

MR. MACCULLOH,

I feel conscious, under an impression of your deep regard for my sex, and your readiness at all times to expose the vices, as well as the follies and vanities that prevail in the world, that you will allow the following paragraph (from a New-York paper) a space in your widely circulated publication, with the annexed lines, should you think them worthy; for I conceive that too much cannot be said against a practice far too prevalent, and as really iniquitous, as it is dishonorable. By so doing you will highly gratify your most devoted

FLORA.

26th April, 1822.

"Christiana Cauker, died at Baltimore on the 25th ult. she was 20 years of age, a native of Germany. The distressing condition and sufferings of this young woman, and the awful result, ought to be a solemn warning to all *match-makers* and *matchbreakers*. She was engaged to be married to a young man from Philadelphia, who, for reasons best known to himself, communicated to her, a short time since, his intention of abandoning her. On the receipt of this information she became the child of sorrow and despair for ten days, when reason left its seat, and she became an awfully distressed maniac, unceasingly calling on her lover to "come to her." On the evening preceding her death, she ordered her wedding garment to be prepared, saying that she wished to be dressed in white, and that she was to be married at ten o'clock, the precise hour of her departure to the world of spirits."

Oh man! will not thy callous conscience melt

At this sad tale of female woe?

And if thou ever heavenly pity felt,

Sure tears must down thy bosom flow.

Wilt thou, unfeeling monster! never blush,

To gain the lovely female's vow

Then cast her off, bid her to misery rush,

To death!—perchance eternal woe?

Oh, may disgrace and shame unceasing haunt

Their path, and sickness clothe their brows—

The paths of those who do for riches pant,

And scorn kind woman's heartfelt vows.