W. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor, }

Our Country-Right or Wrong-Our Country.

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VO. IV.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C. DECEMBER 19, 1849.

NO. S.

THE SUMTER BANNER:

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sure punctual attendance.

A gent for this paper, and is authorized to cove subscriptions and except for the

AGENTS FOR THE BAN! Messes, Witter, & Co. Smattery Here CHARACTER BUTTO DESIGNATION OF THE HISTORY

· Choice Poetra.

FOR THE BANNER. Monody on a Grave Vasa. that "

Hail to the solicules of the second cond! What mighty chase foolds and the sample Here, and seals up moth's mairing joins? The Southiry, oh tombs are fromth with revision Dread; a Isiless dream, an pending doubs and

Spring bath crowned thy billocks with many a Stalk of tender floweret, yet 'ere they b'oom The carker worm guaws the gent, and so is the Fragile bud. Upheaving sighs like sod 'en Grief, o'verload the air with heaviness and Mock the buoyancy of tranqui life. The Boughs which twide o'erhead thy a as and With dews enhance the sombre peaced have Of the mind and wake a pusive rever, in

And yet I long to hold convene with tity shence. This as the general pulse of time smood still, and Nature made pause. No was " ound No startling voice macks the colores Of the evenings calm All here amine, Can man ne'er learn from man we'll Nature here doth teach. Dat account - its A name. Pride fattens worms; and the co se of Him who scound the company of want Behold it here-entombed wan clay. Times

hand Doth conquest hold o'er Gods best hand-work Ay Ant should. "Tes written on the book Of fate and HE doth with it.

Sec. once trees firmd lined Confusion, scathed with the war of ten thousand Storms and thunders which here have, hurled From its deep inrooted bed, the monarch Of the forests growth which now e'er strews The ground-impedes the foot of man. Prophetic gloom! * * * Thus oft in early years while life's young

Bloom scarce ting'd the mellow of my cheek, I've Dreamed of haunts like thine and thought them like The imagery of sleep, or 'ere the pale of

Everlasting aright hangs out her dusky Pennant o'er the grave, a state of wakeful porsy Filled with the music of a thousand wailes By Nature murmured, or a lullaby to charm The spirit in its upward flight

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

The stiffened corse of wealth, and with acclaim Starch menials throng the way and cry anon "Make room, make room, a lordling fills the way !" While thither, led by upright sires, a train

Slow winding to the distant glades proclaims The sober denizen, or the hu-bandman whose Peaceful mien, or 'ere the stretch of bie gainsayd The will, had won him many a friend Here within the portals of my native dell Wi in whitered relies grim bedeet the earth. I believe entitles as the wretch who

Steam some portion of his own being, Tho' death to me has no frowns to mar The peaceful occupation of my days. "Tis even. - Now str ke

Thetyre oh night ! and wake the elfin strains Which hanut the solemn dask of these abodes. died! how my sool e'en wande s to the throu Of heaven or o'erbardened with a sense Of thankful grief, would burst with very extacy

To a Young Lady.

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

for conversation require to be accompalhimself so perfectly at ease in so short mind that she had been forbidden my nied with great politeness; he who cclip- a time as in that of Miss Bentley." visits, and pressing her fingers to my others owes them great civilities, sa ion than to shine in it,'

Written Expressly for the Sumter Banner. Trifling with the Heart.

OR THE

TORONG Paille. AR OFER HORE TALE,

"I have a possion for the name of Many, For once it was a may c sound to me And still it hall-calls up the reatins of in-Where I beheld what never was to be: All teelings chang'd, but the was last to vary

A spell from which even yet I am not

scribed with truth, not the slightest of its wards home. secret workings carefully exposed, that

But this care extends to such delicate points, to so nice a distinction in the application of terms, that few in- course, and I visited there frequently was very sadi-EPRev. Paneraics Resa. was travelling deed of the most popular writers have in company with an acknowledged suitor readered them interesting; and most of Miss R .- . This threw me more

> its no amished recitat-for, whatsoey- freshness about her heart's early symis up st vantages within be sufficient to deter nor hasted by the storms of adversity, ded my hand, which she acceptable one least t bright e.cs that will and think and speak alike, and clung sparkle over these pages, and it may together as naturally as ivy and oak.

