

1.7 | *Woman and Man*

Woman is the subject of this section: the quotations collected here are either statements about the characteristics of the female gender or statements about the relation of females to males. The reader, aware of the current movement for the liberation of women, must take cognizance of the fact that almost all the statements about women here quoted, including those that describe the extraordinary women of history and fiction, were written by men; and also the fact that almost all the statements that compare men and women are uncomplimentary to women or deprecatory of their endowments. What interpretation one puts upon these facts will depend on the position that the reader takes in the present controversy about the genders.

Among the ancient writers, two kinds of men (almost all of the authors being male) are represented. First, there are those who seem to have viewed women with more or less contempt, considering them as misbegotten males or as biological mistakes, or even relegating them to a quasi-human status, a little higher than the animals, perhaps, but not in the same class as men. Second, there are those who, not disputing the contention that women are essentially inferior to men, nevertheless give the impression of having tried harder to understand them, of having attempted to identify and evaluate the unique contributions of females to human society. Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Aristotle belong in the former group; Homer, Euripides, and Plato belong in the latter. Aristotle is practically unremitting in his

contemptuous attitude toward the "weaker" sex. Plato, on the other hand, is almost unique in the ancient world in his view that women should share the same educational opportunities as men and that they should share in the rule of an ideal commonwealth. But it is nevertheless a misreading of Plato to hold, as some commentators do, that he considered men and women to be equals. The quotations from his works that are here assembled make that abundantly clear.

Among the more recent writers, Montaigne may be aligned with those who are adamant in their belief in woman's inferiority, while Shakespeare clearly belongs with those who see and appreciate the richness and human variety of the life and character of women. But it is not until the reader comes to the passages quoted from John Stuart Mill in the latter half of the nineteenth century that he finds a clear advocate for the social, economic, and political equality of women and men. After Mill there are others, of course; but the older views nevertheless continue to be expressed by writers right up to our own time. It is only recently that the tide has turned.

The one-sidedness of the quotations is strictly in function of the ages in which they were written. If this book were to be revised and brought up to date a hundred years from now, this obvious defect would most certainly be remedied. It should be noted that women as mothers are treated in quotations appearing in Section 2.2 on PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

I And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him. . . .

And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof;

And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.

And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.

Genesis 2:18-23

2 And she said unto him, How canst thou say, I love thee, when thine heart is not with me? thou hast mocked me these three times, and hast not told me wherein thy great strength lieth.

And it came to pass, when she pressed him daily with her words, and urged him, so that his soul was vexed unto death;

That he told her all his heart, and said unto her, There hath not come a razor upon mine head; for I have been a Nazarite unto God from my mother's womb: if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man.

And when Delilah saw that he had told her all his heart, she sent and called for the lords of the Philistines, saying, Come up this once, for he hath shewed me all his heart. Then the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and brought money in their hand.

And she made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head; and she began to afflict him, and his strength went from him.

And she said, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep, and said, I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.

But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison house.

Judges 16:15-21

3 And when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it; and she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window.

And as Jehu entered in at the gate, she said, Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?

And he lifted up his face to the window, and said, Who is on my side? who? And there looked out to him two or three eunuchs.

And he said, Throw her down. So they threw her down: and some of her blood was sprinkled on the wall, and on the horses: and he trode her under foot.

And when he was come in, he did eat and drink, and said, Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her: for she is a king's daughter.

And they went to bury her: but they found no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands.

Wherefore they came again, and told him. And he said, This is the word of the Lord, which he spake by his servant Elijah the Tishbite, saying, In the portion of Jezreel shall dogs eat the flesh of Jezebel:

And the carcase of Jezebel shall be as dung upon the face of the field in the portion of Jezreel; so that they shall not say, This is Jezebel.

II Kings 9:30-37

4 It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.

Proverbs 21:9

5 Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

Proverbs 31:10

6 *Ghost of Agamemnon.* "There is no being more fell, more bestial than a wife in such an action, and what an action that one planned! The murder of her husband and her lord. Great god, I thought my children and my slaves at least would give me welcome. But that woman, plotting a thing so low, defiled herself and all her sex, all women yet to come, even those few who may be virtuous."

He paused then, and I [Odysseus] answered:

"Foul and dreadful.

That was the way that Zeus who views the wide world

vented his hatred on the sons of Atreus—
intrigues of women, even from the start.

Myriads

died by Helen's fault, and Klytaiméstra plotted against you half the world away."

And he at once said:

"Let it be a warning

even to you. Indulge a woman never,
and never tell her all you know. Some things
a man may tell, some he should cover up."

Homer, Odyssey, XI, 425

7 Then said the Lady Kirkê:
"So: all those trials are over.

Listen with care

to this, now, and a god will arm your mind.
Square in your ship's path are Seirênês, crying
beauty to bewitch men coasting by;
woe to the innocent who hears that sound!
He will not see his lady nor his children
in joy, crowding about him, home from sea;
the Seirênês will sing his mind away
on their sweet meadow lolling. There are bones
of dead men rotting in a pile beside them
and flayed skins shrivel around the spot.

Steer wide;

keep well to seaward; plug your oarsmen's ears

with beeswax kneaded soft; none of the rest should hear that song.

