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# The Easton Gazette.

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For the Easton Gazette.

ACCROSTIC.

Characteristic of a Graduate of Wesleyan Female College, Wilmington, Del.

May I the brightest, loveliest gem portray
In all that walks the earth or wings the air,
Sails o'er the deep or in its caverns play,
Sublimely grand or delicately fair.

Even such is woman by the couch of pain,
Ministering restoratives, and in tones
More sweet than Harp Æolian, seek to gain
An audience with God for earth's erring ones.

But shall forever, man, monopolize
A PRACTICK CURATIVE, when half at least
Rightly is woman's in whose bosom vies
Resolves as strong, and sympathies the best.

Such may the sex aspire to and augment
Heaven's blessings in this vale of tears and grief,
Enough for all on works of mercy sent
None should usurp the joy to give relief
Call'd and endow'd alike, let woman be
Known as a skilful, kind and lov'd M. D.

ANOTHER.

Music is often sweeter when the Lyre
Is not invok'd, the touch of practic'd hands
Skill'd in the power, and emphasis of song
Strings up the nerves and stirs the lagging blood
However dull, and youth and hoary age
And melancholy and remorse and hate
Ne'er sought its soothing strains, and charm in vain,
Nor would I friendship seek or knit my heart
A web of tender ties, to mortal man,
Having alas, no music in his soul.

Music, aye, such is mine to eulogize,
As broke upon the ear, when the Creator
Turn'd this planetary world and impress'd
Indelibly on all, the scale of song,
Lofty and hoarse, as ocean flings its surge
Driven by tempests, on a rock bound shore
And lends to nature's choice, tremendous bass,

Or sings in softer tones, the purling brook
Along its stony bed, and on the ear
Keeps concert with the chant of mating birds,
Freed from the pinch of winter, and to God
Offering the incense of a grateful heart;
Refresh my soul with strains from nature's lyre
Dearest of all, I ask a song no higher.

Mount Hope, May, 1857. C. A. M.

CLINCH THE NAIL.—A preacher of experience and established character once wrote to a junior preacher—"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." That is, doing good work, work which the Master will approve, and of which the workman himself shall not be ashamed. Well, that's a good idea, and a minister of Jesus Crist may be such a workman. Lord, help me to be such an one Amen

I once saw a workman driving nails and clinching them to secure them in the wood which he was working—and I noticed that they were good nails which he clinched—for when the nail was not good it broke off and could not be clinched. Now, thought I that is the way for the preacher to drive God's truths, send them clean up to the head and then clinch them. If the workman will show himself appoved to the Master, let him "rightly divide the word of truth"—that is, let him be sure that he uses good nails which won't break and will clinch. And after he has spent the hours of pulpit service, whether on Sabbath or at other times, driving these picked nail—let him take a season in pastoral godly conversation and with prayer, clinch the nails. Then he will be more likely to do good work, have the approval of the Master, and not feel ashamed of it.

But another result: This good exercise 1st. Of picking good nails, and 2d. of driving them home to the head: and 3d. of clinching them, will prove to the workman most healthful: he will find a development and growth both mental and spiritual, "and shall become fat and flourishing."

SECRET PRAYER.—Men never take so firm a hold of God as in secret Remember Jacob. Thou shouldst pray alone, and be judged alone. Alone thou wilt have to appear before the judgment seat. Why not go alone to the mercy-seat? In the great transaction between thee and God, thou canst have no human helper. You are not going to tell him any secret. You may be sure he will not betray your confidence.—Whatever reasons there may be for any secret devotion. Nothing is more embarrasing and disturbing in secret prayer than unpropitious circumstances. Great attention ought always be paid to this point—"Enter into thy closet," says Christ. He not a closet, not the closet, but *thy* closet. The habit of secret communion is supposed to be formed. The man is supposed to have a closet—some place in which he is accustomed to retire for prayer—some spot consecrated by many a meeting there with God—some place that has often been to him a Bethel. The Saviour uses the word to mean any place where, with no embarrasment either from the fear or pride of observation, we can freely pour out our hearts in prayer of God. No matter what are the dimensions of the place, what its flooring or canopy. Christ's closet was a mountain, Isaac's a field, Peter's the house-top.—*Nevins.*