eternity, holy and good! Mary Bentley was a country girl-understand me, as the fact would nat- sume would be to press it." urally call to your mind in its associacornstalks, milk and milkmaids-not that yet." fat and rosy-checked and ripe looking, but pale and delicate and slender, with will find me an obedient scholar. a face asking to be protected as well

handling in my eard, she returned to the | homeward. parlour and seated herself at an open

pure white. awkward; and as the day was unques- dreaming it must shortly end. As I tionably fine. I said so. Now, there is a was in the garden on a beautiful evenstereotype reply to all remarks upon the ing in the fall, she said to me in a seriweather, and I once heard of a bashful ous tone-"Charles, it is time we should evening, "Quite a moon," was answered | very like trifling with a sacred passion." Bentley was by no means poor in gaily; "and you acknowledge that tenthoughts, or in language to express der heart of yours given over to my them. She spoke of its influence upon keeping." the flowers and fields, and led the con- "I do not say that, Charles; but eveversation into such a pleasant view, that ry one speaks of us -- we are subject to

pending Miss R--'s appearacce, and | ged?" netism of expression, that my heart holds | might be convalescent." to be beauty if my head rejects it.

While we were talking, Miss R-"Mr. Fort-Miss Bentley," "Miss friends to please." Bentley!" I repeated.

"You are somewhat late;" said Miss sorry, but I suppose it must be." Bentley, laughing, "Do you trink us out making each other's acquaintance," may meet again.' "Complimentary-is nt it, Mr. Fort? she added, turning to me.

"Miss R-might have thought so ly?" without being very uncomplimentary" "No compliments, I pay you!" replied lips, I said 'farewell!" i who ever a mistaken vanity may Mess Bentley, "or I may be jealous," unfortunate," said I, "that I could not not believe it from any wish not to re-

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Miss Bentley, "I see that Mr. Fort understands the R---- blushed deeply; but effecting farewell!' nonchalance, she laughed with us.

The afternoon sped rapidly away, There is no record of the heart tran- king the hand of each, I walked to her society beamed upon my mind fol- I will refrain from seeing you.'

but ever treated as one of the family.

non with his story will be no aid to hearted and kind, and there was a

be pleasant for their owner to know that | Among other amusements frequently Hopes that the ere beathed in words. The yet. my branch of our common memories is enjoyed was riding on horses, and it not dead or withered yet. It never was not the least agreable; for, the wood-her heary. There are some who know tiful. We were returning from a ride the tale of old; it may be only delicate to one evening when our conversation wave her rightful title; and I call her turned upon flirtation. After repeat-Many for I love the name. How many ed assertions that I had never flirted high, pure and holy associations gather during the period of my natural exisat the sound of Mary, may every Mary tence, and knew nothing of the game, be as blest her whose name is written she playfully constituted herself my high above all others in time and in teacher, and proceeded to initiate me into its mysteries.

"To commence," said I, "supposing not such an one, I would have you to I take your hand-the next step I pre-

"Stop, stop, sir!" said Mary; you and you will sleep! tion with pigs and poultry, cows and proceed too fast, it is hardly time for

"As you please," I replied; "you

I met her. She admitted me, were concluded as the loiterers arrived. and being a stranger, I bowed and ask- and bidding the ladies adieu, my gened for the object of my visit. After tlemen companions and myself rode

My fair instructress pursued the window that looked out upon the lawn theme declaring that I was an apt scholin front. In form she was tall and very ar, (who would'nt have been !) and so in Providence. graceful, and, as I have stated, deli- admirably did we play the lovers, that cate. She had a mild grey eye, but what was jest with us appeared to the brilliant when in conversation; and she world clearly earnest. Dame Gossip possessed that ornament to woman, a soon counted us as one. The thing was head of beautiful black hair. She was pleasant enough, and as the agreement tastefully dressed, without other decor- was that neither should ask for a cessaation than a rosebud in her bosom, in tion of this mimic courtship without being willing to acknowledge won, and it I did not sit long in silence, for it is became fair reality, I went on, little lover who, poetically saying of a bright cease this idle play. It seems to me by his mistress, "very!" But Miss "Say you so, my lady love?" I replied

