# The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

W. J. FRANCIS, PROPRIETOR. | "God—and our Native Land." | TERMS—$2 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. VIII. | SUMTERVILLE, S. C., JANUARY 4, 1854. | NO. 10.



THE SUMTER BANNER

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday Morning

BY W. J. FRANCIS.

TERMS,

TWO DOLLARS in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the expiration of six months or Three Dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are PAID, unless at the option of the Proprietor.

☞ Advertisements inserted at SEVENTY-FIVE Cents per square, (12 lines or less) for the first, and half that sum for each subsequent insertion.

☞ The number of insertions to be marked on all Advertisements or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

☞ ONE DOLLAR per square for a single Insertion. Quarterly and Monthly Advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and semi-monthly the same as new ones


## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

It is now many years since the first battalion of the 17th Regiment of Foot under orders to embark for India—that far distant land, where so many of our brave countrymen have fallen victims to the climate, and where so few have slept in what soldiers call 'the bed of glory'—were assembled in the barrack-yard of Chatham to be inspected previously to their passing on board the passports, which lay moored in the Downs.

It was scarcely daylight, when the merry drum and fife were heard over all parts of the town, and the soldiers were seen sallying forth from their quarters, to join the ranks, with their bright firelocks on their shoulders, and their knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as snow.

Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance—or by s[illegible] and with a deeper tale to [illegible] either and [illegible] a sentimental woman [illegible] weeping and laughter a[illegible] assembled groups.

[illegible]nd battalion was to remain [illegible]ing [illegible], and the greater portion of the division were present to bid farewell to their old companions in arms. But among the husbands and wives, uncertainty as to their destiny prevailed—for the lots were still to be drawn—the lots that were to decide which of the women should accompany the regiment, and which should remain behind. Ten of each company were to be taken, and chance was to be the only arbitrator. Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my attention to that company which was commanded by my friend, captain Ledon, a brave and excellent officer, who, I am sure has no more than myself forgotten the scene to which I refer.

The women had gathered around the flag-sergeant who held the lots in his cap—ten of them marked "to go"—and all the others containing the fatal words "to remain." It was a moment of dreadful suspense, and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so powerfully depicted in the countenances of human beings as in the features of each of the soldiers' wives who composed the group. One advanced and drew her ticket; it was against her, and she retreated sobbing. Another; she succeeded; and giving a loud huzza, ran off to the distant ranks to embrace her husband. A third came forward with hastening steps; tears were already chasing each other down her cheeks, and there was an unnatural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance. She put her small hand into the sergeant's cap, and I saw by the rise and fall of her bosom, even more than her looks revealed. She unrolled the paper, looked upon it, and with a deep groan fell back and fainted. So intense was the anxiety of every person present, that she remained unnoticed, until the tickets had been drawn, and the greater part of the women had left the spot. I then looked round and beheld her supported by her husband who was kneeling on the ground gazing on her face, and drying her fast falling tears with his coarse handkerchief, and now and then pressing it to his own manly cheek.

Captain Ledon advanced towards them.

"I am sorry, Henry Jenkins," said he "that fate has been against you; but bear up and be stout hearted."

"I am, Capain," said the soldier, as he looked up, and passed his rough hand accross his face, "but 'tis a hard thing to part from a wife, and she soon to be a mother."

"O, Captain!" sobbed the young woman, "as you are both a husband and a father, do not take [illegible] from me!"

and looking up in his face exclaiming, "Oh! leave me to my only hope, at least till God has given me another; and repeated in heart rending accents, "O take me with him?"

The gallant officer was himself in tears—he knew that it was impossible to grant the poor woman's petition without creating much discontent in his company, and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the sufferings he cannot alleviate.

At this moment, a smart young soldier stepped forward, and stood before the Captain with his hand to his cap.

"And what do you want my good fellow?" said the Captain.

"My name is John Carty, please your honor, an' I belong to the second battalion."

"And what do you want here?"

