Early Times: What Can We Know about Childhood in the Early Modern Period?

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Description:

This workshop addresses questions about the time of life prior to adulthood during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. During the last four decades, our knowledge of women's lives has been enriched by scrutiny of women's writing, and more recently, historians of early modern women have addressed questions around girlhood and female youth. But questions about children and childhood in the early modern period are hampered by problems of evidence. Scholars have challenged the selective use of evidence by Philippe Ariès that led to his conclusion that childhood as a concept referring to a distinct phase of life was "discovered" during the early modern period. This workshop will address a wide range of forms of evidence and consider methodological as well as topical questions pertaining to children and childhood in the early modern period. This workshop is comparative in that it addresses historical, theological, literary, biographical, and autobiographical representations of the lives of girls and boys and of concepts of childhood in the early modern period.

Key Issues and Questions:

1. Sources
   a. How can we learn about children's lives without access to children's voices and perspectives, given that so few examples of children's writing survive from the period?
   b. How do autobiographical and biographical recollections represent childhood? What are the limits of these forms as a source of evidence about childhood?
   c. What can we learn from parents writing about their children, both living and dead?

2. Epistemologies
   a. Modern concepts of childhood are laden with assumptions about what is natural as well as what, in the words of Jacqueline Rose, adults idealize and desire. How do questions of the natural, the ideal, and desire factor into early modern concepts of childhood?
   b. What can we discover about how young people's experience of childhood differed from social and historical constructions of childhood? (As, for example, we know that women's experiences of being women differed from, even while being conditioned or constrained by, social and historical constructions of femaleness.)
   c. What does "innocence" mean within the theological contexts of the early modern period?

3. Children's Literature
   a. What can we discover about children's relationship to reading and books in the early modern period?
   b. What is the relationship between concepts of childhood portrayed in literary texts and historical accounts of actual children's lives?
4. Social Relations
   a. What can we learn about how children viewed each other within families?
   b. To what extent do social factors such as gender, geographical location, national origin, and rank shape the questions that we ask (and the evidence we have to answer them with)?
   c. Do the differences between educational and social experiences of girls and boys mean that childhood is impossible to define? Likewise, do the different experiences of lower class girls or boys versus upper class girls or boys make generalization impossible?

Readings:

A) Required Readings:

The required readings are included below, organized into four categories, as follows:

1. Religious (Calvin, Becon, Cotton, and Janeway)
2. Philosophical (Montaigne and Cavendish)
3. Poetry (Jonson, Herrick, Bradstreet, Philips, Traherne, Marvell, Behn, and Bunyan)
4. Life-writing (Thornton, Bradstreet, Cavendish, Clifford, Joscelin, and Lister)

B) Additional Suggested Readings:

We also append selections from the following recommended readings:

1. Selections from prescriptive literature (Vives, Erasmus, and Brathwaite)
2. Jane Cavendish and Elizabeth Brackley, excerpt from Concealed Fansies
3. Bathsua Makin, excerpt from An Essay To Revive the Antient Education Of Gentlewomen
4. Behn, excerpt from Oroonoko
5. John Locke, excerpts from Some Thoughts Concerning Education
6. Mary Astell, excerpts from A Serious Proposal to the Ladies
A) Required Readings for  “Early Times: What Can We Know about Childhood in the Early Modern Period?”

1. RELIGIOUS (Calvin, Becon, Cotton, Janeway)


As Adam’s spiritual life would have consisted in remaining united and bound to his Maker, so estrangement from him was the death of his soul. Nor is it strange that he who perverted the whole order of nature in heaven and earth deteriorated his race by his revolt. . . . This is the hereditary corruption to which early Christian writers gave the name of Original Sin, meaning by the term the depravation of a nature formerly good and pure. . . . Surely there is no ambiguity in David's confession, "I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me," (Ps. 51: 5.) His object in the passage is not to throw blame on his parents; but the better to commend the goodness of God towards him, he properly reiterates the confession of impurity from his very birth. . . . All of us, therefore, descending from an impure seed, come into the world tainted with the contagion of sin. Nay, before we behold the light of the sun we are in God's sight defiled and polluted. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one," says the Book of Job, (Job 14: 4.). . . .

We thus see that the impurity of parents is transmitted to their children, so that all, without exception, are originally depraved. The commencement of this depravity will not be found until we ascend to the first parent of all as the fountain head. We must, therefore, hold it for certain, that, in regard to human nature, Adam was not merely a progenitor, but, as it were, a root, and that, accordingly, by his corruption, the whole human race was deservedly vitiated. . . . Paul never could have said that all are "by nature the children of wrath," (Eph. 2: 3,) if they had not been cursed from the womb. And it is obvious that the nature there referred to is not nature such as God created, but as vitiated in Adam; for it would have been most incongruous to make God the author of death. . . .

To the understanding of this subject, there is no necessity for an anxious discussion, (which in no small degree perplexed the ancient doctors,) as to whether the soul of the child comes by transmission from the soul of the parent. It should be enough for us to know that Adam was made the depository of the endowments which God was pleased to bestow on human nature, and that, therefore, when he lost what he had received, he lost not only for himself but for us all. . . . The Pelagian cavil, as to the improbability of children deriving corruption from pious parents, whereas, they ought rather to be sanctified by their purity, is easily refuted. Children come not by spiritual regeneration but carnal descent. Accordingly, as Augustine says, "Both the condemned unbeliever and the acquitted believer beget offspring not acquitted but condemned, because the nature which begets is corrupt. . . ."

Hence, even infants bringing their condemnation with them from their mother's womb, suffer not for another's, but for their own defect. For although they have not yet produced the fruits of their own unrighteousness, they have the seed implanted in them. Nay, their whole nature is, as it were, a seed-bed of sin, and therefore cannot but be odious and abominable to God. . . .
Thomas Becon: Excerpt from *Dauids harpe ful of most delectable armony, newly strynged and set in tune by Theadore Basille*. 1542. 2nd ed. 1717

For what is man, that he maye appeare righteous in ye sight of God, before whom a chyld of one day olde is not pure, nor the starres in the Eliment, nor nor yet the Aungelles in heauen. There is no man good, but God alone.

Excerpt from *The Demaunds of Holy Scripture, with Answeres to the Same. . . .* (1577)

*What is a childe, or to be a childe?* A childe in Scripture, is a wicked man, or he that is ignoraunt, and not exercised in godlynesse and Gods word be he olde, or be he young. Or he that lacketh spirituall iudgem[en]t in discerning & chosing things. Wo be to the countrey whose King is a childe. And he shall die a childe of a .C. yeere olde. A child also is sometime taken for humble or meke. Who soeuer h[um]bleth him selfe as this childe, is greatest in the kingdome of Heauen. (Ciiv)

John Cotton: Excerpt from *Milk for Babes Drawn out the Breasts of Both Testaments. Chiefly, for the spirituall nourishment of Boston babes in either England: but may be of like use for any children*. 1646. EEBO. 1-6.

Q. How did God make you?
A. In my first Parents holy and righteous.

Q. Are you then born holy and righteous?
A. No, my first father sinned, and I in him.

Q. Are you then born a sinner?
A. I was conceived in sinne, and born in iniquity.

Q. What is your birth-sinne?
A. ADAMS sinne imputed to me, and a corrupt Nature dwelling in me.

Q. What is your corrupt Nature?
A. My corrupt nature is empty of Grace, bent unto sinne, and onely unto sinne, and that continually.

Q. What is sinne?
A. Sinne is the transgression of the Law.

Q. How many commandements of the Law be there?
A. Ten.

Q. What is the first Commandement?
A. Thou shalt have no other Gods but me?

Q. What is the meaning of this commandement?
A. That we should worship the onely true God, and no other beside him.

Q. What is the 2d. Commandement? A. Thou shalt not make to thy selfe any graven image, &c.

Q. Wat is the meaning of this Commandement?
A. That we should worship the true God with true worship: such as God hath ordained, not such as man hath invented.

Q. What is the third commandement?
A. Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain, &c.

Q. What is here meant by the Name of God?
A. God himself and the good things of God, whereby he is known, as a man by his name; as his Attributes, worship, word, and works.

Q. What is it not to take his Name in vain?
A. To make use of God, and the good things of God, to his glory, and our good: not vainly, not unreverently, not unprofitably.

Q. What is the fourth Commandement?
A. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day, &c.

Q. What is the meaning of this Commandement?
A. That we should rest from labor 4 and much more from play on the Lords day, that we may draw nigh to God in holy duties.

Q. What is the fifth Commandement?
A. Honour thy Father, and thy mother, that thy dayes may be long in the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Q. Who are here meant by Father and mother?
A. All our superiours, whether in Family, School, Church, and Commonwealth.

Q. What is the honour due to them?
A. Reverence, obedience, and (when I am able) Recompence.

Q. What is the sixth Commandement?
A. Thou shalt do no [Note: Exo. 20.13. ] murther.

Q. What is the meaning of this Commandement?
A. That we should not shorten the life, or health of our selves or others, but preserve both.

Q. What is the seventh Commandement?
A. Thou shalt not commit Adultery.

Q. What is the sinne here forbidden?
A. To defile our selves or others with unclean lusts.

Q. What is the duty here commanded?
A. Chastity, to possesse our vesels in holinessse and honour.
To all Parents, School-masters and School-Mistresses, or any that have any hand in the Education of Children.