I saw she did not lack fancy either. the worlds remarks. Do you know She conversed on different themes said she "that they say we are enga-

more than once I caught my gaze rest "And if they do," I replied, "do ing upon her countenance with some you so much regard the worlds idle thing beyond usual interest. There tongue? For me, give me a pleasant was nothing of high mark stamped there hour innocently enjoyed, and the world She was even plain to the outward eye, may talk itself hourse and take to bed and in one feature homely. But there with a sore throat, and I would not so

"Ne, no, Charles; it is not for that, but, "said she, sadly, and pointing look upon you with more of love than by (that was his name) in the room, yet glided in, and bidding me welcome, said slowly towards the house, "I have

"Mary," said I, "I am sincerely

'It must' she replied 'and you will so dull as to sit here all this while with leave me now-some months hence we 'You do not mean this, surely' said

I 'why may I not visit you occasional-

There was a choking effort at attersaid 1-- for there are few persons in ance but she poin ed again to the house

'Stay but one moment, Charles' tell 139, it is better to please in conver- quizieally added Miss R-, "How whispered Mary, tell me that you do

prevail upon Mr .- to accompany | ceive you-tell me that you understand | see you and hear you speak, pehaps, I me. I might have escaped the severity | my motives-do tell me so Charles-I | might forget it.' would not have you leave me careless-

vulnerable points in your position, and leave you without pain; but I feel how not foreseeing this result from an inti- this man. There is a want of honour can return your shots with effect." -- necessary it is for your sake, and the macy so unrestrained and agreable to I so loathe from my soul in the use of This I certainly had done, for Miss sooner it is done the better—once more both as ours had been. 'Mary' 'said such advantage for any purpose that I jects. It no longer tolerates old evils;

lowed by the clouded reality that i of her position. She was an orphan a pleasant leaf taken from the book of only wish for and long to see you when last they must. girl—the housekeeper at Mr. R—'s, my daily associations, and whether it you are away. I cannot love you "And your letter too, Charles, seem it should be; for wherefore brand, by

The loss of her society created an Bentley, whom I found by far more con- off and was almost lost, when one day ed. the ridiculous. I ever fail in genial company than her friend. She I received from her through a friend. ion; and, besides, my own con- was free (almost to folly) and open an apple tied with a piece of blue rib-

Tois simple token evinced that she - er may be believed to the contrary it pathies that it was pleasant to be with, bad not forgotten me-a hope that it cult to picture truthfull. The dew was on every hope—the flow- would lead to a renewal of our intimacy e details of which we are less of life's morning were of en, neither came across me; and meeting with her intim, by acquainted. These disad- withered by the sunshine of prosperity soon after at an evening party. I extension me from the attem; t; but there is at It was not long before we came to see ily. I remained at her side the whole evening; and as she was leaving for

> here. She cordially assented. I know not how it was, but I thought then and think now, it was the | ure, letter love is a cheaper luxury now, most agreable 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.'

all--till then, adieu.'

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 with their wishes; but opposed to this The introductory lesson was contin- know -- She said, too, that perhaps it was her love for another, and that act ued until we reached the door, and would be better if I did visit her, and Calling of an afternoon upon the awaiting the company who lingered be- many other incomprehensible things At length, sick at heart and with a faint laughter of Mr. C--(as near as I wish hind, she proceeded with instructions from which the only reasonable hypoth- hope of my interference, she wrote me to go o the initial) a wealthy citizen of concerning my conduct on the occasion esis I could form, was that she leved for advice. These facts I have learn-, in which town I then was resident my next meeting with her. These me. Resting my mind upon that, I let ed since. myself fall to sleep and dream. The only fear my curiosity experienced was that I might die before the day arrived;

> 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 ex-

> lut as my constitution was tolerably

prepared to listen. She hesitated a moment before she commenced. 'Charles, I have told you there were other reasons for our es- her friends. I lost no time in paying trangement, and I did hope I could what they were; but I cannot now band. Of him I will not speak at any 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

said Mary; 'but I shall be happier ted that she was the bride of another, I when you know it-that is all.'

I soothingly. 'I will-I will!' she face was as calm as it ever was in sleep. said, casting her eyes upon the floor. Her cheeks were a crimson hue, but as felt that you were gaining rapidly upon them and she sank upon a chair. There my affections-that I had learned to were other persons, friends of Mr. Hanyou could on me. Forgive me, her embarrassment might have passed Charles-pity me, if you will-but for a unnoticed had she not turned her chair her face in her handkerchief.

my arm, a tear drop fell upon my hand. to converse with her husband. Dr. Jo meon well says, 'great talents whose society a stranger would find without speaking. It flashed to my full confidence in all that is good in human past covered her face and subbed audily she could love.

me, Mary?' I asked.