"Only, yer honor," said Carty, scratching his head, "that poor man and his wife are now sorrow hearted at parting, I'm thinking."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why yer honor, they say I'm a likely lad, and I know I'm fit for service—and if your honor would only let that poor fellow take my place in Captain Bond's company, and let me take his place in yours—why, yer honor would make two poor things happy, and save the life of one of 'em I'm thinking."

Captain Ledon considered for a few moments, and directing the young Irishman to remain where he was proceeded to his brother officers' quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of soldiers, and returned to the place where he had left them.

"Well, John Carty," said he, "you go to Bengal with me; and you, Henry Jenkins remain at home with your wife."

"Thank yer honor," said John Carty again touching his cap [illegible] "[illegible] and his w[illegible] you captain!" said the soldier as he pressed his wife closer to his bosom. "Oh, bless him forever!" said the wife: "bless him with prosperity and a happy heart!—bless his wife, and bless his children;" and again she fainted.

The officer wiping a tear from his eye, and exclaiming, "May you never want a friend, when I am far away from you—you, my good lad, and your amiable and loving wife!" passed on to the company, while the happy couple went in search of John Carty.

* * * * * *

About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge, upon a wide heath in the county of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with much fatigue, and at last stopped to rest his wearied limbs beside the old finger post, which at one time pointed out the way to the neighboring villages: but which now afforded no information to the traveller, for age had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing upon him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them towards him, and inquired the way to the village of Elderby. The eldest, a fine, intelligent lad, about twelve years of age, pointed to the path, and inquired if he was going to any particular house in the village.

"No, my little lad," said the soldier, "but it is on the high road to Frome, and I have friends there: but, in truth I am very wearied, and perhaps may find in your village, some persons who may befriend a poor man, and look to God for a reward."

"Sir," said the boy, "my father was a soldier many years ago, and he dearly loves to look upon a red coat, you may besure of a welcome.

"And you can tell us stories about the foreign parts," said the younger lad a find chubby cheeked fellow, who, with his watch-coat thrown carelessly over his shoulders, and his crook in his right hand, had been minutely examining every portion of the soldier's dress. The boys gave instruction to the intelligent dog, who, they said, would take good care of the sheep during their absence; and in a few moments the soldier and his young and sprightly companions reached the gate of a flourishing farm house, which had all the external tokens of prosperity and happiness. The young boy trotted a few paces before to give his parents notice that they had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable roof and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door when he was received by a joyful cry of recognition from his old friends, Henry Jenkins [illegible] his wife; and he was welcomed as brother to the dwelling of those, who all probability were indebted to him their present enviable station.

[illegible] is unnecessary to pursue this story [illegible] than to add, that John Carty [illegible] long at Fiderby farm; and that at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. Cast thy bread upon the waters, said the wise man, and it shall be returned to thee after many days.

TRUE AND TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The New Orleans Delta gives the following: An official, on All-Saints' Day, arrayed himself in his best apparel, and at the request of his wife, called a carriage to visit the cemeteries. The husband, be it promised knew that his beloved, ere he married her, was a widow. As soon as they entered the gate of the said City of Silence, a shade of melancholy passed over the lady's face, and clinging to her husband's arm, she went to a tomb, at which she knelt, and prayed for the repose of her "dear dead husband's soul." Tears flew plentifully; but the living husband, though he felt a little mortified at the strong affection which his wife showed for her first love, now sleeping the eternal sleep, still forgave the outburst, and hurried her from the spot. Soon, however, she knelt before another tomb, and again uttered a touching orison for the repose of the soul of her "dear dead husband," whose holy dust there found a resting place.

