

traction of their beauty, and the symmetry of their shape. It is not for want of a due estimation of the mental qualities that form the most valuable portion of female merit, that I have hitherto appeared to have more devoted my attention to the outward charms of women; for well and long have I been acquainted with them, tried and faithful have I found them. There is not a virtue that man arrogates to himself that woman is not possessed of in a higher, a more sublime, but at the same time, in a more amiable, and softened degree. In every relation of human life they are pre-eminent. In imperial sway, what vain man will rise up to rival an Elizabeth or a Catherine? In fortitude, in heroic constancy, in persevering affection, who claims rank before Margaret of Anjou, and Jacqueline of Hainault? In humble life, the fireside, the midnight twirling distaff, the sick-bed, the prison-grate, the cradle, and the coffin, the alms house, and the palace, bear witness to their unexampled and inestimable devotion to the active virtues of benevolence.

In the course of my long and chequered life, I can not charge my memory that I ever met with one woman, and I have been in contact with those who are called both the first and the last of their sex, who deceived or wilfully injured me, nor can I recollect that I ever had any connection with any man more than as a common acquaintance, who did not do one or the other. I may have been a dupe on both sides, not conscious of deception on one hand, and too credulous on the other; but, as Sterne somewhere says, a man ought always to have a certain portion of honest *cullibility* about him, and I believe I have had my full share.—But I feel that I am deviating too much into egotism, for after all, who cares for Lewis Luke Maccul-