. . . Are the Souls of your Children of no value? Are you willing that they should be Brands of Hell? Are you indifferent whether they be Damned or Saved? shall the Devil run away with them without controul? Will not you use your utmost endeavour to deliver them from the wrath to come? you see that they are not Subjects incapable of the Grace of God; whatever you think of them, Christ doth not slight them; they are not too little to dye, they are not too little to go to Hell, they are not too little to serve their great Master, too little to go to Heaven; For of such is the Kingdom of God: And will not a possibility of their Conversion and Salvation, put you upon the greatest diligence to teach them? Or are Christ, and Heaven, and Salvation, small things with you? If they be, then indeed I have done with you: but if they be not, I beseech you lay about you with all your might; the Devil knows your time is going apace, it will shortly be too late. O therefore what you do, do quickly; and do it, I say, with all your might; O pray, pray, pray, and live holily before them, and take some time daily to speak a little to your Children, one by one, about their miserable condition by Nature. . . . (A3v-A4v)

A PREFACE: Containing DIRECTIONS TO CHILDREN.

YOU may now hear (my dear Lambs) what other good Children have done, and remember how they wept and prayed by themselves; how earnestly they cryed out for an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ: May you not read how dutiful they were to their Parents? How diligent at their Books? how ready to learn the Scripture, and their Catechisms? Can you forget what Questions they were wont to ask? How much they feared a lye, how much they abhorred naughty company, how holy they lived, how joyfully they died?

But tell me, my dear Children, and tell me truly, Do you do as these Children did? Did you ever see your miserable state by Nature? Did you ever get by your self and weep for sin, and pray for grace and pardon? Did you ever go to your Father and Mother, or Master, or Mistress, and beg of them to pity you, and pray for you, and to teach you what you shall do to be saved? How diligent at their Books? how ready to learn the Scripture, and their Catechisms? Can you forget what Questions they were wont to ask? How much they feared a lye, how much they abhorred naughty company, how holy they lived, how joyfully they died?

2. PHILOSOPHICAL (Montaigne and Cavendish)


. . . [M]y meaning is but to show that the greatest difficultie, and importing all humane knowledge, seemeth to be in this point, where the nurture and institution of young children is in question. For as in matters of husbandrie, the labor that must be used before sowing, setting; and planting, yea in planting itselfe, is most certaine and easie. But when that which was sowen, set and planted, commeth to take life; before it come to ripenesse, much adoe, and great varietie of proceeding belongeth to it. So in men, it is no great matter to get them, but being borne, what continuall cares, what diligent attendance, what doubts and feares, doe daily wait to their parents and tutors, before they can be nurtured and brought to any good? The fore-shew of their inclination whilst they are young is so uncertaine, their humours so variable, their promises so changing, their hopes so false, and their proceedings so doubtful, that it is very hard (yea for the wisest) to ground any certaine judgment, or assured successe upon them. Behold Cymon, view Themistocles, and a thousand others, how they have differed, and fallen to better
from themselves, and deceive the expectation of such as knew them. The young whelps both of Dogges and Beares at first sight shew their naturall dispositions but men headlong embracing this custome or fashion, following that humor or opinion, admitting this or that passion, allowing of that or this law, are easily changed, and soone disguised; yet it is hard to force the naturall propension or readinesse of the minde, whereby it followeth, that for want of heedie fore-sight in those that could not guide their course well, they often employ much time in vaine, to addresse young children in those matters whereunto they are not naturally addicted. All which difficulties notwithstanding in mine opinion is, to bring them up in the best and profltablest studies, and that a man should slightly passe over those fond presages, and deceiving prognostikes, which we over precisely gather in their infancie. And (without offence be it said) me thinks that Plato in his Commonwealth allowed them too-too much authoritie. . . .

Margaret Cavendish: Excerpts from The World's Olio. 1655. Women Writers Online.

A Child's Brain is like ground uncultivated, and Time the Husbandman, with the several Senses, which are as Plows, throwing up the Furrows of Conception, and soweth Seeds of Thoughts, from whence sprout up several Opinions and Fancies.

Or a Child's Brain is like an Island uninhabited, and the Blood in the Veins is the Sea that doth surround it; but Time, the great Navigator, plants it with Strength, which causeth the Spirits, as Merchants, to traffique thereto; by which it becomes populated with Thoughts, and builds Towers of Imaginations; the Magistrates, which are Opinions, dwell therein; but the Castles of Fancie are for the Muses, who attend the Queen of Wit. (sig. Q1v)

Excerpts from Observations upon Experimental Philosophy. To which is added, The Description of a New Blazing World. 1666. Women Writers Online.

When I say, that Sense and Reason shall be the Ground of my Philosophy, and not particular natural effects”; My meaning is, that I do not intend to make particular Creatures or Figures, the Principles of all the infinite effects of Nature, as some other Philosophers do; for there is no such thing as a Prime or principal Figure of Nature, all being but effects of one Cause. But my Ground is Sense and Reason, that is, I make self-moving matter, which is sensitive and rational, the onely cause and principle of all natural effects. (sig. g1v)

[I]t is one thing to speak of the parts of the composed and mixed body of Nature, and another thing to speak of the constitutive parts of Nature, which are, as it were, her ingredients of which Nature is made up as one intire self-moving body; for sense and reason does plainly perceive, that some parts are more dull, and some more lively, subtil and active; the Rational parts are more agil, active, pure and subtil then the sensitive; but the Inanimate have no activity, subtily and agility at all, by reason they want self-motion; nor no perception, for self-motion is the cause of all perception; and this Triumvirate of the degrees of Matter, said they, is so necessary to ballance and poise Natures actions, that otherwise the creatures which Nature produces, would all be produced alike, and in an instant; for example, a Child in the Womb would as suddenly be framed, as it is figured in the mind; and a man would be as suddenly dissolved as a thought: (Sig ilr-ilv)

Some are of opinion, "That by Art there can be a reparation made of the Mischiefes and Imperfections mankind has drawn upon it self by negligence and intemperance, and a wilful and superstititious deserting the Prescripts and Rules of Nature, whereby every man, both from a derived Corruption, innate and born with him, and from his breeding and converse with men, is very subject to slip into all sorts of Errors." But the all-powerful God, and his servant Nature, know, that Art, which is but a particular Creature, cannot inform us of the Truth of the Infinite parts of Nature, being but finite it self. . . . (6)
4. POETRY (Jonson, Herrick, Bradstreet, Philips, Traherne, Marvell, Behn, and Bunyan)

**Ben Jonson:** *The Workes of Benjamin Jonson.* 1616.

On My First Daughter

Here lies, to each her parents’ ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth;
Yet all heaven’s gifts being heaven’s due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months’ end she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul heaven’s queen, whose name she bears,
In comfort of her mother’s tears,
Hath placed amongst her virgin-train:
Where, while that severed doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth;
Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

On My First Son

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was to much hope of thee, loved boy:
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O could I lose all father now! For why
Will man lament the state he should envy,
To have so son ‘scaped world’s and flesh’s rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age?
Rest in soft peace, and asked, say, “Here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.”
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such
As what he loves may never like too much.

**Robert Herrick:** *Hesperides.* 1648.

Another Grace for a Child

Here a little child I stand
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

To Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he’s a-getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he’s to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.
Childhood

"Ah me! conceiv'd in sin, and born in sorrow,
A nothing, here to day, but gone to morrow.
Whose mean beginning, blushing can't reveale,
But night and darknesse, must with shame conceal.
My mothers breeding sicknes, I will spare;
Her nine months weary burden not declare.
To shew her bearing pangs, I should do wrong,
To tel that paine, which can't be told by tongue;
With tears into this world I did arrive;
My mother stil did waste, as I did thrive;
Who yet with love, and all alacrity,
Spending was willing, to be spent for me;
With wayward cryes, I did disturbe her rest;
Who sought stil to appease me, with her brest,
With weary armes, she danc'd, and By, By, sung,
When wretched I (ungrate) had done the wrong.
When Infancy was past, my Childishnesse,
Did act al folly, that it could expresse.
My sillinesse did only take delight,
In that which riper age did scorn, and slight:
In Rattles, Bables,and such toyish stuffe.
My then ambitious thoughts, were low enough.
My high-borne soule, so straitly was confin'd:
That its own worth, it did not know, nor mind.
This little house of flesh, did spacious count:
Through ignorance, all troubles did surmount.
Yet this advantage, had mine ignorance,
Freedome from Envy, and from Arrogance.
How to be rich, or great, I did not carke;
A Baron or a Duke, ne'r made my mark.
Nor studious was, Kings favours how to buy,
With costly presents, or base flattery.
No office coveted, wherein I might
Make strong my selfe, and turne aside weak right.
No malice bare, to this, or that great Peer,
Nor unto buzzing whisperors, gave ear.
I gave no hand, nor vote, for death, or life:
I'd nought to do, 'twixt Prince, and peoples strife.
No Statist I: nor Marti'list i' th' field;
Where e're I went, mine innocence was shield.

