

word he is a dishonest judge. He suffers himself to be imposed on by the feelings of friendship and of humanity; to be blinded by the partiality of attachment, or the imposing nature of influence, rank and character. Nay, far from guarding against it, he aids the imposition, and increases his blindness; and, becoming the willing dupe of his own inclinations, commits unrighteousness with a good intent.

I have for some time promised a place to the following letter to which I wish to draw attention; not as treating the subject of the preference due to a married life over a single one, with that extent and that warmth which it merits, but as an *ébauché*, a sketch for a future pen to fill up the outlines, trace the characters, and give the colouring.

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A novel doctrine has lately become quite prevalent in this country, that celibacy is preferable to wedlock, and that a bachelor has a better chance of happiness in this world than a married man. Permit me to offer, through the medium of your much read Scribbler, a few remarks on the subject. That there are and have been bachelors happy men, I am not disposed to deny, nor will I deny that there are married persons in the world that live unhappily; but, I would ask, is this the case in general? I believe that the answer will be no; at least that would be mine.—Is the bachelor in possession of the many sources of happiness which the married man has? The latter has an affectionate friend allied to him by the closest ties of nature; a friend, in whose fidelity he can place implicit confidence, who has no interest that is foreign to his, no wish but for their mutual felicity. If he has children, what a