

The Sumter Banner.

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

W. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

Our Country—Right or Wrong—Our Country.

TERMS, \$2 a year in advance.

VO. IV.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C. DECEMBER 19, 1849.

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THE SUMTER BANNER:

TERMS:
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The number of insertions to be published 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 at the rate of a single insertion, and semi-monthly the same as new ones.

All Ordinary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications, circumlocuting Candidates for public offices or trust, or Exhibitions, will be charged as Advertisements.

All letters by mail must be paid to insure punctual attendance.

For the Proprietor, W. J. Francis, Sumterville, S. C.

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER:
Messrs. W. J. Francis, Sumterville, S. C.

Choice Poetry.

FOR THE BANNER.

Monday on a Gentle Wind.

Uplift the soul of the soaring bird,
What mighty elixir holds its wings,
Here, and seek its home among the trees,
This Society, oh, toms not brought with a
Dread; a blissless dream, in peaceful slumber,
Hopes that the ere be located in words. The verdant

Spring buds crowned the hilltops with many a
Stalk of tender flower, yet her bloom
The etheric wind snaws the gown, and so she
Fragile bud. Upheaving sighs the soul
Grief, o'erflowed the air with heaviness,
Mute the language of tranquil life. The
Houglis which twice of earth thy in soul
With dewy embrace the sunbeams, perchings
Of the mind and wake up a new world in the
soul.

And yet I long to hold converse with thy silence,
Tis as the general pulse of time sound still,
And Nature made pause. No word of sound
No starting voice breaks the silence
Of the ever-calm. All her
Can man ever learn from man?
Nature here doth teach. Dat
A name. Pride fathoms wrong, and the course of
Him who second the company of what
Behold it here—entomb'd with clay. Time's
hand

Doth compass hold o'er Gods best handwork
Ay, it should. 'Tis written on the book
Of life and He doth write it.

See, on me trees find him
The brow of your old one, where now in wild
Confusion, scathed with the war of ten thousand
Storms and thunders which here have, haled
From its deep brook, led the monarch
Of the forest growth which now c'er strews
The ground—impedes the foot of man.
Prophetic gloom! * * * * *

'Tis out in early years while life's young
Broom scarce ting'd the meadow of my cheek, I've
Dreamed of haunts like these and thought them
like

The imagery of sleep, or ere the pale of
Everlasting light hangs on thy dusky
Pennon o'er the grave, a state of wakeful poesy
Filled with the music of a thousand waives
By Nature murmured, or a lullaby to charm
The spirit in its upward flight

The grave! What heraldry
What pomp, what solemn cant doth attend
The circumstance of death. Front trapping
house!

The stilled noise of wealth, and with acclaim
Starch menials through the way and cry anon
"Make room, make room, a leading lady
the way!"

While thither, led by uprightsires, a train
Slow winding to the distant glades proclaims
The sober deizion, or the husbandman whose
Peaceful mind, or ere the stretch of life gain'd
The will, had won him many a friend
Here within the portals of my native dell
I've seen the redoubt reins grim bednet the earth.

I've seen the wretch who
Stares some portion of his own being,
Tho' death to me has no fowens to mar
The peaceful occupation of my days.

'Tis even—Now strike
Thelyre oh night! and wake the elfin tones
Which haunt the solemn dusk of these abodes,
God! how my soul e'en wanders to the throne
Of heaven or o'erburdened with a sense
Of thankful grief, would burst with very ecstasy!

To a Young Lady.

If there's on earth a cure
For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day
To be the best companion of thy way;
To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
Those virtuous eyes forever turned on me;
And in their light reaches silently
Like the stained web, that whiten in the sun,
So grows pure, by being purely shone upon.

Dr. Johnson well says, 'great talents
for conversation require to be accompa-
nied with great politeness; he who eclip-
ses others owes them great civilities,
and whoever a mistaken vanity may
tell us, it is better to please in conver-
sation than to shine in it.'

Written Expressly for the Sumter Banner.

Trifling with the Heart.

OR THE
WRONG PATH.

AN OVER TRUE TALK.

"I have a passion for the name of Mary.
For once it was a true sound to me.
And still it had-calls up the visions of
Where I beheld what never was to be.
All things changed, but this was last lovers
A spell from which even yet I am not
quite free." BYRON.

There is no record of the heart transcribed with truth, not the slightest of its secret workings carefully exposed, that can fail to interest.