My quarrells, not for Diadems did rise;
But for an Apple, Plumbe, or some such prize,
My stroks did cause no death, nor wounds, nor skars.
My little wrath did cease soon as my wars.
My duel was no challenge, nor did seek.
My foe should weltering, with his bowels reek.
I had no Suits at law, neighbours to vex.
Nor evidence for land, did me perplex.
I fear'd no storms, nor al the windes that blowes,
I had no ships at Sea, no fraughts to loose.
I fear'd no drought, nor wet, I had no crop,
Nor yet on future things did place my hope.
This was mine innocence, but oh the seeds,
Lay raked up; of all the cursed weeds,
Which sprouted forth, in my insuing age,
As he can tell, that next comes on the stage.
But yet let me relate, before I go,
The sins, and dangers I am subject to.
From birth stayned, with Adams sinfull fact;
From thence I 'gan to sin, as soon as act.
A perverse will, a love to what's forbid:
A serpents sting in pleasing face lay hid.
A lying tongue as soon as it could speak,
And fift Commandment do daily break.
Oft stubborn, peevish, sullen, pout, and cry:
Then nought can please, and yet I know not why.
As many was my sins, so dangers too:
For sin brings sorrow, sicknesse, death, and woe.
And though I misse, the tossings of the mind:
Yet griefs, in my fraile flesh, I still do find.
What gripes of wind, mine infancy did pain?
What tortures I, in breeding teeth sustain?
What crudities my cold stomach hath bred?
Whence vomits, wormes, and flux have issued?
What breaches, knocks, and falls I daily have?
And some perhaps, I carry to my grave.
Some times in fire, sometimes in waters fall:
Strangely preserv'd, yet mind it not at all.
At home, abroad, my danger's manifold.
That wonder tis, my glasse till now doth hold.
I've done, unto my elders I give way.
For 'tis but little, that a childe can say."
If I could ever write a lasting Verse,
It should be laid, dear Saint, upon thy Hero.
But Sorrow is no Muse, and does confess
That it least can what it most expresses.
Yet that I may some bounds to grief allow,
I'll try if I can weep in Numbers now.
Ah beauteous Blossom too untimely dead!
Whither is thy Sweetness fled?
Where are the charms that always did arise
From the prevailing language of thy Eyes?
Where is thy beauteous and lovely meen,
And all the wonders that in thee were seen?
Alas! in vain, in vain on thee I rave;
There is no pity in the stupid Grave.
As well we may enquire when Roses die,
To what retirement their sweet Odours fly;
Whither their Virtues and their Blushes haste,
When the short triumph of their life is past;
Or call their perishing Beauties back with tears,
As add one moment to thy finished years.
No, thou art gone, and thy presaging Mind
So thriftily thy early hours design'd,
That hastily Death was baffled in his pride,
Since nothing of thee but thy body dy'd.
Thy Soul was up betimes, and so concern'd
To grasp all Excellence that could be learn'd,
That finding nothing fill her thirsting here,
To the Spring-head she went to quench it there;
And so prepar'd, that being freed from sin
She quickly might become a Cherubin.
Thou wert all Soul, and through thy Eyes it shin'd:
Asham'd and angry to be so confin'd,
It long'd to be uncag'd, and thither flown
Where it might know as clearly as 'twas known.
In these vast hopes we might thy change have found,
But that heav'n blinds whom it decrees to wound.
For parts so soon at so sublime a pitch,
A judgment so mature, fancy so rich,
Never appear unto unthankful Men,
But as a Vision to be hid again.

So glorious scenes in masques, spectators view
With the short pleasure of an hour or two;
But that once past, the ornaments are gone,
The lights extinguish'd, and the curtains drawn.
Yet all these gifts were thy less noble part,
Nor was thy head so worthy as thy heart;
Where the divine impresssion shin'd so clear,
As snatch'd thee hence, and yet endear'd thee here:
For what in thee did most command our love
Was both the cause and sign of thy removal.
Such fools are we, so fatally we choose:
That what we most would keep we soonest lose.
The humble greatness of thy pious thought,
Sweetness unforc'd, and bashfulness untaught,
The native Candour of thine open breast,
And all the beams wherein thy worth was dress'd,
Thy wit so bright, so piercing and immense,
Adorn'd with wise and lovely innocence,
Might have foretold thou wert not so compleat,
But that our joy might be as short as great.
So the poor Swain beholds his ripened corn
By some rough wind without a sickle torn.
Never, ah! never let sad parents guess
At one remove of future happiness:
But reckon children 'mongst those passing joys
Which one hour gives, and the next hour destroys.
Alas! we were secure of our content;
But find too late that it was only lent,
To be a mirror wherein we may see
How frail we are, how spotless we should be.
But if to thy blest soul my grief appears,
Forgive and pity the cause injurious tears,
Which will not yield to nature's tenderness,
Since 'twas through dearest ties and highest trust
Continued from thy cradle to thy dust;
And so rewarded and confirm'd by thine,
That (wo is me!) I thought thee too much mine.
But I'll resign, and follow thee as fast
As my unhappy minutes will make fast.
Till when the fresh remembrances of thee
Shall be my emblems of mortality.
For such a loss as this (bright soul!) is not
Ever to be repaired or forgot.
Orinda upon little Hector Philips.

1. Twice forty months of Wedlock I did Stay, 
   Then had my vows crown'd with a Lovely boy, 
   And yet in forty days he dropt away, 
   O Swift ViSiSSitude of humane joy.

2. I did but See him and he diS-appear'd, 
   I did but pluck the RoSe-bud and it fell, 
   A Sorrow unforeSeen and Scarcely fear'd, 
   For ill can mortals their afflictions Spell.

3. And now (Sweet Babe) what can my trembling heart 
   SuggeSt to right my doleful fate or thee, 
   Tears are my MuSe and Sorrow all my Art, 
   So piercing groans muSt be thy Elogy.

4. Thus whilSt no eye is witneSs of my mone, 
   I grieve thy loSs (Ah boy too dear to live) 
   And let the unconcerned World alone, 
   Who neither will, nor can refreShment give.

5. An Off'ring too for thy Sad Tomb I have, 
   Too juSt a tribute to thy early HerSe, 
   Receive theSe gaSping numbers to thy grave, 
   The laSt of thy unhappy Mothers VerSe.

Epitaph.
On her Son H. P. at St. Syth’s Church where her body alSo lies Interred.

What on Earth deServes our truSt? 
Youth and Beauty both are duSt. 
Long we gathering are with pain, 
What one moment calls again.
Seven years childleSSs, marriage paSt, 
A Son, a Son is born at laSt: 
So exactly lim’d and fair, 
Full of good Spirits, Meen, and Air, 
As a long life promiSed, 
Yet, in leSSs than Six weeks dead.
Too promiSing, too great a mind 
In So Small room to be confin’d: 
Therefore, as fit in Heav’n to dwell, 
He quickly broke the PriSon Shell. 
So the Subtle AlchimiSt, 
Can’t with Hermes Seal reSiSt 
The powerful Spirit’s Subtler flight, 
But t’will bid him long good night. 
And So the Sun if it ariSe 
Half So glorious as his Eyes, 
Like this Infant, takes a Shrowd, 
Buried in a morning Cloud.


Innocence

But that which most I wonder at, which most I did esteem my bliss, which most I boast, 
And ever shall enjoy, is that within 
I felt no stain, nor spot of sin.

No darkness then did overshad e, 
But all within was pure and bright, 
No guilt did crush, nor fear invade 
But all my soul was full of light.

A joyful sense and purity

Is all I can remember; 
The very night to me was bright, 
’Twas summer in December. 
A serious meditation did employ 

My soul within, which taken up with joy

Did seem no outward thing to note, but fly 
All objects that do feed the eye. 
While it those very objects did 
Admire, and prize, and praise, and love, 
Which in their glory most are hid,

Which presence only doth remove. 
Their constant daily presence I

Rejoicing at, did see; 
And that which takes them from the eye 
Of others, offer’d them to me.

No inward inclination did I feel 
To avarice or pride: my soul did kneel 
In admiration all the day. No lust, nor strife, 
Polluted then my infant life. 
No fraud nor anger in me mov’d, 
No malice, jealousy, or spite; 
All that I saw I truly lov’d. 
Contentment only and delight 
Were in my soul. O Heav’n! what bliss Did I enjoy and feel!

What powerful delight did this 
Inspire! for this I daily kneel. 
Whether it be that nature is so pure, 
And custom only vicious; or that sure 
God did by miracle the guilt remove, 
And make my soul to feel his love 
So early: or that ’twas one day, 
Wherein this happiness I found; 
Whose strength and brightness so do ray, 
That still it seems me to surround;

25

30

35

40
What ere it is, it is a light
   So endless unto me
That I a world of true delight
   Did then and to this day do see.
That prospect was the gate of Heav'n, that day
The ancient light of Eden did convey
Into my soul: I was an Adam there
A little Adam in a sphere
Of joys! O there my ravish'd sense
   Was entertain'd in Paradise,
And had a sight of innocence
Which was beyond all bound and price.
An antepast of Heaven sure!
I on the earth did reign;
Within, without me, all was pure;
I must become a child again.

Wonder

The streets were pav'd with golden stones,
The boys and girls were mine,

35  Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!
The sons of men were holy ones,
In joy and beauty they appear'd to me,
And every thing which here I found,
While like an angel I did see,

Adorn'd the ground.
Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In ev'ry place was seen;
Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white and green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.

