



SELF-HELP OMNIBUS

By

ELIZA HAYWOOD

Comprising

A Present for a Servant Maid (1743)

The Wife (1756)

The Husband (1756)

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Self-Help Omnibus

A PRESENT FOR A SERVANT MAID

First Published 1743

Eliza Haywood

Title Page

A

PRESENT

FOR A

Servant Maid.

OR, THE

Sure Means of gaining LOVE and ESTEEM,

Under the following Heads:

Observance.	Giving away Victuals.
Avoiding Sloth.	Bringing in Charwomen.
Sluttishness.	Waiting Victuals.
Staying on Errands.	Quarrels with Fellow-Servants.
Telling Family Affairs.	Behaviour to the Sick.
Secrets among Fellow-Servants.	Hearing Things against a Master or Mistress.
Entering into their Quarrels.	Being too free with Men-Servants.
Tale-bearing.	Conduct towards Apprentices.
Being an Eye-Servant.	Misspending Time.
Carelessness of Children.	Public Shows.
Of Fire, Candle, Thieves.	Vails.
New Acquaintance.	Giving Advice too freely.
Fortune-Tellers.	Chastity.
Giving saucy Answers.	Temptations from the Master.
Liquorishness.	If a single Man.
Aping the Fashion.	If a married Man.
Dishonesty.	If from the Master's Son.
The Market-Penny.	If from Gentlemen Lodgers.
Delaying to give Change.	

To which are added,

DIRECTIONS for going to MARKET

ALSO,

**For Dressing any Common Dish, whether FLESH, FISH or FOWL.
With some Rules for WASHING, &c.**

*The whole calculated for making both the Mistress and
the Maid happy.*

DUBLIN:

Printed by and for GEORGE FAULKNER, 1744.

Preface.

It is not to be wondered at, that in an age abounding with luxury, and over-run with pride, servants should be in general so bad, that it is become one of our calamities not to be able to live without them: corruption, though it begins at the head, ceases not its progress till it reaches the most inferior parts, and it is high time to endeavour a cure of so growing an evil. I am certain no undertaking whatever can be more useful to the public, and I flatter myself will meet with greater encouragement. A due observance of the rules contained in this little treatise, cannot fail of making every mistress of a family perfectly contented, and every servant-maid both happy and beloved; and I hope whoever of the latter shall read what I have set down, will find it so much her interest, as well as her duty, to behave in a contrary manner from what too many for some years have done; that she will make it her whole study to avoid the errors she may see in others, and reform such as she has been guilty of herself: this is the sole end proposed by the publication of these sheets, and if the attempt succeeds, I think my labour well bestowed.

Introduction.

DEAR GIRLS,

I think there cannot be a greater service done to the commonwealth, (of which you are a numerous body) than to lay down some general rules for your behaviour, which, if observed, will make your condition so happy to yourselves as it is necessary to others. Nothing can be more melancholy, than to hear continual complaints for faults which a very little reflection would render it almost as easy for you to avoid as to commit; most of the mistakes laid to your charge proceeding at first only from a certain indolence and inactivity of the mind, but if not rectified in time, become habitual, and difficult to be thrown off.

Personal Behaviour

Caution against bad houses] As the first step therefore towards being happy in service, you should never enter into a place, but with a view of staying in it; to which end I think it highly necessary, that (as no mistress worth serving will take you without a character) you should also make some enquiry into the place before you suffer yourself to be hired.

There are some houses which appear well by day, that it would be little safe for a modest maid to sleep in at night: I do not mean those coffee-houses, bagnios, &c. which some parts of the town, particularly Covent Garden, abound with; for in those the very aspect of the persons who keep them are sufficient to show what manner of trade they follow; but houses which have no public show of business, are richly furnished, and where the mistress has an air of the strictest modesty, and perhaps affects a double purity of behaviour: yet under such roofs, and under the sanction of such women as I have described, are too frequently acted such scenes of debauchery as would startle even the owners of some common brothels. Great regard is therefore to be had to the character of the persons who recommend you, and the manner in which you heard of the place; for those sort of people have commonly their emissaries at inns, watching the coming in of the waggons, and, if they find any pretty girls who come to town to go to service, presently hire them in the name of some person of condition, and by this means the innocent young creature, while she thanks God for her good fortune, in being so immediately provided for, is ensnared into the service of the devil. Here temptations of all kinds are offered her; she is not treated as a servant but a guest; her country habit is immediately stripped off, and a gay modish one put on in its stead; and then the designed victim, willing or unwilling, is exposed to sale to the first lewd supporter of her mistress's grandeur that comes to the house: if she refuses the shameful business for which she was hired, and prefers the preservation of her virtue to all the promises can be made her, which way can she escape? She is immediately confined, close watched, threatened, and at last forced to compliance. Then by a continued prostitution withered in her bloom, she becomes despised, no longer affords any advantage to the wretch who betrayed her, and is turned out to infamy and beggary, perhaps too with the most loathsome of all diseases, which ends her miserable days in an hospital or work-house, in case she can be admitted, though some have not had even that favour, but found their death-bed on a dunghill.

Nor are these artifices confined to country girls alone, those cunning wicked ones have their spies in every corner of the town, who lie in wait to entrap the innocent and unwary; it behoves you therefore to know very well, for what, and to whom you hire yourself, and be satisfied, at least, that it is for honest purposes, and that the persons you serve are people of reputation.

An honest service a great blessing.] Having given you this necessary caution, I must also remind you, that you ought to rejoice when received into an house, to be seen in which can call no blush in your face; and as there is no perfect happiness in this world, even in the highest stations, much less ought you to expect to find everything exactly to your mind, but to resolve to make everything so, as much as possible; and not say as some of you are apt to do, *There are more places than parish churches*, and on the least occasion presently give warning. Those who speak or act in this manner

will scarce succeed in any service; they will be continually roaming from house to house, oftener out of place than in, without character, without money, without friends or support, in case of sickness or any other exigence, all which, those who have lived any time in a family have a right to demand. If therefore you would seriously consider the miseries that threaten you on the one hand, and the certain advantages which offer to you on the other, none of you would have any disposition to change; but on the contrary, endeavour to avoid doing anything that might occasion your being turned away.

I know there are people of very odd humours in the world, but then those humours have all of them a certain way of being soothed; which if you hit, as a little attention will teach you how to do, you will find more kindness from those very persons, than you might from others of a more even temper.

Studying to give Content.] Possessed with a strong desire of pleasing you will rarely fail of doing it; a good temper will be charmed with your readiness, and a bad one disarmed of great part of its harshness; and though you should be a little awkward in things you are employed in, when they see it is not occasioned by obstinacy or indolence, they will rather instruct you in what they find you ignorant, than be angry that you are so. Whereas if you really perform all the duties of a servant with the utmost exactness, yet if you seem careless whether what you do is agreeable or not, your services will lose great part of their merit. Their manner of doing anything is as much to be regarded as the thing itself; and because the humours of people are vastly different, it is your interest to study by what sort of behaviour you can most ingratiate yourself, as the scripture says, *The eye of the handmaid looks up to her mistress*, so you ought diligently to observe not only what she *says*, but also how she *looks*, in order to give content. On this you may depend, that if you are fearful of offending, you can scarce offend at all; because that very timidity is an indication of your respect for those you serve, and a real ambition of deserving their approbation; than which there is nothing more engaging.

Sloth.] One of the greatest impediments to the practice of this lesson is sloth; which though it proceeds at first from a heaviness in the blood, and is no more than a distemper, if indulged grows up into a vice, and renders you incapable of doing your duty either to God or man: the Roman Catholics place it among the number of the deadly sins, and can really give a better reason for so doing than for most of their other tenets; for it is, as I may say, the principal source of all the evils a person in any station can be guilty of, but more especially in yours. Sloth occasions a falling off from everything that is commendable, and a general defection of the animal spirits; so that you become unable as well as unwilling to perform even what would otherwise be most pleasing to you. Take care, therefore, how you give way to the love of idleness, or too much sleep, both of which dull the spirits, and fill the body full of gross humours; you should therefore make use of your utmost endeavours against these potent enemies of your health, your happiness, your virtue. There are many recipes in physic for this evil, but, believe me, the best prescription is a willing mind. Whenever you find yourself inclined to sleep beyond those hours which nature requires, rise, though it be before the time expected from you: make business for yourself if you can find none, and stir nimbly about till the fit is entirely gone off. This method frequently practised will wear off in time whatever sluggishness you may have from constitution or custom, and render you strong and lively.

Temperance in eating and drinking.] I must also add, that temperance in eating, and drinking is very conducive to this end: you should remember you do not *live to eat*, but *eat to live*; and whatever goes down your throats beyond what is requisite for that purpose, only engenders crudities, which naturally occasion sloth: neither should you sit too long at meals. It is an old, but very true saying, *Quick at meat, Quick at work*, and nothing is more unbecoming in a young person, especially a servant, whose time is not her own, than to indulge herself in this. The affectation of following your mistress's example, has corrupted but too many of you; you imagine it shows a delicacy, and looks pretty in you, to be able to breakfast on nothing but tea and coffee, whereas both these liquors, especially the former, diminish your strength, waste your time, and, for the most part, draw on a more pernicious consequence, which is dram-drinking. I have known several who have loathed the very smell of any spirituous liquor, become at last to love them to their ruin, merely by drinking of tea, which, by too much cooling and weakening the stomach, seems to render it necessary to have something warm. You begin with a little, and think you will never exceed a certain bound, but by degrees increase the proportion; you crave still for more, till by frequent use it becomes too habitual to be refrained. The consequences of these intoxicating spirits, none of you but have sense enough to see, if you would give yourselves the trouble of considering, and the horrible objects which the streets every day afford you, methinks, should make it impossible for you not to do so.

Sluttishness.] The constant attendant on sloth is sluttishness: she who gives her mind to idleness, can neither be thoroughly clean in her own person nor the house; and though her pride may sometimes force her to prink herself up, when she is to go abroad, or her fear of being turned away make her keep those rooms in order, in which her neglect, if otherwise, would be most conspicuous; yet all her neatness will be outside; there will always be some dirty thing about the one, and some unswept corners in the other. Sloth suggests to you, that *this*, or *that*, will not be taken notice of, and you may sit still and indulge yourself a little, and work the harder for it next day; but, when the next day comes, you are as unwilling as before, and by putting off your business, make it become too heavy for you go through, even though you had the best inclination; and everything infallibly shows the slut, than which there cannot be a more scandalous character, or that will more effectually disqualify you for any good service.

But though cleanliness in your own person, and the goods committed to your charge, be highly commendable, yet it is more especially so in dressing of victuals. To see anything nasty about what is to go into the mouth, creates a loathing, even in those who are the least nice in other particulars. All the utensils in the kitchen, therefore, ought to be kept free from any kind of dirt, or rust, and your hands very well washed, and your nails close pared, before you touch the meat: for this reason it is very odious for servants to use themselves to the taking of snuff. The most careful cannot answer that what they are dressing may not be spiced with some of this powder, which is so fine ground, especially that which they call Scotch or Spanish, that in the very opening the box that contains it, you may see the dust fly out. As the taking it is nothing but a custom, and a very bad one too, because it clogs both the brain and the passages to the stomach, soils the linen and the skin, indulges sloth, and is some expense, though a small one, without anyone good property to atone for all these inconveniencies, I would advise you by all means to refrain from it.

Staying when sent on errands.] Another very great fault I have observed in many of you, which, if not proceeding always from downright sloth, does from something so

like it, that the effect is scarce to be distinguished from the cause: it shows at least sloth of the mind, a want of diligence, a carelessness of pleasing, which, as I have already said, is the source of almost all the faults you can be guilty of; and this is staying when you are sent on an errand; a crowd gathered about a pickpocket, a pedlar, a mountebank, or a ballad-singer; has the power to detain too many of you, though when sent on the most important business to those you serve; and which, perhaps, may greatly suffer by a moment's delay. How cruel, therefore, how unjust is it to sacrifice to a little impertinent curiosity, the interest of those who give you bread! But supposing the affair you go upon is in itself immaterial, it is not so to those who send you: nobody sends for anything they do not want, nor on any message which they would not have immediately delivered; and the suspense they are in while waiting beyond the time they might expect you back, creates an uneasiness of mind which no confederate person would give to anyone much less to a master or mistress. Sometimes, perhaps, you have the excuse of meeting an acquaintance, a friend, or one who knows the family you lived in before, and has a thousand things to tell you concerning what happened since you went away, and what is said of yourself; but you ought to remember, that no intelligence that detains you from your business can be worth your while to hear, or an equivalent for disobliging those you serve; and that none are truly your friends that would hold you by the ears with an idle story: for while you are in the condition of a servant, your time belongs to those who pay you for it; and all you waste from the employment they set you about, is a robbery from them.

Telling the affairs of the family.] But infinitely worse is it when you suffer yourselves to be detained in order to discover the affairs of the family where you live. The smallest and most trivial action there should never escape your lips, because you cannot be a judge what are really such, and what are the contrary. Things that may seem to you matters of perfect indifference, may happen to prove of great importance to those concerned in them, and sometimes a single word, inadvertently let fall, may so coincide with what has been said by others as to give room to prying people for conjectures which you are not aware of. Neither is it sufficient you inviolably preserve what secrets are intrusted to you, to maintain your character of fidelity; if you are found guilty of blabbing small things, you will be suspected of not being more retentive in greater; so that as what you can say can be of no service to yourselves, and may be of prejudice to those you live with, I would advise you to be extremely circumspect how you mention either their humour, circumstances, or behaviour.

Speaking of your fellow servants.] It will be likewise prudent in you to be as silent in what relates to your fellow servants, if you have any: if they are good, they stand in no need of anything you can say; and if bad, it is not your business to search into their faults, for fear of provoking them to be on the watch for yours, and even lay those to your charge of which you may be perfectly innocent. Indeed, if you find them guilty of any flagrant injustice, such as may touch the life or property of your master or mistress, to conceal it from them would be no less than to partake of their crime; but you must be well assured of this before you venture to speak; say nothing on surmise, for to give even the least hint of what you cannot prove, will make you be looked upon only as an incendiary and an envious person, and excite the hatred of the whole family.

Secrets among fellow-servants.] Neither would I have you be desirous of being trusted with the secrets of your fellow-servants: you can gain nothing by the confidence of such as they, and when any two are observed to be continually whispering, it not only

raises a jealousy in the rest, but also is apt to give your master and mistress a suspicion that you are carrying on something to their detriment.

Entering into their quarrels.] Nothing can lay you more open to ill-will than interfering in any dispute among them; by so doing, you are sure to incur the displeasure of one party, and often of both, when the quarrel being made up, it shall be discovered what hand you had in it.

Tale-bearing.] Much less ought you to report every little word you hear among them. Many things if heard out of the mouth that, first speaks them, would be wholly inoffensive, carry a stronger meaning when repeated by another: besides those who cannot help telling all they hear, are very apt to tell more than they hear; and even though they do not, are suspected of it. Neither ought you to meddle with what is not properly your province, in a family where there are several servants, each has her business assigned, and it is sufficient for you, that you do your own; when others neglect theirs, leave to those to whom it belongs to find out and blame it; by this means you will preserve peace, and acquire the love of all of them, without running any danger of disobliging your master and mistress, who, whatever use they may make of the tales you bring, will not in their hearts approve such a propensity in you.

Being an eye-servant.] I would also warn you against being what they call an eye-servant. To appear diligent in sight, and be found neglectful when out of it, show you both deceitful and lazy, and when once discovered to be so, as this is a fault cannot be long concealed, how irksome will it be to you to hear the just reproaches made you on this score, and to be watched and followed in everything you do, and how great a trouble must you give your mistress in forcing her to it! People, who keep servants, keep them for their ease, not to increase their care; and nothing can be more cruel, as well as more unjust, than to disappoint them in a view they have so much right to expect. The taking any liberties when your master and mistress are abroad, which are not allowed you when they are at home, comes also under this head; and, however innocent you may think them, or they in reality may be in themselves, are still a breach of duty which you ought by no means to be guilty of. To avoid all mistakes of this kind, it would be well for you to calculate, the first thing you do in the morning (after having said your prayers) the business of the day, and contrive it so as it may come within as little compass of time as possible, and then go cheerfully about it, without taking notice whether you are observed or not. Contrivance is half work they say, and I am certain you will find it so; everything will go easily and smoothly on, and no mistress but will look on such a servant as a jewel, when she finds that waking or sleeping, abroad or at home, she may depend on her business being regularly done.

Carelessness of children.] There is no negligence you can be guilty of less pardonable than that concerning children committed to your charge. If you happen to live in a family where the mistress either suckles, or brings an infant up by hand at home; part of the duty of a nurse will fall to your share; and to use the little innocent with any harshness, or omit giving it food, or any other necessary attendance, is a barbarity which nothing can excuse. It was by diligence and tenderness you yourselves were reared to what you are; and it is by the same dispositions you must bring up your own children when you come to have them. Practice, therefore, if it falls in your way, those lessons, which it will behove you to be perfect in when you come to be mothers: but above all things be careful, whether the child be yet in arms, or goes in leading-strings, that it gets no falls; and as such accidents may sometimes happen in spite of the greatest caution in the world, never let your fear of offending prevail on you to

conceal it: do not, because perhaps you may see no outward scarification, assure yourselves there is no harm done: internal damages are of the worst consequence: a bone may be slipped which you do not perceive, and which if not timely rectified, can no way afterwards be set to rights. You must not defer discovering what has happened one moment; but if your mistress is absent, run immediately to some skilful person, and have the infant examined. Reflect within yourselves how great a shock it would be to you to find, when it was too late for remedy, that a child committed to your care, should be lame, crook-backed, or have any other personal defect entailed on it for life, merely through your neglect. Nature makes few mistakes, and I dare answer, that of the many unhappy objects we see of this kind, ninety-nine in a hundred owe their misfortune to the disingenuity of those who attended them in their infancy. The eldest son of an alderman in the city, with whom I am well acquainted, by a fall his nurse had as she was carrying him down stairs, had his back-bone broke at six weeks old: the poor woman presently undressed and examined him according to the best of her judgment; but perceiving nothing appear outwardly, imagined no hurt had come to him. The misfortune discovered not itself till some weeks after, when perceiving that he had no other strength in his back than what the stays afforded him, and that when naked, he fell quite forward, a surgeon was sent for, who presently found the truth; but there was in art no prospect of relief: the afflicted parents spared no cost for that purpose, but all in vain; and the young gentleman could never walk without a crutch under each arm. I know a gentleman also, whose little daughter of much the same age, and by a fall of the like nature, had one arm and one leg broke, which, by not being set in time, could never after be repaired; and she has no use, nor ever can have, of either of those limbs: another being let fall, had both her knee-pans slipped, and never knew the pleasure of walking; but to the day of her death (and she lived to be upwards of twenty) was obliged to be carried wherever she went, in a footman's arms. How melancholy a thing was this, for a fine young lady to be deprived of all the pleasures, all the advantages of her rank and age, and not to be able to taste in youth those satisfactions which age regrets the loss of; yet how much more unhappy would it have been, how would the misfortune have been doubled, had it befallen a person whose parents had it not in their power to bequeath her a handsome subsistence. Cripple as she was, she must then have been obliged to the hospital, or workhouse, for a wretched support. Consider therefore, how miserable you must have been, had any such accident rendered you incapable of getting your bread; and let no false modesty, or unreasonable timidity, make you ashamed or afraid of revealing anything of this nature: you may, perhaps, receive a little hasty word at first, but your integrity and good-will for the child will afterward be praised, and you will besides enjoy the innate satisfaction of having discharged your duty.

Fire, candle.] There are also some other things in which it will become you to be extremely cautious, most of the dreadful accidents which have happened through fire, have been occasioned by the too little circumspection of servants; I once lived in a house, which, but by the strangest providence in the world, must infallibly have been consumed, and probably many others with it, by the maid taking the cinders off the kitchen fire, and putting them into a coal scuttle, which she set under the dresser, and then went upstairs to bed. One of the family happening to be taken ill in the night, ran down for some water, and found the dresser and shelves over it in a blaze: on this timely discovery an alarm was given, and, proper methods being immediately taken, the fire was happily extinguished, which, had it continued but a very small time longer, would have reached the main beam of the house, all had been in flames, and the means perhaps never guessed at by the unhappy sufferers. Innumerable have been

the mischiefs that have been done by the servants letting a candle burn after they are in bed, and even by snuffing it among linen, paper, or shavings: a spark flying off, and happening to fall on some very dry thing, has often proved of the most dreadful consequence, and there cannot be too much caution used in this particular; and I would recommend it to you to see everything of fire utterly extinguished before you venture to lie down to sleep.

Thieves.] Neither is it enough that you are careful in barring all the doors and windows to guard against the house being robbed: the night is not the only season in which those invaders of the properties of others are in search for prey. Experience teaches us, that the day has sometimes been no less favourable to them: the vizard and the formidable dark lanthorn they have then indeed no occasion for; but by appearing less themselves, are not the less dangerous. It is not then their business to affright, but to deceive; and so many stratagems they abound with for compassing this end, that you cannot be too much warned against them. Where lodgings are to be let, they frequently watch an opportunity of the family being gone abroad, and under the pretence of seeing some apartment, get entrance, bind, gag, or perhaps murder the maid, and plunder the house of everything valuable in it. On Sundays, in the time of divine service, when the family are at church, it is very dangerous to open the door to anyone that knocks, especially in squares, or streets where many people are not continually passing, or sitting at doors or windows, as they are apt to do in little lanes and courts: I would therefore advise you to answer all strangers that shall come at that time, from an upper window; for several houses have been robbed by the inadvertency of a servant, who on opening the door, has given admittance to villains in the shape of gentlemen. It would not be only endless, but likewise impossible to recount the various stratagems they put in practice; I shall therefore content myself with reminding you, to let no person, who is not perfectly known to you, into the house, either when you are alone in it, or early in the morning before the family is up: they have come sometimes as footmen, with a message from some person whose name they make use of as a sanction: sometimes as porters with a basket from an inn, with a present from the country: sometimes as a neighbour's servant, (especially if you are lately come, and unacquainted) desiring leave to light a candle; but whatever their pretences be, let them wait; better to seem unmannerly, than by your carelessness expose your matter and mistress to be robbed, and yourself murdered. There are your little pilferers too no less impudent nor artful than those who rob by wholesale, who watch the opportunity of a sash being up in a parlour window, to snatch out anything within their reach; and some of them have long sticks with hooks, which will easily bring out a cloak, hat, or any other thing that happens to hang up. Some of these have had the boldness to knock, and ask to speak with the mistress of the family, when they have seen she has been in an upper room, and on being asked to walk into the parlour, and left alone while the maid goes up to inform her mistress, have swept away whatever the buffet afforded; so that on no account, nor at any time, can you safely give entrance to one you know not.

New Acquaintance.] To be easily drawn into a familiarity with persons who scrape acquaintance with you, is often of ill consequence both to yourselves and those you live with. Particularly those you will frequently meet with at chandler's shops, and at some markets, where there are always idle people hanging about, who will in a manner force themselves upon you, ask you a thousand questions about your place, tell you that you deserve a better, and that if you should go away, they can recommend you where you will have more wages and less work, be very officious in

offering to carry anything for you and omit nothing that may make you think they have taken a great fancy to you, in order that you may ask them to come to see you, when your master and mistress are abroad. These are a sort of sharpers of your own sex but not a whit less dangerous than those of the other, as many of you, who have been unwarily drawn in by them, have sadly experienced.

Listening to fortune-tellers.] Telling of fortunes has been one of the pretences the wretches above mentioned have found very successful for the bringing about their wicked designs; by no means, therefore, give way to any insinuations of that sort; I know no path that more readily leads to destruction: like Macbeth in the play, who, by being told he should be a king, became guilty of all manner of villainies to make himself so. There is no vice whatever but you may fall an easy prey to, if you are once made to believe it is your fate, and that though you should strive against it never so much, it is unavoidable; and I believe as many girls have been corrupted by this one artifice, as by a thousand others. But supposing no efforts are made on your own honesty this way, nor you should even suffer by their want of it, whom you thus imprudently introduce, you at least mis-spend your time, and have your head filled with a thousand vain imaginations, which render you thoughtless and forgetful of what is really your interest; and if no worse comes of it, (as is seldom the case) that of itself is bad enough.

Folly of it.] It must be confessed a desire of prying into future events is very much ingrafted in human nature, especially in your sex; yet sure nothing can be more silly than an endeavour to penetrate into them by looking into a cup, as if the decrees of heaven were written in the grounds of coffee, and intelligible to such poor ignorant wretches as those who make a practice of this pretended art. It is no excuse for you, that you see your betters sometimes guilty of this weakness; you are not to imitate them in their errors: besides, what they do of this kind is only for amusement; they cannot but have more sense than to place any dependence on the absurd things foretold them by these people, nor can run the hazards you do by bringing them into the house, where when you happen to be called away, they are often left alone in a room, and as I said before, 'tis great odds if they do not make use of that opportunity to pilfer something, for which afterwards you will have the blame. Though I have only mentioned the prognosticators in coffee-grounds, the calculators of nativity, resolvers of horary questions, palming, geomancy-mongers, card-cutters, gipsies, and all the other pretenders to divination, come under the same head, and are in general to be discouraged and avoided by all discreet and honest servants.

Lying.] But there is scarce anyone thing I would more strenuously recommend to you than speaking the exact truth: if at any time taxed with a fault which you are conscious of being guilty of, never attempt to screen it with a lie; for the last fault is in addition to the former, and renders it more inexcusable: to acknowledge you have been to blame is the surest way both to merit and obtain forgiveness, and establishes an opinion that you will be careful to avoid the like trespass for the future. Whereas, if you are once detected in a lie, you will never after be believed; and though wrongfully accused, all your protestations of innocence go for nothing. Some have by nature so strong a propensity to this vice, that they cannot refrain it in the most trivial concerns, and even where speaking the truth would be of equal, if not more advantage. But this is a most dangerous habit; for supposing that either through your own artful manner of delivering what you say, or the easy credulity of those you impose upon, whatever you allege for a long time should gain belief and repeated falsehoods be looked upon as sacred truths, the success might be of worse consequence to you than the detection:

emboldened by having never yet been found out, you might be lulled into a fatal security that you never should be so; and in that confidence venture to be guilty of things which no invention or dissimulation would have the power to screen, and an attempt of that kind only add greater weight to the crime, and shame to the aggressor. So that to indulge it on any motive, or in any shape, is not only base to others, but pernicious to yourselves.

Giving pert or saucy answers.] It is also very becoming in you to be modest and humble in your deportment, never pretending to argue the case, even though your mistress should be angry without a cause. *A soft answer puts away wrath*, says Solomon. And if she is a discreet woman she will reflect after her passion is over, and use you the more kindly; whereas going about to defend yourself by a saucy reply, gives her a real occasion of offence, justifies her ill humour, and perhaps will be more severely resented by her than the fault she accused you of would be, had you been guilty of it.

Liquorishness.] As small errors frequently lead on to greater, there are two things I would advise you not to give way to: the first is a desire or craving after dainties, by which I mean such things as either are not in the house, or are not allowed to come to your table: it looks silly and childish in a servant to be laying out her money in baubling cakes, nuts, and things which she has no real occasion for, and can do her no good; and no less impudent to presume to touch anything her mistress has ordered to be set by; who, though she may not be of so cruel a disposition as a certain lady, who not long since, sent her maid to Bridewell for taking a slice of pudding, has reason to be angry at having anything diminished she reserved for her own eating, or those on whom she intended to bestow it.

Aping the fashion.] The second of these errors, or failings, for I think neither of them simply in themselves can be called a vice, is the ambition of imitating your betters in point of dress, and fancying that though you cannot have such rich clothes, it becomes you to put them on in the same manner: whereas nothing looks so handsome in a servant as a decent plainness. Ribbons, ruffles, necklaces, fans, hoop-petticoats, and all those superfluities in dress, give you but a tawdry air, and cost you that money, which perhaps you may hereafter have occasion for. This folly is indeed so epidemic among you, that few of you but lay out all you get in these imagined ornaments of your person: the greatest pleasure you take is in being called *Madam* by such as do not know you; and you fear nothing so much as being taken for what you are: I wish you would seriously consider how very preposterous all this is. Enquire of your mothers and grandmothers how the servants of their times were dressed, and you will be told that it was not by laying out their wages in these fopperies they got good husbands, but by the reputation of their honesty, industry and frugality, in saving what they got in service. Besides, can you believe any mistress can be pleased to find, that she no sooner puts on a new thing, than her maid immediately jumps into something as like it as she can? Do you think it is possible for her to approve, that the time she pays and feeds her for, and expects should be employed in her business, shall be trifled away in curling her own hair, pinching her caps, tying up her knots, and setting herself forth as though she had no other thing to do, but to prepare for being looked at? This very failing, without the help of any other, I take to be the cause that so very few of you are able to continue long in a place and have so little money to support yourselves when out. Yet this, my dear girls, bad as it is, is not the worst: there is an evil behind that is much more to be dreaded, and may be laid to be an almost unavoidable consequence, and that is, your honesty is likely to be called in question:

people will be apt to examine, how much you gave for such or such a thing, compare your profits with your purchases, and if the calculation of the expense amounts to a scruple more than they can account for your receiving, will presently place it to the score of those you live with, and say, you owe your finery to your fraud: if innocent, your character inevitably suffers; and if guilty, you pay dearly for the crime your vanity has ensnared you into, by a sooner or later sad remorse.

Dishonesty.] Let not, therefore, any temptations, much less those idle ones I have mentioned, prevail upon you to become dishonest. To cheat or defraud anyone is base and wicked; but where breach of trust is added, the crime is infinitely enhanced: nor flatter yourselves, that because you do not actually break locks, or take anything out of your master or mistress's trunks, you are faithful servants. There are other kinds of thieving you may be guilty of, which are of worse consequence to the losers, though less perceptible, and, when discovered, show you refrain from more public robberies only for fear of the penalties of the law.

The Market-penny.] To purloin or secrete any part of what is put into your hands in order to be laid out to the best advantage, is as essentially a theft, as though you took the money out of the pockets of those who entrust you; and in doing this you are guilty of a double wrong, first to your master or mistress who sends you to market, by making them pay more than they ought, and to the tradesman from whom you buy, by making them appear as guilty of imposition in exacting a greater price than the commodity is worth. Do not imagine, that by taking pains to find out where you can buy cheapest, you are entitled to that overplus you must have given in another place; for this is no more than your duty, and the time it takes to search out the best bargains, is the property of those to whom you belong. Those among you of any spirit, methinks, should value the praise of a good market-woman, far beyond those scandalous and pitiful advantages, which cannot be made without proclaiming you either fools or cheats; for depend upon it, you can live with very few who will not examine into the market prices. They will enquire of those who buy for themselves, and, as some people have a foolish way of belying their pockets one way or other, those who pretend to buy the cheapest, will be the most readily believed; so that do the best you can, you will be able to give but bare satisfaction in this point. You will, however, have that innate pleasure in a consciousness of having discharged your duty, which not the most secret and advantageous breach of it could afford. Dishonest practices, even in the most trivial matters, fill the breast with a thousand apprehensions of discovery; every accident alarms; and a word sometimes spoke without design calls a blush in the guilty cheek, and is taken as a kind of oblique accusation. But what shame, what confusion, must you be involved in, if ever detected in a crime of this nature? This puts a final end to all your hopes; if you are forgiven, you will no more be trusted; no more be recommended, and your character utterly destroyed: it is a great chance, if you are not reduced to get your bread by those infamous practices by which you lost it; and from petty frauds proceed to greater, and such as may bring you to the most shameful death. Dare not, therefore, to harbour the least thought of converting to your own use what is the property of another, much less that which is committed to your charge. Buy for your master and mistress as you would for yourself; and as to what remains, look on it as a rust that would consume all you have, and get rid of it by returning it to the owner the moment you come home.

Delaying to give change.] A very foolish custom, to say no worse of it, has been observed in some of you; and that is, when you are sent to buy anything with a larger piece of money than it can possibly cost, you do not immediately give back the

remainder: I once knew a maid so negligent in this particular, that whenever her mistress gave her any money to change, she was obliged to stick two pins across in her sleeve as a memorandum to ask for it, without which, she told me, she expected never to have it, and believed she had lost frequently that way, when the hurry of business had made her forget. You may be sure, no mistress would long be under such a confinement for the sake of any servant, the silly girl was turned away at the month's end, and though in other respects I heard she behaved well enough, yet this gave so strong a suspicion of her dishonesty, that she was trusted with nothing the little time she stayed in that service, .nor could obtain any recommendation to another.

It is very possible, that neither this young woman, nor many others who may have been guilty of the same folly, had any real intention of keeping or embezzling this money; but it shows at least a great carelessness of a mistress's concerns, when they can forget to give her an account of what money was entrusted with them, which of itself is a very great fault, as I have already fully remonstrated. But who will believe that a servant who constantly keeps money in her hands till it is demanded, can do it with any other view than that of making it her own, in case it should happen to be forgotten? By all means, therefore, avoid what gives so just an occasion for suspicion; be not only strictly honest, but do nothing that may give the least room to doubt your being so. Besides, 'tis both weak and sinful to lay yourself under a temptation of this kind. When you have money of another's in your pocket, have kept it for some days, and find it is totally forgotten, may not the devil, who is watchful for such opportunities of seducing the unwary mind, suggest to you, that as you want a thousand necessaries, which the smallness of your wages will not supply you with, there is no harm in making use of a trifle, which the owner can very well spare, and will do you so great a service; and can you be assured your honesty will be able to hold out against the insinuations of this subtle fiend? That you will despise the bait, and unasked refund what you imagine you have so much occasion for, and might preserve with so much security? Why, therefore, should you voluntarily run into a danger, which, when if you escape, can afford you neither pleasure nor profit, or is indeed any merit in you?

Giving away victuals.] Giving away anything without consent or privity of your master or mistress, is a liberty you ought not to take; for though charity and compassion for the wants of our fellow-creatures are very amiable virtues, they are not to be indulged at the expense of other people's property, and your own honesty: when you find there is anything to spare, and that it is in danger of being spoiled by being kept too long, it is very commendable in you to ask leave to dispose of it while it is fit for Christians to eat; if such a permission is refused, the sin lies at their doors, you have nothing to answer for on that account: but must on no score bestow the least morsel in contradiction to the will of those to whom it belongs.

Bringing in charwomen.] But infinitely more blameable are you, when, unknown to the master or mistress of the family, you bring charwomen into the house, and give them victuals for helping you in that work you have undertaken to do alone. This action is a complication of hypocrisy, deceit, and injustice to those you serve, and may be attended with very ill consequences to yourselves: can you answer that nothing of what is committed to your charge will be pilfered? You cannot surely be without some apprehensions of this sort, when you trust a person, whose character and principles sometimes are little known to you, with goods, which, if lost, you, must not only be blamed for, but obliged to pay for, as far as is in your power. Does not your reputation, your means of getting bread in the world, and even your life, depend on

the fidelity of the person you thus clandestinely introduce? But you'll say, perhaps, that the person you employ is a very honest though poor woman; that she has been trusted in the best houses, and where the richest things have been, and nothing was ever missing. All this may be true, but you ought to remember, that what has not yet happened, a moment may produce: scarce can we know our own hearts beyond the present moment, much less those of others; and many people who have behaved well for a long time, have been at last found guilty of what they were least suspected capable of. Far be it from me to impeach the integrity of these poor creatures: doubtless many of them are perfectly honest; but that is still more than you can be ascertained of, and it is running a hazard to take them in, which it would be prudence in you to avoid; and the more so as you are guilty of an injustice to those you serve, which deserves some punishment. You should not undertake more work than you think you can perform; but if you find yourself mistaken, and that it is heavier than you imagined, or your strength will enable you to go through, you ought modestly to remonstrate it to your mistress, and if she insists on it, and will not give leave for anyone to assist you, it is much better to give warning than to deceive her in this point: perhaps this sincerity may so much win upon her that she will find some way to ease you; but if this should not be the case, she has at least no fault to lay to your charge, and cannot refuse giving you a character.

Wasting of victuals.] To make any waste of what God has given for the support of his creatures, is a crime of a much deeper dye, than those imagine who dare be guilty of it; and to say nothing of another world, rarely goes without its punishment in this, by the severe want of that which they have so lavishly confounded. What they call the kitchen-stuff is the usual appurtenance of the cook, and I have heard that in large families, where a great quantity of everything is ordered in, some have been base enough to melt whole pounds of butter into oil, on purpose to increase that perquisite: I should scarce believe this to be fact, if I did not know that several, who are very far from being of a niggardly disposition towards their servants, have denied them the profits of the kitchen-stuff merely on this score. Others also among you have been so dainty, that you could not eat of a joint of meat the second day, especially if your matter and mistress had any little thing for their own table. Suppose a fricassée, a fowl, the remains of which they would be glad to have set by for supper; but this you cannot allow of, you must have your share you think, and besides a bit or two purloined in the dressing, make sure of all they leave, and then the poor cat or dog has the blame, who, before you were aware, stole all out of the dish. Indeed there is something very mean and vile in such paltry pretences, and as they are easily seen through, make you suspected of worse practices; but, as I have before taken notice to you, banish pride and liquorishness and you will have no occasion for these little subterfuges. I do not deny but you have the same appetites with your superiors, and a good mistress will doubtless allow her servants taste of everything in season; but then you are not to expect it as often, or in as full proportion as she has it herself; that were to destroy all disparity, and put you too much on a level with those you serve.

This, perhaps, you think a hard lesson; but yet were you to know the real pinches some endure who keep you, you would find the balance of happiness wholly on your side. The exorbitant taxes, and other severities of the times, have, for some years past, reduced our middling gentry, as well as tradesmen, to very great straits; and the care of providing for you, and paying your wages, is much more than an equivalent for your care of obliging them, and doing your duty by them. It often costs many a bitten lip and aching heart, to support the rank they have been accustomed to

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hold in the world, while you, entirely free from all encumbrances, all distraction of mind, have only to do your duty quietly in the stations God has placed you. Whatever changes happen in public affairs, your circumstances are unaffected by them. Whether provisions are dear or cheap is the same thing to you. Secure of having all your real necessities supplied, you rise without anxiety, and go to bed without danger of having your repose disturbed. And as to your labour, if you consider the difference of education, it is no more to you, than those exercises which are prescribed to your superiors for the sake of health.

Methodists, if you would thoroughly weigh the comforts of your condition, you could not help having an affection for those under whose roof and protection you enjoy them, especially when they behave to you with any tolerable degree of affability and sweetness; for then not to love them would be the highest ingratitude: but supposing they are a little harsh in their expressions, use you with haughtiness, and keep you at the greatest distance, yet still you should remember it is their bed you lie upon, their food that sustains you, and their money clothes you.

Hearing anything said against your master or mistress.] So far from ever speaking against them yourself, you should never listen to any idle stories to their prejudice; should always vindicate their reputation from any open aspersions, or malicious insinuations: never mention their names in a familiar manner yourself, nor suffer others to treat them disrespectfully; magnify their virtues, and what failings they may have, shadow over as much as possibly you can: this, when known, will not only endear you to them, but also gain you the esteem of those who hear you talk: for though many people have the ill-nature to be pleased with picking out what they can to the prejudice of their neighbour, yet none in their hearts approve of the person who makes the report, as we love the treason but hate the traitor. Listening without contradiction to an ill thing, is tacitly acknowledging the truth of it, and is little less base and cruel, than the inventing and telling it yourself. But though I would have you defend those you serve by all the arguments that truth, and reason will admit, yet I would not advise you to give the least intimation to themselves of what you have heard; to repeat a rude thing said of anyone, would be rude in you, and give so great a shock to the person concerned in it, as is not easily forgiven. Besides, to recite what replies you made would only serve to make you look like a pickthank, and the service you have done lose all its merit, perhaps give occasion to suspect, that nobody would have taken the liberty to say such things to you, if you had not given room for it by some complaints of your own. You must therefore be quite silent on this head; it is better it should be heard from others than yourself, and it seldom happens that such things go no further than the mouth which speaks them. Those you have defended will one time or another be made acquainted with it, and your discretion and disinterestedness in concealing it, be reckoned of equal value with your fidelity.

Quarrels with fellow-servants.] Preserve as much as possibly you can the good-will of your fellow-servants; let it not be in the power of every trifle to ruffle you, or occasion you to treat them with any grating reflections, even though they should be the first aggressors; it is better to put up with a small affront than by returning it, provoke yet greater; and raise any disturbance in the family. When quarrels in the kitchen are loud enough to be heard in the parlour, both parties are blamed, and it is not always the justest side finds the most favour. If injured, the less passion you discover, the more advantage you gain over your adversary; and if you happen to have given the first ground for animosity, confessing it in time is the surest way to have it no more remembered. But of all things, I would advise you not to throw severe or biting jests

on anyone; they sink deeper into the mind than even foul names; and though you may fancy you show your wit in them, and excite the laughter of the standers-by, you may excite a spirit of revenge in the person you deride, which may draw many tears of repentance from yourself. Any reflection on personal defects, as they are obvious, and consequently prove the truth of your satire, are the least to be endured, and not only create you an implacable enemy in the person you insult, but show the little generosity of your own nature, that can suffer you to reproach what is not a fault but a misfortune. Besides, it is impious, instead of thanking God for making you more perfect, to find fault with his handiwork in your fellow-creature.

If you are once discovered to be of a peevish or quarrelsome disposition, all the good-natured part of the family will shun all conversation with you, as much as possible; and those of the same humour with yourself be continually throwing something in your way to occasion contention, on purpose to try your spirit, and see which of you shall get the better; so that perpetual wrangling will ensue, all your business will be neglected, and everything in confusion till the house is rid of the authors of it. Believe me, there is nothing so engaging as a mild affable behaviour, especially to people of the same family; and of all policies, that is of the most consequence which reaches us to acquire the love and good wishes of those we converse, or have any business with.

Behaviour to the sick.] If any of the family happen to be sick, let all animosity, all former displeasure they may have given you be forgot: visit, attend, and comfort them all you can, whether you are ordered by your mistress to do so or not; you have a superior authority for this act of compassion, 'tis a duty enjoined by God, and owing to humanity, and which you know not how soon you may stand in need of yourself. If it falls to your share to administer any prescription to them, content not yourself with barely giving the medicines regularly, but add to your attendance a softness of behaviour which may convince them you are truly concerned for them. A tender assiduity about a sick person is half a cure; it is a balsam to the mind, which has a powerful effect over the body; it soothes, it composes, it ease the sharpest pains, and strengthens beyond the richest cordial: by seeming to feel their anguish, you relieve it. People never think themselves truly unhappy, while their sufferings, are treated with pity and gentleness. If good nature, therefore, be so necessary to alleviate misfortunes, and, of all misfortunes sickness is allowed to be the greatest, how shocking, how stinging must a contrary behaviour be to a poor wretch, both incapable and fearful of resenting any insult in a proper manner. Let no toil, therefore, you may happen to have about a person in this circumstance, weary you out so far as to make you answer with any peevishness; let what you do, seem a pleasure to yourself, or it will greatly lessen the merit of the obligation; but to reproach them with anything is highly savage, and what on their recovery, they will scarcely forgive or forget. It is indeed affliction enough to languish under the chastisement of heaven; and for a fellow-creature to add to it by harsh expressions, sullenness, or any other act of unkindness, shows the person guilty of it to have thrown off all humanity; and to be capable of everything that is ill.

Being too free with men-servants.] If you are in the house of a person of condition where there are many men-servants, it requires a great deal of circumspection how to behave. As these fellows live high; and have little to do, they are for the most part very pert and saucy where they dare, and apt to take liberties on the least encouragement; you ought therefore to carry yourself at a distance towards them; I do not mean with a proud or prudish air: you are neither to look as if you thought

yourself above them, or to seem as if you imagined every word they spoke to you had a design upon you; no, the one would make them hate and affront you, and the other would be turned into ridicule. On the contrary, you must behave with an extreme civility mixed with seriousness, but never be too free. To suffer them to toy or romp with you, will embolden them, perhaps, to actions unbecoming modesty to bear, and the least rebuff provoke them to use you ill, whereas a cold reserve at first will prevent both the one and the other. You must also observe an exact equality in your deportment; for if you show the least distinction in favour of anyone, you will not only make him too presuming, but also draw the resentment of all the others upon you, who will be continually twitting you concerning him, and it may be construed everything you do into meanings very foreign from the truth.

Conduct toward apprentices.] With regard to apprentices a different conduct is to be observed. If there be more than one, he who has served longest is to be treated with the most respect, but you ought by no means to use the other in a saucy, and imperious manner; you are to consider, that they are servants only to become masters, and are often of a better birth and education than those they serve, therefore should be treated not only with kindness, but civility: it may hereafter lie in their power to recompense any little favour you do them, such as mending their linen, or other office of that kind, when you have a leisure hour; but then this good nature must not proceed too far when they grow up towards manhood, lest the vanity of youth should make them imagine you have other motives for it, which to prevent, you must behave with the same reserve I advised to servants of a different class. If an apprentice should be what they call sweet upon you, and make any overtures of love, you ought to check the progress of his solicitations in the beginning; and not think, as some of you have done, to draw him into marriage, by encouraging his addresses: young men of that age are incapable of knowing their own minds; his may alter before his time is out, and should he marry you before, he forfeits his indentures; is not perhaps half master of his trade, his parents are disobliged, will do nothing for him, and you both run a very great risk of being miserable for life. Yet is not this the greatest danger: his designs may be of a different nature from his pretensions, and while you imagine he is falling into the snare you lay for him, may be entangled in one yourself to your utter ruin. So that on all accounts, and which way soever his passion tends, all engagements with an apprentice are to be avoided: if he truly loves you, and continues to do so when his years of servitude are expired, it will then be time enough to listen to his offers, and consider what returns you ought to make; if he then marries you, he will value you the more for the prudence you have shown in his regard, and make the better husband.

Though I have advised you to use an apprentice with a great deal of good-nature, I do not mean that you should extend so far as to encourage any rakish disposition in him; if you find he stays out late, and desires you to sit up for him after the family are in bed, you may do it for once or twice; but if he continue to make a practice of it, you ought not only to refuse, but also to threaten him with acquainting your master; and this you must not fail to do in reality if he still persists, and gives no ear to your admonitions. No promises, no bribes, should make you countenance such a behaviour; for as no laudable business, nor innocent recreation, could make him transgress in this manner, whatever wrong he does himself or master, or whatever mischief may ensue, you are accessory to it, by concealing what you know, and thereby preventing any step being taken to keep him within the bounds of duty and regularity.

Mis-spending your own time.] The condition of a servant would be too severe, were they not allowed some time which they may call their own; and it is according to their well or ill employing this time, that their dispositions are to be known. In all well-governed families, a maid-servant has the liberty every Sunday, or every other Sunday, at least, in the afternoon, of going to church, which if she neglects, it discovers she has little sense of true religion, and may well be suspected of failing in her duty to an earthly master or mistress, when she fails in that to her Maker. And yet, how many of you had rather walk in the fields, go to drink tea with an acquaintance, or even lie down to sleep! Unhappy choice! And which can never expect to be attended: with any blessings either here or hereafter: whatever you do, therefore, never omit divine worship. If you are so unhappy as to live with people who have no devotion themselves, and expect you to be always at home, entreat humbly at first permission to go to Church; if you find that will not prevail, insist upon it as your right, and rather quit your place than be refused. If you lose one, that God, for whose sake you have left, it, will doubtless provide another, and perhaps a better for you.

But beware how you make use of the sacred name of religion as a pretence to cover your going to any other place. Remember what you are told by the great oracle of truth, concerning the place allotted for hypocrites in another world; never say you have been at church, unless you have, but if you have gone out with that intention, and been diverted from it, by any accident or persuasions, confess the truth, if asked.

There are, however, some occasions which will render the omission of this duty excusable; and that is when you can get leave on no other day to show that love and tenderness which ought never to be forgotten by children to their parents; as the only recompense they can make for the love and tenderness received from them: if they are good, they will entertain you with such conversation as may atone for your missing the precepts delivered from the pulpit; and if they have not that consideration for your eternal welfare, and talk to you only on worldly matters, you must visit them less often, though not totally neglect them; want of respect to the persons of parents, or disobedience to their commands, being one of the first steps which lead to an abandoned life; and we rarely find that those who are guilty of it have not a multiplicity of other vices also.

But those you live with must be very unreasonable indeed (without they have some more than ordinary motive that requires your continual attendance) that would not permit you sometimes to see your friends on other days than those which ought to be devoted to heaven alone: few servants but are allowed one holiday at each of the great festivals of the year, and in the time of fairs; and it is then expected you should go to your relations, or take what other recreation you think proper. Innocent merriment will make you afterwards work with the more alacrity, ought to be sometimes indulged, and is never blameable, but when the heart is set too much upon it; that is, when your impatience for the day makes you unable to think on anything else, and your mistress's business suffers by it.

But this is not what I mean by mis-spending time: some of you who have enough upon your hands either loiter it away at the door or windows, or sit idle at the fire-side, as if it were a crime to do any more than they were compelled to; but she who would endeavour to oblige her mistress, or prove herself a good housewife, should after the common affairs of the family are over, ask if she has anything to employ her in, and if she answers in the negative, can scarce be without somewhat to do for herself. Industry and frugality are two very amiable parts of a woman's

character, and I know no readier way than attaining them, to procure you the esteem of mankind, and get yourselves good husbands. Consider, my dear girls, that you have no portions, and endeavour to supply the deficiencies of fortune by mind. You cannot expect to marry in such a manner as neither of you shall have occasion to work, and none but a fool will take a wife whose bread must be earned solely by his labour, and who will contribute nothing towards it herself.

Public shows.] But these two virtues will agree with an immoderate love of pleasure, and this town at present abounds with such variety of allurements, that a young heart cannot be too much upon its guard: it is those expensive ones, I mean, which drain your purse as well as waste your time: such as plays, the wells, and gardens, and other public shows and entertainments; places which it becomes nobody to be seen often at, and more especially young women in your station, all things that are invented merely for the gratification of luxury, and are of no other service than temporary delight, ought to be shunned by those who have their bread to get: nor is it any excuse for you that a friend gives you tickets, and it costs you nothing; it costs you at least what is more precious than money, your time; not only what you pass in seeing the entertainments, but what the idea and memory of them will take up. They are a kind of delicious poison to the mind, which pleasingly intoxicates and destroys all relish for anything besides: if you could content yourselves with one sight and no more, of any, or even all these shows; or could you answer that they would engross your thoughts no longer than while you were spectators, the curiosity might be excusable; but it rarely happens that you have this command over yourselves; the music, the dances, the gay clothes and scenes make too strong an impression on the senses, not to leave such traces behind as are entirely inconsistent either with good housewifery, or the duties of your place. Avoid, therefore, such dangerous amusements; and that it may be the more easy for you to do so, refrain the society of those who either belong to them, or are accustomed to frequent them.

Vails.] Never conceal from your mistress neither the whole or any part of what is given you: for as what is bestowed on you is out of respect to her, it is an inexcusable piece of ingratitude to her, as well as to the donor, not to acknowledge the bounty. And as whatever you receive this way, be it little or much, is more than you can demand, or could be ascertained of when you were hired, I would also advise you to lay it carefully by, (without some extraordinary emergency obliges you to break into it) and never lay out more upon yourself than your bare wages, if so much; for as your wages will be according to the place you hold in the family, whether an upper or under servant, so ought your expenses in clothes, and everything else (as I have before observed) to be also proportioned according to both. To prevent any temptation from prevailing on you to diminish this little bank, it would be prudent in you to deposit whatever is given you from time to time in your mistress's hands: by this means the snowball will increase by degrees to an heap, and, if you continue to behave so as to deserve frequent favours of this sort, amount to more than you can imagine.

But should your gains be very small this way, and you receive few vails, or even none at all, it will be extremely unbecoming in you to murmur at it, to go about your work discontentedly, or throw any reflections on persons who dine and sup often at the house without remembering the servant; for this would be affronting your mistress, who cannot enforce the liberality of others. She will, however, if she be of generous temper herself, take notice of it, and perhaps make up this deficiency another way; provided she sees you modest and patient, and not in the least wanting in your obsequiousness to her, for the neglect of her friends. But however slow she is in

her consideration, you are still not to grumble. Remember that you have your agreement, and as you can demand no more, must not only seem contented, but endeavour to be so. A sordid mercenary disposition is hateful both to God and man; and to give any indication of it, will instead of bettering your condition, render it much worse; by depriving you of all that affection which else might, sooner or later, on some occasion or other, exert itself in your favour when you least expected it, and perhaps might stand in most need of it.

Giving your opinion too freely.] To give your opinion either of persons or affairs unasked, is saucy if directed to your superiors, and impertinent if to your equals: I would therefore have you refrain it to both; and even if desired, nay pressed to it, to be very cautious how you speak: such questions are often proposed to you as a trap, either to sound your inclinations or sincerity, and may turn to ill-consequence to yourselves. There is an old saying, that *a close mouth makes a wise head*; to which I think may also be subjoined, that *it makes an easy mind*. But you ought chiefly to be upon your guard, if consulted in this manner by your mistress, (as I have known some, who, to gratify their curiosity, will throw aside all disparity, and seem willing to take the judgment of a servant.) In such a case it will behove you to reply with all humility, and excuse yourself from answering to the point with modesty, telling her you are utterly incapable of giving any reasons either for or against the affair in question; and if she insists on your speaking, let it be as evasively as possible. This is an innocent artifice, and the only medium you can take; for if guessing at her mind, to flatter it, you answer contrary to your own, you are guilty of dissimulation; and if ignorant of it, you chance to contradict her sentiments, she will not like you the better for not being of the same opinion with herself. Numberless reproaches you may afterwards incur by complying, but can hazard nothing by refusing; and those, who attempt to sift you in this manner, will have the higher idea of your discretion, by failing in their design upon you.

Chastity.] I come now to warn you against all those dangers which may threaten that branch of honesty which concerns your own persons, and is distinguished by the name of chastity. If you follow the advice I have already given you, concerning going as frequently as you can to hear sermons, and reading the holy scripture, and other good books, I need not be at the pains to inform you how great the sin is of yielding to any unlawful solicitations; but if you even look no further than this world, you will find enough to deter you from giving the least encouragement to any addresses of that nature, though accompanied with the most soothing and flattering pretences: every street affords you instances of poor unhappy creatures, who once were innocent, till seduced by the deceitful promises of their undoers; and then ungratefully thrown off, they become incapable of getting their bread in any honest way, and so by degrees are abandoned to the lowest degree of infamy. The lessons I have given you concerning the manner of passing your time, your temperance, your fidelity, the obligations you lie under to those you serve, if duly observed, will also be no inconsiderable defence against the snares laid for you on this score; but I would have you not only be strictly virtuous in rejecting all the temptations offered you, but likewise prudent in the manner of doing it. There might be some circumstances in which you will have occasion to vary your denials, according to the different characters of the persons who solicit you: I shall begin with one which happens but too frequently, and that is, when the temptation proceeds from your master.

Temptations from your master.] Being so much under his command, and obliged to attend him at any hour, and at any place he is pleased to call you, will lay you under

difficulties to avoid his importunities, which must be confessed are not easy to surmount; yet a steady resolution will enable you; and as a vigorous resistance is less to be expected in your station, your persevering may, perhaps, in time, oblige him to desist, and acknowledge you have more reason than himself: it is a duty, however, owing to yourself to endeavour it.

Behaviour to him, if a single man.] If he happens to be a single man, and is consequently under less restraint, be as careful as you can, opportunities will not be wanting to prosecute his aim; and as you cannot avoid hearing what he says, must humbly, and in the most modest terms you can, remonstrate to him the sin and shame he would involve you in; and omit nothing to make him sensible how cruel it is to go about to betray a person whom it is his duty to protect; add that nothing shall ever prevail on you to forfeit your virtue; and take care that all your looks and gestures correspond with what you say: let no wanton smile, or light coquette air give him room to suspect you are not so much displeased with the inclination he has for you as you would seem; for if he once imagines you deny but for the sake of form, it will the more inflame him, and render him more pressing than ever. Let your answers, therefore, be delivered with the greatest sedateness; show that you are truly sorry, and more ashamed than vain, that he finds anything in you to like: how great will be your glory, if, by your behaviour, you convert the base design he had upon you, into an esteem for your virtue! Greater advantages will accrue to you from the friendship he will afterwards have for you, than you would ever have obtained from the gratification of his wild desire, even though he should continue an affection for you much longer than is common in such intrigues. But if you fail in this laudable ambition, if he persists in his importunities, and you have reason to fear he will make use of other means than persuasions to satisfy his brutal appetite, (as what may not lust seconded by power attempt, and there is no answering for the honour of some men on such occasions) you have nothing to do, but, on the first symptom, that appears of such a design, to go directly out of his house: he will not insist on your forfeiting a month's wages for his own sake, for fear you should declare the cause of your quitting his service; and if he should be even so hardened in vice, as to have no regard for his character in this point, it is much better you should lose a month's wages, than continue a moment longer in the power of such a one.

If a married man.] Greater caution is still to be observed, if he is a married man: as soon as he gives you the least intimation of his design, either by word or action, you ought to keep as much as possible out of his way, in order to prevent his declaring himself more plainly; and if, in spite of all your care, he find an opportunity of telling you his mind, you must remonstrate the wrong he would do his wife, and how much he demeans both himself and her by making such an offer to his own servant. If this is ineffectual, and he continues to persecute you still, watching you wherever you go, both abroad and at home, and is so troublesome in his importunities, that you cannot do your business quietly and regularly, your only way then is to give warning; but be very careful not to let your mistress know the motive of it: that is a point too tender to be touched upon even in the most distant manner, much less plainly told: such a discovery would not only give her an infinite uneasiness, (for in such cases the innocent suffer for the crimes of the guilty) but turn the inclination your master had for you into the extremest hatred. He may endeavour to clear himself by throwing the odium on you, for those who are unjust in one thing, will be so in others; and you cannot expect, that he who does not scruple to wrong his wife, and indeed his own soul, will make any to take away your reputation when he imagines his own will be

secured by it. He may pretend you threw yourself in his way when he was in liquor, or that having taken notice of some indecencies in your carriage, and suspecting you were a loose creature, he had only talked a little idly to you, as a trial how you would behave; and that it was because he did not persist as you expected, and offer you money, that you had made the discovery; partly out of malice, and partly to give yourself an air of virtue. But though he should not be altogether so unjust and cruel, nor allege anything of this kind against you, it would be a thing which you never ought to forgive yourself for, if by any imprudent hint you gave occasion for a breach of that amity and confidence which is the greatest blessing of the married state, and when once dissolved, continual jarring and mutual discontent are the unfailing consequence.

Temptations from your master's son.] But there is yet a greater trial of your virtue than these I have mentioned, which you may probably meet with; and that is when your young master happens to take a fancy to you, flatters your vanity with praise of your beauty, your avarice with presents; perhaps, if his circumstances countenance such a proposal, the offer of a settlement for life, and, it may be, even a promise of marrying you as soon as he shall be at his own disposal. This last bait has reduced some who have been proof against all the others: it behoves you therefore to be extremely on your guard against it, and not flatter yourselves, that because such matches have sometimes happened, it will be your fortune: examples of this kind are very rare, and as seldom happy. Suppose he should even keep his word, which it is much more than a thousand to one he never intended, what you would suffer from the ill-usage of his friends, and 'tis likely from his own remorse for what he has done, would make you wish, in the greatest bitterness of heart, that it were possible for you to loose the indissoluble knot, which binds you to a man who no longer loves you and return to your first humble station. Such a disparity of birth, of circumstances, and education, can produce no lasting harmony; and where you see any such couples paired, all the comforts they enjoy are mere outside show; and though they may wear a face of contentment, to blind the eyes of the world, and keep them from prying into the merits of their choice; their bosoms are full of disquiet and repining. Suffer not therefore, your hearts, much less your innocence, to be tempted with: a prospect wherein the *best* that can arrive is bad enough. What then must be the *worst*! Eternal ruin; every misery you endure rendered more severe by the stings of disappointment, and a too late repentance.

Gentlemen lodgers.] If it be your chance to live where they take in lodgers or boarders, especially such gentlemen, as do not keep servants of their own to sit up for them, you may be subjected to some inconvenience, when they stay out after the family are gone to bed, come home in liquor, or without being so, take this opportunity of making offers to you. If the attempt goes no further than words, get out of their way, as fast as you can, and show that though you are a servant, yet have a spirit above bargaining for your virtue: but if they once proceed to rudeness, acquaint your mistress with it, who, if a woman of reputation, will resent it as an affront to herself, and rather lose her lodger, than permit any indecency in her house. But if you give any ear at first to the solicitations made you, or accept of any presents given on that score, even though you neither make nor intend any return, you will be accounted a jilt, used ill by the person you impose upon, and if it comes to your mistress's knowledge, infallibly lose your place, with the same disgrace as though you had yielded to the act of shame.

Self-Help Omnibus

Conclusion.] Having thus run through, in as brief a manner as I could, the several obligations you lie under to God, to those you serve, and to yourselves, I shall only add a few words to remind you of the advantages of a great while in a family. Those of you who go young to service, and continue in one place eight or ten years, will be then of a fit age to marry, and besides being entitled to the advice of your mistress, will be certain of her assistance in any business you take up; your children, if you have any, partake her favour, perhaps some of them be taken onto the family, and both you and yours receive a succession of good offices. If your husbands behave well to you, they will be encouraged for your sakes and if ill, you may depend on protection from them. An old and tried servant is looked upon as a relation, is treated with little less respect, and perhaps a more hearty welcome. This you cannot but be sensible of yourselves, and I shall therefore conclude as I began, with exhorting you to make use of the understanding God has given you, in a serious consideration of the hints I have thrown together, in order to render you both valuable, and happy.

**Directions for a Young Woman to Qualify Herself for any
Common Service.**

If you truly design to make a good servant, and to gain the affection and esteem of those you live with, it is absolutely necessary you should endeavour, before you venture out into the world, to have some little skill in those things you must expect to be employed in, and which practice afterward will make easy to you. To this end have annexed some few rules which, if you carefully observe, will make you fit for any common service.

First, for going to market.

How to choose flesh.

Beef.] The right *ox beef* is best, and that which is so has a fine open grain: if it be young, it has a kind of oily smoothness, and if you dent it with your finger will immediately rise again; but if *old*, it will be rough and spongy, and the dent remain. Cow beef is less boned than that of the *ox*, the flesh closer grained, the lean of it somewhat paler, and the fat whiter; but if young, the dent you make with your finger will rise again. Bull beef is closer grained than either, more coarse, and if you pinch it, feels rough: the fat is hard and skinny, and has a certain rankness us the scent, though it be ever so fresh killed.

Mutton.] When mutton is young, the flesh will pinch tender, and the fat part easily from the lean; but if old, the one will wrinkle and remain so for some time; and the other not be pulled off without difficulty, by reason of a great number of little strings: old mutton may also be known when the flesh shrinks from the bones, and the skin is loose: in ewe mutton the flesh is of a paler colour than the wether, and of a closer grain. If there happens to be a rot among the sheep, the fat will be inclining to yellow, and the flesh very pale, loose from the bone, and if you squeeze it hard, a dew like sweat will rise upon it.

Veal] The flesh of a bull calf is more red, and has a firmer grain than that of a cow calf, and the fat will be harder. The butchers about London have so many arts in blowing up their veal, and keeping in wet cloths, that you cannot be too careful in examining the scent: for what looks beautiful to the eye may prove musty.

Lamb.] House lamb, when good, is very fat, the lean of it looks of a pale pink colour, And the fat is exceeding white. Grass lamb is somewhat of a higher colour, but the fat is also white in a fore-quarter, of either you must observe the neck vein ; if it looks of a fine light blue, it is fresh killed, but if greenish or yellowish, it is stale. In a hind quarter, smell under the kidney, and try the knuckle, if it be limber, and you meet with a faint scent, do not venture to buy it.

Pork] If it be young and fresh, the flesh will look of a fine bright colour, but not too red; the skin will be thin, and if you nip it with your nails the impression will remain; but if the lean be high coloured, the fat flabby, and the rind hard, it is old; or if any part feel clammy, it is stale. If you find many small kernels in the fat, like hail-shot, it is certainly measly, and dangerous to be eaten.

Bacon.] Bacon may also be known, if young or old, by the thickness or thinness of the rind. Always choose that, the fat of which has a reddish cast; for if it look quite white, like tallow or inclined to yellowish, it is stark naught. That bacon which gives, and becomes flabby in moist weather, has not been well cured, and is either reasty, or will very soon be so.

Westphalia, or English Hams] Both these are to be tried by putting a knife under the bone that sticks out; and if it comes out in a manner clean, and has a curious flavour, the ham is sweet and good; if, on the contrary, it is much smeared and sullied and smells rank, the ham was either tainted before it was dried, or grown rusty afterwards.