But this care extends to such delicate points, to so nice a distinction in the application of terms, that few indeed of the most popular writers have realized them interesting; and most delineations of the tender passion descend to the ridiculous. I ever fail in my own mind. Besides, my own connection with this story will be no aid to its unimpaired recital—for, whatsoever may be believed to the contrary it is in my recital to picture truthfully, that the details of which we are intimate are required. These disadvantages might be sufficient to deter me from the attempt; but there is at one least a bright eye that will sparkle over these pages, and it may be pleasant for their owner to know that my branch of our common memories is not dead or withered yet. It never will be. God bless thee, Mary! I call her Mary. There are some who know the tale of old; it may be only delicate to wave her rightful title; and I call her Mary for I love the name. How many high, pure and holy associations gather at the sound of Mary, may every Mary be as best her whose name is written high above all others in time and in eternity, holy and good!

Mary Bentley was a country girl—not such an one, I would have you to understand me, as the fact would naturally call to your mind in its association with pigs and poultry, cows and constables, milk and milkmaids—not fat and rosy-cheeked and ripe looking, but pale and delicate and slender, with a face asking to be protected as well as loved.

Calling of an afternoon upon the daughter of Mr. C—(as near as I wish to go to the initial) a wealthy citizen of —, in which town I then was residing, I met her. She admitted me, and being a stranger, I bowed and asked for the object of my visit. After handing in my card, she returned to the parlour and seated herself at an open window that looked out upon the lawn in front. In form she was tall and very graceful, and, as I have stated, delicate. She had a mild grey eye, but brilliant when in conversation; and she possessed that ornament to woman, a head of beautiful black hair. She was tastefully dressed, without other decoration than a rosebud in her bosom, in pure white.

I did not sit long in silence, for it is awkward; and as the day was unquestionably fine, I said so. Now, there is a stereotyped reply to all remarks upon the weather, and I once heard of a bashful lover who, poetically saying of a bright evening, "Quite a moon," was answered by his mistress, "very!" But Miss Bentley was by no means poor in thoughts, or in language to express them. She spoke of its influence upon the flowers and fields, and led the conversation into such a pleasant view, that I saw she did not lack fancy either.

She conversed on different themes pending Miss R—'s appearance, and more than once I caught my gaze resting upon her countenance with something beyond usual interest. There was nothing of high mark stamped there. She was even plain to the outward eye, and in one feature homely. But there was a grace and ease about her, a magnetism of expression, that my heart holds to be beauty if my heart rejects it.

While we were talking, Miss R—glided in, and bidding me welcome, said "Mr. Fort—Miss Bentley," "Miss Bentley!" I repeated.

"You are somewhat late," said Miss Bentley, laughing. "Do you think so so dull as to sit here all this while without making each other's acquaintance?"

"Complimentary—is it it, Mr. Fort?" she asked, turning to me.

"Miss R—might have thought so without being very uncomplimentary," said I—"for there are few persons in whose society a stranger would find himself so perfectly at ease in so short a time as in that of Miss Bentley."

"No compliments, I pay you!" replied Miss Bentley, "or I may be jealous," quizzically added Miss R—, "How unfortunate," said I, "that I could not prevail upon Mr.—to accompany me. I might have escaped the severity of your wit."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Miss Bentley; "I see that Mr. Fort understands the vulnerable points in your position, and can remain your slits with effect."—This I certainly had done, for Miss R—blushed deeply; but effecting nonchalance, she laughed with us.

The afternoon sped rapidly away, and what with laughter, and song; and worldly jest, evening came on almost before I was aware of its approach. Declining an invitation to tea, and shaking the hand of each, I walked towards home.

I did not long remain in ignorance of her position. She was an orphan girl—the housekeeper at Mr. R—'s, but ever treated as one of the family.

Months rolled round in their usual course, and I visited there frequently in company with an acknowledged suitor of Miss R—. This threw me more particularly into the society of Mary Bentley, whom I found by far more congenial company than her friend. She was free (almost to folly) and open hearted and kind, and there was a freshness about her heart's early sympathies that it was pleasant to be with. The dew was on every leaf—the flowers of life's morning were open, neither withered by the sunshine of prosperity nor blasted by the storms of adversity. It was not long before we came to see and think and speak alike, and clung together as naturally as ivy and oak.

Among other amusements frequently enjoyed was riding on horses, and it was not the least agreeable; for, the woodland scenery about—is very beautiful. We were returning from a ride one evening when our conversation turned upon flirtation. After repeated assertions that I had never flirted during the period of my natural existence, and knew nothing of the game, she playfully constituted herself my teacher, and proceeded to initiate me into its mysteries.