The world resembled his eternity,
In which my soul did walk;
And ev'ry thing that I did see
Did with me talk.
The skies in their magnificence,
The lively, lovely air;
Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The stars did entertain my sense,
And all the works of God, so bright and pure,
So rich and great did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.
A native health and innocence
Within my bones did grow,
And while my God did all his glories show,
I felt a vigour in my sense
That was all spirit. I within did flow
With seas of life, like wine;
I nothing in the world did know
But 'twas divine.

Harsh ragged objects were conceal'd,
Oppressions tears and cries,
Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes
Were hid, and only things reveal'd
Which heav'nly spirits, and the angels prize.
The state of innocence
And bliss, not trades and poverties,
Did fill my sense.

30  But wander'd over all men's grounds,
And found repose.
Proprieties themselves were mine,
And hedges ornaments;
Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteem'd
My joys by others worn:
For me they all to wear them seem'd
When I was born.
Andrew Marvell:

The Picture of little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers” Miscellaneous Poems. 1681. EEBO.

SEE with what simplicity
This Nimph begins her golden daies!
In the green Grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair Aspect tames
The Wilder flow'rs, and gives them names;
But only with the Roses playes;
And them does tell
What Colour best becomes them, and what Smell.

Who can foretel for what high cause
This Darling of the Gods was born!
Yet this is She whose chaster Laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his Bow broke and Ensigns tom.
Happy, who can
Appease this virtuous Enemy of Man!

O then let me in time compound,
And parly with those conquering Eyes;
Ere they have try'd their force to wound,
Ere, with their glancing wheels, they drive
In Triumph over Hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise.
Let me be laid,
Where I may see thy Glories from some Shade.

Mean time, whilst every verdant thing
It self does at thy Beauty charm,
Reform the errours of the Spring;
Make that the Tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And Roses of their thorns disarm:
But most procure
That Violets may a longer Age endure.

But O young beauty of the Woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,
Gather the Flow'rs, but spare the Buds;
Lest Flora angry at thy crime,
To kill her Infants in their prime,
Do quickly make th' Example Yours;
And, ere we see,
Nip in the blossome all our hopes and Thee.

Aphra Behn:

“Epitaph on the Tombstone of a Child, the Last of Seven that Died Before.” Miscellany. London, 1685.

This Little, Silent, Gloomy Monument,
Contains all that was sweet and innocent;
The softest pratler that e'er found a Tongue,
His Voice was Musick and his Words a Song;
Which now each List'ning Angel smiling hears,
Such pretty Harmonies compose the Spheres;
Wanton as unfledg'd Cupids, ere their Charms
Has learn'd the little arts of doing harms;
Fair as young Cherubins, as soft and kind,
And tho translated could not be refin'd;
The Seventh dear pledge the Nuptial Joys had given,
Toil'd here on Earth, retir'd to rest in Heaven;
Where they the shining Host of Angels fill,
Spread their gay wings before the Throne, and smile.
John Bunyan: Selections from A Book for Boys and Girls, or, Country Rhimes for Children. 1686. EEBO.

2. The awakened Child's Lamentation

When Adam was deceived,  
I was of Life bereaved;  
Of late (too) I perceived,  
I was in sin conceived.

And as I was born naked,  
I was with filth bespaked,  
At which when I awaked,  
My Soul and Spirit shaked.

My Filth grew strong, and boyled,  
And me throughout defiled,  
Its pleasures me beguiled,  
My Soul! how art thou spoyled!

My Joys with sin were painted,  
My mind with sin is tainted,  
My heart with Guilt is fainted,  
I wa'nt with God acquainted.

I have in sin abounded,  
My heart therewith is wounded,  
3 With fears I am surrounded,  
My Spirit is confounded.

I have been often called,  
By sin as oft entrapped,  
Pleasures hath me fore-stalled.  
How is my Spirit gailed!

As sin has me infected,  
I am thereof detected:  
Mercy I have neglected,  
I fear I am rejected.

The Word I have mis-used  
Good Council too refused;  
Thus I my Self abused;  
How can I be excused?

When other Children prayed,  
That work I then delayed,  
Ran up and down and played;  
And thus from God have strayed.

Had I in God delighted,  
And my wrong doings righted;  
I had not thus been frighted,  
Nor as I am benighted.

O! That God would be pleased,  
T'wards me to be appeased;  
And heal me thus diseased,  
How should I then be eased!

But Truth I have despised,  
My follies idolized,  
Saints with Reproach disguised,  
Salvation nothing prized.

O Lord! I am ashamed,  
When I do hear thee named;  
'Cause thee I have defamed,  
And liv'd like Beasts untamed!

Would God I might be saved,  
Might have an heart like David;  
This I have sometimes craved,  
Yet am by sin enslaved!

Vanity I have loved,  
My heart from God removed;  
And not, as me behoved,  
The means of Grace improved.

O Lord! if I had cryed  
(When I told tales and lyed)  
For Mercy, and denied  
My Luxts, I had not died!

But Mercies-Gate is locked,  
Yea, up that way is blocked;  
Yea some that there have knocked,  
God at their cries hath mocked.

'Cause him they had disdained,  
Their wicked ways maintained,  
From Godliness refrained,  
And on his word complained.
I would I were converted
Would sin and I were parted,
For folly I have smarted;
God make me honest-hearted!

I have to Grace appealed,
Would 'twere to me revealed,
And Pardon to me sealed,
Then should I soon be healed!

Whose Nature God hath mended,
Whose sinful course is ended,
who is to life ascended,
Of God is much befriended.

Oh! Were I reconciled
To God, I, tho desiled,
Should be as one that smiled,
To think my death was spoiled.

Lord! thou wast crucified
For Sinners, bled and dyed,
I have for Mercy cryed,
Let me not be denyed.

I have thy Spirit grieved;
Yet is my life reprieved,
Would I in thee believed,
Then I should be relieved.

Were but Repentance gained,
And had I Faith unfeigned,
Then Joy would be maintained
In me, and sin restrained.

But this is to be noted,
I have on Folly doted,
My Vanities promoted,
My self to them devoted.

Thus I have sin committed,
And so my self out-witted;
Yea, and my Soul unfitted,
To be to Heaven admitted.

But God has condescended,
And pardon has extended,
To such as have offended,
Before their lives were ended.

O Lord! do not disdain me,
But kindly entertain me;
Yea in thy Faith maintain me,
And let thy Love constrain me!

21. Of the Boy and Butter Fly.

Behold how eager this our little Boy,
Is of this Butter Fly, as if all Joy,
All Profits, Honours, yea and lasting Pleasures,
Were wrapt up in her, or the richest Treasures,
Found in her would be bundled up together,
When all her all is lighter than a feather.

He hollo's, runs, and cries out here Boys, here,
Nor doth he Brambles or the Nettles fear:
He stumbles at the Mole-Hills, up he gets,
And runs again, as one bereft of wits;
And all this labour and this large Out-cry,
Is only for a silly Butter-fly.

Comparison.

This little Boy an Emblem is of those,
Whose hearts are wholly at the World's dispose.
The Butter-fly doth represent to me.
The Worlds best things at best but sading be.
All are but painted Nothings and false Joys,
Like this poor Butter-fly to these our Boys.

His running thorough Nettles, Thorns and Bryers,
To gratifie his boyish fond desires,
His tumbling over Mole-hills to attain
His end, namely, his Butter-fly to gain;

Doth plainly shew, what hazards some men run,
To get what will be lost as soon as won.
Men seem in Choice, then children far more wise,
Because they run not after Butter-flies:
When yet alas! sor what are empty Toys
They follow Children, like to beardless Boys.
32. Of Moses and his Wife.

This Moses was a fair and comely man;
His wife a swarthy Ethiopian:
Nor did his Milk-white Bosom change her Skin;
She came out thence as black as she went in.
Now Moses was a type of Moses Law,
His Wife likewise of one that never saw
Another way unto eternal Life;
There's Myst'ry then in Moses and his Wife.
The Law is very Holy, Just and good,
And to it is espous'd all Flesh and Blood:
But this its Goodness it cannot bestow,
On any that are wedded thereunto.
Therefore as Moses Wife came swarthy in,
And went out from him without change of Skin:
So he that doth the Law for Life adore,
Shall yet by it be left a Black-a-more.

54. Upon the Chalk-stone.

THis Stone is white, yea, warm, and also soft,
Easie to work upon, unless 'tis naught.
It leaves a white Impression upon those,
Whom it doth touch, be they its Friends or Foes.

He is no sulling Coal, nor daubing Pitch,
Nor one of whom men catch the Scab, or Itch;
But such who in the Law of God doth walk,
Tender of heart, in Life whiter than Chalk.

5. LIFE-WRITING (Thornton, Bradstreet, Cavendish, Clifford, Joscelin, and Lister)


Yett has his goodness bin more extended to me in this & all other preseruations That I might not forgett his mercys for euer, And that hath many ways of the extent of his fauours to young Infants in there deliueraunces from death & destruction in this world besides that of sickenesses & weak-ness of body. For <if> his deuine Prouidence did not send his Angells to keepe & gaurd little Children, They could not continue nor be preserued from all euill Actidents And casultys incident to That feble & weake Estate of Infants & Childe hoods.