How to choose fish

All sorts of fresh fish may be judged by the redness of their gills, if no deceit be used; but as there is sometimes an imposition by wetting them with blood, you must observe whether they are stiff, if their eyes stand out and full, and their fins and tails are not shrivelled; for if these symptoms do not answer, they are stale, notwithstanding the redness of their gills.

Plaice and Flounders.] As plaice and flounders will live a long time out of the water, whoever buys them after they are dead, may find them sweet, but their substance will be so far spent, that they will almost dissolve in the water they are boiled in, and afford neither an agreeable relish to the palate, nor nourishment to the stomach To distinguish plaice from flounders, the latter are somewhat thicker, are of a darker brown, and have small specks of orange colour; the plaice have spots too, but they are not so bright, and of a larger size The best sort of both are blueish on the belly.

Whitings.] These are a fish, which if not extremely stiff when you buy them, will neither broil nor boil.

Salmon.] To buy this fish you must examine the grain and colour as you do in butcher's meat; if the one be fine, and the other high and florid, the salmon is good; but if coarse and pale, it is bad. When it is perfectly new, a great quantity of blood will issue from it when it is cut, and the liver look very clear, almost transparent.

How to choose Poultry

Capon.] If a capon be young, his spurs are short, and his legs smooth; if a true capon, a fat vein on the side of the breast, the comb pale, and a thick belly and rump; if new, a close hard vent; if stale a loose open one.

Cock and hen.] If young, his spurs are short and dubbed; but you must be careful in taking notice whether they are not pared or scraped by the poulterer, in order to deceive you. You may know if he is new by the vent, in the same manner as you do judge of capon, and so also of a hen; but if young, her legs and comb are smooth, if old they are tough.

Cock or Hen Turkey, Turkey Poults.] If the cock be young, his legs will be black and smooth, and his spurs short; if old the contrary: if stale, his eyes will be sunk, and his feet hard and dry; and if new, the eyes will look lively, and the feet pliable. The like observation you may make of the hen; and moreover, if she be with egg, she will have an open vent, if not, a hard close vent. Turkey poults are known the same way, as to being new or stale, and you cannot be deceived in their age.

Goose.] If the bill of a goose be yellow, and she have but few hairs, she is young; but if there are many, and the bill and feet red, she is old: if new, limber; if stale, hard and stiff in all her parts. Never choose a goose that is not very fleshy on the breast, and fat in the rump.

Duck.] A duck is every way to be judged in the same manner as a goose.

Chicken.] You cannot well be deceived in chickens; only take this for a rule, that the white-legged are in general the best, and taste the sweetest.

Wild duck.] A right wild duck has a reddish foot, and smaller than the tame one; the marks of being young or old, new or stale, are the same as with the others.

Woodcock or snipe.] A woodcock ought to be thick, fat, and the flesh firm; the nose dry, and the throat clear, otherwise they are naught. Snipe if young and fat, has a full vein under the wing, and feels thick in the vent. As for the rest like the woodcock.

Partridge.] When the bill of a partridge is white, and the legs look blueish, it shows age; for if young, the bill is black, and the legs yellowish. To know if new or stale, smell at their mouths.

Pigeons.] Old pigeons have generally red legs, and are blackish in some parts, if young and new, the flesh looks all of one colour, and are fat in the vent. And thus of grey or green plover, fieldfare, blackbirds, thrush, larks, and wild fowl in general.

Hare.] A hare is white and stiff when new and clean killed; if stale, the flesh will have a blackish hue. If the cleft in her lips spread very much, and her claws are wide and ragged, she is old; the contrary when young.

Leveret.] To know a true leveret, feel on the fore leg near the foot, and if there be a small bone or knob, it is right; if not, it is no leveret but a hare; and for the rest of the marks, you must judge as of a hare.

Rabbit.] The wild rabbit is better than the tame; to distinguish the one from the other, you must observe the head, which is more picked in the wild than the tame. If it is old, there will be a great deal of yellowish fat about the kidneys, the claws will be long, and the wool rough and mottled with grey hairs; if young the reverse. For being new killed, you must judge by the scent.

Butter.] When you buy fresh butter, trust not to the taste the person gives you; for they often patch a piece of good butter at the end, when the rest is naught; but run your knife into the middle, and if it comes out with a fine sweet flavour, the butter is good. You must also observe that there are no crumbings stuck about the knife; for if so, the butter, though it may be well tasted at present, has not been well worked up, and will not keep. As for salt butter, having tasted it, and found it to your palate, make them cut you what quantity you want out of the middle; for the tub is apt to give an ill flavour to that part which touches it. If one cheesemonger refuses to do this, go to another; but if you carry ready money, there is no danger of his turning you away; but those who go on credit take up with it.

Cheese.] The best cheese, whether of Cheshire, Gloucester, or Warwickshire, has generally a rough moist coat, but if too much of the latter, is apt to breed maggots. Always choose that which has a fine yellow cast, and is close made.

Eggs.] The best eggs are those which have a clear thin shell, are of the longest oval, and most picked at the ends. As for the newness of them, hold them before the light, and if the white is clear, and the yolk flows regularly in the midst, you may depend on their being good, and the contrary when the white looks cloudy, and the yolk sinks which way soever you hold it.

Cooking.

Now, that you may not disgrace your marketing, and spoil by bad dressing what you have well catered, take the following rules, which, without being ordered to the contrary, by those who love their victuals over-much or over-little done, you ought not to transgress in.

Boiling butcher's meat

Beef.] Let your pot be large enough to contain a sufficient quantity of water for it to have room to wobble about, and be sure, before you put it on, to make up a good strong fire, so as it may never cease boiling from the minute it begins, till it is thoroughly done, as for the time of boiling, you may allow a quarter of an hour to every pound of beef, except brisket, which requires more by reason of its being so very fibrous.

Mutton.] Mutton takes not up altogether so much time nor water, yet it must not be cramped in too small a pot; for if it is, it will be tough, and the colour spoiled. If you make broth, put in no more water than will just cover it, and after you have taken the scum off, (which must be raised by throwing in some salt) and put in what thickening the family likes, whether rice, barley, or oatmeal, let it be close stopped till enough.

Veal.] A great inducement to the eating heartily, of boiled veal, is the whiteness of it: you should therefore not only be particularly careful in taking off the scum, but also tie the meat in a cloth, and the skin will then look of a delicate clearness.

Lamb.] The same care ought to be taken of lamb, especially *House*; for it, being of a more delicate texture than the *Grass*, is more liable to imbibe any disagreeable tincture. Both ought to be well boiled, as indeed should all young Meat, or it is unwholesome.

Pork.] Pork requires still more boiling, and should never be dressed without salting; for there is a juice between the rind and the fat, which, if not well purged out, breeds bad humours.

Boiling Poultry

Turkey.] Three quarters of an hour is sufficient for a middling turkey; but you must always consult the largeness, and give time accordingly.

Pullets, capons, and young cocks.] Pullets, especially if with egg, take somewhat more boiling, than either a young cock or capon; for the two latter, half an hour is sufficient, and you must not add to the other above four minutes. When you boil fowl and bacon, you must be sure to scrape the rind exceeding clean, and pare off the outside of the lean, which in the best cured bacon has an offensive smell and taste, and boil the fowl in a cloth.

An old cock.] You can scarce boil an old cock too much; but as it is seldom used but in broth, the best way is to cut it in pieces.

Chicken.] A quarter of an hour is sufficient for a chicken; if you have parsley and butter with it, let the parsley be boiled soft, and shred very small before you put it into the butter.

Pigeon.] When you have well cleaned and trussed your pigeons, stuff their bellies with parsley, and be sure to take off the scum as often as it rises. A little more than a quarter of an hour serves to boil them.

Take it for a general rule, that whatever you boil either of flesh or fowl, should be set over a brisk fire, to the end it may keep constantly in motion; for if it ceases, though never so little a time, the gravy drains out into the water.

Boiling Fish

Salmon.] Wash it, and let it bleed well in the water, then lie a little to drain, after which put it into boiling water; take out the liver when about three parts done, and braid it with ketchup, which mingled with the butter, will make exceeding rich sauce. This sort of fish takes almost as much boiling as mutton.

Pike.] Wipe your pike clean, then truss it round with the tail in its mouth, and its back scotched in three places; then throw it into boiling water with a good deal of salt and vinegar, three or four blades of mace, and the peel of a whole lemon: let it boil fast at first; for that will make the pike eat firm, but more slow afterwards. The time must be proportioned to the bigness of the fish, but half an hour is enough for a very large one. The best sauce for this is plain butter, with a few shrimps and Seville orange.

Fresh Cod.] Mix a great deal of the best white wine vinegar with the water in which you boil fresh cod, lemon peel, salt, mace and cloves; otherwise the fish will taste waterish, be very flabby, and liable to break in the kettle. The sauce for this cannot be too rich, and if you are allowed it, spare neither ketchup, the body of a lobster or crab, oysters and shrimps; but if you have not all these at hand, put in as many of them as you can. You will know when it is enough, as you may all fish, by the dropping out of the eyes.

Barrel Cod, or any other Salt Fish.] All kinds of salt fish must lie in water proportionable to its saltness: trust not therefore to the words of those you buy it of, but taste a bit of one of the flakes. This requires more boiling than any fresh fish. The sauce for it is butter, eggs, mustard, and parsnips or potatoes.

Roasting Butcher's Meat.

Beef.] When you roast beef, make up a strong lifting fire, that it may penetrate into the heart of the meat, else the inside will be raw when the outside is overdone. When you think it is near enough, make your fire burn brisker in order to brown it, rub a good deal of salt upon it before you lay it down, and while it is roasting baste it often with its own dripping, and, flour it well. The time for roasting is the same with that of boiling, a quarter of an hour to every pound of meat.

Mutton.] All joints of mutton, except a leg, require a brisker fire than beef. Baste it with butter; and flour it often; but, if it be very large, and you suspect it to be ram mutton, baste it well on first laying it down with water and salt, and that will take off the rankness. You must abate somewhat of a quarter of an hour for each pound, especially when you roast a shoulder or neck.

Lamb and veal. All young meats, as before observed, ought to be thoroughly done; therefore do not take either lamb or veal off the spit till you see they drop white gravy.

Pork.] Pork should lie twelve hours at least in salt, before you put it down to roast; then flour it well, but a very little basting will serve, except you roast it without cutting the skin, and then you must keep it basting and turning very fast, as you would

do a pig, to preserve it from blistering, or parting from the flesh. This is a very luscious meat, and requires the same time as beef, and as strong a fire, for it will be pernicious if eaten with gravy in it, that has the least tincture of redness. The most common, as well as most wholesome sauce is applesauce, and mustard.

Pig.] Take sage shred very small, grated bread, salt, a little pepper, and the yolk of four eggs, wet them well with white wine till they come to a consistency; then put them into the belly of the pig: sew it up, and; after having rubbed the skin over with butter, put it on the spit: keep it continually basting and rubbing with clean cloths, and turning very fast till it is enough An hour will roast a middling pig; if large, you must allow more time. When it is done, take the pudding out of the belly, mix it with gravy, and the brains of the pig: sweet sauce is to be made the same way, only add a few currants, some sugar, nutmeg, and a little white wine

Roasting Poultry

Capon.] Thirty minutes will roast the largest capon you can buy, provided your fire be strong and brisk, keep it well basted, and let it turn moderately fast, the best sauce is rich gravy, well relished with spice and rocambole or shallot.

Pullet with eggs, or without.] A pullet with eggs will take somewhat more roasting than a capon: egg sauce is most proper, and most commonly eaten with it. If she be without egg she will take less time in roasting than the capon. Gravy sauce is also best with this.

Chicken.] A quarter of an hour will roast a handsome well-grown chicken. The sauce is parsley and butter, or gravy.

Tame duck.] Shred some sage and onion very small, mix it with pepper and salt, and put it into the belly of the duck: when it is enough done, take out the stuffing, and mingle it with a good deal of claret and gravy for sauce.

Goose.] A goose requires exactly the same seasoning as a duck: the sauce in the dish must also be the same: but you must add a plate of applesauce, and set mustard and sugar for those that like it.

Turkey.] A turkey must be well floured and basted, and roasted with a strong fire, especially if the belly be stuffed with oysters; in that case you must take out the oysters as soon as it comes off the spit, and put them into melted butter mixed with gravy. If there be no oysters less time will roast it, and you must put no butter to your gravy.

Wildfowl.] When you roast a wild duck or any other wild fowl, you should make your spit very hot before you put them on; otherwise the inside will be raw, and the outside too much done and dry: they must all in general be perpetually basted with butter and their own dripping. The sauce you make for a tame duck serves for all kind of wildfowl except a partridge, which must be basted with butter, and strewed with grated bread, and the sauce made of grated bread, yolks of eggs, white wine, and gravy well spiced.

Hare.] A hare is best when it is larded, but if this is not thought proper, you must at least make a pudding of grated bread, the liver of the hare minced small, parsley, thyme, winter savory, sweet marjoram, salt, pepper, a few cloves beaten; three yolks of eggs, and well wetted with claret, and put it into the belly, which after you have sewed up so that none may fall out, put it on the spit; baste it with cream till it is half done, then with its own dripping; but take care to keep it always moist. Mix half a pint

of claret with very strong and high-seasoned gravy for sauce. It will take an hour to roast

Rabbits.] Baste your rabbits well with butter; about forty minutes is sufficient to keep them at the fire, which should be brisk, but not too strong. The sauce is only melted butter, with the liver minced small.

Stewing

Beef.] Brisket beef, thick flank, or the chuck-rib, are best for stewing: cut it in pieces of about four or five ounces each; put it into an earthen pipkin, with a few turnips, one carrot, one whole onion, a little thyme, winter savory, sweet marjoram, parsley, some corns of Jamaica pepper, salt, and black pepper, and three or four bay leaves; then put as much water as will a little more than cover them; stop it very close to keep any steam as much as possible from going out, and set over a slow fire, so that it may but just simmer; if it be brisket, it will take four hours to do it right; if any other part, three will be sufficient. When it is enough, take out the bay leaves, and serve up the rest altogether in a soup dish.

Neck, Breast, Knuckle, or any other Joint of Veal.] Whatever joint of veal is to be stewed, must be put whole into a stewpan, with parsley, winter savory, thyme, sweet marjoram, lemon peel, mace, nutmeg, a little salt, and pepper. Mix some white wine with the water, and put no more than will just cover it; then stop it close, and put it over a very slow fire; when it is enough, beat up the yolks of three or four eggs, and incorporate them with the gravy that comes from it, and when you have put it in the dish, strew a few mushrooms, capers, and a little samphire over, and garnish with lemon or Seville orange. You may also add truffles, morels, coxcombs, and artichoke bottoms, if you have them. This is a very delicate and savoury dish, and pleases most palates.

Neck, Breast, or any other Joint of Mutton.] Some people like mutton stewed with potatoes; and if so, you must cut the mutton in chops, and slice your potatoes; put a larger quantity of salt and pepper than you do either with beef or veal, and a very little water; because what comes from the potatoes, when they have been a little time on the fire, will stew the mutton. You must put in no herbs, except a bunch of thyme, and, after covering it close, let it just simmer; an hour and a half will do it thoroughly, provided no steam evaporates. To stew mutton without potatoes, you must also cut it in chops, or collops, according as the part is, and put in two or three turnips, thyme, parsley, salt, pepper, a small onion, and as much water as will cover it, and when done, strew it over with capers.

Fricassées

Of Veal.] Cut your veal in thin slices, beat it well with a rolling pin; then season it with pepper, salt, nutmeg, thyme, and lemon-peel, shred very small; fry it in butter, and when it is enough, as it will be in six minutes, pour away the butter it is fried in, and throw in fresh, with two eggs well beaten, and two spoonfuls of verjuice; shake it up altogether, and then serve it.

Of Lamb.] Lamb must also be cut into small pieces; then seasoned with a little pepper and salt, fried first in water, and, after being well floured, in butter: it requires longer time than veal; when enough done, pour off that butter, and put in fresh, with two eggs, and a very little verjuice. Strew it in the dish with mushrooms.

Of Chicken.] Cut off the limbs of your chickens and joint them, and the breast in thin slices, and dislocate all the bones, leaving a very little flesh on them; fry them in water, then pour off the water, and save it, then fry them in butter till they are of a fine brown: beat the yolks of eggs, a little pepper, salt, and enough of pickled walnut to give it a flavour; mix all these well with the water you poured off, and put it into the stewpan over the chickens; let it just boil up, and it is ready. If you add truffles, morels, or cocks' combs, they must go in with it, strew the fricassee in the dish with mushrooms. Rabbits are to be done in the very same manner.

Puddings

Plum-pudding common] Take a quarter of a peck of the best wheat flour, three pound of fine beef suet, well picked from the skins and strings, and shred very small; two pound of currants, rubbed in a dry clean cloth; twelve eggs, the white of half left out; one pennyworth of saffron; a glass of brandy and a little beaten ginger; mix them in as much new milk as it will require for a moderate thickness, and stir it well together. Then tie it up in a cloth, and put it into boiling water. You must take care to turn it often when it first goes in, that the currants may not fall to the bottom, and keep it constantly boiling. It will be five hours to do it as it ought.

Plain pudding common.] Plain pudding is made the same way, and with the same ingredients, excepting the currants, and abating one pound of suet; it must also boil as long.

Rich pudding. To a quarter of a peck of flour, put four pound of marrow, four pound of currants, the yolks of twenty-four eggs, and the white of six, one pennyworth of saffron steeped in a gill of the best canary, a little beaten ginger, three ounces of candied citron, of lemon and orange peel, each an ounce cut in thin small bits; and well mixed and stirred in new milk.

Quaking pudding.] Take the crumb of a Kingston loaf, or six French rolls, slice them and put them in an earthen pan; put to them a quart of boiling milk; cover it, and let it stand till it is quite cold; then put in two ounces of pounded almonds, a glass of sack, four eggs, two ounces of double-refined sugar; then tie it in a cloth, and boil it half an hour: when you have taken it up, pour butter melted with sack over it; squeeze a Seville orange, and strew it thick with sugar; to make it look more beautiful, you may stick here and there a sugared almond.

Tansy pudding.] For a tansy pudding you must take a pound of flour, the same quantity of grated bread, twelve eggs, four ounces of double-refined sugar, a gill of sack, then press out the juice of spinach one spoonful, and of tansy half a spoonful, and mix them well together with cream. You may either bake it or fry it in a pan. Squeeze Seville orange over it, and strew it thick with sugar.

Common baked puddings are to be made the same way with the boiled.

Pies.

Beefsteak pie.] Rump steaks are fittest for a pie, because most tender. If you use any other part, beat them well with a rolling-pin. Season them with pepper and salt, according to the palate the pie is made for. To every pound of flour for the crust, you must take the same quantity of butter, but work no more than half up with the paste; the other you must spread over it with your knife in the rolling: then fold it, spread it again, and so on till all the butter is expended. Make your crust thick, and as many times as

you roll it, so many flakes it will break in when it is baked, and eat as well as if you did it with whites of eggs.

Mutton, Lamb, and Veal Pies are all to be seasoned the same way, except the two latter are to be made sweet, for which take the following rule:

Lamb or Veal Pies sweet.] Cut your lamb or veal in collops, then season them with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and lemon-peel; put to every pound of meat a quarter of a pound of currants, and a few stoned raisins; some make a caudle of canary and eggs, and pour it in when the pie is cut up, but this is superfluous.

Minced pie.] The best minced pie is made of neats' tongues or hearts, which parboil, and then chop very small with an equal quantity of beef suet nicely picked: put of currants and stoned raisins as many pound as you have of meat, and to every pound add an apple, the sharpest you can get: mix a little white wine or canary with the mace, and some thin slices of citron.

Apple pie.] With every six apples you put into your pie, join one quince: when you have pared them, and taken out the cores and bruises very clean, cut them in small bits, and throw in a large quantity of sugar, so that the fruit shall seem buried; break a stick of cinnamon, and scatter it, with a few cloves here and there.

Gooseberry, Cherry, and Currant Pies have nothing but sugar mingled with the fruits.

Custard.] Take a quart of cream and boil it with a little cinnamon, then beat the yolk of eight eggs and four whites; and when your cream is almost cold, put in your eggs, stir them well together, and sweeten it with fix ounces of sugar; then pour it into little china dishes, and bake it.

Cheesecake.] The common way is to make cheesecakes of curd taken from milk turned with rennet; but the surest way to have them good, is to have it turned with white wine, which, if enough is put into the milk when hot, will make a curd hard enough for your purpose. Boil cinnamon in it before you pour in the wine, but sweeten it afterward when you have taken off the curd, and pressed it to a moderate dryness; add more sugar, and a good quantity of currants, mix them well together, then fill your crust, and put five or six small bits of citron in every cheesecake and send them to the oven. I need not tell you that the paste must be made very rich.

Seedcake.] Take three pound of the best flour, wet it with milk, and put to it the yolk of twenty-four eggs, and twelve whites, one pound and a half of fresh butter, half a pound of sugar, and two ounces of caraway seeds, a little beaten ginger and some cinnamon, knead it well and bake it, and it will be a very good cake. To have it richer you need only double the quantity of butter, and some sliced citron and orange-peel.

Pancakes

Flour Pancakes.] Take two pound of the best flour, the crumb of a French roll grated, the yolks of ten eggs, and the whites of five, well beat; then mix them with a quart of new milk, in which a little bit of saffron has been infused, throw in some powdered ginger and nutmeg: after stirring it till it is very smooth, so that there is not the least lump, cover your batter up, and let it stand for two hours before you put it into the pan, then pour in sufficient to make the pancake of a moderate thickness: let your butter be well melted; and your pan very hot before you put it in; keep it shaking round to prevent it from sticking, till you toss it; then add more butter, and when it is fried crisp, lay it on a dish, and squeeze Seville orange over it and strew it with sugar.

Clary Pancake.] Beat twenty eggs, whites and all, then take as much clary as, when shred exceeding small, will equal the quantity of the eggs; mix them together with three spoonfuls of flour, and as much milk as will just make it pour; add powdered cinnamon, ginger and nutmeg; fry it as you do a common pancake, and when done squeeze Seville orange, and strew sugar over it.

Fritters.] To every spoonful of flour you allow for your fritters, you must take the yolk of an egg, and as much cream, beat all well up together with some ginger, cinnamon, and nutmeg, finely powdered, then let it stand. Pare some of the best and sharpest apples you can get, and cut them into small pieces, but do not put them into your batter till you are ready to fry it. Let your pan be half full of hog's lard, and as soon as it boils up, throw in the batter by a large spoonful at a time, and these will be excellent fritters. When you have taken them up, squeeze Seville orange, and strew sugar over them.

Bacon Fraise.] The batter for a bacon fraise must be made exactly the same as for a pancake, only of somewhat more consistency. After having pared all the rind and rusty part of the bacon clean off, cut it in very thin rashers, lay it in the pan with a good deal of butter, and when it is hot pour the batter over it. Hold it a good height above the fire, that it may not scorch before the heat penetrates quite through it, and keep it shaking round to prevent it from sticking. You cannot toss a fraise, and must be particularly careful in turning it, that it may not crack in those places where the bacon lies.

Omelette.] Take the yolks of twelve eggs, and the whites of eight, beat them very well, then shred a handful of young spinach, parsley, winter savory, about half the quantity each, a little sweet marjoram and thyme; season it well with pepper and salt, and a few beaten cloves; for those that love onion, you may put in enough just to give it a relish. Stir them all well together, and fry it in fresh butter; but take care not to overdo it, for it will then be tough.

Bacon with Eggs.] Cut all the rind, and so much of lean as you see has a yellowish cast, clean off your bacon, then put it into your pan, and when you have turned it, break in your eggs, taking care that the one does not stick to the other; when they have lain about half a minute, turn them one by one with your slice, let them lie half a minute more and take them up: pour vinegar, and shake some pepper over them in the dish before you serve it up. But the best way of eating bacon with eggs is to broil the one, and poach the other, laying one egg over each rasher of bacon, and then pour vinegar and strew pepper as you do when they are fried.

Washing

Next to being expert in buying and dressing of victuals there is nothing so commendable in a servant as the well and quick washing and getting up of linen. That you may not therefore be wanting in so valuable a qualification, I have taken the pains to give you some instructions, which I doubt not but will be readily followed by as many of you as are ambitious of acquiring the reputation of being good housewives, or wish to give satisfaction to those you serve.

Directions how to Manage Linen for the Wash

How to Wash Linen.] As soon as any linen is left off, look it carefully over, and mend whatever little cracks or rents you may find in it, for otherwise they will grow larger when they come into the water; then fold it up with the same smoothness you would do if clean, and put it into the foul bag, that it get no more soil: linen, where bad housewives have the management of it, is as much worn out by being thrown carelessly about, as by the wearing. If there happen to be any stains of ink, red wine, or any sort of fruit, you must be sure to get them clean out before you begin to wash.

How to get Spots or Ink out of Linen.] Take the linen and let that part of it that the ink has fallen upon, lie all night in vinegar and salt, the next day rub the spots well with it, as if you were washing in water, then put fresh vinegar and salt, and let it lie another night, and the next day rub it again, and all the spots will disappear.

How to get the Stains of Fruit out of Linen.] Rub all the stains very well with butter, than put the linen into scalding hot milk; let it lie and steep there till it is cool, and rub the stained places in the milk, till you see they are quite out.

Water.] Some people are so inconsiderate as to wash with water when it first comes in, which being always thick, and very often yellow, gives the linen a muddy cast: be sure, therefore, to have water enough for your washing, that it may stand and settle three or four days at least before you use it. If it happens to be a harsh water, take a chump of wood, and burn it on the hearth, then put the ashes into a piece of linen rag, tie it close, and throw it into the water, which will make it as soft as milk, and save soap.

Soap.] Be careful in choosing the oldest soap you can; for that which is new-made not only spoils the colour of the linen, but also does not go so far.

Washing.] See that your pot or copper be nicely clean, that it may not soil or grease the water; while it is heating, sort your clothes, laying the small in one heap, and the great in another: the coarse must also be separated from those that are finer. When you have done this, rub them all well over with soap, especially those places you find most dirty, then put the fine first into the tub, and pour the water on them of a moderate heat; for if it be too hot, it scalds the dirt into the linen: wash it well in the water before you rub it: in fine linen you will not have occasion to rub very hard, for without it is more than ordinarily dirty, the strength of the lather, and the motion you give it, will have all the effect of rubbing, and wear it less out. When it is well washed, take it out of the tub, and lay it on your table or dresser on a clean cloth, which you must spread for that purpose, to prevent any fresh soil from coming in it; then put in your coarse linen with some more hot water, and rub that with greater strength than the fine; then lay it on the dresser and throw away your suds, without

you have any stair cloths, dresser cloths, or such kind of things to wash; if you have, you must save it in another tub, in order to wash them when you have done the others. You must now soap all your linen over again, pour water as before, but something hotter, and wash it well; if it is not very dirty, two lathers will suffice, but if it has been worn long, you must give it three.

Boiling.] Soap it slightly when you put it in to boil, and mix a good deal of the best stone blue with your water: pash it often about while it is boiling, and then pour it altogether into your tub. Let it stand till it grows cool enough for your hands to bear it, and then wash it well out, taking care that not the least smear of soap remains; for if you leave any, it will look like grease when it comes to be dry. Throw every piece as you wash it into a tub full of clean pump water well blued, and when you have done, rinse it thoroughly to take out all the suds, then hang it directly on lines, which you must be careful to keep nicely clean. As soon as it is moderately dry, take it down, fold it smooth, clap it, and let it lie till you iron it, which ought to be as soon as possible, for linen is apt to turn yellow by lying damp.

Ironing.] Whether you make use of box, or flat irons, let them be kept very bright and smooth: if the latter, they must be well rubbed on a piece of mat, and afterwards on flannel every time they are taken from the fire. Lift them as hot as you can without danger of singeing; to prevent which, always try them first on a rag. If the linen happens to be too dry, sprinkle it with a little fair water, fold it again, and let it lie together clapped down, that it may be all over of an equal dampness. Fine linen should be ironed somewhat more damp than the coarse, in order to make it stiff, and look like new.

Starching.] Muslin, and every thin or old cambric and lawn require starching, or they will look like rags, and not last clean a moment. Use nothing but the best Poland starch, make it very thin, and mix a small quantity of powder blue with it, and when it is boiled almost enough, put in a little piece of isinglass to clear it; then dip your muslins, &c. into it, just warm, and clap them between your hands till they are dry enough to iron: to prevent them from shining, take a piece of white paper, and lay over them, and rub your iron over that. You must always take this way with laces or edgings, or anything that is flourished or spotted, to keep the work from being too much flattened.

How to Wash Silk Stockings.] Make a strong lather with soap, and pretty hot, then lay the stockings on a table, and take a piece of very coarse rough cloth, roll it up, and rub them with it as hard as you can, turning them several times from one side to the other, till they have passed through three lathers; then rinse them in three or four waters, till not the least tincture of the soap remains; and when you find them quite clear, hang them up to dry, without wringing, wrong side outwards. When they are about half dry, take them down and pull them out with your hands into shape, let them lie a while, and then smooth them with your iron on the wrong side.

Having now (with great care and pains) completed what I at first intended, I have nothing more to add, than, once more, strongly to recommend to you, a strict observance of the several particulars contained in this small treatise, which will be the only means of entitling you to the blessing of God, the love and esteem of the families in which you live, and procuring to yourselves a never-failing source of comfort and satisfaction.

FINIS.

THE WIFE.

Eliza Haywood

Self-Help Omnibus

Title Page

THE
WIFE

By MIRA

One of the AUTHORS of *The Female Spectator*, and *Epistles for Ladies*.



LONDON:

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M,DCC,LVI.

Eliza Haywood

BOOK I.

INTRODUCTION.

Marriage was the first institution of the Great Author of nature, and intended to smooth the rugged ways of life; the softener of the husband's cares; the bulwark of the wife's innocence; the cement of friendship between families, and the choicest blessing Heaven could bestow on mortals.

Who then can, unconcerned, behold this glorious benefit perverted, the blissful union of hearts dissolved, and the hands, perhaps but lately joined, struggling with the chains that bind them to each other; discord and confusion, in the place of love and harmony; and this too, not always occasioned by the vices of either party, (for I speak not to the profligate and abandoned) but by some unaccountable caprice, some unguarded folly, which I should think those guilty of, need only be told of to reform!

The least disagreement between two persons, who ought to be actuated but by one soul, should be checked in its very beginning; for if the perverse humour, of what kind soever it be, is once indulged, the breach will still grow wider, and must be of fatal consequence, not only to their peace, but also to their interest and reputation.

I shall not enter into any discussion whether, whenever contention happens between persons thus united, the husband or the wife will most frequently appear blameable; but of this I am certain, that which soever of them begins the dispute, the other is equally culpable in continuing it.

Too many of both parties, indeed, stand in much need of admonition; but as law and custom have given the superiority to the men, it is doubtless the duty as well as interest of every wife, who would preserve the affection of her husband, to be constantly assiduous about two things: first, by a prudent watchfulness over his temper and her own actions, to avoid whatever might create in him a disgust; and secondly, to endeavour, by a soft and endearing behaviour, to win, and, as it were, steal him from those errors to which he may possibly be addicted, and which his pride, perhaps, would not suffer him to be reasoned out of.

I have therefore thrown together some few hints, which, if improved into practice, I think, cannot fail of restoring to marriage that true honour and felicity which reigned in the first ages of the world; but has ever since been gradually decreasing, till so far depraved and lost as to render the sacred ordinance contemptible in the eyes of many, and entered into by most merely to gratify one or other of the two very worst passions that can actuate the human mind, lust and avarice.

Some of my fair readers may perhaps imagine, that in some points I attempt to impose too hard a task upon them; at first, indeed, it may appear so; but let them reflect on the vast emolument, the accumulated benefits, attending the performance; a very small part of the time wasted by a woman of quality at her toilet, or by those of the meaner class in a gossip's tale, if devoted to serious consideration, will be sufficient to convince their reason, and make them look on nothing as a difficulty that tends to the promoting the happiness of their whole lives, and that of the person to whom they are united.

I know it will be said by those who are no favourers of the sex, that, in an age like this, when modesty, with every native virtue of the female mind, is treated as ridiculous, and a bold licentious manner of behaviour is the chief requisite to

constitute a reigning toast, small encouragement will be given to a work of the nature I propose; and that one might as well expect to regain lost paradise on this side the grave, as to bring women back to the innocence and simplicity of former times; yet, in spite of all these accusations, which I am sorry to say are, in the general, but too just, I hope, nay am confident, that there are a great many, a very great many, who will not suffer their reason to be totally swallowed up in the torrent of fashion and example; and will be therefore thankful to anyone who shall warn them against those mistakes into which they might otherwise fall through inadvertency.

As the workings of nature are the same in all degrees of people, and the method of attaining happiness may be as easily pursued in the cottage as the palace, in order to render this work of as general utility as possible, I have aimed more at perspicuity than elegance of style; choosing rather to confer some benefit on others, by my admonitions, than receive praises myself for the manner in which they are delivered.

SECT. I.

*Concerning the first Weeks after Marriage, vulgarly called the
Honeymoon.*

I think it is a received maxim, that the good or bad success of anything is very much owing to the manner of our first setting out upon it; the wise will never undertake an affair of any moment, without well considering the steps by which it is to be conducted; marriage, therefore, which is the great business of our whole lives, the business on which our all depends, ought chiefly to be attended to; we then enter into a new scene of action, and every former attachment, inclination, and pleasure, must subside, and give way to that infinitely more important aim of fixing our happiness where we have fixed our fate.

The smallest mistake in the beginning of marriage costs a long time to rectify, and is often irretrievable; a disgust once taken is scarce ever thoroughly worn off; endeavours for that purpose, for the most part, serve but to increase it, and expose the person to contempt; so true are the poet's words,

*To love once past we cannot backward move,
Call yesterday again, and I may love.*

There is a certain delicacy of behaviour which it behoves every bride to observe towards her husband; a too great shyness, and an over-fondness in receiving his endearments, are equally dangerous to that esteem she will afterwards find it necessary to have inspired him with; the one he will be apt to look upon as proceeding either from affectation, or the want of love; the other will soon satiate, and then infallibly become troublesome; a modest yielding, a soft compliance with what he has a right to expect; all beyond that, while it flatters his vanity, diminishes his respect.

Both these extremes having a natural tendency to create indifference in the end, ought to be carefully avoided by a new-married woman; the first, if persevered in for any length of time, may make her husband suspect that the coldness she treats him with is occasioned by a too great warmth of affection for some other man; the second, besides the inconvenience already mentioned, might raise in him some diffidence of her power of resisting a temptation, whenever any should fall in her way, to the prejudice of his honour: thus might the same effect be produced by either of the two most opposite causes in the world; jealousy, the most dreadful of all the passions, spring alike from each.

Not coy, nor yet profusely kind, is, therefore, my advice to all who become brides, in what station of life soever they may be placed by fortune: I would have the husband firmly persuaded that his wife has a great fund of tenderness in her heart; but would have no room given him to entertain a thought that she has so much in her composition as to make her able to bestow the least portion of it on any other than himself.

This is all I shall say in regard of her behaviour towards him in private: in public, when they receive the visits and congratulations of their friends, I would have her treat him no otherwise than she did some days before their marriage; with the company an easy freedom will become her best; a sheepish, downcast look, will make her appear awkward and ridiculous; too bold and assuming an air may subject her to

censure; let the inward satisfaction at the change of her condition glow on her cheeks and sparkle in her eyes; but let her tongue keep a modest reserve, and drop no hint that may give the least room for such replies as would call a blush upon her face.

Nothing, certainly, can be more deservedly the jest of the town, than that apish fondness we sometimes see between persons lately wedded: I once knew a couple, who, when they first saw company on that occasion, could look only on each other; in the midst of conversation would alternately start up and snatch a kiss; instead of answering what was said, he either played with her fingers or patted her neck; she returned the favour with another on his cheek, crying at the same time, "Go, you little naughty man, why will you make me love you so?" To which he replied, 'Go, you little naughty woman, why are you so pretty?' The young ladies who were present blushed, hung down their heads, and knew not which way to cast their eyes; the married women could not forbear drawing up their mouths into a contemptuous smile, perhaps guessing in what manner all this billing and cooing would end; all the men sneered, and those who were addicted to raillery thought themselves under no obligation to restrain their talent.

The happy day which had joined this pair was scarce six weeks elapsed, when lo! behold a most terrible reverse; the hurry of their fond passion was over; dalliance was no more, kisses and embraces were now succeeded by fighting, scratching, and endeavouring to tear out each other's eyes; the lips that before could utter only, "my dear," "my life," "my soul," "my treasure," now poured forth nothing but invectives; they took as little care to conceal the proofs of their animosity as they had done to moderate those of a contrary emotion; they were continually quarrelling; their house was a Babel of confusion; no servant would stay with them a week; they were shunned by their most intimate friends, and despised by all their acquaintance; till at last they mutually resolved to agree in one point, which was, to be separated for ever from each other.

This, or something like it, will ever be the case when that love which brings two people together is not established by a prudent and discreet behaviour. The most ardent passion, to be maintained in its pristine and full vigour, after a free and unlimited enjoyment of the object, stands in need of being well supported by esteem; and what sort of esteem a man can have for a woman, whose conduct his reason makes him disapprove, and whom he looks upon but as a pretty toy, fit only for his amusement, not as a jewel, the lustre of which reflects honour on the possessor, may easily enough be guessed at, from observing the fate of transient, unwarrantable amours, which, like meteors, blaze fiercely for a while, then sink at once and dissolve in smoke and vapours.

If therefore a wife, by any unguarded folly, debases the dignity of her character as such, and forfeits the respect of her husband, she puts herself upon a level with a little kept mistress; nay, is yet more unhappy, as the worst that can befall a mistress is to be turned off by a man who no longer loves her, and whom perhaps she never loved, and is then at liberty to receive the addresses of another; but a wife is bound by an indissoluble tie to pass her whole days with one whom her duty bids her love, and whose indifference forces her to hate.

As there is no such thing as perfection to be found in human nature, and the very best and sweetest disposition may have something in it, some little peculiarity, which, like a jarring string, if touched upon, spoils the harmony of the whole, one may possibly give offence without being sensible one does so; nay, even when most

assiduous to oblige. It would therefore be well, methinks, for a woman in the first weeks of her marriage to be diligent in discovering the foible, or what is called the blind side of her husband, to the end she may be able hereafter to fall in with his humour, than which there is nothing more endears one person to another.

I would not here be understood, that a woman should yield a slavish submission to every unaccountable caprice and whim of the man to whom she is married; or on any score give up her reason and judgment to do him pleasure; no, that might perhaps be to sin against a more supreme authority than what the law has conferred on him. I would only have her seem to think as he does in trifling and insignificant matters, and endeavour to be silent and passive in those of greater importance.

I know very well, that by the greatest part of the sex this will be thought too much; yet how would a wife be availed by a contrary behaviour. Man is naturally impatient of contradiction; imagines himself endued with a superior reason, and though he probably may be inwardly convinced by her arguments, and conscious he is in the wrong, will never be brought to acknowledge he is so; but will choose to persist in his errors, rather than suffer her to think his departing from them the effect of her remonstrances.

It would be utterly impossible to enumerate the many causes, or imaginary causes, which give occasion for dispute between husbands and wives, so shall make mention only of those which most frequently happen, are generally of the worst consequence, and therefore ought chiefly to be guarded against.

SECT. II.

Difference of Opinion in Matters of Religion.

There are two things which people think they can never be too zealous in asserting; these are, First, the principles; or, to speak more justly, the mode of that religion they profess: Secondly, the cause of party they espouse, and take to be right, in national affairs. The one is called, being steadfast in the faith; the other, public spirit, and the true *amor patriae*.

Now, though both these are virtues which it is to be wished were more generally practised; yet, like all other virtues, they may be, and frequently are, carried to an excess; for which reason, I am always sorry when I see two persons, who differ strongly in them, yoked together in marriage, as there are few cases in which it is more difficult to preserve any sincere affection between themselves, or peace in their families.

On coming home from their several places of divine worship, seldom shall we see them meet in perfect good humour;—each secretly condemning the folly and obstinacy of the other, is very apt to throw out reflections and sarcasms, which being returned, occasion the most bitter altercations, and sometimes kindle up an unextinguishable rancour in the heart either of the one or the other.

Thus does a mistaken piety and zeal, in the defence of what they think the best religion, utterly destroy the true end of all religion, love, unity, and peace: and here I cannot forbear recommending a few lines of the late Mr. Row, which, though taken from a play, afford an excellent lesson to all bigots and enthusiasts:

*Look round, how Providence bestows alike,
Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of different faiths;
And (though by several names and titles worshipped)
Heaven takes the various tribute of their praise;
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
one best, one greatest, only Lord of All.*

The invectives and scurrilities with which people, of almost all persuasions, too frequently load those who are of a contrary way of thinking, are indeed very scandalous and provoking. What then can a wife do in such a circumstance? Must she sit silent and content, to hear the only path, which in her soul she believes leads to Heaven, ridiculed and vilified; and, by not opposing, seem to take part with the defamer, because he is her husband? No, I am far from enjoining, or even approving a passiveness which must render her guilty of wronging her conscience, how misguided soever it may happen to be; I would only advise her to avoid declaiming against the opinion he maintains; and then I think she may, and ought to vindicate her own, by all the arguments she is able to bring, provided she urges them with meekness and moderation.

But if it is difficult to find two persons, who differ only in the forms of religion, live together in concord; how much more so, nay how next to impossible is it, when there is a great deal of religion on the one side, and none at all on the other?

To do justice to the fair sex, it must be confessed that there are, at least as yet, much fewer freethinkers among them than among the men: How therefore must a

woman of strict piety and virtue tremble, when she hears that sacred name, on which her whole hopes of future happiness depends, blasphemed and scoffed at; the awful mysteries of salvation treated as a farce, the preachers of it as impostors; and all this by the man whom duty and inclination oblige her to regard with the greatest tenderness?

In this unhappy situation, I should, however, think it best for a wife to forbear making any attempts to convince her unbelieving husband; this, though at first it may seem too great a lukewarmness in the cause of Heaven, yet may the most pious be reconciled to it, when they consider that freethinking, which indeed is only a softer term for atheism, absolutely denies all testimony of conviction, laughs at faith, calls the holy scriptures a legend of invented fables, the apostles cheats, and the prophets, martyrs, and confessors, fools and mad-men.

Where pride and self-sufficiency have established this diabolical doctrine in the heart, it is in vain to hope for a conversion by any human means; all arguments offered to that end are only answered with profane jests, and serve but to harden him the more in his impiety.

The sole method, therefore, that a wife can take for the reformation of a husband of this cast is, by a well-regulated conduct, and a sweetness of behaviour, to make him in love with the virtues of Christianity, and to confess that the tenets delivered by the teachers of it were calculated to promote the happiness of mankind in this world at least.

And now, having said as much as is necessary, or as I think, can be expected from me, on this head, I shall proceed to the next grand subject of controversy:— party prejudice.

SECT. III
Difference of Opinion in Affairs of Government.

It seems to me, that a prudent wife will find it no hard matter to avoid entering into any disputes with her husband on the score of politics; for, besides having it so little in her power to serve the cause she espouses, there are so few women qualified to talk on those affairs, that most of those that do would find it much more to the reputation of their understanding to be silent.

But supposing her to be endued with an uncommon genius,—a penetrating and sound judgment,—well versed in history and political tracts,—able not only to talk but also to reason well on the occasion, and have infinitely the advantage over her husband, will the secret heart-burnings, discontent, and ill-humour, which, in all probability, these debates may create in him, be atoned for by the applauses her capacity may receive from others!

It is said by a very great and venerable author, that 'tis much better to be wise than witty; and sure there are none, who are in reality the former, will wish to purchase the reputation of the latter at so dear an expense as innate peace of mind: a wife, above all others, is most concerned to observe this maxim; for what satisfaction can she take in the empty compliments she receives from abroad, or the admiration of persons indifferent to her, when her own home rings with perpetual jars, and the man, in whose arms she lies, regrets the ceremony that has bound him to her?

If we give ourselves the trouble to examine into the latent sparks which kindle up this party flame, we shall find that a very small number, in comparison of the whole that are actuated by a principle of conscience,—prejudice of education,—the prospect of some advantage to themselves or families,—a partial attachment to particular persons,—resentment for some disappointment,—the vanity of making a bustle in the world and being talked of, and often a mere spirit of contradiction makes a zealot, and equally influences both the courtier and the patriot; and how vain is it to hope to make converts of such men, who refusing to take justice or reason for their guide, will not be convinced by either?

Women being excluded from all public offices and employments, the men are apt to look on any attempt made by that sex to intermeddle with affairs of state, as an encroachment on their prerogative; and, indeed, I think it must be allowed, that she who busies herself too much that way, somewhat transgresses the bounds of her own sphere. The unmarried, however, are at liberty to act as they please; but certainly a wife will always find the best politics she can study, is how to merit and maintain the esteem and affection of her husband; and this, with the management of her family, will be sufficient to take up her whole thoughts.

I hope to be forgiven for what I have said on this occasion, since I have so good an authority for it as the late ingenious Mr. Selden, who, though a great advocate for the ladies, and very much their favourite, in speaking of the duties of a wife, expresses himself in these terms:

*Wives, like good subjects, who to tyrants bow,
To husbands, though unjust, long patience owe;
Reason itself, in them must not be bold,
Nor decent custom be by wit controlled;*

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*On their own heads we desperately stray,
And are still happiest in the vulgar way.*

If a woman cannot bring herself to the same way of thinking as her husband, nor ought always to endeavour it, she has it nevertheless in her power to forbear thwarting his opinion; and how irksome soever such a restriction at first may seem to her, I am very well satisfied she will afterwards find her account in it.

A perfect concurrence of sentiment between the persons united, is, without all question, one of the principal ingredients to make marriage happy;—I am therefore sorry when a too hasty entrance into that state hinders them from being well acquainted with the foibles, as well as virtues of each other; but as it is not the business of these sheets to prescribe what steps should be taken previous to the sacred ceremony, but what will, according to all probability, render both parties easy under their mutual engagements, I shall close this section with a little narrative, which may serve to show the ill effects of obstinacy.

About the middle of last May were married a certain young couple of condition, whose names it is not necessary to mention. The courtship between them had been very short, they had seen and liked each other, their fortunes were pretty equal, the friends on both sides willing, and no impediment happened to retard the consummation of their mutual wishes. The first weeks of their marriage were passed in the fashion usual on such occasions, feasting and visiting took up their days, and love engrossed their nights. A more fair prospect of felicity could scarce present itself; but too soon, alas! the beauteous vision disappeared, black lowering clouds overspread their heaven of joy, and burst in storms, which, violent as they were, threatened to be no less lasting than their lives.

On the anniversary of that day which brought the unfortunate Chevalier St. George into the world, three gentlemen in plaid waistcoats, white roses in their button-holes, and large oak branches in their hats, stopped in a coach at their door, and were conducted in. The lady, who is strongly attached to the present royal family, had a glimpse of these sparks as they passed to her husband's dressing-room, and easily perceiving what principles they were of by their habits, was extremely disconcerted to think she was married to a man who kept such company.

But how much greater was the shock she received, when, in less than a quarter of an hour, she saw her husband enter the room where she was, accompanied by his three friends, and in all points accoutred like them in those flagrant marks of Jacobitism above described. After having given time to the gentlemen to make their compliments to her, (which she could scarcely return with common civility) he said to her, "My dear, I am going with these gentlemen to meet some others that wait for us, in order to celebrate a day which we still live in hopes of seeing a joyful one; so you must not expect me at home either to dine or sup."

He was in too much haste to go to the rendezvous to wait for any reply, and they all went down stairs, leaving her in a consternation not to be expressed.

This gentleman is one of those harmless Jacobites who will wear plaid and white roses, swallow bumper after bumper, swear, and talk loudly for the cause, but never contribute a single shilling for its support, much less run any risk of life or fortune. He returned not till very late, and had toasted too many healths to render himself in a fit condition either to sleep with his wife that night, or listen to the reproaches she might otherwise have received him with.

The next day, being that which is celebrated for the anniversary of his present majesty's accession to the throne, equipping herself to make a loyal appearance at court, employed her thoughts and time the whole morning. Her husband, who quitted not his bed till almost noon, on his coming down found her dressed in an orange-coloured suit of clothes, a bunch of yellow ribbons on her head, and another on her breast, on both which were stamped in silver these words: 'King GEORGE, and the Hanover succession for ever'.

He gazed on her for some moments with an equal share of surprise and contempt, and then cried out, "Hey-day, madam, what a figure you make to-day! You look all in flames, orange and yellow is certainly the most odious mixture in the world. Pray how came so odd a fancy into your head?" To this she replied haughtily,

"Sir, It is a fancy which all good subjects and true Protestants must approve; and I think you have no pretence to find fault with my fancy; you, who yesterday thought yourself very fine, I suppose, in the livery of a highland ragamuffin, a silly flower with scarce any smell or taste, and a bundle of stinking leaves for a cockade!"

"You talk impertinently, madam", said he. "I have just the same opinion of you, sir", returned she. "If you had any regard for me," cried he somewhat angrily, "you would not endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable in my eyes by this ridiculous dress." "I care not to whomsoever it is disagreeable," answered she, "I wear yellow in honour of our gracious sovereign, and orange to that of the immortal memory of our glorious deliverer King William, who bequeathed us so valuable a legacy."

I forbear to repeat the reply he made to these words; because it is more than barely possible that someone or other, in this scrutinising age, might take it into his head to imagine that I was glad of an opportunity of venting my own sentiments through the mouth of a third person; it will be sufficient to inform my readers, that one reflection drew on another, till the husband and the wife seemed equally to have forgot all the regard due to decency and good manners.

This breach, however, was afterwards patched up, though not so well but it soon broke out again on every little occasion, and still grew wider than before; each by turns endeavoured to bring the other over to their own party; but that being a thing impracticable, created such inward discontents and heart-broilings, as well as open jars, that if they do not absolutely hate, they cannot be said to love; a peevish thwarting each other even in matters of the most indifference to either, or a sullen silence are the least proofs of their mutual ill-humour: in fine, the whole tenor of their behaviour affords too much reason to believe, that since they are not able to agree in one point, they are determined never to do so in any other.

SECT. IV.

Dress.

The article of dress may seem to be of very little importance to the happiness of a married state; yet I have known some women by that alone have forfeited the esteem of their husbands, as well as rendered themselves ridiculous to their neighbours; though the men may not understand the *paraphernalia* of dress, as our ingenious Laureate expresses it, yet they are capable of judging where it is well or ill adapted to the rank, circumstances, or age of the person who wears it; and not a few there are, who even go so far as to form their ideas of a woman according to the fashion of her garb; I say the fashion of the garb, because it is not so much the richness of the stuff, as the mode and manner of making the garment, which denotes the disposition of the wearer; a tawdry painted linen, on the back of a fantastic woman, may be so contrived as more to attract the eyes of the spectators than a gold or silver brocade.

A young single woman who has her fortune to make, and perhaps has never as yet had an offer to that end, has something to allege in defence of endeavouring to render herself particular and taken notice of, as by doing so she will infallibly draw a crowd of gazers about her, among the number of whom she may hope to find someone who may take a fancy to her, so far as to make her his wife. That this method does not always fail of success we have recent instances to prove.

A married woman has not this excuse; she can have no motive for the pains she takes to excite popular admiration, but that one which is utterly inconsistent with her duty and her reputation, dangerous to her virtue and the honour of her husband.

Indeed I cannot help heartily pitying the husbands of those butterfly wives who are every day flaunting in the Mall, or some other public place, equipped in all points as if going to dance upon a stage, and, like the ladies at Bartholomew-fair, as soon as dressed go forth to show themselves, in order to draw company to the performance.

As this little treatise is intended entirely for the service of married women, I would not have any of them imagine, from what I have said, that I would go about to deprive them of those ornaments of dress befitting their sex and rank; no, let them keep their trimmings, their embroideries, their jewels, and their trinkets; but let all these things be worn with decency: I would only have every wife maintain the dignity of her character as a wife, not plume herself in being the authoress of new fashions, nor condescend to imitate the coquette airs of a F— M—, or any other town mistress.

The Roman matrons, how young soever married, no sooner became wives than they distinguished themselves to be such by putting on a different sort of habit from that worn by them in their virgin state: the Chinese, and several other Eastern nations, still preserve that custom, and a very good custom it is, if it were only for the following reason:

A man, on seeing a beautiful woman, and ignorant that she is married, may possibly indulge desires for her, which, when afterwards informed of her condition, he may not be master enough of himself to restrain; and whether her virtue be offended, or her vanity delighted with the declaration, there is a danger of its being attended

with unhappy consequences, which might have been prevented, if the first sight of her had told him she was the property of another.

As we so frequently change our modes, and by turns ape those of every nation round us, it would be well, methinks, if this more laudable one than many others, were introduced; but, till that happens, would wish every wife to endeavour both to look and act with that reserve and circumspection which is, or ought to be, the characteristic of her condition; and I am much deceived if such a behaviour, constantly pursued, would not discourage any man, who has the least regard for himself, from attempting anything to her dishonour.

Every handsome woman, by such a conduct, might find her vanity indulged, in hearing said of herself what Mr. Waller wrote under the picture of a fine lady of his time:

*Such Helen was, and who can blame the boy,
That in so bright a flame consumed his Troy?
But had like virtue shined in that fair Greek,
The amorous shepherd had not dared to seek,
Or hoped for pity, but with silent moan,
And better fate, had perished alone.*

It will doubtless be expected that I should here say something in relation to the enormous expensiveness of dress, which is indeed a luxury that of late years has been intolerable and presumptuous; scarce can you know by her habit a woman of the first quality from the wife of an artificer, so that distinction of degrees of blood and fortune are almost lost: but if the miseries of so many families, undone by this one article, will not have influence on those who have not as yet fallen into the same misfortunes, the remonstrances of no author will be likely to prevail, and the vice will become so general, that it is much to be feared three parts in four of the nation will be reduced to beggary in a short time, if the wisdom of the legislature does not take it into consideration to put some restriction on this epidemic evil.

But there yet remains something further to be said on the article of dress, before I take my leave of the subject; it is this, when a woman lavishes too much time at her toilet, she will certainly lose ground in the esteem and good opinion of any man who is not a fop himself, and practices the same.

I am credibly informed that there is a certain lady in town, who whenever she is to make her appearance in public, always passes five or six hours before her looking-glass, causes her chests and cabinets to be emptied of everything they contain, puts on first one suit of clothes, and then another, till she is gone through the whole various round; and when all this is done, must needs hold a long consultation with her woman which of them she had best make choice of, though she knows that she is all this while impatiently expected at the appointment; her husband waits to conduct her thither, sends repeated messages to her dressing-room, and even comes himself to entreat she would be more expeditious; his liking of her person, has hitherto kept him from reproaching her vanity and ill-manners, but will scarcely do so always, his temper will be tired out, and he will one day hate what he begins already to despise.

If this error is so inexcusable, as doubtless it is, even in the great, who have nothing to study but their amusements, and have so many leisure hours upon their hands, which might possibly be employed in a worse way, it is yet infinitely less to be forgiven in a woman in a meaner station, whose domestic affairs demand all her

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attention, and which must suffer intolerably, when she who is at the head of them places her chief satisfaction in embellishing and setting forth her own person to the best advantage.

All women, however, of this turn of mind are sure to be treated with the utmost indifference, if not ill-humour, by their husbands; and by their whole families, children not excepted, with disrespect.

SECT. V.
Neatness in general.

Though an over-nicety of dress be a very great fault in a wife, the contrary extreme is yet a greater, at least to herself; to be wholly engrossed by the cares of her own person loses her the esteem of her husband; but to be too negligent of it, or, in other words, slatternly and sluttish, subjects her to his loathing.

The advice which Aesop gives to a beautiful young lady, who had just entered into the state of marriage, is well worthy the observation, and ought to be engraved in the mind of every woman. According to the best of my remembrance his words are these:

Take care to be always neat in your house and apparel; but nicely so in your person above all.

As there are few women who are not exact enough, frequently too much so in this point, before they get husbands, whenever I see one of them degenerate afterwards to the very reverse of what she was, it puts me in mind of a story I read some time ago concerning one of the popes.

This man, who hoped to attain the papal chair by the appearance of an extraordinary sanctity, in imitation of St. Peter, passed all the time he could spare from his priestly office in casting nets for fishes, selling all the freight he took and giving the money to the poor; but having once reached the end of his ambition, and felt the triple crown upon his head, he hung up his net and fished no more; he had now caught the prey he so long had sought for, and had nothing more to do than to sit down in ease and splendour, and enjoy the fruit of his labours.

But how terrible a disappointment must it be to a husband, who finds the fine delicate creature he had courted, no sooner made a wife than converted into a dirty dowdy. Fabled Ixion felt not a greater shock, when instead of a goddess he embraced a cloud, than he on meeting so unexpected a reverse of his high-raised expectations.

But though it is certain that there are very few things that give a man a greater disgust than want of cleanliness in a wife; yet he may be apt to imagine, that the carelessness she shows of herself is an argument of her being without any desire or ambition of pleasing him; and that it is a matter of mere indifference to her, whether she retains any place in his affection or not.

This may possibly sometimes happen to be the cause, though I believe but very seldom; for if a woman has so little love for her husband, as not to take any pains to appear amiable in his eyes, she will at least wish to do so in those of the world, except all sensations of that pride and vanity, which in a more or less degree is inherent to the whole sex, are entirely swallowed up in one or the other of these motives, viz. sloth or avarice.

Neatness is so essential an ingredient to make the map of life agreeable, that all other enjoyments, all other pleasures, summed up and put together could not be able to compensate for the want of it, and would even lose their name, that being the true zest and spirit of them; it is the parent of cheerfulness, the friend of health, equally refreshing to the mind as body, and without it all is tasteless, dull, and sickly.

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Every woman, therefore, who either loves her husband or wishes to be loved by him, should endeavour to make his home as pleasing to him as possible, which cannot be done without taking a particular care that he shall never find anything in it but what is exactly neat and in good order; and as this is no more than what respect for herself, as well as for him, obliges her to do, she ought not to make any merit of it, or boast too much before him of her extraordinary notableness and housewifery.

SECT. VI.
Behaviour to the Husband's Kindred in particular
Circumstances.

That a woman should behave towards her husband's kindred with great civility and respect, is a thing so generally known that no one can be ignorant of it, and for that reason needless to be mentioned here. I should not, indeed, have given myself or my readers any trouble on this head, if there were not yet something more in it than appears to be, or is easily conceived by those who do not care to be at the pains of much reflection.

When a wife treats respectfully the family into which she is incorporated, it is certainly all they can expect, or her husband require from her. In doing this she thinks she may sit down content; 'tis true, she may so; no one has reason to disapprove her conduct, as the dictates of duty and good manners are fully answered by it; but the sincere desire I have to see the marriage-state as happy as human nature will allow, makes me wish she would go further yet, in order to reap some advantages to herself.

There are a thousand little circumstances which frequently happen among relations, which, if well managed, will give her an opportunity of rendering herself of more consequence to them and endearing to her husband, than people ordinarily imagine, some few of which I shall endeavour to point out, and by these others may be judged on.

As nothing is more common than for persons of the same blood to have petty quarrels, and in the heat of passion to utter the severest things against each other, yet in their hearts retain the same affection as before, I think it not enough that she forbears all attempts to widen the breach between them, I would not have her even to stand neuter in such a case, but be active in her endeavours to bring about a reconciliation, which, among other means, may be effected by always taking part with the absent person, and gently blaming the present as having been somewhat too rash.

If the husband himself is one of the parties concerned in this bruléé, I would have her proceed in the same manner with him; and though he should seem a little angry at her interfering in the matter, not to cease her remonstrances, but make use of every argument that love and wit can inspire her with to mitigate his resentment, and win him to forgiveness.

It is not at all improbable, but rather the contrary, that he may have secretly wished for some pretence to do what she requests of him; and if so, will then rejoice on finding himself furnished with one so plausible as being prevailed upon by the intercession of a beloved wife; how greatly therefore this will magnify his esteem for her, how add to all the charms she before had for him, no one need be told who has ever known the pleasing emotions that rise in the heart on being urged, and as it were compelled, by the persuasion of another to pursue the dictates of his own inclination.

Neither will she, perhaps, confer a less obligation on him when she solicits in the behalf of some distressed kinsman or kinswoman, who either through unavoidable misfortunes, or their own faulty conduct, may be reduced to stand in need of his assistance; the ties of blood and nature are seldom quite effaced, they have a strong influence over minds not lost to all humanity, so that according to the best of my

observation of married people, a wife cannot give a more convincing proof of her affection for her husband, or more endear herself to him, than by appearing zealous for the interest of all those belonging to him, with how much indifference soever he may seem to regard them.

If it should so happen, that any relation on the one side makes his addresses to one on the other, and no considerable inconvenience bars the prospect of their future happiness, she ought by all means to promote such an alliance, because the chain of love and friendship between two families becomes the stronger by being double linked.

As there are very few people always exempt from diseases of one kind or other, whenever the husband is seized with any indisposition, whether dangerous or not, I would not have a wife leave him to the care of servants, how many soever she may have at command, or be too proud to be his chief and most constant nurse herself; she has the example of a great princess for so doing.

It will be also very right in her to send for those of his kindred as are known to be most his favourites, as well as for those who are next of blood, to the end, either in case of mortality or recovering, she may not be suspected by him or them of having had any sinister design to deprive them of such legacies as he might be inclined to bequeath, or they expect from him.

A thousand other incidents, which are impossible to be particularized, or enumerated, are continually happening; and though of less moment in themselves, may be made of equal advantage with those I have mentioned; and afford to a prudent wife fresh opportunities of ingratiating herself with the kindred of her husband, and consequently with himself. I would therefore advise her to let none of them escape her notice, how minute and insignificant soever they may appear; for it is a truth which I have seen the confirmation of in very many instances, that the behaviour of a man when at home is greatly influenced by the insinuations he may imbibe from abroad.

I think there is no occasion to say, that she ought never to wait till entreated to do whatever good offices are known to be in her power; since to undertake a thing of this nature with grudging and reluctance would be an injury to her own character, and it is scarce possible for a woman capable of being benefited by these admonitions to stand in need of being told that a graceful generous manner of conferring an obligation is little less grateful to the receiver than the obligation itself.

SECT. VII.

The Danger of living in the same House with any Relation of the Husband's.

How strenuously soever I have recommended all sorts of kindness to a husband's relations, I would by no means have a new-married woman consent to come into his house till whoever had the management of it before was removed.

Whether a mother, an old aunt, or even a sister, has had the direction of his household affairs during his single state, and continues to live with him after he is married, it will be with reluctance that she parts with the power she lately had over the family, and that reluctance may possibly create in her a spite which may make her cavil at every order given by the new mistress, and frequently find faults where there are none.

Hence will arise jealousies, discontents, and secret animosities, which cannot always be restrained from breaking out in words; what is said by either will be reported to the other, the servants be made parties in the quarrel; the whole family in opposition, and everything running to confusion.

This cannot long escape the knowledge of the husband, he will enquire into the cause of so unusual a disorder in his house, both the ladies will then exhibit their several complaints, each will plead her own cause in terms as pathetic as she is able. This will involve him in the most perplexing dilemma; divided between his natural affection for the one, and the solemn engagements he is under with the other, make him grow sullen and peevish, and the poor wife, though never so innocent, is sure to bear some share of the blame.

This is a circumstance which will be still the more unhappy, when the aggressor shall happen to be the mother of the husband. Filial duty will then tie up his tongue, and the fears of disobliging him, that of the wife. What then can the latter do in such a case? Why truly, I know of no advice that can be given for her present relief, and think the only course she has to steer, is to wait with as much patience as she can till death, or the ill-humour of the old lady shall take her out of the way.

Oh, but methinks I hear some high-mettled woman cry out in this manner: "That wife must be a strange mean-spirited creature, who would suffer herself to be tyrannized over by any old beldam of a mother-in-law; for my part, if it were my case, I would return all her taunts with interest; she should find I would not bear her ill-usage for two days together; I would soon make her know that I did not marry to let her be mistress, and tell her plainly that she had no business in my house; and if all this did not make her leave it of her own accord, would never let my husband have a moment's peace till he turned her out of doors."

Others again may be of a quite different way of thinking, and these will tell you, that it is the duty of a wife to pay the same obedience to her husband's mother as to her own; that if the old lady should be perverse and contradictory, she should never pretend to combat with her ill humour, but rather endeavour, by a soft and submissive behaviour, to soothe her to more gentleness; that she should be watchful to oblige her, observant to all her commands, nor take upon herself the management of anything unless she found it was her pleasure she should do so.

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Thus variously will people speak, according to the several dispositions given them by nature, or that themselves have rendered habitual by custom: as for me, I cannot coincide with either of these opinions; a termagant, or scolding woman, besides making herself ridiculed and shunned by all her acquaintance, will very seldom gain her point; and when she does, will find she has paid too dear for the purchase; softness is the characteristic of the sex, and its greatest beauty; when that is once thrown off and exchanged for ferocity, a woman loses all her charms, and has neither the esteem nor love of anyone.