I felt no pride in all this-I heard

Her face lighted up-she returned hope; and although you are the dearest and my blood bounds fiercely through men unless married; are useless and the pressure of my hand and turned friend I have, I fear that my feelings my viens, and now when it made the and what with laughter, and song; and slowly towards the house. I watched for you are not akin to that true love wordy jest, evening come on al- her until she was hidden within its walls that could alone make us happy through most before I was aware of its approach. before I departed. And then the re- life. You were right-time will obliter hopeless durance through life-to turn amid the general clearing for the "good Declining an invitation to tea, and shad membranee of pleasant hours passed in late all thoughts of me. For your sake

Charles?

uneasiness - there was semething want. I kissed away a tear as I promised that it, I copied them-they may be unimany cases a thousand times better; for defineations of the tender passion des-

woman who loves us amounts to a folly, and so I found it. I was so irresistably attracted towards Macy 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 home, I asked, somewhat besigningly, over 'and kept warm by correspondif I might be permitted to accompany ence; and after the lapse of a year, 1 looked as impatiently for my eighteen and three quarter cents' worth of pleas--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 althrough a pleasant man and 'Not now, said she; 'call on me on in good circumstances, she could not Thursday evening and I will tell you love him, and she said so. But this did not repulse him-he urged his suit, 'Good night Mary -pleasant dreams, supported by her friends and her position became unpleasant in the extreme. A sense of her dependance, together with a recollection of past fayours, seemed to demand compliance would destroy her hopes of him ferever.

At any other time I would have claimed her hand; but "circumstance, that unspiritual God and misercator.' presented a barrier, and I penned a restrong, I kept myself clear of falling ply for which to my dying hour I shall stones and runaway horses, and trusted repen. Two path leading different ways through life were before me, and God help i. 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 vielded her hand. planation and drew my chair near her,

I was not surprised soon after to receive a note from her, stating that they were in town and staving at --- Hotel where she would be happy to receive my respects and following my card to summon courage enough to tell you the parlon was received by her husindeed I cannot.' This was said with 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 respeet and friendship and there is not a bribe considerable enough this side of Heaven to have made me violate his 'It is not for anything you could do,' confidence. However much I regretdetermined not to mourn over it, and by 'Then why not tell me, Mary?' said the time Mary entered the room my opposite told me that it did not escape 'There is nothing to forgive, sweet him and saying in a tone only audible Mary, 'said I, circling her neck with to her "Mary, this is folly." I turned

Let none condemn her for what may | Calling, by appointment, the next seem unmaidenly or indelicate. If you day I found her alone at the window of had known her sanguine temperament, the hotel. She greeted me with a mel her childish simplicity and her free and ancholy smile and when I spoke of the nature, you would have seen how irre- bly. We were in a public parlour, sistible were her impulses and how wild- subject to momentary intrusion-liable to surprise from her husband or other But why did you not wish to see persons, passing in and out.

Con rolling herself by an effort she Because I thought that if I did not related to me the circumstances under

which she was placed and I could clear- A BRIEF CHAPTER ON OLD ly see that nothing but a sense of her dependance and duty to those through it with heartfelt sorrow. It might have whom she was under obligations would Sweet Mary, believe me, I do not been unjust, but I blamed myself for have drawn from her a consent to wed I, 'I would not willingly create a false never hear of it but my pulse quickens and amongst others, the idea that we power to rivet chains upon a young bodies; this idea is being swept away heart's sympathies, and hold them in with other dust and rubbish of the past, within the flame that would prey upon fime coming." that heart ceaselessiy ... I secretly vow-'No-no, dear Charles, I cannot for ed to challenge these destroyers hereaf-I did not long remain in ignorance was lost to me for the future. It was get you in life' said Mary, warmly. 'I ter and make them answer where at

would be returned I knew not. I con- more, and grant me the pleasure it is ed to me so cold," said Mary, and ta- what has, from association, become a Months rolled round in their usual fess that without really loving Mary, I to be with you often. Will you, dear king from her card case a slip of paper ridiculous nickname, a respectable class she handed me the following lines, ad of females who are in no wise inferior to Her head rested upon my bosom and ding, "In my first impulse after reading their married sisters-nay, who are in

"The conflict is over-the struggle is past The attempt to shun the society of a Thave looked, I have loved, I have worshipped

> my last. New book to the world and let fate do her worse On a heart that for thee such devotion bath nursed,

For thee its best feelings were trusted away Life hereafter bath none to betray."