"To commence," said I, "supposing I take your hand—the next step I presume would be to press it."

"Stop, stop, sir!" said Mary; you proceed too fast, it is hardly time for that yet."

"As you please," I replied; "you will find me an obedient scholar."

The introductory lesson was continued until we reached the door, and awaiting the company who lingered behind, she proceeded with instructions concerning my conduct on the occasion of my next meeting with her. These were concluded as the loiterers arrived, and bidding the ladies adieu, my gentlemen companions and myself rode homeward.

My fair instructress pursued the theme declaring that I was an apt scholar, (who would not have been?) and so admirably did we play the lovers, that what was just with us appeared to the world clearly earnest. Dame Gossip soon counted us as one. The thing was pleasant enough, and as the agreement was that neither should ask for a cessation of this mimic courtship without being willing to acknowledge won, and it became fair reality, I went on, little dreaming it must shortly end. As I was in the garden on a beautiful evening in the fall, she said to me in a serious tone—"Charles, it is time we should cease this idle play. It seems to me very like trifling with a sacred passion."

"Say you so, my lady love?" I replied gaily; "and you acknowledge that tender heart of yours given over to my keeping?"

"I do not say that, Charles; but every one speaks of us—we are subject to the world's remarks. Do you know said she "that they say we are engaged?"

"And if they do," I replied, "do you so much regard the world's idle tongue? For me, give me a pleasant hour innocently enjoyed, and the world may talk itself hoarse and I take to bed with a sore throat, and I would not so much as once send to know when it might be convalescent."

"No, no, Charles; it is not for that, but," said she, sadly, and pointing slowly towards the house, "I have friends to please."

"Mary," said I, "I am sincerely sorry, but I suppose it must be."

"It must," she replied "and you will leave me now—some months hence we may meet again."

"You do not mean this, surely," said I "why may I not visit you occasionally?"

There was a choking effort at utterance but she pointed again to the house without speaking. It flashed to my mind that she had been forbidden my visits, and pressing her fingers to my lips, I said "farewell!"

"Stay but one moment, Charles," whispered Mary, "tell me that you do not believe it from any wish not to re-

ceive you—tell me that you understand my motives—do tell me so Charles—I would not have you leave me carelessly."

"Sweet Mary, believe me, I do not leave you without pain; but I feel how necessary it is for your sake, and the sooner it is done the better—once more farewell!"

Her face lighted up—she returned the pressure of my hand and turned slowly towards the house. I watched her until she was hidden within its walls before I departed. And then the remembrance of pleasant hours passed in her society beamed upon my mind followed by the clouded reality that I was lost to me for the future. It was a pleasant leaf taken from the book of my daily associations, and whether it would be returned I knew not. I confess that without really loving Mary, I was very sad.

The loss of her society created an uneasiness—there was melting waiting; but by degrees the feeling wore off and was almost lost, when one day I received from her through a friend, a simple tied with a piece of blue ribbon about the stem.

This simple token evinced that she had not forgotten me—a hope that it would lead to a renewal of our intimacy came across me; and meeting with her soon after at an evening party, I extended my hand, which she accepted cordially. I remained at her side the whole evening; and as she was leaving for home, I asked, somewhat hesitatingly, if I might be permitted to accompany her. She cordially assented.

I know not how it was, but I thought then and think now, it was the most agreeable two miles of moonlight that even outlined my shadow.

"Here already," said Mary with a sigh, as we reached the gate—"the road never appeared so short before."

"We are here," I replied; "but before we part, tell me the other reason for our separation, you hinted at."

"Not now, said she; "call on me on Thursday evening and I will tell you all—till then, adieu."

"Good night Mary—pleasant dreams, and you will sleep!"

One half the remainder of that night I lay awake thinking over Mary's words, what she meant by other reasons for declining my visits, I did not know—She said, too, that perhaps it would be better if I did visit her, and many other incomprehensible things from which the only reasonable hypothesis I could form, was that she loved me. Resting my mind upon that, I let myself fall to sleep and dream. The only fear my curiosity experienced was that I might die before the day arrived; but as my constitution was tolerably strong, I kept myself clear of falling stones and runaway horses, and trusted in Providence.

I called upon Mary at the appointed time, and found her alone. Her colour, when I entered indicated a high degree of excitement, which passed away gradually as I conversed with her, at length I asked for the promised explanation and drew my chair near her, prepared to listen.