SENSATIONS IN DROWNING.—In your twelfth volume there are several communications which some persons appear to have experienced in drowning. I will not question the veracity of those who have undergone the fearful ordeal, but I take the liberty to think that they must have been persons of very peculiar psychological idiosyncracies. I have myself been twice drowned to insensibility; once in the river Avon, in the vicinity of Rugby, and once in the Oxford canal. In each instance, till the extinction of consciousness, I was full aware of the awful position in which I was placed, quite collected, free from acute pain, and hopeless of being saved from impending death. But I had no particular remembrance of anything, either good or bad, which had occurred during my past life. And as I consider myself a fair average specimen of humanity, neither much better nor much worse than my neighbors, I am disposed to conclude, from what I have heard and seen, as well as suffered, that the experience of nine out of every ten persons who have been drowned and recovered, accord with my own.—*Cor. of Notes and Querries.*

The mother of Queen Victoria is 71 years of age.

HOW MEN DIE.—Some men die in ignorance, unconcerned, and seemingly without fear for the future. Others are sullen and silent, as if determined to brave it out at all hazards. Others are wearied out by long illness and continued pain that they are eager for the change, yet give no evidence of being in a fit state to appear before God. Others abound in professions of hope and confidence, yet leave impartial observers at a loss to conceive what basis there can be for such assurance. Others, again, give their friends every reason to think that they are real children of God, make the dread passage with little or no sensible comfort—in not a few cases, under a dark and heavy cloud. The majority of consistent Christians have their last end, as it is described by the Psalmist, in a single word—it is "peace." A few of them, however, taste heaven this side of the cold Jordan, and their rapture is a thing to be witnessed in order to be understood. There is a very simple rule for the direction of any one who feels concerned about the manner in which to meet the last enemy. This is to live he is habitually in communion with God through Jesus Crist. Such a life cannot end miserably. Death must be to it only the crowning seal of its steadfast course, the finishing touch to its lofty blessedness.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A SPIRIT SHIP.—Among the insane ravings of the Spiritualists, in convention at New York, was the presentation of models for a perpetual motion machine, a house built in the form of a man sufficiently capacious for a harem, and a spirit ship after the fashion of a duck, a description of which we subjoin:

"The speaker next proceeded to describe a great model ship which the spirits have invented, and which in every particular is to represent a well proportioned and beautiful duck sitting on the water. The ship is to be cast whole, out of the best iron that can be found in the earth, and to be lined thoughout with salt—which is the most attractive substance on earth, (except women.) All of it above the water, is to correspond with the light and buoyant qualities of the duck. She is to have three keels, the third one to screw down through the centre of the ship into the under current of the water, so as to counterbalance the influence of the upper keel and the upper current. By this means the ship may be driven to any part of the world, under the exclusive control of the human will."

A SERVICEABLE RAT.—The writer on rats in Bentley's Miscellany, relates an anecdote of a tame rat, which shows that he is capable of serving his master as well as of passing a passive existence under his protection. The animel belonged to the driver of a London omnibus who caught him as he was removing some hay. He was spared became remarkably tame, and grew attached to the children. At night he exhibited a sense of enjoyment of security and warmth, by stretching himself out at full length on the rug before the fire, and, after the fire was extinguished, he would creep into his master's bed. In the daytime, however, his owner utilized him.—At the word of command, "Come along Ikey," he would jump into the ample great-coat-pocket, from which he was transferred to the boot of the omnibus. Here his business was to guard the driver's dinner, and if any person attempted to make free with it, the rat would fly at them from out the straw. There was one dish alone of which he was an inefficient protector. He never could resist plum-pudding, and though he kept off all other intruders, he ate his fill of it himself.

