and free though they live in a hut, tranquil, if in a crowd. Then their sweet singing shall not be from passionate impulse, but the lyrical overflow of a divine rapture, and a new music shall be elucidated from this many-chorded world.

Grant her then for a while the armor and the javelin. Let her put from her the press of other minds and meditate in virgin loneliness. The same idea shall reappear in due time as Muse, or Ceres, the all-kindly, patient Earth-Spirit. I tire every one with my Goethean illustrations. But it cannot be helped.

Goethe, the great mind which gave itself absolutely to the leadings of truth, and let rise through him the waves which are still advancing through the century, was its intellectual prophet. Those who know him, see, daily, his thought fulfilled more and more, and they must speak of it, till his name weary and even nauseate, as all great names have in their time. And I cannot spare the reader, if such there be, his wonderful sight as to the prospects and wants of women.

As his *Wilhelm* grows in life and advances in wisdom, he becomes acquainted with women of more and more character, rising from Mariana to Macaria.

Macaria, bound with the heavenly bodies in fixed revolutions, the centre of all relations, herself unrelated, expresses the Minerva side. Mignon, the electrical, inspired lyrical nature.

All these women, though we see them in relations, we can think of as unrelated. They all are very individual, yet seem nowhere restrained. They satisfy for the present, yet arouse an infinite expectation.

The economist Theresa, the benevolent Natalia, the fair Saint, have chosen a path, but their thoughts are not narrowed to it. The functions of life to them are not ends, but suggestions.

Thus to them all things are important, because none is necessary. Their different characters have fair play, and each is beautiful in its minute indications, for nothing is enforced or conventional, but everything, however slight, grows from the essential life of the being.

Mignon and Theresa wear male attire when they like, and it is graceful for them to do so, while Macaria is confined to her arm chair behind the green curtain, and the Fair Saint could not bear a speck of dust on her robe.
All things are in their places in this little world because all is natural and free, just as "there is room for everything out of doors." Yet all is rounded in by natural harmony which will always arise where Truth and Love are sought in the light of freedom.

Goethe’s book bodes an era of freedom like its own, of "extraordinary generous seeking," and new revelations. New individualities shall be developed in the actual world, which shall advance upon it as gently as the figures come out upon his canvas.

A profound thinker has said "no married woman can represent the female world, for she belongs to her husband. The idea of woman must be represented by a virgin."

But that is the very fault of marriage, and of the present relation between the sexes, that the woman does belong to the man, instead of forming a whole with him. Were it otherwise there would be no such limitation to the thought.

Woman, self-centred, would never be absorbed by any relation; it would be only an experience to her as to man. It is a vulgar error that love, a love to woman is her whole existence; she also is born for Truth and Love in their universal energy. Would she but assume her inheritance, Mary would not be the only Virgin Mother. Not Manzoni alone would celebrate in his wife the virgin mind with the maternal wisdom and conjugal affections. The soul is ever young, ever virgin.

And will not she soon appear? The woman who shall vindicate their birthright for all women; who shall teach them what to claim, and how to use what they obtain? Shall not her name be for her era Victoria, for her country and her life Virginia? Yet predictions are rash; she herself must teach us to give her the fitting name.

Harriet Jacobs
Incidents of a Slave Girl
[Transcriber's note: The spelling irregularities of the original have been retained in this etext.]

Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl.
Written by Herself. Linda Brent

"Northerners know nothing at all about Slavery. They think it is perpetual bondage only. They have no conception of the depth of degradation involved in that word, SLAVERY; if they had, they would never cease their efforts until so horrible a system was overthrown." A Woman Of North Carolina. "Rise up, ye women that are at ease! Hear my voice, ye careless daughters! Give ear unto my speech." Isaiah xxxii. 9.

Edited By L. Maria Child.
Boston: Published For The Author. 1861.

Preface By The Author
Reader be assured this narrative is no fiction. I am aware that some of my adventures may seem incredible; but they are, nevertheless, strictly true. I have not exaggerated the wrongs inflicted by Slavery; on the contrary, my descriptions fall far short of the facts. I have concealed the names of places, and given persons fictitious names. I had no motive for secrecy on my own account, but I deemed it kind and considerate towards others to pursue this course. I wish I were more competent to the task I have undertaken. But I trust my readers will excuse deficiencies in consideration of circumstances. I was born and reared in Slavery; and I remained in a Slave State twenty-seven years. Since I have been at the North, it has been necessary for me to work diligently for my own support, and the education of my children. This has not left me much leisure to make up for the loss of early opportunities to improve myself; and it has compelled me to write these pages at irregular intervals, whenever I could snatch an hour from household duties. When I first arrived in Philadelphia, Bishop Paine advised me to publish a sketch of my life, but I told him I was altogether incompetent to such an undertaking. Though I have improved my mind somewhat since that time, I still remain of the same opinion; but I trust my motives will excuse what might otherwise seem presumptuous. I have not written my experiences in order to attract attention to myself; on the contrary, it would have been more pleasant to me to have been silent about my own history. Neither do I care to excite sympathy for my own sufferings. But I do earnestly desire to arouse the women of the North to a realizing sense of the condition of two millions of women at the South, still in bondage, suffering what I suffered, and most of them far worse. I want to add my testimony to that of abler pens to convince the people of the Free States what Slavery really is. Only by experience can any one realize how deep, and dark, and foul is that pit of abominations. May the blessing of God rest on this imperfect effort in behalf of my persecuted people! --_Linda Brent_

Introduction By The Editor

The author of the following autobiography is personally known to me, and her conversation and manners inspire me with confidence. During the last seventeen years, she has lived the greater part of the time with a distinguished family in New York, and has so deported herself as to be highly esteemed by them. This fact is sufficient, without further credentials of her character. I believe those who know her will not be disposed to doubt her veracity, though some incidents in her story are more romantic than fiction. At her request, I have revised her manuscript; but such changes as I have made have been mainly for purposes of condensation and orderly arrangement. I have not added any thing to the incidents, or changed the import of her very pertinent remarks. With trifling exceptions, both the ideas and the language are her own. I pruned excrescences a little, but otherwise I had no reason for changing her lively and dramatic way of telling her own story. The names of both persons and places are known to me; but for good reasons I suppress them. It will naturally excite surprise that a woman reared in Slavery should be able to write so well. But circumstances will explain this. In the first place, nature endowed her with quick perceptions. Secondly, the mistress, with whom she lived till she was twelve years old, was a kind, considerate friend, who taught her to read and spell. Thirdly, she was placed in favorable circumstances after she came to the North; having frequent intercourse with intelligent persons, who felt a friendly interest in her welfare, and were disposed to give her opportunities for self-improvement. I am
well aware that many will accuse me of indecorum for presenting these pages to the public; for the experiences of this intelligent and much-injured woman belong to a class which some call delicate subjects, and others indelicate. This peculiar phase of Slavery has generally been kept veiled; but the public ought to be made acquainted with its monstrous features, and I willingly take the responsibility of presenting them with the veil withdrawn. I do this for the sake of my sisters in bondage, who are suffering wrongs so foul, that our ears are too delicate to listen to them. I do it with the hope of arousing conscientious and reflecting women at the North to a sense of their duty in the exertion of moral influence on the question of Slavery, on all possible occasions. I do it with the hope that every man who reads this narrative will swear solemnly before God that, so far as he has power to prevent it, no fugitive from Slavery shall ever be sent back to suffer in that loathsome den of corruption and cruelty.

-- L. Maria Child

I Childhood

I was born a slave; but I never knew it till six years of happy childhood had passed away. My father was a carpenter, and considered so intelligent and skilful in his trade, that, when buildings out of the common line were to be erected, he was sent for from long distances, to be head workman. On condition of paying his mistress two hundred dollars a year, and supporting himself, he was allowed to work at his trade, and manage his own affairs. His strongest wish was to purchase his children; but, though he several times offered his hard earnings for that purpose, he never succeeded. In complexion my parents were a light shade of brownish yellow, and were termed mulattoes. They lived together in a comfortable home; and, though we were all slaves, I was so fondly shielded that I never dreamed I was a piece of merchandise, trusted to them for safe keeping, and liable to be demanded of them at any moment. I had one brother, William, who was two years younger than myself—a bright, affectionate child. I had also a great treasure in my maternal grandmother, who was a remarkable woman in many respects. She was the daughter of a planter in South Carolina, who, at his death, left her mother and his three children free, with money to go to St. Augustine, where they had relatives. It was during the Revolutionary War; and they were captured on their passage, carried back, and sold to different purchasers. Such was the story my grandmother used to tell me; but I do not remember all the particulars. She was a little girl when she was captured and sold to the keeper of a large hotel. I have often heard her tell how hard she fared during childhood. But as she grew older she evinced so much intelligence, and was so faithful, that her master and mistress could not help seeing it was for their interest to take care of such a valuable piece of property. She became an indispensable personage in the household, officiating in all capacities, from cook and wet nurse to seamstress. She was much praised for her cooking; and her nice crackers became so famous
in the neighborhood that many people were desirous of obtaining them. In consequence of numerous requests of this kind, she asked permission of her mistress to bake crackers at night, after all the household work was done; and she obtained leave to do it, provided she would clothe herself and her children from the profits. Upon these terms, after working hard all day for her mistress, she began her midnight bakings, assisted by her two oldest children. The business proved profitable; and each year she laid by a little, which was saved for a fund to purchase her children. Her master died, and the property was divided among his heirs. The widow had her dower in the hotel which she continued to keep open. My grandmother remained in her service as a slave; but her children were divided among her master's children. As she had five, Benjamin, the youngest one, was sold, in order that each heir might have an equal portion of dollars and cents. There was so little difference in our ages that he seemed more like my brother than my uncle. He was a bright, handsome lad, nearly white; for he inherited the complexion my grandmother had derived from Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Though only ten years old, seven hundred and twenty dollars were paid for him. His sale was a terrible blow to my grandmother, but she was naturally hopeful, and she went to work with renewed energy, trusting in time to be able to purchase some of her children. She had laid up three hundred dollars, which her mistress one day begged as a loan, promising to pay her soon. The reader probably knows that no promise or writing given to a slave is legally binding; for, according to Southern laws, a slave, being property, can hold no property. When my grandmother lent her hard earnings to her mistress, she trusted solely to her honor. The honor of a slaveholder to a slave!

