

she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion, that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss me; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears."

The connubialities of the great man afterwards have been described by Garrick, and are certainly very funny. At the time referred to, he was keeping a school near Litchfield, and conducted himself in such a way towards his "Tetsey," as to excite the mirth of the young vagabonds around him. The description of the lady herself, too, does not say much for the philosopher's taste. She is described as very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance, swelled cheeks, of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials, flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in speech and general behaviour.

What Johnson's opinions were on the marriage state, we learn from several of the conversations recorded by his faithful biographer, and some of them, as those who will refer to the work will find, are by no means flattering.

If we leave the philosophers for the divines, we shall find them speaking with more assurance on the subject of marriage, but then they are certainly less disinterested. There are the fees. I have no desire, however, to burke their opinions, and as a proof, I will give the words of Jeremy Taylor, which are full of imagery and beauty. "Marriage," says this eloquent divine, "Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and heaven itself. An unmarried man, like a fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but dwells alone, and is confined, and dies, in singularity. But marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys its king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the constitution of the world." This is all very well for a preacher, but I fear that if the domestic history of the Church were examined, it would not always be found to present so flattering a picture. The question of celibacy amongst the clergy was, indeed, one of the causes which confirmed the division of the Churches, and on which the opinion of the world still remains divided. It is the remark of Lord Bacon, that "a single life does well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool," and there is great truth in the remark. The late Sydney Smith has left (although with no intention to apply it to this subject) a ludicrous picture of a poor curate sauntering to church with a dowdy wife, and followed by six or seven turnip-headed children full of Christianity and bread and butter; and it must be confessed, that the wife and the children do frequently interfere very seriously with the proper discharge of a clergyman's duties.

Sir Thomas Browne, at one time of his life, entertained very different opinions to those expressed by Taylor on this subject. In the second part of his "Religio Medici," he expresses some rather curious opinions on the consequences of marriage. When he wrote that work, he said, "I was never yet married once, and commend their resolution who never marry

twice." He calls woman, "the rib and crooked piece of man," and declares of the union of the sexes, "it is the foolishlest act a wise man commits in all his life, nor is there anything that will more deject his cooled imagination, when he shall consider what an odd and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed."

Such were his sentiments when youthful and residing at Leyden. Dutch philosophy had at first chilled his passion. It is probable that passion afterwards influenced his philosophy, for—humiliating to relate—he married and had four daughters!

Having thus, I think, stated enough to show that all the wisdom of all the world is not on the side of the married people, just let us enquire in what other respects the matrimonial state has such a terrible advantage over the single state. Are married people generally happier than single? I have strong reasons for believing that they are not. There is no doubt that they might sometimes be, if they only went to work in a sensible manner; but as they very seldom do, the result is very far from being so favorable as the parsons and wet-nurses would like to make out. The system itself is so radically bad, that it is next to impossible good can come out of it. A modern courtship, ending in marriage, is, it seems to me, nothing better than an ingenious swindle. The lies that both parties tell, are awfully shocking! To judge from the language of lovers, one would suppose that angels were as common as chimney-sweeps, and that beauty was a drug in the market. Certainly there is nothing in that language to lead us to suppose that there was ever such a thing in the world as an ugly man or woman. The vilest little drab that was ever taken "for better for worse," is, in the vocabulary of love, a Venus or a Helen, and the clownish-looking booby by her side, a perfect Adonis. Truth is a virtue that neither party cares to respect. They wait for that till they are married, and then, unfortunately, it reaches them quickly enough. Yet, surely it would be much better to speak plainly at once. If a lady squinted, why not tell her so? If a gentleman possessed imperfections (and it is possible for such to be the case!) why not declare them? There could be no great harm in saying that before marriage, which is sure to be said after marriage. This was the opinion of Susan Winstanley, whose memory Charles Lamb—the nicest of old bachelors—has preserved. She was courted by Joseph Plaiice, of Bread-street, merchant; and he one day, having whispered in her ear some extravagant compliments, could not obtain a decent acknowledgment in return. When he ventured on the following day to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation, had a right to expect all sorts of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility, as most young women; but that, a little time before he had commenced his compliments, she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite at the appointed time, and she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady, —a reputed beauty and known to be a fortune—I can have my choice of the finest speeches, from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary such a one, (naming the milliner), and had failed of bringing home the cravats at the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman's pride came to my assistance, and I thought that if it were only to do me honor, a female like myself might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not