On the other hand, as I would have a wife strictly fulfil all the duties of her place, so I would likewise have her maintain all the rights of it; and the government of domestic affairs being solely her province, and invested in her by the laws of marriage, no one ought to condemn her for asserting her prerogative; the respect due from her to her husband should, indeed, induce her to listen to his mother's advice, when mildly given; but does not oblige her to submit to it when delivered authoritatively, and by way of command; for that would be reducing herself from the condition of mistress of the house, to which she has an undoubted title, to that of servant or dependant.

All you, therefore, who have not taken care before you entered your house to have so dangerous an impediment to happiness removed out of it, all, I say, that you can do afterwards, is to endeavour, according to the vulgar adage, *to make the best of a bad market*. Be neither too insolent, nor too submissive; pay a decent respect to the parent of your husband, but give her no room to believe you will ever be her slave; avoid, as much as possible, all contests with her; be complying in your words, but absolute in your actions; be counselled by her in things which you think are right, and in others seem not to oppose her will, but pursue your own. If you find any of the servants more ready to obey her commands than yours, instantly discharge them, but without letting the true cause of your doing so be known, either to them or her; early convince her that you are sensible of your privilege, and determined to support it: this, it may be, will either make her desist to attempt any exercise of a power to which she has no longer a just claim, or else to quit a place where her pride will not suffer her to appear as a second person.

SECT. VIII.
Servants.

Servants are of so much consequence to the families they live with, that the little quarrels they have among themselves are sometimes the occasion of a great deal of uneasiness to their master and lady; for which reason I would never have a wife hearken to the complaints which may be made to her by anyone of them against another; but on the first mention of such a thing, tell them plainly that it does not become her to be an umpire of their differences. She will suffer no disputes in her house, and that if they cannot agree and live peaceably together, both must quit her service.

To be well served, and keep a family in good order, the mistress of it should behave with sweetness and affability towards all; but be too free with none, be liberal in rewarding merit wherever she finds it, but show no partial favour to anyone in particular, turn away all those who, after a gentle reprimand, do not amend their faults; but do so without reproaches or loud words.

But above all things, she should take care never to trouble her husband with any repetitions of those domestic concerns which are below his notice; never to chide a servant in his presence, or even in his hearing; or by any look or gesture let him discover she has any cause to be offended with them. She having the management of all those who compose the household, and hires, and appoints them their several offices, and discards them as she shall judge proper, it is derogatory to her own authority to appeal to any third person, even though it be her husband, and will also fill his head with idle ideas, which, if he be a man of any sense, must needs be disagreeable to him.

I have the pleasure of being acquainted with a clergyman of great learning, piety, and assiduity in the care of his flock, yet too modest to think he either knows or does enough to fulfil, as he ought, the high trust reposed in him; he passes all the time the public service of the church, and visits to private penitents will permit, in reading and comparing the primitive fathers, and making himself as much master as possible of the true and apostolic institution.

This very worthy person has a competent estate of his own, a rich benefice, and no earthly care to discompose him, except the foible of his wife in the article I last mentioned. In most respects she is a valuable woman; but either through the vanity of appearing an excellent economist, or that being perfectly exact herself in all she does, she cannot bear the least trifle amiss in another, she is continually teasing the good man with complaints against the servants.

In vain has been all his remonstrances, his entreaties; he has removed his study from the first floor to one of the upper rooms in the house; but this affords him no relief: still she pursues him there, and interrupts his most serious meditations; almost breathless with passion, and the fatigue of coming up, she throws herself into a chair, and ushers in her discourse with these or the like exclamations: "Sure never any body was plagued as I am! Servants are the devil! If one could do without, one would see them all hanged before one would keep them! A pack of idle hussies! Here I have two wenches, and one only serves to make work for the other; neither of them are worth half the bread they eat! But it is all owing to you, Doctor; they may break all the

things in the house for any care you take, and they pay no manner of regard to me, though I rave at them all day."

Thus will she go on for an hour together; and when at last the mighty accusation, which had brought her thither, comes to be explained, it amounts perhaps to no more than the misplacing a mop or scrubbing-brush, or the spilling half a farthing's worth of sand.

No man would marry a woman of this disposition if he knew it before, unless for the same reason that Socrates did Xantippe, for the exercise of his patience; but we have few philosophers in these days,—few but would seek that peace abroad which they find it impossible to enjoy at home, and would think themselves justified by these words of the poet:

*What can be sweeter than our native home?
Thither for ease and soft repose we come.
Home is the sacred refuge of our life,
Secured from all approaches but a wife:
If thence we fly, the cause admits no doubt,
None but an inmate foe could drive us out:
Clamours our privacies uneasy make;
Birds leave their nests disturbed, and beasts their haunts forsake.*

For a woman to avoid giving her husband any disturbance on this account, seems to me so very easy a piece of self-denial as stands not in need of being enforced by argument. I shall therefore add no more upon it; but cannot wholly take my leave of the topic of Servants, without touching upon another article, which I am pretty confident has laid many an innocent wife open to the tongue of scandal.

I find there are several ladies, especially among those of the higher class, who are extremely fond of having their hair cut and dressed by a man; many borrow their husband's *valet de chambre*, some keep one of their own for that purpose, others employ a French or German artist, who shall come lolling in his own chariot, and take a guinea for what a great number of English women, bred to that business, would be glad of receiving half a crown.

There was a time, not out of the memory of many persons now living, when a virtuous woman would not, except in case of great necessity, have suffered her head to be uncovered in the presence of any man; much less have endured that her hair should be handled, stroked, and twisted round the fingers of a foppish foreign barber, or a pert domestic, raised perhaps for his dexterity this way, from the degree of a footman, or even groom of the stables, to that of a *valet de chambre*; but fashions alter, and what would forty years ago have been looked upon as highly indecent, is now polite, because the mode.

There are still some husbands, however, who, though to avoid the imputation of being a jealous coxcomb, seem to comply with this custom, cannot in their hearts approve of it, especially if the wife's operator be a young handsome fellow, and during the performance can entertain the lady with a soft Italian air, or a merry tale of some of her acquaintance. To my certain knowledge, many ugly suspicions, and alarming apprehensions have been occasioned merely on this score; and whether with or without foundation, have made the husband say within himself:

*Few know what cares a husband's peace destroy,
His real griefs, and his dissembled joy.*

I must confess, that I still retain a very great veneration for modesty, how much soever it is of late years exploded by those of a superior taste; and as that amiable quality cannot be preserved, without a due distance being kept between the sexes, must always be of opinion that women are fittest to attend on women in their chambers, and that no valet, clerk of the kitchen, butler, or any other male servant, should be permitted to pass further than the door; or, on any pretence whatever, to approach the toilet or bed-side of their ladies.

A very small progress in the knowledge of human nature is sufficient to inform us, that men of all ranks are liable to the same passions and desires. Who then can answer that a young fellow, pampered with ease and luxury, probably amorous by constitution, and indulged in so near an access to a fine woman, may not, while he is setting her forth for conquest, become a captive himself, and feel the force of all those charms he is employed to embellish? In a word, may he not, even in spite of himself, be inflamed with inclinations altogether inconsistent with the duties of his station, or her honour, to have inspired him with?

Every husband who thinks at all, will doubtless think this way sometimes; and when he does so, cannot well reconcile himself to a custom abounding with such dangerous temptations; for which reason, and also for some others I forbear to mention, I sincerely wish that the ladies, the married ones especially, would unite to abolish it entirely.

SECT. IX.

Talkativeness and Taciturnity.

There are times for talking, and times to be silent; times when even nonsense is agreeable, and times when the most elegant discourses are insipid: it is the humour of the hearer that gives the relish to all that is said, as a friend of mine has happily enough expressed it:

*When the warm fluid briskly fills the veins,
And gay emotions play about the heart,
A jew's harp, or a bagpipe will delight:
But when the spleen prevails, and sadd'ning thoughts
Clog up the native vigour of the mind,
Then Farinelli's self would cease to please,
And Handel's notes grow painful to the ear.*

Certain, indeed, it is, that the most skilful and exquisite touches of the best musician can afford no melody, when the instrument he attempts to play upon is out of tune; everyone, therefore, who would please in conversation, should endeavour to suit both his subject and manner of speaking according to the present disposition of the person to whom he speaks, and not throw water upon fire, nor fire upon mud.

Such strange vicissitudes, such fluctuating ideas run through the human mind, that it often happens the same man, seen at two different times, appears to be two different persons; all have their gloomy and their sprightly moments, and love to be indulged in both; a wife, therefore, who would be always pleasing to her husband, should diligently observe these changes in him, to the end she may neither by her talkativeness interrupt his pensive thoughts; nor by any unseasonable reserve strike a damp on the gaiety of his more cheerful humour.

Some women are so extravagantly delighted with hearing the sound of their own voices, or the wit which they imagine is conveyed by it, that they would be perpetually talking, and can ill endure the least suspension of their vociferousness, though to be praised for it: others again, of a more dull and phlegmatic constitution, will scarcely speak at all, and it is with difficulty you get a word from them; sullen, severe, and cloudy, they seem invigorated by no passion, and are little better than moving clods of earth: the ingredients which form the composition of these latter are, in my opinion, of an infinitely worse nature than those of the former, and are less adapted for society; the one may sometimes give pain, the other never can give pleasure: but to do justice to the sex, very few of them are of this class, so I shall make no further mention of them. But to return to the alert and talkative.

But first I shall take the liberty to repeat a little passage which I met with some time ago, I think in one of the *Spectators*, that is exactly conformable to the subject matter of this section.

A young lady who had more wit than judgment, and more words than either, was married to a gentleman of sense and good-nature, but somewhat reserved in his disposition, loved to retire within himself, and enjoy his own meditations: this being impossible to be done in any of the rooms his wife was accustomed to come into, he would frequently withdraw privately and hide himself in some nook or corner of the house, where she would not expect to find him; this, for some time, answered his

intent; but she at last discovered the place of his concealment, and having in vain essayed all that reproaches and entreaties could do to engage him to come forth, asked him wherefore he chose to be alone. "I was thinking, my dear", said he, "on what", cried she: "on you, my dear," replied he; "the happiness I enjoy in calling you mine is sufficient to engross my contemplation, nor can I bear to be interrupted in them even by yourself; I beg, therefore, you will retire and leave me to indulge the pleasing reverie."

The author has not thought fit to inform us whether she complied with his request or not, and we may therefore conclude that nothing material enough to be related was the consequence: all husbands, however, would not, when intruded on in this manner, have given so genteel a rebuff; but at that time he doubtless loved the pretty prater, and the natural tenderness of that passion enabled him to forgive, though not to be pleased with her behaviour in this point.

But this example of forbearance, which we know not how long might continue, should not encourage a woman to depend too much on the affection with which she finds herself regarded by her husband; nor be flattered with a belief that a thing of such small importance as talking too much, if what is uttered be accompanied with pleasantry and sweetness, can deserve the name of an offence: 'tis true it does not, nor would any man deem it so but in those moments when his own ill-humour gets the better of his judgment, and swells the pigmy error to a gigantic height; yet still there is a necessity this humour should be complied with; like a troubled sea it gains fresh force by opposition, but if suffered to take its bent a while, will by degrees subside and sink into a calm.

What then has a wife, addicted to talkativeness, to do but endeavour to conquer that propensity in herself, so far as to be able to restrain it whenever she finds it begin to grow disagreeable to the man whom it is so much her interest and happiness, as well as duty, to oblige?

SECT. X.
Giving and receiving Visits.

Visiting, and being visited, is now become the chief occupation of all degrees of women;—that great ladies live more in their chairs and coaches than in houses, their own especially: the wives of middling gentry hire a hack to whirl them through the whole round of their acquaintance; the lower sort trudge till they sweat to drop their howdees at every corner of the town; all count upon their visits as upon their cash, are as impatient to receive them as their rents, and more punctual in paying them than their tradesmen's bills.

Women of high quality, indeed, who are under no obligation to inspect into their household affairs, as they keep people under them for that purpose, can find no other employment for their time than to pursue pleasure wherever it presents itself; and if these find something more agreeable in a rout (justly enough called so) than in the douceurs which marriage, joined with love, is capable of affording, it is not to be wondered at that husband and wife are so much strangers to each other, and to home.

But how can we reconcile to common sense the same conduct in those whom fortune has placed in a lower sphere of life—and what consequences are likely to ensue upon it? Why truly such as are pretty obvious to the world, and might easily have been foreseen by the persons themselves.

When a husband, beginning to grow uneasy at these eternal gaddings, and the expenses which they naturally involve him in, complains to his wife that his family is neglected, and his fortune impaired by it, the general answer is, That she must see her friends and acquaintance, and likewise return the civilities she receives from them; that she goes no oftener abroad than other people; that she keeps no more company than other people; that she wears no better clothes than other people; that she spends no more money in entertainments than other people; and that it is for his credit she should live in the manner she does. This being very seldom sufficient to content him, he either retrenches her allowance, and refuses to pay those debts he thinks she has no necessity for contracting; or else runs himself into worse excesses than those he condemns in her; drinks to drive away reflection; games in vain hope of retrieving his circumstances, and loses all. A gaol is probably his portion, a workhouse hers, and the children come upon the parish.

"But why all this clamour against poor visiting and being visited? Why this terrible denunciation of woes attending it? Will some women be apt to say, and further demand of me, "What harm is there in drinking a dish of tea with a friend or neighbour, and returning the same compliment to them when they come to see us? Will that ever ruin our husbands, or bring destruction on ourselves and families?" To which I readily answer in the negative,—that it will not, provided it stops here; nor would I have anyone imagine, that because I would not have a wife a rambler, I would wish to see her a recluse; the only danger of frequent visits consists in the following article, to which it is in every woman's power to avoid subscribing.

By frequently going only to half a dozen places, you may, at different times, find forty or fifty other visitors; these will probably make invitations to you, which your complaisance will oblige you to accept; at each of their houses you will doubtless find fresh company, who will also make fresh invitations; and so on, till the

number of your acquaintance is extended through every quarter of the town. What then must become of your husband, your children, and your other domestic concerns? Can you ever be at home, or when you are so, can you ever be alone? What time, what opportunity, can you have to perform any one of the offices of a good wife, a mother, or the mistress of a family?

A free and unceremonial enjoyment of a few chosen friends, is certainly one of the greatest pleasures in life, and such as may, and ought to be indulged by the most virtuous and prudent woman, as it will exhilarate her spirits, and consequently render her more capable of going through all those fatigues which attend the management of a family.

A bad-conditioned man will not attempt to debar his wife of this satisfaction, and a good man will approve and rejoice with her in it; but neither the one nor the other will endure that their houses should, like the booths in Bartholomew-fair, be open to all comers. I hope, therefore, that every wife who has unwarily been drawn into a too large acquaintance, will drop the greatest part of them as fast as possible, and select from the number those who it will best become her character and circumstances to converse with.

SECT. XI.

Places of public Entertainment.

Among all public entertainments, those of the Theatre are justly allowed to be the most innocent and improving. I have heard many excellent men confess, that more may be learned from a good moral play, if well attended to, than from some discourses from the pulpit; and the former has this advantage of the latter, that the instruction it is capable of affording steals into the heart, and takes a deeper root by its being conveyed through the canal of pleasure.

There cannot certainly be an institution better calculated for the improvement of all moral virtues, and the putting vice and folly out of countenance, than that of the stage; nothing has a greater effect upon us than the sight of those propensities which we feel within ourselves lively represented in the actions of another; every man, in the persons of the drama, may see the form and turn of his own mind, as he does the features of his face in a mirror, and by that reflection will be taught how to add new graces to the good qualities he is possessed of, and to rectify the bad.

Among the comedies, I am pretty sure the *Careless Husband*, and the *Journey to London*, have not been so often acted without making some proselytes both of husbands and wives; and as what I now write is intended for the use of the latter, I would recommend it to all women the least addicted to coquetry, to take this lesson from the mouth of Lavinia in the *Fair Penitent*, who, when her husband has been relating to her the vanity and inconstancy of some women, breaks out in this pathetic and tender exclamation:

*Can there be such, and have they peace of mind!
My little heart is satisfied with you;
You take up all its room:—as in a cottage
Which harbours some benighted princely stranger,
Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Gives all his homely lodging to his guest,
And scarcely keeps a corner for himself.*

I will not pretend to be so great an advocate for the stage, as to say that all pieces exhibited there have the same tendency, or are capable of producing the same happy effects, either through the author's want of abilities in the expression, or his not considering the true end of writing; but there are so many which have every requisite for this purpose, that none who are desirous of having their virtues heightened, or their faults corrected, need be at a loss for the means.

Though I am far from wishing to see any encouragement given to foreign performances, yet, as it is the property of music to tune and harmonize the hero's thoughts, and it has been the mode of late years, and is every day increasing, for ladies to go as far as they can out of their own sex, and assume the robust fierceness of the other, I cannot but approve of their going frequently to operas, where the softness of the Italian airs may possibly contribute somewhat towards restoring them to their more natural sweetness of manners and behaviour.

Oratorios are endowed with a yet greater and more peculiar advantage; for being on divine subjects, and always performed in Lent, what can be more perfectly

adapted to elevate the soul, and inspire proper ideas for the celebration of the approaching glorious festival?

Venetian, or jubilee balls, ridottos, assemblies and masquerades, have not these pleas for favour; and I am always sincerely concerned when I hear that any woman, who is supposed to have a just sense of honour and virtue, runs so eminent a hazard of both, as to suffer herself to be prevailed upon, either by her own curiosity or the persuasion of her more gay acquaintance, to make a party at any time in these dangerous, disorderly, miscalled pleasures.

Vauxhall, and Ranelagh Gardens, are accounted very innocent recreation; walking, they say, is a wholesome exercise, and music accompanying the promenade is extremely agreeable; this must be allowed, but then it is no less true, than that the pleasure of this rural magnificence is in a great measure destroyed by the vast numbers of people who crowd to be partakers of it; and that the late hours which some stay there cannot contribute much to their health or reputation.

Public breakfasting is an invention which the projectors of time-killing methods have found out to rob husbands of their wives, children of their parents, and houses of their mistresses, nay Heaven too of its due at those very hours in which their presence is most required; the husband would talk with his wife on some affairs of the preceding day, she cannot hear him then, she is going to breakfast at Ruckholt or Ranelagh; the children crowd to ask a blessing of their mamma, she scarce can stay to bestow it on them, the coach waits to carry her to one of the aforesaid places; tradesmen bring their bills, she is in too much hurry to look over them; the chapel bells ring to call her to her usual devotion, she hears it not, but orders the coachman to drive away as fast as possible. This public breakfasting is, I think, the youngest offspring of idleness and luxury, a poor weakly brat, and I hope will never arrive at maturity; on this, however, we may depend, that no wife, who has her own or family's interest at heart, will ever join in its support, either by her purse or presence.

There is yet another grotesque figure, or rather shadow of an entertainment, which by starts makes its appearance, and catches the unwary and capricious as they return from breakfasting, and engages them till near the hours of dining. I doubt not but I shall be easily understood to mean those mimic scenes which are sometimes presented at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, wherein, as I have been informed, not only the vices, but the imperfections which nature, age, or misfortunes have inflicted on mankind, are exposed and ridiculed in as humorous a manner as the buffoon performers are capable of doing. Bless us!—what a strange revolution of sentiments, and manners has a few years produced!

This fantastic spirit has desisted his gambols for the present, and I should heartily wish him to fly to some other quarter, and show his head no more in Britain, if I did not fear that some new, and if possible, more enormous folly would rise up in his stead.

I think that I have now run through all the popular entertainments of this great town, and can find none, excepting Plays and oratorios, worthy to employ much of the time and attention of a woman who aims to make her character as a wife perfect and complete in all its branches: even the very best among the others, which are called pleasures and diversions, should be used but sparingly, like rich cordials, which, taken too frequently, and in large quantities, depress the spirits they were intended to exhilarate.

SECT. XII.

Economy, and the Means by which that Virtue may be rendered doubly pleasing to a Husband.

Economy is no more than frugality refined; the one teaches us to regulate our expenses according to our circumstances, the other, to employ the very same expenses so judiciously as to make them appear rather greater than they are; the one is apt to carry with it an air of parsimony, the other that of liberality; and I know no one quality more useful in a wife, nor which brings greater credit to her husband.

There are some women who, in those things which appertain to their province, will make a better show of five pounds, than others, though perhaps of a more sparing nature, are able to do with twice that sum. Certain it is, that many people waste money by endeavouring to preserve it: a good economist presently distinguishes what is proper to be done, and does it cheerfully at once; but the barely frugal waits till necessity enforces; so seems always in a scarcity, and can neither bestow comfort at home, nor acquire reputation from abroad.

In fine, economy is the best science a woman can study, the greatest ought not to be above it, nor the meanest diverted from it by any other application whatever, as it is indeed the crown of all, and without which nothing can rightly prosper; but this is so known a truth that I need waste no time in expatiating upon it, and shall therefore only give those of my fair readers, who are married, a hint by which they may doubly endear themselves to their husbands, if of a generous way of thinking, by an act which the practice of this virtue will put in their power.

And this I think I cannot better do than by presenting them with two pretty recent instances of the behaviour I would recommend, which, though to some wives it may appear a work of supererogation, may encourage others to perform it, more than all the rhetoric that anyone could employ for that purpose; so just, as well as elegant, are the words of the incomparable Sir Charles Sedley on this occasion:

*Example is a living law, whose sway
We more than all the written laws obey.*

A lady who is mistress of many valuable accomplishments, particularly this of economy, is the wife of a captain of horse: It happened in about a year after their marriage, that the regiment to which he belongs was to be reviewed. The duke, several general officers, and many persons of quality and distinction were expected to be present, and the captain was more than ordinarily careful that everything about him that day should be as complete as possible.

The wife had observed all these preparations, without seeming to take any notice of them till the morning of the day arrived, when calling for her husband's *valet de chambre*, she bid him bring privately to her the hat which his master intended to wear; which he immediately doing, she fixed on the middle of the cockade a jewel of this invention. It was a pretty large diamond, with a ring or compartment round it, enamelled, with these words,—LOVE AND LOYALTY; and on the top a sprig of smaller pendant diamonds, which on the least motion of the head waved in the air. Having placed this to her mind, she put the hat again into the box, and strictly charged the valet to say nothing to the captain of what she had done till he should call for it.

On sight of the jewel the captain cried out in some surprise, "Hey-day! what's here!" The man then telling him what his lady had done, he examined it more closely, was charmed with it, and ran hastily to his wife's chamber, "My dear," said he as he entered, "How came this upon my hat?" "I put it there", answered she smiling. "And pray how came you by it", demanded he "I bespoke it of a jeweller," returned she, "and have paid for it, so you may wear it without any apprehensions."

He then doubted not but she had made him a present of it, as she had brought him a good fortune, the income of which was settled upon herself, and began to make her some very tender acknowledgments for this proof of her affection; but she presently interrupted him, saying, "I will receive no thanks for what I do not deserve; I purchased this toy 'tis true, but paid for it with your money." "With mine", cried he, not able to comprehend what she meant, as he knew not that she had any cash of his in her hands, "Yes," replied she, "I have saved something every week out of your allowance for housekeeping, and thought the little sum I had hoarded up could not be better disposed of than in this addition to your cockade."

The captain, who had never seen the least scantiness at his table, was so much astonished at what he heard, that for some moments he could utter no more than, "Can it be possible! Good God! Can it be possible!" "It is very true I assure you," resumed she, "as I can make appear by my accounts; for I constantly set down whatever I expend, even to the most minute article: but I hope, my dear," continued she, "you are not displeased either with the fancy or design in what I have done."

"Displeased," cried he, "both are like yourself,—surprisingly charming!—ravishing!" These words were accompanied with a thousand kisses, which would perhaps have been succeeded by a thousand more, but the hour approached in which his duty called him to the field, and he was obliged to leave her, though with a heart full of the tenderest admiration of her love and virtue.

The captain found himself greatly distinguished by his fine cockade, which pleased him so much, that supping with several of the officers that night, he could not forbear relating the whole history of it. Everyone was amazed and charmed, the lady's health was toasted in full bumpers; the bachelors among them swore that they would not be unmarried two days, if they were sure to get such wives; and those who were already married, though they congratulated their friend's happiness, could not keep themselves from testifying an envy of it, which perhaps their own wives might severely feel the effects of on their coming home.

Whatever some people may think, I cannot help being of opinion, that this lady could not have bestowed the money she had acquired by her good management better than in purchasing the lasting esteem of her husband, and the high admiration of all his friends. Economy is, indeed, so noble a qualification in a wife, that she who is able to save anything out of a moderate allowance deserves great praise, even though she should lay it out in some such pretty toy to ornament her own person, and pretend it was the present of a friend: but then the doing this would be injuring another virtue, of which I shall hereafter speak, when I have given the second instance I promised of rendering economy doubly engaging to a husband.

There is a certain tradesman in the city, who, without being the most opulent among his neighbours, is perhaps one of the most happy; the moderate profits of his business enable him to live comfortably, though not profusely; he has always a good fire, a clean hearth, a table well furnished with everything necessary, and a smiling

wife, who never fails to receive whoever sat down to it with a cheerful welcome. This worthy honest man happened some time since to have dealings with a person of a quite different disposition; a hungry hound, who thought nothing safe that was not in the gripe of his own clutches; a wretch who would sacrifice the reputation of his best friend to his own sordid avarice, and knew no joy on earth, but that of hoarding money.

On making up some accounts between these two, the balance on the side of the miser was upwards of threescore pounds, which he insisted should be paid directly; the tradesman told him, that having exported a considerable quantity of goods abroad, he could not, with any convenience, answer his demand till the returns should arrive, which, by a letter of advice he had received, he expected would be in a very few days. This was so far from satisfying the other that his countenance immediately changed, and he replied in a surly tone, "Mr. ***, I am under no obligation to wait the uncertain return of ships from foreign parts, which may, or may not come at the time you mention, just as the wind happens to prove: if you cannot pay such a sum as this upon demand, shall think your circumstances very bad, and take measures accordingly; for you may depend upon it that I will not be kept out of my money two days; so if you cannot raise it in that time, must take what follows." In speaking these words he went hastily away, as if resolved to give no ear to any further excuses.

The tradesman's wife coming soon after into the counting-house on some occasion, and finding by her husband's looks, that he was greatly disconcerted, asked him, with some emotion, if anything extraordinary had happened; on which he told her the whole story, adding, that he had been ten years in business without ever being treated in the like manner. "Such things are not to be wondered at", said she, "in times like these; but is this all that troubles you?" "All!" cried he, somewhat surprised at her indifference, "I have not much above a quarter of the sum required of me in the house. I believe, indeed, that I might borrow it; but an obligation of that kind is never paid, and I am equally loth to press upon those who are indebted to me before their usual time of payment; yet something must be done, my credit is at stake."

"You shall need do neither of the things you speak of," answered she, "I can supply you with somewhat more than the sum you want: "You!" cried he, staring her full in the face. Prithee, my dear, do not tantalize me." "Sure you cannot think me so stupid", resumed she, "as to turn an affair of this consequence into raillery; no, I will presently convince you how much I am in earnest." She had no sooner said this than she ran upstairs, and immediately returned, bringing in her hand a small canvas bag and emptied it on his desk; he was greatly astonished; but counted over the pieces she had poured out, and found they amounted to ninety-three pounds. "This is, indeed, more than I want," said he; "but pray tell me by what means you became mistress of this money."

"You know, my dear," replied she, "that I have often asked you if you were satisfied with your table, and you have always answered, that you were perfectly so; and that it was better supplied than you could have expected for the money you allowed for that purpose; yet have I been able to save out of it, in five years, which is the time we have been married, the sum I now present you with. Indeed, I intended to lay it up till I could add as much to it as would purchase the little house at Hackney, which I have heard you so frequently wish yourself the master of, in order to retire to it at leisure seasons; but since this exigence has fallen out, I should have testified little

regard either for your peace of mind, or credit in the world, to have concealed it longer."

He was ready to fall down and worship her, not only for so unexpected a relief, but also for the means by which she had been enabled to afford it to him. He sent that instant for his rapacious creditor, and paid him; and has since made no scruple of relating the whole transaction to his friends, who think they can never enough praise the economy and generosity of his fair deliverer.

But because some people may be apt to think that both these husbands were lavish in their allowance for housekeeping, I should be guilty of great injustice to their amiable wives, if I put an end to this section without assuring the reader, that neither of them received more than what was judged, by all who heard it, barely necessary for that use.

I know very well, that some wives may think they have reason to object against this part of my advice; and say, that if they were to act in the same manner with these two ladies, their husbands would afterwards be apt to retrench their allowance. A man who would do so must be strangely ungenerous; yet I cannot answer but that there are men who have souls narrow enough to be capable of such a meanness; yet if this should prove to be the case, a wife will nevertheless have a satisfaction within herself in a consciousness of having deserved better treatment, as a late excellent poet very truly says:

Virtue's its own ineffable reward.

Therefore, besides this, I shall take the liberty, in the course of these admonitions, of recommending several other things, which, though they may go beyond what is called strict duty, I am very certain a wife will always find her account, some way or other, in the performance of.

All the danger I can foresee in this is, that a wife, after discovering so much ingratitude and poorness of spirit in her husband, will scarce be able to regard him either with that esteem or tenderness she did before; nor, indeed, is it at all reasonable to expect she should. I would have her, notwithstanding, persevere in the same good management as ever, and let him find no change in the care of his domestic affairs, whatever he may do in her affection to his person.

But I shall enforce the argument no further, and conclude in the words of an old but very eminent author:

*True prudence, like the never changing sun,
Will always its own steady course of motion run.*

SECT. XIII.

The great Advantages of Sincerity, both to ourselves and others.

Sincerity and Truth are only synonymous terms, and, if rightly considered, will be found to signify one and the same thing; it is impossible to practice the one, and be guilty of a breach of the other; and whoever deals insincerely, deals untruly; for there are lying looks and lying actions, as well as lying tongues, and every kind of deception is in fact a different mode of lying.

This excellent quality may indeed be called the queen of virtues, as it gives dignity to all the others;—love, friendship, and even devotion, without it are but empty names; where that is wanting, nothing is real merit, or can be acceptable either to God or man.

If to find ourselves deceived by a bosom friend, or a long favoured servant, inflicts great inquietude on the mind, how much more difficult is it to bear with patience the same discovery in a wife? We may break off all acquaintance with a pretended friend, banish a faithless servant from our presence; but from an insincere wife death only can relieve us.

Besides, a man looking upon his wife as a kind of supplemental self, will the least easily be brought to pardon any deception from that quarter; and if he does, will be always jealous, always suspicious of her every word and action: in fine, all future confidence in her will be destroyed and then no harmony can be expected.

I am very sensible that there is many a wife, even among the number of those who justly are accounted good, who thinks herself not obliged, nor that it is expedient for her to trouble her husband with every little step she takes; and believes that she fully discharges her duty in doing nothing that is any way inconsistent with his honour or his interest. This cannot be denied; but then there are some men of so inquisitive a nature, and withal so tenacious of their dominion over the mind as well as person of their wives, that the most trifling circumstance, by chance betrayed, and which they were ignorant of before, is sufficient to fire them with resentment, and raise in them the most alarming apprehensions.

"This woman has deceived me," will a husband of this class say within himself, "'tis in an affair of no moment indeed; but what then? She that is capable of imposing on my credulity in things of small consequence, may also do the same in those of greater, if interest or inclination tempts. What dependence can I now place on her? What assurance can I have that my honour is safe in her keeping?"

Thus by reflecting too scrutinously that there is a possibility of being wronged by his wife, his imagination may be worked up to such a pitch as to make him believe he is really so, and then every word she speaks will be misconstrued;—her very gestures suspected: if cool in her behaviour towards him, takes it for unkindness, if tender, for deceit; he will employ spies to watch all her motions, and though he finds nothing to condemn, will yet be doubtful, sullen, discontented, and cry out in the words of Mr. Dryden:

*Ah! Why are not the hearts of women shown!
False women to new joys unseen can move,*

*There are no prints left in the paths of love:
All other goods by public marks are known,
But this we most desire to keep has none!*

I do not say that this will always be the case, and Heaven forbid it should, yet as it may, and has sometimes happened, it is best to avoid the most remote danger of so terrible a misfortune, which can only be done by acting, even in the most trivial matters, without reserve or disguise.

If those excellent wives, made such honourable mention of in the preceding section, had employed that money their good management had hoarded up, to the relief of distressed persons, or any other laudable or useful purpose, without acquainting their husbands with anything of the matter, they certainly would have been justified by the world, as well as by their own conscience.

But though the captain and the tradesman are both of them men of a benevolent and generous way of thinking, and would doubtless have approved such an action, if told of it by themselves, yet I very much question whether it would not have been considered by them in a quite different light, if afterwards informed by some other person that such a thing had been done without their privacy and consent:—indeed I much fear that the ladies, instead of raising themselves in the love and esteem of their husbands, would have forfeited some part of what they before possessed.

I am well aware, that by the greatest part of my female readers I shall be thought to have carried this point too far; and that if sincerity exacted those exalted punctilios I have been describing, there would be no such thing as the practice of this virtue in the world; they may also further add, that no husband has a right to expect from his wife those proofs of complaisance which she never receives from him.

To the first of these cavils I answer, that a woman of equal delicacy as prudence, will find no difficulty in complying with these admonitions, and as to the second, I would only have the women remember, that it is not the intent of these pages to make a perfect husband, but a perfect wife.

END of the FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

SECT. I.
On Detraction.

I am always sorry when I hear the fairest part of the creation almost universally accused of being guilty of one of the foulest faults, I mean that of detraction, a fiend begot by envy, nurtured up by ill-nature, and pampered by self-love and vanity.

What can be more mean than to steal from the merit of others in order to render our own more conspicuous? What more cruel than to depreciate perfections, which, whether bestowed by nature, or acquired by education, have a title to respect and love? What more unjust and base than to give the lie to our own consciences, and seem to condemn what we cannot but inwardly approve; yet this is the true picture of detraction, which, like a basilisk, poisons all it looks upon.

Methinks it would be better policy, as well as greater virtue in a woman, to endeavour to imitate those accomplishments she sees admired, than to attempt to diminish the value of them; real loveliness will be still the same; words will never obscure its lustre, and are far from having any effect on a man of understanding; or if they have, it will be such a one as is far from the maligner's intention; that is, he will rather be more curious to pry into the truth, and thereby perhaps discover charms in the injured object, which otherwise might have escaped his notice.

Many a young damsel has lost her sweet-heart by taking this method to secure him; and what is of much more melancholy importance, many a wife has forfeited the good opinion of her husband by aiming to enhance it at the expense of others.

How often, to the great disgrace of the sex, have I heard men say, that they would never depend on the character of one woman given by another; and I have been credibly informed, that it was to an incident of the nature I am speaking of, that the world is indebted for Mr. Pope's fine Poem, entitled, *The Rape of the Lock*. The story is this:

A lady of distinguished charms, it seems, was, on account of the admiration she received, so much exposed to the envy of some of her female acquaintance, that they reported she wore false hair; on which a certain baron, resolved to be convinced of the truth, and to confute the aspersion, if he found it to be one, had the temerity to cut a lock of her hair in the manner described by the above-named excellent poet.

The mention of this brings to my remembrance a passage, which happened some time ago in a family with whom I was well acquainted, and is much more applicable to my present purpose, as I would wish all married women to take warning by it.

A certain gentleman, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Dorantes, was married to a young lady of equal birth and fortune, and who, without being a celebrated beauty, was perfectly agreeable in her person; he behaved with great tenderness towards her, she was passionately fond of him; no couple could live more happily together, till an unlucky propensity, to which women are too prone, dissolved the cement of their union, and made both as wretched as before they had been blest.

The wife of Dorantes was extremely intimate with a young widow, to whom I shall give the name of Clara; they were acquainted in their childhood, and the change

of their conditions afterwards had made no alteration in the sentiments of either; seldom two days passed over without their seeing each other; and as Dorantes stayed pretty much at home, he was very glad of a third person to make up a party for ombre.

Clara was very handsome, had a regular set of features, fine hair, fine teeth; and above all, a remarkable delicate complexion: Dorantes had several times occasionally mentioned those perfections in her to his wife; which, though as will appear by the sequel, not a little displeased her, she seemed to take no notice of till one day, as they were talking together on the beauty of some ladies of their acquaintance, he said, "Well, I see none that are half so agreeable as your friend Clara." "Clara looks very well altogether," replied she gravely; "but it costs her a great deal of pains to do so." "What pains?" cried he. Why to tell you the truth," resumed she, "all those things you admire in her are nothing but mere art;—she has seven or eight false teeth to my knowledge;—then as to her hair, it is naturally inclined to red; but she dyes it with a certain water sold at a shop in Buckler's-Bury," which turns it to that fine black it now appears; and as to her complexion, she uses both white and red; besides, she always sleeps in a night mask to keep away pimples." "Impossible! My dear," resumed he, "I have eyes as well as you, and can easily distinguish between what is natural and what is artificial."

"You men are often deceived in these things," answered she; "if you were to see her in a morning you would be convinced of the truth of what I tell you, and a great deal more; but I love Clara, and would not for the world say what I have done to anyone except yourself:" "You are in the right," said he with some ill humour; "for nobody would believe you if you did."

"I am sorry then I ever mentioned it to you", said she a little haughtily. "It might have been better you had not," replied he sternly; "because it gives me no very favourable idea, either of your generosity or your sincerity; and but confirms what I have often heard say of your sex; that no one woman ever spoke well of the beauty of another." With these words he snatched up his hat and went directly out of the house.

The wife, who had never before been spoke to in this sharp manner by her husband, now doubtless repented of what she had said; but the words were gone out of her mouth, she could not call them back, and pride and shame would not suffer her to confess she had been guilty of uttering a falsity; from this time forward she perceived a visible decay in that tenderness and respect with which she had been treated by Dorantes, and began to hate the innocent Clara for a misfortune which she had entirely brought upon herself; she behaved to her with great coolness, and at length ordered the servants to say she was not at home whenever she came. The fair widow on this totally refrained her visits; and as she knew she had done nothing to deserve the usage she received, thought it beneath her to enquire into the cause.

From what small beginnings do sometimes the greatest feuds and discontents arise: Dorantes, finding that Clara did not come to their house as usual, doubted not but that his wife had either personally affronted her, or spoke of her to others in the same manner she had done to him; and reflecting, perhaps, a little too deeply on the injustice of the thing, could not keep himself from entertaining a secret contempt, mixed with indignation, upon the author.

Chance contributed to heighten in him this ill humour towards his wife: he met Clara one day by accident, and accosting her with his accustomed politeness, asked the reason why his wife had been so long deprived of her agreeable conversation. To

which she very gravely replied, that she had made several visits, none of which being returned, she could not flatter herself that her company was any longer acceptable. "Oh, madam," said he, "I beg you will not so far wrong your own merits, or our just sense of them, as to harbour such a thought: I am extremely sorry for my wife's remissness; but I suppose she depended on the familiarity between you for an excuse, therefore I hope you will have good-nature enough to forgive it, and convince us that you do so by letting us see you soon." "Sir," answered she, "when your lady thinks fit to let me know when she will be at home, I shall do myself the favour to wait on her." She concluded these words with a curtesy of leave-taking, and turned so hastily away that he had not an opportunity of adding anything further.

On his return home he repeated what had passed between them to his wife; and added, that as he found there was no pretence for breaking off acquaintance with that lady, he would have her make an invitation for her to come. Her face grew red as scarlet on the first mention of Clara's name, and when he had given over speaking, "I do not understand what she means", said she, "by giving herself these airs; I never forbid her my house, and if she thinks fit to stay away I have no reason to entreat her presence; yet, since I find it will so much oblige you will send to her." "Oblige me!" cried he in an angry tone. "Yes, since you interest yourself so far in the affair", replied she. This put him beyond all patience; he told her that she behaved very ill, that she discovered a mean and base disposition, and that if she persisted in it, she would render herself unworthy either of love or respect.

"I see", cried she, "that I have forfeited both with you; but it is not to my disposition, but to Clara's more prevailing charms I am indebted for so great a misfortune. Ungrateful, and inconstant man, is this the return for all the tender affection I have felt for you!"

Men can ill bear reproaches, especially when innocent of the cause, as Dorantes really was; he replied in the most bitter terms, which she being unable either to endure or to retort, half suffocated her with rage; she flew into the garden, and throwing herself upon a green bank at the further end, there gave a loose to tears and complainings.

One of the maids happening to be at a window saw where she lay, and had the discretion to run hastily down and remind her, that some rain having lately fallen, the dampness of the earth might endanger her health: it seems, indeed, that the poor lady was as cold as marble, though the inward agitations she was in hindered her from feeling any exterior inconvenience; she rose, however, and went into her chamber, but fell into such violent shudderings as obliged her to suffer herself to be put to bed, where she continued very ill the whole night.

Dorantes came not home till very late, and being told that his wife was indisposed slept in another chamber; but on hearing in the morning that she was much worse, and had need of advice, sent immediately for a physician, who he knew had always attended her family.

This gentleman found her in an high fever, and a little delirious; all that could be done for her was done, but in vain, her distemper every hour increased, and in two days her life was despaired of; but on the third she grew, according to all appearance, better, the violence of her fever was abated, and her senses perfectly restored. Alas! the cruel disease had only left the outward frame to prey with greater force upon the nobler parts; death had now seized her heart, she was sensible of it herself, and asked

if Dorantes was at home; and being told he was, and but lately left her chamber, desired he would come in again, which he presently did.

He had no sooner seated himself on her bedside than she made a sign to those who were in the room to withdraw, and then taking hold of one of his hands said to him, "My dear Dorantes, I feel I am no longer for this world, but cannot leave it without confessing that I have been guilty of the greatest injustice to Clara; yet was it not malice that made me so; I endeavoured to make her odious in your eyes, only because I feared she had appeared too amiable: it was a fault indeed; but it was a fault of love; as such forgive it." "It was a weakness", answered he, "which I was sorry to observe in you; for upon my honour, I never had a thought of Clara, or any other woman, in prejudice of that affection I have vowed to you." "How kind is this assurance," cried she, "it gives me pleasure even in death." "Talk not of death!" interrupted he, tenderly embracing her; "Live, oh live, and be as happy as a husband's love can make you!" "'Tis too late", said she, and that instant fell into strong convulsions, which, though her youth and strength of constitution struggled with for some time, she never recovered from.

Dorantes was greatly troubled; but it would be needless to repeat the particulars of his behaviour on this sad event, as it is inserted only to show the ladies, that to traduce any woman to the man who has an esteem for her, serves rather to increase than diminish the good opinion he before had of his wife.

SECT. II. *Advice and Persuasion.*

When the two sexes join in the sacred bands of marriage, the woman, from the instant she is made a wife, becomes co-proprietor with her husband in his fortune; nothing can happen to that without affecting her; she has a right to share in all the good, and must bear her part in all the ill, therefore has an undoubted claim to be made acquainted with all the accidents that shall from time to time befall it, and also to give her opinion in relation to the management and disposal of it.

This privilege, however, should always be taken with the utmost caution and discretion, and never exerted, or too strenuously enforced, even in cases of the most important and extraordinary nature; for I have been often sorry to observe, that advice offered by a wife, though ever so equitable and expedient, very rarely meets with the desired success when it did not come disguised under the softer and more humble appearance of persuasion.

Men, generally speaking, are so vain of their boasted learning, and withal so jealous of that power which law and custom invests them with in marriage, that when a husband perceives his wife begins to interfere in anything beyond her domestic affairs, that he presently concludes she is attempting to infringe on his prerogative, and for that reason, if it can deserve the name of one, rejects and treats with contempt whatever she offers by way of advice.

Nay, I have known some husbands, who have been so foolishly tenacious and obstinate in this point, as to act even in direct contradiction of their own sense of things, when their wives have unfortunately happened to drop the first hint of what was proper to be done: to a man of this temper in vain the best of women might plead in the words of Mr. Dryden:

*Take sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.*

Such a man, as too many such there are, may possibly be won by the entreaties of his wife, but will never confess himself convinced by any arguments she can urge: but as this disposition does not always show itself, the surest way for a woman to prevail on him to do what she finds is for their common interest to be done, is not to insist on the rectitude of the thing, nor to seem to be too desirous of correcting his judgment, but of informing her own, by asking if he did not think it best to proceed in such or such a manner; and then, if he approves of what she says, though perhaps it came not into his mind before, he may probably reply, 'Yes, yes, I always intended it should be so.'

The less share of real understanding a man is possessed of, the more lordly and self-sufficient will he for the most part be found: whatsoever he says or does is absolute; he scarce ever begins or ends a sentence without an "I pronounce it!" or, "I have said it!" And in his actions answers exactly to the character given by the humorous poet in his excellent poem of Hudibras,

*So sullenly addicted still
To's only principle, his will,
That whatsoever it chanced to prove,
No force of argument could move.*

All husbands, 'tis true, are not of this arbitrary and unreasonable way of thinking; but it is no less true that there are few, very few among them, who do not choose to act everything of themselves; and though they may be wise enough to follow the advice given them by their wives, when they find it better than their own, yet still they would be much more pleased to have stood in no need of it.

The men also are too apt to heighten and corroborate this idle notion in each other; a husband is no sooner known to have followed the counsel of his wife, than his companions cry out, that he is under petticoat-government, with a thousand other such like sarcasms, and so turn, perhaps, the most prudent action of his whole life into farce and ridicule.

If therefore behoves every woman, who is desirous of preserving herself in the good graces of her husband, to be very careful how she reports among her friends and acquaintances any ascendancy she has gained over him, as there is great danger that what she then mentions may be the last she will ever have to boast of, if the words which fall from her on that score should by any accident happen to reach his ears.

Among numberless proofs I have been witness of in relation to this humour in married men, which I am now admonishing all wives to guard against, there was one, which, as I can never reflect upon without smiling, may probably have the like effect on my readers. It was this:

I dined one day at the house of a gentleman and lady, with whom I had been long acquainted; the conversation turning on the public funds, one of the company, for I was not the only guest who congratulated my friend on having been so fortunate as to dispose of a large property he had in the India-house at a time when stocks were at a higher price than they had been for some years before, and perhaps might ever be again, "Ay, sir," cried the lady, with some eagerness, "it was a very lucky thing, indeed; and I am heartily glad that I advised my husband to it."

Never in my life had I seen a countenance so suddenly, and so strangely altered as was that of my friend, on hearing his wife speak in this manner: "You advised me," cried he, "I thought of the thing myself, and was resolved to do as I did before you ever made the least mention of it."

The look that accompanied these words, and the tone in which they were spoke, a little disconcerted the good lady; but she recovered herself in an instant, and with an admirable presence of mind, replied, "Well then, my dear, you fulfilled the proverb, that good wits jump, and I have the honour, at least, of being of the same opinion with you."

No more was said on the occasion, but I easily perceived in the faces of everyone present, how much they were pleased with the lady's answer; her husband, however, could not entirely bring himself back to his former gaiety and good-humour during the whole time we stayed, though I believe he endeavoured to do it all he could.

It is certain that this lady spoke as she did through mere inadvertency, and on finding what she said was displeasing, had the address to turn it off with an air of pleasantry, which left her husband no excuse for persevering in his ill humour; but how blameable soever this caprice of nature, for it can be called no other, may be in a man when carried to too great a height, it is doubtless much better, for the sake of peace, that the wife should rather comply with than oppose it; especially as it is a thing which she may do with so much ease.

But when a woman runs from house to house, as I have known some do, bragging of what power she has over her husband; and that she has made him do such or such a thing, it infallibly exposes both the one and the other to the ridicule and laughter of the world.

I believe I have said enough on the article of advice to convince any prudent woman in what manner it will best become her to behave; yet I cannot put an end to the section without adding one example, which the last age furnished us with, and which I heartily wish to see many imitators of in the present.

It was the fate of a very deserving young lady to be married to a man who, though of high and distinguished birth, had such a miserable want of understanding as to render him incapable of transacting any business whatsoever: the match had been made by friends, little courtship had passed between the young couple, and she knew not that she was going to be tacked to a fool for life till after the indissoluble knot was tied; the thing was now without a remedy, therefore instead of making any complaints of her husband's defects, she set about considering by what means this misfortune might be made as supportable as possible, his reputation saved, and consequently tier own.

It happened luckily, that though he was a fool, he was not of that obstinate sort some are; he had been always under the tutelage of his lady mother, so could more easily submit to that of a wife; she soon discovered this pliant disposition in him, and took the hint: she wrote all his letters for him, whether on business or complaisance, which he copied after her, and made pass for his own. When any person came to him upon affairs of importance she always pretended he was either abroad or indisposed, but said that she would communicate to him the purport of their coming, and let them know his pleasure concerning it the next day, which she never failed to do, either by making him write an answer, or sending by a servant the message which she put into his mouth.

Thus did she do everything without seeming to do anything, and so inviolable a secrecy did she preserve in this method of proceeding, that when any of her own nearest relations, or most intimate friends, suspecting the weakness of her husband's intellects, would say to her that they supposed he put the sole direction of his affairs entirely into her hands, she always replied in the negative, and told them she was surprised they should imagine it; and added, that though he was not very fluent in discourse, nor had the most graceful manner of delivering his sentiments, yet he was a person of good sense, and ignorant of nothing that might be expected from him.

But it was not in the power of this excellent wife, however, to deck her husband with those honours which her good management was every day gathering for him, his insufficiency would sometimes peep out in spite of all her care to conceal it; nor could she avoid receiving those praises which she would never confess she had any pretence to merit.

SECT. III.

*Rambles to Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough Spa, and other
Places of Public resort.*

Great cause have the inhabitants of this happy island to bless the munificent Creator for the many salubrious springs with which it abounds; scarce is there any malady,—any disease, whether external or internal,—any pain so acute or habitual, that the medicinal waters have not the power greatly to abate, if not entirely cure; they are the dernier resource of the physicians, and prescribed when drugs have long been tried and found of no effect.

But, alas! what numbers are deprived of partaking those benefits which nature has so plenteously bestowed? How many weak and sickly wretches are wantonly thrust away from the pool of life by the robust and healthy? A medicinal spring is no sooner discovered than a new scene of luxury is opened; a magnificent room is built for the convenience of music, dancing, gaming; a large subscription is made for its support; the rich, the gay, the great, immediately crowd thither in shoals; not to drink the waters, but to share in the diversions of the place; some less innocent, perhaps, to drop a child, or to meet a favourite gallant, whose company they could not so easily enjoy in town; by their presence the price of lodgings, and every necessary of life, is raised to an exorbitant height; the indigent lazar must not there presume to show his face, unless he can subsist on air, and sleep without any other covering than the canopy of Heaven.

Bath, Tunbridge, the Spa at Scarborough, I think bear the bell from all the rest; though there are several others whose waters have distinguished virtues; but they are less frequented, 'tis possible, because being nearer home they do not afford altogether the same opportunities for some sort of freedoms which may be taken at more distant places; but I shall say no more on this score, as it is foreign to my present purpose.

I should be glad to be informed, for as yet I never could find out anyone laudable motive that should induce a healthful wife to go to any of those shops of luxury, where she can purchase nothing but new acquaintance, new modes of wasting time and money; and, it may be, new inclinations, which may prove a dear bargain to her in the end.

I know the prevalence of custom and example is very great; I own the force of it; but as I never could think that either of these, or both conjoined, had the power to give a sanction to a thing bad in itself, and teeming with many dangers and inconveniencies, I would fain persuade a wife, before she sets out on any of these excursions, to examine her heart, and ask herself the question, what advantage she expects to receive from it, which can atone for absenting herself from her husband, her children if she has any, and her family; and I believe she will find it all consists with the pleasure of seeing and being seen by a promiscuous throng, some of whom she knows, and some whom she does not know, and the pride of showing her opulence by the state and grandeur of her appearance: a prudent woman, I think, need reflect no further, to make her turn the coach from the door, order her servants to dismount, throw off her travelling dress, and content herself with amusements less hazardous, and more becoming of her character.

The reputation of a wife, it may be said, is safe when accompanied in these rambles by her husband; because it will be supposed his presence is a protection from all those liberties which otherwise the freedom of the place might allow to be taken with her by the bold and assuming coxcombs of the age; but then there are so many complaisant couples, who though they go down together, no sooner arrive than they take different routes of pleasure, and have previously agreed not to give any interruption to each other; so that a stranger, who only sees them on the walks, is puzzled to know the truly affectionate pair from those who are only so in appearance, and that the innocent share in the censure passed upon the guilty.

Upon the whole therefore, though I would not have a wife absolutely refuse to go with her husband, if he insists upon it, yet I should greatly praise her discretion, if by proposing taking a journey to his paternal seat, and receiving the homage of his tenants and dependants, or by making a tour of visits among their country relations, or by any other little stratagem her invention can suggest, she could put him off from making a party in these mixed assemblies, which only serve to intoxicate the brain, destroy all serious reflection on what ought or ought not to be done, and fill the mind with a chaos of confused, and, it often happens, the most pernicious ideas.

What I have hitherto spoken on this head has been only in relation to wives of quality and distinction; but certainly what I have said to them ought to have a double weight on those of an inferior rank, as they are much less able to support the expense, and have many more domestic cares wherewith to employ their thoughts and time.

I have heard of a fine city dame, who having prevailed on her indulgent husband to let her go to Bath, not only run him considerably in debt, for rich clothes, jewels, and other toys, to make a brilliant figure there, but also, through the vanity and ambition of playing at cards in the Pump-room, with some great persons, lost her money so genteelly that she was obliged to draw bills on her husband to a very large amount for the payment of her debts of honour, and other expenses which the forms of the place made necessary to a woman who appeared as she did. The consequence of this ramble was no less than a bankruptcy. Some pitied the poor man, but many more laughed at him; he is now a journeyman in the very shop of which he late was master; and the high-flown flaunting belle, now stripped of all her trinkets, is confined to a two pairs of stairs room, where she works for her bread before she eats it. I wish this story may not be found to have many parallels.

SECT. IV.

Well bearing the Passion and little Petulancies of a Husband.

We should think it extremely odd if we saw anyone go about to extinguish a fire by throwing sulphur into it; yet there are people weak enough to attempt to quell passion by passion; and hence it is that we daily hear of so many dreadful accidents happening in the world; nor is it at all to be wondered at that they should, as anger is a short madness, and no one can answer for what he may be guilty of during that absence of his reason.

Some men have such a plenitude of fiery particles in their composition, that the least trifle which contradicts their present humour sets them in a blaze; they will roar, they will stamp, they will say the most violent things; but then these turbulent emotions are seldom of any long continuance; a wife therefore must be very imprudent who makes any efforts to stem the torrent at its height; she ought to wait till it subsides of itself; for, as Mr. Lee justly observes,

Passions, like seas, will have their ebbs and flows.

When once she finds the fury of the tempest is sunk into a calm, she may then, but not till then, endeavour, by mild arguments, uttered in the softest terms and tone of voice she is mistress of, to convince him of the injustice he has been guilty of: this manner of proceeding, if he be a man of sense and honour, will make him both ashamed of and sorry for his past folly, ask her pardon, and set her down in his mind as the most valuable of women.

There is also another error into which human nature is but too liable to fall, and that is a peevishness or petulancy, a disposition to find fault with everything, and to be pleased with nothing; it is a humour which will neither brook opposition nor be dissipated with soothing; it is therefore best for a person who is obliged to be within the reach of it, to be entirely passive, and take no notice till the fit is off.

I know not, however, whether peevishness ought not to be looked upon rather as a misfortune than a fault, as it doubtless proceeds, for the most part at least, not from real nature, but from some invisible infirmity of the body, or secret anxiety of the mind; and whichever of these be the case, it deserves compassion more than blame.

The overflowing of the gall, a melancholy wind running through the veins, any obstruction of the heart, the liver, or secretory vessels, may occasion such a restlessness through the whole frame as must render it impossible for the person affected with it to preserve an equanimity of behaviour; and though himself is ignorant of what he feels, can no more throw it off than he could a fit of the gout or any other disease.

Then as to the mind, who can account for the thousand,—the ten thousand,—the numberless turns which ever wandering, ever active fancy takes? Trifles lighter, if possible, than air, and full as fleeting, sometimes take up, in so strong a manner, both the imagination and the will, that the least disappointment, or cross accident, unhinges our best judgment, throws the temper into confusion, and consequently renders our behaviour peevish and perverse.

Eliza Haywood

Pride, or shame, or various other motives, frequently make men labour to keep both the cause of their discontent, and their discontent itself, a secret; and then, in spite of all their endeavours, it will break out in this peevishness I am speaking of.

Excellently well has that great judge of human nature, Mr. Dryden, expressed his sentiments on this occasion, in his play of *All for Love*:

*Men are but children of a larger growth,
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain:
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward,
To the world's open view.*

But as a person much addicted to this unhappy temperament, from what source soever it may proceed, suffers much more himself, while the fit is on him, than his behaviour can inflict on others, I cannot but think that it is the indispensable duty of a wife to bear it without reproaches.

SECT. V.
***Coquetry, or behaving in such a Manner as may encourage
Addresses of Gallantry.***

Some years ago it would have been looked upon as a strange piece of absurdity to give a lesson of admonition against coquetry to a married woman; a lady was then supposed to have thrown off with her virgin zone, all ambition of making any future conquests; and the men were as zealous to preserve the reputation of their wives from the attacks of gallantry, as they were of defending their liberties from the attempts of wicked and rapacious ministers. But times are changed in regard of all these things; a woman now does not imagine the matrimonial contract excludes her from being admired, preferred, and addressed by as many as think her worthy their assiduities; and husbands, many of them at least, are too polite not to allow their wives the privilege of granting to their lovers every favour except the last.

The less use, however, a wife makes of this fashionable licence, the more she will always find her emolument in the end, as may be easily shown by three very good reasons, the least of which must certainly have weight with every woman whose vanity does not overbalance all other considerations.

First—Though there are a great many genteel husbands who, *à-la-mode de Paris*, affect this complaisance, yet I believe there are but very few of them who are really sincere in it;—the old British jealousy of honour will revive in their minds, and some time or other influence their actions, so as to lay greater restrictions upon their wives than otherwise they would have done, if this latitude had never been given.

Secondly—As wretchedly depraved as is the present taste among some ladies, there are others in whose countenances and behaviour modesty still shines, whose conduct envy cannot blemish, nor detraction lessen; these will hold no conversation but with such, who, like themselves, are not ashamed to be thought virtuous: and surely to a woman not quite abandoned to all sense of reputation, it must afford more satisfaction to be well received by persons of this character, than to herd with that noisy, laughing, fleering tribe who haunt the Mall and other public places with a crowd of saunterers at their heels, who follow but to ridicule them.

Thirdly,—I would fain persuade every woman to keep always in her mind this saying of the poet:

*Unhappy sex, whose beauty is your snare
Exposed to trials, made too frail to bear.*

Nothing is more weak than to depend too much on one's own strength; no one can stand so sure, but that there is a possibility of falling; an unlucky opportunity, an unguarded moment, may betray a woman into a fault her very soul detests, though her behaviour has wantonly encouraged: few things of this nature remain always a secret; the false step she has made may reach her husband's ears; he, in revenge for this abused indulgence, sues out a divorce; she is exposed to the contempt not only of the wise and virtuous, but also to her own companions, the flirt and coquet, who will presently cry out with Olivia in the Play,

Impudent creature!—to be found out!

It gives me a most sensible concern whenever I see a young married woman, modest by nature, virtuous by education, and of a disposition to act in everything as becomes her condition, thoughtlessly following the example of some giddy great ones, and imitating the follies which her ignorance of the world renders her incapable of knowing to be such.

This too often happens,—a young heart is apt to be dazzled by appearances. Lady Bussgroom, Lady Gambol, Lady Hoyden, and some other female rakes of fashion, make shining figures in all public places; they have passive husbands. No one else has a right to cavil at their conduct; and a mind who will not be at the pains of reflection, thinks everything agreeable that they do. Many wives there are who copy the manners of Lady Starebuck; but few, alas! very few, take those of the truly illustrious Lady Worthy for a pattern: the reason is, because the one affects to make a great noise and to be talked of in the world, and the other chooses to avoid it.

But I shall endeavour to set the different characters of these two last mentioned ladies in a clear light, and by stripping the one of all her borrowed lustre, and drawing the veil of obscurity from before the native loveliness of the other, leave no wife at a loss to distinguish which picture it would be most her interest to resemble.

Both of them were raised from an almost equal meanness of birth and fortune to the elevated station they now enjoy; but it was by widely different methods they attained their honours. Lady Starebuck had an artful mother, who having been well in the favour of a certain nobleman, still retained a relish for high life, or something that looked like it, and therefore trained up the girl in the practice of all those airs which she thought might induce some person of condition to make her his mistress; or, if nothing of that kind should offer, to qualify her for the stage.

Lady Worthy is descended from honest country people, whose only estate was their industry. Her careful parents knew no guilt, nor had any higher ambition than to get her into the service of some good family, where she might preserve those principles of religion and virtue they had instilled into her. Their prayers were heard: one of the best and greatest ladies in the country took her to wait upon her own person, in which station she had not long been placed before her sweet and modest behaviour, joined to as fine a form as nature ever made, attracted the eyes of all who came to the house. An eminent painter, who happened to be there on some occasion, and was going to draw a salutation piece, offered her ten guineas, in the presence of her lady, to let him take her face for the Blessed Virgin, when receiving the Hail Mary from the angel Gabriel. To this she replied, not without being covered with blushes, That all the money in the world should not tempt her to be guilty of so much presumption and profaneness.

Such a refusal coming from the mouth of one so young, and who it might have been expected would rather have been vain of the compliment, and glad of the present, very much astonished all who heard it, and obliged them to confess, that nobleness of sentiment and sanctity of manners were not confined to those of high blood.

In this situation was she when Lord Worthy made his addresses to her. On finding his intentions honourable, she accepted the proposal with gratitude and humility; they were married in a short time: as soon as the ceremony was over she fell upon her knees and surprised him with these words; "Permit me thus, my lord," said

she, "to testify the high and just sense I have of the honour you have conferred upon me, and I beg you will assure yourself, that nothing in the power of my poor endeavours shall be wanting, during the course of my whole life, to repay the mighty debt of love and gratitude I owe you."

She kept her promise: her whole study was to make him as happy as he had made her; and every day brought him some fresh reason to bless his choice; they lived together for the most part at his country seat, where she was almost worshiped by his tenants and dependants, and equally respected as beloved by all the neighbouring gentry; yet was she not the least vain or proud, nor took more state upon her than what just served not to degrade the dignity to which the affection of her dear lord had raised her. When the grand council of the nation, or his own particular affairs, demanded his presence in town, she always accompanied him; but declined going to any public places, except the Church, of which she was a constant observer, and sometimes, though very seldom, to the opera and play; as for *ridottos*, balls, masquerades, and routs, she contented herself with hearing others speak of them, without having the least desire or curiosity to make a party in any of them.

In fine, so faultless was her conduct, so enchanting was her behaviour, that all those of my lord's kindred, who at first had been highly displeased at his marrying so much beneath himself, soon found themselves obliged to confess, that in possessing her he was master of a treasure more inestimable by far than rank or fortune could have bestowed.

Behold now the reverse of this amiable model: Lady Starebuck, who was the greatest coquette in London before her marriage, became afterwards too proud to put any restraint upon her conduct; on the contrary, she imagined that being a wife of quality was a sufficient sanction to do whatever she had a mind to do. Her excessive vanity made her think that the high station to which the caprice of a young unthinking man of fashion had elevated her, was no more than the due of her superior charms; and that she rather added to her husband's honour than any way diminished it, by attracting a crowd of admirers. Who that sees her in the Mall, or any other of the public walks, could take her, without being told her name, for any other than one of those creatures who go thither to expose their beauties to the hire of him who bids most: she throws her eyes in the face of every well-dressed man she meets, turns and looks back upon him after he is passed; if he returns the glance, she presently sets up a loud laugh; if he seems regardless of it, and goes on, cries out, "insensible coxcomb." At the opera and play she knows little of what is done upon the stage, her eyes and mind are employed a different way;—a pretty fellow sitting within the reach of her fan, is sure to feel it upon his hand, his shoulder, and sometimes to the demolition of the powdering of his wig; while at the same time she beckons to those at a greater distance, and sends a smile of general invitation round the house. But it would be endless to repeat the thousand apish tricks of a confirmed coquet, so I shall add no more, than that I hope no wife, to whose service this treatise is devoted, will hesitate which of these two ladies best deserves her imitation.

SECT. VI.
Prudery.

The too great, I might say indecent liberties, which we often see pass between the two sexes, even in public, have so shocking an appearance to women of nice and scrupulous modesty, that some of them, to avoid all imputation of encouraging the like, have run into a contrary, and almost equally faulty extreme; I mean that sort of behaviour which is distinguished by the name of prudery, and little less than the other exposes the person to the censure as well as ridicule of the world.

