

Janet Clinker's

*On the Villanies of the Old Women,
and the Pride of the Young.*

SHEWING

young men and young women how to avoid the buying of Janet Juniper's stinking butter, which will have a rotten rift on their stomach, as long as they live.

Taken in Short Hand, by

Humphrey Clin

The Clashing Wives' Clerk.

Printed for

JANET CLINKER'S
ORATION.

THE madness of the unmuzzled age has driven me to mountains of thought and a continued oration; it is enough to make an auld wife rin red-wood, and drive a body beyond the halter's end of ill-nature, to see what I see, and hear what I hear; therefore the hinges of my anger are broke and the hands of my good-nature are burst in two the door of civility is laid quite open, plain speech and mild admonition is of none effect; nothing must be used now but thunderbolts of reproach, tartly trimmed in a tantalizing style, roughly red-tup and manufactured through an old matron's mouth, who is indeed but frail in the teeth, but will squeeze surprisingly with her auld gums, until her very chaft blades crack in the crushing of your vice.

I shall branch out my discourse into four heads. First, What I have seen, and been witness to. Secondly, What I now see, and am witness to. Thirdly, What I have heard, do hear, and cannot help; I mean, the difference between old women and the young; and,

Fourthly, Concluding with an advice to young men and young women, how to avoid the buying of Janet Juniper's stinking butter,* which will have a rotten rift on their stomach, as long as they live.

1. The first thing then I see and observe, is, That a when daft, giddy-headed, cock-nosed, juniper-nebbed mothers, bring up a when sky-racket dancing daughters, a' bred up to be ladies, without so much as the breadth of their loof of land! It's an admiration to me, where the lairds are a' to come frae, that's to be coupled to them! Work! na, na, my bairn must not work, she's to be a lady; they ca' her Miss. I must have her ears bored, says old mumps, the mother. Thus the poor pet is brought up like a motherless lamb, or a parrot in a cage; they learn nothing, but to prick and sew, and fling their feet when the fiddle plays; so they become a parcel of yellow-faced female tailors, very unequal matches for countrymen; just Flanders babies, brought up in a box, and must be carried in a basket; knows nothing but pinching poverty, hunger, and pride; can neither milk kye, muck a byre, card, spin, nor yet keep a cow from a corn-rigg. The most of such are as blind penny-worths, as buying pigs in pocks, and ought only to be matched with tacket-makers, tree-trimmers, and male-tailors, that they may be male and female agreeable in trade, since their

* A nickname to the wife's daughter that no man will marry, because stuffed full of laziness, self-conceit, and stinking pride; or, if she be married, she will lie like stinking butter on his stomach as long as she lives.

piper-faced fingers are not for hard labour; yet they might also pass on a pinch for a black sutor's wife, for the stitching of white seams round the mouth of a lady's shoe; or with barbers or bakers they might be buckled, because of their muslin mouth and pinchbeck speeches, when barn is scant, they can blow up their bread with fair winds, and when the razor is rough, can trim their chafers with a fair tale, oil their peruke with her white lips, and powder the beaux's pow with a French puff. They are well versed in all the science of flattery, musical tunes, hornpipes and country-dances, though perfect in none but Reel of Gammon.

Yet these are they the fickle farmer fixes his fancy upon, a bundle of cloths, a skeleton of bones; Maggy and the mutch, like two fir sticks and a pickle tow, neither for his plate, nor his power very improper plenshing, neither for his profit nor her pleasure, to plout her hands thro' hawkey's caff-cog, is a hateful hardship for many's pet, and will hack a' her hands. All this have I seen and heard, and been witness to: but my pen being a goose quill, cannot expose their names nor place of abode, but warns the working men out of their way.

2. I see another sort, who can work, and may work till they be married, and become mistresses themselves; but as the husband receives them their thrift leaves them; before that they wrought as for a wager, and they span as for a premium; busked as for a brag, scoured their din skin as a wauker does worsted blankets; kept as mims in the mouth as a minister's wife, comely as Diana chaste as Susanna, yet the whole of their toil

