

Sir—A correspondent in your tenth paper promised directions for rendering marriages happy, but as he has forgotten his engagement, I send you the following observations, which if not equal to the subject, may have the happy effect of rousing him from his slumbers.

One of the most common sources of the misery of marriages is the supposition that they can cure natural defects, by acting as a kind of charm. The newly married are not therefore prepared to encounter even such disappointments and oppositions as they were accustomed to bear when single. But is it not more rational to believe that whatever defects we may have either of body or of mind, will be increased but never lessened by such a connection without the necessary exertions on our own part. Of bodily infirmities I wish not to speak, as they have very little influence upon our happiness or misery—it is the defects of the mind that embitter the domestic life, & render home a place of torment. I know indeed that many examples may be found of marriages that have become a second education, which cured all the defects either left or engrafted by the first. When a man of sense and discretion for example, happens to marry a woman rather giddy than vicious, of a good heart but uncultivated understanding, he may contrive to give her imperceptibly the necessary information to exhibit in strong colors the advantages of prudence and circumspection, and the evils which flow from thoughtlessness and vice. But to succeed it is necessary that the woman be naturally a person of sound sense, quick in discerning what is just & proper, and resolute to abstain even from the most favorite pursuits, when their impropriety is pointed out. Such an assemblage of good qualities on both sides can very rarely be expected, for we can very seldom name among all our acquaintances two persons capable of instructing one another in this manner. Were it possible then that either the man or the woman was qualified to point out the deficiencies of their partner, it would not follow that the faults would be corrected—they might be shewn with malignant superiority, described in exaggerating colors, mentioned with too much harshness, and even when noticed in the most conciliating manner, they may not appear defects in the eyes of the guilty person.—At all events an education of this kind can seldom be trusted, because the parties are not often capable of becoming master and scholar; it requires much address and knowledge on the one hand, much docility and good sense on the other, cemented by the strongest affection, to make it palatable. It is consequently more for our purpose to select one or two strong rules, which can be easily understood and easily put in practice—rules which require no great stretch of thought to comprehend them, or of judgment to put them in operation. The first rule is, “A uniform desire to please.”

Very fine, truly, my reader will perhaps exclaim, and who is ignorant of this sage maxim. Did

ever any body doubt that a mutual desire to please was the most effectual source of domestic felicity. In answer to this I must honestly confess, that I do not profess to deliver new rules for the regulation of morals or the conduct of life. The world is too old to leave any thing original to be said on subjects, which solicit daily attention, and which have been the fertile topics of instruction in every age. It is enough if we can place an old rule in a new point of view, call up the attention of many to its importance, who never regarded it before, and detail the advantages, which will naturally proceed from its steady practice. Now altho’ most Ladies and Gentlemen are convinced, that they never can be reckoned good company, unless they study to be civil, and polite in their intercourse with the world; yet they seldom bring this rule home—they seem to leave all their affability, condescension and amenity at the door, and never allow them entrance into their houses. Drusus is distinguished in company for his good humor, his easiness of manners, his mild address, and his anxiety to please. What excellent company is Drusus, most people say, his conciliating frank cheerful conversation charms every one—he is always pleased, always ready to oblige.— Follow this polite Gentleman home, look at him as he throws himself into his chair—bless me! is this the cheerful companion, who was so easy, merry and polite, a few moments ago? What a frown—what a forbidding look. The boy comes in with his slippers to take his boots, and if he does not place the bootjack in the proper position, he receives from this mild master a severe kick. The children know their father too well to come near him, and they are stealing a fearful joy in a distant corner of the room, when a voice like thunder orders them out. His wife appears without a smile, her face is full of anxiety, lest her beloved spouse be in a rage—she speaks to him with hesitation, he answers harshly—Have you been agreeably entertained this evening, my dear? No—is supper ready? It will be served in a few minutes—Why is it not on the table? Why you have just come in—it would have spoiled to have dished it before you came home. You have always some miserable excuse, it is past the usual time, be quick about it; let it be on the table immediately, or I will not eat a bit—Now is it possible for any man of sense, and Drusus is not a fool, to suppose that he increases his own happiness, by becoming proud, haughty, and supercilious in his own family, peevish to all his domestics, morose in his conduct, and angry when he finds any of them pleased.—A few days ago his wife went to visit a sick neighbor, leaving Drusus drinking his pint of wine after dinner, at which time he is gentlest at home. There was only one girl in the house, who was in the nursery with the children. The wine happened to please the Gentleman better than usual, and he determined to indulge in another pint, but there was no more on the table, and the case stood with the keys in it, about three steps from his chair—He rings the bell—nobody answers—he rings again—still a silence—his brows were now knit, and wrath gathering