To this good grandmother I was indebted for many comforts. My brother Willie and I often received portions of the crackers, cakes, and preserves, she made to sell; and after we ceased to be children we were indebted to her for many more important services.

Such were the unusually fortunate circumstances of my early childhood. When I was six years old, my mother died; and then, for the first time, I learned, by the talk around me, that I was a slave. My mother's mistress was the daughter of my grandmother's mistress. She was the foster sister of my mother; they were both nourished at my grandmother's breast. In fact, my mother had been weaned at three months old, that the babe of the mistress might obtain sufficient food. They played together as children; and, when they became women, my mother was a most faithful servant to her whiter foster sister. On her death-bed her mistress promised that her children should never suffer for any thing; and during her lifetime she kept her word. They all spoke kindly of my dead mother, who had been a slave merely in name, but in nature was noble and womanly. I grieved for her, and my young mind was troubled with the thought who would now take care of me and my little brother. I was told that my home was now to be with her mistress; and I found it a happy one. No toilsome or disagreeable duties were imposed on me. My mistress was so kind to me that I was always glad to do her bidding, and proud to labor for her as much as my young years would permit. I would sit by her side for hours, sewing diligently, with a heart as free from care as that of any free-born white child. When she thought I was tired, she would send me out to run and jump; and away I bounded, to gather berries or flowers to decorate her room. Those were happy days—too happy to last. The slave child had no
thought for the morrow; but there came that blight, which too surely waits on every human being born to be a chattel.

When I was nearly twelve years old, my kind mistress sickened and died. As I saw the cheek grow paler, and the eye more glassy, how earnestly I prayed in my heart that she might live! I loved her; for she had been almost like a mother to me. My prayers were not answered. She died, and they buried her in the little churchyard, where, day after day, my tears fell upon her grave.

I was sent to spend a week with my grandmother. I was now old enough to begin to think of the future; and again and again I asked myself what they would do with me. I felt sure I should never find another mistress so kind as the one who was gone. She had promised my dying mother that her children should never suffer for any thing; and when I remembered that, and recalled her many proofs of attachment to me, I could not help having some hopes that she had left me free. My friends were almost certain it would be so. They thought she would be sure to do it, on account of my mother's love and faithful service. But, alas! we all know that the memory of a faithful slave does not avail much to save her children from the auction block.

After a brief period of suspense, the will of my mistress was read, and we learned that she had bequeathed me to her sister's daughter, a child of five years old. So vanished our hopes. My mistress had taught me the precepts of God's Word: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." But I was her slave, and I suppose she did not recognize me as her neighbor. I would give much to blot out from my memory that one great wrong. As a child, I loved my mistress; and, looking back on the happy days I spent with her, I try to think with less bitterness of this act of injustice. While I was with her, she taught me to read and spell; and for this privilege, which so rarely falls to the lot of a slave, I bless her memory.

She possessed but few slaves; and at her death those were all distributed among her relatives. Five of them were my grandmother's children, and had shared the same milk that nourished her mother's children. Notwithstanding my grandmother's long and faithful service to her owners, not one of her children escaped the auction block. These God-breathing machines are no more, in the sight of their masters, than the cotton they plant, or the horses they tend.

II. The New Master And Mistress.

Dr. Flint, a physician in the neighborhood, had married the sister of my mistress, and I was now the property of their little daughter. It was not without murmuring that I prepared for my new
home; and what added to my unhappiness, was the fact that my brother William was purchased by the same family. My father, by his nature, as well as by the habit of transacting business as a skillful mechanic, had more of the feelings of a freeman than is common among slaves. My brother was a spirited boy; and being brought up under such influences, he daily detested the name of master and mistress. One day, when his father and his mistress both happened to call him at the same time, he hesitated between the two; being perplexed to know which had the strongest claim upon his obedience. He finally concluded to go to his mistress. When my father reproved him for it, he said, "You both called me, and I didn't know which I ought to go to first."

"You are _my_ child," replied our father, "and when I call you, you should come immediately, if you have to pass through fire and water."

Poor Willie! He was now to learn his first lesson of obedience to a master. Grandmother tried to cheer us with hopeful words, and they found an echo in the credulous hearts of youth.

When we entered our new home we encountered cold looks, cold words, and cold treatment. We were glad when the night came. On my narrow bed I moaned and wept, I felt so desolate and alone.

I had been there nearly a year, when a dear little friend of mine was buried. I heard her mother sob, as the clods fell on the coffin of her only child, and I turned away from the grave, feeling thankful that I still had something left to love. I met my grandmother, who said, "Come with me, Linda;" and from her tone I knew that something sad had happened. She led me apart from the people, and then said, "My child, your father is dead." Dead! How could I believe it? He had died so suddenly I had not even heard that he was sick. I went home with my grandmother. My heart rebelled against God, who had taken from me mother, father, mistress, and friend. The good grandmother tried to comfort me. "Who knows the ways of God?" said she. "Perhaps they have been kindly taken from the evil days to come." Years afterwards I often thought of this. She promised to be a mother to her grandchildren, so far as she might be permitted to do so; and strengthened by her love, I returned to my master's. I thought I should be allowed to go to my father's house the next morning; but I was ordered to go for flowers, that my mistress's house might be decorated for an evening party. I spent the day gathering flowers and weaving them into festoons, while the dead body of my father was lying within a mile of me. What cared my owners for that? he was merely a piece of property. Moreover, they thought he had spoiled his children, by teaching them to feel that they were human beings. This was blasphemous doctrine for a slave to teach; presumptuous in him, and dangerous to the masters.

The next day I followed his remains to a humble grave beside that of my dear mother. There were those who knew my father's worth, and respected his memory.
My home now seemed more dreary than ever. The laugh of the little slave-children sounded harsh and cruel. It was selfish to feel so about the joy of others. My brother moved about with a very grave face. I tried to comfort him, by saying, "Take courage, Willie; brighter days will come by and by."

"You don't know any thing about it, Linda," he replied. "We shall have to stay here all our days; we shall never be free."

I argued that we were growing older and stronger, and that perhaps we might, before long, be allowed to hire our own time, and then we could earn money to buy our freedom. William declared this was much easier to say than to do; moreover, he did not intend to _buy_ his freedom. We held daily controversies upon this subject.

Little attention was paid to the slaves' meals in Dr. Flint's house. If they could catch a bit of food while it was going, well and good. I gave myself no trouble on that score, for on my various errands I passed my grandmother's house, where there was always something to spare for me. I was frequently threatened with punishment if I stopped there; and my grandmother, to avoid detaining me, often stood at the gate with something for my breakfast or dinner. I was indebted to _her_ for all my comforts, spiritual or temporal. It was _her_ labor that supplied my scanty wardrobe. I have a vivid recollection of the linsey-woolsey dress given me every winter by Mrs. Flint. How I hated it! It was one of the badges of slavery.

While my grandmother was thus helping to support me from her hard earnings, the three hundred dollars she had lent her mistress were never repaid. When her mistress died, her son-in-law, Dr. Flint, was appointed executor. When grandmother applied to him for payment, he said the estate was insolvent, and the law prohibited payment. It did not, however, prohibit him from retaining the silver candelabra, which had been purchased with that money. I presume they will be handed down in the family, from generation to generation.

My grandmother's mistress had always promised her that, at her death, she should be free; and it was said that in her will she made good the promise. But when the estate was settled, Dr. Flint told the faithful old servant that, under existing circumstances, it was necessary she should be sold.

On the appointed day, the customary advertisement was posted up, proclaiming that there would be a "public sale of negroes, horses, &c." Dr. Flint called to tell my grandmother that he was unwilling to wound her feelings by putting her up at auction, and that he would prefer to dispose of her at private sale. My grandmother saw through his hypocrisy; she understood very well that he was ashamed of the job. She was a very spirited woman, and if he was base enough
to sell her, when her mistress intended she should be free, she was determined the public should know it. She had for a long time supplied many families with crackers and preserves; consequently, "Aunt Marthy," as she was called, was generally known, and every body who knew her respected her intelligence and good character. Her long and faithful service in the family was also well known, and the intention of her mistress to leave her free. When the day of sale came, she took her place among the chattels, and at the first call she sprang upon the auction-block. Many voices called out, "Shame! Shame! Who is going to sell _you_, aunt Marthy? Don't stand there! That is no place for _you_." Without saying a word, she quietly awaited her fate. No one bid for her. At last, a feeble voice said, "Fifty dollars." It came from a maiden lady, seventy years old, the sister of my grandmother's deceased mistress. She had lived forty years under the same roof with my grandmother; she knew how faithfully she had served her owners, and how cruelly she had been defrauded of her rights; and she resolved to protect her. The auctioneer waited for a higher bid; but her wishes were respected; no one bid above her. She could neither read nor write; and when the bill of sale was made out, she signed it with a cross. But what consequence was that, when she had a big heart overflowing with human kindness? She gave the old servant her freedom.