Utterly impossible, indeed, it is for a woman of virtue and reputation, and who sincerely wishes to preserve both unblemished, to give the least countenance to actions which are so manifestly dangerous to the one, and so sure and immediate ruin of the other; no, to do this would be a thing wholly inconsistent with herself, either as to character or inclination, and not to be accounted for by reason or by nature.

But then methinks, a woman of good sense and understanding, will easily find ways to shun all conversation with persons of an irregular behaviour, without making any show of her dislike; I would not have her even mention it to those with whom she is most intimate; nor will she need to speak: the world will see into the motive of her reserve though she is silent; and at the same time that they revere her discretion, will be charmed with her good-nature.

Nothing is more certain, as I believe everyone will agree, that a truly modest woman neither ought, nor can be delighted in the company of the audacious and the bold; but this is not prudery, prudery is of a quite different nature, and produces quite different effects, as I shall presently make appear.

Prudery deforms the fair face of virtue with sourness and austerity; it magnifies every mole-hill error to a mountainous height; it spares nothing, forgives nothing; it even finds faults where there are none, and construes a smile, a nod, or the most innocent word dropped in merriment, into so many indications of levity and wantonness.

This is a propensity which is so far from doing credit to the owner, that it frequently subjects a woman to censures more severe than she has passed on others. Men are apt to say, that she would not be thus industrious in blazoning the false steps of her neighbour, but in order to make her own appear more upright, and that this raging virtue is all pretence, and put on only to shadow over and conceal a real vice.

Often have I heard quoted that description which the humorous poet makes Sir Hudibras give of women in the following lines:

*For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections,
Of intellectual complexions;
And daub their tempers o'er with washes,
As artificial as their faces.*

But notwithstanding this assertion may be literally just in regard to some women, there are doubtless others, whose sincere zeal for virtue, though improperly

conducted, puts them under the denomination of Prudes, and consequently renders them liable to suspicions injurious to their real worth.

I cannot keep myself from being concerned when I find a good meaning disgraced by an injudicious method of testifying it; a woman of honour will sufficiently show her disapprobation of vice and folly, by withdrawing herself from the acquaintance of all such as practice them; there is no occasion for revilings, softness will become her best; and it is therefore my advice, that whenever words or actions are capable of admitting two interpretations, she should always lay hold on that which will make the person in question appear least blameable.

But to return to the more immediate business of this section: in the character of a Prude I think is summed up whatever is disagreeable to society. A woman of this class is neither capable of enjoying any satisfaction in her own mind, nor of bestowing it on others; for by making all the little follies and errors she can see or be told of in the world so many misfortunes to herself, she is continually persecuting everyone who comes near her with complaints.

If she is, in reality, as chaste as she pretends to be, that may be some consolation to her husband, but I much question whether her friends, acquaintance, her servants, will consider that one branch of virtue as a sufficient compensation for the want of all those others in which they have a greater interest.

Besides, a Prude who preserves her conjugal fidelity entire, will always be so excessively vain and assuming as to destroy all the merit of that only virtue she perhaps is mistress of, by boasting too much of it; and consequently diminishes, by degrees, if not totally forfeits both the love and esteem which otherwise she would have a right to expect from her husband on that account.

In a word, a married Prude, even though to her chastity a thousand other good qualities were added, which, by the way, is seldom the case, can never make a man completely happy in possessing her. The douceurs of connubial love agree not with the cold reserve, the sullen austerity, which all women of that character either have by nature, or pretend to have; and it is more than the odds of ten against one, if a husband thus wived does not think himself excusable in endeavouring to find abroad those tender indulgencies he is denied at home.

SECT. VII.
The choice of Female Friends.

As women are apt to be a good deal influenced by the manners of those women with whom they converse, this article is of more importance than it may seem to some people; and I hope that what has been said in the two preceding sections, in relation to the Coquet and the Prude, will be enough to deter every discreet wife from commencing an intimacy with persons of those dangerous characters.

The Coquet and the Prude, indeed, including between them almost everything that ought to be avoided by the sex, leave little to be added on this score; yet would this work be incomplete, and I but imperfectly discharge the task I have undertaken, if I omitted making mention of a third reigning error among some of them, which, though less glaring than either of the two former, is often very pernicious, and has a great effect on the peace, not only of single persons or families, but of whole neighbourhoods.

The character I am now about to delineate is, that of a woman who, either having no affairs of her own to employ her time and mind, or none that she thinks worthy her regard, passes all her days in enquiring into those of other people, and running from house to house, constantly reporting at one whatever she has been informed of at another.

Such a woman as this, affecting to imagine herself welcome wherever she comes, stands upon no ceremony, but rushes in upon you at all hours, joins in whatever company you have with you, sits down unasked with you at your table, presses even to your closet, and breaks in upon your very devotions, nor is there any refuge from her but the grave.

By this means, though you tell her nothing, she will know everything; and what is once known to her, soon becomes the universal secret;—nor is this the worst,—as poets and painters generally draw their figures stronger than the life, so she magnifies in the repetition all she hears or sees; and is a true engine of Fame, as that imaginary goddess is thus beautifully described by Mr. Dryden:

*Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows;
Swift from the first, and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings;
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size,
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight;
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
And every mouth is furnished with a tongue;
And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung
With court informers haunts, and royal spies;
Things done relates, not done she feigns,
And mingles truth with lies.*

But in plain prose, I know of no animal more impertinent, more vexatious, or more dangerous, that can come about a house, than one of these gossips, nor that is with greater difficulty got rid of, after having once gained admittance.

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There are, questionless, several other female foibles, which must render too great a communication with the persons guilty of them both troublesome and disreputable; but I shall forbear to make any mention of them, because I know it is impossible to live in the world without being under a necessity of conversing sometimes with people whose conduct cannot altogether deserve the approbation of a woman of prudence: all therefore she can do, or all that can be required of her, is to treat them with no more than a bare civility, and enter into no intimacy or friendship but with such only as take religion for their guide, and virtue for their aim.

SECT. VIII.

The great Merit of Secrecy, especially in everything that concerns a Husband, either as to his Affairs or Person.

It has been a kind of mode, or custom, as I think, through all ages of the world, to reproach women with their incapacity of keeping a secret; but how much soever the example of some among them may have given authority to this imputation, I cannot help being of opinion that it is a very great piece of injustice to charge upon the whole the errors of a part; I am very certain that there have been, and still are, women whose minds are too pure to be infected with the little itch of blabbing all they know; women, whom no temptations,—no importunities from the dearest friends,—no provocations from causeless enemies, could ever prevail upon to betray a thing which had been once reposed in them.

I cannot indeed conceive why it should be otherwise;—there is no sex in souls, and I never could hear anyone good reason given by the anatomists for this pretended difference in the organical faculties:—the limbs of women, 'tis sure, are less robust than those of men ordinarily are; but that can be no argument that their intellects should be so too; because we frequently find that among men, those of the weakest and most tender constitution, are blessed with the soundest judgment and the strongest sense.

I was once favoured with the sight of a manuscript play, which for some reasons has not been yet exhibited to the stage; wherein I very well remember the author makes his heroine defend the dignity of her sex in these lines:

*Though custom and the weakness of our sex forbids
To wield the lance, or bend the twanging bow,
Our souls may boast a daring great as yours,
As fit for council too;—perhaps more keen
And fertile in expedients;—nor less firm
To keep what we have once resolved concealed
Till ripe for action.*

I have always been a most zealous advocate for the fair sex in this point; and therefore, as I know them capable, so I could wish they would be equally careful in setting such a guard over their words as not to prove me in the wrong.

Whoever reposes a secret in the bosom of another, has doubtless a high idea of the honour and integrity of the person entrusted; to abuse that confidence is therefore the most mean, most ungenerous, and most ungrateful action that can be; and what I should imagine no one who thinks at all could possibly be guilty of.

But if this treachery be unpardonable, as sure it is, even in common friendships, how much more so when between two who are united into one by the sacred ties of marriage? A wife thus culpable, ought not to flatter herself with retaining any place in the affection or esteem of her husband, when he shall find that what he has said to her in privacy, and as if communing with his own soul, had been by her imprudence blazed abroad and made the public chat, perhaps to the detriment of his affairs, or the ridicule of his person.

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Nor is it enough that she preserves an inviolable secrecy in matters of consequence, yet at the same time talks too freely among her acquaintance, on others which may seem to her insignificant in themselves; for supposing them to be so, it is indulging a bad propensity, which by degrees may become habitual, and carry her, before she is aware, to greater lengths than she imagined.

Besides, as men are very apt to be suspicious on this account, it is not unlikely that a husband may take it in his head to prove his wife's retentiveness by telling her some pretended secret, as many people try the honesty of their servants by dropping pieces of money in their way. If she does not stand this test, he will never have a sufficient good opinion of her to entrust her in any material point, but keep her a perpetual alien to his affairs and heart.

By a woman of even common prudence it may be judged superfluous in me to add anything further on this head; yet, as the best are liable to forget themselves sometimes, I should not think I had fully discharged the task I have undertaken without reminding every wife that the same, if not a more profound secrecy, ought to be maintained in regard of any imperfections or blemishes she may find in the person, humour, or understanding of her husband. Nature, some mistakes in education, or a thousand other accidents, may possibly occasion defects not dishonourable to the eye of the world, but which cannot escape the observation of a wife; to expose him, therefore, in any of these points, which may more properly come under the denomination of misfortunes than faults, is certainly one of the most ungenerous and cruel acts of infidelity she can be guilty of, and instead of being his bosom friend renders her his worst and most bitter enemy: in fine, to use the expression of a late great author, a man unhappily united to a woman who does this,

Like Hercules, wears an envenomed shirt.

To conclude; secrecy is so very necessary and essential a virtue in a married woman, in regard of everything relating to her husband, that she who deviates from it in the least, not only totally destroys his peace of mind and reputation, but also at the same time loses all the dignity of her own character as a wife, puts herself upon the level with a kept-mistress, and deserves to be as little depended upon. Let all then, who desire to preserve the conjugal bond entire and unbroken by clamours and dissensions, and to live in that peace and harmony ordained by the divine institution, constantly keep in remembrance this maxim of the poet I just now quoted,

*Secrets of marriage should be sacred held,
Their sweet and bitter by the wise concealed.*

It is certain that a woman of sense and virtue will never wilfully expose what is so much for her own interest and honour to conceal; yet as it is not impossible but that the very best may sometimes be hurried by passion into a forgetfulness of what is owing both to herself and husband, these remonstrances, even to them, may not be entirely useless.

SECT. IX.

The Imprudence of a Wife in divulging the Secrets of another Person when communicated to her Husband.

To the taciturnity which every wife ought to observe, in relation both of her husband's affairs and imperfections, I think it will not be improper to subjoin, that it is necessary for her to be equally cautious not to mention any secret which has been entrusted to him, and out of the abundance of his love he may have communicated to her.

I know not whether it be not even a more faulty imprudence in a wife to betray such a confidence reposed in her husband, than to lay open any matters relating entirely to himself, as it exposes him to the just censure, not only of that friend who depended on him, but also of everyone who hears of it, and makes him be considered as a man incapable of keeping a secret, possessed of neither honour nor probity, and unworthy of the esteem or society of persons of understanding.

But, besides rendering his character contemptible in the world, this inadvertency in a wife is also liable to expose his person to dangers, which if she foresaw, or reflected on, would make her tremble. An instance of this truth happened in a family where I once was well acquainted, and may serve as a memento to every woman to set a guard upon her lips, whenever she finds them opening to reveal what has been told her by her husband.

A young gentleman, descended of a good family, but whose estate was very much encumbered by the mismanagement of his parents, was on the point of retrieving his misfortunes by a marriage with a young lady, who, besides eight thousand pounds in her own possession, was the only child of one of the most wealthy merchants in Bristol.

The courtship between them had been kept extremely secret; the lady had made no one her confidant in the affair; the gentleman had observed the same caution, till a few days before that which she had appointed for the consummation of their mutual wishes he imparted the secret of his approaching happiness to a friend from whom before he had never concealed anything.

This person had a wife whom he extremely loved, and whose integrity he doubted not; he knew she wished well to his friend, and that she would rejoice to hear of the good fortune he was so near enjoying, therefore communicated the secret to her almost as soon as he was informed of it himself; but charged her at the same time to make no mention of the thing till it should be concluded, which she faithfully promised.

It proved, however, that her mind had not that retentive quality her fond husband imagined. A young lady of her acquaintance happening to visit her that same day, and some discourse on the ill situation of the intended bridegroom's affairs coming on the tapis, the wife could not forbear crying out, "Well, well, we shall soon see him redeem all." "As how!" demanded the other. "By a marriage with some great fortune", replied she. "Marriage!" resumed the young lady, "it must then be with some worn-out harridan, the relique of four or five husbands now rotting in their graves, or a toothless virgin of fourscore at her last prayers." "Neither of these, I can assure

you," said the wife, "but a blooming young creature of scarce eighteen, with a fortune of eight thousand pounds in her own hands, and heiress to one of the top merchants of Bristol." "You amaze me," returned the other, "Pray who is it?" "You must excuse me for that, my dear," answered she, "I am enjoined to secrecy; but I can tell you the wedding will be celebrated in a few days, and then all will come out; in the meantime you may have leave to guess."

After what she had said the other could not be much at a loss to discover the person she was speaking of, and after a short pause cried out, "You certainly must mean Miss ****, the description you give corresponds with no other woman in this town." "You are in the right, indeed," replied she; "but be sure you tell nobody."

Little did this unhappy wife imagine to whom she had blabbed so dangerous a secret: this lady had been courted by the gentleman in question, but her fortune not agreeing with his circumstances the match broke off; she had loved him, and her resentment for his not resolving to suffer everything for her sake was adequate to the tenderness she before had for him; and the opportunity now given her for rendering him as unhappy as he had made her, filled her with an ill-natured satisfaction.

She no sooner got home than she wrote an anonymous letter to the father of her rival, acquainting him with the whole story of his daughter's intended marriage. The old gentleman was equally surprised and enraged; he searched his daughter's cabinet, and found amorous billets and verses, which confirmed the truth of the advice he had received: he immediately locked the young lady into her chamber, suffering no one to come near her but an old aunt, who had out-lived all soft desires, and was as inflexible to compassion for the woes of love as a Spanish duenna; and on the third day, which was the same agreed upon by the lovers for the celebration of their nuptials, sent her to a place where he was pretty certain she could hold no correspondence with anyone unknown to him.

Some few hours before her departure she found means to write a little letter to her lover, which she engaged her maid to deliver to him. The contents whereof were these:

Sir,

The day which I thought should have given me to you, tears me for ever from you; the communication between us, by some means, is discovered to my father, and I am to be sent to banishment; but to what part of the kingdom, or whether out of the kingdom, am not able to inform you; I only find, by the preparations made for me, that I am going a long journey. I am so carefully watched that I have but just time to bid you eternally farewell, and that you must now give over all expectations of my ever being yours,

A. ****.

P. S. As I find the discovery of our loves has been made to my father by a letter from an unknown hand, I wish the misfortune may not be owing to yourself in having trusted some person unworthy of the secret, since it never has escaped my lips, even to the faithful maid who brings you this, and will inform you of all my sufferings for these three cruel days. once more adieu, I shall always wish you happy.

The poor lady had but just time to instruct her maid what she should say on the delivery of this letter, when, though it was no more than four o'clock in the morning, she was called down stairs, and, accompanied by the old aunt abovementioned, hurried into a coach and six, and carried, no one in the family, her father excepted, knew whither.

The maid about six executed her commission; but the distraction of the lover, on hearing the account she brought him, and reading his mistress's letter, may more easily be conceived than described; he knew he had made but one confidant, and therefore it must be that confidant by whom he was betrayed; he flew directly to his house, made him be roused from his bed, and the moment he appeared, cried out with a voice scarce intelligible through rage and despair, "You have undone me; I believed you my friend and a man of honour; you have basely wronged my credulity, and are a scoundrel and a villain!"

The other knowing this was the day agreed on for the marriage, had imagined that he called him to be witness of it, and was now so much surprised at hearing him speak in this manner, that he had not power to make the least reply, till the lover threw down the letter he had just received from Miss ****, and went on, "Read that, and, if you can borrow effrontery enough from hell, deny your perfidy, your base abuse of friendship!"

The gentleman, on having looked over that little epistle, was in the utmost consternation, said he was extremely sorry for the accident, but was certain it had not happened through his default; and added, that he had never mentioned the thing to anyone but his wife, whose fidelity he could depend upon.

If anything could have added to the lover's fury, the acknowledgement made by the other of having told the secret to his wife would have done it; he even forgot he was the gentleman, and descended to reproaches seldom made use of but by the lowest class of men; which the other not answering, being divided in his mind whether deserving of them or not, "You have ruined all the hopes I had on earth," pursued the lover, "your blood is the only atonement you can make!" With these words he drew his sword, the other did the same, they exchanged several thrusts; the clash of their weapons presently brought the servants into the room, but not time enough to prevent both the antagonists from being wounded.

The wife, on this dreadful alarm, jumped out of bed, and with only a loose night-gown about her, came running in, crying, "What has occasioned this shocking scene!" "I hope", replied her husband, "that you yourself have not occasioned it; and that you never mentioned what I told you of in relation to this gentleman's courtship with Miss ****?" "Oh heavens!" returned she, "is it on this score you fought!" "Answer not one question with another," resumed he fiercely, "but speak the truth at once."

She then confessed, that in chatting with Miss L—— she had unwarily dropped some hints in regard of that affair, and that the other had guessed the rest. "Tis mighty well," said the despairing lover; "then all is out, and I am no longer to seek for the author of that cruel letter which has undone me; I know the resentment Miss L—— has to me, and must own you could not have taken more effectual measures to complete my ruin."

The husband, who felt more smart from his wife's confession than from the wounds he had received, was beginning to reproach her in the most bitter terms, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a surgeon who had been sent for by the servants, to whom turning, he said, "You see here, sir, two persons who have need of your help; but I desire you will first examine the condition of my friend." This complaisance the other was far from returning, he would not suffer himself to be touched, saying, he

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would receive no assistance in a house, the owners of which had so basely betrayed him; and with these words flung down stairs, and went home all bleeding as he was.

Fortunately, however, neither of their wounds proved mortal, nor even dangerous, both were soon cured; but the friendship between them was never more cemented, though the husband, conscious of having been the aggressor, frequently endeavoured it: this disunion with a person whom he truly valued, made the folly which occasioned it appear in its worst colours; and though he continued to live with his wife, he never could bring himself either to love or behave towards her as before this accident.

As for the lover, having sought his mistress in every place he could think of, without being able to get any intelligence of her abode, he retired to the southern parts of France, in order to retrieve his affairs by living cheap. Miss ****, as it was afterwards known, had been carried into Wales, where labouring under the weight of her father's displeasure, the disappointment of her love, and the deprivation of all those satisfactions her youth had been accustomed to enjoy, she fell into a languishing disorder which soon took her from the world.

The fatal effects which attended this woman's inadvertency will, I hope, be a sufficient warning to every wife not to be guilty of the same; and I therefore may spare both myself and them the trouble of any further admonitions on that score.

SECT. X.

*Complaisance,—and how far it will be extended by the
Tenderness and Duty of a good Wife towards her Husband.*

I have taken notice that there are many people who are apt to confound ceremony with complaisance, and where they think the one improper to be used, banish the other also; yet certainly there is a wide distinction to be made between these two things: ceremony, which is indeed no more than another word for form, is troublesome and ridiculous among persons who are at all intimate; but complaisance, being the constant companion of love and esteem, should never be thrown off, even amidst the greatest freedoms; and therefore I cannot be of opinion those between a husband and wife in private are any sanction for the treating each other in public with that carelessness and indifference some affect to do.

Couples of this turn of mind accompany their most obliging actions with so ungracious and forbidding an air, as might make a standers-by imagine that all the respect they paid each other before marriage were now entirely lost between the nuptial sheets.

I doubt, indeed, that this is too often the case; but where it happens otherwise, I cannot help believing that the outward coolness I am speaking of is for the most part occasioned merely by their fears of falling into those silly apish fondnesses which the world so much, and I must confess, so justly laughs at, and which I have attempted to describe at full in the very first section of the preceding book.

Strange, but no less true it is, that there are people who, for the want of a serious consideration, to avoid one extreme frequently run into another equally as bad, and still leave behind them the middle path, which reason, if exerted, would point out.

Methinks there is nothing more easy than for any two persons, of common understanding, to treat each other in public after their marriage in the same manner, or with little variation, as they did before the performance of that ceremony: but in what fashion soever the husband may think fit to act, I would have the wife always observe this rule; as there is no such sure way of gaining respect oneself, as by behaving with respect towards those from whom we would receive it, that heaven-directed medium, that golden mean, as the ancients wisely termed it, and as several of our poets have elegantly described as the only certain way to happiness and virtue.

But politeness in speech and carriage is not the only complaisance I would recommend to the practice of a wife towards a husband; when once they come to live together, a thousand little incidents, impossible to be enumerated, will every day, almost every hour, present her with opportunities of showing her readiness to oblige him, none of which she should on any account let slip.

That she may find no difficulty in this, I would have her, from the first moment of her marriage, nay, from the first moment she resolves to be his wife, if pride, and the gaiety of her virgin state permits, to be studiously attentive to his humour in such trifles as men endeavour not to conceal, though they are artful enough to do so in things which they think are of greater consequence; and thus, by fore-knowing what will please him, she will have it in her power to prevent any injunction he might take into his head to lay upon her, and even to anticipate his very wishes.

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If we look into human nature, I believe we shall find that few, if any, are without some peculiarities, some darling whim, which, whoever indulges, wins their very souls; and if those of a husband have neither any tendency to vice, nor amount to an egregious folly, so as to make him ridiculous, a wife would be highly blameable in expressing the least dissatisfaction, or seeming to wonder how his mind could give into them.

Things which in themselves are neither good nor bad, as they have no title to our applause, so they cannot justly deserve our condemnation; and a wife should be the last person in the world who should attempt to thwart or contradict her husband in points which only serve to please himself, without hurting anyone else; therefore if she goes somewhat further in soothing his humour than is strictly consistent with her own judgment, it is not only a pardonable but a laudable dissimulation, as it is sure to preserve peace in the family, and endear herself to the man whose affection alone can make her truly happy.

But it behoves her to be very careful that he sees not into the petty deceit she puts upon him; the least discovery of it would alarm his pride, make him look upon himself as treated like a child, and resent it accordingly; she must therefore disguise all her condescensions on that score with the show of approbation; and I think it will not be amiss if she even pretends sometimes to fall into the same caprices, provided they are not too gross, in order to prevent him from suspecting they are blameable in him.

SECT. XI.

Temperance and Sobriety, and the great Care which should be taken to guard against all Temptations to the contrary in their very Beginning.

Temperance and sobriety are very great virtues, yet seldom taken much notice of in a woman till they are lost, and then extolled only to render her more contemptible by the little value she has set upon them. The reason of this is, that these excellent qualities seem natural to the sex, and born with them; so that when anyone gives herself up to excesses, she is thought to have gone out of her sex, and becomes a monster; which I think may be pretty plainly proved, by there being no appellation in our language, or in any other that I know of, whereby to distinguish a female criminal in this point. We call a man a glutton, or a drunkard; but it would sound very uncouth to say a gluttoness, or a drunkardess; and I hope these vices will never become general enough to occasion the coining of new words for that purpose.

An over-craving inordinate appetite for eating, may possibly proceed from some inward ailment, and then it is to be pitied, and proper remedies applied; but I believe it more often happens through the over-fondness of some mothers and nurses, who never think that they do their duty by their children, without cramming them till ready to burst; not considering that much feeding renders the body unhealthy, corpulent and deformed; and at the same time weakens the intellect, and debilitates the understanding.

It must be owned, indeed, that this also is originally rather a misfortune than a fault; but then it will soon become wholly the latter if indulged. A woman therefore, as she grows up and discovers this propensity in herself, should endeavour to correct it by every method she can have recourse to for that end. If she once sets herself heartily about it she will find several, such as lacing her stays exceeding tight, and always making choice of that dish which is least agreeable to her palate; but there is another just popped into my head, which I imagine may be more effectual than anything she can do, and I shall therefore make no secret of it.

I dined one day with a lady, who the whole time she employed her knife and fork with incredible swiftness in dispatching a load of turkey and chine she had heaped upon her plate, still kept a keen regard on what she had left behind, greedily devouring with her eyes all that remained in the dish, and throwing a look of envy on everyone who put in for the smallest share.—My advice to such a one is, that she would have a great looking-glass fixed opposite the seat she takes at table; and I am much mistaken, if the sight of herself in those grim attitudes I have mentioned, will not very much contribute to bring her to more moderation.

Delicacy has so great a part in the characteristic of that sex, and is so much expected, especially in those of a genteel education and way of life, that I could not omit this important article, for which I hope the eating ladies will forgive me, and what will please me better, endeavour to reform so unbecoming a habit before it grows too much upon them.

But how disagreeable soever the love of immoderate eating may appear, and really is; yet that of drinking strong and spirituous liquors to an excess is more

inexcusable, though perhaps accounted less impolite, and is productive of worse consequences: for though some women may have strength enough of brain as to indulge themselves very far this way without staggering as they walk, or being rendered incapable of knowing what they say or do, yet, by degrees, it will bring many infirmities upon the body, and decay the vigour of the mind, so as to make all its faculties unable to operate as beneficent nature intended.

Innumerable instances of this melancholy truth daily happen, and are in the knowledge of everybody, so that it may seem unnecessary to descend to particulars; yet in respect to the ladies, I cannot forbear making mention of one, which may serve to show that a woman of the strictest virtue, discretion and sobriety, may, through mere inadvertency, be drawn into this vice, and without any intention or inclination to be so, become the sad reverse of what she was before.

It fell in the way of an eminent and very worthy citizen of my acquaintance to confer some obligations on a merchant at Genoa, in return of which that gentleman sent him over a chest of fine Italian cordials. My friend immediately gave them to his wife to put into a closet, which she called her little store-room, and was indeed the magazine of her teas, sweetmeats, cakes, and such-like things, which she always had ready for the entertainment of those who came to visit her.

Whoever has tasted these rich liquors must allow that there is somewhat perfectly enchanting to the senses in their flavour, the excessive fragrancy so far disguising the strength and danger of them, that a stranger, while he is drinking, imagines he only swallows the simple juice of some delicious fruit; but those acquainted with the nature of them, will never venture to take more than half a spoonful at a time, and even that but very seldom.

The good woman, like our first mother, apprehending no ill consequences from such fair appearances, made use of no efforts to resist this sweet temptation, but tapped first one bottle and then another, and sipped so frequently every day, that the whole fatal present was in a short time exhausted; but not, alas! till both her looks and manners were so much transformed as scarcely to be known;—her once sparkling eyes grew dull and languid,—her complexion pale and sallow, and her mind stupid and regardless of every avocation befitting her sex and station.

Her husband soon perceived the change, and was not ignorant of the cause; he was shocked at it beyond measure; he spared no remonstrances, no entreaties, no endeavours to wean her from the use of those pernicious liquors; failing to persuade, he had recourse to menaces; both were alike in vain, she was too far lost in the unhappy infatuation; and as instruments of mischief are never wanting to those that seek them, all his care could not prevent her from receiving still fresh supplies of fuel for the already raging fire, till all that nervous fluid which fed the lamp of life being entirely wasted and dried up, she lost first the use of her limbs, then of her senses, and within the compass of a year died a most miserable object; contemned by all who knew her, and unlamented by the man who had once almost adored her.

I should be heartily glad if this was the only example could be brought to demonstrate that the use of those destructive liquors, when grown into a habit, is impossible to be broke off:—but it is too obvious a truth, that all measures taken for that purpose are ineffectual, as all who have any concern with the persons guilty of it sadly experience.

I do not therefore direct this discourse to those who have already suffered themselves to be enslaved by this custom; but to those who are at present entirely free from all inclinations to so detestable a vice, to the end they may always keep so, which can only be done by guarding against the very beginnings of all temptations to it.

Here I cannot forbear throwing in a word or two concerning the reason which some people assign for the first introduction of the too common practice of dram-drinking in these kingdoms, a thing utterly unknown to our forefathers, except in cases of great necessity: they tell you, that the vast quantity of tea used in most families is apt to occasion flatulencies, dejection of spirits, and a certain coldness of the stomach, which requires something warm and invigorating to take after it; but if this be intended as an excuse for dram-drinking, it is certainly the most weak and shallow that can be made, and may be answered with a very short question,—Why then is tea so much in vogue?

Tea is doubtless a very harmless herb, and rather wholesome than the contrary, if taken moderately, as it cools the liver, promotes appetite before meals, and digestion after;—but intemperance may be shown in everything, and as poisons become medicinal by being properly applied, so the most salutary productions of nature may have the effect of poisons if used to excess.

SECT. XII.

The extreme Folly of Affectation in every Shape.

Among all the various follies imputed to the female world, there is none which, without having a tendency to real vice, more exposes a woman to the derision of her neighbours than that of affectation; or, in other words, that of endeavouring to seem anything rather than what she is.

Those who pretend to be better born, better bred, more wise, more learned, and more delicate than others, though by the vain attempt, instead of appearing greater, render themselves less in the eyes of all their acquaintance than otherwise they would do; yet does even this boasting discover a kind of laudable ambition of being said to be what they would fain be thought.

But what shall we say of those who affect follies they never had, vices they are free from, imperfections which nature knows nothing of, misfortunes which Heaven never inflicted on them; and in fine, every evil which those who are so unhappy to labour under would endeavour to conceal? Has not all this the show of frenzy?—Would you believe it possible for anyone in their senses to behave in such a manner, if every public assembly one went into did not convince us of the truth?

One fine lady is of so timid a disposition, that if a fly happens to brush its little wings upon her cheeks she presently screams out;—another is so extremely tender, that she faints away on sight of a person she never saw before, because he has some resemblance of one for whom she has a regard;—one is modest to that excess that she hides her face behind her fan if the least merry thing be said;—another is all spirit, and skips and frisks about the room like an untamed colt in a meadow;—one shows her great learning by spouting forth a volley of hard words, which she neither knows the meaning of herself, nor can anyone else by her manner of pronouncing them;—another, who would be thought more mistress of the profound, speaks nothing, but seems wholly taken up with her own sagacious remarks on what she sees and hears;—one has so fashionable a bad sight, that she cannot distinguish the person who has her by the hand without looking through her optic;—one spoils a fine pair of eyes by rolling them into a half squint;—another distorts a very pretty mouth by screwing it into twenty different corners at once. But it would be endless to particularize the different shapes this species of folly takes, they being almost as many as there are persons on whom it operates.

For my part, whenever I meet with any of these instances in a woman of common understanding, I am tempted to believe that she gives not into such follies but merely to prove the influence and power of her charms over her admirers; and how far a maxim, which I remember to have read in some of our poets, may be depended on; I think the words are these:

*No follies fatal to the fair can prove,
All things are beauties in the nymph we love.*

She may be mistaken, however; but no matter, let both the young and the old, provided they are not married, play over all their tricks, and disguise, or rather disgrace nature as much as they please; my concern at present is only with the wives, whom I would fain dissuade from making such dangerous experiments, lest they

should be unhappily convinced, that many things which are overlooked by a lover, will not be forgiven by a husband.

But there is no sort of affectation whatsoever in which a wife can be so much an enemy to herself, as to be guilty of counterfeiting indisposition. A man, indeed, who sees the object of his tenderest wishes labour, as he imagines, under some great pain or sickness, will doubtless be sensibly afflicted, and double his assiduities in hopes of alleviating her anguish; and so far her vanity may be gratified for a time; but the pleasure will scarcely be of long continuance, nothing being more certain, than that complaints of any kind, when often repeated, will, by degrees, lose a very great part, if not all their force, upon the person to whom they are made.

It must be allowed that the husband of a sick wife has a very uncomfortable life; he is deprived of a cheerful companion at his bed and board, a faithful friend in whom he might repose his dearest secrets, a careful manager of his household affairs; and in fine, of every happiness, every convenience he proposed to himself in marriage; nor is this all, the expensive visits of physicians, the enormous bills of apothecaries, and other consequential charges, are great additions to his vexation, and are ready to make him wish for the undertaker to put the finishing stroke.

Sickness, however, when real, has the highest claim to tenderness and compassion, and whatever troubles it occasions ought to be submitted to with patience and good-nature; but how can the imaginary *malade* answer to herself the putting her husband's love and fortitude to so unnecessary a test? And what share either of his affection or esteem can she expect to find if once it happens to be detected?

SECT. XIII.

***The Stupidity of consulting with, or giving Credit to Persons
who pretend to foretell future Events.***

I think that there is no weakness more general, or more early takes up the mind, especially of the softer sex, than the vain desire of foreknowing the accidents of their future lives; and as marriage is the first thing thought upon, a girl no sooner comes into her teens, than she fasts on St. Agnes' day, makes the dumb cake, or some other old wife's traditional prescription, in order to dream of the man who is to be her husband.

This, among other childish fancies, would be excusable if left off with the bib-and-apron, but the impatience of looking into the seeds of time, as the poet justly terms it, remains, and grows up with them to maturity, when their ideas being enlarged, and pursuits of various kinds in view, they become eager and solicitous to know the end of everything, even before it is well begun.

On this they run to predictors of all ranks and denominations, from the calculators of nativities down to the petty throwers of coffee-grounds, anxious to anticipate good fortune, or hoping to avert the bad. How ridiculous is such an infatuation, as if the decrees of providence were dealt among these wretches to be retailed out at their good pleasure! It would be well if the purchasers would keep always in mind these lines of Mr. Dryden's:

*On what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears!
Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark
Our fortunes meet us.
If fate be not, then what can we foresee?
And how can we avoid it, if it be?*

But supposing the planets to be second causes under the divine dispensation, and have indeed all that influence over human actions which many, even among the learned world, have in all ages ascribed to them; and I will not therefore take upon me to deny, would it not be the most vain and stupid arrogance in us to imagine, that by foreknowing any disagreeable event they intended for us we could reverse the doom prefixed at our nativities? Might we not as well expect to turn with a finger the motion of those vast bodies, and direct their course through aether according to our humour, give velocity to Saturn, and clap leaden plummets on the nimble Mercury.

There are some people who think they excuse themselves by saying, that they do not consult the stars with any presumptuous hopes of changing the fate allotted for them, but because that by being previously made acquainted with such misfortunes as are ordained for them, they may be the better enabled to support them with moderation.

This is also a very idle pretence, and if true would be far from answering the end proposed by it. I believe there is no one person in the world born under such cruel and malevolent aspects as not to know some intervals of happiness;—and sure it would be the extremest absurdity for anyone to wish to poison the present tranquillity by the thoughts of approaching woe.

The frequency of suicide is too glaring a proof not to convince us that everyone is not endued with courage to face ill fortune. If then, the bare apprehensions of falling into any calamity or distress be sufficient to enforce such acts of desperation in many, how many more would the dreadful certainty undo? I am afraid that, as the number of the unhappy by far exceeds that of the more lucky, our streets would be much less populous than they are at present, if those who are now obliged, for want of room, to jostle against each other as they pass, were permitted to see the mischiefs that stalk behind, and are perhaps just ready to lay hold on them.

With equal tenderness as wisdom therefore, does the supreme and omniscient Creator and Disposer of all things conceal from the knowledge of frail and irresolute mankind, those afflictions which either he thinks fit to lay upon them as trials of their patience, or are brought upon them by their own faulty conduct and transgressions. The inimitable Mr. Abraham Cowley has an excellent sentiment on this occasion, which I think I should be wanting to my subject not to quote:

*In whatsoever character
The Book of Fate is writ,
'Tis well we understand not it;
We should grow mad with too much learning there.
Upon the brink of every ill we did foresee,
Undecently and foolishly,
We should stand shivering, and but slowly venture
The fatal flood to enter.
Since willing or unwilling, we must do it,
They feel less cold and pain, who plunge at once into it.*

But this is arguing with too much seriousness on a matter which deserves to be treated only as mere bagatelle; those very ladies who are themselves the greatest benefactresses to astrologers, affect in conversation to think of the whole science as a chimera, and its pretended professors as imposters, and laugh at what they but too much depend upon.

Few, indeed, there are who will confess that they ever consulted with any of those fortune-mongers, or ordered any scheme of the heavens to be erected for them, and if detected, pretend they did it only to divert themselves. I must do them the justice to say, that I believe a great many of them have at first no other view; but then those creatures, either having got some intimation of the circumstances of the person who consults them, or in saying a great deal, by chance say something which has the face of truth, and that gives a credit to the whole; so that she who went thither merely for the sake of amusement, is tempted to go again and again, in expectation of hearing still something more for the satisfaction of her curiosity, till by degrees she is wrought upon to put an entire faith in everything delivered by the mouth of the pretended sorcerer, and will undertake no affair, commence no friendships, enter into no engagements without having his opinion how far the stars approve what she is about to do.

By this means many unequal matches have been formed, many promising ones broke off,—many couples long happy in marriage been eternally disunited,—many whole families set at variance,—many affairs of the greatest moment traversed,—many innocent persons suspected, and those capable of the most base actions introduced to favour: in fine, there is no dissension,—no jealousies,—no vexatious accidents,—no mischiefs, of what kind soever, which either through the folly of the consulter, or the villany of the consulted, have not sometimes come to pass.

Self-Help Omnibus

Among the common cant of predictions, this frequently is one, "Madam, you have secret enemies who will endeavour to do you some prejudice."—The consulter then asks what sort of people; and on some character or other being given, she presently runs through in her mind the whole round of her acquaintance, and wherever she finds anyone to answer in the least to the description given by the fortune-teller, there fixes her resentment, even though it should be her own husband, brother, sister, or any other near and dear relation, and perhaps is sometimes hurried by a passion to return imaginary wrongs with real ones.

A wife, therefore, who gives into this infatuation, is in great danger of rendering herself, her husband, her whole family and best friends unhappy; never to have peace in her own bosom, nor to suffer those who have any connexion with her to enjoy it; and, indeed, of being deprived of everything truly valuable to a virtuous woman.

As there is a strange propensity in people addicted to this folly, and I believe in all who are guilty of any bad customs, to use their utmost endeavours to draw others into the same, I cannot conclude without earnestly exhorting every married woman never to suffer herself to be prevailed upon by the persuasion of her most intimate associates to enter within the doors of any of these pretended soothsayers, who regard not whose reputations they destroy, or whose ruin they project, provided they can drain their purses, and procure a scandalous subsistence for themselves.

I think there now remains nothing further for me to add on this disagreeable topic, a topic which I sincerely wish some instances within the compass of my own knowledge had not made me find it necessary to mention; but I have now done with it, and hope that no woman, for whose person or character I have the least regard, will ever expose both in that ridiculous manner elegantly described by a late noble poet:

*And mix, unthinking, with the numerous shoals
Of those who pay to be reputed fools.*

SECT. XIV.

The Beauty and Good effect of Cheerfulness in a Wife.

There is a possibility for a woman, though endowed with a thousand virtues, a thousand perfections, to fail giving all the satisfaction she wishes to her husband, if nature has unhappily rendered her deficient in one particular quality of the mind to actuate her behaviour.

She may be chaste,—temperate,—discreet,—a lover of home,—a good economist,—an affectionate wife,—a careful mother: in fine, may perform all the duties of her station with the utmost exactness; yet if what she does be not accompanied with cheerfulness, she will deprive herself of half the praises she deserves; and the man she would make happy, of the pleasure she might otherwise be capable of affording him.

The famous Mrs. Behn, who it must be owned was no mean judge of what is agreeable to the humour of mankind, in enumerating the qualifications which constitute a woman born to give delight, places cheerfulness among the principal. These are her words upon that head:

Cheerful as birds that welcome in the morn.

Another author also, of a much later date, and at least of equal reputation, gives this description of it:

Cheerfulness is the soul of every other charm, without it conversation is languid, wine tasteless, beauty insipid, and even wit itself spiritless.

The poets and painters, both ancient and modern, have always expressed so high an idea of cheerfulness, that Venus, Cupid, the Graces, and every emblematical figure, or hieroglyphic of love and beauty, in all their pictures and picturesque descriptions, had their faces constantly adorned with smiles.

But to quit the sublime, and descend to the more plain and familiar way of reasoning; it is certain, that a gracious manner, which indeed is no other than cheerfulness, either in discharging a duty, or conferring an obligation, greatly adds to the merit of both: but, alas! all have not this happy talent in their power, though their hearts may be equally good, and their intentions perfectly sincere.

Much therefore is that woman to be pitied, whose true value is disgraced by her having the misfortune of a contracted brow; few, like Barsianus, choose the iron chest; an outside glare is apt to take the eye, and the affections of the mind pursue it.

When this is not a defect in nature I think it possible to be rectified, as I take the outward indications of a cheerful disposition to consist chiefly in the eyes and the tone of voice, neither of which there is a possibility of changing; but when it proceeds from an ill habit, or a narrow and gloomy education, care and a constant application may do much.

But I am sorry to say that the pride of virtue in some women destroys their affability, conscious of having done their duty in the greater points, they think it beneath them to study or put in practice those little douceurs, and nameless tendernesses, which are in fact of the most consequence to endear them to their

husbands; and in this case, whatever they want by nature they will never supply by art.

The husband of such a wife will be apt to look on her best actions as merely owing to the respect she has for her own character, rather than to any love she has for him; and in this opinion he will think of her with indifference, and treat her with no more than a cold civility.

Cheerfulness, on the contrary, as it testifies she takes a pleasure in obliging him, will also make him take a pleasure in receiving every mark of kindness she bestows; and this alone can make the happiness of a wedded life complete; without it, nor wealth, nor grandeur can give perfect joy; with it, the humble villager is blessed; and it is indeed among these latter that a sincere cheerfulness is chiefly to be found. Mr. Cowley doubtless thought so when he described the pleasures of a rural life, in which fine poem there are some lines very proper for the observation of every wife, and I shall therefore insert for the benefit of those who may not happen to have read them:

*Here if a chaste and clean, though homely wife,
Crown the rich blessings of a husband's life;
Who makes her children and her house her care,
And joyfully the work of life does share;
Nor thinks herself too noble, nor too fine,
To pen the sheepfold, or to milk the kine:
Who waits at door against her husband come
From rural duties, late and wearied, home,
Where she receives him with a kind embrace,
A cheerful fire, and a more cheerful face,
And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,
And with domestic plenty loads the board:
Not all the lustful shellfish of the sea,
Dressed by the wanton hand of luxury;
Nor ortalans, nor godwits, nor the rest
Of costly names, that glorify a feast,
Are at a prince's table better cheer,
Than lamb and kid, lettuce, and olives here.*

Thus does this great poet make a cheerful temper the source of all contentment; let not the best wife satisfy herself with being a rough diamond, but let a modest gaiety polish and brighten all she does; let a perpetual cheerfulness dance in her eyes and dimple on her cheeks, and no reserve, no austerity, no sullenness, ever gain admittance within the circle of the conjugal hoop.

End of the SECOND BOOK.

Eliza Haywood

BOOK III.

SECT. I.

On being over-fond of Animals.

Among all the various foibles of which the softer sex are but too justly accused, I know of none more preposterous than the immoderate fondness shown to monkeys, dogs, and other animals; creatures which were not made to be caressed, and have no higher claim from nature than barely not to be abused or mercilessly treated.

Yet the privileges, the immunities, the indulgencies which they enjoy under some mistresses, are such as are far from being granted to servants of the human species; a monkey may tear to pieces a fine Brussels head-dress, and be praised for his wit, while the poor chambermaid has a slap on the face, is called oaf, awkward monster, and a thousand such like names, if not turned out of door, only for having stuck a pin awry, or misplacing a curl.

But in how odd a light must the husband of that woman appear, who, while he is entertaining her perhaps on some important affairs, instead of answering him, is all the time playing with her lap-dog, and after he has been talking for half an hour together, cries out, "What did you say, my dear, I protest I did not hear you"; on which he is obliged to repeat all he has been speaking, and 'tis very likely with as little success as before. Certainly there can be no medium in the understanding of a man who can bear with any tolerable degree of patience such treatment from a wife; he must either be quite a fool, or endued with an uncommon share of philosophy and fortitude; and if the latter, nothing but the most low contempt could restrain him from giving her some marks of his resentment, and throwing her favourite dog out of the window.

I have heard of a certain lady of distinction, who we may suppose loved her husband very well, yet gave so much the preference to a harlequin bitch she kept, called Miss Chloe, that she not only helped her to the best bits at table, but also let her lie in the same bed, which last act of complaisance was a matter of such great offence to her husband, especially as the creature was one of the largest of the kind, and 'tis likely did not behave so quietly as was consistent with the regard he had for his repose. He made many remonstrances to his lady on the inconvenience of lying three in a bed; but all he could urge on that subject was ineffectual, she would not consent to be separated one moment from her dear Miss Chloe; on which he resolved to sleep in another chamber, and accordingly did so, where, it is more than whispered, he prevailed on the chamber-maid to supply her lady's place.

Without seeing it one should scarce be brought to believe the ridiculous fondness with which some women treat their dogs, though the folly does not always pass without a frown even to their face. As I was sitting on a bench one day in the Park, I happened to be witness of a passage, which, though some may think ill-natured, gave me a good deal of satisfaction. A well-dressed woman, and who in her air and mien had the appearance of a person of some fashion, came down the walk, holding a small Dutch mastiff under her arm, with which she was playing and talking to as nurses do to their children: as she came pretty near the place where I was, she was met by two smart young gentlemen, one of whom plucking off his hat, said to her, "Pray, madam, is that little creature your own?" "Yes, sir", replied she, and stopped, no doubt expecting some fine compliment would be made to Pug; but instead of that, he cried,-

"I thought indeed, madam, it was your own, it is so very like you"; then took hold of his companion, and they both marched off with a loud laugh. This sarcasm was the more severe as it was pretty just, for the lady had a pair of large black eyes, a pretty thick nose a little turned up, and a complexion none of the fairest. She seemed very much disconcerted; but whether the affront she received made any alteration in her behaviour to Pug I cannot pretend to determine, as I never saw her afterwards.

And now I am got upon the adventures of the canine race, a story occurs to my remembrance, which, though somewhat uncleanly, has a pleasantry in it which I hope will make my excuse for repeating.

One of the most celebrated belles of the beau monde had a spaniel, of which she was infinitely more fond than of any of her children. The creature was so small, that whenever she went on her visits she always carried it in her pocket, where it lay very snug, no part of it appearing but for the short face and long ears. Cupid, for so he was called, was much admired by all that saw him, and in complaisance to his lady, not unwelcome wherever he came; but misfortunes will, sometime or other, happen to everyone, so Cupid could not expect to be always exempt: neither the quality of his lady, his own personal perfections, or the name he bore, were sufficient to secure him from falling one day into a sad disgrace.

Just as his lady had entered the crowded drawing-room of a person of condition, an unusual flavour saluted the noses of all the company; everyone looked one upon another, and could not presently distinguish whence it proceeded; she was the first that discovered the truth, and cried out, "Oh, Heavens! Cupid has done a paw trick, I am afraid"; then turning to the lady she came to visit, added, "I must beg the assistance of your ladyship's woman to untie my pockets"; the bell was immediately rung, the waiting-woman came in, and the lady was eased of her offensive burden. "Oh, Mrs. Primwell," said she, "Cupid has been very naughty, the poor creature I believe has got the colic; I am sure they gave him sour cream in his tea this morning, though my impudent wench assured me it was sweet, and I did not taste it as I never drink any myself; but pray be so good as to take him into your chamber, and cleanse him from this impurity, and send my servant home with these filthy pockets, and let him bring me a pair of clean ones."—The woman having taken them off was leaving the room to do as she was desired, though possibly not without some reluctance; but before she reached the door, the other called to her, saying, "Dear Mrs. Primwell, I beg after you have made him clean you will dip a towel in some orange-flower water, and wash him well, I always keep a jar to be ready on such occasions."

While she was giving these orders, the lady of the house ordered some frankincense to be put in a chafing-dish and brought into the room, and the rest of the company made their own observations on this accident. Cupid's mistress made many apologies for her little favourite; but there were few present who could so well keep their countenances as to prevent her from being in a good deal of confusion: it was soon dissipated, however, and Cupid restored to favour, in which he continued till he died, and then, to show the regard she had for him, was honoured with a sumptuous funeral.

But to be more serious: A fondness for the brute creation is of late years become so general, that a monkey, a dog, a squirrel, a dormouse, or a squawking parakeet, are almost always part of the appendages of a fine lady. Indeed I am sometimes tempted to think, that this is owing more to their desire of being taken notice of than real love to those animals, especially when I see them make choice of

such as are rather uncouth than pleasing to the sight. I know one who always keeps a frog in her dining-room, and has every day fresh wads of grass brought in for it to hop upon; and going one day to the house of a gentleman, with whom I had some business, I found his wife with a huge snake twisted round her neck, and sucking bread and sugared milk out of her mouth; which sight put me in mind of what Mr. Waller wrote extempore on a lady, who it seems had the same passion for these hideous animals.—The lines, I think, are beautiful, as indeed all are that came from him.

*Take heed, fair Eve, you do not make
Another tempter of this snake;
A marble one, so warmed, would speak.*

Her husband came into the room presently after I did, and I discovered by his looks was not well pleased I had surprised his wife in that attitude. I know he is a man of too much sense to think himself perfectly happy with a woman capable of such a weakness; but she brought him a handsome fortune, and he has still great dependencies on some of her kindred, and to these motives, I fear, it is that she is chiefly indebted for the civilities he treats her with.

It is, indeed, hardly possible for a man to have any real regard for a wife who he sees prefers animals, reptiles, the very lowest and most contemptible of the works of nature, to himself; I would therefore admonish every married woman to take into serious consideration what is owing to her own and her husband's character, and she will then be ashamed to lessen both for the sake of an idle whim, a mere caprice.

SECT. II.

The Difference between an inquisitive and speculative Disposition, and how far both stand in need of being corrected by Reason.

Inquisitiveness, according to the vulgar acceptation of the word, is an insatiate desire of prying into other people's concerns; and as thus understood is a most vile propensity. A woman who indulges it can neither be easy herself, nor suffer her neighbours or acquaintance to be so: she will be restless, because not always able to find means to gratify her curiosity, and the persons she visits, because they are afraid of her, obliged to be under a perpetual restraint before her, and to guard their secrets with as much care as they would their money from a thief.

Besides, those who love to hear, love also to report; they want not to make discoveries but for the pleasure of revealing them; whatever chance or design betrays to them they immediately proclaim to others, and plume themselves on being the first who bring the news: but this comes so near the gossip I have described in the seventh section of the preceding book, that I need add nothing further on it here, only that as I there advised all wives to refrain the company of such a woman, so I would much more strenuously persuade them, not to be guilty of anything which might draw so odious a character on themselves.

But troublesome and dangerous as an inquisitive disposition for the most part proves, yet if put under the direction of judgment and right reason, it may be made a very useful and praiseworthy qualification, greatly improving of the manners, and agreeable instead of irksome to society: a mind impatient of knowing all it can, and eager to extend itself, is equally capable of being employed in the best, as in the worst researches: it is therefore wholly owing to the bent our enquiries take, that inquisitiveness becomes either a virtue or a vice.

A woman who is endowed with such an activity of thought as not to be confined within the narrow bounds of her own particular affairs, has no occasion to dive into those of other people; nature spreads an ample field before her, where she is at liberty to pick out objects to satisfy her curiosity, which will afford her much more pleasure in the search, as well as more profit in the acquisition.

When time hangs heavy on her hands, and books fail to amuse, instead of observing what clothes her neighbours wear, what company they keep, and how their tables are supplied; or enquiring who courts such a one, who is about to take a wife, and who to part with one, let her walk into the fields, the groves, the gardens, and see what the inhabitants of those realms are doing; let her follow the laborious ant to its little granary, there behold with what indefatigable pains it bears and hoards its winter store, and from this insect learn industry and economy; let her admire the charms of constant faithful love in the ever-cooing turtle. Let her be ashamed of finding herself out-done in maternal care and tenderness by the whole feathered race. These, and a thousand other such discoveries, she may both make and reveal without offence.

I know that very many ladies will cry out against this doctrine, but I appeal to any husband, if he would not be much better pleased his wife should join company

with the grasshoppers and butterflies of the woods, than with those of the mall, more gaudy, more fluttering and unmeaning than the other.

I think I have now proved to a demonstration, that inquisitiveness, bad as it seems, may be converted into a real good if properly applied. As for the speculative disposition, everyone is ready to applaud it; they cry, it denotes a nobleness of mind and a great capacity: it certainly does so; but then it is no less certain, that if not guided and corrected by a sound judgment, it is liable to produce as ill, if not worse effects, than the other.

A person of a speculative disposition, if religiously inclined, can very seldom forbear endeavouring to explore those things which Heaven thinks fit to conceal from human understanding. They would unravel the secrets of Divine Providence; they would comprehend what is incomprehensible, perhaps even to angels, and bring within the compass of their shallow reason the mystic wonders of the Almighty attributes, either not knowing, or not regarding what Mr. Pope so justly says upon this subject,

He that could fathom God, were more than He.

Thus is thought, by being strained beyond its reach, rendered at length incapable of acting, the power of recollection entirely lost, and the mind bewildered in a maze of errors; and this appears to me as the most probable reason can be assigned for our seeing so many people who either believe too little or too much, and become sceptics, or enthusiasts.

There are others again, with a kind of philosophic turn, who have their minds strangely busy about the planets, they would fain know whether those vast and luminous orbs which roll above our heads are habitable worlds or not; if they are, whether possessed by angels, men, or the ghosts of those who once were men; explore the customs, laws, and manners of those distant regions, and would gladly hazard a journey through Aether, if the ganzas of Gonzales could be procured to convey them to the moon. As the former of these speculatives distract their brains with books of controversy, so do this latter class the same with astronomical conjectures, and Fontenelle's plurality of worlds.

In fine, a woman who once gets either of these fancies into her head, is lost to everything besides; her husband, children, family, friends, acquaintance, with all the necessary avocations and duties of her station, seem altogether unworthy her regard; she lives in the clouds, and it is with difficulty she is dragged down to tie performance of anything required of her below.

Thus may a misguided speculation render a woman as useless in her sphere of life, and as troublesome to all who have any concern with her, as inquisitiveness can do; both are alike virtues when under the government of reason, and both are vices when in rebellion to that sovereign power.

Methinks it is downright madness to waste any part of time in seeking after things impossible to be attained; or if attained could be of no real service. A married woman, above all others, should avoid this error; it best becomes her to centre her whole studies within the compass of her own walls, to enquire no further than into the humours and inclinations of her husband and children, to the end she may know how to oblige those she finds in him, and rectify whatever is amiss in them, and not attempt to extend her speculations beyond her family, and those things which are entrusted to her management.

Most wives, I believe, will find this a sufficient employment; and as for those few whose time may happen to be less occupied, there are various amusements to be made choice of, which will appear more befitting their sex and character than those I have been speaking of.

SECT. III

The imprudence of indulging too flattering expectations in Marriage.

Vanity and credulity have been, and I fear ever will be, the ruin of many a woman's peace of mind: the men, indeed, are very cruel in this point, and impose too much on the easy nature of that sex; a lover knows the weak side of his mistress, and never fails to attack her on it with all the arts he is capable of putting into practice; and it must be owned, that very few of them are novices this way. In the addresses he makes to her he mingles a thousand vows and imprecations of eternal truth, eternal adoration; swears she shall ever be the sovereign of his soul, the only directress of his very will, and calls all the powers of heaven and earth to witness what he says; sighs, tears, the most submissive postures, give a double energy to his words:—she too readily believes, and expects to receive, when a wife, a confirmation of all she has been promised while a mistress.

But alas! the conduct, even in the best of husbands, proves that all the fine things they said beforehand were but words of course; the tables, after marriage, are reversed, the goddess is now stripped of all her divinity; it is no more her province to impose laws, but to receive them; and happy, very happy may she think herself, whose yoke is softened by good-nature and indulgence.

I would not have anyone suppose by this, as if I meant to insinuate all men were of the same opinion with Morat in the tragedy, that

*Marriage is but the pleasure of a day,
The metal's base, the gilding worn away.*

No, Heaven forbid I should intend any such matter, that would be doing the utmost injustice to one sex, and frightening the other from entering into a state truly honourable, convenient, and capable of affording the greatest felicity, if both parties concur to promote it. I should be extremely sorry to say anything that might inculcate ideas into the head of anyone person to the disadvantage of that sacred institution.

On the contrary, I am certain that there are very many husbands whose affection is not at all diminished by their being in full possession of the object, though the impatiences, the hopes, the fears, and all the tumultuous emotions of that passion cease; and how, indeed, should they any longer exist, when the suspense that occasioned them is no more? Can a man wish for what he has obtained? Can he doubt the identity of a blessing he feels within his arms? Sure to do this would be an inconsistency in nature!

Well but,—say some ladies who have been vain enough to imagine that the God of love would work miracles in their favour,—if the anxieties of a lover end in the enjoyment of his desire as a husband, the ardours, the transports of his rewarded flame ought to remain for ever. To which I reply, that this also is impossible, the mind cannot support a perpetual hurry, the spirits of course must flag after a violent agitation, those wild raptures, those madding ecstasies, which the first possession of a long sought happiness inspire, must by degrees subside; where they continue for any length of time they must be fatal either to life or reason, death or distraction must be the unfailing consequence.

Besides, a man inflamed with the most sincere and vehement passion that ever was, always pretends to feel much more than he does, in his days of courtship; but it would be ridiculous in him, after he becomes a husband, to entertain his wife with those romantic hyperboles, which he found necessary to address her with as a mistress, and however pleasing it might be to her, would make them both be laughed at by all their acquaintance.

In a word, if she has no reason to believe he likes any other woman so well as herself, and gives her all the marks in his power of a sincere and tender friendship, it is all she ought to expect from him, and that the most beautiful of the sex, after marriage, could ever boast of.

The ingenious Mr. Butler, in his excellent poem of Hudibras, has some lines on this subject, which, though a little indelicate, are very much to the purpose, and I would have every married woman, for the sake of her own peace of mind, keep them in perpetual remembrance:

*Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way;
Therefore 'tis not to be admired
It should so suddenly be tired;
For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deserves for every minute more
Than for an age of love before.*

Upon the whole, I do not think that there can be a greater enemy to hymeneal happiness, than this of an idle expectation of more than is in nature or in practice to be found; that wife who is guilty of it, is herself the destroyer of what she aims to inspire; and the sullenness, coldness, and reproaches, with which she returns his imaginary neglect, tires out all the remains of affection he had for her, and is also his excuse for treating her with a real indifference.

Nor is this the worst consequence that may possibly befall; the same vanity, and pride of conscious merit, which makes her expect to be always complimented with a show of adoration by her husband, on failing to receive it from him, may influence her to encourage the flatteries of others, who vow themselves her eternally devoted slaves, forgetting that they are men as well as her husband, and if permitted the same liberties, would behave towards her in the same, or perhaps in a much more careless manner. A woman of this way of thinking, would do well to repeat often within herself that just and pathetic maxim which Mr. Dryden puts into the mouth of Jove:

*I gave them pride to make mankind their slave;
But in exchange, to man I flattery gave:
The humblest lover, when he lowest lies,
But kneels to conquer, and but falls to rise.*

Among too many others, the town has been presented with a very memorable instance of the unhappiness which vanity of this kind brings upon whole families: A lady of birth and fortune, who had as much beauty, and more wit than half her sex besides could boast of, was married while very young to a person of condition, whom she infinitely loved, and by whom she was equally beloved, no marriage could afford a prospect of greater felicity; but he too soon forgot the devoirs he had paid her as a

lover, and though she was still as dear to him as before, could not keep himself from showing marks of authority, which as her husband he had a right to take upon him.

Her haughty temper could but ill endure this change; she upbraided him in the severest terms; he asserted his prerogative, and gave every day some fresh proof that he was determined to maintain it; she, in return, studied nothing more than to contradict his will: hence ensued frequent quarrels, and the most poignant repartees passed between them, which being too well remembered by each, drew on a mutual indifference, and by degrees into a perfect disdain for each other.

Their animosity soon became the public talk of the town, and many were emboldened by it to make addresses to her which were no way consistent with her honour to receive; but her vanity was flattered, and her husband offended by them, and these were two points to which she now paid more regard than to her own character, or the honour of her family.

This unhappy pair had children, who felt the most terrible effects of their parents' disagreement; hated by their father, because he suspected they were not of his own begetting, and hated by their mother probably because she knew them to be so; no indulgence was shown their infant years, no care taken of their education when they arrived at an age proper to receive it; but the poor suffering innocents crept about the house more like the children of charity than the descendants of two noble families, and born to fortunes equal to their extraction.

Whether this lady was in fact guilty of wronging her husband's bed, I will not take upon me to determine; but this is certain, that if she had any amours they were conducted with so much art and secrecy that he never could get any proofs sufficient to enable him to sue out a divorce, though for several years he was indefatigable in his endeavours for that purpose.

The manner of their living together, however, in time became so irksome to both, that they at last agreed in one thing, which was to separate for ever: writings were accordingly drawn between them, after which she left England in search of new conquests and new adventures; he retired to his country-seat, with an intention to pass the remainder of his days in solitude, and the children were left to the care of an old servant, where they were fed and clothed, but little else done for them.

I hope this example, joined to what I have said, will keep every new-married woman from being self-deceived by the vain expectations of receiving the same assiduities from her husband after marriage as before; and as a disappointment in that case is inevitable, she will thereby avoid a shock, which, if productive of no worse consequences, cannot but be very grievous to her.

SECT. IV.
***The immoderate Love of Gaming, and its pernicious
Consequences.***

An immoderate love of gaming among men, has ever been looked upon by all wise persons, and lovers of regularity, not only as an enormous folly, but a vice also; even those who practice it can find no excuses for their doing so; they curse it when they lose their money, and are ashamed to praise it when they win.

What then can be alleged in vindication of a female gamester? Why truly nothing, but that it is the mode, and without play they should make but awkward figures at a rout, or a drum-major; the example of some few leading ladies influences the rest, and a polite mother makes it the chief part of her daughter's education. Miss must read Hoyle instead of the Bible; study the rules of Whist before those of her catechism; and be confirmed as a gamester, before she is confirmed as a Christian.

This vice has indeed taken so deep a root, especially among well-bred people, that despairing of a reformation, I was in some debate within myself whether I should mention it or not; but when I considered that there were yet some few whom the contagion had not taken hold of, I thought it an indispensable duty to offer them such antidotes as are in my power.

As I know nothing of more weight with the fair sex than the preservation of those personal charms Heaven has endowed them with, I would have them in the first place reflect, that a continual perturbation of the spirits, joined with the want of repose at those hours ordained by nature for it, is a most cruel enemy both to beauty and to health, and that this is one of the evils which in gaming are unavoidable.

In the next, let her remember that while she is not only wasting her time, but wasting it in an amusement which seems followed in mere contradiction to the laws of God and man, as well as to those of reason, she ought not to flatter herself with being under the protection of Heaven, and that a thousand ill accidents may happen in her family at home, which possibly might have been prevented by her presence.

Let her ask herself the question, by what motive she is induced to become a party at a gaming-table? If it be the expectation of adding some pieces to her purse, is not the danger of losing those she has already there, at least equal to the chance of acquiring more? If she goes for the sake of company, what satisfaction, what improvement can she propose to receive from the conversation of a promiscuous assembly, who talk of nothing but the grand business of their play; and if influenced only by a desire of complying with the custom of the present age, let her consider that there are many pernicious customs, besides gaming, which late years have introduced among us; and that if she would be entirely in the fashion, she must also abandon herself to some others yet more shocking to a new practitioner in vice.

There is no act of licentiousness, indeed, to which gaming is not an introduction; it opens a door to such enormities, such scenes of vice, as I hope there are a great many of my readers who would shudder at the bare description of; for their sakes I shall therefore proceed no further on so disagreeable a subject, and leave the mischiefs which frequently attend an attachment to this destructive and miscalled diversion, to the imagination of everyone to suggest.

What can a husband think of a wife who wilfully runs herself into dangers of the most dreadful kind, and which if she escapes it may be looked upon as a kind of prodigy, and leaves her no room to boast that it is either to any consideration of her own character, or her husband's honour or peace of mind, she is indebted?

But it is not to those who are already far entangled in the fatal snare that I am directing this discourse,—those I look upon to be incorrigible; and perhaps one great motive of their being so is a self-conviction of their fault: some are above repentance, and choose to persist obstinately in their errors, not so much because they still like them, as because their pride will not suffer them to acknowledge, by a reformation, that they have ever been to blame. To persons of this unhappy disposition all lessons would be ineffectual; nay, they would rather be hardened, than any way amended either by remonstrances or reproofs.

It is those, who being at present entirely free, yet through the prevalence of example, the persuasion of others, or their own inadvertency, are liable to be drawn into this vice, whose eyes I would attempt to open, and make them see the dangers of that precipice they are about to climb, before they reach too near the brink.