"THE SQUATTER SOVEREIGN," published at Atchinson, in Kansas Territory, and heretofore known as an uncompromising proslavery journal, has changed hands, and is now a free State paper. The late publishers, in their valedictory, says:

"We have repeatedly called upon the South for aid, and our response has been a moneyless one. We were at last reduced to one of two alternatives—to surrender upon advantageoms terms or to be carried by storm and our arms and equipments become the properties of war. We have chosen the former, believing that no just reason existed why we should longer expose ourselves as an emaciated specmen of the ingratitude of the South.

Messrs. R. McBratney, late of Ohio, and S. C. Pomeroy are the new editors. The same men have purchased the town of Atchison.

A NICE COUNTRY TO LIVE IN.—An extract of a letter from an officer of the U. S. Army, dated Fort Cass, Florida, May 6, is published in the National Intelligencer.—The writer says:

"We are nearly devoured by musquitoes. I do all my writing in bed under the bars, which will account for this letter being in pencil. For the last ten days I have not been able to write at my desk, and I have slept but two nights during the same period. The men are better off than I am, and they are not far from being used up. Besides the musquitoes we are troubled with scurvy and dysentery, and in fact nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. It would take the Indians at least twenty years to kill as many men as the climate of Florida does in six months.

A FAMOUS HORSE.—Cossack, the horse Captain Noland rode when he was killed at Balaklava, (in the famous infamous charge) is now the property of a gentleman of Cincinnatti, and arrived in that city last week. He is a gray Arab stallion, six years old, and fourteen hands high. His groom, who came with him, is Edward Sleaper, one of the eleven survivors of a regiment of 900 British soldiers who landed in Gallipoli in February, 1854. He was at Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, and the siege of Sevastopol, and looks, it is said, as if he was made of oak, lignumvitæ and iron.

SILENT INFLUENCE.—It is the building spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along, day and night by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or the warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as He "pours it from His hollow hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and genily flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day, and every night, with the gentle quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done.—*Isaac Barnes.*

A REMARKABLE CASE.—Mr. Ellis, of Henrietta, Monroe county, N. Y., who cut his throat on the first of April, (fit day for such a deed) is still alive. Dr. Moore, the distinguished surgeon of Rochester, visited the patient, as requested, and on examination, found that the root of the tongue is divided from its attachment to the hyoid bone; the opening into the pharynx on top of the gullet has been very large, allowing the windpipe to fall about three inches; it is not, however, closing. The windpipe itself is uninjured. Dr. Moore introduces a silver tube, through which to pass food into the stomach, and appears to be of opinion that the wounded man may yet be saved from death, although his age is against him. For fifty-five days no food was passed into the stomach of the unfortunate man.

LOW NECKED DRESSES.—In the early days of Pennsylvania there was a law which stated as follows:

"That if any white female of ten years or upward, should appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court-house, tavern, ball-room, theatre, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders, (i. e. low necked dresses,) being able to purchase necessary clothing, shall pay a fine not less than one, nor more than two hundred dollars. The closing paragraph of the law, however, permitted women of questionable character to bare their shoulders as a badge of distinction between the chaste and unchaste.

HOOPS GOOD LIFE PRESERVERS.—The Portsmouth (Va.) Statesman, of Sunday last says:

Another and very striking illustration of the advantages of Hoops as 'life preservers' was witnessed this morning in Hampton Roads. The steamer Water Witch, which towed the Saratoga down this morning, also had in tow a 'bom boat' with several women in it. Hoops have come into general use, and these ladies were provided with them. Their boat was capsized and the bow line broke. The boat sunk immediately, but the women floated. One of them remarkable for the amplitude of her person, floated like a cork. It was the 'hoops' which kept them afloat until the steamer's boat rescued them from their perilous predicament.

SHEEP AFFAIR.—The Louisville Courier of the 23d, is responsible for the following:

"Yesterday, a keen drover from the country, came in with a flock of sheep, which he was about to sell or ship South, but pending the trade a constable levied on the flock for an old debt, and drove the sheep into an enclosure. The moment the officer of the law got out of sight of the sheep, the drover sold them to another man, who turned them in with another flock, paid for them, and the drover took the back track for home instanter. The officer, on looking about for his sheep, couldn't tell one from the other, and will have to take his chances of catching his customer again."