At that time, my grandmother was just fifty years old. Laborious years had passed since then; and now my brother and I were slaves to the man who had defrauded her of her money, and tried to defraud her of her freedom. One of my mother's sisters, called Aunt Nancy, was also a slave in his family. She was a kind, good aunt to me; and supplied the place of both housekeeper and waiting maid to her mistress. She was, in fact, at the beginning and end of every thing.

Mrs. Flint, like many southern women, was totally deficient in energy. She had not strength to superintend her household affairs; but her nerves were so strong, that she could sit in her easy chair and see a woman whipped, till the blood trickled from every stroke of the lash. She was a member of the church; but partaking of the Lord's supper did not seem to put her in a Christian frame of mind. If dinner was not served at the exact time on that particular Sunday, she would station herself in the kitchen, and wait till it was dished, and then spit in all the kettles and pans that had been used for cooking. She did this to prevent the cook and her children from eking out their meagre fare with the remains of the gravy and other scrapings. The slaves could get nothing to eat except what she chose to give them. Provisions were weighed out by the pound and ounce, three times a day. I can assure you she gave them no chance to eat wheat bread from her flour barrel. She knew how many biscuits a quart of flour would make, and exactly what size they ought to be.

Dr. Flint was an epicure. The cook never sent a dinner to his table without fear and trembling; for if there happened to be a dish not to his liking, he would either order her to be whipped, or compel her to eat every mouthful of it in his presence. The poor, hungry creature might not have objected to eating it; but she did object to having her master cram it down her throat till she choked.
They had a pet dog, that was a nuisance in the house. The cook was ordered to make some Indian mush for him. He refused to eat, and when his head was held over it, the froth flowed from his mouth into the basin. He died a few minutes after. When Dr. Flint came in, he said the mush had not been well cooked, and that was the reason the animal would not eat it. He sent for the cook, and compelled her to eat it. He thought that the woman’s stomach was stronger than the dog’s; but her sufferings afterwards proved that he was mistaken. This poor woman endured many cruelties from her master and mistress; sometimes she was locked up, away from her nursing baby, for a whole day and night.

When I had been in the family a few weeks, one of the plantation slaves was brought to town, by order of his master. It was near night when he arrived, and Dr. Flint ordered him to be taken to the work house, and tied up to the joist, so that his feet would just escape the ground. In that situation he was to wait till the doctor had taken his tea. I shall never forget that night. Never before, in my life, had I heard hundreds of blows fall; in succession, on a human being. His piteous groans, and his "O, pray don’t, massa," rang in my ear for months afterwards. There were many conjectures as to the cause of this terrible punishment. Some said master accused him of stealing corn; others said the slave had quarrelled with his wife, in presence of the overseer, and had accused his master of being the father of her child. They were both black, and the child was very fair.

I went into the work house next morning, and saw the cowhide still wet with blood, and the boards all covered with gore. The poor man lived, and continued to quarrel with his wife. A few months afterwards Dr. Flint handed them both over to a slave-trader. The guilty man put their value into his pocket, and had the satisfaction of knowing that they were out of sight and hearing. When the mother was delivered into the trader’s hands, she said, "You _promised_ to treat me well." To which he replied, "You have let your tongue run too far; damn you!" She had forgotten that it was a crime for a slave to tell who was the father of her child.

From others than the master persecution also comes in such cases. I once saw a young slave girl dying soon after the birth of a child nearly white. In her agony she cried out, "O Lord, come and take me!" Her mistress stood by, and mocked at her like an incarnate fiend.

"You suffer, do you?" she exclaimed. "I am glad of it. You deserve it all, and more too."

The girl's mother said, "The baby is dead, thank God; and I hope my poor child will soon be in heaven, too."

"Heaven!" retorted the mistress. "There is no such place for the like of her and her bastard."
The poor mother turned away, sobbing. Her dying daughter called her, feebly, and as she bent over her, I heard her say, "Don't grieve so, mother; God knows all about it; and HE will have mercy upon me."

Her sufferings, afterwards, became so intense, that her mistress felt unable to stay; but when she left the room, the scornful smile was still on her lips. Seven children called her mother. The poor black woman had but the one child, whose eyes she saw closing in death, while she thanked God for taking her away from the greater bitterness of life.

V. The Trials Of Girlhood.

During the first years of my service in Dr. Flint's family, I was accustomed to share some indulgences with the children of my mistress. Though this seemed to me no more than right, I was grateful for it, and tried to merit the kindness by the faithful discharge of my duties. But I now entered on my fifteenth year—a sad epoch in the life of a slave girl. My master began to whisper foul words in my ear. Young as I was, I could not remain ignorant of their import. I tried to treat them with indifference or contempt. The master's age, my extreme youth, and the fear that his conduct would be reported to my grandmother, made him bear this treatment for many months. He was a crafty man, and resorted to many means to accomplish his purposes. Sometimes he had stormy, terrific ways, that made his victims tremble; sometimes he assumed a gentleness that he thought must surely subdue. Of the two, I preferred his stormy moods, although they left me trembling. He tried his utmost to corrupt the pure principles my grandmother had instilled. He peopled my young mind with unclean images, such as only a vile monster could think of. I turned from him with disgust and hatred. But he was my master. I was compelled to live under the same roof with him—where I saw a man forty years my senior daily violating the most sacred commandments of nature. He told me I was his property; that I must be subject to his will in all things. My soul revolted against the mean tyranny. But where could I turn for protection? No matter whether the slave girl be as black as ebony or as fair as her mistress. In either case, there is no shadow of law to protect her from insult, from violence, or even from death; all these are inflicted by fiends who bear the shape of men. The mistress, who ought to protect the helpless victim, has no other feelings towards her but those of jealousy and rage. The degradation, the wrongs, the vices, that grow out of slavery, are more than I can describe. They are greater than you would willingly believe. Surely, if you credited one half the truths that are told you concerning the helpless millions suffering in this cruel bondage, you at the north would not help to tighten the yoke. You surely would refuse to do for the master, on your own soil, the mean and cruel work which trained bloodhounds and the lowest class of whites do for him at the south.
Every where the years bring to all enough of sin and sorrow; but in slavery the very dawn of life is darkened by these shadows. Even the little child, who is accustomed to wait on her mistress and her children, will learn, before she is twelve years old, why it is that her mistress hates such and such a one among the slaves. Perhaps the child’s own mother is among those hated ones. She listens to violent outbursts of jealous passion, and cannot help understanding what is the cause. She will become prematurely knowing in evil things. Soon she will learn to tremble when she hears her master’s footfall. She will be compelled to realize that she is no longer a child. If God has bestowed beauty upon her, it will prove her greatest curse. That which commands admiration in the white woman only hastens the degradation of the female slave. I know that some are too much brutalized by slavery to feel the humiliation of their position; but many slaves feel it most acutely, and shrink from the memory of it. I cannot tell how much I suffered in the presence of these wrongs, nor how I am still pained by the retrospect. My master met me at every turn, reminding me that I belonged to him, and swearing by heaven and earth that he would compel me to submit to him. If I went out for a breath of fresh air, after a day of unwearied toil, his footsteps dogged me. If I knelt by my mother’s grave, his dark shadow fell on me even there. The light heart which nature had given me became heavy with sad forebodings. The other slaves in my master’s house noticed the change. Many of them pitied me; but none dared to ask the cause. They had no need to inquire. They knew too well the guilty practices under that roof; and they were aware that to speak of them was an offence that never went unpunished.

I longed for some one to confide in. I would have given the world to have laid my head on my grandmother’s faithful bosom, and told her all my troubles. But Dr. Flint swore he would kill me, if I was not as silent as the grave. Then, although my grandmother was all in all to me, I feared her as well as loved her. I had been accustomed to look up to her with a respect bordering upon awe. I was very young, and felt shamefaced about telling her such impure things, especially as I knew her to be very strict on such subjects. Moreover, she was a woman of a high spirit. She was usually very quiet in her demeanor; but if her indignation was once roused, it was not very easily quelled. I had been told that she once chased a white gentleman with a loaded pistol, because he insulted one of her daughters. I dreaded the consequences of a violent outbreak; and both pride and fear kept me silent. But though I did not confide in my grandmother, and even evaded her vigilant watchfulness and inquiry, her presence in the neighborhood was some protection to me. Though she had been a slave, Dr. Flint was afraid of her. He dreaded her scorching rebukes. Moreover, she was known and patronized by many people; and he did not wish to have his villany made public. It was lucky for me that I did not live on a distant plantation, but in a town not so large that the inhabitants were ignorant of each other’s affairs. Bad as are the laws and customs in a slaveholding community, the doctor, as a professional man, deemed it prudent to keep up some outward show of decency.