In the first place, I would have them reflect on the low shifts to which a woman who plays much is frequently reduced; how, after an evening's ill-luck, in order to discharge what they call a debt of honour, her jewels, plate, and sometimes a birthday suit, are exposed in the shop of a common pawnbroker, and there deposited among the dirty rags of the most abject wretches who are obliged to strip their backs to supply the necessities of their stomachs: this, though the least of all the numerous train of evils to be apprehended from gaming, should, methinks, be sufficient to deter a woman of any delicacy from pursuing it.

But let her carry her ideas yet a little further; let her well weigh what it is,—that besides her money she is about to hazard, no less than her reputation in the world, the whole happiness of her life at home, her husband's honour, her own peace of mind, and perhaps her virtue too; some of these are forfeited by being staked, and all the others depend but on the turning of a card, and may also be lost beyond a possibility of recovery.

If these considerations are not of force to restrain her from enrolling herself in the list of female libertines,—for a female gamester is no other,—we may justly conclude that she is pleased with destruction, and proud to sacrifice to that idol, fashion, whatever is truly valuable in womankind.

SECT. V.

Sloth, and the bad Effects of it, especially in a married Woman.

I think the Roman Catholics rank sloth among the number of the deadly sins; how far it deserves that epithet I leave to the decision of the churchmen; but of this I am certain, that sloth in a wife is a mortal sin against her husband, when employed by him in any affair which requires dispatch, and even in the most trifling things ungrateful and disobliging.

When this disposition is inherent to the nature of a person, and born with them, it can never be so thoroughly eradicated but that some remains of it will still appear in all they do or say; every look, every gesture, every word they speak betrays it. The earthy mass of which they are composed wanting a sufficient quantity of air and fire wherewith to invigorate, it seems mere matter put in motion by exterior causes, and uninformed within; but as the sluggish body contains a soul endued with reason, and capable of reflection, the utmost efforts should be exerted for supplying, as much as possible, the deficiencies of the animal spirits, otherwise the lump would sink to its centre, and while alive be numbered with the dead.

Though such a one may be pitied they never can be loved, it therefore behoves a wife to omit nothing in her power to rectify this defect; in order to which, she ought not to indulge herself in anyone thing, for ease and plenitude increase the malady: she ought to take much and laborious exercise, sleep very little, eat sparingly, and live always in the open air; this regimen may contribute somewhat towards a cure, though not totally effect it.

But all this may be looked upon, and indeed pretty justly, as a needless digression, since nature in this case is seldom so much to blame as education: some parents love their children so well as to ruin both their constitution and understanding;—they suffer them to eat, drink, and sleep as much as they will;—they set them about no exercise which might either rouse the faculties of the mind, or give strength and vigour to the body, for fear of giving them pain; but let them grow up in a constant habit of sloth, till it becomes a second nature in reality.

A woman thus trained up ought, however, after she is married, to consider that a very different manner of behaviour to what she has been accustomed is now expected from her; that she has a husband to oblige, a family to manage, and probably other avocations which equally demand her attention, and if neglected cannot fail of drawing on her the reproaches of her husband, the disrespect of all his friends, and the ridicule of those women, who either are, or would pass, for better judges of what is becoming in the character of a wife.

There are but very few men, and those none of the wisest, who marry with no other view than that of gratifying an amorous inclination. A woman therefore, how beautiful soever her person may be, must be extremely weak in her intellects, who can imagine she is placed at the head of a family like a fine picture, or a china jar in a drawing-room, merely for ornament, without being of any real service.

What degree either of affection or esteem can that wife hope for from her husband, who, when enjoined by him to do anything, provided it be not inconsistent

with their circumstances and way of living, instead of a ready compliance makes answer, that she cannot do it,—that she was not bred to it; and on his insisting on the performance, presently falls a-crying,—complains she is hardly dealt with,—wishes she had never been married,—and such like stuff, which he with much more justice might retort on her?

It is also very near as disagreeable, when he finds himself obliged to reiterate his commands, that at last she submits to them with reluctance, makes childish excuses for unnecessary delays, and puts off from time to time affairs, which, it may be, require the most immediate dispatch.

Persons in an elevated station have not the same trials with those in a lower sphere of life, because they have not the same occasion to exert their activity; yet as they may find a great many pretty ways to employ themselves, without derogating at all from their dignity, sloth is as little to be excused in them as in the meanest; and the fine Lady Lollup in her coach-and-six is full as disagreeable to her lord, as plain Mrs. Lollup behind a counter is to her honest citizen.

In fine, sloth is so detestable a quality in a wife, that no man can enjoy the least happiness with one possessed of it to any great degree: whether therefore it be owing to a certain heaviness in the blood, or has been contracted by a long ill habit, that woman must be strangely wanting to herself who does not endeavour, with all her might, to shake it off, which I am far from thinking impossible to be effected, by the help of a steady resolution joined to the methods I have taken the liberty to prescribe.

SECT. VI.

The Weakness of giving Encouragement to Tale-bearers of every Sort.

Justly as the times are complained of, and bad as the world is, there are yet people who perfectly resign to the will of Heaven in public affairs, and, content with their own lot in private life, might be accounted happy if their peace was not frequently interrupted by reports, which, whether true or false, had better never reached their ears; but the arch-enemy of mankind, well knowing that animosities and disunion among friends prepare the mind to receive his black impressions, employs all his agents upon earth for that purpose. Swarms of informers, besides those paid by the court, and who take as much delight in mischief, haunt every assembly, insinuate themselves into every family they can, and depart not without leaving behind some portion of their venom.

Persons who are thus forced, as it were, or cajoled into the knowledge of things which they neither sought after, nor wished to be made acquainted with, are greatly to be pitied; but what shall we think of those who hunt for intelligence, and are impatient to be told whatever is said of them in the world, but that they are weary of quiet, and long for something to involve them in perplexities.

I am sorry to observe that the women in general have a good deal of this propensity in their nature; but what liberty soever the unmarried may be allowed to take in thus hazarding their peace of mind, I would fain persuade everyone who is a wife from giving the least indulgence to so dangerous a curiosity; because it is not her own happiness alone, but that of the person who is, or ought to be, most dear to her on earth, which may possibly be affected by it.

Tale-bearers are the pest of all society, and more to be guarded against than a thief, who only robs you of your money; but the other of what is infinitely beyond all treasures,—your repose;—nay, of your justice and good-nature too, by inspiring you with the worst opinion of those who may perhaps deserve the best. They begin with dark hints and innuendoes to excite your curiosity, and when they find it raised to a pitch proper for their purpose, either forge, or magnify some idle story to make you become suspicious of your dearest friends, doubtful of your servants, and even jealous of your husband's fidelity.

Though certainly nothing can be more absurd in itself, than to desire to know what when known must give us pain; yet so it is, a woman who has once given ear to these incendiaries, cannot forbear asking a thousand questions, entreats them to find out the whole of what they pretend they have as yet been able but to reveal in part; and thus affords them fresh opportunities of imposing on her credulity.

I happened once to be in a good deal of mixed company, when two young ladies singled themselves from the others and withdrew to a window; I was near enough to hear their discourse, which I shall present my readers with verbatim, to show the manner in which people of this turn of mind begin to infuse their poison.

"I could tell you something, my dear, but that I am afraid it will vex you", said the first. "Why what is it about?" demanded the second. "It is no matter; for I am resolved not to speak a word of it", replied the first. "That is unkind, if it concerns me,

so pray don't make a secret of it", rejoined the second. "Indeed I must; for I am sure it will give you pain", said the first. "Indeed it shall not", returned the second. "Nay it is fit you should know; so if you will promise me not to fret I will tell you", resumed the first. "That's my dear creature. Come then, for I am quite upon the rack", cried the second eagerly, and with these words took hold of her arm and hurried out of the room.

On their return, the lady who had been told the secret, whatever it was, seemed very much disconcerted, and the other more gay and alert than before; so cruel a pleasure have some people in giving pain.

In my mind, there cannot be a greater weakness under the sun, than when a person discovers an impatience to know what has been said in their absence by such or such a one: many things may be spoke which are far from having any ill meaning in them; but by being repeated through the mouth of another will bear a quite different signification: so that though the intelligencer tells nothing but the truth, the truth may be so far disguised in the wicked and designing manner of relating it, that the hearer may be deceived into a resentment which has no foundation in justice or in reason.

Many great feuds and lasting dissensions have happened in families, merely through the readiness of one among them to listen to the reports of these tale-bearers; a wife therefore should be particularly careful never to give the least encouragement to anyone who offers to entertain her with discourses of this nature; for as scandal gathers like a snow-ball, the most trifling words and actions, by passing through many mouths, may swell to an enormous bulk, and seem of consequence enough to produce even the most tragical events.

SECT. VII.

*Behaviour towards a Husband, when labouring under any
Disappointment or vexatious Accidents.*

I have often observed, that people of very high spirits are not so well able to support the weight of misfortunes as those of a more moderate flow; the men therefore must forgive me, when I say that the softer sex, being by nature less warm and violent, bear away the palm from them in the article of patience or fortitude; for these I take to be synonymous terms. The men rave and storm at the first onset of ill fortune; but on a series of cross accidents sink and are quite depressed; few have that happy equanimity of temper as to look with the same eye on the good and the bad success of their affairs.

Philosophy, indeed, teaches different things; but there are not many who, in these latter times, give themselves much pains in the study of that science, and those who do are too apt to neglect this most necessary and valuable branch of it.

A wife therefore, who has by nature what it is a thousand against one if her husband has acquired by precept, should never be an idle spectator of his discontent on any of those losses and disappointments which the vicissitudes of human life seldom fail to inflict, even on those who are accounted most happy; it is then her time to exert all her wit,—display all her tenderness,—double all her assiduities about him, and omit nothing which may keep melancholy from seizing too deeply on his mind.

As she must bear her share in every calamity that threatens him, the arguments she makes use of for his consolation will have infinitely more efficacy than any could be offered by a person less interested in his fate; he will admire the greatness of her soul, and at the same time call to remembrance these words of the poet:

*To rise against oppression,—scorn to pay
The tribute to adverse fortune,
And bear with equal soul her frowns and smiles,
Is the true proof of virtue.*

Indeed whenever I see a noble mind struggling beneath a load of woes, yet still maintaining its native dignity, methinks a certain glory shines about that person which deserves, as well as attracts, our admiration, more than all we could discover amidst the tinsel glare of proud prosperity; and here I cannot forbear inserting a very just and elegant simile which Mr. Cowley makes on this occasion:

*So though less worthy stones are drowned in night,
The faithful diamond keeps his native light,
And is obliged to darkness for a ray,
That would be more oppressed than helped by day.*

But the true beauty of that behaviour which I should be glad every wife would observe, will best be shown by the disagreeable contrast which some women put in practice, adding thereby to the sorrows which it is both their duty and their interest to alleviate.

Though the wisest and best concerted schemes may, and often do, fail of the expected success, the world is so ungenerous and unjust as to lay the whole blame on the suffering conjecture, and virulently condemn those very methods of proceeding

which, if prosperous, would have been applauded as the highest acts of human prudence; so true are Mr. Dryden's words:

*When things go ill, each fool presumes t'advise,
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise.*

But how much beyond expression shocking is it when a wife shall take this liberty; when instead of softening his afflictions by her endearments, endeavouring to inspire him with hopes of better fortune, and to persuade him that the present is not so bad as imagination paints it, the cruel creature, forgetting all love,—all pity,—all decency and good manners, reproaches,—reviles him,—accuses his conduct of folly and madness,—wishes she had never seen his face,—curses the hour that joined them,—complains of fate for having involved her in his ruin,—exaggerates the misfortune they labour under,—and forms all the ideas her invention can supply her with of yet much worse to come!

To what extremes may not a man be reduced by a treatment of this sort? If of a soft and gentle temper it may probably drive him to despair; if of a more harsh and rugged one, to actions which no provocations on her part could justify in a person of his sex to one of hers.

The least bad consequences that could attend such a behaviour would be the most violent and frequent quarrels between them, succeeded by grumblings and mutual discontent; words sometimes cut deeper than a sword, and the wounds they make are with more difficulty healed; his heart would retain an indelible impression of her reproaches; whatever affection he had for her would be extinguished, nor would all her submission, in case she repented, be scarce able to rekindle it.

It must certainly be owing to the want of reflection that can make a woman thus draw upon herself a worse misfortune than any she could sustain through the mistakes or ill conduct of her husband; nor may the total loss of his affection be all that may possibly ensue; it would be a thing much to be wondered at, if the breach between them did not make him run into excesses, which in the end would complete the ruin of them both.

But I have now done with a portraiture which cannot afford any satisfaction to my fair readers; and after having presented them with a small sketch of a most amiable reverse, conclude a subject, which, according to the best of my judgment and observation of the world, cannot be too much considered by them.

In the beginning of that too memorable year, in which the failure of the Charitable Corporation ruined half those who had not been before undone by the fatal South-Sea scheme, a gentleman of a considerable estate in Wales was married to the daughter of a wealthy merchant in London, with whom he had a fortune of seven thousand pounds.

This money, which he at first intended should pay off a mortgage, with which some part of his estate was encumbered, he rashly embarked, and lost in the abovementioned fund; he felt this misfortune the more severely as he had brought it on himself, without the knowledge of his wife or of her father. His mortgage was also a secret to them; and when these two things should come to light, as he knew they must do by the impossibility he should find of continuing to live in the fashion he had begun to do since his marriage, feared the reproaches of those persons whose love and esteem it most concerned him to preserve.

These reflections threw him into a melancholy, which all his endeavours could not conceal from the penetrating eyes of his wife; she begged to know the cause, at first he denied there was any, and affected a more cheerful behaviour; but she soon saw through the thin disguise, and convinced that some latent grief preyed upon his heart, renewed her pressures. one day when they were alone, she threw her arms about his neck, and bathing his cheeks with tears, beseeched, conjured him by all the love he had professed for her, not to refuse making her the partner of his sorrows: overcome with this tenderness, he at last cried out, "Oh! my dear, I have wronged you,— wronged you beyond forgiveness! and can I be the reporter of my own transgression!" "I believe it among the things impossible," replied she, "for you to do wrong to anyone; and am sure it is yet more so for you to do anything which my love would not forgive."

He could resist no longer, but after a few struggles within himself, repeated to her the whole of his affairs. She listened to him with attention, seemed a little surprised, but discovered not the least emotions either of grief or resentment, and when he had given over speaking said to him, "I confess, my dear, that these are misfortunes, yet cannot think them of sufficient weight to depress your spirits in the manner they have done." "How, my dear!" returned he, "Do you not consider that by this cursed accident I am deprived of the means, for some time at least, of supporting you in the manner I ought to do, and you had a right to expect, when you made me happy in your possession: we must lay down our coach." "Do you imagine", resumed she, with the most obliging smile, "that I have so much pride, or so little love, as not to be as well content with walking as with riding, while I have you by my side?" "Oh! But," cried he, "What will your father say?"

On this she fell into a little pause, but soon coming out of it replied, "As to my father, I know he looks upon these public schemes as mere bubbles, and the aversion he has to them may make him accuse you of some imprudence; for which reason he shall not know of it. I have thought of an expedient that will solve all." "Heavens!" cried he, "what expedient! Will not the very change in my way of living betray my folly to your father!" "I will tell you, my dear," answered she, "we will quit this expensive town, and live at your country seat till your affairs are entirely cleared."

I should have informed my reader, that this lady had so great an aversion to the country, that before marriage she had exacted from him the most solemn promise never to take her down to Wales; he could not, therefore, be otherwise than amazed on hearing her make this offer. "Is it possible," said he, "that you can be in earnest!" "Entirely so," answered she, "and if you approve it, will go to-morrow to my father, and tell him that I have a curiosity to see your estate, and will pass some time in Wales for that purpose; he will not suspect the truth of what I say, and when we get there I can pretend to him, by letters, that I like the place so well that I cannot think of leaving it; so will this misfortune be always a secret to him and everyone else you would conceal it from."

"But can you, can you, my dear," said he, not yet recovered from his consternation, "can you resolve to absent yourself from your father, and all those other relations to whom your company is so justly precious! Can you forego your native air, and quit all those pleasures, those gay delights this town affords, and which from your infancy you have been accustomed to enjoy! Can you do this, and consent to live a voluntary exile among rocks and barren mountains!"

Self-Help Omnibus

"Without the least reluctance, when you are my guide and my companion," resumed she; "paint not, therefore, the place of my retreat in any direful colours. I have already formed the most delightful idea of it; I shall forget the music of the opera, while attentive to the notes which Heaven has taught the little choristers of the air; the frisking kids and sportive lambkins on the mountain tops, or coursing each other through the vales, will afford me more diversion than all the balls and assemblies in the Haymarket; and the sincere welcome of our honest tenants and their ruddy dames, will please me much better than the unmeaning compliments of fops and fools."

It was the husband of this charming woman who was the relater of this story to me;—he said, that on hearing these expressions from her he was so overcome with rapture, that he could not forbear catching her in his arms, and crying out in the poet's words,

*Sure there is in thee all we believe of Heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and love!*

She kept her promise in every particular, with the same cheerfulness she had made it; and dispatched everything necessary for their departure with so much expedition and alacrity, that in less than a week the happy pair set out for Wales. On their arrival, the resolution she had taken to be pleased with whatever she found there, rendered her so in reality; the country, by degrees, became as agreeable to her as it had once been irksome; and the remembrance of the noise and hurry of the town gave her rather a disgust than a desire of returning to it; this she not only declared, but testified by requesting her husband to continue where they were after the mortgage was redeemed, which they still do, coming only to London once in three or four years, to visit the kindred they have here, and their stay never exceeds a month or six weeks at a time: they are now the parents of a numerous offspring, and live blest in each other, loved and respected by their neighbours, and almost adored by their tenants and dependants.

I believe there is no wife but will applaud the virtues of this lady; but if there are not some who do not endeavour to become her imitators in such circumstances as shall give them an opportunity, my design in writing this section will be wholly frustrated.

SECT. VIII.
Sleeping in different Beds.

I doubt not but what I have to say on this head will be thought to deserve the thanks of some, and be as highly disapproved by others. I wish the number of the latter does not by far exceed that of the former; but as I profess the utmost sincerity through this whole work, and write for the common good of all, I shall freely give my opinion without any regard to the favour or displeasure of individuals.

For a husband and wife to sleep in different beds, except in case of indisposition, would have, in somewhat less than an hundred years ago, appeared so strange a thing as to have occasioned many whispers and surmises on the cause; but though custom has rendered it more familiar, I hope the day will never come when the example of a few, who would be thought more polite than their neighbours, shall have influence enough to introduce it as the general mode; for I am perfectly convinced, both from reflection and observation, that a separation of beds paves the way for a separation of hearts, a separation of interests, and at last a total separation of persons.

Such a proposal coming from a husband would very ill agree with the fine speeches and passionate declarations he made to his wife before marriage; and as it would give her just room to suspect both his sincerity and affection, I think she would be at liberty to reproach him for it, provided always that what she says on that account, or indeed on any other, is accompanied with good manner, and expressed with tenderness.

But though I am ready to allow the inconstancy and caprice of some men's nature makes them soon grow weary of an object they lately sought after as their supremest happiness, yet the shame of being accused of such a disposition frequently restrains them from giving any glaring proofs of it; and I believe it will be found upon examination, the ladies, for the most part, are the first aggressors in this point.

Nothing is more common than for a wife, on having the least piquant words with her husband, to refuse sleeping with him that night; but this, methinks, is strangely impolitic; the reason of its being so is plain, and must be obvious to everyone's capacity; he either loves her, or he does not love her; if the former, his love will certainly be weakened by this behaviour being frequently repeated; and if the latter, will give his indifference a good excuse for continuing what she begins; so that which way soever his heart has been affected towards her they will in time become entirely aliens to each other.

I once knew a lady of no small condition, who sadly experienced the truth of what I am speaking on, and instead of being as happy as fortune intended her, or as woman could be, is now, through her own fault, divested of all the gay delights of life, and fills a mournful widowed bed, her husband yet alive. The fact was this:

She was young, vain, and capricious to an excess when she was first made a wife, nor did that name work any alteration in her humour: she loved the person she married; but thought she might treat him, when her husband, in the same manner she had done when her lover: she imagined that she had his heart in chains, and took a pride in the exercise of her power. It gave her an exquisite satisfaction to observe the melancholy she sometimes involved him in by an affected reserve, and the raptures he

expressed when she surprised him with a return of fondness. Among the many ways with which she tried his patience, she often took it into her head to oblige him to lie in another chamber for two or three nights together, nor would receive him to her arms till he had purchased the dear-bought blessing with vows, tears, and all the submissions he had practised while making his addresses.

The affection he had for her was doubtless very ardent and sincere, and that enabled him to support this behaviour much longer than anyone, except herself, could have expected: the love he had for her person, however, at last gave way to the just contempt he could not help feeling for her follies, which he resolved no more to indulge, and also to lay hold of the first opportunity to let her know his mind.

It was not long before she presented him with one, and he then plainly told her, that he did not marry to be the dupe of any woman's idle whims; that he had been an ass too long; and was both surprised and ashamed to think he had endured, even for two days, such ridiculous behaviour in a wife.

The consternation she was in at hearing him speak in terms to which she had been so little accustomed, and was so far from expecting from him, prevented her for some moments from making any reply; and when she did, it was not to vindicate her conduct, or promise any amendment; but only to upbraid him with some of those unmeaning protestations which men ordinarily make in their days of courtship. He seemed quite unmoved at all she said, nor offered the least interruption, which enraging her the more, she clinched her hands together in the extremest agony, cried out,—"Ungrateful man! I could find in my heart to make a vow never more to enter into the same bed with you." On his he assumed a contemptuous smile, and rejoined, "With all my heart, madam; I shall never attempt to make you break your resolution; you have accustomed me so much to lie alone, that now I choose it." With these words he left the room hastily; she called to him to stay, but he regarded it not, and went directly out of the house.

He came not home till very late that night; she sat up to wait for him, and meeting him on the stair-case desired to speak with him; to which he replied, that it was an improper hour to begin a conversation, and added, that he would not be disturbed; then turned from her, and went into that chamber which now he called his own.

This vexed, but did not humble her; she had vanity enough to imagine it was only a sudden start of resentment in him, which would soon be over; but the time now arrived to convince her, that ill-usage will weary out the strongest passion, and that love once driven from the breast is never to be recalled: there was indeed a motive for this change in him, which she as yet was far from suspecting, but had completed the work her follies had begun.

One day when he was sitting alone, reflecting how much he suffered from the unaccountable caprices of a wife from whom he had deserved the best treatment, the chamber-maid came into the room where he was, for something she wanted; the girl was very pretty, and it happened that he found something in her at that instant which he had never taken notice of before; he pulled her towards him and began to talk a little merrily to her, intending only to divert himself; but the answers she gave him were so striking, that from that time the liking he had for her presently became more serious, and he afterwards neglected no opportunity of persuading her to be his. She

had not virtue to resist the offers he made; he gained his point, and whenever he lay apart from his wife she supplied her place in his arms, as she has done in his heart.

Certain it is, that he had now more than an indifference for his wife, the possession of a new object, who wanted neither beauty, wit, nor artifice to engage him, quite effaced all the tenderness he once had for the former, and nothing remained but the cruel remembrance of those follies which, while he continued to love her, had made him ashamed of doing so.

The next conference they had together served rather to widen than make up the breach; nor did any of those which afterwards passed between them for several days produce a better effect; he both seemed, and really was, quite indifferent as to a reconciliation; and she was too haughty to make the first overture, though, as she has since confessed, she passionately desired it.

Things were in this situation between them, when a servant having discovered the chamber-maid's intrigue with her master, acquainted her lady with it, and put her in a way how to surprise them; she did so, and the manner in which she behaved may easily be conceived. Had the maid been within her reach she would doubtless have given her lasting marks of the fury she was possessed of; but the girl was too well defended by her lover, who, after forcing his wife out of the room, made his footman procure two chairs, and went with his mistress to a bagnio, where he stayed with her the remaining part of the night, and the next morning placed her in handsome lodgings, with an assurance of supporting her in a manner agreeable to her wishes.

After this no measures were observed between the wife and husband; she spared no revilings on his perfidy; he made no excuses for what he had done, but laid the blame wholly on her: there was not the least interval of peace between them,—no order,—no decency preserved. They seldom eat at the same table,—never slept in the same bed, nor spoke to each other but to exchange affronts.

Their way of living together was soon no secret; the friends on both sides interposed their good offices; but finding it impossible to bring about a reunion of their hearts, at last advised a separation of their persons: to this the husband readily agreed, and the wife had too much pride to show any desire of continuing with a man who she thought she had so much reason to complain of.

The same pride buoyed up her spirits after their parting for some time; but more serious reflections afterwards setting before her eyes, in their true light, the errors she had been guilty of, threw her into a deep melancholy, which has rendered her scarce to be known for what she once was.

Though it is certain that the conduct of this husband has not been altogether excusable; yet it must also be acknowledged, that the follies and insufferable caprices of his wife were the original cause both of his fault and her misfortune.

It is worthy the observation of every wife, that among all the follies this lady was guilty of, that of refusing to sleep with her husband proved of the worst consequence; and considering that though the same behaviour may not always draw on the same event, yet as the thing in itself is bad, and contrary to the marriage institution, it never can be attended with any good.

Whenever I see a husband and wife live in different apartments, seldom meet but at the times of eating, and when the meal is over rise and pursue their several inclinations, they appear to me only as two tenants, or boarders, in one house; not as

persons who are but one flesh, and ought to have but one soul; by what motive soever such persons were induced to enter into the marriage state, they certainly desire to be thought to live in a manner as little like it as they can.

Methinks the custom of lying apart is so much against the interest of the ladies, that I am amazed anyone of them should be inclined to promote it. If a wife has any remonstrances to make to her husband, any boon to entreat of him, what time so proper as the silent night, when she has him entirely to herself, secure from all the interruptions, business, and distractions of the day, and she has a full opportunity to urge all the arguments she can, and by her endearments to win him to attention?

I would not have any body infer from this, that I am recommending, according to the trite phrase, a curtain-lecture; no, I look on the bed as a place very improper for altercations. All there ought to be peace and harmony; but I could wish that every pair, bound by the sacred laws of marriage, would endeavour to live as near as possible to the intention of it, and to think it their happiness, as it is undoubtedly their duty, to be as inseparable as circumstances will admit; this would be doing honour to the state, and answer to the beautiful description given of it by Milton in these lines:

*Hail wedded love! mysterious law! true source
Of human offspring! sole propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else!
By thee adulterous lust was driven from man
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known!
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets!
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings;
Here reigns and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours
Mixed dance, or wanton masque, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best answered with disdain.*

SECT. IX.

What Sort of Behaviour will best become a Wife when finding that her Husband harbours any unjust Suspicions of her Virtue.

I think there can happen but very few circumstances in the conjugal state which more severely try the patience of a woman than to have her virtue unjustly suspected by her husband. Jealousy is the worst poison of the mind, and when a man is once infected with it, he is capable of exercising no one domestic good quality, nor can anyone live at ease in so unhappy a state as to be within the reach of his influence: he looks on every man that comes into his house as an invader of his honour, and on every woman as an agent for that purpose: whatever servants he keeps he makes so many spies on the conduct of his wife; and on their not being able to bring him the intelligence he wants, accuses them of being bribed by her, and in a combination to deceive him.

A man of this disposition will not suffer himself to judge, compare, or weigh the reason of things; but, wholly governed by the mad fury that possesses him, turns all he sees or hears into fresh matter for distrust,—as I remember to have somewhere read,

*His wild imagination gives the dye,
As all looks yellow to a jaundiced eye.*

A woman who is so unfortunate to have such a husband, finds it very difficult what method of behaviour to pursue; her caresses he imputes to artifice, her reserve to dislike; if she seems cheerful, she has attracted some new admirer; if serious, taken up with the thoughts of an absent lover; if she bears with patience his unjust reproaches, it is her guilt that keeps her silent; if she resents, she is hardened in her crime; if negligent in her dress, she takes no pains to please him; if curious, it is to charm some other man: in fine, that there is nothing she can say or do that does not serve, some way or other, to increase his discontent.

Jealousy, however, is not the same in all husbands; one shall imagine that every man who looks upon his wife has a criminal design against her virtue; another centres the whole force of his suspicions on a single object; both these are bad enough. In the first case I know of no remedy to prescribe for the suffering wife, but to support his injustice with as much temper as she can till youth and bloom are gone, and age and wrinkles come to her relief; but in the latter, a prudent management may contribute much towards rendering her situation less perplexing, if not entirely easy.

As in physical cases the cure of the disease lies chiefly in the knowledge of the cause, so when she has once discovered the person whom her husband looks upon with this evil eye, she must by all means refrain going to any place which she knows is frequented by him, and also be cautious to avoid making the least mention of him in the presence of her husband; because the least favourable word, how much soever he may deserve it, will be interpreted by her tyrant as the overflowings of her love for him; and if, on the contrary, she speaks with indifference or contempt, what she says will pass with him as a veil to cover her too much affection;—so true is this sentiment of Shakespeare,

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*Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs in Holy Writ.*

But suppose the suspected person to be one with whom her husband is intimate, or has business with, and comes often to their house, as such a thing very often happens, she cannot then behave altogether according to my directions; yet she may notwithstanding do so in part; she may forbear ever speaking of him when absent, and if she cannot always find an excuse for keeping out of the room where he has been introduced, she may at least have recourse to her work-basket, and seem to have her thoughts and eyes wholly taken up with what she is about.

But as there are always as many different circumstances to occasion jealousy as there are persons inflamed with that pernicious passion, it is impossible to form any summary of advice that may be of service in each particular case; I must therefore leave it to the discretion of every woman to act in such a fashion as the experience she has of her husband's humour may give her reason to think will be most likely to succeed; and only say in the general, that as I hope she will regulate her conduct so as to give him no cause to complain of it; she will also, when finding herself unjustly suspected, never fly into extravagancies, nor give any violent marks of her resentment; for clamour and loud words neither become the character of a wife, nor will avail to gain the point she aims at.

I heard a pleasant story of a lady who, on her husband's first testifying some apprehensions of her liking another better than himself, pretended to fall into a violent fit of laughter, and then taking him round the neck, said to him, "Take care, my dear, that you do not make me vain, I now think myself both happy and honoured in being your wife; but if you are jealous of me I shall imagine there is something extraordinary in me, for you know what the Poet says,

All precious things are still possessed with fear.

I was told that by this merry method, which she constantly pursued whenever she perceived in him any indications of jealousy, that by degrees she not only cured him entirely of that passion, but also became more endeared to him by her wit and good humour.

This, however, would not have the same effect with a man of a sour and crabbed disposition, but she doubtless was well acquainted with the nature of the metal she had to work upon; and that is what I would persuade every wife to study, not only in this, but every other respect.

SECT. X.

The great Indiscretion of taking too much Notice of the unmeaning or transient Gallantries of a Husband.

Though I never could find out by the laws of marriage, that a husband was any ways entitled to greater liberties on the score of gallantries than his wife, yet custom immemorial, even in those kingdoms most favourable to women, allows, that what passes only for good breeding and politeness in the one, in the other is accounted coquetry, if no worse.

This, at first, seems a partiality on the side of the men, and I have heard some ladies who have been free enough to complain of it; they say, that what is a real error in the one sex ought likewise to be deemed so in the other, and cry out with Jane Shore in the play, how unjust it is, that

*Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entailed upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove
Free, and unquestioned through the wilds of love;
Bound by no precept, nor confined by rule,
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman chance to go astray,
If strongly charmed she leaves the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, reproach, and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame;
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
In vain look back to what she was before,
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more!*

But notwithstanding that what is condemnable in the one sex, cannot, by mode or practice, be made praise-worthy in the other; yet the difference of education, and some other causes which might be assigned, render many things becoming enough in a man which would be highly disgraceful in a woman.

A woman would make but an odd figure at the head of a regiment, or the deck of a ship; nor would it be less absurd for a man to be found making his own shirts, or tying with great nicety the ribbon of his sword-knot; yet could it not properly be called a vice if she assumed the character of a colonel or an admiral; or he that of a sempstress or milliner; yet would it be a very great fault in both, as it is acting contrary to the designs of nature, who by forming the one sex hardy and robust, and the other delicate and tender, plainly shows what sort of exercises she meant them to be employed in.

But to come more closely to the point, from which I have a little deviated, without intending to do so. In the affair of love, though that passion is mutually implanted in both sexes, yet it doubtless is more natural and becoming in the male to make the first declaration, as they are less timid and more warm by constitution; this they are early instructed in, and before arrived at perfect manhood, begin to practice amorous glances, tender phrases, and the whole art of courtship on every pretty girl they see; which by the time they are grown up becomes so habitual, that whether with

or without feeling a real passion, they cannot forbear continuing a show of it as long as they live.

The case being truly thus, I would not have a wife expect that a man will think himself obliged, because he is her husband, to refrain from all gallantries with others; no, he will perhaps say soft things,—write passionate letters,—compose verses, and make presents to a woman whom he may think worthy of his devoirs, and sometimes merely to show his own wit; all this he may certainly do without having the least design to wrong his wife, and it would, therefore, be the highest imprudence in her to resent it.

I am very sensible that on reading this page, many a woman will cry out, "When a man behaves in this manner, who knows but that the passion he at first but counterfeits may not in time be converted into reality?" To which I answer, that the surest way of turning the jest into earnest is for his wife to make a serious matter of it, and render herself less agreeable by reproaches and ill-humour.

I once had the pleasure of knowing a lady, who on this occasion had recourse to a stratagem no less witty in the contrivance than it was happy in the success; it was this:—Perceiving her husband, who was a man of great gaiety among the women, discovered somewhat of a more than ordinary attachment to one in particular; in order to divert it, and divide his inclinations, if he really had any to her prejudice, was continually inviting to her house all those of her female friends who were remarkable for any fine quality, either of mind or body; she made her husband take notice of the beauty of one,—the exquisite shape of another,—the wit and spirit of the third, and expatiated on their several perfections in the most pathetic terms; this had so good an effect as to efface, by degrees, all the impression the first object had made on him, and at the same time convinced her that he had no settled love for anyone but herself.

There are a thousand pretty ways by which a woman may endeavour to weaken the too great liking her husband may have conceived of another, none of which bid so little fair for success as that pursued by most wives, upbraiding him with inconstancy and perfidy, and railing at and affronting the object of his real or imagined inclinations.

I would therefore have every wife reflect, that such a behaviour may render her so disgusting to her husband, and so much hated by her supposed ill-treated rival, that in mere revenge they may agree together to make her, in fact, as unhappy as she only feared to be, and otherwise never might have been.

SECT. XI.

***The Manner of supporting the Detection of a Husband's
Falsehood.***

There may be, and I hope are many wives, who will not think the hints I have given for their conduct, either impracticable or unworthy of them to pursue; but I come now to a point which I am afraid will require a greater force of persuasion than I can boast of to reconcile: it is indeed a circumstance which at once attacks the pride, the love, and the interest of a wife; and, it must be confessed, is above all others that can befall in marriage the least supportable.

What I mean is the detection of a husband's falsehood: it too often happens, that not the most violent passion before marriage,—not the solemn vow made before the Holy Altar,—not the best qualities of an amiable and endearing wife, are sufficient either to defend the roving heart of a man from receiving the impression of a new object, nor hinder him from taking all the methods in his power for the gratification of his lawless flame.

A change of this nature can seldom be wrought in the heart without discovering itself in the behaviour; a man who has strongly in his head the idea of an absent woman, can scarce dissemble so well with the present, but that a wife who loves him may easily perceive the difference between a real and a counterfeited tenderness.

Certain it is, that such a shock cannot be sustained without an infinity both of grief and resentment; yet would it be a very great indiscretion in her to make show of either; she ought rather to play the deceiver in her turn, and to take no less pains to conceal her suspicions from him, than he does to conceal the cause he gives her for them.

To reproach his inconstancy, and accuse him of having entertained a passion for some new object, without any other proof of it than barely his coldness to herself, must, in all probability, produce these three bad effects;—first, it would expose her to his contempt;—secondly, it would give him a pretence for absenting himself from home more than ever;—and thirdly, it would make her rival, who perhaps always receives him with a smile, still dearer to him.

If chance, or any other means, should bring her to a full detection of his crime, it will even then be the most prudent step she can take to let him think she is entirely ignorant of it; and in order to prevent him from having any apprehensions of a discovery, she should behave towards him with more tenderness than before, and double all her former assiduities about him; this may possibly awaken in him a due sense of his error in wronging so excellent a wife; and if not so, it will at least engage him to treat her with all the outward demonstrations of affection.

A wife had need to be extremely cautious not to afford her husband the least excuse for a decrease of that passion he once had for her; most men are apt to put pillows under their elbows when transferring their desires from one woman to another; and believe, perhaps, more than their creed, what the most amorous of our English poets, Mr. Cowley, says on this occasion:

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*The world's a scene of changes, and to be
Constant, in nature were inconstancy;
For 'twere to break the laws herself has made.
Our substances themselves do fleet and fade:
The most fixed being still does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of time 'tis measured by.
T' imagine then that love should never cease,
Love, which is but the ornament of these,
Were quite as senseless, as to wonder why,
Beauty and colour stay not when we die.*

There are men who can have no settled affection for any woman, yet are eager to enjoy, without distinction, everyone they find ready to acquiesce to their desires. Such casual amours are no sooner begun than ended, leaving only a little smoke behind, which it is best to let dissipate of itself; and it would be great weakness in a wife to enter into any altercations with her husband on a thing which before she can accuse him with he has ceased to be guilty of.

It is doubtless a very great misfortune for a woman to have a husband of a vague and wandering disposition; some, however, have made themselves pretty easy under it, as I am convinced of by the account I had of a fact well known in the county where it happened. The story is this:

A gentleman of a very ancient family and considerable estate, was married to a lady of beauty, wit, virtue, and good humour; but though he knew and acknowledged the merits of his wife, yet he was a man of so depraved a taste, that the most dirty dowdy he could pick up frequently supplied her place within his arms.

It happened when they were at their country-seat, that riding one morning to take the air, as was his usual custom, he met a ragged country wench, with a pair of wallets, or coarse linen bags, thrown over her shoulder; he stopped his horse and asked what she had got there, to which she replied, with a low curtsy after her fashion, that it was broken victuals,—that her mother and she had no sustenance but what they got from the charity of the cooks at great gentlemen's houses, and that she was now going home with what they had given her. "You need not be in haste, I suppose," said he, "If you will go with me into yonder field I will give you something to buy you a new gown."

The poor girl needed not much persuasion to bring her to consent, on which he alighted from his horse and threw the bridle over a hedge-stake, and the girl at the same time hung her bags on the pommel of the saddle, to prevent their coming to any harm, then followed the gentleman a little way out of the road, where they soon commenced and finished their amour.

The horse not liking his situation, found means to get loose and ran directly home; the lady by chance was at the window when he came galloping into the courtyard; she was at first a little frightened to see him without his rider, but perceiving the bags, called to have them brought to her, and on their being so, was not long at a loss to guess the meaning of this adventure.

She then ordered the cook to empty the wallets, and put whatever she found in them into a clean dish, and send it up in the first course that day at dinner, which accordingly was done.

The husband on missing his horse walked home, and brought with him two neighbouring gentlemen whom he accidentally met with in his way; but these guests did not prevent the lady from prosecuting her intention; the beggar's provision was set upon the table,—remnants of stale fowls,—bones half picked,—pieces of beef,—mutton,—lamb,—veal, with several lumps of bread, promiscuously huddled together, made a very comical appearance: everyone presently had their eyes upon this dish, and the husband not knowing what to make of it cried out pretty hastily, "What's this! What have we got here!" To which the lady with the greatest gaiety replied, "It is a new-fashion olio, my dear; it wants no variety, I think there is a little of everything, and I hope you will eat heartily of it, as it is a dish of your own providing."

The significant smile which accompanied these last words, as well as the tone of voice in which they were spoke, making him remember where the girl had hung her wallets, threw him into a good deal of confusion; which she perceiving, ordered the dish to be taken away, and said, "I see you do not like it, my dear, therefore when next you go to market pray be a better caterer." "Forgive this," cried he, "and I promise never to go to any such markets more."

The gentlemen found there was some mystery in all this, but would not be so free as to desire an explanation. When dinner was over, however, and the lady, after behaving the whole time with all the cheerfulness imaginable, had retired to leave them to their bottle, the husband made no scruple of relating to them by what means his table had been furnished with a dish of so particular a kind; at which they laughed very heartily, and would have done so much more if their admiration of the lady's wit and good humour had not almost entirely engrossed their attention.

It is nevertheless impossible for all the fortitude a woman can be possessed of to enable her to bear this disposition in a husband without feeling some secret uneasiness; yet the trial is infinitely more severe when he devotes himself entirely to one; because his heart then goes with his person,—is totally estranged, and if we may believe Mr. Dryden,

To love once past we cannot backward move.

This is a terrible circumstance, indeed; but tears and upbraidings, grief and rage are equally in vain; and as I have already taken notice, will only serve to widen the breach between them; all she can do is to endeavour to make home as pleasing to him as possible,—to stifle all her sighs,—and conceal the agonies of a bleeding breaking heart beneath a face of smiles; a lesson difficult to be put in practice, yet the only one that affords the least prospect of reclaiming him, or of triumphing over her rival in his affections.

SECT. XII.

The Weakness of complaining of a Husband to Relations.

It is a custom very prevalent among the women, that on the least offence, whether real or imaginary, given them by a husband, they immediately run to a father, mother, or whoever is their next of kin, and make heavy complaints of their ill usage: these often take upon them to talk to him upon it, and admonish him to regulate his behaviour for the future in a better manner.

But of all the methods a wife can take for the redress of any grievance her husband may lay her under, this is beyond dispute the most unlikely to succeed; and she who entertains the least hope of having her condition amended by it, must be little acquainted with the nature of mankind.

Man, generally speaking, for there is no rule that will not admit of some exceptions, is in his disposition haughty, fierce, intractable; it is fear alone which, while a minor, keeps him in subjection to parents, governors, or guardians; when arrived at maturity, if no apprehensions of being hurt by his disobedience prevents him, he grows insolent, above control, and thinks himself at liberty to act as his own judgment shall direct. How then can it be expected he will submit to any remonstrances made to him by the kindred of his wife? No, if guilty of the faults he is accused of, such lectures will rather harden him to persist in them; and if not already guilty, make him become so merely through obstinacy: most husbands are Almanzors in this point, and say with that imaginary hero,

And these things I will do, because I dare.

Indeed I know of no one weakness a woman can possibly fall into, which so assuredly loses her the affection, the respect, and every proof even of the good-nature of her husband, than this of exposing him to her friends;—the softest, best-conditioned man will not endure it;—he will be apt to tell his wife that he will not be tutored like schoolboy; and that he did not marry her to be under the government of her kindred: in fine, it will turn all the sweetness of his temper into sourness,—all his love into indifference, if not hatred;—all his esteem into contempt, and all his complaisance into austerity and peevishness.

As this is a rock on which so many women have shipwrecked the whole happiness of their lives, I would earnestly exhort them to forbear ever touching on that dangerous Charybdis. I have seen many instances of this kind, but never yet found one husband who was either prevented from falling into errors, or reformed from them, by his wife's having recourse for that purpose to any other than himself; and then she can only hope it by gentle means, as I have already more than once observed on particular occasions.

It would be easy for me to produce many examples of the terrible consequences that have sometimes attended such a behaviour in a wife, among which the ruin of her own and husband's peace is not the least; eternal dissension between the families of both, implacable revenge, quarrels, and blood-shed have not seldom been the dire event.

But it is hard, will some women say, to bear the ill-treatment of a husband without complaining; and to whom should we complain but to those whose nearness

of blood will make them pity the injuries we sustain, and do all they can for our redress? To which I must reply, that it is best not to complain at all, but much the worse to do it to kindred; complaints to indifferent persons, if not repeated to the husband, can only do no good; but those made to kindred will always do much hurt, and may bring on whatever has the name, or can be conceived of mischief.

I cannot help acknowledging, that when the heart is over-burdened with some great affliction, the weight is somewhat lightened by revealing it; and as there is none more insupportable than that which is occasioned by the bad usage of a husband, it is not to be wondered at if the suffering wife seeks some ease from the pity of a faithful friend; but then it behoves her to be extremely careful that the person be truly such whom she makes choice on for her confidant, one whose discretion and secrecy she has experienced, and who she is well assured will never repeat to her husband, or any other, what she discloses; on the bosom of such a one, if such a one she can find, she safely may pour out the anguish of her soul; but as persons of this turn are pretty scarce, if none among the worthy few fall to her share of acquaintance, I must again advise her to keep her griefs concealed, and wait with as much patience as she can, till time, and her husband's long experience of her virtue and integrity, shall bring him to a better way of thinking, and gratitude and reason at last compel him to be just.

SECT. XIII.

The method which a Wife is justified to take, after labouring for a long Time under a Complication of all manner of Ill-usage from her Husband.

I am sorry to say, that though a woman should be able to fulfil, with the utmost exactness, all the duties of a wife, and which I have endeavoured in this little treatise to remind her of, yet she may not always meet with a due return from her ungrateful husband; but, on the contrary, is treated the worse by him for her virtue, because conscious he cannot treat her so well as she deserves.

Some men are born with such vicious propensities, are so resolute in the pursuit of their own head-strong inclinations, and withal of so harsh and rugged a nature, so inflexible to obligations, that they are equally incapable of being awed by the just censure of the world, or soothed by all the proofs of love and tenderness that can be given by a chaste, patient, and endearing wife.

She must, however, in spite of the little hope she sees of a reformation, spare no efforts for that purpose:—If the love of play be his predominant passion, in order to save him from the destructive arts of a public gaming-table, she must make frequent parties for that amusement at home:—If addicted to drinking, she must take care to have his cellar well stored with the best and richest wines, and never seem averse to any company he shall think fit to entertain:—If fond of women, she must endeavour to convince him that the virtuous part of the sex are capable of being as agreeable companions as those of the most loose principles; and this, not by arguments, for those he will not listen to; but by getting often to her house, the most witty, gay, and spirited of her acquaintance, who will sing, dance, tell pleasant stories, and take all the freedoms that innocence allows. To conclude, she must humour all his inclinations, fall in with all his passions, and neglect nothing that may serve to make his home more pleasing to him than any other place.

But if, after having essayed all possible methods of reclaiming him, she finds the attempt in vain; if he prefers a hog-trough to a well decorated table; if he is never happy but in a gaming-house, a tavern, or a brothel; if he squanders the fortune she has a right to share; if he despises her kindness, repulses her caresses, maltreats her person, and so distracts her understanding, that she has cause to fear it will render her unable to perform the duties owing from her either to Heaven or earth, it is my opinion that she then may begin to think of extricating herself from such a maze of perplexities; which, as it can be done by no other way than a separation, it is to that she must have recourse.

The parting of a husband and wife has indeed a horrible sound, when we consider the anathema pronounced against all attempts to put asunder persons joined by God; yet when the devil has taken such full possession of the one that the other is in danger of being contaminated with his crimes, I cannot think but that the innocent will easily find absolution for breaking so unnatural a conjunction.

It is not a thing, however, that she ought to resolve upon with too much precipitation, nor put in practice of her own head: in this case, and in this alone, she must lay open to the grave and prudent part of her family the injuries she has

sustained, and the little probability there is of her condition being ever made more easy by the change of her husband's conduct; and it is by them she ought to be instructed how to proceed in making the best terms she can for herself; then, as concerning the lawfulness of what she is about, it would be well to consult some reverent and worthy divine of the church, whose advice and approbation might not only satisfy whatever scruples might hereafter rise in her own mind, but also vindicate her reputation to the world.

SECT. XIV.

How a Woman ought to behave when in a State of Separation from her Husband.

I have not yet done with my charge: a wife is still a wife, though parted from her husband; nor is she by that separation disengaged from all the duties of her matrimonial covenant, though she is from some of them; I must therefore put her in remembrance, that her husband is still the man to whom before the altar she promised love, honour, and obedience; and though by his unworthy behaviour he has forfeited all title to the two former of these injunctions, and by the articles of separation she is totally freed from the last, yet would it be altogether unbecoming of her prudence or her virtue to express any hatred of his person, or to be guilty of anything to dishonour him.

Whenever any mention is made in her presence of his faults, it will look well in her to endeavour at giving a different turn to the conversation; but if this cannot be done, and she finds herself obliged to make some answer to what is said, she ought to express herself with extreme modesty on that score, never railing, nor seeming to take the least satisfaction in hearing others do so.

On being told he is fallen into any misfortune, it is still her duty to lament it, and to do whatever is in her power for his relief and consolation: I do not mean by going in person to him; for that would be no real service, but perhaps the contrary, by occasioning altercations which might add to their mutual disquiet; but by employing the intercession of her friends, or her own tongue and pen in his behalf, according as the circumstances of the affair shall require.

Thus much I think is due to him. I come now to what regards her own character in the world. I would have her consider, that it would be highly inconsistent with her present unhappy situation to indulge herself in any of those pleasures she was accustomed to take, and became her very well when under the protection of a husband; but would now, though never so innocent in themselves, expose her to ill-natured reflections, and might also encourage many attempts upon her virtue by men of amorous inclinations.

I would advise her either to go into the country or board with some grave relation in town if convenience permits; if not, to live extremely retired however, and be cautious even in the minutest articles of life; she should keep little company, seldom go abroad, dress very plain, and never in the height of the fashion. All these things are in her power, and a woman who wishes to preserve her reputation will find no difficulty in observing.

What can we think of a woman who, parted from her husband, takes greater liberties than ever she had an opportunity of doing when with him,—appears more gay than before, both in her air and habit,—flaunts at every fine show,—goes to all public walks and places of diversion,—has her lodgings always crowded with visitors, and expends treble the sum she receives as her separate maintenance? Such a one may possibly be innocent; but we must strain charity to a very high pitch indeed to set her down as such.

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The world is apt to absolve the husband of such a woman for whatever fault he may have been guilty of, and lay the blame of their separation entirely upon her. I hope therefore, that the truly virtuous will never, by so imprudent a behaviour, give any room for their former conduct to be called in question. And now having, I think, briefly run through all the particulars which demand the attention of a wife, I shall take my leave, promising that if any of them shall think my admonitions too strongly enforced, they will have their full revenge when they read the duties I have enjoined a husband.

Eliza Haywood

The Husband

Self-Help Omnibus

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In ANSWER to
The WIFE



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Eliza Haywood

BOOK I.

INTRODUCTION.

Addressed to all who either already are, or ever intend to become Husbands.

The wise will never set out on any important enterprise, without maturely weighing what steps are necessary to be taken in order to attain the end proposed; and as there is no one thing, nor indeed all things put together, can be of the thousandth part of that consequence which marriage is, it very much concerns every man who enters into that state to consider seriously on the true intent of the sacred ordination, and he will then find that he ought not to depend entirely on the virtue and good conduct of his wife, for the security of his honour, his interest, and his peace of mind; but that he himself is also bound, by obligations no less essential to their mutual happiness than any can be required from her.

A man deeply enamoured, either with the beauty or the fortune of his mistress, centres his whole ambition in the gratification of his passion with the enjoyment of whichever of these two objects it is that inflames him, and seldom thinks of any further happiness in marriage; it is not therefore to the lover, but to the husband I address these pages. The one, I know, is deaf to all remonstrances; but the other, having obtained his wishes, will naturally look about him, and begin to consider on what will be the most likely means both to prolong and to increase his present felicity.

I believe every man who becomes a husband desires to live amicably with his wife; and the greater share he has of honour, understanding, and good-nature, the more true sense will he have of the joys which flow from domestic harmony, and a perfect concurrence of sentiment with the person to whom he is united; but though this is a blessing which all in general aim at, yet I am sorry to observe, that few take any pains to attain it, and that some of those who do, pursue it by such methods as lead directly to the reverse:—indeed I know not whether there are not, in effect, more couples rendered unhappy by a mistaken endeavour to fulfil what they look upon as their duty, than there are by a total inattention to it.

It is almost next to an impossibility either for the husband or the wife to be perfectly acquainted with the disposition and humour of each other before they come to live together;—in the days of courtship both but act a part, and in many things seem what they are not; love favours the deception, and holds close the mask. Conscious, therefore, of their own insincerity in this point, great allowances ought to be made by each for whatever deficiencies may be afterwards discovered, especially by the man, who will seldom be found the least dissembler of the two.

This is so known a truth, that I think no husband has room to accuse me of having given a partial sentence; nor should I have made any mention of it, but to remind both parties, that they ought to behave after marriage, as near as possible, up to the character they assumed before; and as perfection is not to be found on this side the grave, not to expect things which are out of nature, but to forgive each other's failings while they endeavour to reform their own.

I have already in a little treatise set forth, according to the best of my judgment, the manner in which a wife should regulate her conduct, so as to show marriage in that amiable light it ought to appear; but my design would be incomplete, and the success uncertain, if the husband does not contribute something on his part. I

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have therefore, in the following sheets, taken the liberty to put him in mind of what the consideration of his own honour, his reputation in the world, his interest, and the solemn vow he made before the altar, demand from him, and am not without some flattering hopes, that the hints I have given for that purpose will not be entirely thrown away.

SECT. I.

Concerning a too great tenaciousness of the boasted superiority of mankind, and how very much it behoves a Husband to avoid indulging that disposition in himself.

There are some men, too many I am afraid, who value themselves more upon their sex than they do upon their virtue or endowments; and, merely because they are men, imagine they have a right not only to command, but to exact a blind, implicit, and indeed a slavish obedience from their wives. To them it seems not enough that a woman readily complies with every injunction laid upon her by her conjugal sovereign,—she must also submit her understanding to his will,—think as he does,—have no judgment of her own, but take for almighty reason whatever he is pleased to dictate to her.

I know of nothing that is more stinging to a woman of sense and spirit than an immoderate exertion of this prerogative; and though the word obey is inserted in the marriage ceremony, they are apt to think themselves not bound to observe it, because the form was composed by men, who they judge have been too partial to themselves in that article. I have heard several ladies argue upon this head in these or the like terms:

"There is no difference of sex in souls," say they, "nor do we find there was any distinction of superiority between our first parents while in their state of innocence; after the fall, indeed, the curse of subordination was laid on Eve for her transgression, and continued on her whole female race during the first ages of the world; but when the redemption of mankind came by a woman, the sex retrieved its former honour, and has well atoned for the great offence by a yet greater benefit."

I will not take upon me either to defend or to refute the justice of these kind of arguments; I shall only say, that as custom has for so long a succession of time, in all nations of the known world, given the supremacy to the husband, no prudent wife will attempt to infringe it, or oppose his will in things which are not in themselves unreasonable; but then, on the other hand, neither custom, nor the marriage institution, whether considered in a religious or a moral sense, can justify him for delivering his commands with an imperious and arbitrary air, as if he meant to enforce obedience; and it is not to be wondered at if a woman, on such a behaviour, does not begin to call in question the lawfulness of his authority, and look upon him rather as her tyrant than her rightful sovereign.

I have observed that, generally speaking, men of the least capacities are the most assuming in this point; and indeed nothing can be so impolitic, or so inconsistent with good sense, as it destroys the very end for which it is put in practice, turns love into hatred, and esteem into contempt.

What degree of affection or regard is it likely a woman can retain for a man, who having treated her with the lowest and most fawning submissions while her lover, no sooner becomes her husband than he affects to be her master?—When, instead of being humoured, flattered, and indulged, she finds herself treated, in effect, little better than an upper servant? Will not such a reverse of behaviour towards her

equally alarm both her love and pride? and it is well if the latter of these passions does not totally extinguish whatever she had felt for him of the former.

A wife who knows and fulfils the duties of her place, stands not in need of any remonstrances; and the ignorant and perverse will never be amended by austerity. Tenderness and complaisance will make a generous and good-natured woman endeavour to improve herself in all those qualities which merit such a treatment; and may possibly work on one who is morose and uncomplying to become more flexible and obliging:—whereas on the contrary, a haughty magisterial way of behaviour carries with it great danger of rendering the good less good, and will infallibly make the bad much worse.

It fell in my way, some few years ago, to be witness of an instance of this kind; which, as example is of more prevalence than admonition, I think not improper to be inserted. A gentleman of my particular acquaintance, who is unhappily of the humour I am speaking of, was then lately married to a young lady endowed with many good qualities, and I believe would have made a very obliging wife, had she been united with a man of a suitable disposition; but had something too haughty in her nature to be subservient when she found it was expected from her.

It seems he had taken it into his head, one morning, to dislike the placing of his bed, and told his wife he would have it removed to the other side of the room. She laughed at the caprice, and represented to him how preposterous such a change would be according to the position of the chamber: he vouchsafed not to argue with her, but said he would have it so. It is possible she thought no more of it; but he, however, when he went out called on an upholsterer, and ordered him to go to his house and take down such a bed, and put it up again as he directed. I happened to be there when the man came; the lady was extremely surprised, and said she could not have imagined her husband would have persisted in so odd a fancy; that she was sorry he had given him the trouble of coming, but could not consent, by any means, that the bed should be removed; as it would not only be ugly, but extremely incommodious; and appealed to his opinion, which he readily gave on her side the question, and took his leave.

My friend came home soon after, and when he had paid his compliments to me, went into his bed-chamber, I suppose to see if his orders had been complied with; and finding they were not, returned with a good deal of discomposure in his looks, "What is the meaning of this, madam!" said he to his wife, "did not the fellow come to take down the bed!" "Yes," replied she, "but I sent him away again. I am sure if it had been done you would not have endured to lie in it, as the door opens close to the one side, and there would be scarce room to pass on the other." "I should have been the best judge", resumed he, "when I had seen the alteration made; but if there were a thousand inconveniencies you knew it was my will it should be so; and sure I ought to be master of my own house." "If you were resolved to be sole master," cried she, blushing with indignation, "you should not have taken a mistress." "Nor should you have taken a husband", retorted he, "till you had been better instructed in your duty."

"Duty!" cried she impatiently. "Yes, madam," replied he, with no less eagerness, "Duty! When I made you mistress over my family I never intended to make you mistress over myself. The best quality a wife can be possessed of is her obedience to the commands of her husband; and you ought to have known, that after marriage it would not be your province to dispute, but to submit to whatever I should think fit to enjoin."

I could perceive by her looks that she was about to make some answer which would not be very agreeable to his present humour, therefore, to prevent his hearing it, I took him into the bed-chamber under pretence of giving my opinion concerning the motive of their present contest. I spared no arguments to make him sensible how much his lady was in the right, and how extremely improper the alteration he proposed would have been. I easily saw he was convinced of this himself, though he would not in plain terms acknowledge it, and only said, that how improper soever the thing would have appeared, his wife ought to have complied with it.

The debate, however, might possibly have ended here, if on our return she had not begun to reproach him for the manner in which he treated her. He told her, he would always maintain the authority of a husband; and she as stubbornly replied, she never would submit to it; and this, by degrees, drew on the most bitter altercations. At last she flew out of the room ready to burst with rage; I followed, and endeavoured to persuade her that with a man of his temper softness was the only way to conquer; but she would listen to nothing I said upon that score; I then went back to him, and urged all the reasons I could think of to prevail on him, for the sake of peace, to be more moderate in the exertion of his authority as a husband; to which he replied, with a disdainful smile, That he would be no woman's fool; that he knew what he had to do, and was only sorry she had so proud a spirit, because it would give him the more pains to humble it.

Finding the good offices I had interposed had so little effect, either on the one or the other, I took my leave, full of forebodings of what would be the consequence of a marriage between two persons whose humours were so ill suited.

This was, indeed, the first, but not the last quarrel which the unhappy pair had on the subject of that superiority so stiffly asserted by the one, and so resolutely denied by the other. Their life together was an almost continual scene of dissension, till tired with the tyranny of a husband, she flew to the embraces of a lover, with whom she went to Paris, and still resides there.

This, or something as bad, will ever be the event, when two persons linked together in the bands of love and amity, instead of mutually pursuing that regular course for which they were united, endeavour to run counter, and struggle with each other for the mastery.

No one is more sensible of the duty of a wife than myself; and I believe those who shall read my admonitions to the ladies on that score, will not accuse me of any partiality to the sex:—they must be allowed to have their passions as well as the men, and why should it be expected that they are better able to subdue them? I think I do no more than justice when I say, that though they may have a certain pride and vanity, which renders them impatient of control, yet there is a softness and generosity, generally speaking, in their natures, which makes them better pleased to oblige than to offend; and they will do many things through love, which they would never be subjected to through fear.

I am pretty confident that the disobedience so much complained of in wives, is in a great measure, if not chiefly, owing to the too great authority assumed by the husband. I have known a man find fault with his wife for doing the very things he wanted to have done, merely because she had not waited to receive his commands for that purpose; and I have known a woman refuse to do what most her inclination led her to, only because commanded in an improper manner.

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How absurd is it, therefore, in a man to indulge a propensity, which, by making him aim at attracting a greater share of homage than he has a right to expect, robs him of all which is really his due, and he would otherwise receive;—utterly destroys his own happiness, and that of the woman whom he is bound to love; and, in fine, perverts every end for which marriage was ordained?

SECT. II.

A method which, if observed by a Husband on his first marriage, may contribute towards making him live happily afterwards with his Wife.

Though I can ill endure to see a man treat his wife in an imperious and domineering manner, yet I am as far removed from wishing to see him too subservient. In this, as in most other things, the golden mean should be observed; nor will a prudent woman, how much soever idolized before marriage, expect, or even desire, the same fawning submissions afterwards; for that would be to destroy all the freedom and sincerity which makes a great part of the happiness of that state.

Whatever superiority in fact may be the husband's due, he ought to carry it as if he knew it not himself; the injunctions he lays upon his wife should have the show rather of requests than commands; and in case of any opposition on her part, it is by arguments, not by compulsion, he should bring her over to his way of thinking.

But then, on the other hand, I would never have a man suffer himself to be led, by the insinuations of a beloved wife, to act in any way contrary to his honour, his reputation, or his interest; never compliment her humour at the expense of his own understanding, nor behave towards her in such a manner as might give her room to flatter herself she had gained such an ascendancy over him.

A woman must be endowed with an uncommon share of wisdom, a true sense of her duty, and what was owing from her both to herself and husband, who by such a method of proceeding would not be entirely spoiled; One of weaker intellects would be so intoxicated with her power as to stop at nothing which vanity or caprice could suggest.

It is certain, whatever the ladies may pretend, that no woman really expects to do everything she pleases after she becomes a wife; that husband therefore, who has the address to set bounds to her inclination, without seeming to do so, has much the fairest chance for happiness in marriage.

If there were a possibility for us to look into the secret sources of those disagreements which happen between married people, I dare believe we should find them rise not so much from the vices or ill qualities either of the one or the other, as from some little oddities of humour, which if not well attended to are apt to occasion mistakes in conduct, frequently fatal to the peace of both parties.

Most of the irregularities of our lives being owing to want of thought and a due examination of ourselves, no man of sense, and who desires to act well, will neglect so great a point; and I cannot help being of opinion, that, as a wife is a second self, it is equally necessary for a husband to penetrate, as far as he is able, into the recesses of her heart, to the end he may, by gentle means, for no other will befit his purpose, root out thence every lurking foible which might impede their mutual happiness.

When a husband, by the strength of his judgment, his virtue, and his assiduity, is able to correct not only his own frailties, but also to wean his wife from those to which she may be addicted, then will the sacred ends of matrimony be fulfilled, then

will two persons, indeed, be actuated but by one soul, their minds, their actions sweetly correspond with each other, then may the words of Mr. Waller be justly applied to such a couple:

*Not the silver doves that fly,
Yoked in Cytherus' car;
Not the wings that soar so high,
And convey her sons so far,
With more kind consent do move,
Or do more ennoble love.*

Let no one imagine I am presenting a child of my own brain, a mere visionary impracticable scheme. What I propose may doubtless be accomplished, and I more than believe has been proved in some instances I could mention; the very attempt, however, is laudable, and well worthy of a husband's pains, and I dare answer, that he who sets himself seriously about it will find his account in a more or less degree.

It has often seemed strange to me, that a man should be so assiduous in gaining the affection of a woman before he marries her, and become afterwards so neglectful of the means either to preserve that affection, or to direct it in such a manner of behaviour as can alone render it a real and substantial blessing.

Methinks a husband would do well, very soon after the object of his wishes loses the name of bride in that of wife, to begin to treat her exactly in the same fashion he resolves to do during his whole life; the submissions and adulations of a lover should be thrown aside, but all the tenderness remain. He should not, by any word, look, or gesture, give her the least reason either to hope he would be her slave, or to fear he intended to become her master; he ought early to make her well acquainted with everything he expected from her, and what she had to expect from him; but he must be very careful to do this in such terms as shall make her rather pleased than offended at it.