She hesitated a moment before she commenced. "Charles, I have told you there were other reasons for our estrangement, and I did hope I could summon courage enough to tell you what they were; but I cannot now—indeed I cannot." This was said with a convulsive effort it was painful to see.

"Mary," said I "you know me too well to believe that anything you say will be taken in an unkind spirit. I have no means of knowing what it is that so evidently pains you; but I assure you that there is little in my power I would not do for you."

"It is not for anything you could do," said Mary; "but I shall be happier when you know it—that is all."

"Then why not tell me, Mary?" said I soothingly. "I will—I will!" she said, casting her eyes upon the floor and speaking hurriedly—"It is this—I felt that you were gaining rapidly upon my affections—that I had learned to look upon you with more of love than you could on me. Forgive me, Charles—pity me, if you will—do not forgive me. I could not help it—I could not—I had to tell you, and she buried her face in her handkerchief.

"There is nothing to forgive, sweet Mary," said I, circling her neck with my arms, a tear drop fell upon my hand.

"Let none condemn her for what may seem unaimed or indelicate. If you had known her sanguine temperament, her childish simplicity and her free and full confidence in all that is good in human nature, you would have seen how irresistible were her impulses and how wildly she could love."

"But why did you not wish to see me, Mary?" I asked.

"Because I thought that if I did not see you and hear you speak, perhaps, I might forget it."

I felt no pride in all this—I heard it with heart-felt sorrow. It might have been unjust, but I blamed myself for not foreseeing this result from an intimacy so unrestrained and agreeable to both as ours had been. "Mary," said I, "I would not willingly create a false hope; and although you are the dearest friend I have, I fear that my feelings for you are not akin to that true love that could alone make us happy through life. You were right—time will obliterate all thoughts of me. For your sake I will refrain from seeing you."

"No—no, dear Charles, I cannot forget you in life," said Mary, warmly. "I only wish for and long to see you when you are away. I cannot love you more, and grant me the pleasure it is to be with you often. Will you, dear Charles?"

Her head rested upon my bosom and I kissed away a tear as I promised that I would. It was late when I departed.

The attempt to shun the society of a woman who loves us amounts to a folly, and so I found it. I was so irresistibly attracted towards Mary that I came to believe I was in love myself.

We were very happy together, and would have been so perhaps to this day had not my business called me to town. We separated in the full hope that it would not be long before we met again. Our acquaintance was wintered over and kept warm by correspondence; and after the lapse of a year, I looked as impatiently for my eighteen and three quarter cents' worth of pleasure, letter love is a cheaper luxury now,—as I did for any other gratification periodically enjoyed.

During this time, either to prevent a possible alliance with me, or that she stood in their way, her friends advised her to marry a gentleman, then a suitor for her hand. He was much older than Mary and although a pleasant man and in good circumstances, she could not love him, and she said so. But this did not repulse him—he urged his suit, supported by her friends and her position became unpleasant in the extreme. A sense of her dependence, together with a recollection of past favours, seemed to demand compliance with their wishes; but opposed to this was her love for another, and that act would destroy her hopes of him forever. At length, sick at heart and with a faint hope of my interference, she wrote me for advice. These facts I have learned since.

At any other time I would have claimed her hand; but "circumstance, that insipid God and miserator," presented a barrier, and I penned a reply for which to my dying hour I shall repent. Two paths leading different ways through life were before me, and God help me, I chose the wrong one! Dear Mary, I knew not how much I loved you.

In my letter I held up her position in a candid light, but I was not in the picture, and carelessly, as one with no choice now, she yielded her hand.

I was not surprised soon after to receive a note from her, stating that they were in town and staying at—Hotel where she would be happy to receive her friends. I lost no time in paying my respects and following my card to the parlour was received by her husband. Of him I will not speak at any length. It is enough that he treated me cordially then and throughout. That he knew of my position towards Mary I could not doubt and treating me as a man of honour, and holding no petty jealousies or fears, he gained my respect and friendship and there is not a bribe considerable enough this side of Heaven to have made me violate his confidence. However much I regretted that she was the bride of another, I determined not to mourn over it, and by the time Mary entered the room my face was as calm as it ever was in sleep.