For altho there innoceny be not capable of offending others, yett that Innocency & harmlessness is not able to defend them from Injurious dealings from euill Persons, neglects & Brutishness of nursses, & cairelesness of others; not to mention those infinit hazardes of ouer laying, & badness of there food & euill milk; Added to the dreadfull malice of Satan who doth by all meanes Endeauour to destroy man Kind, sets on worke all his engines against vs by more designes then we can see or be capable to vnderstand. There fore am I for euer bound to blesse the Etternall Name of God, who hath sent his gaurdian Angell to watch ouer me and mine for my good & Preseruation euer since I was borne. . . . (7)

Wee humblie beseeching thee, O Lord, to contineue thy loue and fauour to this thy weake seruant in restoring her to her former health and strength if it be thy blessed will, that she may liue to praise and glorifie thy great name, for this and the like preseruation of her, To bring vp this infant and the rest of her Children in the true faith & feare of God, That her wombe may be a Nurrsery for thy Kingdome. . . . [F]urther wee contineue our prayers for this infant, that as thou O Lord hast brought it by thy power and in mercy forth of the mothers wombe to behold the light of this world, Soe we beseech thee to giue it thy Seale in holy Sacrament of Baptisme, Thy holy Spiritts Illumination to sanctifie that Lauer for its Regeneration from Orriginall sin to actaul Righteousnesse, as it shall liue to years of capacitie. . . . (97)

1 I had eight birds hatcht in one nest,
2 Four Cocks were there, and Hens the rest.
3 I nurst them up with pain and care,
4 No cost nor labour did I spare
5 Till at the last they felt their wing,
6 Mounted the Trees and learned to sing.
7 Chief of the Brood then took his flight
8 To Regions far and left me quite.
9 My mournful chirps I after send
10 Till he return, or I do end.
11 Leave not thy nest, thy Dame and Sire,
12 Fly back and sing amidst this Quire.
13 My second bird did take her flight
14 And with her mate flew out of sight.
15 Southward they both their course did bend,
16 And Seasons twain they there did spend,
17 Till after blown by Southern gales
18 They Norward steer'd with filled sails.
19 A prettier bird was no where seen,
20 Along the Beach, among the treen.
21 I have a third of colour white
22 On whom I plac'd no small delight,
23 Coupled with mate loving and true,
24 Hath also bid her Dame adieu.
25 And where Aurora first appears,
26 She now hath percht to spend her years.
27 One to the Academy flew
28 To chat among that learned crew.
29 Ambition moves still in his breast
30 That he might chant above the rest,
31 Striving for more than to do well,
32 That nightingales he might excell.
33 My fifth, whose down is yet scarce gone,
34 Is 'mongst the shrubs and bushes flown
35 And as his wings increase in strength
36 On higher boughs he'll perch at length.
37 My other three still with me nest
38 Until they're grown, then as the rest,
39 Or here or there, they'll take their flight,
40 As is ordain'd, so shall they light.
41 If birds could weep, then would my tears
42 Let others know what are my fears
43 Lest this my brood some harm should catch
44 And be surpris'd for want of watch
45 Whilst pecking corn and void of care
46 They fall un'wares in Fowler's snare;
47 Or whilst on trees they sit and sing
48 Some untoward boy at them do fling,
49 Or whilst allur'd with bell and glass
50 The net be spread and caught, alas;
51 Or lest by Lime-twigs they be foil'd;
52 Or by some greedy hawks be spoil'd.
53 O would, my young, ye saw my breast
54 And knew what thoughts there sadly rest.
55 Great was my pain when I you bred,
56 Great was my care when I you fed.
57 Long did I keep you soft and warm
58 And with my wings kept off all harm.
59 My cares are more, and fears, than ever,
60 My throbs such now as 'fore were never.
61 Alas, my birds, you wisdom want
62 Of perils you are ignorant.
63 Oft times in grass, on trees, in flight,
64 Sore accidents on you may light.
65 O to your safety have an eye,
66 So happy may you live and die.
67 Mean while, my days in tunes I'll spend
68 Till my weak lays with me shall end.
69 In shady woods I'll sit and sing
70 And things that past, to mind I'll bring.
71 Once young and pleasant, as are you,
72 But former toys (no joys) adieu!
73 My age I will not once lament
74 But sing, my time so near is spent,
75 And from the top bough take my flight
76 Into a country beyond sight
77 Where old ones instantly grow young
78 And there with seraphims set song.
79 No seasons cold, nor storms they see
80 But spring lasts to eternity.
81 When each of you shall in your nest
82 Among your young ones take your rest,
83 In chirping languages oft them tell
84 You had a Dame that lov'd you well,
85 That did what could be done for young
86 And nurst you up till you were strong
87 And 'fore she once would let you fly
88 She shew'd you joy and misery,
89 Taught what was good, and what was ill,
90 What would save life, and what would kill.
91 Thus gone, amongst you I may live,
92 And dead, yet speak and counsel give.
93 Farewell, my birds, farewell, adieu,
94 I happy am, if well with you.
As for my breeding, it was according to my Birth, and the Nature of my Sex, for my Birth was not lost in my breeding, for as my Sisters was or had been bred, so was I in Plenty, or rather with superfluity; Likewise we were bred Vertuously, Modestly, Civily, Honorably, and on honest principles: as for plenty, we had not only, for Necessity, Conveniency, and Decency, but for delight and pleasure to a superfluity; 'tis true, we did not riot, but we lived orderly; for riot, even in Kings Courts, and Princes Palaces, brings ruin without content or pleasure, when order in less fortunes shall live more plentifully and deliciously than Princes, that lives in a Hurlie-Burlie, as I may terme it, in which they are seldom well served, for disorder obstructs; besides, it doth disgust life, distract the appetites, and yield no true relish to the senses, for Pleasure, Delight, Peace and Feliciti live in method, and Temperance. As for our garments, my Mother did not only delight to see us neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly; maintaining us to the height of her Estate, but not beyond it; for we were so far from being in debt, before these warrs, as we were rather before hand with the world; buying all with ready money, not on the score, for although after my Fathers death the Estate was divided, between my Mother and her Sonns, paying such a sum of money for Portions to her Daughters, either at the day of their marriage, or when they should come to age, yet by reson she and her children agreed with a mutuall consent, all their affairs were managed so well, as she lived not in a much lower condition than when my father lived; 'tis true my Mother might have increast her daughters Portions by a thrifty sparing, yet she chose to bestow it on our breeding, honest pleasures, and harmless delights, out of an opinion, that if she bred us with needy necessitie, it might chance to create in us, sharking qualities, mean thoughts, and base actions, which she knew my Father, as well as her self did abhor; likewise we were bred tenderly, for my Mother Naturally did strive, to please and delight her children, not to cross or torment them, terrifying them with threats, or lashing them with slavish whips, but instead of threats, reason was used to perswade us; and instead of lashes, the deformities of vices was discovered, and the graces, and vertues were presented unto us, also we were bred with respectfull attendance, every one being severally waited upon, and all her servants in generall used the same respect to her children, (even those that were very young) as they did to her self, for she sufferd not her servants, either to be rude before us, or to domineer over us, which all vulgar servants are apt, and oftimes which some have leave to do; likewise she never sufferd the vulgar Serving-men, to be in the Nursery amongst the Nurss Maids, lest their rude love-making might do unseemly actions, or speak unhandsome words in the presence of her children, knowing that youth is apt to take infection by ill examples, having not the reason of distinguishing good from bad, neither were we sufferd to have any familiaritie with the vulgar servants, or conversation: yet caused us to demean ourselves with an humble civillity towards them, as they with a dutifull respect to us, not because they were servants were we so reserv'd, for many Noble Persons are forc'd to serve through necessitie, but by reason the vulgar sort of servants, are as ill bred as meanly born, giving children ill examples, and worse counsel. As for tutors, although we had for all sorts of Vertues, as singing, dancing, playing on Musick, reading, writing, working, and the like, yet we were not kept strictly thereto, they were rather for formalitie than benefit, for my Mother cared not so much for our dancing and fidling, singing and prating of severall languages; as that we should be bred vertuously, modestly, civilly, honorably, and on honest principles. As for my Brothers, of which I had three, I know not how they were bred, first, they were bred when I was not capable to observe, or before I was born; likewise the breeding of men were after different manner of waye from those of women. . .
Readings for Clifford, Joscelin, and Lister are included on subsequent pages, taken from these sources:


Katharine Acheson

edited by

Anne Clifford

and The Diary of 1616-1619

The Memoir of 1603
THE MORNING OF 1609 AND THE DAY OF 1619

In the morning the guards from the Invisible Heads of the Court assembled in the Privy Chamber to present the morning's tasks. The guards, dressed in their ceremonial robes, stood at attention, awaiting the arrival of the Invisible Heads. Each guard carried a ceremonial sword, a symbol of their duty and loyalty to the Invisible Heads. The guards' broad shoulders and stern faces conveyed a sense of authority and power.

The guards waited in silence, their eyes fixed on the door that led to the Invisible Heads' chambers. The door was heavily guarded, with guards posted on both sides. The guards knew that the Invisible Heads were inside, and they were hesitant to enter. The Invisible Heads were secretive and powerful, and they were feared by all who knew them.

