

corporeal part of the individual; and even when reason is developed to the highest degree, it is liable to be clouded by sophistry, or its decisions rendered useless or pernicious by false premises.

Instinct is then the more perfect faculty. The being under its control exercises a number of intellectual powers. He is a perfectly free agent, and his judgment is unerring. The mind is not dependent on knowledge for its decisions, and no sophistry can interfere with the perfection of its operations.

It is true that reason would greatly improve if men lived sufficiently long upon the earth. Perhaps if we lived some ten or fifteen thousand years, reason would become in many important respects superior to instinct. Yet we only live just long enough to learn a few truths; and it is probable that after this life, we shall be guided by intuition, consciousness, or some faculty more nearly allied to instinct than reason.

Now, the peculiarities of women arise from the fact that they possess instinct to a greater degree than men. They have as much reason as can be properly used in the short period allowed for human existence; while on the other hand, they instinctively put forth all qualities that are either admirable or useful. Consequently, their judgment is more rapid and correct than that of man. They seldom frame a syllogism, yet with inconceivable rapidity they leap to conclusions. While a man changes his determination with every man's argument, women, who never distort their minds with men's arguments, invariably determine by intuition, and then cling with admirable tenacity to the determination which they form.

It will hence be readily perceived that woman is created, men only manufactured. The intellectual and spiritual qualities of woman spring directly out of her very being, while man's character or ability results from years of toilsome and often ill-directed effort.

The conclusion then, to which we come is, that there is no such thing as *female vanity*—mere love of admiration is only a desire to be properly understood and appreciated.

But furthermore, the impulse which prompts the female portion of the human race to appear to delight in admiration is not only innocent in itself as proceeding from exalted self-respect, but positively virtuous, as being in great part dictated by pure benevolence.

If women were to withdraw from society altogether, or wear old-fashioned dresses, doubtless they would be as happy as they now are. They could take as much satisfaction in self-contemplation as in receiving the approbation of such tasteless creatures as men. They would be just as amiable, their minds would be filled with as delightful ideas, their mental faculties would operate as delightfully, as though surrounded by crowds of admirers. But in what condition would the world be? How desolate! How deformed! Man would at once sink into a savage state; he would lose all the little taste and pure enjoyment he now has, and dry goods merchants, dress makers, and milliners would fail immediately.

To save the world from a destiny so horrible, woman interferes. She recalls the wanderer—she civilizes the semi-barbarian, and she gives comfort and happiness to those dealers in silks and satins who else would be helpless and miserable men; and this chiefly by the presentation of those excellencies which she possesses, or by the determination to have them appreciated. Time would fail were I to undertake to indicate the heroic qualities which are called forth in women by this noble principle. But to consider one point only. What would be the consequences if women preferred comfort to appearance. Suppose they wore stout boots in muddy weather. We can easily imagine how much this would detract from their beauty, and consequently their beneficent influence; yet rather than wear stout boots, or sufficient covering for the head, or comfortable apparel—rather than in the slightest degree modify the decisions of fashion—they dare death daily. It is only occasionally, then, that the boasted courage of the warrior is put to the test, and that he seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth; but woman every foggy day, nay, every day, dares