O, what days and nights of fear and sorrow that man caused me! Reader, it is not to awaken sympathy for myself that I am telling you truthfully what I suffered in slavery. I do it to kindle a flame of compassion in your hearts for my sisters who are still in bondage, suffering as I once suffered.
I once saw two beautiful children playing together. One was a fair white child; the other was her slave, and also her sister. When I saw them embracing each other, and heard their joyous laughter, I turned sadly away from the lovely sight. I foresaw the inevitable blight that would fall on the little slave's heart. I knew how soon her laughter would be changed to sighs. The fair child grew up to be a still fairer woman. From childhood to womanhood her pathway was blooming with flowers, and overarched by a sunny sky. Scarcely one day of her life had been clouded when the sun rose on her happy bridal morning.

How had those years dealt with her slave sister, the little playmate of her childhood? She, also, was very beautiful; but the flowers and sunshine of love were not for her. She drank the cup of sin, and shame, and misery, whereof her persecuted race are compelled to drink.

In view of these things, why are ye silent, ye free men and women of the north? Why do your tongues falter in maintenance of the right? Would that I had more ability! But my heart is so full, and my pen is so weak! There are noble men and women who plead for us, striving to help those who cannot help themselves. God bless them! God give them strength and courage to go on! God bless those, every where, who are laboring to advance the cause of humanity!

Mary Astell
A Serious Proposal From the Ladies
The Incapacity, if there be any, is acquired not natural;1 and none of their Follies are so necessary, but that they might avoid them if they pleas'd themselves. Some disadvantages indeed they labour under, and what these are we shall see by and by and endeavour to surmount; but Women need not take up with mean things, since (if they are not wanting to themselves) they are capable of the best. Neither God nor Nature have excluded them from being Ornaments to their Families2 and useful in their Generation; there is therefore no reason they should be content to be Cyphers3 in the World, useless at the best, and in a little time a burden and nuisance to all about them. And 'tis very great pity that they who are so apt to over-rate themselves in smaller matters, shou'd, where it most concerns them to know, and stand upon their Value, be so insensible of their own worth.

The Cause therefore of the defects we labour under, is, if not wholly, yet at least in the first place, to be ascribed to the mistakes of our Education; which like an Error in the first Concoction,4 spreads its ill Influence through all our Lives.

The Soil is rich and would, if well cultivated, produce a noble Harvest, if then the Unskilful Managers not only permit, but incourage noxious Weeds, tho' we shall suffer by their Neglect, yet they ought not in justice to blame any but themselves, if they reap the Fruit of their own Folly.5 Women are from their very infancy debarred those Advantages with the want of which they are afterwards reproached, and nursed up in those Vices which will hereafter be upbraided6 to them. So partial are Men as to expect Brick where they afford no Straw; and so abundantly civil as to take care we shou'd make good that obliging Epithet of Ignorant, which out of an excess of good Manners, they are pleas'd to bestow on us!
One would be apt to think indeed, that Parents sho’d take all possible care of their Childrens Education, not only for their sakes, but even for their own. And tho’ the Son convey the Name to Posterity, yet certainly a great Part of the Honour of their Families depends on their Daughters. ’Tis the kindness of Education that binds our duty fastest on us:7 For the being instrumental to the bringing us into the World, is no matter of choice and therefore the less obliging: But to procure that we may live wisely and happily in it, and be capable of endless Joys hereafter, is a benefit we can never sufficiently acknowledge. To introduce poor Children into the World, and neglect to fence them against the temptations of it, and so leave them expos’d to temporal and eternal Miseries, is a wickedness, for which I want a Name; ’tis beneath Brutality; the Beasts are better natur’d for they take care of their off-spring, till they are capable of caring for themselves. And if Mothers had a due regard to their Posterity, how Great soever they are, they wou’d not think themselves too Good to perform what Nature requires, nor thro’ Pride and Delicacy remit the poor little one to the care of a Foster Parent. Or, if necessity inforce them to depute another to perform their Duty, they wou’d be as choice at least in the Manners and Inclinations, as they are in the complections of their Nurses, lest with their Milk they transfuse their Vices, and form in the Child such evil habits as will not easily be eradicated.8

Nature as bad as it is and as much as it is complain’d of, is so far improveable by the grace of GOD, upon our honest and hearty endeavours, that if we are not wanting to our selves, we mai all in some, tho’ not in an equal measure, be instruments of his Glory, Blessings to this World, and capable of eternal Blessedness in that to come. But if our Nature is spoil’d, instead of being improv’d at first; if from our Infancy we are nurs’d up in Ignorance and Vanity; are taught to be Proud and Petulent, Delicate and Fantastick,9 Humorous and Inconstant, ’tis not strange that the ill effects of this conduct appear in all the future Actions of our Lives. And seeing it is Ignorance, either habitual or or actual,10 which is the cause of all sin, how are they like to escape this, who are bred up in that? That therefore Women are unprofitable to most, and a plague and dishonour to some Men is not much to be regretted on account of the Men, because ’tis the product of their own folly, in denying them the benefits of an ingenuous11 and liberal Education, the most effectual means to direct them into, and to secure their progress in the way of Vertue.

Judith Sergeant Murray
On the Equality of the Sexes

To the Editors of the Massachusetts Magazine,

Gentlemen,.

The following ESSAY is yielded to the patronage of Candour.–If it hath been anticipated, the testimony of many respectable persons, who saw it in manuscript as early as the year 1779, can obviate the imputation of plagiarism.

THAT minds are not alike, full well I know,

This truth each day’s experience will show;
To heights surprising some great spirits soar;
With inborn strength mysterious depths explore;
Their eager gaze surveys the path of light,
Confest it stood to Newton’s piercing sight.

Deep science, like a bashful maid retires;
And but the ardent breast her worth inspires;
By perseverance the coy fair is won.
And Genius, led by Study, wears the crown.

But some there are who wish not to improve,
Who never can the path of knowledge love,
Whose souls almost with the dull body one,
With anxious care each mental pleasure shun;
Weak is the level’d, enervated mind,
And but while here to vegetate design’d.
The torpid spirit mingling with its clod,
Can scarcely boast its origin from God;
Stupidly dull—they move progressing on—
They eat, and drink, and all their work is done.
While others, emulous of sweet applause,
Industrious seek for each event a cause,
Tracing the hidden springs whence knowledge flows,
Which nature all in beauteous order shows,

Yet cannot I their sentiments imbibe,
Who this distinction to the sex ascribe,
As if woman’s form must needs enrol,
A weak, a servile, an inferior soul;
And that the guise of man must still proclaim,
Greatness of mind, and him, to be the same:
Yet as the hours revolve fair proofs arise,
Which the bright wreath of growing fame supplies;
And in past times some men have sunk so low,
That female records nothing less can show.
But imbecility is still confin’d,
And by the lordly sex to us consign’d;
They rob us of the power t’improve,
And then declare we only trifles love;
Yet haste the era, when the world shall know,
That such distinctions only dwell below;
The soul unfetter’d, to no sex confin’d,
Was for the abodes of cloudless day design’d.

Mean time we emulate their manly fires,
Through erudition all their thoughts inspires,
Yet nature with equality imparts,
And noble passions, swell e’en female hearts.