Her cheeks wore a crimson hue, but as she took my hand all colour deserted them and she sunk upon a chair. There were other persons, friends of Mr. Hanly (that was his name) in the room, yet her embarrassment might have passed unnoticed had she not turned her chair from me and a tear started in her eye. A searching glance from the gentleman opposite told me that it did not escape him and saying in a tone only audible to her "Mary, this is folly," I turned to converse with her husband.

Calling, by appointment, the next day I found her alone at the window of the hotel. She greeted me with a melancholy smile and when I spoke of the past covered her face and sobbed audibly. We were in a public parlour, subject to momentary intrusion—liable to surprise from her husband or other persons, passing in and out.

"Can you really degrading the female character, men most effectually degrade their own."

Beware of little expenses.

A BRIEF CHAPTER ON OLD MAIDS.

The title of Old Maids, and the ridicule once attached to the condition of elderly female singlehood, are rapidly passing away together. The world is becoming enlightened upon many subjects. It no longer tolerates old evils; and amongst others, the idea that women unless married; are useless and neglected, querulous fault-finding busy-bodies; this idea is being swept away with other dust and rubbish of the past, amid the general clearing for the "good time coming."

In society where good taste prevails, we now seldom hear the term of "old maid," the milder appellation of "single woman" being substituted. This is as it should be; for wherefore brand, by what has, from association, become a ridiculous nickname, a respectable class of females who are in no wise inferior to their married sisters—nay, who are in many cases a thousand times better; for is not your old maid often one who has had to deny the dearest impulses of her nature, and to stifle all her natural yearnings for a love and a home of her own, for the sake of others, devoting her life a living sacrifice to those who may be perhaps all the while unperceptive of, ungrateful for, her burdens and her cares for them? Oh! if there women be happy, persist in being happy, notwithstanding their renunciation of self and the lingering prejudice against their condition, why rob them of the smallest portion of their tranquillity by a silly jest or sneer?

It is a pitiable fact that young women, especially in the middle classes, often marry without love, without even esteem, for him with whom they wed, solely for the purpose of escaping the stigma attached by the ignorant and unthinking to the state of old maidenhood. Are we far wrong in referring to this dread of remaining unmarried, the numerous devices of vanity, the flirting, and dressing, and visiting which retard the growth of many a rational brain, and cause the fathers of gay, expensive daughters, to sigh over their rapidly diminishing means, and half regret the day when they rashly took upon themselves the cares, and risk, and burden of a family? We know we are not. When our maids shall be invariably treated with the respect and consideration which are their due—when the last joke at their expense shall have vanished into the Lethes of forgotten absurdities—then will husband-hunting be at its last gasp, and matrimony again be a sacred thing.

Old maids' pets have furnished occasion for many a graceless sneer, for much bitterness and affected disgust. And wherefore? Surely those to whom circumstances, of their own sense of right, have denied the station of wife and mother, may expend a portion of the stifled love throbbing within their womanly hearts; and which, had they married, would have formed an inexhaustible provision of tenderness for some sweet infant, or may be, a whole rosy little troop of boys and girls—surely they may at their pleasure bestow this objectless affection upon a faithful dog, intelligent parrot, or gentle, domestic cat. Their friends are not bound to like these pets, nor even to approve of them, but that is no reason why our sisters should be ridiculed for loving objects, which, though others may see nothing to admire in them, touch their lone hearts, and are perhaps the means of preserving in its living and purifying flow, the well of sweet waters therein. And which in reality is the worthier of disapprobation; the woman who in the absence of all legitimate outlets of her overflowing affection, fondles and carefully tend a favorite dog; or, the man who neglects the wife of his youth, and seeks the convivial revel, wasting his substance upon the smoke of cigars, the fumes of wine, and the selfish indulgences of masculine dissipation?

No! "old maids" are neither to be pitied or despised. Of this we are in a position to speak, for we have the pleasure of knowing several excellent specimens of the class; and we can assure our readers that many an idle, pleasure-loving matron might benefit by their example. Active, cultivated, energetic, judicious, widely-benevolent, their scant home ties leave them at liberty to diffuse their words of wisdom, and their deeds of kindness and of mercy, around a larger circle than can be undertaken by the strictly domestic woman; and in the constant exercise of their faculties, and their untiring devotion to the interests of their fellow beings, they experience a solid happiness which surely is equal to any that this changeful state of being can afford; and we emphatically aver, that we have often observed the noblest and widest benevolence of conduct in the abused state of "Old Maidism."

The proof of gold is fire; the proof of woman, gold; the proof of man, a woman.

By degrading the female character, men most effectually degrade their own.

Beware of little expenses.

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