But if you wish to listen, let the men tie you in the lugger, hand and foot, back to the mast, lashed to the mast, so you may hear those harpies' thrilling voices; shout as you will, begging to be untied, your crew must only twist more line around you and keep their stroke up, till the singers fade."

Homer, *Odyssey*, XII, 36

- 8 *Penelope*. Do not rage at me, Odysseus! No one ever matched your caution! Think what difficulty the gods gave: they denied us life together in our prime and flowering years, kept us from crossing into age together. Forgive me, don't be angry. I could not welcome you with love on sight! I armed myself long ago against the frauds of men, impostors who might come—and all those many whose underhanded ways bring evil on! Helen of Argos, daughter of Zeus and Leda, would she have joined the stranger, lain with him, if she had known her destiny? known the Akhaians in arms would bring her back to her own country? Surely a goddess moved her to adultery, her blood unchilled by war and evil coming, the years, the desolation; ours, too. But here and now, what sign could be so clear as this of our own bed? No other man has ever laid eyes on it—only my own slave, Aktoris, that my father sent with me as a gift—she kept our door. You make my stiff heart know that I am yours.

Homer, *Odyssey*, XXIII, 208

- 9 *Chorus*. It is like a woman indeed to take the rapture before the fact has shown for true. They believe too easily, are too quick to shift from ground to ground; and swift indeed the rumor voiced by a woman dies again.

Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 483

- 10 *Eteocles*. Neither in evils nor in fair good luck may I share a dwelling with the tribe of women! When she's triumphant, hers a confidence past converse with another, when afraid an evil greater both for home and city.

Aeschylus, *Seven Against Thebes*, 186

- 11 As for the carrying off of women, it is the deed, they say, of a rogue: but to make a stir about such as are carried off, argues a man a fool. Men of sense care nothing for such women, since it is plain that without their own consent they would never be forced away.

Herodotus, *History*, I, 4

- 12 The two camps were then joined in one, the Scythians living with the Amazons as their wives; and the men were unable to learn the tongue of the women, but the women soon caught up the tongue of the men. When they could thus understand one another, The Scyths addressed the Amazons in these words—"We have parents, and properties, let us therefore give up this mode of life, and return to our nation, and live with them. You shall be our wives there no less than here, and we promise you to have no others." But the Amazons said—"We could not live with your women—our customs are quite different from theirs. To draw the bow, to hurl the javelin, to bestride the horse, these are our arts—of womanly employments we know nothing. Your women, on the contrary, do none of these things; but stay at home in their waggons, engaged in womanish tasks, and never go out to hunt, or to do anything. We should never agree together. But if you truly wish to keep us as your wives, and would conduct yourselves with strict justice towards us, go you home to your parents, bid them give you your inheritance, and then come back to us, and let us and you live together by ourselves."

The youths approved of the advice, and followed it.

Herodotus, *History*, IV, 114–115

- 13 *Teomessa*. He [Ajax] answered briefly in a well-worn phrase, "Woman, a woman's decency is silence."

Sophocles, *Ajax*, 292

- 14 *Deianira*. The young thing grows in her own places; the heat of the sun-god does not confound her, nor does the rain, nor any wind. Pleasurably she enjoys an untroubled life until the time she is no longer called a maiden but woman, and takes her share of worry in the night, fearful for her husband or for her children.

Sophocles, *Women of Trachis*, 144

- 15 *Medea*. Of all things that have life and sense we women are the most hapless creatures; first must we buy a husband at an exorbitant price, and o'er ourselves a tyrant set which is an evil worse than the first; and herein lies the most important issue, whether our choice be good or bad. For divorce is discreditable to women, nor can we disown our lords. Next must the wife, coming as she does to ways and customs new, since she hath not learnt the lesson in her home, have a diviner's eye to see how best to treat the partner of her life. If haply we perform these tasks with thoroughness and tact, and the husband live with us, without resenting the yoke, our life is a happy one; if not, 'twere best to die. But when a man is vexed with what he finds indoors, he goeth forth and rids his soul of its

