

ENGLISH LADY'S

COMPLETE

CATECHISM.

SETTING FORTH

The PRIDE and VANITY of the
ENGLISH QUALITY, in re-
lieving Foreigners before their own
Country-Folks.



Stirling, Printed in this Present Year.



T H E

E N G L I S H L A D Y ' S

C O M P L E T E

C A T E C H I S M.

Quest. **Y**OU say, Madam, you was brought up in the Christian religion: Pray of what nation are you?

A. I am an English Lady by birth.

Q. Pray what is your name?

A. VANITY.

Q. Who gave you this name?

A. Every body.

Q. Who were your godfathers and godmothers?

A. The Mercer, Laccman, Semstrefs, and Milliner.

Q. Who confirm'd you?

A. Madamoiselle, the French mantua-maker.

Q. What

Q. What is your form of devotion?

A. Six yards extraordinary furbel-
low'd up to the pockets, and three
guineas for making.

Q. Why will you give a French wo-
man three guineas, when an English
woman would do it for one, as well, if
not better?

A. Only for the name of having it
made by a French woman, that when
I am asked by another Lady of quality,
Who made my mantua? I may say, in
a French tone, Mademoiselle the French
mantua-maker.

Q. How was you educate?

A. At a French boarding-school.

Q. After what manner?

A. By the help of a French dancing-
master, a French singing-master, and a
French waiting-woman.

Q. Let me hear you proceed?

A. Before I could speak English, I was
taught to jabber French: In short, I
danced French dances at eight, sung
French songs at eleven, and before I
was fifteen, could talk nothing else but
French.

Q. Let me hear you go on till you
come to twenty

A. At

A. At sixteen I began to think of a man; at seventeen I loved a man; at eighteen I sigh'd for a man; at nineteen I sent for a man; and at twenty I ran away with a man.

Q. How do you employ your time now?

A. I ly in bed till noon, drefs all the afternoon, dine in the evening, and play at cards till midnight.

Q. How do you spend the Sabbath?

A. In chit-chat.

Q. What do you talk of?

A. New fashions and new plays.

Q. How often do you go to church?

A. Twice a year, or oftener, as my husband gives me new clothes.

Q. Why do you go to church when you have new clothes?

A. To be admired by the men, to see other folks finery, and to show my own; and to laugh at those scurvy out of fashion creatures who come there for devotion.

Q. Pray, Madam, what books do you read?

A. I read Plays and Romances.

Q. What sort of people do you converse with?

A. Those

A. Those like myself, who make pride and pleasure their devotion: new fashions their daily prayers, laugh at all below them, and deny those above them.

Q. What is it you love?

A. Myself.

Q. What! no body else?

A. Yes; my Monkey, my Lap-dog, and my Page.

Q. Why do you love them?

A. Why, because I am an English Lady, and they are foreign creatures, my Monkey from the East Indies, my Page from Genoa, and my Lap-dog from Vigo.

Q. Would they not have pleased you as well if they had been English?

A. No; I hate every thing that Old England brings forth, except it be the temper of an English husband, and the liberty of an English wife, I love French bread, French wines, French sauces, and French cooks; in short, I have all about me either French or Foreign, from my waiting-maid to my parrot, only my steward.

Q. Why

Q. Why would you have your steward English, and all the rest of your servants Foreigners?

A. Because I would be cheated in my own language; I would have my footman a Frenchman, my butler an Italian, my porter a Dutchman, and my coachman a Spaniard; then for my furniture, I would have nothing English from my bed to my chamber-pot, and was I forced to eat English provisions, they should come from Cornwall, Berwick upon Tweed, or some other remote place.

Q. How do you bestow your charity?

A. On superannuated Ladies, and the French Whores, whose pride and vanity have brought them to poverty; and yet retain so much of the French modes, that to the last you may see them in an old tattered silk gown, high head, and draggled tail, a pair of laced shoes, an old furbelow'd scarf, and never a smock on: and these they will have, if they dine on scraps for a fortnight.

Q. What do the poor get at your door?

A. No-

A. Nothing.

Q. How do you answer them?

A. In these dictates of charity, They must go to their own parishes; and sometimes they give me the trouble to send for the beadle to carry them hither.

Q. Then, Madam, since you are so religious and charitable, how do you carry yourself towards your neighbours?

A. Sir, I scorn my poor neighbours, and backbite the rich.—The rich I invite to dinner because they do not want it, and I deny the poor because they do.

Q. How do you govern your family?

A. As other Ladies do. I love gaming, and therefore tolerate it among my servants, for the same reason I leave them to their own licentious appetites, to swear, curse, riot, drink, and do what they please. I give them a great deal of liberty and little wages. And if my steward happens to get my house-keeper with child, I make my coachman marry her; turn away my footman for aspiring to my maid, and her

her I marry to my Lord's chamberlain, and gives her six changes of my old clothes for her dowry; and sometimes I fancy the butler, because he is handsomer than my own husband.

Q. How often do you call your family to prayers?

A. I never call my family to prayers, but I send them to church sometimes; and that is, when I am about to cuckold my husband at home, that I may do it in private; and my servants are glad of the opportunity. But if they never go near the church, I am pleased with any excuse, and don't care where they go.

Q. Pray how do you pay your debts?

A. Some with money, and some with fair promises. I seldom pay any body's bills, but I run more in their debt. I give poor tradesmen ill words, and the rich I treat civilly, in hopes to get farther into their debt.

F I N I S.