fast, but to demonstrate the vast extent of his patience, he gives peal the third—silence still. No mortal, cries Drusus, could bear this—he runs to the Nursery, for he knew there was only one girl in the house, and there he beholds one of his children asleep on one knee, and the sucking infant on the other. This picture to most people, would have been a tolerable excuse, for not answering the bell—not so to Drusus—he vomits out the most terrible threats, & unable to contain himself, he gives the girl a box on the ear. The woman astonished, jumps up, lets the sleeping child fall on the foot of the cradle, throws the infant on the bed, and runs out screaming murder. Your ill tempered people never like to reflect on the mischief they have done, they endeavor to stifle thought and to force tranquillity of mind. Drusus returned to his wine without deigning to look at the children, he wished to believe that he had done nothing amiss, & that they would lie where they were till his wife returned—But their screams obliged him to retrace his steps, and as he does not want affection, tho’ he is so peevish and ill tempered, he was filled with horror on entering the nursery to see his little girl Margaret weltering in her blood. He lifted her up, & found that she had cut herself severely on the head by her fall. Here was an end to his tranquillity—he could not help blaming his rashness—“Had I taken the trouble of stepping to the case myself instead of ringing for the servant, all this confusion, anxiety and pain would have been saved.” But bad temper, peevishness and moroseness are not always with the husband, not perhaps so frequently as with the wife, and a greater number of families are disturbed by the peevishness of the Lady, than the fullness of the Gentleman.— There are many women, who are in the greatest errors least it should be supposed, that they are not the mistresses of the house, which consists, as they explain it, not merely in directing the internal economy of their families, but the husband too. They are careful therefore to contradict their partner on all occasions, right or wrong—if he wish to go east, they are determined that he shall go west—if south, north. To yield a single point would be in their opinion, highly disgraceful, they rather choose to keep their house in continual uproar. It may appear curious that such women should consider, that obedience which constitutes the true honor of a wife, her greatest disgrace, and that they should rather be disposed to break their vow taken at the altar to be submissive and obedient, than to keep it—thus choosing perjury & misery rather than contentment and peace. Yet no man can be at a loss for many such examples in the circle of his acquaintance. Not that I think the woman should be a cypher in her own house, her obedience is the submission of love, and as long as it remains so, she commands while she obeys. It is by her softness, her tenderness & affection, that she regulates the wishes of her husband, smooths off his asperities, and makes him delight in anticipating her desires. Were married persons animated with a uniform desire to please, it is not easy to conceive a

of difference, and surely if it be prudent to cultivate general politeness, and to be civil to all in our social intercourse, it is still more necessary to please the person we are meeting every moment of the day, as it is practised, it will smooth off mutual protruberances, one concession will lead to another—crossings, quarrels, sulky fits, which consume so much of the lives of the wretched, and render them so miserable, will be banished, and smiles and good will take up their habitations in the houses of all, who are taught to direct themselves by this simple and obvious precept.

For the Gazette.

The tempest spreads—the lightning glances
Its livid fire o’er Ocean’s realms;
And as it darts its beams,
It glares with rulo terribly.

Columbia, whose rising stars,
Shone fairly ’mid’st our flag war,
And cheer’d her leagued States of
Now arms with bitter enemy.

The sword, that in her hand of down,
To aid a nobler cause was drawn,
With fatal zeal is now giv’g on
To prop the throne of tyranny.

And dare she think that proud herself
Her rash unhallow’d arms will bless;
When she rely her beautiful self
To fight against her own distress.

No! the bold Lion steps before,
But now he threatens at her door,
He then shall lead his dreadful roar,
Now speaks in thunder loudly.

Secure is Britain’s vital spot;
So here she lies not at the foot,
Hither he looks with wild intent,
Here points the mortal blow.

The’ this our ranks, and shall our land,
The God of Armies never our aid,
And though their hosts fill the world,
Our cry may yet be VICTORY!

THE Welch poetical triads are a species of composition probably wholly unknown to most of our readers. The following, in the opinion of the translator, contains many valuable observations expressed in singular brevity.

The three foundations of genius are the gift of God, human exertion, and the events of life.

The three first requisites of genius; an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares follow it.

The three things indispensibly to genius; understanding, meditation, and perseverance.

The three things that enoble genius—vigor, discretion and knowledge.

The three tokens of genius—extraordinary understanding, extraordinary conduct, and extraordinary exertions.

The three things that improve genius—proper exertion, frequent exertion, and successful exertion.

The three things that support genius—prosperity, social acquaintance, and applause.

The three qualifications of poetry—endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and rectitude of thought.

The three pillars of learning—feeling much, suffering much, and writing much.

Printed and Published

By STEPHEN MILLS.

A few doors East of WALKER’S Hotel,
Price fifteen shillings per ann.—5s. in advance
5s. in six months, and 5s. at the end of the
year—Exclusive of postage.