At last, the door creaked open, and the Invisible Heads emerged, accompanied by their personal guards. The guards saluted the Invisible Heads, and the Invisible Heads nodded in acknowledgment. The Invisible Heads, dressed in their finest robes, made their way to the center of the Privy Chamber. It was a grand chamber, with high ceilings and ornate decorations.

The Invisible Heads sat down at their desks, and the guards stood at attention. The Invisible Heads began to speak, their voices echoing throughout the chamber. They spoke of their duties, their responsibilities, and their commitment to the welfare of the Court. The Invisible Heads spoke for a long time, their words carefully chosen and measured.

As the Invisible Heads spoke, the guards listened intently, their eyes fixed on the Invisible Heads. The Invisible Heads were powerful, and their words carried weight. The guards knew that they had a duty to uphold the Invisible Heads' orders, and they were determined to do so.

The Invisible Heads finished their speech, and the guards stood at attention. They listened as the Invisible Heads gave their final words, and then they left the chamber. The guards followed, their eyes fixed on the door as they waited for the next order to come in.

The guards stood outside the door, their eyes fixed on the Invisible Heads. They were ready to do their duty, to follow the Invisible Heads' orders, and to uphold the welfare of the Court. They were the invisible guards, the guardians of the Invisible Heads, and they were ready to serve.

THE END.
Lady Anne Clifford (1652)
True Memorial of the Life of Me the
A Summary of the Records and a
Appendix D: From Anne Clifford,
suggesting things more delightfull to thy fancy and persuading thee to deferre thy seruice of God though but for a little while but be warned and armed [a]gainst his tentations for bee assured if thou once yeeld to neglect praying to God but one halfe houre when that time comes thou shalt finde thy selfe far more vnap[,] thy hart more dull to pray then before: wheare as if thou disposest thy selfe to pray though thou beest heauie and vncheerfull in it yet God whoo searches the hart and seeth thy desire to pray though thou canst not will enlighten thee and prepare thy hart against the next time that thou shalt finde comfort. therefore take heed the diuell deceiue you not for you see his malice is not small that seeks to cosen you of all happines present and to com for bee [a]ssured you can take noe true joy in earthly pleasures no longer then you seek after heauen.

145 Hauing thus discernd The infinit malice of the diuell and your owne exceeding weakes how do you thinke you were preserved from his snares while you slept or do you thinke he only besets you when you are awake? no be not deceiued[,] he is not so fayr an enemy[,] his hate is such to you that if hee could hee would tear your body and drag your soule too hell while you sle*"*<p><ct-e> e. Alas all this hee might haue dcre your strength was small to resist him[,] now [y]ou must needs confesse whom it is that is only able to preserve you[,] that it is god and that it is his mercy not your desert that you are preserved, and gather to your selfe a strong resolution wth all your force to serue him all the day and to resist all the tentations of the diuell: Then beeinge awake (for sure god likes not sleepy prayr) begin to give <hi> God thanks and to desire the continuance of his mercy towards thee in these words till thou canst finde such as may better expresse thine owne soule:] Oh Eternall God gracious from the begining and mercifull to the later endinge o=t-f <gi>thee world, I giue thee humble thanks that accordinge to thine abundant goodnes thou hast graciesly defended mee this night from all dangers that might

130 suggesting things more delightfull to thy fancy, and persuading thee to deferre thy seruice of God though but for a little while.

But bee warned and armed against his tentations; for bee assured if thou once yeeld to neglect praying to God, but one halfe houre, when that time comes thou shalt finde thy selfe farre more vnap, and thy heart more dull to pray than before: wheares if thou disposest thy selfe to pray, though thou beest heauie and vncheerfull in it, yet God, who searches the heart, and seeth thy desire to pray, though thou canst not, will enlighten thee and prepare thy heart against the next time, that thou shalt finde comfort. Therefore, take heed the Deuill deceiteth you not, for you see his malice is not small that seeks to couse you of all happinesse present and to come: For bee assured you can take no true joy in earthly pleasures, no longer than you seek after heauen.

145 Hauing thus discernd the infinite malice of the Deuill, and your owne exceeding weakesse, how do you thinke you were preserved from his snares while you slept? or do you thinke hee onely besets you when you are awake? No, bee not deceiued hee is not so faire an enemy: his hate is such to you, that if hee could hee would tearre your body and drag your soule to hell while you slept. Alas, all this hee might haue done, your strength was small to resist him. Now you must needs confesse who is that is only able to preserve you, that it is God, and that it is his mercy, not your desert, that you are preserved: and gather to your selfe a strong resolution with all your force to serve him all the day, and to resist all the tentations of the diuell.

Then being thorowly awake (for sure God likes not sleeping prayr) begin to giue God thanks, and to desire the continuance of his mercy towards thee in these words, till thou canst finde such as may better expresse thine owne soule.

'O eternall God, gracious from the begining, and mercifull to the later ending of the world, I giue thee humble thankes, that according to thine abundant goodnesse, thou hast graciously defended mee this night from all dangers that might


1 tentations: temptations
2 couse you of: cheat you out of
haue happened vnto me. I beseech thee continue this thy favor
able goodnes toward me and so grant mee thy grace that in all
my thoughts[,] words and actions I may seek thy glory and <so>
uermore so liue in thy fear that I may dy in thy fauor for thy
son my only sauiors sake[,] amen.

Hauinge thus invited god into your soule take heed you offend
not agaynst so great and glorious a guest, thinke if thou seest a
superior entertyned wth such obseruance of the m[,] such di-
ligence in the seruants[,] such a generall care that all things may
give a testimonly of his wellcom, Oh think[,] sinfull soule[,] 
what care oughtest thou to haue when the liuinge god vouch-
safes to dwell in thee, Oh watch[,] oh be wary: do not[,] my
dear childe[,] oh do not willfully offend him for hardly are pre-
sumptuous sins forguen but if out of weakenes thou offend
agaynst him run straignt before hee can bee gon for he is merci-
ful and will stay a while after thou hast sinned to expect thy
repentance but if thou doest not make hast then the diuell
who will not delay to seek thy [d]estruccion hee will accuse
thee mockinge thy impiety and god will leaue thee more
offended at thy neglect or rather contempt of his mercy then at
thy first offence[,] thearefore run quickly[,] esteem no sin small
but what member soever caused the to offend him bringe it
before him and let it assist thee cheefully in thy repentance[,] if
thine ey teache thee wantonnes, couetousnesse or the like let
them powre forthe tears to purchase thee a pardon[,] if thy tonge
haue offended toward god ^or^ thy neigbhor bringe it wth
shame and sorrow to confess in priuay what it was not ashamed
to glory of in publike[,] learn to be ashamed to comit sin but bee-
inge comitted hope not to hide it from god by any other means
then hartie repentance[,] so indeed thou [m]ayst win his mercy
to cower thy transgression and in his sons passion he will berry
thine offences so as he will hide them from himselfe[,] but then
thou must delay no time[,] go quickly[,] get thee alone[,] go wear
thy knees[,] wroung thy hands[,] beat thy breast[,] know as little
measure in thy sorrow as thou didst in thy sin. the lord will not
dispease a contrite hart and though he let thee

Hauing thus invited God into your soule, take heed you
offend not against so great and glorious a guest: Thinke if thou
seest a superior entertayned with such obseruance of the Mas-
ter, such diligence in the seruants, such a generall care that all
things may give a testimonie of his welcome, O thinke, sinfull
soule, what care oughtest thou to haue when the liuing God
vouksafes to dwell in thee: Oh watch, Oh be wary. Doe not
(my deare Childe) Oh, not wilfully offend him, for hardly are
presumptuous sines forgiuen: but if out of weakenesse thou
offend against him, runne straight before hee can bee gone, for
hee is merciful, and will stay a while after thou hast sinned to
expect: thy repentance: but if thou doest not make haste, then
the deuil, who will not delay to seeke thy destruction, hee will
accuse thee, mocking thy impietie, and God will leaue thee,
being more offended at thy neglect, or rather contempt of his
mercy, than at thy first offence.

Therefore runne quickly, esteeme no sin small, but what
member soever caused thee to offend him, bring it before him,
and let it assist thee chiefully in thy repentance. If thine eye teache
thee wantonnesse, couetousnesse, or the like, let them powre
forth teares to purchase thee a pardon. If thy tonge haue
offended toward God or thy neigbhour, bring it with shame and
sorrow to confesse in priuay, what it was not ashamed to glory
of in publike. Learne to be ashamed to commit sinne, but, being
committed, hope not to hide it from God by any other means,
than by hearty repentance: so indeed thou maist winne his
mercy to cower thy transgression, and in his Sonnes passion he
will bury thine offences, so as hee will hide them from him-
selve: but then thou must delay no time, goe quickly, get thee
alone, weare thy knees, wroung thy hands, beat thy breast, know
as little measure in thy sorrow, as thou didst in thy sinne. The
Lord will not despise a contrite heart, and though hee let thee

172 do} om. 178 thee more| thee being more 189 than| by 192 go wear|
Janeisoner,

Your friend,

Here, here is your number, June 15th, thank you for your brother's respects, and my sister's, who have no plan as yet made regarding their house. When you can hear more, I shall.

A lot which has been linear. It has made a week long, the last month. She has not yet.