The husband thought that was a little more than he had bargained for; but he said nothing, though grave were his reflections, as he again led his wife from a spot which awakened such sad remembrances. He had not gone far when his wife again turned aside, knelt, and then prayed as before the repose of her "dear dead husband's soul!" The husband could stand it no longer, and uttered an unexcusable and unhusbandly oath, said: "D——n it, Madame! how many husbands, in the Lord's name, have you buried?" Ere the accusing spirit had flown to heaven's chancery with the oath, the [illegible] of the wife were [illegible] the name of "the earth, earthy," and she answered [illegible] and pruning woman [illegible]

"Three, Sir, only, *and that* [illegible] seem by your outrageous conduct, *is one too few!*"

DOCTORS.—If we examine the life of the practicing physician, we find it gilded and shining on the surface, but beneath the spangles, how much pain and hardship! The practicing physician is one of the martyrs of modern society; he drinks the cup of bitterness, and empties it to his dregs. He is under the weight of tremendous responsibility, and his reward is but too often injustice and ingratitude. He spends his youthful years in the exhausting investigation of anatomy; he breathes the air of putrifaction, and is daily exposed to all the perils of contagion. View him in the practice of his difficult art which he has acquired at the risk of his life! He saves or cures his patient; it is the result of change, or else it is alleged that it is nature, nature alone, that cures disease, and that the physician is only useful for form sake—Then, consider the mortification he has to undergo when he sees unblushing ignorance win the success which is denied to his learning and talents, and you will acknowledge that the trials of the physician are not surpassed in any other business of life.

There is another evil the honorable physician has to contend with—a hideous and devouring evil, commenced by the world, and seemingly forevermore destined to be an infliction upon humanity. This evil is Quackery, which takes advantage of that deplorable instinct which actually seeks falsehood; and prefers it to truth. How often do we see the shameless and ignorant speculator arrest the public attention, and attain fortune, while neglect, obscurity and poverty are the portion of the modest practioner, who has embraced the profession of medicine with conscientiousness, and cultivates it with dignity and honor.

*Prof. Carnochan.*

"POOR FELLOW! I'M SORROW FOR HIM."—Did you know him when he was not a poor fellow; when all that makes life dear, surrounded him happy sunpresent—a golden future was his tence and his prophetic destin now the cloud of adversity he ped his hopes—calamity, ever produced by his own indiscr use the mildest term, has over him in its dark embrace, and *poor fellow!* These words wer ed by a party of gay young m the counter of one of our palace ing saloons while they supped fragrant "punch," referring to ou had once been their boon com and with them then a clever fell to him the bowl contained tation irresistible, and he fell. had a noble big heart—thought all like himself—spent his substance upon just such cold-blooded things as now exclaim "Poor fellow, we pity him!"

Jim says there is no place like home except the home of the girl you are after.

## Literature.

*Letter from Dr. Lieber to Lieut. Maury on International Uniformity of Measure.*

The following letter, having been submitted to our perusal, we have the satisfaction—with the consent of the writer—of presenting it to our readers. The graceful and happy manner in which an important subject is handled, and the personal courtesies, remind us of an older day in literature:

*Literary World.*

"Columbia, S. C., 16th November, 1853.—*My dear Maury*—I am now ready, but by no means desirous of returning to you the copy of the 'Maritime Conference' which you kindly [illegible] me—ready because on it is written *'Lieut. M. F. Maury's own,'*—by no means desirous, because that copy is to me a memento, a cairn, a little obelisk, indicating one of those acorn events from which broad, shadowy, and time defying trees grow up. You twelve men as you are sitting round the table at Brussels, represented the effect of a long chain of civilizing facts, and the germs of many new spreading and lasting ones. It falls in my note on page 61, vol ii., of Civil Liberty and Self-Government. The World's Fair in 1851; the closing of that long epic on heroic perseverance and 'divine curiosity' which tells the protracted searches for a North-west passage; Free Trade, and your tiny, yet potential conference at Brussels, are the achievements which I would print with red ink, as marking the middle of the 19th century, in a chronology for school boys. *Pero si muove.*

