

wrong. I believe the laws of England wisely allow a man the privilege of bestowing moderate personal correction upon his wife, in certain cases; I would, therefore, modestly suggest its cautious employment as a remedy for the evil in question. I throw out the suggestion more particularly for the benefit of any gentleman of diminutive stature, who has selected for his partner a lady stout, and of robust constitution.

As I do not love to expose any character to public censure, except so far as may be necessary for the maintenance of the peace and well-being of society, I shall enumerate only one fault more, out of the myriads with which I have discovered the female moral constitution to be infected. I refer to that peculiar affection of the will, termed obstinacy. This excrescence, (I am not to be limited by any hypercritical notions of propriety to one metaphor), while, I admit, that in the male sex it occasionally appears in a rudimentary state, attains its highest point of development in woman. It would seem to bear some relation to the vice which I have last described, as they are generally found growing together and flourishing with equal vigor in the same individual. To require all the examples of obstinacy which have fallen under my notice, would be to ask for a rehearsal of the whole tragedy of woman's life. I have known a gentleman, in the exercise of the glorious privileges of his manhood, fell his unoffending wife to the earth, while the perverse creature appeared really to feel less the attentions of her magnanimous lord, than the shame that might be visited upon his head by certain crotchety individuals who do not understand the peculiar relations existing between husband and wife.

A very beautiful specimen of woman's obstinacy may be found in the Book of Ruth;* and Milton makes out a very pretty case of perverseness for Eve, in the tenth book of Paradise Lost.† But I need not wander so far for evidence of the existence of this prevalent vice. Who has not seen a mother persist in loving her wayward boy, apparently for no other reason than because there was not one loveable feature either in his person or his character? Who has not seen an instance of domestic affliction in which the head of the family has been put partially hors de combat, by a successful assault of toothache, rheumatism, gout, or some other calamity equally calling for sympathy? Who has not seen the alacrity, the love, the lotions, which have been profusely expended by the female part of the household upon the afflicted monarch? And who has not seen the afflicted monarch aforesaid, repaying all this devotion by bestowing imprecations upon their awkwardness and their stupidity—pushing this one aside, because, forsooth, she cannot apply the medicaments without approaching the diseased part—throwing that one off as she bends over him with her herbulent fomentations, because nature has endowed her with an ample form, and one which entirely excludes all other bodies from the

* Chap. i., ver. 16, 17.

† Verse 914, et seqq.