A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterward, as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the ground, in hopes to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you pass along.

GROWTH OF SOUTHERN CITIES.—By the census of 1850 the population of Memphis was over 8,000; it is now estimated to be over 20,000. That of Nashville in 1850 over 10,000; now estimated at over 20 000. That of Huntsville estimated at 3,000. In 1855 the census of Atlanta gave over 5,000. Some of its residents now estimate it much larger. In 1850 the census of Charleston was over 43,000; its populatian is now estimated at near 60,000.—*Charleston News.*

"I am astonished at your honor's decision!" said a young lawyer to a judge who had decreed against him. "This remark cannot be permitted," said the judge, "and an apology will be necessary on your part." "Permit me," said the senior counsel, "to offer an excuse for my young friend; he is new in these, and when he has practised as long before your honor as I have, he will be astonished at nothing!"

THE FOREIGN GRAIN CROPS.—The latest European advices state that the growing grain in Great Britain and on the continent presents a highly promisidg appearance. The weather in England was genial.

*For the Easton Gazette.*

THE EDITOR OF THE STAR
*versus*
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

MR. EDITOR: In looking over the "Easton Star" of May the 19th, our eye fell upon what we conceive to be a most unjust and dishonorable attack upon the "Young Men's Christian Associations. Having some acquaintance with the character and operations of these organizations, we deem it due to them and to the christianity which they represent, to correct, as far as possible, any prejudice against them which may have been created by the article to which we allude. We do not charge upon the editor of the Star any intention of misrepresentation, but such most assuredly is his article. It represents the "Christian Associations" in a false light before his readers, and attributes to them motives of action which form no part of the high and noble purposes which urge them to exertion.

In the first place the editor of the Star did them injustice by the connection which he gave them in his paper. At the head of the column he writes down "*Political.*"—By that he would have us understand that he gives us political news under this caption. By what right then does he turn from matter legitimate to this political column and confound the religious and the political together. Nothing can justify this course, even to the editor of the Star himself, except the assumption which he most gratuitously makes that these associations are political in their designs.

But then the editor of the Star has authority for his assumptions and unjust reflections. He quotes the "New York Mirror," which notes the meeting of the "Young Men's Christian Association" of that city, at which there would probably be much excitement resulting in the probable loss of about 150 members. But these results are only stated problamatically by the Mirror, and we are yet ignorant whether they really did take place. But what if they did? and what if in the number of 150 who left, were some of the most prominent clergymen of the city? What if in the individual society of New York there is a tendency to rationalistic and abolition extremes, does that corrupt the whole organizations? We admit the evil of both rationalism and abolitionism, but yet we cannot see anything so startlingly anomalous that either or both of these evils should find access into the Young Men's Chistian Association of New York city. New York being a Northern city, its mind is northern; and all men who know anything, know that rationalism and abolitionism are widely diffused through the north. It is not strange then that among the thousands identified with the Association in N. York, gathered from all denominations and all creeds there should be many minds tenacious of these principles. Moreover, do not abolitionism and rationalism enter into all Northern institutions, social and religious, where a large number of men and women are collected? Why then give the evil such prominence in connection with the Christian Association alone? Why not condemn equally, all the Churches? All of them are more or less abolition, more or less rationalistic. Some of them have decided upon the abolition question, and others, though to their praise, have not allowed the vexed question to enter their ecclesiastical councils, yet in all their congregations, many are abolition in sentiment. Why then not condemn the churches wholesale as political organizations?

But the editor of the Star has also a quotation from the Union; a quotation libellous in the extreme. That we may not misquote, we give it verbatim: "A large number of these so called Young Men's Christian Associations proved to be in the late Presidential election political organizations in the hands of the black republicans—and none the less dangerous from the secret character of their designs and operations.—We are not surprised, therefore, to learn from the Mirror that truly pious men are about to separate themselves from associations which, in too many instances, have been used for objects which are alike opposed to the calls of patriotism and the teachings of the Bible."