Is it upon mature consideration we adopt the idea, that nature is thus partial in her distributions? Is it indeed a fact, that she hath yielded to one half of the human species so unquestionable a mental superiority? I know that to both sexes elevated understandings, and the reverse, are common. But, suffer me to ask, in what the minds of females are so notoriously deficient, or unequal. May not the intellectual powers be ranged under these four heads—imagination; reason, memory and judgment. The province of imagination hath long since been surrendered up to us, and we have been crowned undoubted sovereigns of the regions of fancy. Invention is perhaps the most arduous effort of the mind; this branch of imagination hath been particularly ceded to us, and we have been time out of mind invested with that creative faculty. Observe the variety of fashions (here I bar the contemptuous smile) which distinguish and adorn the female world; how continually are they changing, insomuch that they almost render the wise man’s assertion problematical, and we are ready to say, there is something new under the sun. Now what a playfulness, what an exuberance of fancy, what strength of inventive imagination, doth this continual variation discover? Again, it hath been observed, that if the turpitude of the conduct of our sex, hath been ever so enormous, so extremely ready are we, that the very first thought prevents us with an apology, so plausible, as to
produce our actions even in an amiable light. Another instance of our creative powers, is our talent for slander; how ingenious are we at inventive scandal? What a formidable story can we in a moment fabricate merely from the force of a prolific imagination? How many reputations, in the fertile brain of a female, have been utterly despoiled? How industrious are we at improving a hint? Suspicions how easily do we convert into conviction, and conviction, embellished by the power of eloquence, stalks abroad to the surprise and confusion of unsuspecting innocence. Perhaps it will be asked if I furnish these facts as instances of excellency in our sex. Certainly not; but as proofs of a creative faculty, of a lively imagination. Assuredly great activity of mind is thereby discovered, and was this activity properly directed, what beneficial effects would follow. Is the needle and kitchen sufficient to employ the operations of a soul thus organized? I should conceive not. Nay, it is a truth that those very departments leave the intelligent principle vacant, and at liberty for speculation. Are we deficient in reason? We cannot only reason from what we know, and if an opportunity of acquiring knowledge hath been denied us, the inferiority of our sex cannot fairly be deduced from thence. Memory, I believe, will be allowed us in common, since every one's experience must testify, that a loquacious old woman is as frequently met with, as a communicative old man; their subjects are alike drawn from the fund of other times, and the transactions of their youth, or of maturer life, entertain, or perhaps fatigue you, in the evening of their lives. "But our judgment is not so strong—we do not distinguish so well." Yet it may be questioned, from what doth this superiority, in this determining faculty of the soul, proceed. May we not trace its source in the difference of education, and continued advantages? Will it be said that the judgment of a male of two years old, is more sagacious than that of a female's of the same age? I believe the reverse is generally observed to be true. But from that period what partiality! How is the one exalted, and the other depressed, by the contrary modes of education which are adopted! The one is taught to aspire, and the other is early confined and limited. As their years increase, the sister must be wholly domesticated, while the brother is led by the hand through all the flowery paths of science. Grant that their minds are by nature equal, yet who shall wonder at the apparent superiority, if indeed custom becomes second nature; nay if it taketh place of nature, and that it doth the experience of each day will evince. At length arrived at womanhood, the uncultivated fair one feels a void, which the employments allotted her are by no means capable of filling. What can she do? To books she may not apply; or if she doth, to those only of the novel kind, lest she merit the appellation of a learned lady; and what ideas have been affixed to this term, the observation of many can testify. Fashion, scandal, and sometimes what is still more reprehensible, are then called in to her relief; and who can say to what lengths the liberties she takes may proceed. Meantime the herself is most unhappy; she feels the want of a cultivated mind. Is she single, she in vain seeks to fill up time from sexual employments or amusements. Is she united to a person whose soul nature made equal to her own, education hath set him so far above her, that in those entertainments which are productive of such rational felicity, she is not qualified to accompany him. She experiences a mortifying consciousness of inferiority, which embitters every enjoyment. Doth the person to whom her adverse fate hath consigned her, possess a mind incapable of improvement, she is equally wretched, in being so closely connected with an individual whom she cannot but despise. Now, was she permitted the same instructors as her brother, (with an eye however to their particular departments) for the employment of a rational mind an ample field would be opened. In astronomy she might catch a glimpse of the immensity of the Deity, and thence she would form amazing conceptions of the august and supreme Intelligence. In geography she would admire Jehovah* in the midst of his benevolence; thus adapting this globe to the various wants and amusements of its inhabitants. In natural philosophy she would adore the infinite majesty of heaven, clothed in condescension; and as she traversed the reptile world, she would hail
the goodness of a creating God. A mind, thus filled, would have little room for the trifles with which our sex are, with too much justice, accused of amusing themselves, and they would thus be rendered fit companions for those, who should one day wear them as their crown. Fashions, in their variety, would then give place to conjectures, which might perhaps conduce to the improvement of the literary world; and there would be no leisure for slander or detraction. Reputation would not then be blasted, but serious speculations would occupy the lively imaginations of the sex. Unnecessary visits would be precluded, and that custom would only be indulged by way of relaxation, or to answer the demands of consanguinity and friendship. Females would become discreet, their judgments would be invigorated, and their partners for life being circumspectly chosen, an unhappy Hymen * would then be as rare, as is now the reverse

Will it be urged that those acquirements would supersede our domestick duties. I answer that every requisite in female economy is easily attained; and, with truth I can add, that when once attained, they require no further mental attention. Nay, while we are pursuing the needle, or the superintendence of the family, I repeat, that our minds are at full liberty for reflection; that imagination may exert itself in full vigor; and that if a just foundation is early laid, our ideas will then be worthy of rational beings. If we were industrious we might easily find time to arrange them upon paper, or should avocations press too hard for such an indulgence, the hours allotted for conversation would at least become more refined and rational. Should it be vociferated, “Your domestick employments are sufficient— I would calmly ask, is it reasonable, that a candidate for immortality, for the joys of heaven, an intelligent being, who is to spend an eternity in contemplating the works of Deity, should at present be so degraded, as to be allowed no other ideas, that those which are suggested by the mechanism of a pudding, or the sewing the seams of a garment? Pity that all such censurers of female improvement do not go one step further, and deny their future existence; to be confident they surely ought.

Yes, ye lordly, ye haughty sex, our souls are by nature equal to yours; the same breath of God animates, enlivens, and invigorates us; and that we are not fallen lower than yourselves, let those witness who have greatly towered above the various discouragements by which they have been so heavily oppressed; and though I am unacquainted with the list of celebrated characters on either side, yet from the observations I have made in the contracted circle in which I have moved, I dare confidently believe, that from the commencement of time to the present day, there hath been as many females, as males, who, by the mere force of natural powers, have merited the crown of applause; who, thus unassisted, have seized the wreath of fame. I know there are who assert, that as the animal powers of the one sex are superior, of course their mental faculties also must be stronger; thus attributing strength of mind to the transient organization of this earth born tenement+. But if this reasoning is just, man must content to yield the palm to many of the brute creation, since by not a few of his brethren of the field, he is far surpassed in bodily strength. Moreover, was this argument admitted, it would prove too much, for ocular demonstration evinceth, that there are many robust masculine ladies, and effeminate gentlemen. Yet I fancy that Mr. Pope*, though clogged with an enervated body, and distinguished by a diminutive stature, could nevertheless lay claim to greatness of soul; and perhaps there are many other instances which might be adduced* to combat so unphilosophical an opinion. Do we not often see, that when the clay built tabernacle is well nigh dissolved, when it is just ready to mingle with the parent soil,
the immortal inhabitant aspires to, and even attaineth heights the most sublime, and which were before wholly unexplored. Besides, were we to grant that animal strength proved any thing, taking into consideration the accustomed impartiality of nature, we should be induced to imagine, that she had invested the female mind with superior strength as an equivalent for the bodily powers of man. But waving this however palpable advantage, for equality only, we wish to contend.

I AM aware that there are many passages in the sacred oracles which seem to give the advantage to the other sex; but I consider all these as wholly metaphorical. Thus David* was a man after God’s own heart, yet see him enervated by his licentious passions! behold him following Uriah* to the death, and shew me wherein could consist the immaculate Being’s complacency. Listen to the curses which Job* bestoweth upon the day of his nativity, and tell me where is his perfection, where his patience—literally it existed not. David and Job were types of him who was to come; and the superiority of man, as exhibited in scripture, being also emblematical, all arguments deduced from thence, of course fall to the ground. The exquisite delicacy of the female mind proclaimeth the exactness of its texture, while its nice sense of honour announceth its innate, its native grandeur. And indeed, in one respect, the preeminence seems to be tacitly allowed us; for after an education which limits and confines, and employments and recreations which naturally tend to enervate the body, and debilitate the mind; after we have from early youth been adorned with ribbons, and other gewgaws, dressed out like the ancient victims previous to a sacrifice, being taught by the care of our parents in collecting the most showy materials that the ornamenting our exterior ought to be the principal object of our attention; after, I say, fifteen years thus spent, we are introduced into the world, amid the united adulation of every beholder. Praise is sweet to the soul; we are immediately intoxicated by large draughts of flattery, which being plentifully administered, is to the pride of our hearts the most acceptable incense. It is expected that with the other sex we should commence immediate war, and that we should triumph over the machinations of the most artful. We must be constantly upon our guard; prudence and discretion must be our characteristicks; and we must rise superior to, and obtain a complete victory over those who have been long adding to the native strength of their minds, by an unremitted study of men and books, and who have, moreover, conceived from the loose characters which they have seen portrayed in the extensive variety of their reading, a most contemptible opinion of the sex. Thus unequal, we are, notwithstanding, forced to the combat, and the infamy which is consequent upon the smallest deviation in our conduct, proclaims the high idea which was formed of our native strength; and thus, indirectly at least, is the preference acknowledged to be our due. And if we are allowed an equality of acquirement, let serious studies equally employ our minds, and we will bid our souls arise to equal strength. We will meet upon even ground, the despot man; we will rush with alacrity to the combat, and, crowned by success, we shall then answer the exalted expectations which are formed. Though sensibility, soft compassion, and gentle commiseration, are inmates in the female bosom, yet against every deep laid art, altogether fearless of the event, we will set them in array; for assuredly the wreath of victory will encircle the spotless brow. If we meet an equal, a sensible friend, we will reward him with the hand of amity, and through life we will be assiduous to promote his happiness; but from every deep laid scheme for our ruin, retiring into ourselves, amid the flowery paths of science, we will indulge in all the refined and sentimental pleasures of contemplation. And should it still be urged, that the studies thus insisted upon would interfere with our more peculiar department, I must further reply, that early hours, and close application, will do wonders; and to her who is from the first dawn of reason taught to fill up time rationally, both the requisites will be
easy. I grant that niggard* fortune is too generally unfriendly to the mind, and that much of that valuable treasure, time, is necessarily expended upon the wants of the body; but it should be remembered; that in embarrassed circumstances our companions have as little leisure for literary improvement, as is afforded to us; for most certainly their provident care is at least as requisite as our exertions. Nay, we have even more leisure for sedentary pleasures, as our avocations are more retired, much less laborious, and; as hath been observed, by no means require that avidity of attention which is proper to the employments of the other sex. In high life, or, in other words, where the parties are in possession of affluence, the objection respecting time is wholly obviated, and of course falls to the ground; and it may also be repeated, that many of those hours which are at present swallowed up in fashion and scandal, might be redeemed, were we habituated to useful reflections. But in one respect, O ye arbiters of our fate! we confess that the superiority is indubitably yours; you are by nature formed for our protectors; we pretend not to vie with you in bodily strength; upon this point we will never contend for victory. Shield us then, we beseech you, from external evils, and in return we will transact your domestick affairs. Yes, your, for are you not equally interested in those matters with ourselves? Is not the elegance of neatness as agreeable to your fight as to ours; is not the well favoured viand * equally delightful to your taste; and doth not your sense of hearing suffer as much, from the discordant sounds prevalent in an ill regulated family, produced by the voices of children and many et ceteras?