Suppose, when they were alone together, he takes an opportunity of entertaining her in these or the like terms:

"I am now, my dear, as happy as my utmost wish could make me; possessed of all I ever did or ever can love; the tender assurances you have given me make me confident you are not dissatisfied with the change of your condition; it depends not on one, but both of us, to render the felicity we now enjoy as lasting as it is great; the union into which we have entered leaves us no separate interests, no divided inclinations; our honour, or fortunes, are the same; whatever is mine is yours, and whatever is yours is mine; nothing can happen to either of us without the other being equally affected; like the twin stars in the zodiac, we must move together or be lost in darkness. I doubt not, my dear, but you have considered this as well as I, and will do everything on your part to promote our mutual welfare, as I shall never fail to do on mine."

After some such sort of prelude as this, he may venture to proceed, according as their station and circumstances are, to the particulars of what he thinks necessary for her to perform; this manner of talking to her may perhaps have more effect upon her than the promise she made at the altar; as there are too many who repeat the words of that binding ceremony without considering what they are about, or ever thinking of it afterwards, her answers at least will enable him to judge the real dispositions of her mind, and that knowledge direct him how to fashion his future conduct towards her.

SECT. III.

How far a Wife ought to be entrusted with the Secrets of her Husband in whatever regards the circumstances of his Fortune.

A wife being the sharer in the fortune of her husband, whether it proved good or bad, has an undoubted right to be made acquainted with the whole truth of his affairs, nor ought he by any means to go about to conceal or disguise from her the least part of them, but with the keys of his cabinets, give her also those of his circumstances.

If it should so happen that he labours under any disadvantages or embarrassments, which the fears of losing her may have made him hide from her before marriage, they should all be laid open afterwards, and the sooner he does this the better, she must know them some time or other; and what time so proper to obtain her forgiveness as when their loves are at their height, and the bridal kiss not yet worn off their lips?

Besides the confidence this will give her in his love and honour, it will save him abundance of needless excuses for avoiding many things too expensive for him to afford, but which she might probably expect while she believed him in more easy circumstances.

I know very well that there are many men, who, through the apprehensions that such an *éclaircissement* would occasion a quarrel, delay making it as long as they can; according to the old adage, they are willing to put off the evil day; but, in my opinion, this is extremely impolitic; in spite of the precautions and pretences he can make use of there is no possibility of concealing such things from a wife; she will find them out by degrees, and every fresh discovery will rise to fresh upbraidings.

I cannot, indeed, promise that every woman would support, with all the meekness her husband might wish, the first intelligence of a deception of such a kind had been put upon her; but of this I am certain, that she would resent it less if coming from his mouth than from that of any other person; especially as he might find means to soften the shock, by protesting to her, that nothing could have made him guilty of concealing anything from her, but the fears he had that the knowledge of his misfortune might make him seem less worthy of her affection.

If I know anything of womankind, and sure I think I do, they are easily brought to pardon whatever is instigated by love, their darling passion;—the motive, with them, gives a sanction to the crime; as the poet very truly says,

The faults of love by love are justified.

It is in the power of a man to reconcile a woman, who tenderly loves him, to almost anything;—but then he must attempt it by flattery and soft persuasion; and in the case I mention a little exaggeration of his passion is excusable.

I would not by this be understood to recommend dissimulation; no, I detest the mean ungenerous vice, and heartily condemn all who make a practice of it; but I hope, and take it for granted, that no man becomes a husband without having some affection for the woman he makes his wife; and if, in the point I am speaking of, he somewhat

magnifies, and represents the real tenderness he has for her in the most passionate terms he can invent, I think it cannot be imputed to him as a crime, since it is no more than what he doubtless did before marriage, and what I am pretty well assured all men do in their days of courtship.

When there are no concealments before marriage, all this is happily prevented; it would be needless therefore to say any more upon the subject, and I shall only add a word or two concerning secrets, which may possibly be reposed by some friend in the breast of a husband, and have no manner of relation to his own affairs.

If I have so good an opinion of a man as to entrust him with the keeping of my cash, I should take it very ill of him if he lent it out, or converted it to any other uses, without my privity or consent. Of how much more value then, and great consequence, may sometimes a secret be? No moral obligation ought to be held so sacred, nor is there anything so base as the abuse of such a confidence.

As I believe that no one will offer any arguments to confute this assertion, I shall make no scruple to tell every husband, that as little as I can excuse him from maintaining any reserve towards his wife in matters relating only to himself, I should as little excuse him for complimenting her curiosity with what is none of his own to give; nor has she, indeed, any reason to expect, or to desire such a thing; and he would be guilty of the greatest weakness and ungenerosity to comply with her request, even though she should press it in the most strenuous and pathetic terms.

Let not the vain pert coxcombs of the age, who lay out all their little stock of wit in ridiculing womankind, imagine I have given them a fresh opportunity to exert their talents; nor let the ladies infer from what I have said, that I look upon them as incapable of keeping a secret; for I am very well convinced, that there are a great many of the sex who would not be tempted, by any consideration whatever, to divulge what had been once intrusted to them. All women, however, have not this happy gift of taciturnity; and I must here beg leave to make this observation, that those who are in reality possessed of it, will be too just and too discreet to urge their husbands to a thing which they would not be guilty of themselves.

The intention of these sheets being to promote a lasting happiness in marriage, as far as is in the power of the little hints I am able to give, by showing a husband both what he ought and what he ought not to do, in order to contribute all he can for that end, I should have thought my remonstrances very imperfect without warning him against making his wife a confidante in such things, which, if disclosed by her in any unguarded moment, might prove fatal to all future harmony between them.

SECT. IV.

Interfering too much in those things which properly are under the direction of a Wife.

Before I enter on any discourse on this subject, I think it highly necessary to examine a little into the merits of the cause, to the end no husband may imagine he has reason to accuse me of partiality in what I am about to say.

The virgin is no sooner made a bride than she is put in possession of her husband's house; the keys of everything in it are immediately delivered into her hands; all the servants, except where there is a *valet de chambre* or an apprentice, are henceforward to receive their orders from her, and to be continued in the family or discharged according to her pleasure: in fine, the whole management and direction of domestic affairs are committed to her care.

Nor does she look upon all this as a delegated authority, but as a lawful right to which marriage has entitled her, and is, generally speaking, more tenacious of it than of any other privilege whatsoever: a husband therefore, who has any regard for the peace of his family, or living in amity with his wife, will never attempt to break in on so darling a point.

Besides, women, both by nature and education, are best fitted for the management of household affairs, it is properly their province, reason as well as custom establishes them in it; and in my opinion, a man who pretends to pry into the business of his kitchen or laundry, makes as awkward a figure as a woman would do in a fencing-school or a tennis-court.

Here occurs to my remembrance a passage I formerly read in one of our old poets, I think it was Michael Drayton, which, though written on a quite different occasion, is perfectly applicable to this I am speaking of; the words are these:

*Each in their own appointed spheres should move,
When either, from those bounds, attempt to rove,
There ends all concord, harmony, and love.*

Among the number of my readers, I do not doubt but that there are very many husbands who will be greatly offended on the score of this article, and be apt to exclaim against me in the following manner, or something like it:

"The author of this book must certainly be a fool; the advice it contains is very fine truly, and worthy of being observed by all husbands who would be chronicled for tame suffering asses. According to the rules here prescribed, I must see the best apartment in my house converted into a jakes,—the floor stinking with grease,—the walls covered with cobwebs,—the furniture rotting with dust,—my table poorly and injudiciously supplied,—the provisions ill cooked and worse decorated,—my servants wasting their time I so largely pay them for, either in romping with each other at home, or in gadding perpetually abroad,—the most shameful neglect of decency and good order in everything about me; yet all this I must submit to bear,—be entirely passive, and find no fault because it is my wife who has the direction and management of these things."

All this, and much more, it is possible, may be said, yet I am not without hope of reconciling myself to these angry gentlemen, if they vouchsafe to keep me company a little further.

If the abovementioned accusations, or indeed any part of them, have their foundation on truth, I cannot think a husband, who thus greatly suffers, is bound, either by love or complaisance, to feign a contentment he is far from feeling; as he had a right to tell his wife what he expected from her, so he has also a right to reprove her when neglecting to comply with his reasonable injunctions; but then I would have him do this with mildness, gently remonstrating to her how much her character suffers by her indolence, and entreating that for her own sake, as well as for his ease and peace of mind, she will hereafter preserve a better regulation in the family.

If this method should fail of success, and she either becomes outrageous and impatient on being reprimanded, or continues in her former remissness, he then doubtless may, and, according to my opinion, ought to take from her that power she has made so ill an use of, and give the charge of his domestic affairs to some person better qualified for that purpose, leaving to his neglectful wife only the name of mistress.

I flatter myself, however, that even in these times, when being the first in every new fashion, living more abroad than at home, gaming and midnight revelling, are more like the characteristics of a fine lady than modesty, sobriety, and economy, there will not be many instances found to justify a husband's proceeding in this manner.

But it is not to those husbands who may unhappily meet with these or the like provocations that I direct this discourse; but to those who being married to women every way qualified and ready to discharge the trust reposed in them, yet by an odd propensity in nature are led to intermeddle with things quite out of their sphere, and indeed below the dignity of a man to concern himself with.

When a man takes it into his head to be present at the hiring of a new servant-maid,—questions her on what she is able to do,—cavils with her on the article of afternoon tea, and going out every other Sunday to visit an old aunt or cousin,—is always running into his kitchen while the victuals are dressing,—ordering how the sauces shall be made,—giving directions concerning the stirring of the fire, so as to render it either concave or convex, according as he thinks the meat to be roasted or boiled requires,—enters into a learned dissertation on nutmegs, and whether they are best pounded in a mortar or grated, for mince-pies, and a thousand other discourses of the same nature:—I say, when a man gives himself this unbecoming trouble, he is sure of being laughed at by his servants, and seldom fails of being despised by his wife.

I shall close what I have to say upon this head with a little incident, the truth of which I can aver: A smart young lady of my acquaintance happened to be married to a gentleman of the cast I am speaking of; she soon perceived this humour in him, and resolved to break him of it, if possible, by fair means. The method she took was this: One day when she caught him haranguing in the kitchen, she said nothing but went directly into the stable, where she entered into a conversation with the groom on the management of horses.

The husband soon after missing her, and being told where she was gone, was a little surprised, and immediately followed her, "What has brought you hither, my

dear," cried he. "I should not have wondered if anyone except yourself had asked that question," replied she, with a smile; "but I cannot help thinking that I make as good a figure in the stable as you do in the kitchen; and that it becomes me full as well to enquire how many oats your horse eats in a week, as for you to examine how many eggs I order my maid to put into a pudding."

Conscious of the justice of this repartee, and sensibly touched with it, he blushed, hung down his head, but had not power to speak a word: she saw the effect of what she had said, and resumed her discourse, with the same sprightliness and good-humour she had begun, "Lookye, my dear," said she, "I either am or am not qualified for the management of your domestic affairs. If I am, I beg you will leave them entirely to me; if I am not, let us change sides, do you take upon you what is commonly the province of a wife, and I will endeavour to learn that of a husband; for it would be too much for you to undergo the fatigue of both."

I am told it was some time before he could recover himself enough to make any answer, but when he did so, it was in terms highly satisfactory to her, assuring her he was both convinced and ashamed of the folly of his past conduct, and that he would never more interfere with things so unbecoming his character.

I sincerely wish that all husbands, guilty of the same error, may be cured of it with the same ease; since there are very few things more pernicious to the peace of a family than this, when too far indulged.

SECT. V.

Drinking to an excess, and some other particulars which may happen to be disagreeable to a Wife.

A drunkard is, I think, according to the common acceptation of the word, one who devotes himself entirely to his bottle or his pot, makes drinking the greatest part of his business, as it is his only pleasure; and if he chances to go sober to bed one night, regrets his loss of time, and complains that his evening has been murdered. Persons of this character I look upon as incorrigible, but by the hand of Heaven, and not to be reclaimed without a miracle.

I have nothing therefore to say to such sort of men; nor is it so much the vices, as the follies and inadvertencies into which human nature is liable to fall, that these admonitions are intended to reform. A man may be seen in a condition such as discovers him to have drank too much, yet ought not to incur the appellation of a sot or drunkard:—a day of extraordinary rejoicings, for some public or private benefit;—the over-persuasion of too hospitable friends;—an obligation to meet people on business at a tavern;—a thousand accidents may sometimes happen to draw one of the most regular way of life and temperate inclinations, into an error of this kind; for which he will afterwards pass a more severe censure on himself than he can possibly deserve from others.

But as it has often been proved, that by one unlucky turn a person shall forfeit all the reputation he has for years been labouring to acquire; and nothing is more apt to excite disgust in a woman of delicacy, than to see the man she loves transformed like one of Circe's swine; I would have every husband avoid the presence of his wife while he is in a state which will not only render him contemptible to her at that time, but the remembrance of which may also utterly erase all the affection and respect she before had for him.

It may be objected that this is a thing very difficult, and almost impracticable; because when the head of a man is made giddy with the fumes of liquor, he has not the use of his reason enough to make him know it would best become him to retire; and on the contrary, he is, for the most part, more desirous of showing himself than usual. This, indeed, is very certain, and I know but of one method to avoid it; which, for the advantage of my married readers, I shall relate as it was first thought on by a gentleman of an allowed good understanding, and I believe is practised by him to this very hour.

Soon after his marriage with a lady, whom he long had most passionately loved, and who is worthy of all the tenderness he has for her, he called his servant to him, and having made him shut the door, spoke to him in the following manner:

"Tom," said he, "you know I hate drinking, but such things will sometimes happen; I would not, however, for the world be seen by my wife in that condition; I desire therefore, that whenever you find me in it you will show me into a chamber apart from her, and make some excuse to her for my choosing to sleep alone that night: if I should prove refractory, as there is no answering for oneself when deprived of the use of right reason, I strictly charge and command you to have recourse to force;—how angry soever I may then be, I will not fail to thank you for it in the morning."

The fellow stared, and knew not what answer to make to so strange an injunction; but his master insisted on the performance, repeated what he had said before, and added, with a smile, "Never fear, Tom, how roughly soever you may find yourself obliged to handle me, you may depend that I will not only forgive, but likewise reward you for it." On which Tom, perceiving he was in earnest, assured him of his obedience.

It was not long before an opportunity arrived to prove both his duty and address in this point: the gentleman had been persuaded by some friends to go to a city-feast, and was brought home very much disordered. Tom followed the directions which had been given him, and compelled him to go into a chamber which he had caused to be made ready in case there should be any occasion for it; and having put him into bed, went to his lady and told her that his master begged to be excused sleeping with her that night on account of a violent head-ache. "Oh!" cried she, "I have some drops which are very excellent for expelling that pain; I will go and apply them to his temples." She was turning toward her closet in order to fetch the drops, but he stopped her by saying that his master was just fallen into a slumber, but that he would watch by him all night, and if he found, on his waking, that there was any need of her assistance, would knock at her chamber door and give her notice.

The gentleman was very well pleased the next morning on hearing how the affair had been conducted, and did not forget the promise he had made to Tom: he never intended, however, to keep it a secret from his wife; he was not afraid she should know of his having drank a little too much, but loth she should see him in that condition: he told her the whole story as they sat at breakfast, at which she laughed very heartily, and was highly satisfied within herself, taking this action, as it was really meant, a proof of his respect for her.

This free confession of the whole truth prevented her from being alarmed when at any time he chose to sleep alone on account of the headache, and from ever being witness of any of those follies or indecencies he might possibly be guilty of during the absence of his reason; so that what might otherwise have been likely to create open clamours, and perhaps secret disgust, was, by this happy stratagem, converted into pleasantry and good-humour.

How widely different was this conduct from that of a certain nobleman, who having promised to sup one night with some friends, and not coming till they were almost ready to separate, made this polite apology to one of them who reproached him for his tardiness, "Faith," said he, "it never came into my head till just now; I got drunk after dinner, was carried home, run my chairman through the arm for his sauciness, kicked my footman down stairs, threw my wife into fits, and just then remembering my engagement with you, left the house in an uproar, and came directly away."

A man who knows himself liable to commit such extravagances ought, doubtless, to take all the measures he can to keep them from the sight of everyone; but much more of his wife, whose love and esteem it so much concerns him to preserve, even though he should unhappily have no proportionate regard for her.

There are also other particulars, which though of much less importance, may chance to be equally disagreeable to some very nice lady; such as smoking, or chewing tobacco; or even taking snuff, especially in bed, a custom too frequently put

in practice, though a thing dirty in itself, and extremely offensive to those who are obliged to sleep with them.

I know very well that none of these things, when once become habitual, are easily thrown off, and am afraid there are not many husbands who would be willing to indulge the humour of their wives with such a piece of self-denial: indeed I scarce dare offer my advice in this point; because their compliance might be too severe a mortification, and give a sourness to their behaviour, of yet worse consequence in other respects.

A man, however, who finds his wife has an aversion to the smell of tobacco, may, I think, without much difficulty, avoid letting her ever see him with a pipe in his mouth; he may order some nook or corner in his house to be set apart, to which he may retire when inclination prompts him to enjoy that favourite amusement, and having taken as much of it as he thinks fit, there are various sorts of comfits, which, if swallowed, will entirely purify his breath from the late fumes.

The same method may be observed in chewing of tobacco; and as for taking it in snuff, the most effectual one I can propose, is to make her a present of some fine well fancied curious snuff-box, which if he does, I dare wager the odds of an hundred against one, that the vanity of showing that toy wherever she goes, will, by degrees, make the powder contained in it not only familiar, but also pleasing to her.

If a husband will give himself the pains to consider seriously that his honour and reputation are entirely in the keeping of his wife, and must be established or ruined by her conduct;—that his fortune, in a great measure, depends upon her prudence and economy; and his own peace and that of his family, on her cheerfulness and affability, he will not think that even greater condescensions than those I have mentioned would be too much to keep her in good-humour, and root in her heart that affection for him, which alone can secure all that either is or ought to be valuable to a husband, as I remember to have read in the tag of an old Spanish comedy,

*Would you preserve the fair one just and kind,
Be sure to clap a padlock on her mind.*

Certain it is, that though an exalted virtue, and such a one it must be in a wife, may make her patient, faithful, obliging, diligent, and obedient: in fine, make her neglect nothing that can be required from her station and character; yet without love, whatever she does will appear faint, languid, and spiritless; she will be incapable either of giving or receiving any pleasure in the performance of her duty; so absolutely necessary to the true end of marriage is that passion; and so much is it the interest of every husband to cherish it, both in himself and the woman to whom he is united, according to the words of a celebrated author of our own nation, who was himself well acquainted with the force of love, and on all occasions is very emphatic on the subject:

*Love quickens duty, gives our cares delight,
Makes happy days more joyous, and more bright,
And spreads a sunbeam through afflictions night.*

But I believe there is no need of any quotations to prove the truth of this assertion, else I could bring many from the same learned author; the little knowledge I have of human nature is sufficient to inform me, that there is no one person so little sensible of the tender passion as not to allow that with it all things are agreeable, and that without it nothing can be truly so. Cultivate it therefore in your wives, O all ye

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husbands, it is the first and greatest point you have to aim at in marriage, as it is the only one which, in fact, has the power of conferring on either of the persons united in that sacred state any degree of sincere and permanent felicity.

SECT. VI.

*The manner in which a Husband ought to behave towards his
Wife in public Company.*

There is so very little to be said on this subject, that many of my readers may be apt to question whether it deserved to be mentioned at all; and, indeed, there is great probability that it would have found no place among these admonitions, if the complaints of some ladies had not prevailed on me to think that without it my design in this work would have been incomplete.

In compliance, therefore, with requests, which with me have all the force of commands, I shall take the liberty of reminding husbands in what manner it will best become them to behave towards their wives, whenever they go abroad together, or mix in any public assemblies.

A woman, when made a wife, cannot presently forget the homage paid to her by the man who is now her husband; she thinks it hard to descend at once from the goddess to the mere mortal; and if she has too much sense to expect the same adoration as before, she has at least a just title to respect and complaisance; and where these are denied her, it must be allowed by all unprejudiced persons, that she has great reason to complain.

Indeed it is in my power to mention a husband, of some distinction too, who on his first going abroad with his new-married lady, either stood staring up to the firmament, or on any objects who happened to pass by, and neglected to give his hand to help her into the coach. I have also happened, more than once, to visit at the same places and times they did, and have observed, that whenever she opened her mouth to speak he began to talk as loud and as fast as he could, as if he thought nothing she was capable of uttering was worthy the attention of the company; though I do no more than justice to that lady when I apply to her these words of the poet:

*Whene'er she speaks, 'tis with so good a grace,
That nothing but her wit can charm beyond it.*

A woman of pride and spirit can ill endure a slight from the man on whom she has bestowed herself, but least of all when it is given in public; especially if in the presence of any of the young gigglers of her acquaintance, who will no sooner get out of her sight than they will be apt to say to one another, "Lord what a change is here! Did you mind how the man treats her now she is his wife! Well, he certainly has not found all the charms in her he expected! I thought, indeed, what all the mighty passion he pretended to would end in at last; I suppose now her vanity is sufficiently mortified. If he uses her so abroad, what will he do at home!"

These little spiteful reflections may possibly, by some officious person, be conveyed to her ears; and then 'tis well, if instead of loving, she does not hate the man who has given occasion for them to be made.

The greatest familiarity ought not to destroy good manners, nor will it have any such effect, except amongst the very lowest sort of people, or those who, though of a high rank, affect to despise all decency in everything, and take it into their heads to imagine that a careless, rough, and even bully-like behaviour, looks manly in them; some such vulgar great ones I am told there are,—but I hope not many.

But besides the ungenerosity and ingratitude of the thing, there seems to me to be something strangely impolitic in this;—when a man is seen to treat that woman with disregard after marriage, whom before he never approached or spoke of but with the highest respect and veneration, it looks, methinks, as if her value was lessened by being made his wife; and consequently such a conduct in a husband must very much diminish, instead of magnifying, his own character.

A truly wise man will always be sensible, that honouring his wife is doing honour to himself; and that every affront offered to her is, in effect, an equal indignity to him:—this, therefore, is a motive which, if instigated by no other, will most certainly make him forbear giving, by his own example, encouragement to anyone else to behave towards her with ill manners.

But as I cannot be persuaded to believe, that the indifference which some men show to their wives in public proceeds from any real dislike or contempt of their persons, as the ladies are apt to suspect, but merely from carelessness, and that which is, indeed, the source of most errors, want of thought, I would fain have every husband give a little attention to this point, on which depends more than, without a serious reflection on it, he may be able to conceive.

I would not have anyone suppose, from what I have said, that I am endeavouring to recommend to any husband the obsequiousness of Lord Supple, who, whenever his wife goes out in a chair, walks by the side of it with his hand in hers during the whole time, diligently watches her every motion, and on her offering to stir from one part of the room to another, starts from his seat and flies to assist her cross the floor; in the midst of company talks chiefly to her, will toast no other health, and if by chance he advances any position in conversation, never fails to close his discourse without turning to her, and crying, with a low bow, "Do you not think as I do, madam? Am I not in the right?" To which she replies with a gracious nod, "Oh yes, my lord, your lordship can never be in the wrong." This is a behaviour which renders both of them equally ridiculous wherever they come; and if her ladyship had a little less share of vanity, and a greater of understanding, she would be quite ashamed of and condemn him for.

In fine, no reader of common sense need be told, that extremes are to be avoided in this, as in all other cases; a husband ought, doubtless, to treat his wife with a decent respect, blended with an air of tenderness, which may show the world he is perfectly satisfied with his choice; more than this no prudent woman will either desire or expect.

SECT. VII.

Some measures to be taken by a Husband in private life, which will seldom fail of very much endearing him to the affection of his Wife, and consequently promote their mutual happiness.

Though to find herself treated with respect by her husband in public may gratify the pride of a wife, yet if his behaviour in private towards her does not in some measure correspond, it will never be sufficient either to convince her of his affection, or to establish a lasting one in her.

I shall therefore give a few hints, which I am pretty certain every husband, who wishes to live well with the woman he has married, will not only think fit to make use of, but also find his account in it, so far as to oblige him to thank me for it sincerely.

A good husband will doubtless be extremely pleased when he has his wife abroad with him, when he shares in her visits, makes one in her parties of pleasure, and partakes of her diversions; yet will his satisfaction be still greater if, when he has her to himself at home, and he is at full liberty to commune with her as with his own heart,—to talk freely to her on their own affairs, and on those of the world,—to join together in praising the virtues of some of their acquaintance, and in pitying the frailties of others. To enjoy this felicity, he will live in his own house as much as his station and circumstances will permit him to do.

Such a husband, whenever he finds himself detained abroad by business, or any other accident, longer than usual, or than his wife expected, will never return empty-handed; he will bring with him some fine fruit, a paper of sweetmeats, or some curious new-fashioned toy, as an ornament for her hair or breast, in order to show that though absent in person she is always present to his mind.

If he rides, or walks out to take the air, he will make choice of the morning, not only because it is the most proper time for those exercises, but also because she is then most busied in her domestic affairs, and will the least want his company.

When he finds her about to set herself down to any needlework in an afternoon, he will presently run to his study and fetch some book to read to her; and when both begin to grow weary of their several avocations, persuade her, by way of relaxation, to go with him to someone or other of those numerous entertainments with which this town abounds; what they happen to see there will furnish them, on their coming home, with fresh matter for conversation till the time of their going to bed, where possessed only with soft and composed thoughts, sleep will present them with ideas no less agreeable than their waking moments. Who would not envy such a life? What man so stupid as not to do everything in his power to obtain it?

I am not ignorant that there are many men who will tell me, I argue upon a mere supposition that the happiness of marriage depended entirely on the husband; they will say that there are women of such inflexible and obdurate tempers as not to be melted into good-nature by all the proofs of tenderness I can invent; women who are too proud to be obliged, think everything that can be done for them is no more than their due; and that they have a right to expect greater condescensions than are consistent with prudence or the dignity of a husband's character to make.

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To these objections I reply, that I do not pretend to say the happiness of a married state depends entirely on the conduct of the husband, but on a coalition of mind, a perfect concurrence and parity of sentiment in both parties: this is a thing which, I am sorry to observe, very rarely happens; but then I must take the liberty of adding, that I am pretty confident we should much more often see it, and that for one couple we find live in harmony together, we might congratulate a thousand, if husbands would take proper measures for that purpose.

I am also ready to confess, that there are some women of such obstinate and untoward dispositions as to take pleasure in seeming to be pleased with nothing; yet even these may be led, though not driven; a little soothing, a little humouring of the foibles on the husband's part, may, by degrees, render them somewhat more tractable, and perhaps, in time, convert all their sourness into sweetness; the confectioners will tell you, that the more acidity the fruit has in it the greater quantity of sugar is required. Certainly therefore, where the meal is to last for life, a man ought to use his utmost endeavours to make it as palatable as he can.

Women, however, speaking in the general, for there is no rule without some exceptions, are by nature soft, gentle, and apt to receive almost any impression given them by the man they love; sure then it is the business of every husband, as soon as he becomes so, to improve, by a tender and endearing behaviour, the affection his wife had before marriage;—this is the most effectual, and indeed the only means which can give him any reasonable expectation that she will endeavour to be in reality what she find he wishes she should be.

I believe no one will deny but that this experiment is well worth the pains it will cost, as in making it a husband does no more than what he is bound to do, both by divine and human laws, and is an effort which, if crowned with success, will render his whole life happy; in case of failing, afford him the consolation of knowing he is not unhappy through his own neglect.

If any husband, on reading these admonitions, should accuse his wife of pride, vanity, affectation, peevishness, extravagance, or any other folly or vice she may be guilty of, and say, that it is impossible to behave towards such a woman with any degree of tenderness, or even with common complaisance, I would ask him, where is that superiority of wisdom which man so loudly boasts of, if it cannot enable him to look on the frailties of the weaker vessel rather with pity than contempt or indignation, and likewise make him take a pleasure in attempting to reform what is amiss?

To conclude,—though it must be acknowledged that there are some women whose humours are not very easy to be endured, and less easy to be reclaimed, yet it is my firm opinion that the number of bad wives would be much fewer than they are, if there were more good husbands.

SECT. VIII.

The folly of a Husband in using too much freedom in his Wife's presence with any of her female acquaintance.

As I would have nothing wanting in this work that may any way contribute to restore marriage to its former dignity, and render the persons united in that state as truly happy as Heaven first intended, I must not omit the mention of one circumstance in the behaviour of a husband, which, how trivial soever it may seem, and indeed is in itself, has, to my certain knowledge, been the occasion of much secret discontent, and sometimes of an open rupture;—it is this:

Nothing is more common than for men to indulge themselves in an idle foolish custom of playing and toying with every woman they come in company with, and this in mere bagatelle, and without any inclination to her person, or view to a further intimacy; yet these freedoms, how innocent soever they may be, are seldom pleasing to a wife; and if often repeated to the same woman, may, perhaps, in time, fill her with very unquiet and jealous apprehensions.

Either her love or her pride may possibly alarm her; both these are very tenacious passions whenever they get dominion of the mind; the former of them may render her envious of every kiss, every touch, bestowed on another by the man she wishes wholly to engross; the latter will make her look on such a behaviour as an indignity to herself, and possibly resent it accordingly.

Some women, indeed, affect to be above regarding these things, and to show she is so, will join in what they call a game of romps; but then it frequently costs her many bitten lips and an aching heart.

Various instances of this kind have come to my knowledge; but there was one which above all dwells upon my mind, not only as I was an eye-witness of, but also because I had the good fortune to be instrumental in preventing a very bad effect just ready to be brought to pass.

On a trip I was once taking to France, an accident happened to detain me for some days at Dover, where remembering that an old acquaintance, an officer of the customs, was settled with his family in that town, I would not lose the opportunity I then had of seeing them. I easily informed myself where they lodged, and accordingly went to make them a visit. On my asking if Mr. or Mrs. ***** were at home, the maid who opened the door told me they were both at home; but added, she did not know whether they would see company or not. This a little surprised me, as I did not think them of a station to make use of such formalities; I took no notice, however, but bid her let them know my name, and that I was below.

She did as I desired, and presently returned to show me into the dining-room; where, on my entrance, I beheld a scene truly pity-moving: Mr. ***** stood in a fixed posture, his arms folded, and a countenance in which it was hard to say whether rage or grief was most predominant: his wife sat in one corner of the room, exactly like the picture of Niobe before turned into a stone, her eyes half drowned in tears, distraction in her face, and every token of despair about her; her three little daughters, the eldest of whom was not above nine years old, all of them in travelling habits clinging upon her knees and crying bitterly. She rose to meet me, and would have

spoken if sobs had not choked the passage of her words. He, having somewhat more presence of mind, welcomed me to Dover; but subjoined with a deep sigh, "You find us in a very unfit condition to receive you." To which I replied, "I am sorry to see you in this confusion; I hope you have not lost your employment, but rather are to be removed to some other part; for I perceive Mrs. ***** and the children are already equipped for a journey."

He was opening his mouth to make some answer, but Mrs. ***** had now recovered the use of her voice, and immediately taking up the words cried out, "No, he may stay at Dover, and pursue his shameful pleasures, till Heaven shall send some heavy vengeance on him; but it is I, unhappy I, and my poor helpless babes, who must remove for ever from the sight of a base ungrateful man, who no longer has any regard either for them or me."

The amazement I appeared in, and which, indeed, I neither could nor endeavoured to conceal, on hearing her speak in this manner, very much disconcerted Mr. *****; he reproached her for being the occasion, in very bitter terms, which she did not fail to return in others equally severe; the poor innocent children were still weeping and wringing their little hands; my heart bled for them. I neglected nothing in my power to moderate the passion of the incensed wife and husband, and desiring to be let into the secrets of their discontent; the remembrance of some former services I had rendered them, convincing both how much I was their friend, they at last made me acquainted with the whole of the affair; farcical enough, indeed, in its beginning, though so likely to have proved tragical in its consequences.

Mr. ***** was extremely intimate with a brother officer who lived in the same town, and very near him; this person had a daughter called Miss Molly, of about eighteen or nineteen years of age; she was a brisk lively girl, rather too free in conversation, but perfectly innocent, at least as far as I could learn from her character when afterwards I had the curiosity to enquire into it. Mrs. ***** at first was much pleased with her, as she used to come and sit with her whenever Mr. ***** was on duty, and diverted her with relating all the little occurrences she could hear of in the neighbourhood; but the good-will she had for her was but of short continuance, as will presently appear.

Ten years of marriage had taken from Mr. ***** nothing of his juvenile vivacity, of which it is impossible for any man to have more; he was for ever singing, laughing, dancing, jumping, or playing some gambol with whoever was in company; Miss Molly being exactly of the same humour, neither of them could sit still a moment when they were together. As Mrs. ***** was of a more sedate disposition, and could not make a party in their little tricks, this behaviour soon grew very disagreeable to her; she thought herself neglected by both, and that they were too much taken up with one another, till, step by step, that poisonous passion, jealousy, got possession of her mind, and she imagined there were somewhat between them which ought not to have been. She concealed her suspicions, however, from her husband, resolving not to accuse till she had it in her power to convict; to that end she employed spies to watch him and Miss Molly whenever they were both out of her sight. These emissaries frequently brought intelligence where they were, but never that they were together: this, however, did not satisfy her; for a mind once inflamed with the fever of jealousy, will still thirst after either what is not in reality, or if it is, is impossible to be obtained.

She had, by her own confession, continued these fruitless enquiries for upwards of two months, without being able to find anything which she could interpret into a proof of what she still could not forbear believing, till one night, when they were in bed, her husband being in a profound sleep, suddenly caught her in his arms, and cried, "My dear, dear Molly! little did I once hope this happiness." The force with which he uttered these words, it is likely, dissolved the pleasing idea which had so much transported his imagination, for it seems he turned away and spoke no more, but did not awake.

This was, to Mrs. *****, as full a confirmation of her husband's guilt, as if she had in reality beheld him with her supposed rival in the act of shame; but though she had long wanted that assurance she now thought herself possessed of, yet did the imaginary certainty involve her in much greater agonies than any had been inflicted on her by suspense.

She got out of bed that instant, threw open the window, put on her clothes by moon-light, and all the time she was doing this stamped and raved to herself rather like an inhabitant of Bedlam than a reasonable creature. The noise she made fully awaked Mr. *****; but it was some minutes before he could persuade himself that he was so; he heard words from his wife which he could never have thought her capable of uttering; and as he had not the least notion what could have put her into this fury, as half afraid she was indeed seized with some sudden frenzy. He called to her to know what was the matter, and if she was not well; to which questions she answered only with revilings; but though her expressions were all wild and incorrect, yet the name of Miss Molly often repeated, and the transport he had testified in his dream, gave him at last to understand the truth.

"Thou foolish woman," said he to her, between jest and anger, "is all this rage occasioned by a dream, and no very wonderful one neither? Do you not know that I have a sister Molly in Jamaica, who is very dear to me? And can it seem strange to you, that imagining as I did in my sleep, that she was come over to England, should extremely rejoice me?"

"You are a liar and villain," cried she, "it was not your sister, but your strumpet you were so fond on in your sleep." In speaking these words she snatched a basin of water, which she had washed her hands in the night before, and threw it in his face, and all over him, as he lay in bed. He owned to me, that at this action he was no longer master of himself; he seized her by the shoulders, and scarce knowing what he did, gave her two or three blows; she screamed out murder, but it not being yet break of day, all the family were buried in sleep, and neither heard nor came to her assistance.

Mr. *****, a little recovered from the first heat of his passion, forced her into a chair, and began to reason with her on the folly and injustice she was guilty of; but, convinced in her own mind that all he said was false, and more enraged than before by the blows she had received, would listen to no arguments he urged, and continued railing and loading him with the most opprobrious names her fury could invent, till, breathless, with the force of enervate rage, she fell into a sort of fit. He had nothing near him to apply, so ran and roused the maid to come to her assistance, but returned not into the chamber himself; and as he was to go upon duty very early in the morning, as soon as he had got himself dressed went to walk on the pier, in order to compose his mind after the strange ruffle it had sustained.

On coming to herself, and missing her husband, she looked on his having left her in that condition as a fresh insult, and immediately took a resolution to quit him for ever and go to London with her children, choosing rather to submit to the most servile and hard labour for their support, than to continue with a man whom she now set down in her thoughts as the most false and most inhuman of the sex.

Fully determined not to sleep another night in Dover, she packed up her things and got herself and children ready for the journey, after having agreed with a man who kept a little waggon to carry them as far as Canterbury, where she intended to take the cheapest conveyance she could procure for London. Mr. ***** came home in the middle of these preparations, and was amazed and shocked beyond expression; he represented to her the wildness of her design, and the ruin it must bring on the whole family if put into execution; but she was deaf to all persuasion, and mutual altercations were beginning to be renewed between them when I entered.

As this story was related partly by the one and partly by the other, it was frequently interrupted by reproaches on each side alternately, which gave me an opportunity of expostulating with both on their several mistakes. I easily made Mr. ***** see how unbecoming it was in a married man to toy too much with young women, or use any familiarities with them, which, though free from any criminal intention on either side, might afford occasion for censure; and I also, at last, convinced Mrs. *****, that nothing could be more natural than for her husband to dream of a sister whom he so much loved, and had not seen for a long time; and that as she had no other proof of his falsehood than merely that dream, her suspicions had greatly wronged both him and Miss Molly.

In fine, my arguments were so successful as to bring about an entire reconciliation; they flew into each other's arms, confessed they had been both to blame, and melted into tears of joy and tenderness; and this evening, which had like to have proved so fatal to the peace of the whole family, concluded with all the demonstrations of mutual affection that could be given.

Few animosities between married people, when arrived at the pitch this was, ever ended so happily. I would therefore fain persuade every man who is a husband, of what degree soever, to avoid giving his wife any cause of complaint in a thing which it is so very easy for him to restrain himself from being guilty of.

SECT. IX.

The manner in which it will be most proper for a married Man to carry himself towards the Maid-Servants of his family.

I hope no man who is a husband, will think that in this section, or some others, I descend to particulars too minute to merit his attention; experience shows us that many things, which in their beginning appear of little or no importance, are sometimes productive of the greatest mischiefs; the smallest grain of sand thrown into the eye has often proved of dangerous consequence, and a spark falling from the snuff of a lighted candle been the occasion of very terrible conflagrations.

A very eminent author and philosopher of the last age, compares conjugal love to a web of so delicate a texture, that the least brush upon it may occasion a rupture, which, says he, if once made, is scarce ever so well mended as to recover its first beauty.

I have already, in a former section, warned a husband against the folly of interfering in domestic affairs, and pretending to give directions to maid-servants; but there is another weakness he may be guilty of in relation to them, which will not only lessen his own dignity as master, but may also be the cause of a good deal of discontent to his wife.

What I mean is being too familiar, entering into little conversations with them, and questioning them on things in which they have no manner of concern; or if they have, ought more properly to be left to the examination of their mistress.

I know several men who are extremely fond of playing the wag, as they call it, with their maid-servants, rallying them about their sweet-hearts, and talking merrily to them on the score of love and marriage. "I love mightily," will such a one cry, "to see the girls blush and look silly." They mean no harm in this, but I believe, nay am pretty well assured, that too much of this sort of conversation, especially from a master, has made many a once shy and bashful maid, at last become not only incapable of blushing at all, but even bold enough to return all his jokes with interest.

It is certain that nothing is more evident than that a man, by this idle and unthinking way of behaviour, loses himself all the respect and authority which a master of a family ought always to maintain over his domestics; but this is not the worst consequence likely to ensue; a maid stands in need of a much greater share of prudence than can be expected from her education, who being thus entertained by her master does not become pert, assuming, and neglectful of all the duties of her place.

When this happens to be the case, as by the way it very seldom proves otherwise, it naturally follows that the mistress will reprimand the remissness of her servant; the servant, instead of making any excuse for her fault, will return an impertinent or saucy answer; and as the one grows more justly austere, the other will, in proportion, grow more arrogant and careless; thus begins a discord which soon extends itself much further.

A girl whose mind is made vain, and perverted in the manner I have been speaking of, will not confine her career to the bounds of home. She will whisper it among all the servants in the neighbourhood, and in every shop she goes into, that her mistress is a proud, ill-natured, vapourish woman;—that she is pleased with nothing,

and does not know when she is well served; and adds, that there would be no living in the family if her master were not the best humoured man in the world;—the silly creature either forgetting, or not regarding that what she says on this last account, may give room for conjectures little to the advantage of herself or master.

If a wife has any sparks of jealousy in her composition, they will probably kindle into a blaze, and then who can answer for the mischiefs that may befall? But if her discretion, a good opinion of herself, or a perfect confidence in her husband's affection, defend her from the effects of that outrageous, that distracting passion, yet it must be acknowledged, that to find the business of her house neglected, her commands slighted, her person irreverently treated, her character traduced, by the person who eats her bread, and receives wages for making her as easy as possible in all these circumstances, is sufficient to diminish, if not quite erase her tenderness for the man whose folly has been the occasion of her ill usage.

I am almost positive that no man who is a husband, and endued with even a tolerable share of understanding, will indulge so ridiculous a propensity, if he once gives himself time to consider seriously on the many disorders it must infallibly occasion in his family:—but as there are some people who are utter enemies to all reflection, of what kind soever, it is for their sakes I write these admonitions, to the end that without any pains to themselves, they may see at one view the dangers to which they are liable to be exposed.

I hope no one will so far mistake my meaning, as to imagine I am aiming to recommend harshness and austerity in the head of a family towards his servants;—no, on the contrary, I would have him behave with the utmost gentleness and humanity to them, both in his words and actions. I would have him be a kind master, a beneficent patron, and a firm protector, in case of any injury or insult attempted to be offered to them. I would only have him not descend to be their companion, but always to take care to observe a decent reserve, and a becoming distance with them, as it is by that alone he can expect to secure them in their obedience, or himself in his authority over them.

That too much familiarity with inferiors is apt to beget contempt, is a vulgar adage in the mouth of everyone; and I am very certain that in private life there is no one circumstance in which it is more necessary to be remembered than in this I am now speaking of. I should therefore be glad that every man, addicted to the humour of being over free with the servants, especially his maids, would have engraved on the head of his cane or the lid of his snuff-box, something like these words:

Remember that you are a master, and do nothing which may forfeit the respect owing to the station Heaven has placed you in.

As Philip king of Macedon, fearing to be too much puffed up with earthly grandeur, made his chamberlain awake him every morning with these words:

Remember, Philip, that thou art but a man.

It is certain a man may fall into as great errors by debasing as by elating himself too much. The various passions and propensities of human nature are, for the most part, so inconsistent with right reason, and withal so strong, that everyone stands in need of being, some way or other, reminded what he is, or he will be in great danger of not acting conformable to the character he ought to maintain.

Eliza Haywood

A gentleman of great fortune and distinction, who died not many years past, fearing that his son might be contaminated with the vices he then found were beginning to spread through the nation, caused a fine jewel, which had long been in the family, to have engraved on the circle of it these words:

*Never forget that you are descended from the ancient and loyal family of the *****, and never be tempted to deviate from the principles of your ancestors.*

Here my imagination roves;—but I must call home my wandering ideas, and recollect that I ought to confine them to the subject I am upon, of which I think I have already said sufficient.

SECT. X.

The treatment which is expected, and ought to be given to a sick Wife, by every man who either is, or desires to be looked upon as a good Husband.

Every husband is sensible that he is bound, by the promise he made before the altar, to love, to cherish, and to support his wife in sickness as well as in health; but I am extremely sorry to observe that there are some men, I am afraid too many, who perform this duty in so sullen and ungracious a manner, that it seems rather the effect of mere compulsion than a free good-will.

It is too known a truth for anyone to deny, that the affections of the mind have so great an influence over the body, that where the former is discomposed the latter cannot be quite easy: but this is more especially felt in sickness; because the animal powers being then weakened, we are less able to resist the attacks of any vexatious accident: in vain the physician prescribes, the apothecary prepares, the careful nurse administers, little good can be hoped for from the medicine, if the heart of the patient be oppressed with any anxious care, or possessed with any melancholy ideas; and this I may venture to attest, not only as my own opinion, but as I have heard it declared by several of the most learned of the faculty.

I am certain that the tender assiduities, the soft commiseration of those we love, not only greatly alleviates the pain, but also contributes to the cure of the disease; whereas, on the contrary, a rugged, churlish, or even a negligent behaviour towards us, in the person who we might rather expect should participate in our sufferings, sinks us still lower in the bed of sickness, assists the hand of fate, and doubles every pang inflicted on us.

If ever a husband would be kind, if ever he would endear himself, if ever he would prove the affection he so solemnly has vowed, this, therefore, is the time; there is no circumstance in life which so much demands his care and his attention; none in which his assiduities can be of greater benefit, and none in which his neglect of them can be more justly resented.

It is not enough that a man grudges nothing which he thinks necessary for the recovery of his wife's health; he may send for physician after physician, have consultation upon consultation, employ persons to wait night and day at her bed-side, and watch her every breath, yet if he leaves the care of all this entirely to others, they will lose great part of the effect he may desire; nor will all he does be sufficient to entitle him to the character of a perfect good husband, unless he stays much at home, refrains from all his accustomed diversions, goes frequently into her chamber, makes his own eyes the witnesses that nothing about her be neglected, and as often as she is in a condition to be spoke to, pours into her ears the balm of fond condolence and compassion: *this* is what a woman of any delicacy will doubtless expect, and is no more, in fact, than what a husband who loves his wife with tenderness and sincerity will not fail to observe.

Here it may be objected, that a person who has a public employment or trade, or any other avocation on which the subsistence of himself and family depends, has

not leisure to behave in the manner I propose; but to this I may answer in the words of a well-known author:

Wherever there is a will, there is a way.

So even these may steal so much time from their meals or from their repose, as to testify that kind concern it is their duty to express as well as to feel.

But what can be alleged in vindication of a man of fortune, who being independent, and wholly master of himself and time, shall amuse himself with the entertainments of the theatre and ball, and laugh away his hours in gay delights, while the woman he is bound to love lies languishing in a fever, or some other equally dangerous distemper? Surely it cannot be wondered at, if on her recovery the remembrance of such a behaviour does not turn all the affection she ever had for him into indifference, if no worse.

A friend of mine, who is a woman of some wit, being in one of the boxes at the play-house, happened to meet there with a gentleman of her acquaintance, whose wife she knew lay at the point of death; after the first salutation, she accosted him with saying, "I hope, sir, your lady is much better?" "No, madam," answered he, "I am told much worse, and that she cannot outlive this night." "Oh, Heaven!" resumed the lady, "I am surprised! I did not doubt but that she was entirely out of danger, by seeing you abroad, especially in such a place as this!" These words, it seems, a little confounded, but more vexed him, and after a short pause, "I can find nothing, madam, in my being here to countenance your surprise," returned he; "I did not marry to stay always at home and make cordials and posset-drinks for a sick wife."

The lady, as she afterwards informed me, was preparing to make an answer to these words, which, perhaps, would have been more stinging to him than what she had said before; but he took care to avoid the hearing it, by leaving that box directly and going into another on the other side of the house, where she could only reproach him with her eyes.

For my own part, I should imagine it utterly impossible, if fresh instances did not daily convince me of the truth of it, that any man of common reason, and happy in a polite education, could be capable of behaving in a manner not only unkind to his wife, but also indecent in the face of the world.

I have heard some people charitable enough to impute this fault as merely owing to a certain indolence of nature. It may be so, indeed; but then that very indolence must doubtless proceed from the want of tenderness; and I think I may easily venture to pronounce, that the husband who does not feel, in some measure, the pains of his sick wife, will never be able to taste any refined pleasures with her when in health.

But as unworthy as a husband of this class renders himself of the affection of a woman of a delicate way of thinking, there are others yet still worse; those I have already mentioned content themselves with the bare performance of their duty; but those I am about to speak of grumble to discharge that duty which even the laws of the land would exact from them: everything required by a sick wife, beyond the common necessaries of life, makes them knit their brows, and cry it is more than they can afford. It is true, indeed, that the high fees of physicians in this country, more than any other in the world, the exorbitant bills of apothecaries, the lavishness and impertinence of some nurses, give a kind of pretence to men of moderate fortunes for their ill humour on this score.

But if these men would consider, that the misfortune has not happened through any fault of the poor suffering wife, but inflicted on them by the hand of Heaven, they would certainly submit to it with greater patience, and retrench, as much as possible, all other expenses, in order to make this more easy.

There are a third sort of husbands, who on the first symptoms of an indisposition in their wives appear tender even to an excess, spare nothing that they can hear or think of for their relief, can scarce be prevailed upon by the calls of business, or the persuasion of friends, to leave the sick charmer for a moment; yet if the distemper proves of any long continuance, grow weary of those assiduities, begin to lessen his cares, by degrees deny her many things which her malady requires, at last heartily wishes her dead, and wants but little of letting her know he does so. I know not whether this inequality of behaviour is not more grievous to a woman than either of the former I have mentioned.

I have heard it said that there are some husbands so savage in their nature, but I hope the number of such is not many, who to avoid allowing the means proper for the recovery of a wife that labours under any disease, affect not to believe her indisposition real, cry; that she complains only to be the more indulged, and, instead of pitying, reproach her every groan.

It is certain indeed that a wife, by the assistance of religion, and the consideration of what is owing to her own character in the world, may be enabled to continue the practice of her duty after such usage; but it is neither in nature nor in reason to expect she can retain any degree of affection for the man from whom she receives it.

I much doubt however, that upon a strict examination it would be found, that on a provocation of this kind, there are more women who sacrifice everything to their resentment, than those who sacrifice their resentment to their duty.

For as the ingenious Mrs. Behn, who knew her sex perfectly well, makes the heroine of one of her plays say on a like occasion,

*'Tis love and gratitude alone can bind
The wandering heart, or fix a generous mind.
Honour and faith are but mere empty names,
When pride and vengeance our attention claims.*

In fine, that husband who does not treat his wife in sickness with the same unwearied care and tenderness which he would wish to be treated with himself, if in the like condition, can never be said to regard her as his own flesh, or to pay any respect to the sacred institution that made her so.

SECT. XI.

Parties of Pleasure, how far a Wife ought to be indulged in them, and the danger of a Husband's making long and frequent excursions from home.

What I take to be meant by parties of pleasure is, when half a dozen, or a more or less number of intimate acquaintance, agree to go abroad together and divert themselves as well as they can at some place or other they happen to pitch upon;— they set out with a resolution to pass their hours in innocent merriment, and to be pleased with everything they meet with, though it should prove much less elegant than what they left behind them at home.

Women are naturally extremely fond of these little relaxations, especially when young and gay, are new to the cares of life, have no children, nor any extraordinary avocation to take up their minds and give them a more serious turn. There are very few things, therefore, in which a husband can more oblige his wife, than in humouring her in this point.

Besides, he will also find it his best policy to do so; because, by promoting frequent parties of pleasure with persons he approves of, and always making one of them himself, he will prevent her from forming any without him, and, as it may chance, with company less consistent with her reputation to be seen with.

I cannot help contemning, though at the same time I pity the folly of a man, who either through a cloudy sullenness of disposition, or niggardly grudging what he may think an unnecessary expense, always evades whatever proposals are made to him of this kind by his friends, as it is the odds of an hundred against one, that he only denies himself his share in that satisfaction which his wife will not be deprived of enjoying, either clandestinely or in an open defiance of his will.

The surest way to keep a woman of any spirit or vivacity from running into extravagant or unwarrantable amusements, is to indulge her in those which are both moderate and innocent, than which, in my opinion, none can be called more truly so than these parties of pleasure, when composed of worthy persons, who join with no other design than to exhilarate the minds of each other.

In a word, as they are no more than one of the regales of life, and none more unhurtful, or less liable to be attended with any bad consequences, I am surprised that any man of common sense should run the risk of a *brulée* with the partner of his bosom on that account.

But there are some husbands of a yet more unreasonable way of thinking, men who will allow their wives to take no sort of diversion, yet indulge themselves in all, and pursue with the utmost eagerness everything that has the face of pleasure, as if it were for them alone that nature has bestowed and art improved all the delights and enjoyments of the creation; and woman, as an inferior part, must place her whole felicity, as well as make it her perpetual study, to contribute to the satisfaction of her lordly master.

Severe, indeed, it must be confessed, is the fate of that woman who is yoked to such a tyrant; and I hope I shall not be thought to go too far when I say, that almost

any course she takes, either to be revenged on him or to console herself, the crime, if it should happen to prove what can be justly called so, will be half absolved by the provocation; and pity will accompany the blame that falls upon her.

The least a man can do, is doubtless to take very sparingly those pleasures or amusements which he refuses to his wife, provided they are such as befit her sex; for there are some peculiar to the men, and which no prudent woman will desire to share.

I would, however, persuade every man to refrain from all long and frequent excursions from home on any pretence whatsoever, because the calls of business must always be complied with; and I can scarce believe that any woman will be so weak as to resent or be uneasy at her husband's absence when she knows it is for their common good.

But when a man greedily lays hold of every opportunity of being abroad,—rambles down to Epsom,—thence to Tunbridge,—then to Bath,—and so on to as many places as are frequented by the gay world, taking his round of pleasure, while his wife is left at home, perhaps employed in making shirts, or some other piece of work, against his return; this, I must say, has something in it so very careless, so unkind, so disrespectful, that no woman of spirit can content herself with enduring.

To conclude, a man who is desirous of acquiring the reputation of a good husband, would have his family well governed, and his wife always faithful, cheerful, and obliging, must never go about to deprive her entirely of those recreations to which she may have been accustomed; but as the most innocent may be inconvenient, if too often repeated, to the end she may take them the more seldom, he should endeavour to make home as pleasing to her as possible, which can only be done by staying much in it himself, and behaving while there in somewhat like the manner described in the seventh section in this book.

SECT. XII.

***The behaviour of a good Husband to his Wife in absence,
when enforced by necessity.***

There are many accidents in life which may oblige the most fond and tender husband to be absent from his wife for a much longer time than either of them could wish; but then his reluctance at parting, the transports he expresses on returning to her arms, will keep her from feeling any uneasy emotions on account of his affection during their separation, and give a double relish to the joys his presence brings on their re-union.

But all this may be feigned, some people will say: 'tis true it may, and I believe very often is so; but, supposing that to be the case, if the fallacy carries with it so near a resemblance to truth as not be distinguished from it, a wife thus happily deceived is no less contented than the reality would make her.

Besides, the constraint a man must necessarily put upon himself in counterfeiting passions he is insensible of, is, at least, a proof that he has some consideration of the person for whose sake he does it; and that the continuance of her affection is of consequence to him, though it is not in his power perhaps to return it in an adequate proportion: this very dissimulation therefore in him, if by any accident she discovers it to be such, will, if I know anything of womankind, be partly justified by the motive; and as it gratifies her pride, though not her love, will more easily be forgiven than a haughty disregard or a total indifference.

So that upon the whole, whether a man has a more or less degree of affection for his wife, it certainly is no fault in him to display it to the best advantage he can, to the end that if compelled to be separated from her for any length of time, he may leave her possessed of such tender ideas of him, as will effectually keep her from doing anything in his absence which he may have cause to complain of on his return.

It behoves him, however, to confirm her belief of his affection, which is the most sure means of confirming her in the constant practice of her duty, to let few posts escape without writing to her, and to renew in his letters all those protestations of an inviolable fidelity which he made to her on taking leave.

But I believe I need only appeal to the experience of my readers in this point. I dare say, that there are very few of them who are not convinced of the great efficacy of a tender well wrote letter. The ingenious Mr. Philip Messenger, in one of his poems, has a sentiment which I cannot help thinking extremely just as well as applicable to this subject. These are the words in which he expresses himself:

*Letters from those we love make deeper stamp
Upon the mind, than if engraved on plates
Of brass, or adamant;—the indelible marks
No time erases, nor no rust consumes;
They're fixed for ever on the memory,
And death alone ——
Perhaps, not even death itself, obliterates.*

I would not here be understood that a man should put his invention to the stretch for florid speeches, far-fetched metaphors, and high-flown hyperboles in

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writing to his wife: no, it is not the business of a husband to show his wit and learning, but his love, in these epistles; and if what he says seems to proceed from the heart, it will carry with it more weight and energy than all the rhetoric the schools can teach.

A letter of the sort I mean, from a gentleman to his wife, happened accidentally into my hands, and I think will be no unwelcome present to the public, as it appears to me to have in it that simplicity which is the surest mark of true affection.

To Mrs. *****

Soul of my Soul,

It is with a great deal of pleasure, because I know it will give some to you, that I acquaint you with my safe arrival at **** this day about eleven, after a journey which had nothing disagreeable in it but the reflection that every minute carried me still further from the best part of myself: my friends received me with a welcome which I have no cause to doubt the sincerity of; but the most pleasing part of it is the news that by my brother's care my affairs are put in such a forwardness that instead of two months being detained here, as I feared, I now flatter myself that in less than half that time I shall be able to set out again for London, yet even that seems an age. Oh! my love, it is but three days since I left you, yet am I impatient to return to you and the precious pledges of our mutual affection. Methinks I hear my little Charley cry "Mamma, when will my papa come home?" and my sweet Louisa, in her imperfect, and as yet but half formed accents, lisp out, "Where is dada?" I wish their innocent prattle, at which you used to smile, may not now make you sad; but let it not, I beseech you. I repeat the injunction I gave you at parting, that you will take care of yourself, and spare nothing that may contribute to cheer your spirits. This is all the proof I shall ever exact of your obedience as a wife. Farewell, thou dearest, thou everlasting treasure of my soul; my heart swells with a thousand tender things, but the post waits, and I have time to add no more, than that all here salute you with their best good wishes; and that I am, what I hope you want nothing to be convinced of,

Dearest life,
Your most affectionate
And ever faithful husband,
C . *****.

The recesses of the heart can only be discovered by the all-seeing eye of Heaven; and I will not take upon me to determine whether this gentleman in reality felt all that fervency of passion he pretended for his wife; but this I may venture to say, that if his behaviour was in any measure conformable to his protestations, she had no reason to be dissatisfied.

End of the First Book

Eliza Haywood

BOOK II.

SECT. I.

On what seems the best method to prevent any ill-humour between a Husband and his Wife, on the score of what is called running cash.

There is such an enchantment in money to most people, that were all the goods of the whole world at their command, both for their own use and to bestow on those they had a mind to favour, yet would they not be content without having some portion of the darling specie in their possession.

We are, indeed, from our very infancy, taught to set a value upon money;—we receive some small pittance of it from the first use we make of pockets. As we increase in years the allowance is augmented in proportion; and being thus early accustomed to love it, it is not to be wondered at, that when we come to maturity we should think ourselves unhappy in the want of it, even though we had no immediate call to make use of it.

Yet, notwithstanding this, I once heard a husband say, "What business has my wife with money! I take care to provide everything necessary both for her and the family; and if by chance any trifling circumstance should be omitted, I shall be willing to remedy that deficiency on her asking me."

As no woman ought, and no woman of sense will expect to be the sole keeper of her husband's purse, yet would it be quite as unreasonable in him to exclude her entirely from it; she has an undoubted right to share with him in everything, and should not be reduced to the condition of a petitioner for what is as much her own as his.

There are some couples who, in order to prevent, as they may imagine, all heart-burnings and altercations between them on this account, agree that the money appropriated to common uses shall be thrown into a box, or the drawer of a bureau, of which both having their separate key, each, without troubling the other, may take out at pleasure whatever they have, or think they have occasion for; but this is a method which I can by no means approve of, as it gives too great a latitude to a wife inclined to be extravagant, and is liable to render the most frugal one suspected, either through some mistake in the sum deposited, or the husband's forgetting how far he himself may have diminished it: both have wondered it has been so soon exhausted each has alternately accused the other; so that instead of answering the end proposed by this mutual liberty, it has often given rise to very high disputes, and even lasting dissensions.

According to my opinion, and the best observation I have been able to make, the most certain way of avoiding all contention on this head, is for the husband to put into his wife's hands every Saturday or Monday morning, as much money as they shall both agree in thinking convenient for their circumstances to allow for the expenses of housekeeping per week.

This money is to be left entirely to the wife's management, the husband ought to concern himself no further about it; and if she takes care to provide as well and as plentifully as he has reason to expect, he ought not to enquire into the prices of any particular, nor is she obliged to give him an account; if therefore, by her good

economy, she can save anything at the week's end, it is undoubtedly her own, and to be disposed of as she thinks proper.

In regard of invitations to company, it would be highly unreasonable in him to expect she should furnish an entertainment out of the sum she ordinarily expended for the common necessaries of life; he must therefore add to her allowance on these occasions in proportion to the number of the guests, and the manner in which he would have them treated.

I am very sensible, however, that this is liable to objections from both parties; some wives will complain that their allowance is not sufficient to defray the expenses they are at, and some husbands that their tables are not so well supplied as they have reason to expect; but these cavils are not so much owing to the method of proceeding I recommend, as to the unhappy disposition of the persons concerned, as I think it will be very easy for me to make appear.

The affair ought never to be concluded upon without being first seriously deliberated, both by the husband and the wife; he should well consider what sort of living will befit the rank he holds in the world, and also what suits with the circumstances of his fortune: the wife should calculate, as well as she is able, how far the sum he offers will answer the purpose he intends; but as it is much more easy for him to allot than for her to ascertain herself whether that allotment will suffice, it will be prudent in her, before she gives her final answer, to make an essay of three or four weeks, and then, either stand to the present agreement, or insist on such an augmentation as she shall find necessary.

After such a regulation I know of nothing in relation to domestic expenses that can give rise to any disputes between a husband and his wife, except mere ill-nature, and a desire of contention either on the one side or the other.

I cannot, however, take leave of this subject without reminding a husband, that either the inclemency of the weather, extraordinary taxes laid by the government, droughts, inundations, and many other accidents, may greatly raise the price of provision at particular times; he ought not, therefore, in such a case, to murmur if he finds his table less elegantly supplied than usual, but resolve either to content himself with the diminution of his viands, or make an addition to his allowance, till the scarcity is over and the markets become more moderate.

The nobility, and others of a very elevated station, who leave these matters entirely to the management of their stewards and house-keepers, it is certain, have no manner of concern in these admonitions; and did I write for them alone, should ask their pardon for what would then be mere digression; but as the number of those whose lot is cast in an inferior sphere of life make much the greater part of the people, and consequently of my readers, the points contained in this, and some other sections, could not be omitted in a work intended to be of as general utility as possible, still keeping in my mind that true saying of the once celebrated Drayton:

*As all the bounties of th' Almighty share,
So all alike should be the good man's care.*

SECT. II.

Measures proper to be taken by a Husband who has a too parsimonious Wife.

It is so very seldom that we see two persons meet in marriage, who are exactly of the same disposition and humour in everything, that it much behoves a man, before he enters into that state, to guard well his heart against the shock it might otherwise sustain on finding his wife differ extremely from his way of thinking in some one particular point.

Whatever is a propensity in nature is not without great difficulty eradicated, by the best arguments and most solid reasonings; but it will yet less submit to opposition, every attempt to control rather renders it more obstinate; authority may, indeed, prevent its breaking into action, but the latent seeds will still continue in the mind.

Parsimony and profuseness are two such jarring qualities, that where the one has dominion over the husband, and the other over the wife, little satisfaction can be hoped for between them; and there requires the greatest discretion and moderation, to keep not only themselves but their whole family, from being involved in perpetual broils and confusion.

First, as to parsimony; a man of a liberal hospitable disposition cannot but be very unhappy with a woman who treats as the utmost prodigality whatever is beyond the common necessaries of life looks sour on everyone who happens to take dinner at their table, and is ready to fall into fits on her husband's giving an invitation even to his best friend.

This disagreeable propensity is the more hard to be dealt with, as it has in some measure the appearance of a virtue, and among many people passes for such. A man who has a wife of this turn of thinking, no sooner testifies his dissatisfaction at her behaviour, on the score of an over frugality, than she presently answers him in the words of the old proverb, *That fools make feasts, and wise men eat them*; and adds, that it would be highly ridiculous to expend in the furnishing one meal for the entertainment of persons who perhaps set no value on it, as much as would provide for the family for two, or it may be for three or four whole days;—that whatever could be spared out of their income ought to be carefully laid up;—that sickness, increase of taxes, and a thousand other accidents, which she will not fail to enumerate, may possibly happen; but if providentially no misfortunes should happen to themselves, they ought, however, to think of their posterity, and save all they can for those they leave behind.

It is in vain he argues that the circumstances of his fortune will very well afford much more than he requires to be done: she is not to be convinced by all he can say, and he has the mortification either of denying himself the pleasure of sometimes having his friends about him, or of seeing them treated with indifference and coldness, or, it may be, with a rudeness which drives everyone from his house.

Nothing is more common than for a man, when thus deprived of the society of his friends at home, to order an entertainment for them at a tavern, in which, it cannot be doubted, but that he must be at a much greater expense than would spread a more elegant, as well as more reputable regale on his own table.

I was once acquainted with a gentleman whose wife was penurious to that excess, that on the least intimation of anyone intending to dine with him she always took care to provide the coarsest piece of meat the market would afford, in order that the cheapness of the joint might compensate for what part of it should be eaten by the guests. She even grudged her family their necessary food, and would often turn away the most sober, diligent, and best qualified servant, for no other reason than having what she thought too keen an appetite.

