

the most delicate of the feelings and emotions, and leaves abstract speculations and useful but dry studies to the laborious, solid, and profound mind of man. Thus women need never study geometry, and need know no more of the "sufficient reason," or of the nature of monads, than would be necessary to feel the Attic salt that spices the satires of the small critics of our sex. The fair sex may safely neglect the vortices of Descartes, even when the amiable Fontenelle offers to accompany them into the starry regions of space. They will loose none of their own attractions by being ignorant of all that Algarotti has taken the trouble to write for them respecting the attractive forces of matter, according to the principles of Newton. In the reading of history they may neglect the battles; in geography they may pass over the fortresses and fortified places. They may be quite as indifferent to the smell of gunpowder, as we are to the odour of musk.

One might almost be tempted to think that men, in wishing to instil into women's minds this false taste, had been actuated by a sort of malicious cunning. For, conscious of their own weakness when opposed to the natural charms of the sex, and knowing that a single cross look costs them more trouble than would the solution of the most difficult question, they know also that as soon as women acquire this false taste, they (the men) recover their superiority, and acquire an advantage which otherwise they could not easily have obtained, that of flattering with a generous indulgence the weakness of their vanity. The science for women is that of the human race, and of man in particular. Their philosophy is not to *reason*, but to *feel*. We should never loose sight of this