CONSTANTIA.

By way of supplement to the foregoing pages, I subjoin the following extract from a letter, wrote to a friend in the December of 1780..

AND now assist me, O thou genius of my sex, while I undertake the arduous task of endeavouring to combat that vulgar, that almost universal errour, which hath, it seems, enlisted even Mr. P– under its banners. The superiority of your sex hath, I grant, been time out of mind esteemed a truth incontrovertible; in consequence of which persuasion, every plan of education hath been calculated to establish this favourite tenet. Not long since; weak and presuming as I was, I amused myself with selecting some arguments from nature, reason, and experience; against this so generally received idea: I confess that sacred testimonies I had not recourse. I held them to be merely metaphorical, and thus regarding them, I could not persuade myself that there was any propriety in bringing them to decide in this very important debate. However, as you, sir, confine yourself entirely to the sacred oracles, I mean to bend the whole of my artillery against those supposed proofs, which you have from thence provided, and from which you have formed an intrenched apparently so invulnerable. And first, to begin with our great progenitors; but here, suffer me to premise, that it is for mental strength I mean to contend, for with respect to animal powers, I yield them undisputed to that sex, which enjoys them in common with the lion, the tyger, and many other beasts of prey; therefore your observations respecting the rib, under the arm, at a distance from the head, &c. &c. in no sort militate against my view. Well, but the woman was first in the transgression. Strange how blind self love renders you men; were you not wholly absorbed in a partial admiration of your own abilities, you would long since have acknowledged the force of what I am now going to urge. It is true some ignoramuses have absurdly enough informed us, that the beauteous fair of paradise, was seduced from her obedience, by a malignant demon, in the guise of a baleful serpent; but we, who
are better informed, know that the fallen spirit presented himself to her view, a shining angel still; for thus, saith the criticks in the Hebrew tongue, ought the word to be rendered. Let us examine her motive—Hark! the seraph* declares that she shall attain a perfection of knowledge; for is there aught which is not comprehended under one or other of the terms good and evil. It doth not appear that she was governed by any one sensual appetite; but merely by a desire of adorning her mind; a laudable ambition fired her soul, and a thirst for knowledge impelled the predilection so fatal in its consequences. Adam* could not plead the same deception; assuredly he was not deceived; nor ought we to admire his superiour strength, or wonder at his sagacity, when we so often confess that example is much more influential than precept. His gentle partner stood before him, a melancholy instance of the direful effects of disobedience; he saw her not possessed of that wisdom which she had fondly hoped to obtain, but he beheld the once blooming female, disrobed of that innocence, which had heretofore rendered her so lovely. To him then deception became impossible, as he had proof positive of the fallacy of the argument, which the deceiver had suggested. What then could be his inducement to burst the barriers, and to fly directly in the face of that command, which immediately from the mouth of deity he had received, since, I say, he could not plead that fascinating stimulous, the accumulation of knowledge, as indisputable conviction was so visibly portrayed before him. What mighty cause impelled him to sacrifice myriads of beings yet unborn, and by one impious act, which he saw would be productive of such fatal effects, entail undistinguished ruin upon a race of beings, which he was yet to produce. Blush, ye vaunters of fortitude; ye boasters of resolution; ye haughty lords of the creation; blush when ye remember, that he was influenced by no other motive than a bare pusillanimous attachment to a woman! by sentiments so exquisitely soft, that all his sons have, from that period, when they have designed to degrade them, described as highly feminine. Thus it should seem, that all the arts of the grand deceiver (since means adequate to the purpose are, I conceive, invariably pursued) were requisite to mislead our general mother, while the father of mankind forfeited his own, and relinquished the happiness of posterity, merely in compliance with the blandishments of a female. The subsequent subjection the apostle Paul explains as a figure; after enlarging upon the subject, he adds, “This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the church.” * Now we know with what consummate wisdom the unerring father of eternity hath formed his plans; all the types which he hath displayed, he hath permitted materially to fail, in the very virtue for which they were famed. The reason for this is obvious, we might otherwise mistake his economy, and render that honour to the creature, which is due only to the creator. I know that Adam was a figure of him who was to come. The grace contained in this figure, is the reason of my rejoicing, and while I am very far from prostrating before the shadow, I yield joyfully in all things the preeminence to the second federal head. Confiding faith is prefigured by Abraham, yet he exhibits a contrast to affiance, when he says of his fair companion, she is my sister* . Gentleness was the characteristick of Moses, yet he hesitated not to reply to Jehovah himself, with unsaintlike tongue he murmured at the waters of strife, and with rash hands he break the tables, which were inscribed by the finger of divinity. David, dignified with the title of the man after God’s own heart, and yet how stained was his life. Solomon was celebrated for wisdom, but folly is wrote in legible characters upon his almost every action. Lastly, let us turn our eyes to man in the aggregate. He is manifested as the figure of strength, but that we may not regard him as any thing more than a figure, his soul is formed in no sort superiour, but every way equal to the mind of her, who is the emblem of weakness, and whom he hails the gentle companion of his better days.
INTRODUCTION.

After considering the historic page, and viewing the living world with anxious solicitude, the most melancholy emotions of sorrowful indignation have depressed my spirits, and I have sighed when obliged to confess, that either nature has made a great difference between man and man, or that the civilization, which has hitherto taken place in the world, has been very partial. I have turned over various books written on the subject of education, and patiently observed the conduct of parents and the management of schools; but what has been the result? a profound conviction, that the neglected education of my fellow creatures is the grand source of the misery I deplore; and that women in particular, are rendered weak and wretched by a variety of concurring causes, originating from one hasty conclusion. The conduct and manners of women, in fact, evidently prove, that their minds are not in a healthy state; for, like the flowers that are planted in too rich a soil, strength and usefulness are sacrificed to beauty; and the flaunting leaves, after having pleased a fastidious eye, fade, disregarded on the stalk, long before the season when they ought to have arrived at maturity. One cause of this barren blooming I attribute to a false system of education, gathered from the books written on this subject by men, who, considering females rather as women than human creatures, have been more anxious to make them alluring mistresses than rational wives; and the understanding of the sex has been so bubbled by this specious homage, that the civilized women of the present century, with a few exceptions, are only anxious to inspire love, when they ought to cherish a nobler ambition, and by their abilities and virtues exact respect.

In a treatise, therefore, on female rights and manners, the works which have been particularly written for their improvement must not be overlooked; especially when it is asserted, in direct terms, that the minds of women are enfeebled by false refinement; that the books of instruction, written by men of genius, have had the same tendency as more frivolous productions; and that, in the true style of Mahometanism, they are only considered as females, and not as a part of the human species, when improvable reason is allowed to be the dignified distinction, which raises men above the brute creation, and puts a natural sceptre in a feeble hand.

Yet, because I am a woman, I would not lead my readers to suppose, that I mean violently to agitate the contested question respecting the equality and inferiority of the sex; but as the subject lies in my way, and I cannot pass it over without subjecting the main tendency of my reasoning to misconstruction, I shall stop a moment to deliver, in a few words, my opinion. In the government of the physical world, it is observable that the female, in general, is inferior to the male. The male pursues, the female yields—this is the law of nature; and it does not appear to be suspended or abrogated in favour of woman. This physical superiority cannot be denied—and it is a noble prerogative! But not content with this natural pre-eminence, men endeavour to sink us still lower, merely to render us alluring objects for a moment; and women, intoxicated by the adoration which men, under the influence of their senses, pay them, do not seek to obtain a durable interest in their hearts, or to become the friends of the fellow creatures who find amusement in their society.

I am aware of an obvious inference: from every quarter have I heard exclamations against masculine women; but where are they to be found? If, by this appellation, men mean to inveigh against their ardour in hunting, shooting, and gaming, I shall most cordially join in the cry; but if it
be, against the imitation of manly virtues, or, more properly speaking, the attainment of those
talents and virtues, the exercise of which ennobles the human character, and which raise females in
the scale of animal being, when they are comprehensively termed mankind—all those who view
them with a philosophical eye must, I should think, wish with me, that they may every day grow
more and more masculine.

This discussion naturally divides the subject. I shall first consider women in the grand light of
human creatures, who, in common with men, are placed on this earth to unfold their faculties; and
afterwards I shall more particularly point out their peculiar designation.