"I was delighted to see, in the Maritime Conference, your pervadingi nfluence, and proud to perceive the genial and quickening impulse given by our country, through your [illegible] great business. How admirably greater and more essential the influence of our country [illegible] or of mine, [illegible] the third chariot to [illegible] what ever nation, if he will come in and swear allegiance to the international cause of civilization and science, than the acquisition of a strip of land! You are a lucky man. You have indelibly attached your name to a great cause, and others have carved your name in never melting ice, up there, even above the name of Wellington in Wellington Channel. A cold place for your name, to be sure, but then it is only your name, while the warm souled Muses themselves, were obliged to put up for a great part of the year, with snow on Mount Helicon. When I saw for the first time, that sacred spot, from a hill of rubbish in Corinth, I could not help thinking whether the poor girls had not a simmering tea-pot for their use. Dr. Johnson certainly must have believed so, though he loved the Muses, he loved his tea no less. Your name being on the map above that of Wellington reminds me that I once succeeded in what neither Soult nor Napoleon ever could accomplish: I once got the Duke of Wellington fairly off his legs. I was invited to a breakfast in London, and being behind my time, I hastened down that lane between Green Park and that row of houses in which Rogers, the veteran poet, lives. Walking briskly down the somewhat inclined plane, I hurriedly turned the corner, when I ran against an old gentlemen, and made him stagger for a moment. 'I beg your Lordship's pardon,' I exclaimed, for I recognised at once the Duke of Wellington, and saw that I had actually taken the hero of Great Britain. 'Nothing, nothing,' he mumbled, and waked on.

"I am very glad that your Maritime Congress will lead to the adoption of a uniform thermometer. At least, it is to be hoped that it will be so. It is a downright shame that the *Europides*, with one religion and one alphabet, one numeric notation, one mathematical language, one music, one dress, one coinity, one science, one architecture, one taste in the fine arts, one love of cheer, one international law, one commerce one rigging, one yearning for liberty, one fashion, one [illegible], one organization of armies, and [illegible] uniform things—that these same Europides should worry one another with different longitudes, different thermometers, different weights, coins and miles. Soon after I had returned from my pilgrimage to the crystal fountain in London, it became known that there would be a surplus. I proposed, in a letter to the London Times, that this sum towards which all nations had contributed, might be invested in the spirit in which it had been contributed, by the establishing of an international society for the promotion of uniform measure (in all branches) and uniform postage. I proposed even a plan, but the letter was never published. I suppose the editors thought—what good can come from America? I know the task would be no easy one; but this is only an additional reason why we should begin stirring at once. Columbus knocked in vain at many a door, but he discovered America nevertheless, and in a crazy craft too. We ought to remember the spider of Bruce and the ant of Timoor; that Rome was not built in one day, and parliamentary reform was carried on after a hundred failures. What in worldly point of view had Christ done when he expired on Golgotha? Far less than Mahomet. He had taught twelve poor unknown men, and one even of that number turned a traitor. It is destruction and relapse that are quick. All rearing is slow. It takes centuries to develop the majestic oak, but one lightening shatters it into fragments in one second. Modern civilization does not fight under the proud letters S. P. Q. R., but under the letters P. P. P., Patience, Prudence and Persevernce.

"In uniformizing measures (let the word pass,) we only carry on a process which has been going on for centuries. In those periods, when tribes and districts were not yet nationalized, each patch of land, each town, even different trades and detailed branches of commerce, had their own laws and measures. Many traces of this disjunctive state of things can be found to this day, in every arithmetic of England and of the United States; and in Hamburg you will find different yards for silk, woolen, and cotton goods. Why does not our annual meeting of scientific men do something toward this uniformizing, and put itself in contact, for this purpose, with the corresponding meetings in England? You have seen, no doubt, that there is an active movement in England to bring about a decimal standard of coins.

"I think it is in Humbolt's 'Aspect of Nature,' translated by Mrs. Sabine, that [illegible]ator says the foises and [illegible] the hygrometer have been retained to insure greater accuracy. Is not this really a [illegible] [illegible] things? And [illegible] [illegible] to the reasonable thermometer of Fahrenheit, while his countrymen have long given it up?

"I was told in New York that the accomplished mechanist, Whitworth, sent over by the British Government to the great exhibition in that city, urged his favorite idea that screws should be made by like patterns all over the world, so that an inch screw be an inch screw everywhere. This strikes me as a sublime idea. Observe, I write in English, and mean *bona fide*, sublime. I do not write in French. An American steamer may break down in the East India waters for want it may be, of a screw of a certain size. Screws purporting to be of that size, are for sale, but they will not fit, and none can be made on board. What can be done? Why, let off the steam and crawl along by wind. Whitby's uniformity would remedy this.