My friend was a man addicted to no one vice, nor to any extravagance; but he loved to live handsomely, to keep good company, and to receive them in a genteel manner; the behaviour of his wife therefore gave him a great deal of pain; at first he expostulated with her in the mildest terms, then proceeded to more austere remonstrances, neither of which had the least effect upon her. She only replied in the same trite phrases I just now repeated; so that despairing of success by argument, he at last bethought himself of a stratagem which flattered him with some hopes of gaining his point; it was this:

"My dear," said he to her, "I have been recapitulating in my mind all the several arguments I have heard you urge in favour of frugality, and am now thoroughly convinced, that there is no one virtue or good quality which so much conduces to the happiness of human kind, and am determined henceforward to lay out nothing I can save with common decency."

He told me, that while he was speaking he could perceive a pleased surprise wander and diffuse itself over all her features; and when he had done, she cried out, "If you can keep in this mind, my dear, it will be a joyful change indeed!"

"You may depend I shall think always as I now do," resumed he: "you must know I have been considering on all the possible ways and means to diminish the charge we at present live in. In the first place, I am resolved to part with my horse; hay, oats, stable-hire in winter, grass in summer, and farriers' bills, run away with a great deal of money."

"It is very true, my dear," said she, "I always thought it a very needless expense; but as you seemed to think riding was good for your health, I forbore offering anything in opposition to it." "I shall trust to walking for the future," answered he, "and do not doubt but it may be of equal service; nature is the best judge, and as she has given a man two sturdy legs for his support, I see no reason why he should have recourse to those of an animal."

"Besides," continued he, "I can then turn off my man, a boy can whet knives, attend the door, run on errands, and serve our purpose full as well, for much less wages."

"Aye," cried the wife, quite transported, "and his livery cost less too: I know nothing these great hulking footmen are good for but to loiter about the house, devour all they can get into their clutches, romp with the maids, and hinder them from doing their business."

"True," rejoined the gentleman, "and since you mention the maids, I have also thought of a reform among them too: Suppose we could get a couple of Roman Catholic girls, the number of fast days, besides Lent and Ember weeks, enjoined by their church, would be a great saving to us in the article of house-keeping?"

"It would, indeed," replied she, "especially if we could procure those who are pious enough to keep Black Lent, and live almost three parts of the year on dried fish and potatoes, without eggs or butter. I assure you I shall make it my business to enquire after two such."

"I think now", said he, "there remains but one thing more to complete a total regulation of our economy, which is tea." "Tea!" cried she hastily. "Yes, my dear," pursued he, "I look upon afternoon tea as one of the greatest superfluities that custom has introduced among us. I have calculated the expense, and dare venture to affirm that a very moderate tea-table, with all its equipage, cannot be supported under forty or fifty pounds per annum; therefore I insist upon it—no more tea-table invitations."

"Are you in earnest!" demanded she. "Yes," replied he, "and I expect you will agree to so reasonable a proposal." "Rather the most absurd, the most preposterous one that ever was!" returned she. "Would any gentleman, or man of honour, deny his wife her tea-table!"

"Yes, madam," resumed he, "any man of sense or spirit would do it, when denied by his wife a couple of chickens and a bottle of wine extraordinary at his table for the entertainment of his friend. I do not desire to deprive you of any of the enjoyments of life, nor would I be deprived myself, by your too niggardly humour, of such as are consistent with my character and fortune in the world. I am therefore determined that either our way of living shall be uniform, which is either in all things to appear as we ought to do, or, if like misers and beggars in some things, to do so in all."

On these words, it seems, she sat sullen and silent for some time, and he went on, "I would fain have you, therefore," continued he, "to consider seriously what is due to your own character as well as mine; both which demand that our servants shall have no reason to complain of the want of their necessary food; that whatever friends I think proper to invite should always be received with a cheerful countenance, and in every respect handsomely entertained."

"And so ruin both you and myself", cried she hastily. "No," replied he, "I am an enemy to extravagance and superfluity; what I desire of you is to observe a decent hospitality, of which I know you are a perfect judge, if once you give yourself leisure to reflect."

After some further discourse she at last consented to do as he would have her; on which he was entirely satisfied in his mind, not doubting but that she would, rather than be deprived of her favourite tea-table, be punctual in the performance of her promise, and that by this stratagem he had gained the point he aimed at.

He conquered, it must be confessed; but how did he conquer?—and what did his victory avail him?—she kept up a tolerable table, indeed, and forced herself to behave with civility to those who happened sometimes to eat there; but the pain it cost her in doing this vented itself in murmurs and repinings as soon as they were gone; so that whatever satisfaction he enjoyed with his friends while present, was sure to be embittered with the discontents of his wife the moment they were alone together.

The humour of this woman, never very agreeable, became at last quite insupportable; unable to endure it, he sought abroad that peace he no longer could find at home; it was his misfortune to fall into ill company, and was led by them into debaucheries he had never shown the least inclination to before; the excesses he was

guilty of, both as to wine and women, brought on the ruin of his fortune, and, in a pretty swift progression of time, put an end to his life.

If the soft and gentle measures which this gentleman at first took with his wife failed of the desired success, how can any man expect better who attempts it by an arbitrary and authoritative way of proceeding? He may, indeed, have his table furnished as he pleases, either by taking the direction of it out of his wife's hands, and putting it under those of a housekeeper, or by being his own caterer; but then what peace, what harmony can be hoped for between such a couple? And as it is not the design of these pages to inform a husband how far it is in his power to have his will obeyed, but how it may be obeyed without creating trouble and distraction in his family, I shall take the liberty to point out one simple and easy method, which seems to me the most effectual of any for that purpose.

There is nothing shows itself sooner than a parsimonious disposition; a husband will presently discover it; and, as I have already observed, there is little probability of changing nature: I would not have him seem any way offended at it, or even to take notice of it; a very small share of contrivance will serve him to supply his table with whatever deficiencies he may find there, without occasioning any disputes between him and his too sparing wife: he need only to order such things as he thinks proper to be brought into his house as presents from some friend or relation in the country, or other person whom he may pretend he either has had an opportunity of obliging, or is at that time soliciting some favour from him.

To my certain knowledge, this is a method which has frequently been practised with success: I have seen a lady who could scarce be civil to anyone who sat down to eat a bit of mutton of her providing, carve cheerfully to her guests of ortolans and venison, and do all the honours of her table with the greatest grace, when she imagined the entertainment was no expense to her husband.

I am well aware that there is a haughtiness in the nature of most men, which would make them cry out against this advice, and say, they would not be at the pains I recommend to humour any woman: but then I would have everyone who thinks in this manner and is a husband, to consider seriously that the woman I am persuading him to humour is his wife, the woman whom he is bound by indissoluble ties to live with his whole life, and whose affection it behoves him above all things to preserve. It comes very near to an impossibility for any two persons to live always together in a perfect harmony, without mutually resolving to yield a little to the passions and propensities of each other; and as domestic peace can scarce ever be too dearly purchased, that husband will be much to blame who is too proud to contribute something towards it on his part.

But while I am thus putting a husband in the way how he should deal with a parsimonious wife, the ladies would have reason to accuse me of very great injustice to them, if I did not at the same time remind every man, who may happen to have this propensity in himself, that he ought to be extremely careful in concealing it, especially in such things as relate to house-keeping, and are under the direction of his wife.

A niggardly and inhospitable disposition is yet more unbecoming in a man than in a woman; a husband must appear very contemptible in the eyes of a woman of spirit when he enquires the price of everything he sees on his table, cries that one thing is too dear, and that there is too much of another: if he will be sparing, let it be in things which appertain entirely to himself, for this is an article in which few women

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will endure contradiction, and nothing more lessens the character of a man than interfering in it.

There may, indeed, and I am afraid are some instances of profuseness and extravagance in a wife, which it would neither be safe nor prudent in a husband to pass over without endeavouring to retrench, but the manner in which he should do it must be the business of another section.

SECT. III.

***In what particulars a good Husband is authorised to restrain
the Profusion of his Wife.***

Profuseness in a wife is almost universally looked upon as a worse quality than parsimony, yet in such matters as relate merely to house-keeping I cannot think it to be such; a man must have a very narrow mind who makes either himself or his wife uneasy on seeing his table served with somewhat more than is barely necessary. I believe few husbands can complain of being ruined by this one article; and if the lady's love of elegant superfluities stops here, and goes no further lengths, it ought not, in my opinion, to be too severely checked by her husband, even though it should happen to prove of some small inconvenience to the circumstances of his fortune.

I am very sensible that there are too many instances in which this propensity has run into excesses, not only ridiculous in the eyes of the more discerning part of the world, but also of the most dangerous consequences to the persons guilty of them: when a woman, married to a petty tradesman, shall pretend to vie with the wife of an opulent merchant; or that of a merchant with those of the noblesse in the richness of apparel, the magnificence of furniture, the number of servants, and the giving into the modish pleasures of the town, the husband of such a wife, both for her sake as well as his own, ought to lay some restraint on her behaviour.

I am informed, by unquestionable authority, that there are some ladies who of late have invented, and put into practice, extravagancies such as not even the most vain and luxurious of their ancestors ever took into their heads to be guilty of, and which could not hereafter be believed by their posterity, if the ruin of those fortunes they at present think themselves born to enjoy would not be a sad conviction of the truth.

Among the many instances I could give of this destructive folly, I shall content myself with only two, which being in women of vastly different stations, may serve as a specimen of the rest.

A young mercer having a competent fortune to set up his business with reputation, hired a very handsome house in one of the best streets in the city, where having a well-stocked shop and a great number of friends and acquaintance who were his customers themselves, and recommended him to others, several of whom were of the highest rank, he was looked upon to be in as thriving a way as any man of the trade; everything corresponding with his wishes. He wanted nothing but a wife, which he took in a short time; but his choice was governed more by inclination than interest, the woman he married having no other portion than a very pretty face; all, however, might have been well, if a fatal ambition of appearing with a grandeur to which she was no way entitled, had not rendered them as miserable as they otherwise might have been happy.

This unthinking woman, taking the advantage of the extreme fondness she found in her husband towards her spared nothing that might indulge her lavish inclination: she no sooner discovered she was pregnant than she began to long, not for meats or drinks, which how costly soever they might have been, could not have proved of any great detriment to his fortune, but for a new gown of every fine piece of silk that came into the shop: when the time of her lying-in approached, she would

needs have a bed, chairs, settee, and the hangings of her chamber, of a rich French brocade, valued at two guineas per yard: the most gorgeous screen St. Paul's Churchyard produced was bought to keep the least breath of air out of the room, the floor of which was all covered with a Turkey carpet; she received company on her sitting up in a silver tissue, her child's mantle was of the same stuff: in a word, everything about her was of a piece, all equally magnificent; and the elegance of her taste would doubtless have been admired, if her station had not rendered it ridiculous.

The husband, it seems, was very discontented during all these preparations, and often remonstrated to her how unbecoming such grandeur was in a person of his rank, and also how prejudicial to his circumstances, as the money squandered this way, if laid out in trade, might bring in double the sum; but whenever he talked in this manner she began to whimper, and said it was very hard that she might not have everything she had a mind to on the birth of her first child; he loved with too much tenderness to resist her tears, and granted all she asked.

I was well assured by those who were perfectly acquainted with the affairs of these unhappy persons, that the birth of this child cost the father little less than seven hundred pounds; nor was this all,—the fair inconsiderate must afterwards take a trip to Bath, for the recovery of her strength, and the weakening of her husband's purse.

When a tradesman is known to live anything above the profits of his business, and does not make regular payments to those he deals with, he is presently suspected to have run out, and everyone takes the best measures he can to avoid being a loser by him: it was at least the case of this too indulgent husband,—bills came upon him much sooner than he expected, or than they would otherwise have done;—the creditors would accept of no excuses,—all his effects were sold, and the money distributed among them, which being far short of answering the whole of their demands, he was looked upon as sufficiently favoured in not being deprived of his liberty for the remainder.

Though extravagancies of this kind are neither considered as so preposterous, nor bring on such immediate destruction in persons of high rank, as in those of a meaner class, yet we are not without some melancholy examples of honourable and noble families whose posterity are reduced to a very low ebb by the prodigality of their ancestors.

I could wish that in the present age, there were no ladies to be found whose conduct in this point is such as cannot but furnish matter of astonishment to succeeding generations, and must infallibly render their immediate descendants objects rather of compassion than respect.

There are many steps in the ladder of human life; some are placed on the topmost, others on the very lowest; and for my part, I look upon these last to be much the happiest people; they are, generally speaking, contented with their lot, seek no further than the sphere in which they were born, and act like the most reasonable beings: whereas those on the middle rungs, having a nearer prospect of grandeur, are too apt to be intoxicated with it,—they exert all their powers to climb a little higher, and if fortune happens to favour their endeavours, are yet as unsatisfied as ever, nor can rest while they see anything above them. The ambition of men and the pride of women, I take to be the same passion operating by different methods, and for different ends; and what the ingenious Mr. Otway says of the one, I think may with great propriety be applied to the other.

*Ambition is a lust that's never quenched,
Grows more inflamed, and madder by enjoyment.*

A young person having been, to the amazement of the whole town, and infinitely beyond her own most sanguine hopes, raised to the bed of a nobleman, she no sooner saw herself his wife, than she thought of nothing but how to give her new station all the éclat it would admit of. She seemed to think that wasting money was a necessary appendix to the character of a woman of quality. It would be too tedious to mention the particulars of her extravagancy in dress, furniture, equipage, and entertainments; one may serve as a sample of the rest. She gave six hundred pounds at once for the hire of jewels, only to gratify the vanity of out-shining a certain duchess for two or three hours at a masquerade.

I must confess myself extremely shocked on being told that this last, and certainly the most egregious act of profusion that ever was invented, is like to grow up into a fashion; but am more particularly concerned to find it followed by a lady, whose husband's estate, even with the best economy, is scarce sufficient to support the dignity of his illustrious birth.

There needs, indeed, no spirit of prophecy to foretell what such wild extravagancies must end in. A husband therefore cannot be said to have any true affection for his wife who suffers her to pursue courses, which, sooner or later, must necessarily involve both her and himself in one common ruin.

A man therefore, in justice to himself and family, should, on the first discovery of such a disposition in his wife, make use of his utmost efforts to put a check upon it; for the torrent of prodigality, if the least indulged, will soon grow too powerful for restraint, and overflow all the bounds of prudence and moderation; but then I would have him, as in the other extreme, treated on in the preceding section, to begin with gentle arguments and soft persuasion. Let him use all the rhetoric that love and the consideration of their mutual interest can supply him with, to prevail on her to forbear going into expenses so destructive; and if all he urges on this score prove ineffectual, he then must and ought to exert the authority of a husband, so far as to lay an embargo on her purse, which, how much soever she may complain of, there is no reasonable person will condemn him for.

SECT. IV.

Some measures to be taken by a Husband in regard of the kindred of his Wife, which he will not fail to find his account in, more ways than one.

Though natural affection to kindred, and even the due reverence and obedience to parents, be pretty much out of doors in these latter ages of the world, yet I have observed that those who think most lightly of their duties in this point are very well pleased to find their families treated with respect by others. They look upon it as a kind of veneration paid to themselves; and therefore, if for no other reason, never fail of being highly obliged by it.

A husband can seldom find a greater opportunity of endearing himself to his wife, than by treating her kindred with tenderness and respect, so I would not have him by any means neglect it; nor should he, in his devoirs to them, seem to have any view either to his own interest or their particular merit; but show he thinks it sufficient that they belong to her to engage his friendship and esteem; and if she should happen to be at variance with any of them, to make use of his utmost efforts to bring about a reconciliation.

I am the more strenuous in recommending this point to every married man, as it has fallen in my way to be an eye-witness of the good effects it is capable of producing.

A young lady, while under guardianship, had been persuaded to commence a process against a near kinsman, on account of an uncle's effects who had died intestate; the affair not being decided when she married, must now be carried on in her husband's name; but that gentleman was no sooner told of it, than he absolutely refused giving any orders to that end; and turning to his wife surprised her with the reason he gave for having taken this resolution:

"My dear," said he, taking hold of one of her hands, and looking tenderly upon her, "How justifiable soever your claim may be, I cannot forget that the person against whom you expect I should appear as plaintiff is your father's brother's son, a person whose veins run with the same blood as yours, every drop of which is too precious to me ever to offend; no, let this cursed cause drop, and all matter of contention cease."

It is impossible to express the astonishment into which these words threw everyone that heard them, among whom was myself and the lawyer who had been entrusted with the management of the suit; no one being able to make any immediate reply, the husband went on in this manner:

"Sir," continued he, addressing himself to the lawyer, "I desire you will put an immediate stop to all proceedings in this cause, I will see the gentleman myself, discourse with him on the matter in dispute, and if I cannot bring him to any reasonable agreement, at least convince him that the man who is in possession of his lovely kinswoman wants no other treasure, nor can be at enmity with any of her family."

I will not trouble my reader with the repetition of what conversation ensued after he had declared himself in this manner: I shall only say that his wife, though she

a little opposed the giving up what she had been made to believe was her undoubted right, could discover both in her looks and voice, that her heart was transported with receiving so uncommon a proof of her husband's affection for her in the complaisance he showed her family.

My friend delayed no longer than the next day to do as he had said. He requested a meeting with his wife's kinsman, which being readily granted, after such previous salutations as might be expected between gentlemen of a polite education, he told him, that he had an utter aversion to all contests between persons so nearly allied; that he had ordered no further proceedings should be carried on in his part, desiring only that a jewel, or rather a knot of jewels, which had long been in the family, should be yielded to his wife; concluding this proposal with saying, "I believe, sir, you will allow that no bosom in the world will more become this ornament than that of your fair kinswoman."

This offer both surprised and charmed the person to whom it was made. Whether he doubted the justice of his cause or not, I will not take upon me to determine, but have heard him since confess he had little peace of mind during the time it had been carrying on, and was continually reflecting on the uncertainty of a law decision, according to the humorous poet:

*For lawyers, lest bear defendant,
And plaintiff dogs should make an end on't,
Do slave, and toil, with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
To let 'em breathe a while, and then
Cry whoop, and set 'em on again,
Until with subtle cobweb cheats,
They're caught in knotted law, like nets;
In which when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled;
And while their purses can dispute,
There's no end of th'immortal suit.*

In fine, the kinsman was quite in raptures on the making up an affair which had given him much disquiet; he not only surrendered the jewel demanded, but also, not to be behindhand with his new relation in generosity, gave up many other things of very great value, perhaps as much as my friend would have gained had the suit been continued and a judgment given in his favour; so exorbitant are the costs of law, that, as Mr. Dryden truly says,

*Truths are so traversed, and so little won,
That he who conquers, is but last undone.*

By this action he not only became so much endeared to his wife that she almost adored him, but was ever after looked upon, by all her kindred, as a prodigy of love and generosity, two things which very well compensated for any loss he might have sustained by refusing to continue the prosecution against her cousin.

Every husband has not, indeed, the same opportunity this gentleman had of showing, in so extraordinary a manner, his tenderness for his wife in the complaisance he paid to her kindred; yet all may do it in a more or less degree, and I cannot but look on any man who omits it, as ignorant of a very great essential to his own happiness.

I think I may venture to set it down as an unfailing maxim, that nothing more contributes to render the marriage state truly amicable, than for both parties to treat

the families of each other with more respect than they do their own. The behaviour of the husband will go a great way in setting an example to his wife in this point, and when they mutually concur in it, the two families will be cemented in such a bond of unity and friendship as to seem but one.

I know very well that some objections will be started, which, at first sight, may seem to take off the weight of these admonitions: it may be said, and with good reason too, that there are people who have not gratitude to return any obligation conferred upon them, or even to think anything is so; and in such a case, a man in soliciting their good graces would only have the mortification to find his complaisance rejected.

It may also be alleged, that if in the incident I have been relating, the wife's kinsman had proved refractory, and affected to think he had put a stop to the process only because he feared the issue of a trial, the other could have reaped no advantage by his generosity, but on the contrary, it is probable, been treated with contempt.

But whoever shall pretend to argue in this manner must not have well considered the drift of my intention in giving this advice, as I can easily make appear. The untoward disposition of the kinsman could not have deprived the husband of any part of that advantage, which was the main point he had in view, that of endearing himself to the affection of the woman to whom he was for life united, and this he would as effectually have done by having made such an offer, as by its being accepted.

It is certain, however, that by using his endeavours to obtain the good-will of his wife's kindred, it is impossible for him ever to be a loser, and may, in the end, become a very great gainer. I cannot be so uncharitable as not to hope and believe, that there are but few people of such harsh and rugged natures as not to be softened and won over by repeated acts of tenderness; and I am very sure, that those of a more gentle kind will always take care to repay double-fold whatever obligations they receive.

And here I cannot omit giving one example of the latter sort, which I doubt not but will be as agreeable to my readers as it was to myself, on being first made acquainted with it, and therefore will not be looked upon as superfluous.

A gentleman of very great worth and a competent estate, being married to a young lady whom he had long courted and most passionately loved, wisely judged that he could not take a more effectual method of convincing her of the continuance of his affection, nor of securing an adequate return from her, than by behaving with the utmost regard to all those who were any way related to her.

Her mother, above all, he was most particularly assiduous to oblige. She was a widow lady, and living in a pretty remote county, he very frequently addressed himself to her in letters full of submission and respect, nor seldom failed to accompany those testimonies of his love and duty with some little present or other; such as fine teas, hampers of rich wines, and such-like things, which he knew she could not be accommodated with in such perfection in the place where she resided.

On hearing she intended to make him a visit at London, and to stay some weeks there, he ordered the best apartment in his house to be fitted up with the utmost elegance for her reception; rode upwards of thirty miles to meet her on the road; and, in fine, omitted nothing that she might have expected from him if he had been her own son and an entire dependant on her.

The next morning after her arrival he put into her hands a small piece of paper, saying to her at the same time, "I beg, madam, you will accept this little tribute of my love and duty, though without any other merit than as it flows from the abundance of the heart."

"I can answer for that," subjoined his wife, laughing, "for I assure you, madam, he started out of bed this morning much sooner than is his usual custom, and said to me, 'Oh, Maria, how happy does your mother's presence make us!' then sat down to his bureau and wrote what you will find in the paper he has given you."

The old lady made no reply, but hastily unfolded the paper, which contained these lines:

*To the Honourable Mrs. ****.
From her most dutiful and truly affectionate son.*

*Welcome!—thrice welcome!—best of womankind!
Source of my joys!—blessed parent of my love;
Dearer than her from whom I first drew breath,
She but fulfilled the task which nature set,
And gave me to the world:—you have done more!
Have given Maria to my longing arms,
And made that world a paradise of bliss!
Which else had been a scene of dreary cares,
Without one quickening charm to brighten life.
Once more, most welcome to my house and heart,
Long may your presence grace my grateful board,
And do, what nothing but yourself can do,
Add still to mine, and your Maria's joys.*

The good lady was quite charmed with every word she read; and these verses, which perhaps cost him not five minutes in the composing, gained him five hundred pounds; for before she went out of town she sent for a lawyer and made a deed of gift to him of that sum on the birth of the child her daughter was then pregnant with.

It would be easy for me to bring many instances of this kind, which have come within the compass of my own knowledge and observation; but the advantages which a husband must naturally find in rendering himself well in the love and esteem of a family into which he is initiated, and made as it were a part, are too numerous and too obvious to everyone's capacity to stand in need of any explanation or argument to prove: if there were, however, no other than the one which this treatise is chiefly intended to promote, that of endearing himself to the affection of his wife, no man, I think, who reflects seriously on the state in which he is engaged, will despise as beneath his attention, the measures I recommend for the accomplishment of a work so material to his happiness.

SECT. V.

Giving way to rage on every trivial occasion,—how unbecoming in a man of sense, more especially after he is married.

It is certainly a very great fault in parents, tutors, governors, or any who take upon themselves the education of youth, not to put an early check on those fiery seeds of wrath which they will find in the composition of some pupils, and which, if suffered to go on, will still increase and gather strength with their years, till they become intolerable in maturity.

Pride, the predominant passion of mankind, too often hinders those of the best understanding from perceiving this error in themselves; and when they do, from taking pains to correct what from their infancy they have been permitted to indulge;—so that they are liable to run into the most ridiculous, and sometimes dangerous excesses, without ever reflecting that what they do is looked upon as such.

I have seen a man throw a chair out of the window, only because it did not stand just in the same place it used to do; kick his *valet de chambre*, or barber, downstairs if the napkin under his chin, when going to be shaved, happened to be tucked too loosely or too strait; beat his own head against the wall if a cry in the street displeased him; and a thousand such like follies, which one would think no man in his senses could be guilty of; and yet the same person shall, at other times, behave with all the softness, good humour, and politeness imaginable.

It would be well, methinks, if every man of this cast would have his room hung round with looking-glass, to the end that seeing himself in the deformity of his rage, his mind might be so struck with shame at the shocking resemblance, as to make him remember it enough to refrain appearing again in the same manner.

I remember to have read, in the works of one of our old poets, a passage which I think gives a pretty picturesque description of an angry man:

*Enormous rage distended ev'ry vein,
And all hell's furies o'er his breast did reign.
Swol'n with mad ire, his blood-shot eyes did glare,
Like ruddy meteors, blazing in the air.*

Anger, when provoked by real injuries, if it arrives at any height, is justly termed a short-lived madness; but when inflamed by accidents too frivolous to merit the least attention from a man of reason, what name can it deserve? Sure there is none in language can convey a just idea of its extreme absurdity!

What can a new married woman think on her first seeing her husband in one of these tourbillions of outrageous passion? If she happens to be of a meek and timid disposition, it may throw her into fits; if of a more bold and daring one, it is likely enough that she will reproach him in terms which may rather increase than abate the fury in his brain. If she has prudence enough to seem to take no notice of it, which is doubtless the best method she can pursue, that very prudence, in spite even of herself, will very much lessen the esteem she had for him before her discovery of his follies.

It will but a very little avail him to say, that it is not with her he has been angry; that he loves with too much tenderness for anything she can do ever to make him so: for, besides that she will scarce believe him in this point, and think herself obliged to put a guard on all her words and actions; his behaviour to others will make her see into his soul, and find there such a void, both of religion and morality, as if she is endued with the least portion of either cannot but render her extremely unhappy.

What peace of mind can that wife be supposed to enjoy, who whenever her husband stays abroad longer than she expected; or, indeed, whenever he is out of her sight, even for the smallest time, knows not but he may that moment be committing some rash action which may lay him under the censure of the law, or perhaps be quarrelling with his best friend, be either killed or killing; certainly, the greater degree of virtue, good understanding, or affection for him she is possessed of, the greater must be the inquietudes she perpetually sustains.

It is an observation which I have very often heard made, that people addicted to these violent passions are better-natured than those of a more equal disposition; but, for my own part, I could never find anyone reason to support this argument, unless it were, that on coming out of their frenzy they severely reflected, which I am afraid is seldom the case, on the follies they had been guilty of, and were desirous of making some atonement by a quite different manner of behaviour.

But allowing it to be so, and that these Iracundians were really endued with a greater share of sincerity, benevolence, and liberality than others generally are, what satisfaction would these excellent qualities, with the addition of a thousand more, be capable of affording to those about them, when they could not assure themselves but that in a moment some fresh accident, light as the turning of a feather, might in a moment convert all the present harmony into discord and confusion?

But to live in a continual dread is not always the worst misfortune may befall a woman who is united to a man of this fiery temper,—events have sometimes happened to fulfil the most terrible of her apprehensions, and to involve not only herself, but all belonging to her, in the greatest calamities.

A fatal and most shocking demonstration of this truth happened not very many years ago, a brief detail of which will not, I believe, be an improper present to my readers in this place, as it can give offence to no one living, and may prove a beneficial warning to those who survive, and are of the unhappy disposition I am speaking of.

According to all appearance there never was a more fortunate marriage than that between the two persons, the melancholy catastrophe of whose fate I am going to relate. They were both descended from good families, had handsome fortunes, but love was the chief motive of their union, and they had lived together for upwards of four years in a manner which promised their felicity would be as lasting as their lives.

He was, however, of that unhappy disposition which is the subject of this section: the lady had a brother who was exactly of the same, yet had these jarring spirits never happened to clash till one dreadful night; just after they had all three supped together, a dispute arose between the two gentlemen concerning the true pronunciation of this line in Shakespeare's *Moor of Venice*:

Put out the light,—and then,—put out the light.

Each of them would have it their own way, both were equally positive, and some hasty words being dropped, either on the one side or the other, their swords were immediately out; the wife, who a little before had stepped into the next room on some occasion, on hearing the bustle returned, but too late for any endeavours she could use to hinder the sad event; the moment she entered her brother fell, crying out, "Oh! I am killed!" The husband ran to him, and fearing it was indeed as he had said, spoke nothing but went directly to his closet, and having taken out of his bureau what bills and money he had there, quitted the house that instant; but just as he was doing so, called to the servants, who being all in the kitchen had heard nothing of what passed above. "Go," said he to his man, "fly with all the speed you can for a surgeon, my brother has hurt himself."

In the meantime horror and astonishment had frozen up all the faculties of the wretched wife; she saw her brother lie weltering in his blood, a pale and breathless corpse; the person who had reduced him to this condition was her husband, a husband most dear to her, and whom all laws, both human and divine, obliged her to protect: no words can paint the misery of such a situation; but it was not long that she endured the pain of thought, sense was too weak to bear it, and she sunk beneath the weight.

There were two servant-maids in the house, who on hearing what their master had said to his man as he went out, imagined that something extraordinary had happened and ran upstairs, where beholding their mistress lying on the floor near the body of her slaughtered brother, the dreadful sight struck them with such a consternation as rendered them incapable either of assisting the one, or lamenting the other.

The surgeon who was sent for, and lived but in the next street, came in, and finding the gentleman was past the reach of his art to recall, turned his whole care upon the lady, whom he soon brought to herself; but it was only to give a great shriek, and cry out, "Oh my brother! Oh my husband!" and then fell into a second convulsion.

She was carried to her chamber and laid upon the bed, no help was wanting; but her fits continued the whole night, and in the intervals she appeared very delirious. The footman ran to an uncle of his master's, and to several other relations, who all hastened thither; but it would be too tedious to repeat the particulars of their confusion on the sad occasion which had called them.

As for the poor wife, youth, and a good constitution, at last got the better of her convulsions, so far as to prevent that terrible disorder from taking away her life; but, alas! it had seized on her brain, and deprived her of what alone can make life a blessing,—her reason,—which she never more recovered the right use of.

The husband, who even in the first agonies of his remorse for what he had done, had yet some consideration of his own safety, as I think has pretty plainly appeared, made his escape to Holland, where as soon as he arrived he wrote a letter to his wife; but that wretched lady not being in a condition to receive it, it was delivered to the uncle, who had taken upon him the care of everything belonging to that unhappy family. The contents of the letter were as follows:

To Mrs. S—.

Dear partner of my griefs, as once of all my joys,

The dreadful occasion of my leaving you allowed no time for bidding farewell;—I had robbed you of a brother, and flew to preserve to you a husband, who wishes to live only for your consolation. I need not tell you I had no premeditated malice; you know how dear poor Ned was to me, as well for his own merits as because he shared

your blood: but we were both too rash, and chance, cruel chance, took the advantage to destroy him, and with him all my future peace. As we were exchanging thrusts, I cannot tell how it happened, but his foot slipped and threw him on my sword; I was only the unhappy instrument of fate. Forgive the involuntary crime and haste to join me, that we may consult together in what part of the world to settle for the remainder of our melancholy days, in case my friends should not have interest enough with the government to procure my pardon. I am lodged at the Black Eagle at Rotterdam, where I shall impatiently expect your arrival. You may leave the management of our affairs entirely to my uncle, I know he will be a very faithful steward. As ships are continually coming into this port there will be no danger of your waiting for a passage, which pray Heaven may be safe and speedy to the arms of him who is,
With inviolable fidelity,
My dear soul,
Your most affectionate
Though unfortunate husband,
R. S.

This was immediately answered by the uncle, with an account of the sad effects which his late rash action had produced on his wife; the intelligence of this unexpected misfortune, perhaps too being expressed in terms too pathetic for the present situation of that unhappy gentleman's mind to sustain, threw him into a deep melancholy, and that into a languishing disease, which, within the compass of a few months, took him from the world.

A violent and over-hasty behaviour is not always, indeed, punished with the same terrible consequences; but that they do not more frequently happen may be wondered at by those who do not believe the interposition of a Divine Providence, which sometimes vouchsafes to protect men even in spite of themselves.

Courage and a true spirit, on laudable occasions, have ever been the characteristics of the British nation; but this false glory, this *trop vif*, this precipitate rashness on every trifling provocation, is not of our own growth, nor at all natural to us; and I am therefore tempted to believe has rather been imported, among some other bad customs, by our travelled youth from France, where, if it were not for the severe laws against duelling, and the strictness with which they are put in execution, their *grand monarque* in a little time, might have cause to say with Busiris in the Tragedy,

*Like death, a solitary king I reign,
O'er silent subjects, and a desert plain.*

But to be more serious: it behoves every married man, above all, to use his utmost endeavours for the correcting this dangerous propensity; if no consideration of himself is sufficient to enable him to do it, he ought to remember that neither his life nor his fortune are altogether his own, and that his wife, and the children he either has or may have by her, have a right to share in all the benefits of both; and that he cannot do anything which may happen to prove an injury to himself without being guilty of an injustice to them. I am fully persuaded within myself, that if reflections of this kind are properly indulged, they will never fail of having their due weight with a man of honour, and who has any natural tenderness for his family or regard for his own reputation in the world, so I shall make no mention of what is enjoined by religion or morality in this point.

SECT. VI.

The great weakness of a Husband in discovering any uneasiness at the civilities his Wife may treat others with in his presence.

THE wisest of men tells us that there is a time for everything; it is doubtless the season and the circumstance that gives a sanction to what we do; the very same behaviour, which on some occasions is highly agreeable, shall on others be offensive. This is evident in almost all the particulars of our conduct, but more especially so in the amorous intercourse between man and woman.

A lover, while in his days of courtship, lives in a continual suspense, his passion makes him diffident of his own merit, and fearful of everyone's else. Believing his mistress worthy of universal admiration, he takes all who approach her for his rivals, and the least kind or even civil look she bestows on any of them inflames him with jealousy. He complains of her cruelty, is sometimes sullen and discontented, sometimes raves,—reproaches,—vows never to see her more, and flies from her presence in a rage;—then returns, confesses his faults, and sues to be forgiven. All this is far from displeasing her; on the contrary, she imputes whatever extravagancies he is guilty of to the excess of that passion he has for her; and does not seldom contrive some occasion for proving it this way, taking for a maxim these words of Mr. Dryden:

*Distrust in lovers is too warm a sun;
But yet 'tis night in love when that is gone.*

These little fooleries may be called so many different scenes in the play of Love, and are pretty enough in their representation; but when marriage has let down the curtain, the actors have done their parts and appear themselves.

Whatever grounds a man may have to justify his apprehensions before marriage, he can have none after being in possession of the beloved object; she has renounced all mankind for his sake, and those doubts which testified his passion while in a state of uncertainty, are, when he becomes a husband, indications of a base distrust, than which he cannot sure put a greater affront upon a woman conscious of her innocence and integrity.

The laws of wedlock do not so far chain up the understanding, or the will of a wife, as to restrain her from seeing and acknowledging merit wherever she finds it; from being pleased with conversation which either improves or exhilarates her mind; or from behaving with decency and politeness, even to such who may have little else to recommend them than the rank they hold in the world.

A woman, especially if known to have any share of spirit or vivacity, must needs make a very odd figure, and occasion strange speculations among her acquaintance, who in the midst of company should sit with her lips closed, and her eyes cast down upon the ground, as if afraid to speak, or even look on any other than her husband; yet that there are men unreasonable enough to expect this, I could bring many instances. I shall, however, content myself with one, the truth of which I can aver, as I was both an eye and an ear witness of it.

A near kinswoman of mine, who never had either her virtue or prudence called in question, was married to a man of this unhappy way of thinking. I was at their house one day when there was a great deal of company; among whom was a gentleman of no great depth of understanding, indeed, but perfectly good-humoured and quite inoffensive in his morals; he had that silly custom which many people have, when they are earnest in discourse, of laying hold of whoever is in their reach. This person was telling what he thought a very merry story, and, in the eagerness of his repetition, clapped his hand two or three times upon my cousin's arm, who unluckily was placed in the next chair to him; she laughed, as others did, at the recital he was making, but took no notice of his action, nor I believe anyone else, except her husband, who suddenly started from his seat, bent his brows, bit his lips, walked backwards and forwards in a disordered motion, spoke to no one, nor gave any answer to those who spoke to him.

Everybody was surprised at so strange an alteration in his humour; and none being able to guess at the occasion, knew not but themselves, by some inadvertent word or action, might have affronted him; all of them, except myself, rose up and took their leaves.

The moment they were gone my cousin, with a great deal of complaisance and tenderness, approached her husband, and asked if he was not well; to which he churlishly replied, "Yes, I am well enough in health." "What then", demanded she, "can have induced you to act in the manner you have done? You have frighted all our friends away." "I suppose", cried he, in an angry tone, "no one of them are unable to account for what you seem so ignorant of, nor will wonder at a husband's resentment when he sees his wife behave in a fashion so unbecoming of her character."

"Bless me!" said she, "Is it I that have put you into this humour?" "No one else could have had the power to do it", answered he. "Did you think me blind enough not to see, or stupid enough not to resent the easy manner in which you suffered that coxcomb to handle your arm all the time he was telling his ridiculous story?"

"What would you have had me do?" demanded she. "The least you could have done", returned he, "was to have snatched away your arm, rose from your seat, and removed to another part of the room." "And so made myself the jest of the whole company", replied she. "Was I to behave as if the man was going to eat me?"

"Such fellows as *****", said the husband, "are worse than wolves or cannibals; those monsters but prey upon your flesh, but the tame monsters in human shape devour your reputation."

Perceiving, by my cousin's countenance, that some emotions were rising in her mind which might make the dispute between them grow too warm, I thought it high time to interpose. I reminded him, that among the number of his acquaintance it was almost impossible but he must find several who behaved in the same odd way with Mr. *****; that I dare answer that gentleman had no design upon my cousin; and that had any other person sat as near him as she did, they would have been treated in just the same manner.

I added, by way of proving the truth of what I said, that I frequently visited a certain great lady, with whom, indeed, I was at that time very conversant, who I never found about to relate anything she thought of consequence, but I was glad to get as far as I could from the reach of her fingers, or I should have had my arms pinched quite sore.

Self-Help Omnibus

He suffered me to go on for a good while, without offering to interrupt me, or making any answer to what I said; but at last seeming to be convinced by it, owned he had been in the wrong, and asked his wife pardon, which she, who was certainly one of the best natured women in the world, readily granted; and I had the satisfaction of leaving them perfectly reconciled for this time.

But alas! he either not endeavoured, or was unable to subdue this unquiet disposition in himself; she afterwards complained to me, that they never were together in company without his finding some pretence to quarrel with her, on what had passed, as soon as they were alone.

There cannot be a greater folly, either in man or woman, than indulging this propensity; because by persevering in what was at first no more than a humour, may grow in time into a passion, and the most bitter and pernicious of all passions, as an author, whom I have very often quoted on other occasions, tells us on this,

*For doubts and fears to jealousy will turn,
The hottest hell in which a heart can burn.*

Men, for the most part, lay the blame of their uneasiness in this point on the extraordinary love they have for their wives. This may possibly be sometimes the case indeed, but I am afraid extremely seldom; for I have known husbands who could not bear the least innocent freedom in a wife, yet have themselves, at the same time, been passionately attached to the charms of some other woman.

Here, perhaps, I may be asked the question, How can a man be jealous of one he does not love? To which I answer, That men have their vanities as well as women, and can as little endure that any other person should be put in competition with themselves. This frequently happens between a lover and the woman he addresses for marriage; but when that indissoluble knot is tied, there is then a jealousy of honour; as the character of the husband suffers, though very unjustly, in the opinion of the world, by any ill conduct of his wife.

But as to the point I am speaking of; the ill-humour of a husband on his wife's behaving in company with a vivacity which has nothing in it of design, I believe that if we search into the true origin of his discontent, we shall find it more often proceed from pride than love.

Be that as it may, however, a husband cannot give a greater indication of his weakness than in discovering any disturbed emotions on seeing his wife treated with those unmeaning little freedoms, common between persons who are intimate, and which, one would think, he needs no other proof of their innocence than being taken before his face.

Methinks he should consider, that on the reputation of a wife's virtue depends the honour of him who is her husband; and that in betraying the least distrust of her conduct, he exposes himself as well as her to the contempt and censure of the world: people must either believe or not believe that there are some grounds for his suspicions, and whichever of these two opinions prevail, it must infallibly diminish that respect which every man of sense would wish to preserve. Those who are inclined to think favourably, and can find nothing blameable in the behaviour of the wife, will not forbear ridiculing the folly and stupidity of the husband; and those who are ready to judge the worst, as too many such there are, will not fail to blazon and magnify her supposed transgression, and so they both fall into disgrace.

Besides, as a woman has no defence against the reproaches of a husband of this distrustful nature but secluding herself from all society, which there are very few women will do, nor is it reasonable to expect that anyone should do, it is not impossible but that her inclinations may take a different turn, and she may in reality run into excesses worse than his utmost apprehensions had suggested.

But to put these greater, and more suppositious evils out of the question; frequent *brulées* with a woman whom his chief happiness consists in living well with, and the disturbance which the distraction between them certainly create in the whole family, ought, if there were nothing more to be dreaded, to make a man correct, or at least conceal, a disposition so pernicious to the peace of all about him.

SECT. VII.

Petulancy in a Husband, how disagreeable to a Wife, and troublesome to the whole Family.

All the good qualities a mind can be possessed of, without a certain softness and complacency of manners, will not be sufficient to render a wife completely happy, and give marriage those douceurs which ought to be found in that state, and are expected by the parties who agree to unite themselves in those sacred bonds.

There are, doubtless, many husbands who are guilty of no vices, provide well for their families, take great care of what is called the main chance; that is, owing nothing to anybody, and laying up, according to their circumstances, for their posterity: these pass in the eyes of the world for most excellent husbands, and indeed are such, if we go no further than the common acceptation of the phrase;—yet still there may be a secret something in the composition of such a man, which though not discoverable to any but his wife and family, may, with them, destroy all the merit of his other virtues.

There are various sorts of humours which may produce this bad effect; but what I am now about to speak of is petulancy; that is, finding fault with every trifle that offends them, and never seeming pleased when they can find nothing to offend them; a kind of waspish disposition, which takes delight in stinging without reaping any benefit by the venom they leave behind.

I have heard a man of this cast cry out, when a mug of small-beer has been brought to table, "Pish—Why was the beer drawn in this mug?" though perhaps if it had been presented to him in any other vessel he would have said just the same thing; the most minute circumstance serves him for matter of cavil, and it is altogether impossible to know how to please him, because he knows it not himself.

Such a man as this, on every little ailment, though it be no more than a corn on his toe, or a whitlow on his finger, expects to be humoured, indulged, and waited on with the utmost diligence, yet never appears satisfied either with what is done or left undone. If his wife or servant brings him anything to take by way of refreshment, he pushes it back with some such rebuff as this, "Phoo,—do not plague me, I hate to be teased,—when I want anything I can call for it." Yet, if they do not offer it, complains piteously of being neglected, and the little care is taken of him.

If his wife at any time approaches him with words or gestures of endearment, he turns away and cries, "Prithee none of this foolery, I have something else to think upon." If she sits silent, he peevishly demands, "What, have you lost your tongue, or do you think me not worthy of being spoke to?" If she questions him on any affair of moment which may be then depending, his reply is, "What is that to you?" If she forbears to intermeddle, he accuses her of indolence, and tells her she has not sense enough to think seriously on anything.

A woman of a low education, and who has as little softness as himself, it is likely will return his behaviour in kind, and afterwards reflect no further on it; but one who has the least share of delicacy in her nature can never be happy in a man who treats her in this manner; nor will all the love a wife can possibly be possessed of be

sufficient to make her absolve him for it in her mind, though her pride or her prudence may perhaps enable her to affect regarding it with a show of indifference.

But they will tell you that this error, as well as some others which I have already, or shall hereafter mention, is merely constitutional, and as much owing to nature as crookedness, a wry mouth, a great nose, or any other blemish on the person, therefore not to be avoided, nor the man guilty of it to be condemned.

But supposing this position to be true, reason and resolution may greatly help to remedy the defects of the mind, as art has found means to shadow over and conceal, in a great measure, those of the body.

But to do this requires somewhat more of a deep reflection than most men will be at the pains of making,—business or pleasure engrosses their minds, they cannot endure the severe test of a self-examination; if they begin so good a work they immediately quit it, and thereby remain entire strangers to what is but too obvious to everyone else.

Monsieur L'Abbé d'Espemon, a very learned and eminent French author, in his elaborate treatise on the passions of the human mind, has a passage which I have taken the liberty to translate, as I think it may be an admonition of general utility, if well attended to;—it is this:

Curiosity is one of the most predominant and most lasting passions of the human mind; it begins even in the dawn of life, and ceases not its operations till the eve is well-nigh spent, and the night of death lulls asleep every busy faculty; but methinks nothing is more strange than that we should lay out our whole enquiries on things which have no immediate relation to us, and totally neglect that which most nearly concerns our happiness,—the knowledge of ourselves: we are anxious to find out the motives which influence our neighbour's actions, yet are seldom able to assign the true reasons of our own, nor will take the pains to ask our hearts the question.

Towards the close of his discourse upon the subject of curiosity, he grows more warm, and says thus:

Of what advantage is philosophy?—Of what use all the learning of the schools, while our ignorance of those propensities which nature has implanted in our minds renders us incapable either of improving the good, or of correcting the bad?

It is certainly a great pity when a man of merit shall forfeit all the esteem he might have in the world, by giving way to some unaccountable caprice, which if he once could be brought to see in himself, he would be ashamed of, and labour with all his might to get the better of an enemy so dangerous to his character.

But in the case I am at present speaking of, a husband seems to stand in need of taking very little trouble to convince himself of his error; the discontented faces of his wife, his children, and his servants, after he has been treating them in a petulant and peevish manner, are so many mirrors to remind him of the occasion.

But what surprises me the most is, to find that there are some men who are incapable of doing an ill-natured action, yet are scarce ever heard to speak a good-natured word: deeds, it must be confessed, are infinitely preferable to professions; yet it is still a very great fault to clothe a virtue in all the colours and appearances of its opposite vice.

Indeed I am strongly inclined to believe, that all the good we see done by persons whose manners are so perfectly contradictory to their actions, is not owing to

any humane or tender dispositions of the heart, or that they take any pleasure in them; but that they are entirely influenced, and as it were, even in spite of themselves, by the principles either of religion or morality.

I remember to have formerly read a passage in Mr. Brome's works, which exactly tallies with the character of such men; the lines are these:

*That good they choose,—that evil they eschew,
Is not to nature, but to precept due;
The tutor stamps the mind with pious dread
Of hell, and human laws;—this early spread
Through childhood, in maturity prevails,
Where innate truth and love of virtue fails.*

As the world is at present managed, these sour honest men are doubtless greatly to be valued, whether behind the counter, in Exchange Alley among the brokers, in all public offices, employments and posts of trust and confidence, and even among ministers of state. Such a person, I say, in his public capacity and his dealings between man and man, always will, and ought to be revered; but in private life, especially in marriage, much more is to be expected.

In cheerfulness, and an open unreserved behaviour consists domestic happiness. What welcome can a wife afford a husband, who she is certain will bring home nothing with him but frowns? Will she rather not wish he should be continually abroad, and behold his return with regret? Nay, if she is not endued with an uncommon share of patience and discretion, will not the little satisfaction she can enjoy in his society, make her own house hateful to her, and drive her to seek something more agreeable elsewhere? And then, who can answer for the consequences, will not a total neglect of her family be the least of ills a husband has to fear?

But I think I have now sufficiently expatiated upon this subject, and shall therefore add no more, than that I would fain persuade every husband, who has anything of this moroseness or petulancy in his composition, to dissemble it as much as possible in the presence of his wife; and to believe, that how strongly soever I may have pointed the mischiefs attending a contrary behaviour, they cannot be worse than what has sometimes happened, and which he has just reason to apprehend may fall to his own lot.

SECT. VIII.

The great mistake of a Husband who complains that his Wife is too religious.

I shall introduce what I have to say on this head in the words of a late learned author, who, though not a churchman, speaks thus of religion:

"Religion", says he, "is the sole barrier against vice, the great basis on which all our good actions, and even thoughts depends; without it all the resolutions which human prudence and imaginary honour enable us to form fall to the ground; it is the bulwark of weak virtue, and the only certain refuge from the temptations of the world, and our own corrupt inclinations."

But though nothing can be more just than this definition, and allowed to be so by everyone who does not live in an open and avowed contempt of the principles of religion as well as the form of it, yet I have known several men who have been very much dissatisfied with their wives for devoting themselves, more than they may think necessary, to divine worship.

I think all the pretence a husband can make for complaining of his wife on this account is, that by going so frequently to church the family affairs are neglected. I will not say, indeed, but that there are some instances which justify this accusation, especially among the followers of our new apostates and field-preachers; but then they are only the lowest and illiterate part of them; people of any understanding will always know, that to fulfil with diligence and integrity the duties of their station is a sacrifice no less acceptable to Heaven than prayer.

A man, however, who happens to have a zealot for his wife, should be very cautious how he attempts to turn the current of her passion; weak minds are always in extremes; and if he once brings her to believe that all the pains she has taken are in vain, and that Heaven takes no cognizance of her works of supererogation, she may, 'tis more than barely probable, look upon all duties of religion as equally unnecessary, abandon herself to everything her lawless inclination may suggest, and from an enthusiast become a libertine; and then I appeal to any husband, which of these two characters he will think most dangerous, either to his interest or his honour.

In fine, a man will always find it a much less misfortune to have a wife who has too much religion, than to be yoked to one who has none at all; because religion, of what sect or denomination soever, by its precepts allures to virtue and deters from vice.

But what can be said in the vindication of a man, who having nothing wherewith to reproach his wife except her piety, is continually making both her and himself uneasy on that score? I am at this time particularly acquainted with a couple, who might be the happiest people in the world if it were not for the difference of their sentiments in matters of faith: he is a man of great morality, but has but very little sense of religion; she has the most elevated notions of it. He at some times laughs at her weakness, as he terms it: at others endeavours more seriously to reform, or rather to pervert her judgment; but she will not suffer herself to be persuaded to omit any part of those duties which Heaven requires from all its creatures, though at the same

time she neglects nothing that completes the character of a good wife and the mistress of a family.

Perceiving that all the arguments in her power to urge in favour of revealed religion, drew from him only the commonplace modish sarcasms of the age, she has for a long time avoided, as much as possible, all discourses with him upon the subject; but he takes all opportunities of returning to it, not contented that she ceases to find fault with his notions, when he finds she perseveres in her own, which she still strictly does, and I believe will always continue to do to the end of her life.

She was one evening in her closet, when he happened to come home sooner than she expected, or than was his usual custom, and on being told where she was, ran hastily upstairs and surprised her writing at her escritoire.

His entrance was too sudden for her to conceal what she was about;—and he snatching the paper from her, found it contained the following lines:

*Now,—now relaxed from business and from care,
Let my joyed soul to meet its God prepare!
In contemplation wrapped, and heavenly thought,
Set all the pleasures of this world at nought!
Commune with angels!—join my humble lays,
To chant, with them, the great Jehovah's praise!
To glorify that sacred name by whom
Alone the hopes of our redemption come!
To bless that holy spirit which inspires
All our chaste wishes,—all our hallowed fires!
T'adore the wonders of the Trinity,
Th'almighty Three in one,—and one in Three!
O power supreme!—O goodness infinite!
Fountain of bliss,—source of all true delight!
Still keep my heart devoted to thy love,
Nor let my vain imaginations rove
To aught beneath thyself.*

"How unhappy", said he, as soon as he had read this, "is the man whose wife is a bigot; I came home thus early on purpose to play a game at Piquet with you, but I find you are soared above my reach, quite gone beyond the clouds." "I am ready to descend, my dear," answered she with a smile, "whenever the duties of my station here on earth require it: the precepts of religion command me not only to obey, but also to oblige my husband in all lawful things; so if you please we will go down and call for cards." "No, no," cried he, sullenly, "I shall seek better company." With these words he flung out of the room, went out, and returned not till the night was well-nigh spent.

She followed him downstairs, and even quite to the door of the house, entreating him to stay, but in vain, which so much disconcerted her, that, as she afterwards informed me, she passed the whole night in tears, instead of being able to finish her poetical ejaculation.

These things frequently happened between them, and though neither of them has any reason to complain of the other, but on the account I have been relating, that of itself is sufficient to embitter all the satisfaction of both their lives.

I once knew another husband who used his wife extremely ill merely because he found she believed and depended on what he called priestcraft. He highly valued

himself on the character of a Freethinker, yet was not one so much from principle as from the vanity of being ranked in the class of some great wits who he was told were so. He laughed at all the mysteries of religion, made a jest of providence, eternal judgment, and futurity; yet if seized with any indisposition, though never so slight, presently imagined he should die, and trembled at the thought: in fine, he was one of those whom the poet says,

*Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.*

Here I cannot resist the temptation of relating a little incident, which, though somewhat foreign to my present purpose, may serve as a matter of merriment to part of my readers, and make others blush with conscious shame at seeing their own weakness exposed in the character of another.

The person I am speaking of happened to keep his chamber on some trifling ailment; his wife, who was never permitted to leave him on these occasions, was sitting opposite to him on the other side of the chimney, when on a sudden she cried out, "Bless me! what strange things one sometimes sees in the fire!" "What do you see?" demanded he. "Just in the middle there," replied she, pointing to the bars of the grate, "there is the very figure of a clergyman in his habit, and a book open in his hand, and after him something like a coffin and a crowd of people following." The husband's countenance changed at these words. "This is a plain omen of my death," said he, "I just now feel a violent pain in my side, the disorder has seized upon the pleura, I shall not live an hour if I am not blooded; send this instant for a surgeon."

The wife on this started up and was going to do as he desired; but before she had reached the door, "No," resumed he, "I will first have the advice of a physician; let John go directly to Dr. Pratewell, and as he comes back call upon Mr. Probe, the surgeon; and Bolus the apothecary; let them all make haste, or I shall not live to receive their assistance."

These orders were accompanied with the most terrible groans; so strongly did imagination work upon him on the figures his wife had fancied she saw in the fire, that he really thought himself in the pangs of death. The description Mr. Lee gives of men of this turn I think is extremely natural. His words are these:

*When the sun sets, shadows, that showed at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible:
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds.
Owls, Ravens, Crickets, seem the watch of death;
Nature's worst vermin scare her godlike sons:
Echoes, on the very leavings of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.
Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus,
While the fantastic dreamers heave and puff,
And sweat with an imagination's weight.*

The persons whom this superstitious gentleman had sent for being come, they failed not to magnify every symptom of the disorder he complained of; and having once got him under their hands, it is not to be doubted but that he passed through all the operations of their art.

Bleeding, sweating, emetics, cathartics, and anodynes, at last brought him indeed almost to the point he so much dreaded; and now, behold! how this hero of

scepticism, in all things relating to religion, gave an implicit belief to the most idle tale that ever was invented.

The nurse who attended him, hearing him groan one night in a most piteous manner, drew near to his bed-side and surprised him with these words: "Ah, sir," said she, "if you would be persuaded to leave off the doctors and apothecaries, and take something I could tell you of, I am sure you would presently recover."

"Aye," cried he eagerly, "what is it?" "Alack, sir," replied she, "I am afraid you will only call me a silly old woman for my prescription: but, indeed, I once saw a very great cure wrought by it on a lady who was in a much worse condition than you are." "That's impossible," resumed he, "no one was ever worse than I am. But no more of these speeches; if you have seen the good effect of the medicine I will take it whatever it is."

"Then, sir," said she, "it is only to take three spoonfuls fasting, for nine mornings together, of the consecrated water that, is made use of in the Romish chapels." "What," cried he, "are you a Papist, and believe in miracles?" "No, indeed, sir," returned she, "was never at Mass in my whole life; but what I tell you is as true as that I am alive."

"Well," cried he, with some impatience, "can you procure me any of this water?" "I believe I can, sir," answered she; "for I know the woman that sets the chairs and cleans out the chapel in Warwick-street; and if you please I will go to-morrow morning and endeavour to bring you some of it."

Whether the good woman, seeing how much her master was harrassed with physic, invented this story merely to make him desist taking any more, or whether she had in reality been told such a thing, I will not take upon me to determine, nor would the knowledge be of any consequence; I shall only say, that the strong faith he had in the water, joined to the nourishing things she took care to give him, in a short time repaired those breaches in his constitution which had been made by the operations he had sustained.

Having been cured by this pretended miracle, most people will naturally suppose that he afterwards became as great a believer as he hitherto had been an infidel; but it was no such matter with him. His wife, though she had too much sense to impute his recovery to the means prescribed by the nurse, yet she took this opportunity to attempt making a convert of him; but he treated all her arguments with derision, and used her very ill on her endeavouring to persuade him to be what he resolved never to be; and, indeed, I have observed that, generally speaking, those who call themselves Freethinkers, though they boast being above giving credit to any of the mysteries of salvation, readily give faith to those which one would think below the dignity of mankind to listen to.

But to return to my subject, from which I must confess all this has been but a digression, I would fain have every husband reflect what he will get by endeavouring to pervert the principles of his wife in point of religion: if he fails, he undoubtedly loses her affection; for it is impossible she can long retain any for a man who would make her renounce those precepts on which her eternal happiness depends: and if he should succeed in the pernicious attempt, there is a strong probability that he would find verified the words of Cassani, an Italian Jesuit, in his famous treatise on the human mind: "A woman", says that reverend and learned author, "who has no sense

of religion, is a weather-cock, liable to be turned aside with every breath of temptation that blows upon her."

It would be easy for me to produce numberless examples in justification of this assertion; but it would be altogether superfluous, and I should only waste my own and reader's time in making any repetitions of what must have fallen under the observation of everyone.

There needs no more than to consider nature, to know that when a person has once renounced any principle or opinion whatsoever, they are always more zealous in opposing than ever they were in defending it, in order to show the world how much they are convinced that the alteration of their sentiments is right.

A passage which I have somewhere read just now occurs to my remembrance, and appears to me so extremely applicable to the occasion I am speaking of, that I cannot forbear inserting it:

*Good is most bad, when changed from what it was,
And our best things, when once corrupted, worst.*

But I think I have spoken sufficiently on this subject, and shall conclude with earnestly exhorting every married man to believe, that in perverting his wife from the duties of her religion, he will at the same time pervert her also from all the duties owing to himself.

SECT. IX.

Over-Curiousness and Affectation in Dress, how ridiculous in any man, but much more so in one who is a Husband.

I know of no one propensity which so much debases the character of a man as effeminacy, or that serves more to render him contemptible in the eyes of all persons of understanding.

This species of folly discovers itself in many shapes; it is to be found in the tone of the voice, and every attitude of the person guilty of it; but I think it is in nothing more conspicuous than in an over-curiousness and affectation of a peculiarity in dress. There are some people who, to acquire the reputation of a man of taste in this point, waste three parts in four of their time in consulting with their tailor, their periwig-maker, and their milliner, and if they hit on any invention which happens to take the fancy of the town, and afterwards becomes a general fashion, and is called after their name, value themselves more upon it than if they had found out the Longitude or the Philosopher's Stone.

If these things are inexcusable in women, who from their very infancy are taught to pride themselves in their beauty, and place their glory in attracting a number of admirers, what can be said in vindication of those men who act in the same manner, yet have had a quite different education, and ought to know that the least meritorious qualification of their sex is a handsome person?

It must certainly be a consummate share of innate vanity which can convert, as soon as he has thrown off his satchel, a slovenly schoolboy into a beau, and make him study the rules of foppery with more attention, perhaps, than ever he did the classics.

But it is not the business of these pages to expatiate on these follies, how enormous soever they may be, of any persons while they continue in a single state; my concern is solely for marriage, and my design to contribute all in my power to make those united in these sacred bands as happy as possible, to which end I shall advance some positions which I flatter myself are not unworthy of a serious consideration.

In the first place, I would have every man throw off the finicking the moment he becomes a husband, lest his wife should think herself authorised by his example to lavish her hours in the same ridiculous manner;—and then, in what a wretched situation must the affairs of a family under two such heads be plunged!

In the next, I would endeavour to convince them, that there are very few women who truly love, and none who can esteem a man who is of this turn; the robust, the fierce, have, generally speaking, the most charms for that sex, as we may see by their so often making choice of gentlemen in the army for their husbands, in preference to those of any other avocation, though perhaps much more to their advantage.

Milton, in his description of Adam, makes him not curl his hair; indeed there were no looking-glasses at that time, but there were crystal streams which might have supplied that defect, and also beautiful plants and fruits which might have added a more fresh vermilion to his cheeks; but he disdained such arts, and in those manly

graces which nature had bestowed on him, approached the lovely partner sent him by heaven as the choicest gift of the creation.

That admirable poet, speaking of the first man, then little beneath the angels in wisdom and purity, says thus:

*His large fair front, and eye sublime declared
Absolute Rule; his hyacinthian locks
Down from his parted forelock manly hung,
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.*

This parent of mankind was doubtless endowed with everything to inspire love and reverence, and distinguish him for what he truly was, while in his state of innocence, the lord of the creation; and nothing, methinks, can be more absurd than to imagine that garments, which are only the livery of sin and shame, how much soever ornamented, can add any honour to the wearer.

It may, perhaps, be thought that this is reasoning in somewhat a too serious manner on the subject, and I am very sensible will be ill relished by our beaux and belles: I would not, however, have anyone infer from what I have said, that I am recommending either fig-leaves or homespun russet for their apparel; no, a decent compliance with the mode of the country we live in ought to be observed; and it is also necessary that there should be a difference of habits according to the different ranks and conditions of the wearers; I would only not have the love of dress carried to such an excess as to be erected into a kind of science, and too much take up the mind, especially of a husband, whom it will least of all become.

Besides, when a man after he is married discovers too great an attachment to dress and ornament, it indicates a fondness for his own dear person, which can never be agreeable to his wife. But this is not the worst—she may possibly take it into her head that he has some object in view whom he is so industrious to please;—and then, who can answer, if she has anything of the virago in her composition, but that his bottles of essence, his cold creams, and his Italian washes, may not be all thrown out of the window; his well-spread bag and solitaire, with the fine tassels on his sword and hat, torn into pieces, and the whole beau demolished by her jealous fury.

I must confess that I have a spice of ill-nature in my composition, which would have made me well enough pleased to have been spectator of such a scene as this, had anyone ever fallen in my way, either in real life, or represented on the stage, by Mr. Garrick, or some other of our comic poets. But raillery apart; indeed, the matter is of too serious a kind to be treated of in a ludicrous manner.

A woman, whether endowed with a less or a greater degree of understanding, will be equally displeased with the behaviour of a man of this turn. If the former, her vanity will make her imagine that the hours he passes at his looking-glass would be better employed in admiring her charms, and hate him for the little regard he pays to them. If the latter, she will reflect, that though his fortune should set him above following any pecuniary avocations, yet, besides philosophy, geography, and other sciences he has been taught in the schools, the public affairs of the nation, in which every man has a concern, should seem to him more worthy of his attention than the modes of dress and ornament.

In a word, I may venture to pronounce, that a man who, after marriage, discovers an over-delicacy and solicitude about his own person, and in particular is exact in this article of dress, any further than what decency and the station of life he is

in requires, will seldom, if ever, preserve the love and esteem of his wife and family, or be looked upon as a man of solidity by the sober and sensible part of his acquaintance.

Those who are placed by fortune in a middle state of life, have their thoughts generally taken up with their several trades or other occupations. It is persons of high rank and condition who are most liable to fall into this weakness; and it is therefore for their use that this section is chiefly intended.

These gentlemen having always a liberal education, the advantage of the best books and conversation, and the examples of the illustrious dead, and probably of many living worthies in their own family, need, methinks, no more than to remember what steps they ought to take to support the dignity of their births.

I can only wish that persons endowed with every qualification to be the shining ornaments of the age they live in, and leave behind them characters worthy the imitation of their posterity, would take the trouble to ask themselves these few short questions:

First, Whether the reputation of dressing well can come in any competition with that of acting well?

Secondly, Whether it would not more redound to their honour to be the patron of men of letters, than the dupe of French tailors and barbers.

And Thirdly, Whether the hours wasted at the toilet might not be better employed in the study of what is owing from him as a good subject to his prince, and patriot of the common-weal.