- disgust, betaking him to some friend or comrade of like age; whilst we must needs regard his single self. And yet they say we live secure at home, while they are at the wars, with their sorry reasoning, for I would gladly take my stand in battle array three times o'er, than once give birth.
Euripides, *Medea*, 230
- 16 Though a woman be timorous enough in all else, and as regards courage, a coward at the mere sight of steel, yet in the moment she finds her honour wronged, no heart is filled with deadlier thoughts than hers.
Euripides, *Medea*, 263
- 17 We women, though by nature little apt for virtuous deeds, are most expert to fashion any mischief.
Euripides, *Medea*, 408
- 18 *Jason*. You women have such strange ideas, that you think all is well so long as your married life runs smooth; but if some mischance occur to ruffle your love, all that was good and lovely erst you reckon as your foes. Yea, men should have begotten children from some other source, no female race existing; thus would no evil ever have fallen on mankind.
Euripides, *Medea*, 569
- 19 *Hippolytus*. Women! This coin which men find counterfeit!
Why, why, Lord Zeus, did you put them in the world,
in the light of the sun? If you were so determined to breed the race of man, the source of it should not have been women. Men might have dedicated
in your own temples images of gold,
silver, or weight of bronze, and thus have bought the seed of progeny, . . . to each been given his worth in sons according to the assessment of his gift's value. So we might have lived in houses free of the taint of women's presence. But now, to bring this plague into our homes we drain the fortunes of our homes. In this we have a proof how great a curse is woman. For the father who begets her, rears her up, must add a dowry gift to pack her off to another's house and thus be rid of the load. And he again that takes the cursed creature rejoices and enriches his heart's jewel with dear adornment, beauty heaped on vileness. With lovely clothes the poor wretch tricks her out spending the wealth that underprops his house. That husband has the easiest life whose wife is a mere nothingness, a simple fool, uselessly sitting by the fireside.
I hate a clever woman—God forbid that I should ever have a wife at home with more than woman's wits! Lust breeds mischief
in the clever ones. The limits of their minds deny the stupid lecherous delights.
We should not suffer servants to approach them, but give them as companions voiceless beasts, dumb, . . . but with teeth, that they might not converse,
and hear another voice in answer.
Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 616
- 20 *Iphigenia*. A man's loss from his family is felt, while a woman's is of little moment.
Euripides, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, 1005
- 21 *Andromache*. Nature tempers
The souls of women so they find a pleasure
In voicing their afflictions as they come.
Euripides, *Andromache*, 93
- 22 *Andromache*. They say one night of love suffices to dissolve
a woman's aversion to share the bed of any man. I hate and loathe that woman who casts away the once
beloved, and takes another in her arms of love. Even the young mare torn from her running mate
and teamed
with another will not easily wear the yoke.
Euripides, *Trojan Women*, 665
- 23 *Lysistrata*. I'll tell you now: 'tis meet ye all should know.
O ladies! sisters! if we really mean
To make the men make Peace, there's but one way,
We must abstain—
Myrrhina. Well! tell us.
Ly. Will ye do it?
My. Do it? ay, surely, though it cost our lives.
Ly. We must abstain—each—from the joys of Love.
How! what! why turn away? where are ye going?
What makes you pout your lips, and shake your heads?
What brings this falling tear, that changing colour?
Will ye, or will ye not? What mean ye, eh?
My. I'll never do it. Let the war go on.
Aristophanes, *Lysistrata*, 118
- 24 *Lysistrata*. For if we women will but sit at home,
Powdered and trimmed, clad in our daintiest lawn,
Employing all our charms, and all our arts
To win men's love, and when we've won it, then
Repel them, firmly, till they end the war,
We'll soon get Peace again, be sure of that.
Aristophanes, *Lysistrata*, 149
- 25 *Pericles*. If I must say anything on the subject of female excellence to those of you who will now be in widowhood, it will be all comprised in this brief

exhortation. Great will be your glory in not falling short of your natural character; and greatest will be hers who is least talked of among the men, whether for good or for bad.

Thucydides, *Peloponnesian War*, II, 45

- 26 You are quite right, he [Glaucón] replied, in maintaining the general inferiority of the female sex: although many women are in many things superior to many men, yet on the whole what you say is true.

And if so, my friend, I [Socrates] said, there is no special faculty of administration in a state which a woman has because she is a woman, or which a man has by virtue of his sex, but the gifts of nature are alike diffused in both; all the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women also, but in all of them a woman is inferior to a man.

Plato, *Republic*, V, 455B

- 27 You agree then, I [Socrates] said, that men and women are to have a common way of life such as we have described—common education, common children; and they are to watch over the citizens in common whether abiding in the city or going out to war; they are to keep watch together, and to hunt together like dogs; and always and in all things, as far as they are able, women are to share with the men? And in so doing they will do what is best, and will not violate, but preserve the natural relation of the sexes.

Plato, *Republic*, V, 466B

- 28 Girls of this age [i.e., puberty] have much need of surveillance. For then in particular they feel a natural impulse to make usage of the sexual faculties that are developing in them; so that unless they guard against any further impulse beyond that inevitable one which their bodily development of itself supplies, even in the case of those who abstain altogether from passionate indulgence, they contract habits which are apt to continue into later life. For girls who give way to wantonness grow more and more wanton; and the same is true of boys, unless they be safeguarded from one temptation and another.

Aristotle, *History of Animals*, 581^b12

- 29 In all genera in which the distinction of male and female is found, Nature makes a similar differentiation in the mental characteristics of the two sexes. This differentiation is the most obvious in the case of human kind and in that of the larger animals and the viviparous quadrupeds. In the case of these latter the female is softer in character, is the sooner tamed, admits more readily of caressing, is more apt in the way of learning; as, for instance, in the Laconian breed of dogs the female is cleverer than the male. . . .

In all cases, excepting those of the bear and leopard, the female is less spirited than the male;

in regard to the two exceptional cases, the superiority in courage rests with the female. With all other animals the female is softer in disposition than the male, is more mischievous, less simple, more impulsive, and more attentive to the nurture of the young; the male, on the other hand, is more spirited than the female, more savage, more simple and less cunning. The traces of these differentiated characteristics are more or less visible everywhere, but they are especially visible where character is the more developed, and most of all in man.

The fact is, the nature of man is the most rounded off and complete, and consequently in man the qualities or capacities above referred to are found in their perfection. Hence woman is more compassionate than man, more easily moved to tears, at the same time is more jealous, more querulous, more apt to scold and to strike. She is, furthermore, more prone to despondency and less hopeful than the man, more void of shame or self-respect, more false of speech, more deceptive, and of more retentive memory. She is also more wakeful, more shrinking, more difficult to rouse to action, and requires a smaller quantity of nutriment.