'Believe me, dear Mary" I exclaimed after reading them "you are unjust. If my letter spoke not of love it was be cause I dared not encourage a hope that might interfere with your welfare. However much I might have wished to become your protector and Heaven bear me witness I did wish it fervently I could not offer even a hint that might have exchanged this certainty for the vague uncertainty that must attend my fortunes. Self denial was hard but it is very much harder to be censured for it.'

Why-why, did I not know this beore?' said Mary, so broken-heartedly that it startled me 'Because' said I, if for no other reason Heaven did not will it. You will be happy yet-Happy at least in the consciousness of duty performed --- of a correct and upright walk in the path you have chosen. Your husband is kind and wealthy and above all loves you sincerely. Make his home happy and yours will be so

That night I breathed one pure prayer for Mary. The next day they were to travel homeward and the time arrived for our parting. It was short. We clasped hands and exchanged one hunting be at its last gasp, and matrius for life----and a sigh and a tear, and I was gone. I was apparently happy but she was sad and sad too in the thought that I was not so.

Years have passed since I have seen her during which I have been the vietim of false friendships and I have learned her true worth and long absence has increased, not diminished my

Thus resulted trifling with the heart and thus too did I fail to grasp a treasure I had looked for so longingly through, life, a pure and true hearted woman who had' 'leave to love me.'

It will be argued that we even sigh for what is inattainable, and that if Mary were single now I would not wed her. The conclusion may be correct but the premises are wrong. That she for I have been near enough since then to searching my fingers badly not to venture near unsteady flames again and I have no wish to induce any woman to deliberately and solemly perjure herself by swearing at the altar to love me when she as solemnly knows she never did and never could. If I would not link my fate to Mary's it would be from a fear that I might change and grow cold and, if her. But her memory is apart of my not already, so become unworthy of cherished life and will be always.

Can any one tell us why natural was a grace and case about her, a mag much as once send to know when it and speaking hurriedly—'It is this—I she took my hand all colour deserted fools, idiots, or innocents, are so very pitied or despised. Of this we are in proud? It is a fact that this species of a position to speak, for we have the roperty are mightily stuck up and pleasure of knowing several excellent haughty. It answers one good pur specimens of the class; and we can aspose. It prevents them oftentimes sure our readers that many an idle, from being taken advantage of, as they pleasure loving matron might benefit by give me. I could not help it-I could from me and a tear started in her eye. keep their distance with so much hau-their example. Active, cultivated, ennot ... I had to tell you, 'and she buried A searching glance from the gentleman tour that strangers will not approach ergetic, judicious, widely-benevolent, them. You may remark this fact, that their scant home tics leave them at liberjust in proportion as a man lacks intel- ty to diffuse their words of wisdom, and leet, he will be distant, exclusive, proud, their deeds of kindness and of mercy, and haughty in his bearing towards oth- around a larger circle than can be uners, the bump of self esteem towering dertaken by the strictly demestic woalone like the Peak of Pico.

> 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. lence of conduct in the abused state of BEWARE of little expenses.

MAIDS. The title of Old Maid, and the ridicule once attached to the condition of elderly female singlehood, are rapidly

passing away together. The world is becoming enlightened upon many subneglected, quorulous fault-finding busy-

In society where good taste prevails,

we now seldom hear the term of "old maid," the milder appelation of "single woman' being substituted. This is as 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 unpercipient 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 tranquility by

a silly jest or sceer? It is a pitiable fact that young wo men, 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 of 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 Lethe of mony 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 stified love throbbing within their woman'y 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,-surcly 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 is the only one I would marry is true 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, fondless and carefully tend a favoring dog: or, the man who neglects the wife of his youth, and seeks the convivial revel wasting his substance upon the smoke of eigars, the fumes of wine, and the selfish indulgences of masculine dissipation?

No! "old maids" are neither to be man; 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 benevo-"Old Maidism."