"But you are a sailor, and although sailors like an occasional long yarn, they are known to be fond of verbal yarns only. I cut short my epistolary one.

"Let me know whether I ought to return your copy of the Maratiae Conference. Ever yours.

"FRANCIS LIEBER."

DEATH OF A WIFE.—Is there not something very touching, very tender, and very true, in the reflections which ensue? They are from an English journal.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements sink into nothing. The wife—she who fills so large a sphere in the domestic heaven: she who is busied, so unweariedly, in laboring for the precious ones around her—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars glittered over head. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that lay upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded, white and cold, beneath gloomy portals. The heart, whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

TO MAKE A CANDLE BURN ALL NIGHT. I remember of seeing some years since in an agricultural work, now out of print, an article on 'Economy in Candles,' which may be new and useful to many of our readers. "When as in case of sickness, a dull light is wished, or when matches are missing, put finely powdered salt on the candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be had through the night, by a small piece of candle."

### Trouble in New York.

There is a great excitement in New York just at this time on the subject of what is called "street-preaching," or rather the fanatical denunciation and abuse of religious sects, involving the question of Protestanism vs. Roman Catholicism—and in consequence of the dangerous and threating aspect of things in connection with it, the mayor of the city, on Friday evening, thought proper to issue a proclamation counseling the people of the city to refrain from discussions in the public thoroughfares, by which the passions or the prejudices of others might be aroused, and not to attend, particularly on Sandays, any assemblages in any public place or street, the consequences of which may be a breach of the peace. Archbishop Hughes also addressed the Catholics of the city through the press, exhorting them to behave themselves quietly, and not to go near the assemblies which are gathered to listen to men of the stamp complained of, but if any attempt should be made on their persons or property as Catholics, to resist it gallantly.

That our readers may have a fair understanding of this matter, its origin and history, and the circumstances under which the mayor and Bishop Hughes act, we annex from the Commercial Advertiser, of Saturday evening, an avowed Protestant journal, the following:

The mayor's proclamation, which we published yesterday and republished to day with some typographical errors corrected, was made expedient, if not indeed necessary, by a state of excitement in the city deeply to be regretted. The origin of that excitement is known to many only in general terms; and it is desirable that fuller particulars should be placed before the community. We have been at some pains to procure full and impartial information on the subject, and flatter ourselves that we can throw some light upon it. We shall, at least, candidly endeavor to do so. The following facts are derived from high and competent authority:

Some weeks ago an Englishman (not Mr. Parsons) commenced public or street lectures against Romanism.—He was but a recently arrived emigrant from London, as was inferred from his manifest "cockneyism." On the second or third occasion some of those unruly youths who infest the city gathered around while he was speaking, tipped over the plank, called a platform, on which he stood. This rudeness excited some laughter, but the police restored order, and replaced the speaker on the stand. Subsequently he removed the theatre of his operations to Abingdon Square, where he violently denounced Romanists in offensive language, virtually asserting that the Sisters of Charity were the most unchaste of women, that nunneries were the brothels, and that Romish priests frequented them for lewd purposes, &c. &c.; and denounced the police (some of whom were present to preserve order) as Jesuits in the pay of the Romish priesthood. The whole passed quietly, however, being interrupted only by laughter, ironical cheers and expressions of dissent. At the close of the discourse the speaker announced his intention of repeating it on the following Sunday.

At this point, however, a secret society of young men, organized on [illegible]limated "Native American" principles, but not of a religious character certainly, took cognisance of the matter. The incongruousness of their supporting one whose foreign birth and education were so palpable, led to a change in the person of the lecturer.—The London gentleman was set aside, and Mr. Parsons, who is, we believe, not a native American, was put in his stead. This gentleman has been classed as a clergyman. But this, we believe, is not the fact. Mr. Parsons, though an estimate citizen, is not, by any mode of ordination, a minister of the Gospel. He is a porter we understand, in a mercantile house, the name of the firm having been given to us.—The style of his addresses, we are informed, is very similar to that of the Englishman above mentioned. While indulging in these strong phrases, he was kindly informed by the police that he must not pursue that course, as it would lead probably to a breach of the peace. He claimed, in reply, that he had a license thus to discourse in the public streets, granted to him by the late Mayor. On further inquiry, however, he admitted that it was only a verbal permission.