the trimming of their rigging, tho' their hulls be everlasting in a leaking condition; their backs and their bellies are boxed about with the fins of a big fish, six petticoats, a gown and apron, besides a side sark down to the ankle bones!—Ah! what monstrous rags are here! what a cloth is consumed for covering one pair of buttocks! I leave it to the judgment of any ten tailors in town, if thirty pair of men's breeches may not be cut from a little above the easing of Bessy's bum; and this makes her a motherly woman, as stately a woman as ever trade to market or mill. But when she's married, she turns a madam; her mistress did not work much, and why should she? Her mother ay said she wad be a lady, but could never tell where her hands lay; but when money is all spent, credit broken, and conduct out of keeping, a wheen babbling buby bairns' crying, piece, minny, porritch, minny, the witless wanton waster is, as at her wit's end. Work now or want, and do not say that the world has waur'd you; but lofty noddle, your giddy-headed mother, has led you astray, by learning you to be a lady, before you was fit to be a servant-lass, by teaching you laziness instead of hard labour; by giving you such a high conceit of yourself, that nobody thinks any thing of you now, and you may judge yourself to be one of those that wise people call little-worth. But after all we have said, when you begin the world again, be perfectly rich, before you be gentle; work hard for what you gain, and you'll ken better how to guide it, for pride is an imperfect fortune, and a ludicrous life will not last long.

Another sort I see, who has got more silver than sense, more gold than good nature, more

muslins and means than good manners; though sack can hold their silver, six houses and a ha cannot contain their ambitious desires. Fortune tus' wonderful purse would fail in fetching in the fourth part of their worldly wants, and the children imitate their mothers, chattering like hungry cranes, crying still, 'I want, I want,' ever craving, wilfully wasting, till all be brought to a doleful dish of desolation, and with cleanness of teeth a full breast, an empty belly, big pockets without pence, pinching penury, perfect poverty, drouth hunger, want of money and friends both, old age dim eyes, feeble joints, without shoes or clothes the real fruits of a bad marriage, which bring thoughtless fops to both faith and repentance one day.

3. Another thing I see, hear, and cannot help is the breeding of bairns, and bringing them up like bull-stirks; they gie them waulth of meat, but no manners; but when I was a bairn, if I did not bend obedience, I ken mysel what I got, which learned me what to gie mine; if they had tell me, tuts, or pruse no, I laid them o'er my knee and I can crack for crack o'er their hurdies, like a knock bleaching a barn-web, till the red wad stood on their hips; this brought obedience in my house, and banished dods and ill-nature out at the door; I dang the die! out o' them, and daddied them like a wet dish-clout, till they did my bidding; but now the bairns are brought up to spit fire in their mither's face, and cast dirt at their auld daddies. How can they be good, who never saw a sample of it; or reverence old age who practised no precepts in their youth? How can they love their parents, who gave them bla

ison instead of good principles; who shewed them no good, and taught them no duties? No marvel, such children despise old age, and reverence their parents as an old horse does his father.

4. The last prevailing evil which I see, all men fear, but none strive to help, women now disdain to ride on pads, as of old, to be hobbled on a horse's hurdies, but must be hurled behind the wheel, safely seated in a leathern conveniency, and here they fly swiftly as in the chariot of Aminabab. They will not speak the language of their native country, but must have southern cants, refined raw sugar through London mills.

Another grievance I see of the female offenders, cannot omit, which attracts man's fancy, and is the cause of his fall, I mean fighting, flyting, ill-natured wives, who wants to wear the breeks: and flyghters, who have got a little of the means of Mammon, more silver than sense, more gold than good nature, haughtiness for humility, value themselves as a treasure incomprehensible, their heads and hearts of Ophir gold, their hips of silver, and their whole body as set about with precious stones! and what is she after all, but a poor penny-worth for a poor man; she must have fine dresses, a fine house, fine teas, and what not, and thinks her poor penny will never be at an end.

But when I Janet was a Janet, and had the judgment of my own house, my husband was twice happy; I never held him down; he was above me day and night; I sat late and rose early; I kept a full house and rough back; when the summer came, we minded winter's cauld; we had face yeat porritch time, and harmony through the day; we supped our sowens at supper-time

with a reasonable heat, and went to bed, good
 bairns, kend naughting but stark-love and kindnes
 we wrought for riches, hated pride, and love
 peace; he died with a good name, and I let you
 ken I live. Come, help yourselves, all you milke
 kat livers, your friends will like you the better.

Now, after all, if a poor man wants a perfect
 wife, let him wale a well blooged hssie, wi' brai
 shoulders, and thick about the haunches, that ha
 been lang servant in a'e house, though twice o
 thrice away and ay feed back; that's well liked b
 the bairns, and the bairns' mither, that's nae wa
 cankard to the cats, nor kicks the colly-dogs amang
 her feet, that wad let a' brute beasts live, and kin
 to bairns; for them that dants young bairns, wi
 be kind to auld folks if they had them.

And say hale-beasted wholesome hssie the
 wants to halter a good husbzad, let her never tal
 a widow's ne son, for a' the wisely gates in th
 world will be in him, for want of a father to teach
 him manly actions; but go take your chance, an
 I can ned, chaunter neison m. I add no more
 says Jany ^{and} send ^{to} Humphrey the Clerk.