I wish also to steer clear of an error, which many respectable writers have fallen into; for the
instruction which has hitherto been addressed to women, has rather been applicable to LADIES, if
the little indirect advice, that is scattered through Sandford and Merton, be excepted; but,
addressing my sex in a firmer tone, I pay particular attention to those in the middle class, because
they appear to be in the most natural state. Perhaps the seeds of false refinement, immorality, and
vanity have ever been shed by the great. Weak, artificial beings raised above the common wants
and affections of their race, in a premature unnatural manner, undermine the very foundation of
virtue, and spread corruption through the whole mass of society! As a class of mankind they have
the strongest claim to pity! the education of the rich tends to render them vain and helpless, and the
unfolding mind is not strengthened by the practice of those duties which dignify the human
character. They only live to amuse themselves, and by the same law which in nature invariably
produces certain effects, they soon only afford barren amusement.

But as I purpose taking a separate view of the different ranks of society, and of the moral character
of women, in each, this hint is, for the present, sufficient; and I have only alluded to the subject,
because it appears to me to be the very essence of an introduction to give a cursory account of the
contents of the work it introduces.

My own sex, I hope, will excuse me, if I treat them like rational creatures, instead of flattering their
FASCINATING graces, and viewing them as if they were in a state of perpetual childhood, unable to
stand alone. I earnestly wish to point out in what true dignity and human happiness consists—I
wish to persuade women to endeavour to acquire strength, both of mind and body, and to convince
them, that the soft phrases, susceptibility of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and refinement of taste,
are almost synonymous with epithets of weakness, and that those beings who are only the objects
of pity and that kind of love, which has been termed its sister, will soon become objects of
contempt.

Dismissing then those pretty feminine phrases, which the men condescendingly use to soften our
slavish dependence, and despising that weak elegance of mind, exquisite sensibility, and sweet
docility of manners, supposed to be the sexual characteristics of the weaker vessel, I wish to show
that elegance is inferior to virtue, that the first object of laudable ambition is to obtain a character
as a human being, regardless of the distinction of sex; and that secondary views should be brought
to this simple touchstone.

This is a rough sketch of my plan; and should I express my conviction with the energetic emotions
that I feel whenever I think of the subject, the dictates of experience and reflection will be felt by
some of my readers. Animated by this important object, I shall disdain to cull my phrases or polish
my style—I aim at being useful, and sincerity will render me unaffected; for wishing rather to
persuade by the force of my arguments, than dazzle by the elegance of my language, I shall not
waste my time in rounding periods, nor in fabricating the turgid bombast of artificial feelings, which, coming from the head, never reach the heart. I shall be employed about things, not words! and, anxious to render my sex more respectable members of society, I shall try to avoid that flowery diction which has slipped from essays into novels, and from novels into familiar letters and conversation.

These pretty nothings, these caricatures of the real beauty of sensibility, dropping glibly from the tongue, vitiate the taste, and create a kind of sickly delicacy that turns away from simple unadorned truth; and a deluge of false sentiments and over-stretched feelings, stifling the natural emotions of the heart, render the domestic pleasures insipid, that ought to sweeten the exercise of those severe duties, which educate a rational and immortal being for a nobler field of action.

The education of women has, of late, been more attended to than formerly; yet they are still reckoned a frivolous sex, and ridiculed or pitied by the writers who endeavour by satire or instruction to improve them. It is acknowledged that they spend many of the first years of their lives in acquiring a smattering of accomplishments: meanwhile, strength of body and mind are sacrificed to libertine notions of beauty, to the desire of establishing themselves, the only way women can rise in the world—by marriage. And this desire making mere animals of them, when they marry, they act as such children may be expected to act: they dress; they paint, and nickname God's creatures. Surely these weak beings are only fit for the seraglio! Can they govern a family, or take care of the poor babes whom they bring into the world?

If it can be fairly deduced from the present conduct of the sex, from the prevalent fondness for pleasure, which takes place of ambition and those nobler passions that open and enlarge the soul; that the instruction which women have received has only tended, with the constitution of civil society, to render them insignificant objects of desire; mere propagators of fools! if it can be proved, that in aiming to accomplish them, without cultivating their understandings, they are taken out of their sphere of duties, and made ridiculous and useless when the short lived bloom of beauty is over*, I presume that RATIONAL men will excuse me for endeavouring to persuade them to become more masculine and respectable.

(*Footnote. A lively writer, I cannot recollect his name, asks what business women turned of forty have to do in the world.)

Indeed the word masculine is only a bugbear: there is little reason to fear that women will acquire too much courage or fortitude; for their apparent inferiority with respect to bodily strength, must render them, in some degree, dependent on men in the various relations of life; but why should it be increased by prejudices that give a sex to virtue, and confound simple truths with sensual reveries?

Women are, in fact, so much degraded by mistaken notions of female excellence, that I do not mean to add a paradox when I assert, that this artificial weakness produces a propensity to tyrannize, and gives birth to cunning, the natural opponent of strength, which leads them to play off those contemptible infantile airs that undermine esteem even whilst they excite desire. Do not foster these prejudices, and they will naturally fall into their subordinate, yet respectable station in life.

It seems scarcely necessary to say, that I now speak of the sex in general. Many individuals have more sense than their male relatives; and, as nothing preponderates where there is a constant struggle for an equilibrium, without it has naturally more gravity, some women govern their husbands without degrading themselves, because intellect will always govern.
CHAPTER 1.
THE RIGHTS AND INVOLVED DUTIES OF MANKIND CONSIDERED.

In the present state of society, it appears necessary to go back to first principles in search of the most simple truths, and to dispute with some prevailing prejudice every inch of ground. To clear my way, I must be allowed to ask some plain questions, and the answers will probably appear as unequivocal as the axioms on which reasoning is built; though, when entangled with various motives of action, they are formally contradicted, either by the words or conduct of men.

In what does man's pre-eminence over the brute creation consist? The answer is as clear as that a half is less than the whole; in Reason.

What acquirement exalts one being above another? Virtue; we spontaneously reply.

For what purpose were the passions implanted? That man by struggling with them might attain a degree of knowledge denied to the brutes: whispers Experience.

Consequently, the perfection of our nature and capability of happiness, must be estimated by the degree of reason, virtue, and knowledge, that distinguish the individual, and direct the laws which bind society: and that from the exercise of reason, knowledge and virtue naturally flow, is equally undeniable, if mankind be viewed collectively.

The rights and duties of man thus simplified, it seems almost impertinent to attempt to illustrate truths that appear so incontrovertible: yet such deeply rooted prejudices have clouded reason, and such spurious qualities have assumed the name of virtues, that it is necessary to pursue the course of reason as it has been perplexed and involved in error, by various adventitious circumstances, comparing the simple axiom with casual deviations.

Men, in general, seem to employ their reason to justify prejudices, which they have imbibed, they cannot trace how, rather than to root them out. The mind must be strong that resolutely forms its own principles; for a kind of intellectual cowardice prevails which makes many men shrink from the task, or only do it by halves. Yet the imperfect conclusions thus drawn, are frequently very plausible, because they are built on partial experience, on just, though narrow, views.

Going back to first principles, vice skulks, with all its native deformity, from close investigation; but a set of shallow reasoners are always exclaiming that these arguments prove too much, and that a measure rotten at the core may be expedient. Thus expediency is continually contrasted with simple principles, till truth is lost in a mist of words, virtue in forms, and knowledge rendered a sounding nothing, by the specious prejudices that assume its name.

That the society is formed in the wisest manner, whose constitution is founded on the nature of man, strikes, in the abstract, every thinking being so forcibly, that it looks like presumption to endeavour to bring forward proofs; though proof must be brought, or the strong hold of prescription will never be forced by reason; yet to urge prescription as an argument to justify the depriving men (or women) of their natural rights, is one of the absurd sophisms which daily insult common sense.
The civilization of the bulk of the people of Europe, is very partial; nay, it may be made a question, whether they have acquired any virtues in exchange for innocence, equivalent to the misery produced by the vices that have been plastered over unsightly ignorance, and the freedom which has been bartered for splendid slavery. The desire of dazzling by riches, the most certain pre-eminence that man can obtain, the pleasure of commanding flattering sycophants, and many other complicated low calculations of dotting self-love, have all contributed to overwhelm the mass of mankind, and make liberty a convenient handle for mock patriotism. For whilst rank and titles are held of the utmost importance, before which Genius "must hide its diminished head," it is, with a few exceptions, very unfortunate for a nation when a man of abilities, without rank or property, pushes himself forward to notice. Alas! what unheard of misery have thousands suffered to purchase a cardinal’s hat for an intriguing obscure adventurer, who longed to be ranked with princes, or lord it over them by seizing the triple crown!

Such, indeed, has been the wretchedness that has flowed from hereditary honours, riches, and monarchy, that men of lively sensibility have almost uttered blasphemy in order to justify the dispensations of providence. Man has been held out as independent of his power who made him, or as a lawless planet darting from its orbit to steal the celestial fire of reason; and the vengeance of heaven, lurking in the subtile flame, sufficiently punished his temerity, by introducing evil into the world.

Impressed by this view of the misery and disorder which pervaded society, and fatigued with jostling against artificial fools, Rousseau became enamoured of solitude, and, being at the same time an optimist, he labours with uncommon eloquence to prove that man was naturally a solitary animal. Misled by his respect for the goodness of God, who certainly for what man of sense and feeling can doubt it! gave life only to communicate happiness, he considers evil as positive, and the work of man; not aware that he was exalting one attribute at the expense of another, equally necessary to divine perfection.