These latter remonstrances may seem foreign to marriage, but in effect they are far from being so; because a woman who has any understanding of her own will always revere a man who makes a right use of that share he is himself endowed with.

End of the Second Book

Eliza Haywood

BOOK III.

SECT. I.

Concerning the behaviour of a Husband in regard of Children by a former marriage, whether on the one side or the other.

I am so little a friend to second marriages, especially when there are children, either on the one side or the other, that I should not be sorry if there were no occasion for me to say anything on this head; but as these sort of conjunctions are so frequent, and have the authority both of divine and human laws, I might with very great justice be accused of prejudice and partiality if I omitted giving what advice is in my power, where I believe it will appear more necessary than in any other one circumstance in life.

When a husband, the moment he is made so, either becomes the father of another man's children: or, on the other hand, sets a woman in the place of a mother over those he may have had by a first wife, it requires a more than ordinary share of circumspection, as well as good sense and good nature, to conduct himself in such a manner as to give no room for dissatisfaction.

The children of a first marriage are apt to look with a discontented eye on this alteration in the family, and to submit with very great reluctance to any commands laid on them by a new-made parent; nor will there ever be wanting evil-minded persons who will aggravate every little cause of complaint, whether real or imaginary.

If a wife does not humour the children of her husband in everything they desire, be it ever so unreasonable, they presently begin to whimper, and cry, "It would not be so if their own dear mamma was alive," on the refusal of every request. On every correction they receive for any fault they may have been guilty of, they run with streaming eyes and blubbered cheeks, bewailing the hard usage they sustain, to as many as they can find an opportunity of speaking to; the name of step-mother carries in it so ungracious a sound to the ears of most people, that there are very few who do not readily give credit to all the idle tales are brought them to her prejudice—the husband, perhaps, is not the last who listens to the complaints of his children, and often times resents the behaviour of his wife towards them in such a manner as to occasion very great dissensions: but if his love, his good sense, or his complaisance, keep him silent on that score, yet cannot she be easy on account of the bad character the station she has entered into has drawn upon her from others, so that all the sweets of marriage will be embittered by it.

On the other hand, if a man marries a woman who has any children by a former husband, there will be no less danger of a mutual dissatisfaction arising in a short time between them. If he happens unluckily to have anything of an over-delicacy in his composition, he will behold with an envious eye every endearment she bestows on the little innocent pledges of her first affection; he will impute the kindness she treats them with as an indication of her remaining tenderness for their father, imagine that his memory is still too precious to her, and, in fine, grow jealous of a shade.

But though I am inclined to believe that this is a case which happens much less frequently than any other, yet that it sometimes does so is a truth I can aver with the

greatest assurance. I will not say it always proceeds from an excess of love; no, it is more often owing to the pride and tenaciousness of a husband, as I have already observed in treating on the article of jealousy. But can anyone be jealous of the dead? may some people ask: it is, indeed, a little incongruous, yet, to my certain knowledge, there are men of this humour, odd as it may appear, and of the discontents which have risen in their families merely on this account, I could produce several present instances, were it expedient for me to do so.

There are, however, many other circumstances, which being too obvious even to the most common observation, stand in no need of my making any mention of in this work; I shall therefore only give a slight hint in regard of one particular, which I think is the most general, especially among those people whose lot is cast by fortune in a middle state of life.

When a man, by any losses or cross accidents in life, begins to find himself in the least straitened in his circumstances, or, through a narrowness of his own mind, takes it into his head to apprehend wants where none are likely to ensue, he is either way apt to grumble at those expenses which necessarily attend the bringing up of children: paternal fondness naturally makes all these things easy to most people; but without that, whatever they do is done with repining and regret.

A man who marries a widow ought certainly to look on all her children as his own, for such they are by the firmest title of adoption; and as he takes their father's place in bed, should think it his duty to do the same in everything else which regards them; and whoever he is that neglects so essential a point, cannot deserve the name either of a good husband or a good Christian, nor has any just reason to hope the sincere attachment of his wife, who will always think herself slighted in the persons of her children.

I must nevertheless acknowledge it as my opinion, that the little regard which we so often see paid, both by husbands and wives, to the offspring of each other by a former marriage, is very much owing to the folly and injustice of the world, who will scarce ever allow any merit of this kind either in a step-father or step-mother.

But where both parties happen to have children, the matter is still much worse; the kindred of the deceased parents on each side are continually interfering, prying into every little indulgence, or correction, received by either, and seldom fail of exhibiting the most terrible accusations of partiality, whether with or without a cause.

What miserable commotions, what cruel factions do these incendiaries, by their too officious zeal for the interest of the remains of their deceased relations, frequently create in families! The husband and wife are set at variance, the children taught to envy and malign each other, the servants divided into factions, all business, all economy neglected, and everything involved in discord and confusion.

Sorry I am that it is not in my power to give any admonitions which might possibly prevent so great a mischief; but the particulars which occasion it are too numberless and nameless to be either mentioned or expatiated upon in a work of this nature. I would, indeed, persuade every husband and wife to act in this article as becomes their characters, and the love they bear to each other, because a consciousness of having fulfilled their duty will be a consolation to themselves; but much I fear, at the same time, that it will be the only recompense their virtue will receive.

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Here may a husband, who finds himself in this perplexed and unhappy situation, be tempted to demand, "To what end have I mentioned a subject wherein there is no redress?" But let him have a little patience, and I doubt not but to convince him, that though the evil cannot perhaps be totally remedied, either by his own or his wife's most prudent endeavours, yet the asperity of it may in a great measure be alleviated.

The methods I would advise a husband to take are these:—First, I would have the children, whether they are his own or his wife's, sent immediately after his marriage out of the house, in order to be educated under persons proper to be employed in that trust; but not with any of their kindred, from whom it is necessary, for the reasons aforesaid, to keep them as much at a distance as possible, till they arrive at an age which may defend them from giving credit to any idle insinuations to the prejudice of their own peace as well as that of their parents.

When these children happen to be on the husband's side, the wife will doubtless be so far from opposing their removal that she will rejoice at it. If both of them were parents before they came together, she cannot, with any appearance of reason, resent his treating those who call her mother in the same fashion he does those of whom he is the natural father.

The greatest difficulty a husband will find is, that when having no children of his own he has married a woman who is a mother: here he will stand in need of all his rhetoric to prevail on her to turn from her preference those dear pledges of her first affection: yet would I have him not despair; the same motives which induced her to enter into a second engagement will, I believe, induce her also to give this proof of her complaisance for the present possessor of her heart, if he attempts to win her to it by those soft and endearing methods which few men are ignorant in the practice of, when it is their interest to exert themselves in that point.

When he has got the little innocents thus disposed on, it will behove him to do everything in his power to keep their mother from repining at their banishment, or suspecting that it was want of affection either to her or them which had made him seem desirous of their departure; he must not only go with her frequently to visit them, and be continually sending some pretty toy or other, suitable to their years and fancies, but must also double his caresses to herself, and, for a time at least, till she is somewhat weaned, indulge her in all those diversions and pleasures she seems most inclined to take.

Indeed I know of no one circumstance in marriage half so delicate as this, nor which requires so much the circumspection and assiduity of a husband to manage well: but the particulars of what will best become him to do are so numerous, and withal so various, that it is utterly impossible to prescribe any distinct rules for that purpose; I shall therefore only say in the general, that every man whose wife has children by a former husband should always take care to behave towards them with the greatest tenderness whilst in their infancy, and as they arrive nearer to maturity, with respect and complaisance.

SECT. II.

The unparalleled weakness of a Husband who, to the prejudice, perhaps ruin, of his Wife and Family, suffers himself to be imposed upon by those pretended Connoisseurs in Arts and Sciences who dignify themselves by the title of Virtuosi.

How greatly are mankind deceived by appearances! When we see a man live in perfect concord with his wife, that they have everything about them befitting the rank they hold in life, and are guilty of nothing which can call either of their characters in question, we presently pronounce them a very happy couple; but, alas! how sad a mistake does this often prove in the end? It is not sufficient that a man is endowed by nature with no ill propensities, nor has imbibed them either from example or education;—that he runs into no excesses, either as to wine, women, or gaming;—he may be a well-conditioned, a virtuous, and a good man, and yet be a very bad husband. As much a paradox as this may seem, it will be easily reconciled, on our giving ourselves the trouble of considering that there are some sort of follies which, if indulged, are no less pernicious to the interest of a family than the worst of vices.

Among the many and various inventions by which the thoughtless and undesigning part of mankind too often suffer themselves to be imposed upon by the more subtle and crafty, I know of none which, without appearing to be so, are of more ruinous consequences to families than those daily put in practice by a set of men, who, by the help of a few cant words, pass for connoisseurs in painting, sculpture, drawings, shells; and, in fine, in every curiosity both of art and nature.

These pretended virtuosi force themselves into all the companies they can, sound the inclinations of everyone they enter into conversation with, and when they find a gentleman discovers a taste for any particular art or science, are never unprepared with a snare to draw him in. As for example:

If they find he is an admirer of pictures, they presently invite him to see a curious collection in the hands of some friend of theirs; he rejoices at the opportunity of feasting his eyes, and goes with them; there they meet, as if by accident, with someone of their own tribe, who tells them that several excellent pieces, all originals, are just imported from Italy, and that he can procure them a sight of them; the gentleman is again made one of the party, and thus they hurry him from one picture-broker's to another, till they have got into his confidence, and fully established him in that *goût* to which he had a natural tendency, they carry him to an auction, where being themselves the principal proprietors, they have their puffers to bid high, and by this means the unwary gentleman is frequently drawn in to give, for what perhaps is not worth twenty shillings, double the number of pounds.

If he delights in medals and antique coins, they can produce him pieces struck several hundred years before the birth of our blessed Saviour. If in drawings or sketches in crayons, they produce the figure of Deianira in her distraction, after having made her husband wear the envenomed shirt given her by the centaur; old Priam's palace before the sack of Troy; and a thousand such like things, all said to be the work of Titian's own hand. In a word, they can flatter his imagination with

whatever it is set upon, provided they find his purse as open to their demands as his ears are to their impositions.

I have been credibly informed that a gentleman of no very large estate, but extremely fond of the marvellous, gave five hundred guineas for a feather, which some of these Virtuosi assured him had been dropped from the pinion of a Phoenix, as the bird of Paradise was taking her last flight to her aromatic nest.

Strange, and almost incredible, are the effects of this unhappy infatuation. I once knew a person, who having no other fortune than what arose from a pretty lucrative employment he held under the government, laid out all the money he could save from the necessary expenses of life in copper medals, and pieces of old coin, which he was made to believe were half as ancient as the creation, and had been found in digging up the foundation of some ruined castle, or the draining marshy grounds, and such like tales. His wife beheld these purchases with the utmost regret, and often remonstrated to him the folly of wasting his substance in such baubles; but he always answered in these terms: "You are a fool, these noble remains of antiquity will not only do me honour while I live, but also be a better provision for my family after my death than any I could otherwise have made." The poor woman, however, proved the truest prophet; for on his decease these boasted curiosities being exhibited to sale were found of little more value than their weight, and three fine daughters, whom this deluded man had left behind him, instead of having the portions they expected, were all reduced to go to service.

One great misfortune of this propensity, and which often occasions the ill consequences attending it, is, that those people who are beguiled by it, imagine that while they are indulging their own inclinations, they are at the same time enriching themselves, and doing good to their posterity; such a dust does it cast upon the eyes of reason that they can see nothing but through the false optics of prejudiced opinion. I am apt to think that the humorous poet had this very deception in view when he wrote these lines:

*Doubtless the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight;
And still the less they understand,
The more they admire the sleight of hand.*

I must acknowledge, that in the whole course of my observations I have not met with many things which afford me more matter for astonishment than to see men of the best understanding and shrewd judgment in other affairs, blindly give up their reason, and suffer themselves to be imposed upon in the most gross manner by these rarity-mongers and dealers in pictures.

A certain late great person, who was allowed to penetrate as deep into mankind as anyone who is no more than man himself can do, became so much the dupe of this species of knavery, that he laid out several thousand pounds on pieces which passed upon him for the most choice works of Titian and Raphael; but when afterwards examined by some who had either more skill or less interest to deceive him, were found to be bad copies of very indifferent originals; and, in fine, of no real value.

Painting is undoubtedly a very noble science, yet I can never be brought to believe that any picture, though it were even really drawn by the pencil of Apelles

himself, can be intrinsically worth half those sums which, to my knowledge, have frequently been paid for the daubings of a certain dabbler in the art, who, by exposing his pieces for some time in the sun and wind, and rubbing the back side of the canvas with a pumice stone till it is almost as thin as a leaf, has given them the air of antiquity.

I should, however, rather laugh than be angry at these deceptions, if they were put in practice only on those who, among the rich and great, as some such I fear there are, have no bowels of commiseration for the distresses of their fellow creatures; or on misers, whose hoarded money, which might otherwise lie rusting in their bags, would by this means be brought to circulate: but when men of small fortunes and large families are thus drawn in, I cannot help thinking but that the persons guilty of such frauds are worse than common robbers, and deserve at least an equal punishment.

But as I cannot be vain enough to imagine that anything I am able to say will put a stop to artifices by which such numbers of men, too proud to beg and too lazy to work, are indebted for their sustenance, I shall add no more on the subject of their behaviour; nor should have entered on the particulars I have done, but in the view of warning those who may now be on the point of being seduced, to turn their backs in time, and shun the fatal infatuation.

These admonitions could not, I think, be presented to the public at a more seasonable time than this, as the wonders said to be found in the new-discovered subterranean city of Herculaneum, and some other places lately mentioned by our news-writers, will undoubtedly furnish fresh temptations for the unwary and over-curious.

I heartily wish that we do not shortly hear that the thumb of an Alcides in Parian marble, pretended to be procured with great expense and infinite application, does not become the purchase for someone or other, whose money might be laid out to much better purposes. Persons of this unhappy turn of mind have not the power to stop in their career; they cannot hear of a thing which has any appearance of the marvellous, without being impatient to become masters of it; and, if their fortunes would permit, would not be satisfied till they had as many rarities in their possession as Mr. Lascelles and some other authors report are in the Grand Duke of Tuscany's repository at Florence.

I think that among all those commodities which are called curiosities, there are none which more deservedly bear that name, and by which the purchaser is the least liable to be imposed upon, as shells, it being impossible to counterfeit those admirable productions of nature; some of these are extremely beautiful, and while they delight the eye, afford the finest matter for contemplation, and it must be confessed, are very proper ornaments for the cabinets of the great.

It is, however, the rich and opulent whom I would wish to see make bargains of this kind, persons who may expect their posterity will retain these reliques in their families; but as for those of moderate fortunes, whose wives and children must, in all probability, after their decease, be reduced to dispose of them, it is certainly the highest madness in them to lay out their money in things which, being of no other intrinsic value than what is given them by the fancy of the purchaser, will turn to very little account.

I am very sorry to observe there is so small a share of good-nature, compassion, or generosity at present in the world, that few people, when they find

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anything is exposed to sale through the necessities of the owner, will not bid the twentieth part of the price which perhaps they would readily enough give the whole of, were it in the hands of a common broker.

A wife therefore cannot, without the extremest regret, behold her husband lavish away his substance in toys which she knows must, some time or other, be parted with to very great loss; and this reflection will be apt to make her burst into violent passions, or throw her into a gloomy discontent, either of which will infallibly render her incapable of discharging any of the duties of her station as otherwise she would do; all things will go wrong in the house, and her husband in consequence be made very uneasy.

Much more might doubtless be said on so copious a subject, and will probably be expected from me; but this little treatise affords not room to dwell too long upon particulars, and I flatter myself that the few hints I have given will be sufficient remonstrances to those whom it most concerns, to be attentive to them.

SECT. III.

Gaming—some part of the ill consequences attending that dangerous diversion, and how ill it becomes a married man in particular to indulge himself in it.

An immoderate love of gaming is allowed by everyone to be so incorrigible a propensity, that it may seem altogether fruitless to offer anything in opposition to it. This I am as sensible of as anyone can be; yet as I am certain there are many people drawn into the destructive amusement more by the example and persuasion of those they unhappily converse with, than by their own inclination, I think it my duty in this undertaking to give such necessary precautions as shall occur to me on the occasion.

According to my opinion, there are but two motives which can excite to gaming, neither of which, I should think, a man endowed with any share of sense or honour would allow himself to encourage. The first is avarice, the most base and sordid passion of the soul, as it tends to the increasing our own substance by another's loss. The second is passing away the time, which is the very worst of frenzies, tempting us to throw away the most precious thing on this side eternity, and what perhaps, in some moments before death, we would give much more than we were ever, or could be possessed of, to retrieve, were it possible to be done.

For my part, I pity from my very soul those persons who I hear complain that time hangs heavy on their hands; not only because it shows that they have a prodigious vacuum in their heads, but also, which is yet worse, that they are not desirous of having it filled up with any commendable ideas; these seem to make no manner of use of the reason Heaven has endowed them with; all the hours not spent in sleeping, eating, drinking, or some diversion, are irksome to them;—they know not what to do with themselves,—they stalk about like things put in motion by mere machinery, and are led away by everything that affords them the least prospect of giving a fillip to the spirits.

Gaming, however, I should think is the least proper amusement that can be for that purpose; the hopes of winning, the fears of losing, and the suspense between these two passions may indeed keep the mind awake: but how is it kept so? Why, by a perpetual anxiety. Unhappy certainly must that man be, whose spirits must either sink into a dead clam, or be roused out of it by sensations of so uneasy a nature!

They will tell you that they play only to divert themselves; and doubtless there are many who sit down with no other view; but every looker-on at a gaming-table must be convinced, by the various attitudes of the parties engaged, how much it is in the power, of the turn of a card, or the cast of a die, to convert this miscalled pleasure into a real and most painful solicitude.

An anonymous, but very ingenious author, speaking of gaming, has a passage which struck me very much on the reading. These are his words:

Among many other little stories related to me when a boy, I remember to have heard one, of a famous magician, who in revenge for an affront offered to him by the inhabitants of some town or village, compelled all the children of it to follow, the sound of an enchanted pipe he played upon,

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till they came to the banks of a great lake, where the earth giving way under their feet, they fell in and were all drowned. This tale, though calculated merely to please persons of the age I then was, seems to me to have a perfect analogy with that immoderate love of gaming at present so predominant among all degrees of people: men at first engage in it to please company, or trifle away an idle hour; but soon become intoxicated with it, are unable to give over, but dance on to perdition after the music of a rattling dice-box.

I shall not here expatiate on the ruinous consequences which frequently attend the love of gaming, its mischiefs are too numerous, too obvious, too much acknowledged, even by those most infatuated by it, and too severely felt by their families, to stand in need of being represented.

But there is one consideration which, without the help of any other to give it force, should of itself, methinks, be sufficient to make every man who is married refrain from indulging any inclination to this fatal amusement; I believe I shall be easily understood to mean the perpetual discontents and apprehensions a wife must necessarily be involved in.

The many lonely hours, sometimes whole nights, the wife of a gamester passes in his absence, might be sustained with cheerfulness by a woman of prudence, if she knew that time was employed in any laudable affair, tending either to his own honour or the interest of his family; but when she is convinced it is wasted among bullies and sharpers, and cannot be certain but that a moment may deprive him of all he is master of in the world, what terrible alarms must she not sustain!

Whether he comes home a winner or a loser, her anxiety, her dread, is still the same; and one would think, exclusive of that fond affection which ought to fill the breast of every husband, no man of honour, common good-nature or humanity, could persevere in a thing which he knew must render the woman he had married so unhappy in her mind, though he should even be so lucky as not to ruin both himself and her in point of fortune.

As therefore there are but very few things so utterly inconsistent with the ends for which marriage was ordained as this dangerous amusement, if it were even on no other score than the domestic inquietudes it must of course create, it most nearly concerns every man, how greatly soever he may have been attached to it before, to put on a firm resolution of abandoning it for ever from the moment he becomes a husband.

To assist him in doing this, he should consider that he is no longer entirely his own master; that he has now taken to himself a second self, whom he is bound by all laws, both human and divine, to cherish and make as happy as he can, and that if he acts a contrary part towards her, it is quite as unnatural as if his right hand should quarrel with his left, or anyone member of his body rise in opposition to the others.

I have now only to add a few words, by way of caution, to those persons who being wholly free from this vice before marriage, are liable to be drawn into it afterwards; as, indeed, who is there that is not so, in an age when it is erected almost into a science, and looked upon, by the modish part of the world, as the greatest impoliteness not to have some learning in?

I sincerely wish that it were in my power to persuade every man who is a husband to avoid, as much as possible, all society with those who love play; and above all things, never to be prevailed upon to go to a gaming-table; for though he may be drawn thither with no other design than to be a looker-on, it is a thousand against one but that he is tempted to bet, either on the one side or the other, which is much of the same consequence as if he played himself, and is, generally speaking, the first step taken by those who afterwards become professed gamesters.

SECT. IV.

Some other things which it would be wisdom in a Husband to avoid, as being no less destructive to the peace and interest of his family than Gaming.

Methinks there cannot be a greater weakness than to depend too much on chance; or, in other words, to part with a certain good for an uncertain better. Who would have imagined that the year 1720 should have been for ever memorable for the ruin of numberless families in its fatal aera? Yet how soon was it forgot? Many, even of the unhappy sufferers, threw their last remains into the next bubble that presented itself. There is at some times an epidemic infatuation which runs through the minds of men; and is incurable by all the efforts of reason. I am sorry to observe that the same humour of quitting the substance for the shadow still prevails to such a degree among us, that there are few who do not madly dissipate in hunting after luck what ought to be kept close and improved by honest industry.

If anyone less adventurous than themselves pretends to argue with them on this head, they presently reply, that they love to put themselves in Fortune's way, never considering the vast odds between the numbers of those whom that capricious and undistinguishing deity vouchsafes to lift up with her hand to opulence, and those she kicks down to misery and poverty with her heel.

I find a very humorous description of this imaginary power in the works of his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, which as it may not have fallen into everyone's hands, I think it not improper to transcribe:

*Fortune, made up of toys and impudence;
Thou common jade, thou hast not common sense!
But fond of business, insolently dares
Pretend to rule and spoil the world's affairs!
She fluttering up and down her favour throws
On the next met, not minding what she does,
Nor why, nor whom, she helps or injures, knows.
Sometimes she smiles, then like a fury raves,
And seldom loves, but fools or knaves.
Let her love whom she please, I scorn to woo her.
While she stays with me I'll be civil to her:
But if she offers once to move her wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gewgaw things,
And, armed with virtue, will more glorious stand,
Than if the bitch still bowed at my command.
I'll marry honesty, though ne'er so poor,
Rather than follow such a blind dull whore.*

Mr. Dryden, in a more serious manner, expresses the sense he had of the great weakness of those people who place any dependence upon chance or fortune; I shall only quote two lines of his, which may serve as an epitome of the whole of what he says upon the occasion:

*Fortune a goddess is to fools alone,
The wise are always masters of their own.*

Putting largely into lotteries, high betting at horse races, cock matches, being all of them things entirely dependent on chance, I look upon as a kind of gaming, and daily instances may convince everyone, are of no less bad consequence to the adventurers.

To these I may also add, subscribing to new invented schemes, which, though they may be calculated for public good, and in effect might prove so, if properly concerted before put in execution; yet, through some mistake in the beginning, more often miscarry than succeed, and the projector himself, as well as those he had drawn in to become proprietors, are ruined by the methods they took to enrich themselves.

The extracting oil from beech mast, as projected, and carried into execution, by the late very ingenious Mr. Aaron Hill about forty years ago, was certainly a fine discovery, and might have been of the greatest emolument to the public, as the oil being found on the proof not at all inferior in its flavour, and would retain its purity as long as that imported from Lucca, or any other part of Italy.

His Azilia, or Golden Islands, on the coast of Florida, was also far from being a visionary scheme, as many thought, or as many others, out of envy to the great abilities of that gentleman, maliciously suggested, set on foot with a view of imposing on the world, but was capable of being made greatly conducive to the honour of the nation and the interest of those concerned in the undertaking, as is evident by General Oglethorp's expedition and the success of the colony of Georgia, which is the same tract of land called by Mr. Hill Azilia, not improperly so named by him, as he intended and hoped it would be an asylum for the distressed of all functions and capacities.

Yet, through some fatal mistake or mismanagement in the conduct, both these laudable schemes were rendered abortive, and the large sums which had been contributed towards promoting them entirely thrown away, as well as the high expectation of the projector himself frustrated.

If then such designs, which seem to have their foundation on reason, and afford the best and fairest prospect both of public and private advantage, are liable to become so destructive to the persons concerned in them, how great must be the infatuation to engage in others which have no such excuses, and are wholly under the guidance of chance or accident?

As to lotteries in particular, I cannot help being of opinion, by the behaviour of those who venture largely in them, that even he who is so lucky to have his ticket come up a prize, pays very dearly for it by the suspense and anxiety he sustains during the whole time his fate is undetermined.

I may also add, that all those things, the event of which are wholly in the power of chance, occasion an almost total neglect of honest industry in the lower class of people, and are one great cause of that decay of hospitality and benevolence which ought to be the characteristic of the more rich and opulent.

I would not, however, entirely debar any gentleman, whose circumstances will admit of it, from doing as others do on this occasion, and sacrificing to the modish caprice of the times, provided always it be no more than he can well spare from more commendable purposes, give him no anxiety for a return, nor pain on finding it irrecoverably lost; in fine, what will neither break his own peace, nor lessen the benefits he might bestow on others.

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But I can never forgive a husband, who having no more than a bare competency for the subsistence of himself, his wife and family, shall hazard the greatest part of it, or perhaps the whole, on the uncertain ocean of fortune.

Wise will that man be accounted, by all people of a right way of thinking, and happy will he find himself in the end, who attempts not to soar beyond the sphere which Heaven has placed him in, pursues no delusive prospects, grasps at no empty shadows, but endeavours to improve the little or the much he is master of, by an unwearied application, and diligent attention to whatever business or avocation he is best fitted for by nature or education.

Such a one will very seldom fail to thrive; but if even he should meet with any disappointments, by accidents unforeseen and impossible to guard against, the asperity of them will be greatly softened; first, by the consciousness that they have not fallen on him through any fault or mismanagement of his own; and secondly, by that compassion which the world, bad as it is, is apt to feel for the distress of a good and prudent man: whereas on the contrary, he who has undone himself by following chimeras, will be made doubly wretched by remorse and shame; he will be unpitied by his friends, and laughed at by his enemies.

A certain most ingenious and eminent author tells us, that hope is no more than the day dream of a sickly and restless imagination, an idea excited merely by the fervour of an unsatisfied ambition; and that the only way to preserve a calm and contented mind is never to raise our expectations to anything beyond what we are at present in possession of; by a steady adherence to this maxim, adds he, we may secure ourselves from all the plagues of suspense, never deceive ourselves, nor be liable to be deceived by others.

Horace, who was undoubtedly a great philosopher as well as poet, is of the same opinion, as may be seen in many of his odes to Maecenas, Varrus, and others of the court of Augustus Caesar, particularly in one which seems to me excellently well translated by Mr. Dryden; the following lines are part of it:

*For me, secure from fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar,
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.*

All that I have hitherto said upon this subject regards every man in general who has any concern for his real interest, his reputation in the world, or his innate peace of mind; but a husband is, above all others, in a particular manner obliged to observe those rules which not only my own reason have enabled me to present to him, but also which, upon examination, he will find have been laid down by the best authors, both ancient and modern.

A married man should always consider, that it is not so much his own will and pleasure he ought to have at heart, as the ease and satisfaction of the woman he has made his wife, both which must inevitably suffer by any mistake in his conduct.

Women, generally speaking, are more timid and less adventurous than men, and whenever their interest is concerned, foresee dangers most remote. What terrible

apprehensions, therefore, must that wife continually labour under who finds her husband hazards his substance in the uncertain bottoms I have been describing?

Of how mild and sweet a disposition soever she may be, she yet will murmur, she will repine; every fresh disappointment her husband meets with on this score will give her fresh occasion for complaint; frequent disputes will naturally arise between them, which must of consequence destroy all that harmony which makes the sole felicity of a married state.

But I have now done with the subject; if this last argument is not sufficient to prevail on every husband, who either truly loves or pretends to love his wife, I know of nothing else that will have any effect.

SECT. V.

The danger of Suretyship, and how utterly inconsistent with that affectionate caution which a Husband should always observe in regard of the interest of his Wife and Family.

I am sensible that what I am now about to touch upon is a very nice and tender point; and I may possibly be accused by some persons as if guilty of attempting to root out all those few remains of friendship, compassion and good-nature, which, in spite of the depravity of the age, still continue among us. I doubt not, however, but to be able to clear myself of so heavy a charge, and at the same time to make evident what I take upon me to assert.

By suretyship is meant, when one man obliges himself by bond, note, or promise, to pay the debts another has contracted, and thereby risks his own liberty to preserve, or to restore that of his friend.

This is certainly one of the most noble acts of humanity, and can never be sufficiently acknowledged by the person who receives the benefit of it.

But alas! How frequently do we see this generosity abused? That man, therefore, who by this means relieves another from bondage, ought, which is very difficult, to be well assured that his circumstances are such as will enable him to discharge the obligation in a convenient time; and also, which is yet much more difficult, to be acquainted with the inmost recesses of his heart, and convinced that he has honour and justice enough to do it; for if either ability or principle be wanting in the person delivered, his deliverer must suffer.

I must confess, indeed, that when a sincere and open-hearted man beholds his companion, his bosom friend, perhaps his near kinsman, exposed to the insults of merciless rapacious creditors, and being dragged by bailiffs to a loathsome prison, he cannot leave him in this condition without the extremest regret, and feeling in his mind great part of those distresses he forbears to relieve.

What then can be done in such a case, it will undoubtedly be asked? To which I reply, that though I know no one circumstance in life more truly touching, yet I must still own it as my own firm opinion, that a married man ought rather to sustain it than involve not only himself but his wife and family, than whom no friend or relation whatever can be half so dear, in those very misfortunes which he takes from the shoulders of another.

I would, nevertheless, be very far from counselling anything in opposition to the laws of society or the dictates of humanity. It is certainly the duty of every man who calls himself a Christian, or has any pretence even to morality, to exert himself as much as possible for the good of all his fellow-creatures, and more particularly so for those of his own blood, or to whom he is united by the yet more sacred ties of friendship; but then I would have him do it in such a manner as to be of no prejudice to the woman, who, as I have already urged on many other accounts, has a right to be an equal sharer with him in whatever is his property.

There are but few men who have not some expenses which they might very well avoid; these, therefore, should be retrenched whenever the exigencies of a friend

demand assistance, and also all superfluous elegancies in life to which they may have been accustomed; many trifling indulgences, which we think nothing of, if spared, will in time amount to a sum sufficient to be of service to the necessitous.

In paying down the money for the discharge of his friend, he knows the worst that can befall him is the loss of that sum, which, as I have just now said, he must endeavour to retrieve by a more than ordinary economy and frugality; but in setting his name to a piece of parchment, which may possibly rise up in judgment against him, at a time when it is least convenient to get rid of the incumbrance, he may be exposed to the greatest of misfortunes.

Our prisons, where I may venture to affirm as many are confined for the debts of other people as for their own, and the number of widows and orphans from opulency reduced to the extremest wretchedness, afford too obvious instances of the melancholy truth I allege to stand in need of any arguments to prove it.

The condition of a person who enters into bail-bonds, may with propriety enough be compared to that of Damocles, the sword of destruction hangs over his head, suspended only by a single thread, and it is perhaps more than the odds of an hundred against one if it does not fall on him some time or other with the severest weight.

Now, methinks, I hear some people cry out in a great passion, "Why, this is treating the greatest part of mankind as arrant knaves." I fear, indeed, many are too much so to remember as they ought an obligation of this kind; but supposing them to be men of the most strict honour, integrity, and gratitude, the same accidents which reduced them to stand in need of this favour may happen again, and put it out of their power to return it; or death, should no other casualty ensue, may frustrate their good intentions.

How much soever therefore a single man may be extolled for his generosity in risking his own liberty and fortune for redeeming those of another, I must always maintain that it is a very blameable compassion in one who is a husband, as it must of necessity involve his wife and family in the most terrible perplexity of mind, even if the disaster they apprehend should never fall upon them.

What a sad perversion of the sacred institution of marriage must it be, when the two persons united in those bands live together in a perpetual discord? when the wife, ordained by Heaven to be the softener of her husband's cares and the crown of all his felicity, receives him to her arms with sullen discontent? Her eyes full of tears, her mouth of complaints, and her heart heaving with anguish instead of love; When he, either not conscious of having given her any cause for this behaviour, or too proud to own it, reproaches her ill humour, as he terms it, and in the room of mutual endearments mutual altercations take up all their private hours?

Yet nothing is more certain than that this is, and ever must naturally be the case, when a woman finds her husband act in a manner so contrary to the interest of his family, as I think everyone must allow he does in the article I am now speaking of.

I would therefore have every married man consider seriously on the many ill consequences, some of which must infallibly attend his taking upon himself those debts which another has contracted, and I believe he will then never suffer himself to be prevailed upon, either by the tender excitement of his own commiserating heart, or the persuasion of a necessitous friend, to squeeze the fatal wax, and sign the bail-bond.

Self-Help Omnibus

As for any other relief which his circumstances may enable him to give to a worthy friend in distress, Heaven and humanity forbid I should advise him to withhold it.

SECT. VI.

The great cruelty and injustice of a man who, after he is married, engages himself in an amorous correspondence of any sort with another woman.

I am now about to mention a failure; or, to speak more properly, a breach of conjugal duty, which I believe there are but few wives, if any, who do not look upon as the very worst and most unpardonable in a husband; I mean that of falsifying his marriage vows, and living in a criminal conversation with another.

There are various degrees of this transgression, the most excusable of which is casual fruition, as Milton terms it; that is, when a man, without any premeditated design, happens to be hurried by a sudden start of inclination to yield himself to the allurements of some fond wanton beauty; but though he may afterwards be shocked at the reflection of what he has been guilty of, and perhaps love his wife with greater tenderness than before, yet if she is by any means made acquainted that he has been capable of wronging her in this point, she may forgive, but scarce ever forget the indignity; it will perpetually recoil upon her memory, and when he courts her to his embraces, make her apt to say with Statyra in the Tragedy:

*Oh! I shall find Roxana in your arms,
And taste her kisses left upon your lips;
Her cursed embraces have defiled your body:
Nor shall I find the wonted sweetness there,
But artificial scents, and aching odours.*

And though he should vouchsafe even to confess his fault, protest the most unfeigned contrition for it, and reply to her in the same words that Alexander did to his beloved queen:

*I know that subtle creature, in my riot,
My reason gone, seduced me to her bed;
But when I woke I shook the Circe off,
Ashamed of what I had done.*

Yet all this would not avail to restore to her breast the tranquillity she enjoyed before; she would be always in fear that what had once been, might be again; every little absence would give her pain; imagination is very strong in that sex, especially when inflamed with the least spark of jealousy; whenever he stayed abroad beyond the time in which she expected his return, she would presently torment her mind with the idea that some new and irresistible temptation had fallen in his way.

In fine, an affair of this kind, if unhappily discovered to the wife, puts an end to all the confidence she had in him; distrust usurps the place of security in her mind, weakens her affection by degrees, and totally destroys all those unaffected tendernesses which flow from a heart full of love, and perfectly at ease as to the sincerity of the beloved object.

How melancholy a thing is it, when a man, for the sake of a moment's fleeting pleasure, attended with remorse and shame, forfeits the affection of a chaste endearing wife, whom he ardently loves, and by whom he has been as ardently beloved; and that this has been sometimes the case there are but too many instances to prove?

Self-Help Omnibus

I hope therefore every husband, who has a due sense of what will make both his own and his wife's happiness, will never trust his virtue with himself: let him avoid all masquerades, midnight balls and assemblies, and hold no conversation with those who delight in the company of idle women; those creatures having acquired, by practice, blandishments to which the modest part of the sex are strangers. In a word, let him always keep in mind the advice which good old Acasto gives to his sons:

Beware the dangerous beauty of the wanton.

But if to have been surprised, as it were, into an error afterwards repented of, and perhaps never repeated, may prove of such pernicious consequence to the felicity of marriage, what affection, what duty, what regard, can a husband expect from a wife, when he perseveres in a criminal attachment?

A man, indeed, if he is not utterly abandoned to all sense of decency as well as honour, will endeavour to conceal his amour; he will visit his mistress with as much privacy as possible, and dissemble, as well as he is able, a tenderness he no longer feels towards his wife: but his turn will not be always served by these precautions; for besides that, a thousand accidents may discover the fatal secret to the injured partner of his bed; a woman who is a wife, and loves her husband, will easily distinguish a counterfeited passion from a real one.

The effects of a wife's resentment, on detecting this crime in her husband, are various, according to the various dispositions of womankind; some are all fury, exclaim against the injustice has been done them in all companies they come into, and call on heaven and earth to revenge their cause; some more prudent confine the testimonies of their indignation at home, and content themselves with secret reproaches; and some, of a more soft and gentle nature, though I believe the number of such will be found but small, with silent patience bear the load of anguish, neither exposing nor reviling the cruel author of their woes.

A fatal, and indeed very extraordinary instance of this latter sort happened not many years ago in a family of no mean condition: A young couple, whom I shall distinguish by the names of Corydon and Daphne, which were the same they gave each other in their days of courtship, had almost from their childhood loved each other to the most romantic height; but some disagreement happening between their parents, the so much wished for union was delayed for a considerable time: at last, however, it was completed. Never was there a pair more loving and more fond; and by the proofs which both of them had given of their mutual passion before marriage, and the same ardency which continued afterwards, no one that knew them but believed their happiness would be as lasting as their lives.

But lo! Behold the instability of the human heart, and the uncertainty of that happiness we think most permanent and established: four moons had scarce passed over from the day of their marriage before Daphne found a visible decay in the ardours of Corydon; he became every day less tender and more reserved; the warmth with which he had been accustomed to approach her degenerated into complaisance, and he treated her rather like a woman whom he highly respected, than one for whom he had a passion. In fine, his behaviour towards her fully verified these words of Shakespeare:

*When love begins to slacken and decay,
It uses an enforced ceremony.*

Daphne was of a timid and soft nature, modest even to an excess; and as he continued to carry himself with all the marks of esteem and civility, was ashamed to complain of his want of fondness; and when she found his coldness every day increase, and even that he began to live more abroad than at home, he made such plausible pretences for his absence, and expressed them in so polite a manner, that though her heart was far from accepting them as real, yet she had not courage to reproach, or show any testimonies of her disbelief of what he said.

The silent grief, however, preyed upon her vitals, her eyes lost great part of their lustre, her complexion of its delicacy, and her conversation of its former sprightliness. Everyone took notice of the change except Corydon, who, though he could not but see it as well as others, yet, doubtless conscious of the cause, would ask no questions on that head, for fear of giving her an opportunity to explain herself.

That inconstant man was now indeed in pursuit of a new object; all the passion he once had for his Daphne,—all the difficulties he had found in gaining her,—all the late transports of his bridal joys—were already forgotten, and swallowed up in the tumultuous ocean of a wild and lawless inclination for one who had not half her merit.

Daphne had a near kinswoman, who though bred in a convent had imbibed nothing of the austerity of the place: on the death of her parents, being entirely mistress of herself, she immediately quitted the holy sisterhood, to live in Paris in a manner more agreeable to her humour, and after staying there three or four years, came back to England the most finished coquette that ever flaunted in the Mall. She arrived soon after her cousin's marriage, and was her frequent guest. Nature had endowed this young lady with a good share of wit and beauty, both which she took care to improve with all the helps of art. In fine, the charms of her person and conversation appeared so striking in the eyes of Corydon, that those of his wife presently became tasteless and insipid to him.

She was too much a mistress in the art of love, and too well acquainted with the disposition of mankind, not to discover there was something more in the devoirs he paid her than what she might have expected as the kinswoman of his wife; and as she regarded nothing but the gratification of her own vanity, whoever might suffer by it, displayed all her arts to encourage the latent passion she had begun to kindle in his heart.

Sensible as Daphne was of the estrangement of her husband's affection, she had not the least suspicion that it was occasioned by his attachment to any new object, much less that it was to her cousin's more prevailing charms that she was indebted for this misfortune.

She was one day amusing a lonely hour with reading Mr. Otway's excellent tragedy of *Venice Preserved*; the emphatic speech of Belvidera, when complaining of Jaffeir's unkindness, seemed so parallel to her own condition, that it brought a flood of tears into her eyes. The words which that scarce imitable poet has put into the mouth of his heroine on this occasion are as follow:

— *There was a time,
When Belvidera's tears, her cries and sorrows
Were not despised; when if she chanced to sigh,
Or look but sad!—There was, indeed a time,
When Jaffeir would have taken her in his arms,
Eased her reclining head upon his breast,
And never left till he had found the cause!*

Self-Help Omnibus

*But now, let her weep seas,
Cry till she rend the earth, sigh till she burst
Her heart asunder, still he bears it all,
Deaf as the winds, and as the rocks unshaken!*

Her gay cousin came in that instant, and finding her thus, hastily demanded the occasion; on which Daphne told her what had been the subject of her entertainment, and repeated the passage above quoted. The other then laughed heartily, and cried, "And what is all this to you?" "As I am a wife," replied Daphne, "I could not help being affected with the distresses of a wife, whom the poet has made to love her husband as much as I do mine."

"Nay, I know but little of the play," said the other, "for I hate all tragedy; but I suppose this same Belvidera might be jealous of her husband; and if so, I should be so far from pitying her, that I should heartily despise her; for I look upon a jealous wife as the most ridiculous animal under the sun. That woman must certainly be very vain and silly who thinks to engross a pretty fellow to herself all his life long, merely because the parson has mumbled a few words over them."

"You talk oddly, my dear," said Daphne, "but you will be of another mind when once you marry." "I talk reasonably," replied her cousin, "and shall never expect constancy from a husband, unless he is a fool. But this is not my present business with you; I came to borrow your husband of you for one whole day at least: you must know I have some flowers, and other trinkets, sent me from France, which are seized at the Custom-house; they tell me I must go in person to redeem them: the board sits to-morrow; but as it looks a little odd for a woman to go to those places by herself, I would beg the favour of Corydon to squire me thither, if it be convenient for him."

"He has been of late very much engaged on some business or other," replied Daphne, "I know not what, but dare answer that he will not fail to attend you, if there be a possibility of his doing so." "Well then," rejoined the other, "let him come to my lodgings early in the morning, I will be dressed and have a coach ready at the door; for I intend to call in our way on one of the commissioners, in order to make him my friend in the affair."

She then took her leave, saying she had an engagement on her hands, as indeed she had. Corydon waited all this time at her lodgings to pass the evening with her; and this faulty pair, having agreed to make an excursion a little way out of town the next morning, she had only invented the tale she came with to his wife to keep her from being surprised at his going abroad more early than was his custom.

Thus, by various pretences, was the credulity of Daphne for some time imposed upon; but chance at last discovered the cruel secret to her; a letter accidentally dropped by Corydon left her no room to doubt the truth of her misfortune; she then could not forbear reproaching his perfidiousness; but though she did so in more soft terms than might have been expected, her mildness had not the effect it ought to have had; some men cannot bear detection. Plain as his guilt was proved he denied it all, and accused her of a jealous and suspicious nature. No amendment of his conduct appearing, grief threw her into a languishing disorder, which threatening her life, she went by the advice of her physicians into the country, where she soon after died. Corydon lost an excellent wife, but was not sensible of her real value, nor of the error which had deprived him of her, till too late to make atonement.

Eliza Haywood

In my admonitions to wives, concerning their behaviour on the score of a husband's infidelity, I gave some advice, which if Daphne had followed, might possibly have been attended with success: I believe, however, there are few modern ladies will resent an injury of this kind in the manner she did.

But notwithstanding I cannot but think, and all the world must allow it to be a most enormous crime in a man to wrong his wife in so tender a point, there is yet one circumstance in which there seems to be some pity due to the transgressor.

What I mean is this: when a man is merely compelled, by the over-ruling power of his parents, or is swayed by the prospect of some very great advantage, to give his hand to a woman who never had any possession of his heart, and shall afterwards meet with an object which captivates all his senses, and convinces him of the force of love, such a one, I say, has some sort of plea for commiseration.

As too many marriages are made wholly on the account either of the one or the other of the motives I have mentioned, I would have every husband, who finds himself in this unhappy situation, be continually upon his guard against the assaults of beauty: whenever he sees a woman who pleases him too much, let him refrain from ever seeing her again; let him fly before the impression takes too deep a root, and let him take all imaginable measures to obliterate it for ever from his mind.

Love in its beginning may be easily checked; but if in the least indulged it presently becomes too potent for control; and he that thinks to himself, thus far will I go and no further, will soon find he has been utterly unacquainted with the power of that passion by which he is instigated.

SECT. VII.

The last and very worst indignity a Husband can possibly put upon his Wife, on the score of incontinency.

The celebrated author of *Les Pensées Ingenieuses*, in his second volume of that work, has the audacity to add to the characteristic of womankind the following particular foible:

Whatever some women pretend, there runs through the whole sex, in a more or less degree, a certain vanity which will not suffer them to endure with patience the least affront offered to their beauty;—they will hate a man more for not thinking them handsome, than for not thinking them good;—they love praise, though they know the giver has no design in bestowing it, nor they themselves have any ambition of rendering him more serious.

How far the French author may be justified, in his opinion, in regard of the ladies of his own country, I will not take upon me to determine; but will venture to say, that the humour is not general among those of my own country.

Certain it is, however, that women of all nations can ill endure to see the men to whom they have given their heart yield the preference to another. A wife especially, who by law as well as love has a right to engross the affections of her husband, has just reason to complain, and even to resent the least swerving from his duty in this point.

The wit, the beauty, whether real or imaginary in the object, ought by no means to serve as an excuse for a man's alienating his heart from the woman to whom he has given his hand before the holy altar, in the most solemn and binding ceremony of marriage. He should consider that he is then no longer master of himself, but is become the sole property of another, whom he cannot, without being guilty of the utmost injustice and perjury, rob either of his person or affection.

It must therefore be acknowledged by all thinking persons, that in any of the cases mentioned in the preceding section, a husband has little to plead in his defence; but there is still one circumstance, which beyond all others that can be named greatly aggravates his crime and infidelity, and is by many degrees the most insupportable to a suffering wife. It is this:

When a man slights the chaste endearments of his virtuous wife, avoids as much as possible her presence, and lavishes his time, part of his fortune, perhaps the whole, on some lewd abandoned prostitute of the town, whom he publicly keeps, in open defiance of all laws both human and divine.

A woman who finds herself lost in the affection of her husband must certainly be very unhappy, even when the object for whom he languishes is endowed with every valuable qualification, and neither wishes to supplant her, nor would on any terms consent to wrong her; but how much more so must she be who is undone for the sake of a creature scarce worthy the name of woman, and how beautiful soever, has by her infamous life rendered herself a disgrace to her sex?

Too many shocking instances of this kind have fallen within the little course of my observation; and certainly such a provocation must be allowed to justify almost any resentment can be shown by a wife.

The parting of Mr. Smallgrace and his lady, within a year after their marriage, made a good deal of noise in town when first it happened; various reports were spread concerning that affair; some laid the blame on the husband, others cried out against the wife, and everyone spoke of it according as they were inclined to favour either the one or the other; but the true cause of the unhappy breach between them was as follows:

Mrs. Smallgrace had not been much more than two months a wife, when being one night at the playhouse with a lady of her acquaintance, two young rakes of distinction came into the same box and placed themselves on the next bench behind them. As these sparks frequented such places rather to see the company than the diversions exhibited there, the first thing they did was to pluck out their pocket optics, and take a survey of all who were in the house: "My stars!" cried one of them, casting his eyes on the opposite stage-box, "is not that Betty Floreit yonder! How fine the jade is! Sure she has forgot since she pawned her petticoat for two shillings to ply in the middle gallery, and begged money of me to redeem it!" "It is a sign", said the other, "that you have been buried in Hampshire for these two months, else you would have known this latter part of her history; but I can tell you she is got into high keeping, no less than eight guineas a week I assure you." "Aye," demanded the first, "Prithee who is her keeper!" "Jack Smallgrace", replied the other. "You surprise me!" rejoined his friend. "Why he married a young lady of a great fortune, and they say a consummate beauty, just before I left London." "Even so," returned the other, "but he had soon enough of wife; he had scarce done receiving the congratulations on his marriage before he took Betty into keeping, and made her the allowance I told you of. I met the arch-toad one morning in the Mall, she would needs take me to her lodgings, and being an old acquaintance, made me the confidante of her good fortune. Among many other pretty presents had been given her by her new friend, she showed me a fine solitaire which I could not help very much admiring for the fancy of it; it was one of the finest rubies I ever saw, encompassed with a true-lover's knot of diamonds."

Let anyone who is a wife, for no other can be capable of truly judging what a terrible situation of mind Mrs. Smallgrace must be in, at so sudden and so unexpected a discovery of her husband's perfidy, which perhaps she would not so easily have believed, if it had not been for the last-mentioned circumstance of the solitaire.

The jeweller of whom Mr. Smallgrace had bespoke it, having finished it somewhat before the time he promised it, and not doubting but it was intended for his new-married lady, brought it home instead of waiting till it should be called for. Mr. Smallgrace, on finding what had happened, had no other way of coming off than by telling his wife that it was a jewel which a sister he had in the country had left with him, before she went out of town, in order to get it new set.

This particular corroborating the truth of all that had been said before, left her not the least room to doubt the reality of her misfortune. The lady who accompanied her, though little less surprised than herself, had, from the first mention of Mr. Smallgrace's name, endeavoured to divert her from hearing anything further of what was said; but she was too attentive to lose any part of it; and all the different passions which could possibly assail a female heart, on so shocking an adventure, seizing on hers at once, threw her into a fainting fit, and she fell backwards against the knees of the person whose unfortunate detail had been the cause.

This accident being seen by a good part of the house occasioned some confusion, which Mrs. Rich perceiving from a balcony over the stage, where she was

sitting to see the play, came running down and got the disordered lady removed into a room behind the scenes, and there, with that politeness and good-nature which everyone allows her to be mistress of, applying proper means for her recovery, soon brought her to herself.

The first use she made of speech was to cry out, "Oh the monster! Oh the villain! What, to slight me for a common strumpet, and in the first month of my marriage, too! I cannot,—will not bear it!" The two gentlemen who had assisted in bringing her thither, and by these words, as well as by some others which the young lady who was with her had dropped, were made acquainted with who she was, cursed their inadvertency in talking as they had done, and made a thousand apologies for it; but she regarded nothing of what was said, and having somewhat of a romantic turn in her composition, and been more conversant with plays than any other study, vented the indignation she was possessed of in the words which Mr. Dryden has put into the mouth of Leonora in the *Spanish Friar*, and walking about the room with the wildest disorder in her voice and motion, cried out,

*What have I done, ye powers! What have I done!
To see my youth, my beauty, and my love
No sooner gained, than slighted and betrayed,
And like a rose just gathered from its stalk,
But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside
To wither on the ground.—By heaven it calls
Me old, and wrinkled, and deformed, and loathsome!
Oh what woman can bear loathsome!*

Her fair friend, as well as Mrs. Rich, judged it most convenient that she should be carried home, which she accordingly was in a hackney-coach, her own not being in the way. The two gentlemen saw her safe within her own door, and then took their leave with the greatest marks of respect and concern for having been the occasion of her disquiet.

The young lady quitted her not till Mr. Smallgrace came home, and then left her to testify her resentment in what manner she should think most proper; which she did not fail to do in terms the most bitter and invective that the high provocation she had received could suggest.

At first he treated her accusation only as a mere matter of bagatelle; but on finding she was too well informed in every particular of his guilt, affected to be angry at her having cause to be so; and returned her reproaches of inconstancy and perjury with others of jealousy and impertinence.

Thus began a quarrel which was never afterwards made up: Mr. Smallgrace persisted in keeping his mistress in the most public and glaring fashion, excited to do so perhaps, and I am apt to think, rather through obstinacy than any real regard he could retain for such a creature. Mrs. Smallgrace, either because she thought it would give her husband pain, or because she was naturally addicted to the gaieties of life, scrupled not to make one in every party of pleasure that presented itself, however inconsistent it might happen to be with her character, either as a wife or a woman of honour.

Certain it is, the ridiculous manner in which they lived together justly drew upon them the censure and contempt of as many as were beholders of it; the friends and kindred on both sides laboured all they could to inspire them with a better way of thinking, and bring about a reconciliation; but their endeavours were in vain, and all

they could do was to prevail on them to agree in one thing, which was to separate for ever.

One may reasonably suppose that this unhappy pair did not meet in marriage with any great degree of tenderness, either on the one side or the other; if they had, neither of them would have acted as they did. A husband who had ever felt a sincere affection for the woman he had married, could not have been capable of wronging her in the manner Mr. Smallgrace did; nor would a wife, who truly loved her husband, have resented the offence as this lady did, but have taken a far different method of reclaiming him.

This may serve to show how necessary it is that love should possess the hearts of those who are about to join their hands; but it is not my business here to discuss that matter, the intention of these pages being only to point out the means by which people who are already married may make each other happy in that state, by what motive soever they were excited to enter into it.

I must therefore say, and cannot help believing but that all people who consider seriously on the matter in question, will join with me in the same opinion, that where it unfortunately happens for two persons to unite with a very little share of affection on either side, both parties ought to make use of their utmost endeavours to cultivate and improve that little afterwards, to the end they may be better enabled to bear with whatever infirmities and imperfections they may find in each other, and to live together so as not to incur the censure of a laughing world.

But though it is, beyond all possibility of dispute, for the mutual good and happiness of both parties, not only to seem, but also to love each other with the greatest sincerity, yet I would not have a husband suspend his endeavours for that purpose till his wife sets him an example; those nameless ardours which so seldom fail of kindling up a sympathetic fire in the person to whom they are directed, are more properly the province of the man than the woman, and will become him better: there is, for the most part, a certain pride mingled with bashfulness, in the mind of a woman of honour and delicacy, which will not permit her to disclose all the fondness she may really be possessed of, much less to make any attempt to magnify it.

But as it will be more easy for a husband to conceive, than for me to express in what manner he may improve the hints I have given, I shall cease troubling him any further on this head, and proceed to others, in which, without being guilty of any fault himself, he will find it necessary to behave with caution.

SECT. VIII.

Some general hints to a Husband whose Wife does not behave in every respect agreeable to the character she ought to aim at.

Everyone knows that perfection is not to be expected on this side of the grave; that man therefore must be strangely visionary, who marries with the hope of never being able to find any one thing in his wife which he could wish were otherwise; besides, the very difference of constitution, or the prejudice of education frequently makes those things appear faults or follies, which in themselves do not deserve that name, so ought neither to be wondered at, nor resented by a prudent husband.

Women, generally speaking, are of a more tractable and gentle disposition than men, and for that reason are called the softer sex; they are also born with less vicious inclinations, and cannot transgress virtue without deviating from nature; yet notwithstanding they have a certain pride, which will not suffer them to be told that anything they do is wrong, without being first self-convinced that it is so.

When a husband pretends to reprove his wife with a too magisterial air for anything he may think amiss in her, he is perhaps guilty of a mistake himself no less blameable than that which he is condemning in her; because by this method he will never gain his point, and it is much better for him to overlook small errors, and endeavour to reform the greater by such insinuations and laudable artifices as his invention will enable him to put in practice, and the nature of the vexation will admit.

An immoderate love of gaming, for example, I look upon to be one of the very worst, and also one of the most incorrigible propensities a person can be guilty of; yet still this cankerous, this evil of the mind, if I may so term it, may possibly be cured, on proper remedies being applied and artfully pursued; I could produce several instances of this kind, but shall content myself with mentioning only one, which though it may seem pretty extraordinary, and even desperate, had the desired effect.

A gentleman had the misfortune to be married to a young lady, whose too modish mother had taken more care to have her well instructed in every game played upon the cards, than in any other accomplishment whatever; having been almost from her childhood habituated to this amusement, it was become as natural to her as her food, and she received the news of a party being formed for that purpose with as much pleasure as the most voracious appetite does an invitation to a well-spread table.

The late hours she kept, the total neglect of her domestic affairs, the sums she frequently lost, and perhaps some other apprehensions, made her husband extremely uneasy. At first, however, he contented himself with gently complaining how unkind it was in her to deprive him of so much of her company, and endeavouring to convince her how great an injury it did her health to refrain from repose at those hours which nature had ordained for that purpose.

These remonstrances had not the least effect; she still went on in the same course as before; and though she had in reality a very tender affection for her husband, as will appear by the sequel of what I am going to relate, yet she could not find in her heart to refuse making one in every party proposed to her for this favourite amusement; so intoxicating is gaming to those who once accustom themselves to it.

Thus obstinately persisting in her former behaviour, he grew extremely discontented, and more severe in his reproofs; and at last plainly told her, that for a wife to lavish away so much of her time and money suited neither with the circumstances of his estate, his character, nor his humour. But this method of proceeding was altogether as fruitless as that which he before had taken. She replied, that she had brought him a handsome fortune, that she had played before she married him, and that she saw no reason why being a wife should debar her from those diversions she had always been allowed when a maid; and, in fine, that she must do as other women of her acquaintance did.

It was scarce possible for a mind to be involved in greater perplexities than was that of the gentleman I am speaking on; he truly loved his wife, and was grieved no less for her sake than for his own, to see her go on in this wild way; neither persuasion nor argument had the power of reclaiming her, as he had experienced by having tried both, and loth he was to exert the authority of a husband in laying her under any restraint. In this dilemma, however, an expedient suddenly started into his head, which he put in practice; it seemed indeed a pretty odd one, but happened to prove fortunate.

He forbore for some time making any remonstrances to her, seldom mentioned gaming in her presence, and when he spoke of it at all it was with the utmost indifference, and as a person who had not the least interest in her conduct would have done in common conversation. In fine, he appeared quite easy, and so artfully dissembled the inward discontent of his mind, that she imagined he no longer took any umbrage at her continuing to indulge herself in this favourite amusement, which was indeed the only foible she could be accused of.

Having thus prepared the way for the design he had projected, he came home one night with all the tokens of the most terrible despair in his countenance and deportment. She had come in just before him, and surprised and shocked to see him in a condition so different from what he had ever been, threw herself upon his bosom, and asked him with the greatest tenderness if he was not well; to which kind interrogatory he answered nothing, and without suffering his valet to approach him, tore off his clothes and went directly into bed, where he lay tossing and tumbling the whole night. She slept as little, but renewed her entreaties to know the cause of this sudden disorder; all the replies he made were groans and sighs, which seemed to rend his very heart. Very early in the morning he rose and retired to his closet, where she soon after followed him, and with streaming eyes still begged him to make her the partner of his grief, of what kind soever it were. He remained silent for some time; but at last, looking on her with the extremest fondness, he replied, "Yes, my dear, you shall; nay, you must know the mutual misfortune that has fallen on us; though my heart shudders while my tongue pronounces the fatal words, yet I will no longer keep you in suspense; we must part, my love, be divided from each other, perhaps for ever."

It cannot be difficult to conceive what horror, what amazement, a wife who loved her husband must feel on hearing so unexpected a declaration; I shall only say, it was so great as to render her for some moments incapable of speaking, and when she did, it was only to demand, in wild and incoherent exclamation, some further *éclaircissement* of this dreadful sentence.

"You know, my dear," said he, "that for a long time I was continually teasing you about gaming; but alas! since that time I have fallen too deeply into the snare

myself; the company I played with staked largely; I was always unfortunate, yet still went on, and lost very great sums; but last night! Oh last night, has completed my undoing!"

"What have you done!" cried she trembling. "Mortgaged my whole estate," replied he, "except the manor of Redburr, which you know is settled upon you, for a sum beyond what I have any possibility of raising, but by the disposal of it; I am therefore determined to sell my coach and horses and all my plate, and go immediately to Jamaica, and there endeavour, as many others have done, to retrieve by my industry what I have lost by my folly."

These words threw her into almost mortal agonies; she swooned three several times, and perhaps would never have recovered, if a flood of tears had not come to her relief, and in some measure eased the burden of her heart. He truly loved her, and beheld with inexpressible agitations the condition she was in; but the disease he took in hand to cure was desperate, and desperate remedies could alone work any effect.

When come a little to herself, "I will go with you," cried she, "to what part of the world soever you go, nothing shall part me from you!" "No, my dear," answered he, "I cannot think of exposing your tender constitution to those unfriendly climates where I must be reduced to get my future sustenance." "Oh, say no more of that," resumed she, "no misery, no hardship can threaten me when together, which I should not doubly feel the weight of when separated from you."

They had many tender arguments on this score, till he finding she was really in earnest, and resolute to be the companion of his fate, in what shape soever it should present itself, took her fondly by the hand, and spoke in these terms:

"Well, my love," said he, "since for my sake you can renounce this town and all its pleasures, and quit the society of your friends and kindred, I have a proposal to make you, which I think will be less shocking than living among those wild Americans: I have a distant relation who has a vicarage about an hundred miles from London; he is a very worthy honest man, and has a wife and two daughters, who are accounted women of good understanding; with this family we might board extremely cheap till my estate, or at least great part of it, is redeemed, if you could so content yourself."

The satisfaction she now expressed was adequate to her late grief, she threw her arms about his neck and cried, "Content did you say! Why you have mentioned an asylum beyond my hopes. How could you think of leaving me and England when you had a resource like this!"

Having thus gained his point, which was to draw her from the town, he wrote immediately to his cousin, who gladly embraced the proposal made to him. In fine, they went down in a very few days; and everyone endeavouring to make the place as agreeable to her as possible, she soon became so weaned from all the pleasures of the town, that she desired not to return to it.

He kept her there till he found she was thoroughly established in her aversion not only to that destructive amusement which had given him so much trouble, but also to every other reigning folly of the times.

At a proper season he acquainted her with the deception he had put upon her, which she was so far from being offended at, that she embraced him a thousand times, thanked him for the pains he had taken to reform her; and said, "If I had been married

to a man less tender or less wise, I might have lived and died a thoughtless giddy fool." In a word, there never was a better wife, never a more happy husband.

Besides this enormous vice of gaming, there are many much lesser foibles a wife may possibly be guilty of, to embitter all the sweets of marriage; but it is my firm opinion that most, if not all of them, may be corrected, if a husband takes proper measures for that purpose, and sure it is well worth his while to attempt it.

SECT. IX.

*The manner in which it will best become a Husband to behave
on a full detection of his Wife's infidelity.*

Concerning the ill conduct of a wife I have but one thing more to touch upon, and indeed but barely to touch upon, as the fault once committed is without a remedy; reformation can make no atonement, nor contrition merit pardon: when a woman has once broke through the conjugal covenant, and wantonly given herself up to the embraces of another, her husband, in my opinion, has but a short course to take; he is made wretched in the three dearest circumstances of life,—his love abused,—his peace destroyed,—his honour blemished; and he may justly cry out with Othello in the play,

— *To make me,
The fixed figure for the time of scorn,
To point his slow and moving finger at!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim,
I here discard thee.*

As much a friend as I am to the wives, I cannot persuade any husband ever to forgive a transgression of this nature; on the contrary, I should think a man who could suffer himself to be prevailed upon to live with her after a detection of her falsehood, would justly deserve all the contempt he would undoubtedly be treated with.

I know very well, that it may happen in some families that a wife is so necessary to her husband's affairs, that he cannot, without great inconvenience, part with her; yet, even in this case, I cannot think that any consideration of interest can be a balance for peace of mind, which it is utterly impossible for a man to enjoy, while he keeps in his sight, at his table, and in his bed, a person who has so grossly injured him.

It behoves him therefore, according to my opinion, in justice to himself, his honour and his domestic quiet, to lay aside all motives that might persuade him to continue in the same house with his offending wife; and to have recourse to those means, which the laws both of heaven and earth have provided for his relief. But this must not be done without the fullest demonstration of her guilt; and then, if the proofs of it should not amount to procure a divorce, as is very often the case, all he can do is to have articles of an eternal separation drawn between them.

I must confess there is one critical conjuncture, in which I neither know how to advise a husband, nor, which way soever he proceeds, whether to censure or to approve his conduct. It is this:

When a woman, during the first years of her marriage, has behaved in such a manner as not to give either the world or her husband the least reason to suspect her of infidelity, and in that time has had children by him, the innocence of those dear babes will doubtless plead strongly in behalf of their transgressing mother; and it will be very difficult for him to expose her to an infamy which they must be involved in.

This is a circumstance greatly to be pitied; but whenever it happens that the fondness of a parent gets the better of the resentment of the husband, and he consents to live with her, I think it will best become him to pretend an entire disbelief of her

crime; as it will be less to his dishonour to be thought blind than tame to an abuse of this nature.

And now having run through all those particulars which I think it the duty and interest of a husband to perform, I shall leave everyone, who either is or intends to be so, to consider how the hints I have given may be improved into practice, so as to restore marriage to its original institution.

FINIS.