

these reflections, the treatment daily experienced by the more gentle, and amiable, part of our species, from ferocious and brutal men, became to me likewise a sad and serious subject of meditation. How did I on this occasion, execrate in my heart that unfeeling monster of a man, who without cause, or even the shadow of provocation, beats, strikes and kicks his wife, the partner of his griefs and cares, and the sharer of his joys and hopes! It is wonderful, and yet it is not the less true, that there exists such an animal as the *human brute*, an animal apparently, and I fear, really, destitute of tenderness and affection for her whom nature commands him to cherish, protect, and love. The lion, the bear, the tiger, are never known to injure the females of their species, notwithstanding the savage fierceness of their nature. Even the males of the feline tribe forbear to hurt those of the opposite sex, notwithstanding the obstreperous din, which accompanies their preludes to copulation, may lead people to think it to arise from animosity and rage: no such thing, their noise in caterwauling, is not the noise of hate but the loud expression of their vehemence and ardour. It is perhaps, from a mistake of this kind, that some contend, on the authority of Terence, the elegant Roman dramatist, who says, "*Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est*," that quarrels among lovers, are necessary to the renovation of love; which, from an unvaried round of joy, and an uniform glut of sweetness, would become loathsome and intolerable. To those who are inclined to maintain this opinion, I am ready to concede it so far as the quarrels of the lovers are understood to be confined to the wordy strife; and even then, I insist that scurrility, and bitterness of invective