Reared on a false hypothesis, his arguments in favour of a state of nature are plausible, but unsound. I say unsound; for to assert that a state of nature is preferable to civilization in all its possible perfection, is, in other words, to arraign supreme wisdom; and the paradoxical exclamation, that God has made all things right, and that evil has been introduced by the creature whom he formed, knowing what he formed, is as unphilosophical as impious.

When that wise Being, who created us and placed us here, saw the fair idea, he willed, by allowing it to be so, that the passions should unfold our reason, because he could see that present evil would produce future good. Could the helpless creature whom he called from nothing, break loose from his providence, and boldly learn to know good by practising evil without his permission? No. How could that energetic advocate for immortality argue so inconsistently? Had mankind remained for ever in the brutal state of nature, which even his magic pen cannot paint as a state in which a single virtue took root, it would have been clear, though not to the sensitive unreflecting wanderer, that man was born to run the circle of life and death, and adorn God’s garden for some purpose which could not easily be reconciled with his attributes.

But if, to crown the whole, there were to be rational creatures produced, allowed to rise in excellency by the exercise of powers implanted for that purpose; if benignity itself thought fit to call into existence a creature above the brutes, who could think and improve himself, why should that inestimable gift, for a gift it was, if a man was so created as to have a capacity to rise above the state in which sensation produced brutal ease, be called, in direct terms, a curse? A curse it might be
reckoned, if all our existence was bounded by our continuance in this world; for why should the
gracious fountain of life give us passions, and the power of reflecting, only to embitter our days, and
inspire us with mistaken notions of dignity? Why should he lead us from love of ourselves to the
sublime emotions which the discovery of his wisdom and goodness excites, if these feelings were
not set in motion to improve our nature, of which they make a part, and render us capable of
enjoying a more godlike portion of happiness? Firmly persuaded that no evil exists in the world that
God did not design to take place, I build my belief on the perfection of God.

Rousseau exerts himself to prove, that all WAS right originally: a crowd of authors that all IS now
right: and I, that all WILL BE right.

But, true to his first position, next to a state of nature, Rousseau celebrates barbarism, and,
apostrophizing the shade of Fabricius, he forgets that, in conquering the world, the Romans never
dreamed of establishing their own liberty on a firm basis, or of extending the reign of virtue. Eager
to support his system, he stigmatizes, as vicious, every effort of genius; and uttering the apotheosis
of savage virtues, he exalts those to demigods, who were scarcely human—the brutal Spartans, who
in defiance of justice and gratitude, sacrificed, in cold blood, the slaves that had shown themselves
men to rescue their oppressors.

Disgusted with artificial manners and virtues, the citizen of Geneva, instead of properly sifting the
subject, threw away the wheat with the chaff, without waiting to inquire whether the evils, which
his ardent soul turned from indignantly, were the consequence of civilization, or the vestiges of
barbarism. He saw vice trampling on virtue, and the semblance of goodness taking place of the
reality; he saw talents bent by power to sinister purposes, and never thought of tracing the gigantic
mischief up to arbitrary power, up to the hereditary distinctions that clash with the mental
superiority that naturally raises a man above his fellows. He did not perceive, that the regal power,
in a few generations, introduces idiotism into the noble stem, and holds out baits to render
thousands idle and vicious.

Nothing can set the regal character in a more contemptible point of view, than the various crimes
that have elevated men to the supreme dignity. Vile intrigues, unnatural crimes, and every vice that
degrades our nature, have been the steps to this distinguished eminence; yet millions of men have
supinely allowed the nerveless limbs of the posterity of such rapacious prowlers, to rest quietly on
their ensanguined thrones.

What but a pestilential vapour can hover over society, when its chief director is only instructed in
the invention of crimes, or the stupid routine of childish ceremonies? Will men never be wise? will
they never cease to expect corn from tares, and figs from thistles?

It is impossible for any man, when the most favourable circumstances concur, to acquire sufficient
knowledge and strength of mind to discharge the duties of a king, entrusted with uncontrolled
power; how then must they be violated when his very elevation is an insuperable bar to the
attainment of either wisdom or virtue; when all the feelings of a man are stifled by flattery, and
reflection shut out by pleasure! Surely it is madness to make the fate of thousands depend on the
caprice of a weak fellow creature, whose very station sinks him NECESSARILY below the meanest of
his subjects! But one power should not be thrown down to exalt another—for all power intoxicates
weak man; and its abuse proves, that the more equality there is established among men, the more
virtue and happiness will reign in society. But this, and any similar maxim deduced from simple
reason, raises an outcry—the church or the state is in danger, if faith in the wisdom of antiquity is
not implicit; and they who, roused by the sight of human calamity, dare to attack human authority, are reviled as despisers of God, and enemies of man. These are bitter calumnies, yet they reached one of the best of men, (Dr. Price.) whose ashes still preach peace, and whose memory demands a respectful pause, when subjects are discussed that lay so near his heart.

After attacking the sacred majesty of kings, I shall scarcely excite surprise, by adding my firm persuasion, that every profession, in which great subordination of rank constitutes its power, is highly injurious to morality.

A standing army, for instance, is incompatible with freedom; because subordination and rigour are the very sinews of military discipline; and despotism is necessary to give vigour to enterprises that one will directs. A spirit inspired by romantic notions of honour, a kind of morality founded on the fashion of the age, can only be felt by a few officers, whilst the main body must be moved by command, like the waves of the sea; for the strong wind of authority pushes the crowd of subalterns forward, they scarcely know or care why, with headlong fury.

Besides, nothing can be so prejudicial to the morals of the inhabitants of country towns, as the occasional residence of a set of idle superficial young men, whose only occupation is gallantry, and whose polished manners render vice more dangerous, by concealing its deformity under gay ornamental drapery. An air of fashion, which is but a badge of slavery, and proves that the soul has not a strong individual character, awes simple country people into an imitation of the vices, when they cannot catch the slippery graces of politeness. Every corps is a chain of despots, who, submitting and tyrannizing without exercising their reason, become dead weights of vice and folly on the community. A man of rank or fortune, sure of rising by interest, has nothing to do but to pursue some extravagant freak; whilst the needy GENTLEMAN, who is to rise, as the phrase turns, by his merit, becomes a servile parasite or vile panderm.

Sailors, the naval gentlemen, come under the same description, only their vices assume a different and a grosser cast. They are more positively indolent, when not discharging the ceremonials of their station; whilst the insignificant fluttering of soldiers may be termed active idleness. More confined to the society of men, the former acquire a fondness for humour and mischievous tricks; whilst the latter, mixing frequently with well-bred women, catch a sentimental cant. But mind is equally out of the question, whether they indulge the horse-laugh or polite simper.

May I be allowed to extend the comparison to a profession where more mind is certainly to be found; for the clergy have superior opportunities of improvement, though subordination almost equally cramps their faculties? The blind submission imposed at college to forms of belief, serves as a noviciate to the curate who most obsequiously respects the opinion of his rector or patron, if he means to rise in his profession. Perhaps there cannot be a more forcible contrast than between the servile, dependent gait of a poor curate, and the courtly mien of a bishop. And the respect and contempt they inspire render the discharge of their separate functions equally useless.

It is of great importance to observe, that the character of every man is, in some degree, formed by his profession. A man of sense may only have a cast of countenance that wears off as you trace his individuality, whilst the weak, common man, has scarcely ever any character, but what belongs to the body; at least, all his opinions have been so steeped in the vat consecrated by authority, that the faint spirit which the grape of his own vine yields cannot be distinguished.
Society, therefore, as it becomes more enlightened, should be very careful not to establish bodies of men who must necessarily be made foolish or vicious by the very constitution of their profession.

In the infancy of society, when men were just emerging out of barbarism, chiefs and priests, touching the most powerful springs of savage conduct—hope and fear—must have had unbounded sway. An aristocracy, of course, is naturally the first form of government. But clashing interests soon losing their equipoise, a monarchy and hierarchy break out of the confusion of ambitious struggles, and the foundation of both is secured by feudal tenures. This appears to be the origin of monarchical and priestly power, and the dawn of civilization. But such combustible materials cannot long be pent up; and getting vent in foreign wars and intestine insurrections, the people acquire some power in the tumult, which obliges their rulers to gloss over their oppression with a show of right. Thus, as wars, agriculture, commerce, and literature, expands the mind, despots are compelled, to make covert corruption hold fast the power which was formerly snatched by open force.* And this baneful lurking gangrene is most quickly spread by luxury and superstition, the sure dregs of ambition. The indolent puppet of a court first becomes a luxurious monster, or fastidious sensualist, and then makes the contagion which his unnatural state spreads, the instrument of tyranny.

(*Footnote. Men of abilities scatter seeds that grow up, and have a great influence on the forming opinion; and when once the public opinion preponderates, through the exertion of reason, the overthrow of arbitrary power is not very distant.)

It is the pestiferous purple which renders the progress of civilization a curse, and warps the understanding, till men of sensibility doubt whether the expansion of intellect produces a greater portion of happiness or misery. But the nature of the poison points out the antidote; and had Rousseau mounted one step higher in his investigation; or could his eye have pierced through the foggy atmosphere, which he almost disdained to breathe, his active mind would have darted forward to contemplate the perfection of man in the establishment of true civilization, instead of taking his ferocious flight back to the night of sensual ignorance.