To be called the rice war, your letter arrives. My week is a month, it is the same. I have not known what your brother's if you are doing. I hope all is well. It is a month, it is a month.

I believe it is urgent, once again. I cannot hide from you that I must. I trust your answer.

Your friend, Jane Lister.
Early Times: What Can We Know about Childhood in the Early Modern Period?

B) ADDITIONAL SUGGESTED READINGS:

For additional context, we refer you to some suggested readings, excerpts from which are attached as follows:

1. Selections from prescriptive literature (Vives, Erasmus, Brathwaite)
2. Jane Cavendish and Elizabeth Brackley, excerpt from Concealed Fansies
3. Bathsua Makin, excerpt from An Essay To Revive the Antient Education Of Gentlewomen
4. Behn, excerpt from Oroonoko
5. John Locke, excerpts from Some Thoughts Concerning Education
6. Mary Astell, excerpts from A Serious Proposal to the Ladies

1. Selections from prescriptive literature:


Of the residue of her infancy. The seconde Chapter.

After that she is ones weaned and begynneth to speke and go / let all her play & pastyme be with maydes of her owne age / and within the presence either of her mother or of her nurce / or some other honeste woman of sad age / yt maye rule and measure the playes and pastymes of her mynde / and set them to honestie and verue.

Auoyde all ma~nes kyn away from her: nor let her nat lerne to delite amonge men. For naturally our loue contynueth the longest towarde them / with whom we haue passed our tyme in youth. Whiche affection of loue is the most stronge with women: bycause they be more disposed to pleasure and dalyance. Nowe in that age / whiche can nat yet discerne good from badde / they shulde be taught none yuell. And hit is an vngratious opinyon of them that say / they wyll haue theyr chyldren to knowe both good and yuell. For by that meanes they say they shall the better fle vice & folowe vertue. But hit were more suertie / and more profitable / & therto more happye / nat onely to do none yll / but also nat ones to knowe hit. For who hath nat harde / that we were cast i~ to misery / that selfe houre that the fyrst ancteries of mankynde knewe what was good and what was badde? And verely / fathers yt wyll nat haue their children vnexpert and ignora~t of yuell / be worthy that theyr childre~ shuld knowe both good and yll: And when they repent them of theyr yuel doyng / shuld call yet vnto reme~brance / that they lerned to do yuel by their fathers mynde and wyll. Let the mayde lerne none vnclenly wordes / or wa~to~ / or vncomely gesture & mouyng of ye body / nat so moche as tha~ wha~ she is yet ignorant what she dothe / and innocent. For she shall do the same / when she is grown bigger and of more discretion. And it chaunceth vnto many / that what thynge so euer they haue ben accustomed i~ before / they do the same afterward at vnwarres and vnauysedly.

And often tymes suche braydes come vpon them agaynst theyr wyll. And the worse they be / the oftener they do them. For folkes myndes beare them better awaye. Let the father and mother be well ware that they alowe none vncomely dede of her / neyther by wordes / laughynge / nor
countenance / neyther kysse and enbrace her therfore: whiche is the foulest deede of all. For ye mayde wyll labour to reherse often that / whiche she thynketh shall please beste her father and mother. Let all her bryngnge vp be pure and chaste the fyrst yer / bycause of her maners / ye whiche take their fyrst furmyng of yt custome in youthe and infancy.


The child that nature has given you is nothing but a shapeless lump, but the material is still pliable, capable of assuming any form, and you must so mould it that it takes on the best possible character. If you are negligent, you will rear an animal; but if you apply yourself, you will fashion, if I may use such a bold term, a godlike creature. As soon as it is born, a child absorbs with great ease everything that is characteristically human. As Virgil 22 expresses it, 'From their earliest years onwards, devote to them your special attention.' Press wax 23 while it is softest; model clay while it is still moist; pour precious liquids only into a jar that has never been used before; and only dye wool 25 that has just arrived spotlessly white from the fuller's. Antisthenes 26 once made a witty allusion to this truth when he was asked by the father of one of his pupils what he needed: 'a new book, a new pen, and a fresh-writing tablet/ was his answer, meaning, of course, that he was looking for a mind that was still raw and unoccupied. You cannot preserve this quality of rawness and freshness forever; if you do not mould your child's soul to become fully human, it will of itself degenerate to a monstrous bestiality. . . . (pp. 305-306)

Nature has given small children as a special gift the ability to imitate - but the urge to imitate evil is considerably stronger than the urge to imitate the good. Can an upright person find greater delight in evil than in good, especially when displayed in children? Would you wash off any dirt that might touch a child's skin, and yet pollute his mind with disgusting filth? After all, nothing clings more tenaciously than something that is poured into empty minds. . . . (pp. 308-309)

But what is man's real nature? Is it not to live according to reason? 46 This is why he is called a rational being, and this is what sets him apart from the animals. And what is the most harmful influence upon man? Surely it is ignorance. Nothing will the child learn more readily than goodness, nothing will it learn to reject more than stupidity, if only parents have worked to fill the natural void from the start. Of course, we often hear extravagant complaints that children are inclined by nature to evil, and that it is very difficult to instil in them a love of the good. But these accusations against nature are unfair. The evil is largely due to ourselves; for it is we who corrupt young minds with evil before we expose them to the good. It is not surprising, therefore, that children who have already been schooled in the ways of evil should exhibit so little promise for being trained in the ways of the good; for it is universally recognized that the unteaching of bad habits not only has to precede the teaching of good habits, but is also far more difficult. . . . (pp. 312-313)

For this reason we should be especially careful with our children during their first years. For at this stage their behaviour is guided by instinct more than by reason, so that they are inclined equally to good and evil more to the latter, perhaps - and it is always easier to forget good habits than to unlearn bad ones. This truth was already known to pagan philosophers and caused them great perplexity, but their speculations were unable to penetrate to the real cause, and it was left
to Christian theology to teach the truth that since Adam, the first man of the human race, a disposition to evil has been deeply engrained in us. While this is indisputably man's condition, however, we cannot deny that the greater portion of this evil stems from corrupting relationships and a misguided education, especially as they affect our early and most impressionable years. . . .

(p. 321)

Brathwait, Richard: Excerpts from *The English gentleman containing sundry excellent rules or exquisite observations, tending to direction of every gentleman, of selecter ranke and qualitie; how to demean or accommodate himselfe in the manage of publike or private affaires*. 1630. EEBO.

YOVTH.

Howsoever some more curiously than needfully may seeme to reason, that there be divers Climactericall or dangerous yeares in mans time; sure I am, that in mans age there is a dangerous time, in respect of those Sinne-spreading Sores which soile and blemish the glorious image of the soule. And this time 2 is Youth, an affector of all licentious liberty, a Comicke introducer of all vanitie, and the only Heire apparent to carnall securitie. This it was which moved that princely Prophet to pray, Lord forgiue mee the Sinnes of my youth. Sins indeed; because the youthfull sinner is ever committing, but never repenting, usually provoking God, but rarely invoking God. This is hee who Snuffeth the wind, with the wilde Asse in the desart, being like the Horse or Mule which hath no understan|ding, by giving Sense preeminence aboue Reason: and walking in the fatnesse of his heart, as one wholly forgetfull of God. He may say with the Psalmist, though in another sense, *Vt jumentum factus sum apud te*: upon exposition of which sentence, it is laudable (saith Euthymius) that in the sight of God we take our selues as Beasts to shew our humility, but not to resemble beasts in ignorance or brutish sensualitie. Many are the dangerous shelfes which menace ruine and shipwracke to the inconsiderate and improvident Soule, during her sojourning here in this Tabernacle of clay: but no time more perillous than the heat of Youth, or more apt to give fuell to the fire of all inordinate desires; being as ready to consent, as the Devil is to tempt, and most willing to enter parley with her spirituall enemie upon the least assault.
2. Jane Cavendish and Lady Elizabeth Brackley:  
http://digital.library.upenn.edu/women/cavendish/fansyes/fansyes.html

Sceane the Second

The Lady Tranq: and hir woman

La: *[Lady Tranquility]*  
Toy, come hither, I will tell you though I am upp yet my designe is for all I am well to keepe my Bedd, therefore resolve Toy, to dresse mee neatly.

To: *[Toy]*  
I will Madam, so well as my education will give me leave.

La: Toy, tomorrow I intend to goe to my witts.

To: who are they?

La: Monsieur Calsendos Daughters, therefore my keepeing of my bedd is to plumps upp my face Toy.

To: But truely Madam in my opinion those Ladies lookes as if they would not mind much, thei're too young.

La: O, Toy, but they can give such carrecters, as to make a Lady appeare, or not appeare, besides I am in love wth their Father, so I would have them like mee.

To: But yoe La:pp will not let them knowe soe much.

La: Thou'rt an Asse Toy, for of my fayth, I will, they shall not bee ignorant of my love, for then I hope Monsieur Calsindow will know, and in respect to him I will see the two Ladie Cozens, and will carry one of the Stellos or both, for then I knowe I shalbee welcome, for they are their servants, and 'tis welcome, for they are their servants, and 'tis thought will marry them, but what say'st thou to that Quiff and Pyner that hath the Gilly flower, and my best Smockband, will they not agree well togeather. / Speake, what art thou in a studdy of my marryage to their father./

To: I was thinkeing of ye Lasces, and truely yoe La:pp hath match'd them very well; If yoe La:pp please I will fetch them.