As was previously stated, the male is more courageous than the female, and more sympathetic in the way of standing by to help. Even in the case of molluscs, when the cuttle-fish is struck with the trident the male stands by to help the female; but when the male is struck the female runs away.

Aristotle, *History of Animals*, 608^a22

- 30 As the first efficient or moving cause, to which belong the definition and the form, is better and more divine in its nature than the material on which it works, it is better that the superior principle should be separated from the inferior. Therefore, wherever it is possible and so far as it is possible, the male is separated from the female. For the first principle of the movement, or efficient cause, whereby that which comes into being is male, is better and more divine than the material whereby it is female. The male, however, comes together and mingles with the female for the work of generation, because this is common to both.

Aristotle, *Generation of Animals*, 732^a3

- 31 The female is, as it were, a mutilated male.

Aristotle, *Generation of Animals*, 737^a28

- 32 Females are weaker and colder in nature, and we must look upon the female character as being a sort of natural deficiency.

Aristotle, *Generation of Animals*, 715^a15

- 33 What difference does it make whether women rule, or the rulers are ruled by women? The result is the same.

Aristotle, *Politics*, 1269^b33

34 *Mercury*. Woman's a various and a changeful thing.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, IV

35 Resistless thro' the war Camilla rode,
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
One side was bare for her exerted breast;
One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd.
Now from afar her fatal jav'lins play;
Now with her ax's edge she hews her way:
Diaua's arms upon her shoulder sound;
And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground,
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia, ride:
Italians all; in peace, their queen's delight;
In war, the bold companions of the fight.
So march'd the Traecian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd:
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen:
Such to the field Penthisilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled;
With such, return'd triumphant from the war,
Her maids with eries attend the lofty ear;
They clash with manly force their moony shields;
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, XI

36 The angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth,

To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God.

And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name *Jesus*.

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David:

And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?

And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

And, behold, thy cousin Elisabeth, she hath also conceived a son in her old age: and this is the sixth month with her, who was called barren.

For with God nothing shall be impossible.

And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her.

Luke 1:26-38

37 And it came to pass, that, when Elisabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb; and Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost:

And she spake out with a loud voice, and said, Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.

And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?

For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy.

And blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord.

And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

Luke 1:41-48

38 Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house.

And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word.

But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.

And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things:

But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.

Luke 10:38-42

39 The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre. . . .

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre,

And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

And when she had thus said, she turned herself

back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rāb-bō-ni; which is to say, Master.

John 20:1-16

- 40 For a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God: but the woman is the glory of the man.

For the man is not of the woman; but the woman of the man.

Neither was the man created for the woman; but the woman for the man.

I Corinthians 11:7-9

- 41 Doth not even nature itself teach you, that, if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him?

But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her: for her hair is given her for a covering.

I Corinthians 11:14-15

- 42 Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law.

And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is a shame for women to speak in the church.

I Corinthians 14:34-35

- 43 I will . . . that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array;

But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works.

Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection.

But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.

For Adam was first formed, then Eve.

And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression.

I Timothy 2:8-14

- 44 Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives;

While they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear.

Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel;

But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament

of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands:

Even as Sara obeyed Abraham, calling him lord: whose daughters ye are, as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement.

Likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life; that your prayers be not hindered.

I Peter 3:1-7

- 45 Women from fourteen years old are flattered by men with the title of mistresses. Therefore, perceiving that they are regarded only as qualified to give men pleasure, they begin to adorn themselves, and in that to place all their hopes. It is worth while, therefore, to try that they may perceive themselves honored only so far as they appear beautiful in their demeanor and modestly virtuous.

Epictetus, Encheiridion, XL

- 46 During this debate Severus Cæcina proposed that no magistrate who had obtained a province should be accompanied by his wife. He began by recounting at length how harmoniously he had lived with his wife, who had borne him six children, and how in his own home he had observed what he was proposing for the public, by having kept her in Italy, though he had himself served forty campaigns in various provinces. "With good reason," he said, "had it been formerly decided that women were not to be taken among our allies or into foreign countries. A train of women involves delays through luxury in peace and through panic in war, and converts a Roman army on the march into the likeness of a barbarian progress. Not only is the sex feeble and unequal to hardship, but, when it has liberty, it is spiteful, intriguing and greedy of power. They show themselves off among the soldiers and have the centurions at their beck. Lately a woman had presided at the drill of the cohorts and the evolutions of the legions. You should yourselves bear in mind that, whenever men are accused of extortion, most of the charges are directed against the wives. It is to these that the vilest of the provincials instantly attach themselves; it is they who undertake and settle business; two persons receive homage when they appear; there are two centres of government, and the women's orders are the more despotic and intemperate. Formerly they were restrained by the Oppian and other laws; now, loosed from every bond, they rule our houses, our tribunals, even our armies."

Tacitus, Annals, III, 33

47 Just as in the human soul there is one element which takes thought and dominates, another which is subjected to obedience, so woman has been created corporeally for man: for though she has indeed a nature like that of man in her mind and rational intelligence, yet by her bodily sex she is subjected to the sex of her husband, much as appetite, which is the source of action, must be subjected to reason.