The danger of disturbance becoming serious, the captains of the police, whose wards were more immediately affected by these proceedings, represented the case to Mayor Westervelt, who revoked whatever license Mr. Parsons possessed. The much talked of arrest at the foot of Third street was rather a removal of Mr. Parsons from the scene of a threatened disturbance than aught else. No intention of incarceration was entertained. Capt. Squiers had been apprised that Mr. Parsons had no license, and was ordered by the Mayor to take the step he did, because the Mayor believed that the speaker was violating the city ordinances. The error was promptly corrected, and the inconvenience suffered by Mr. Parsons was too insignificant to be a matter of serious complaint under the circumstances. Mayor Westervelt's reply to the crowd who surrounded his house was worthy of the Chief Masistrate of the city.—"Gentlemen," said he, in substance "If Mr. Parsons has been illegally removed, or is illegally held, the law will right and release him; but if the proper tribunal adjudges otherwise, though you were a million, I will uphold and enforce the law." Mr. Parsons was discharged, and with subsequent proceedings our readers are familiar.

### President Pierce at Church.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Presbyterian gives a description of President Pierce at church, a few Sabbaths since, which will be recognised as strictly true, not only as to the particular Sabbath referred to, but of every Sabbath, by a large number of the citizens of Washington. We copy the letter, that our readers abroad may know the personal habits of the chief magistrate, and that they may know how to appreciate the late calumnies upon his moral character. The letter runs as follows:—*Washington Union.*

"The Rev. Mr. Baird, of South Carolina, preached a plain, earnest discourse in the morning. In the afternoon I attended at the same place. The President of the United States, although evidently not expected by the congregation, was present at this second service, he being a stated hearer elsewhere. There was a simple majesty, in my own mind, very impressive, in the fact that the chief magistrate of this mighty nation should thus come alone and unattended to the house of God, and sit down among the humblest of the people, so unostentatiously, that it was impossible for me, a stranger, to single him out. He was pointed out to me as he retired; and he went as he came—and I believe without a carriage, for I saw none—mingling with the throng on the sidewalk as he wended his way back to the white House.

"President Pierce is a refined, polished looking man; and his countenance is indicative of great sagacity and decision. His dress was plain, (simple black,) and scrupulously neat, his hair arranged in the most perfect order. In person he is, I should judge, about five feet ten inches high. So far as personal appearance goes, there is no American who would not look upon the man with pride.

"I am told that he is a careful observer of the Sabbath; refuses to receive visiters, and refuses to look into any correspondence or other business on that day; is a constant attendent on public worship and his influence here in favor of sound morals and religion is strong and decided. The appearance of the President yesterday was strikingly devout, his attention was given closely to the sermon, and at one passage, in which the preacher spoke of the manner in which God [illegible] the afflictions and [illegible] was observed to shed tears. May God give him the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!"

WHO ARE THE PEOPLE?—The manners people are not to be found in the schools of learning or the places of greatness, where the national character is obscured or obliterated by travel or instruction, by philosophy or vanity nor is public happiness to estimated by the assemblies of the 500 or the boquets of the rich. The great mass of nations is neither rich nor gay they whose aggregate constitutes the people, are found in the streets and villages, in the shops and farms; and from them; collectively considered, must the measure of general prosperity be taken.

Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And will scarcely kiss a brother;
But women oft want a kiss so bad,
They smack and kiss each other.

The following is one of the toasts given on a recent public occasion out west: "American youth: May their ambition reach as high as their standing collars."

A man's marriage concerns none else, (except it may be herself,) but it is the thing most meddled with by other people.