La: Noe stay what a Clock ist?

To: 'Tis almost. 10. Madam.

La: That's well, for I have time to talke and dress. 5. howres wth out interruption, Now what say you Toy to ye best dress for ye face? Doe you not not thinke Pomatum will doe well, and rubb it over wth Scarlett after, and then use mr Trantams stil'd water, and there are rarer Cordyalls in that water to plump upp the face Toy.

To: Truely Madam, but I conjecture wth myselfe, the Scarlett will take too much of ye Pomatum of, and will not sufferr, that stil'd Cordyall water to give a gloss.

La: What thou woulest have mee use an oyl'd Maske? A pox on't, I saw a Lady the other day that leaned hir face to the Glasse of a window, and hir face tooke dust, Soe I knewe, 'twas that left soe much grease, soe 'tis nastie./

To: Madam you have left out yoe white Satten Wastecote

La: O impertinent dull braine, dost thou thinke I would have forgot that, come Toy away I'm resolv'd to take my bedd.
3. Bathsua Makin: Excerpts from *An essay to revive the antient education of gentlewomen in religion, manners, arts & tongues with an answer to the objections against this way of education*. 1673.

This kind of Education will be very useful to Women. The profit will be to themselves. In the general they will be able to understand, read, write, and speak their Mother-Tongue, which they cannot well do without this. They will have something to exer|cise their thoughts about, which are busie and active. Their quality ties them at home; if Learning be their Companion, Delight and Ple|sure will be their Attendants: for there is no pleasure greater, nor more suitable to an ingenius mind, than what is founded in Knowledge; it is the first Fruits of Heaven, and a glymps of that Glory we afterwards expect. There is in all an innate desire of knowing, and the satisfying this is the greatest pleasure. Men are very cruel that give them leave to look at a distance, only to know they do not know; to make any thus to tantalize, is a great torment . . .

Many learned Men, having married Wives of excellent Parts, have themselves instructed them in all kinds of Learning, the more to fit them for their Converse, and to indear them and their society to them, and to make them admired by others. The Woman is the glory of the Man; we joy in our Children when eminent, and in our Wives when excellent, either in Body or Mind. . . .

Object. Another Objection that seems unsanwerable, is this; How shall time be found to teach Children these things here proposed? Boyes go to School ordinarily from seven till sixteen or seventeen, and not above one in four attain so much knowledge in the Tongues; as to be admitted into the University, where no great accuracy is required; and they learn nothing else usually, besides a little History: Gentlewomen will not ordinarily be sent out so soon, nor is it convenient they should continue so long. Further, half their time, it is supposed, must be spent in learning those things that concern them as Women. Twice as many things are proposed to be taught Girls in half the time, as Boyes do learn, which is impossible.

Answ. This Objection makes the whole Contrivance seem idle, un|less a satisfactory Answer be given.

I say therefore, The learning of things will be no hinderance to the getting Words. Words are the marks of things, and they are learnt better together than asunder. As a man shall sooner remember Names, if he see the persons, so a Girl shall much easier fasten in her memory the names of Herbs, Shrubs, Mineral-Juyces, Metals, Precious Stones; as also the names of Birds, Beasts, Fishes; the parts of Man's Body; if she see the things themselves in specie; or the Pictures and Representations, where the things themselves cannot be had. This is a great Truth, (if there be any such thing as a concatenation of Notions, as doubtless there is) the thing being perceived, Words freely follow. Bes|ides, to learn words thus, will be very pleasant and delightful, even to Children. As the eye is not satisfied with seeing, if it be an Object it can reach and distinguish: So the mind of a Child is not satisfied with understanding, if it be a thing he can apprehend. Let those that do believe this, try a Child of four years old in plain Pictures of Men, Beasts, Birds, or Fishes, they will see how inquisitive he will be; or, let them shew Herbs, Flowers, Stones, or any thing rare, and see whether it is any burthen to the Childs understanding or memory to learn the name when he sees the thing.


They are extream modest and bashful, very shy, and nice of being touch'd. And though they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be seen an indecent Action, or Glance; and being continually us'd to see one another so unadorn'd, so like our first Parents before the Fall, it seems as if they had no Wishes; there being nothing to heighten Curiosity, but all you can see, you see at once, and every Moment see; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curiosity. Not but I have seen a handsom young Indian, dying for Love of a very beautiful young Indian Maid; but all his Courtship was, to fold his Arms, pursue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language: While she, as if no such Lover were present; or rather, as if she desired none such, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach d him, but she look down with all the blushing Modesty I have seen in the most
severe and cautious of our World. And these People represented to me an absolute Idea of the first State of Innocence, before Man knew how to sin: And 'tis most evident and plain, that simple Nature is the most harmless, inoffensive and vertuous Mistress. 'Tis she alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion wou'd here but destroy that Tranquility, they possess by Ignorance; and Laws wou'd but teach 'em to know Offence, of which now they have no Notion.

5. John Locke: Excerpts from *Some Thoughts Concerning Education*. 1692.

The great mistake I have observ'd in people's breeding their children, has been, that this has not been taken care enough of in its due season: that the mind has not been made obedient to discipline, and pliant to reason, when at first it was most tender, most easy to be bow'd. Parents being wisely ordain'd by nature to love their children, are very apt, if reason watch not that natural affection very warily, are apt, I say, to let it run into fondness. They love their little ones and it is their duty; but they often, with them, cherish their faults too.

But if you take away the rod on one hand, and these little encouragements which they are taken with, on the other, how then (will you say) shall children be govern'd? Remove hope and fear, and there is an end of all discipline. I grant that good and evil, reward and punishment, are the only motives to a rational creature: these are the spur and reins whereby all mankind are set on work, and guided, and therefore they are to be made use of to children too. For I advise their parents and governors always to carry this in their minds, that children are to be treated as rational creatures.

Thus children may be cozen'd into a knowledge of the letters; be taught to read, without perceiving it to be any thing but a sport, and play themselves into that which others are whipp'd for. Children should not have any thing like work, or serious, laid on them; neither their minds, nor bodies will bear it. It injures their healths; and their being forced and tied down to their books in an age at enmity with all such restraint, has, I doubt not, been the reason, why a great many have hated books and learning all their lives after. 'Tis like a surfeit, that leaves an aversion behind not to be removed.

When by these gentle ways he begins to read, some easy pleasant book, suited to his capacity, should be put into his hands, wherein the entertainment that he finds might draw him on, and reward his pains in reading, and yet not such as should fill his head with perfectly useless trumpery, or lay the principles of vice and folly. To this purpose, I think Aesop's Fables the best, which being stories apt to delight and entertain a child, may yet afford useful reflections to a grown man; and if his memory retain them all his life after, he will not repent to find them there, amongst his manly thoughts and serious business. If his Aesop has pictures in it, it will entertain him much the better, and encourage him to read, when it carries the increase of knowledge with it: for such visible objects children hear talked of in vain and without any satisfaction whilst they have no ideas of them; those ideas being not to be had from sounds, but from the things themselves or their pictures. And therefore I think as soon as he begins to spell, and hear him tell them, which at the same time will invite him to read, and afford him matter of enquiry and knowledge. Reynard the Fox is another book I think may be made use of to the same purpose. And if those about him will talk to him often about the stories he has read, and hear him tell them, it will, besides other advantages, add encouragement and delight to his reading, when he finds there is some use and pleasure in it. These baits seem wholly neglected in the ordinary method; and 'tis usually long before learners find any use or pleasure in reading, which may tempt them to it, and so take books only for fashionable amusements, or impertinent troubles, good for nothing.

What other books there are in English of the kind of those above-mentioned, fit to engage the liking of children, and tempt them to read, I do not know: but am apt to think, that children being generally delivered over to the method of schools, where the fear of the rod is to inforce, and not any pleasure of the employment to invite them to learn, this sort of useful books, amongst the number of silly ones that are of all sorts, have yet had the fate to be neglected; and nothing that I know has been considered of this kind out of the ordinary road of the horn-book, primer, psalter, Testament, and Bible.
But having had here only some general views in reference to the main end and aims in education, and those designed for a gentleman's son, whom, being then very little, I considered only as white paper, or wax, to be moulded and fashioned as one pleases. . . 

6. Mary Astell: Excerpts from *A Serious Proposal To the Ladies, For the Advancement of their true and greatest Interest. By a Lover of Her Sex.* (1694).

To introduce poor Children into the world, and neglect to fence them against the temptations of it, and so leave them expos'd to temporal and eternal Miseries, is a wickedness, for which I want a Name; 'tis beneath Brutality, the Beasts are better natur'd, for they take care of their off-spring, till they are capable of caring for themselves. And, if Mothers had a due regard to their Posterity, how Great soever they are, they wou'd not think themselves too Good to perform what Nature requires, nor thro' Pride and Delicacy remit the poor little one to the care of a Foster Parent. Or, if necessity inforce them to depute another to perform their Duty, they wou'd be as choice at least in the Manners and Inclinations, as they are in the complections of their Nurses, least with their Milk they transfuse their Vices, and form in the Child such evil habits as will not easily be eradicated.

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