Augustine, *Confessions*, XIII, 32

48 From the words, "Till we all come to a perfect man, to the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ," and from the words, "Conformed to the image of the Son of God," some conclude that women shall not rise women, but that all shall be men, because God made man only of earth and woman of the man. For my part, they seem to be wiser who make no doubt that both sexes shall rise. For there shall be no lust, which is now the cause of confusion. For before they sinned, the man and the woman were naked and were not ashamed. From those bodies, then, vice shall be withdrawn, while nature shall be preserved. And the sex of woman is not a vice, but nature. It shall then indeed be superior to carnal intercourse and child-bearing; nevertheless the female members shall remain adapted not to the old uses, but to a new beauty, which, so far from provoking lust, now extinct, shall excite praise to the wisdom and clemency of God, who both made what was not and delivered from corruption what He made.

Augustine, *City of God*, XXII, 17

49 It was necessary for woman to be made, as the Scripture says, as a helper to man; not, indeed, as a helpmate in other works, as some say, since man can be more efficiently helped by another man in other works, but as a helper in the work of generation.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I, 92, 1

50 As regards the particular nature, woman is defective and misbegotten, for the active force in the male seed tends to the production of a perfect likeness in the masculine sex, while the production of woman comes from defect in the active force or from some material indisposition, or even from some external change, such as that of a south wind, which is moist, as the Philosopher observes. On the other hand, in relation to the universal nature, woman is not misbegotten, but is included in nature's intention as ordered to the work of generation. Now the universal intention of nature depends on God, Who is the universal Author of nature. Therefore, in producing nature, God formed not only the male but also the female.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I, 92, 1

51 It was right for the woman to be made from a rib of man. First, to signify the social union of man and woman, for the woman should neither use authority over man, and so she was not made from his head; nor was it right for her to be subject to man's contempt as his slave, and so she was not made from his feet. Secondly, for the sacramental signification; for from the side of Christ sleeping on the Cross the Sacraments flowed—namely, blood and water—on which the Church was established.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I, 92, 3

52 Already were mine eyes fixed on my Lady's countenance again, and my mind with them, from all other intent removed; and she smiled not, but: "Were I to smile," she [Beatrice] began, "thou wouldst be such as was Semele, when she turned to ashes; for my beauty, which, along the steps of the eternal palace kindleth more, as thou hast seen, the higher the ascent, were it not tempered, so doth glow as that thy mortal power, at its flash, would be like foliage that the thunder shattereth.

Dante, *Paradiso*, XXI, 1

53 Nine times now, since my birth, the heaven of light had turned almost to the same point in its own gyration, when the glorious Lady of my mind, who was called Beatrice by many who knew not what to call her, first appeared before my eyes. She had already been in this life so long that in its course the starry heaven had moved toward the region of the East one of the twelve parts of a degree; so that at about the beginning of her ninth year she appeared to me, and I near the end of my ninth year saw her. She appeared to me clothed in a most noble color, a modest and becoming crimson, and she was girt and adorned in such wise as befitted her very youthful age. At that instant, I say truly that the spirit of life, which dwells in the most secret chamber of the heart, began to tremble with such violence that it appeared fearfully in the least pulses, and, trembling, said these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi* [Behold a god stronger than I, who coming shall rule over me].

Dante, *Vita Nuova*, II

54 Ladies that have intelligence of Love,
I of my lady wish with you to speak;
Not that I can believe to end her praise,
But to discourse that I may ease my mind.
I say that when I think upon her worth,
So sweet doth Love make himself feel to me,
That if I then should lose not hardihood,
Speaking, I should enamour all mankind.
And I wish not so loftily to speak
As to become, through fear of failure, vile;
But of her gentle nature I will treat

- In manner light compared with her desert.
Dante, *Vita Nuova*, XIX
- 55 Within her eyes my lady beareth Love,
So that whom she regards is gentle made;
All toward her turn, where'er her steps are
stayed,
And whom she greets, his heart doth trembling
move;
So that with face cast down, all pale to view,
For every fault of his he then doth sigh;
Anger and pride away before her fly:—
Assist me, dames, to pay her honor due.
Dante, *Vita Nuova*, XXI
- 56 After this sonnet, a wonderful vision appeared to
me, in which I saw things which made me resolve
to speak no more of this blessed one, until I could
more worthily treat of her. And to attain to this I
study to the utmost of my power, as she truly
knows. So that, if it shall please Him through
whom all things live, that my life be prolonged for
some years, I hope to say of her what was never
said of any woman [i.e., as it turned out, *The Di-
vine Comedy*].
And then may it please Him who is the Lord of
Grace, that my soul may go to behold the glory of
its lady, namely, of that blessed Beatrice, who in
glory looks upon the face of Him *qui est per omnia
saecula benedictus* [who is blessed forever].
Dante, *Vita Nuova*, XLIII
- 57 We women have, if I am not to lie,
In this love matter, a quaint fantasy;
Look out a thing we may not lightly have,
And after that we'll ery all day and crave.
Forbid a thing, and that thing covet we;
Press hard upon us, then we turn and flee.
Sparingly offer we our goods, when fair;
Great crowds at market make lor dearer ware,
And what's too common brings but little price;
All this knows every woman who is wise.
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Wife
of Bath's Prologue
- 58 By God, if women had but written stories,
As have these clerks within their oratories,
They would have written of men more wickedness
Than all the race of Adam could redress.
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Wife
of Bath's Prologue
- 59 Command was given lor silence in the hall,
And that the knight should tell before them all
What thing all worldly women love the best.
This knight did not stand dumb, as does a beast,
But to this question presently answered
With manly voice, so that the whole court heard:
"My liege lady, generally," said he,
"Women desire to have the sovereignty
As well upon their husband as their love,
- And to have mastery their man above;
This thing you most desire, though me you kill
Do as you please, I am here at your will."
In all the court there was no wife or maid
Or widow that denied the thing he said,
But all held, he was worthy to have life.
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Wife
of Bath's Tale
- 60 *The Friar*. There is, indeed, no serpent so cruel,
When man treads on his tail, nor half so fell,
As woman is when she is filled with ire;
Vengeance is then the whole of her desire.
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Summoner's Tale
- 61 "Eh! By God's mercy!" cried our host. Said he:
"Now such a wife I pray God keep from me!
Behold what tricks, and lo, what subtleties
In women are. For always busy as bees
Are they, us simple men thus to deceive,
And from the truth they turn aside and leave."
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Merchant's Tale,
Epilogue
- 62 *Merchant's Wife*. And well you know that women
naturally
Desire six things, and even so do I.
For women all would have their husbands be
Hardy, and wise, and rich, and therewith free,
Obedient to the wife, and fresh in bed.
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Shipman's Tale
- 63 *Chanticleer*. For there is truth in *In principio
Mulier est hominis confusio*
(Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
Woman is man's delight and all his bliss).
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Nun's Priest's Tale
- 64 But I'm a vulgar man, and thus say I,
There is no smallest difference, truly,
Between a wife who is of high degree,
If of her body she dishonest be,
And a poor unknown wench, other than this—
If it be true that both do what's amiss—
The gentlewoman, in her state above,
She shall be called his lady, in their love;
And since the other's but a poor woman,
She shall be called his wench or his leman.
And God knows very well, my own dear brother,
Men lay the one as low as lies the other.
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Mauciple's Tale
- 65 Many good things may be perceived in a wife.
First, there is the Lord's blessing, namely, off-
spring. Then there is community of property.
These are some of the pre-eminently good things
that can overwhelm a man. Imagine what it
would be like without this sex. The home, cities,
economic life, and government would virtually
disappear. Men can't do without women. Even if
it were possible for men to beget and bear chil-

dren, they still couldn't do without women.

Luther, *Table Talk*, 1658

- 66 A woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she? To make a nun of, said Gargantua. Yea, said the monk, to make shirts and smocks.
Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, I, 52

- 67 *Panurge*. Where there is no woman, I mean, the mother of a family, and wife in the union of a lawful wedlock, the crazy and diseased are in danger of being ill used, and of having much brabbling and strife about them: as by clear experience hath been made apparent in the persons of popes, legates, cardinals, bishops, abbots, priors, priests, and monks: but there, assure yourself, you shall not find me.

Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, III, 9

- 68 *Panurge*. The greater part of women, whatever it be that they see, do always represent unto their fancies, think and imagine, that it hath some relation to the sugared entering of the goodly ithyphallos, and grafting in the cleft of the overturned tree the quickset-imp of the pin of copulation. Whatever signs, shews, or gestures we shall make, or whatever our behaviour, carriage or demeanour shall happen to be in their view and presence, they will interpret the whole in reference to the act of androgynation, and the eulbutizing exercise; by which means we shall be abusively disappointed of our designs, in regard that she will take all our signs for nothing else but tokens and representations of our desire to entice her unto the lists of a Cyprian combat, or catsenconny skirmish. Do you remember what happened at Rome two hundred and three-score years after the foundation thereof? A young Roman gentleman encountering by chance at the foot of Mount Celion with a beautiful Latin lady named Verona, who from her very cradle upwards had always been deaf and dumb, very civilly asked her, not without a chironomatic Italianising of his demand, with various jectigation of his fingers, and other gesticulations, as yet customary amongst the speakers of that country. What senators, in her descent from the top of the hill, she had met with going up thither. For you are to conceive, that he, knowing no more of her deafness than dumbness, was ignorant of both. She in the meantime, who neither heard nor understood so much as one word of what he said, straight imagined, by all that she could apprehend in the lively gesture of his manual signs, that what he then required of her was, what herself had a great mind to, even that which a young man doth naturally desire of a woman. Then was it, that by signs, which in all occurrences of venereal love are incomparably more attractive, valid and efficacious than words, she beckoned to him to come along with her to her house; which when he had done, she drew him aside to a

privy room, and then made a most lively alluring sign unto him, to show that the game did please her. Whereupon, without any more advertisement, or so much as the uttering of one word on either side, they fell to, and bringuardised it lustily.

Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, III, 19

- 69 *Rondibilis*. The nature of women is set forth before our eyes, and represented to us by the moon in divers other things as well as in this, that they squat, skulk, constrain their own inclinations, and, with all the cunning they can, dissemble and play the hypocrite in the sight and presence of their husbands; who come no sooner to be out of the way, but that forthwith they take their advantage, pass the time merrily, desist from all labour, frolic it, gad abroad, lay aside their counterfeit garb, and openly declare and manifest the interior of their dispositions, even as the moon, when she is in conjunction with the sun, is neither seen in the heavens, nor on the earth, but in her opposition, when remotest from him shineth in her greatest fulness, and wholly appeareth in her brightest splendour whilst it is night. Thus women are but women.

When I say womankind, I speak of a sex so frail, so variable, so changeable, so fickle, inconstant, and imperfect, that, in my opinion, Nature, under favour nevertheless, of the prime honour and reverence which is due unto her, did in a manner mistake the road which she had traced formerly, and stray exceedingly from that excellence of providential judgment, by the which she had created and formed all other things, when she built, framed, and made up the woman. And having thought upon it a hundred and five times, I know not what else to determine therein, save only that in the devising, hammering, forging, and composing of the woman, she hath had a much tenderer regard, and by a great deal more respectful, heed to the delightful consortship, and sociable delectation of the man, than to the perfection and accomplishment of the individual womanishness or muliebrity. The divine philosopher Plato was doubtful in what rank of living creatures to place and collocate them, whether amongst the rational animals, by elevating them to an upper seat in the specific classes of humanity; or with the irrational, by degrading them to a lower bench on the opposite side, of a brutal kind, and mere bestiality. For nature hath posited in a privy, secret and intestine place of their bodies, a sort of member, by some not impertinently termed an animal, which is not to be found in men. Therein sometimes are engendered certain humours, so saltish, brackish, clammy, sharp, nipping, tearing, prickling, and most eagerly tickling, that by their stinging acrimony, rending nitrosity, figging itch, wriggling mordicancy, and smarting salsitude, (for the said member is altogether sin-

ewy, and of a most quick and lively feeling,) their whole body is shaken and ebrangled their senses totally ravished and transported, the operations of their judgment and understanding utterly confounded, and all disordinate passions and perturbations of the mind throughly and absolutely allowed, admitted, and approved of; yea, in such sort, that if nature had not been so favourable unto them as to have sprinkled their forehead with a little tincture of bashfulness and modesty, you should see them in a so frantic mood run mad after lechery, and hie apace up and down with haste and lust, in quest of, and to fix some chamber-standard in their Paphian ground, that never did the Proëtides, Mimallonides, nor Lyæan Thyads deport themselves in the time of their Bacchanalian festivals more shamelessly, or with a so effronted and brazen-faced impudency; because this terrible animal is knit unto, and hath an union with all the chief and most principal parts of the body, as to anatomists is evident. Let it not here be thought strange that I should call it an animal, seeing therein I do no otherwise than follow and adhere to the doctrine of the academic and peripatetic philosophers. For if a proper motion be a certain mark and infallible token of the life and animation of the mover, as Aristotle writeth, and that any such thing as moveth of itself ought to be held animated, and of a living nature, then assuredly Plato with very good reason did give it the denomination of an animal, for that he perceived and observed in it the proper and self-stirring motions of suffocation, precipitation, corrugation, and of indignation, so extremely violent, that often-times by them is taken and removed from the woman all other sense and moving whatsoever, as if she were in a swounding lipothymy, benumbing syncope, epileptic, apoplectic palsy, and true resemblance of a pale-faced death.

Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, III, 32

70 What is the use of that art of virginal shame, that sedate coldness, that severe countenance, that profession of ignorance of things that they know better than we who instruct them in them, but to increase in us the desire to conquer, to overwhelm and subdue to our appetite all this ceremony and these obstacles? For there is not only pleasure but also glory in driving wild and seducing that soft sweetness and that childlike modesty, and in reducing a proud and commanding gravity to the mercy of our ardor.

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 15, That Our Desire

71 If the wellborn ladies will take my advice, they will content themselves with displaying their own natural riches. They conceal and cover up their own beauties under foreign beauties. It is very simple-minded to put out your own light so as to shine by a borrowed light. They are buried and entombed under art. . . . The reason is that they

do not know themselves well enough. The world has nothing more beautiful; it is for them to do honor to the arts and to decorate decoration. What do they need but to live beloved and honored? They possess and know only too much for this; they need only arouse a little and rekindle the faculties that are in them. When I see them intent on rhetoric, astrology, logic, and similar drugs, so vain and useless for their needs, I begin to fear that the men who advise them to do this, do so as a means of gaining authority over them under this pretext. For what other excuse could I find for them? Enough that without our help they can adjust the charm of their eyes to gaiety, severity, or sweetness, season a "no" with harshness, uncertainty, or encouragement, and that they need no interpreter for the speeches we make in courting them. With this knowledge they hold the whip hand and master the schoolmasters and the school.

If, however, it vexes them to yield to us in any matter whatever, and if they want, out of curiosity, to have a share in book learning, poetry is an amusement suited to their needs; it is a wanton and subtle art, in fancy dress, wordy, all pleasure, all show, like themselves. They will also derive various benefits from history. In philosophy, from the part that is useful for life, they will take the lessons that will train them to judge our humors and characteristics, to defend themselves against our treacheries, to control the impetuosity of their own desires, to husband their freedom, to prolong the pleasures of life, and to bear humanly the inconstancy of a lover, the rudeness of a husband, and the annoyance of years and wrinkles; and things of that sort. That is the most I should assign to them in the matter of learning.

Montaigne, *Essays*, III, 3, Three Kinds of Association

72 Women are not wrong at all when they reject the rules of life that have been introduced into the world, inasmuch as it is the men who have made these without them. There is naturally strife and wrangling between them and us: the closest communion we have with them is still tumultuous and tempestuous.

Montaigne, *Essays*, III, 5, On Some Verses of Virgil

73 The most useful and honorable science and occupation for a woman is the science of housekeeping. I know some that are miserly, very few that are good managers. This is her ruling quality, which a man should seek out before any other, as the sole dowry on which the ruin or salvation of our households depends.

Montaigne, *Essays*, III, 9, Of Vanity

74 *Demetrius*. She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

- She is a woman, therefore may be won.
Shakespeare, *Titus Andronicus*, II, i, 82
- 75 *Julia*. Maids, in modesty, say "no" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe
"ay."
Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen
of Verona*, I, ii, 55
- 76 *Romeo*. What lady is that, which doth enrich the
hand
Of yonder knight?
Servingman. I know not, sir.
Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of
stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude
hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, I, v, 43
- 77 *Portia*. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpraetised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, III, ii, 150
- 78 *Balthasar*. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.
Shakespeare, *Much Ado
About Nothing*, II, iii, 64
- 79 *Portia*. I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
- I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy.
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Brutus. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, II, i, 292
- 80 *Rosalind*. Do you not know I am a woman? when I
think, I must speak.
Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, III, ii, 263
- 81 It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.
Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, V, iii, 17
- 82 *Duke*. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Viola. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, II, iv, 30
- 83 *Duke*. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.
Viola. Ay, but I know—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Viola. Too well what love women to men may
owe.
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship
Duke. And what's her history?
Viola. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

- Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, II, iv, 96
- 84 *Hamlet*. Frailty, thy name is woman!
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I, ii, 146
- 85 *Hamlet*. If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for
wise men know well enough what monsters you
make of them.
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III, i, 141
- 86 *Iago*. Come on, come on: you are pictures out of
doors.
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injurics, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.
Desdemona. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Shakespeare, *Othello*, II, i, 110
- 87 *Lear*. Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above;
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';
There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphu-
rous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie,
fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good
apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.
Shakespeare, *Lear*, IV, vi, 120
- 88 *Lear*. Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little Ha!
What is't thou say'st. Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
Shakespeare, *Lear*, V, iii, 271
- 89 *Enobarbus*. When she first met Mark Antony, she
purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cyd-
nus.
Agrippa. There she appeared indeed; or my re-
porter devised well for her.
Eno. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water. The poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars
were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.
Agr. O, rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adorings. At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.
Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper. She replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard
speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed.
He plough'd her and she cropp'd.
Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and
panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mecenas. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.
Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, ii, 191
- 90 *Caesar*. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal.
Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, III, xii, 29
- 91 *Clown*. You must not think I am so simple but I
know the devil himself will not eat a woman. I
know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the
devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-
son devils do the gods great harm in their women;

for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, V, ii, 273

92 *Posthumus*. Is there no way for men to be but women

Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit. Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I
thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour—was't not?—
Or less—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell
knows,

Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;
For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
The very devils cannot plague them better.

Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, II, v, 1

93 *Anne*. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old Lady. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would
you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which
gifts,
Saving your mincing, the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Shakespeare, *Henry VIII*, II, iii, 24

94 *Lothario*. You must remember, my Friend, that the

Nature of Women is, at best, but weak and imperfect; and for that reason we should be so far from casting Rubs in its way, that we ought, with all imaginable Care, to remove every Appearance that might hinder its Course to that Perfection it wants, which is *Virtue*.

If you believe the Naturalists, the *Ermine* is a very white little Creature; when the Hunters have found its Haunts, they surround it almost with Dirt and Mire, towards which the *Ermine* being forc'd to fly, rather than sully its native White with Dirt, it suffers itself to be taken, preferring its Colour to its Liberty and Life. The virtuous Woman is our *Ermine*, whose Chastity is whiter than Snow; but to preserve its Colour unsully'd, you must observe just the contrary Method: The Addresses and Services of an importunate Lover, are the Mire into which you should never drive a Woman; for 'tis ten to one she will not be able to free herself and avoid it, being but too apt to stumble into it; and therefore That should be always remov'd, and only the Candour and Beauty of Virtue, and the Charms of a good Fame and Reputation plac'd before her. A good Woman is also not unlike a Mirrour of Crystal, which will infallibly be dimm'd and stain'd by breathing too much upon it: She must rather be us'd like the Reliques of Saints, ador'd but not touch'd; or like a Garden of curious tender Flowers, that may at a distance gratify the Eye, but are not permitted by the Master to be trampled on or touch'd by every Beholder.

Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, I, 33

95 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
In naked Majestic seem'd Lords of all,
And worthie seem'd, for in thir looks Divine
The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
Truth, Wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;
Whence true autoritie in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation hee and valour form'd,
For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dissheld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway;
And by her yeilded, by him best receiv'd,
Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IV, 288

96 So haud in hand they passd, the lovliest pair