This paragraph contains some grave charges. But let us examine it a little. It asserts that in the late presidential election a large number of the associations proved to be political organizations in the hands of the blac republicans. If by this is meant that members of the associations in many instances voted with and sustained the black republican principles, then we fully admit the charge. But what is this more than admitting that the action of northern men, who happened to be identified with the Christian Associations, went to sustain northern sentiment and principle; but this is nothing more than all, or nearly all northern organizations did. But if by political organizations we are to understand that they worked organically and avowedly to the accomplishment of political ends, we are slow to believe the existence of any such association, and if in any case such was the fact we can only say they departed from their work and sphere, and went to a foreign and lower office. But the Union asserts the secrecy of the "designs and operations" of these societies, and their consequent danger. This is certainly a mistake. The christian associations are open to all. A small amount, not more perhaps, than one dollar, in any case will secure to any one the right to go in at any time and read the well selected literary and religious matter which crowds their libraries and tables.—This money goes to sustain the institution in the large supplies of requisite books, stationary, &c. But that there are any secret designs, any forms or ceremonies, any unknown operations, and any dark and dangerous combination in them we must unhesitatingly deny. But the Union seems to take great pleasure in the assertion of the Mirror that "truly pious men are about to withdraw." "Truly pious men." 150.—A small amount of piety must these Christian associations contain if 150 have it all. No sir, if 150 withdrew from so noble a sphere of christian action 15000 truly zealous men remain in the East, West, North and South. But Mr. Editor, where, may we ask should pious and learned men be but in a sphere where they may battle with error in all its forms, whether infidel or abolition? and we must question the compliment of the Union and Mirror upon these pious men who withdrew from the conflict and leave so large a mass of the young and forming mind of the nation to unmitigating forces or error.

But we now leave the Mirror and Union to notice the beautiful and chaste remarks of the editor of the Star upon the subject. He says in his own inimitable style of non-authority—(we give his words): "It is reported that the Young Men's Christian Association alias the American Protestant Association, which is only another name for Know Nothingism, crossed by black republicanism, is making rapid progress among the "plug uglies," "rip raps" and "blood tubs" of Baltimore city."

How beautiful a paragraph! What a condensation of all that is lovely! Can it be possible that this charitable effusion came from a gentleman who talks so admiringly of the Protestantism of Luther and the Christianity of Wesley. But, Mr. Editor, we purpose to analyze this paragraph, and to show that it is self-refutory. The editor of the Star asserts the identity of the American Protestant Association and the Young Men's Christian Association.

Is he ignorant of the real character of the two associations, or does he wish to raise a prejudice against the latter by identifying it with the former? We assert without a fear of successful contradiction, and prepared to prove our assertion, that between the two there is no connection, and that their ends are different. But not content with confounding the two above named associations, the yet more inadmissable assumption is made—that the Young Men's Christian Association is identical with "Know Notningism," and that with "black republicanism." But this involves a conclusion which even the editor of the Star is not willing to admit. This conclusion is, that through our beautiful and loved South black republicanism is widely disseminated, and many of those who are avowedly arrayed against it are yet its secret friends and clandestinely working for its advancement.—We write not as a politician, and hence we say that many of the noblest and finest spirits of the democracy which the editor of the Star thought he was furthering by this unwarranted attack are identified with the Young Men's Christian Association. Are not these associations as general in the South as in the North? It would do us no honor were they not. But we are happy to say they are. And if through all the South these Associations exist and are identical with black republicanism, then indeed the dark coalition has a much more comprehensive existence than we had imagined. Again, we assert, not only its general existence in the South but also, that the best and most learned christians of all names (Catholic excepted) are identified with it. Nor are these noble men who give to this institution their support confined to any one party as the editor of the Star would intimate; they are of all political creeds:—Know Nothings, Democrats and Black Republicans. But while thinking and feeling and acting differently in politics their souls are not so gangrened thereby that they cannot see any good in their brethren who differ from them. They see a higher sphere of action and moral influence than the contemptible chicanery and vituperation of politics, and exemplifying the great Pauline principle that in Christianity there is neither Democrat, Know Nothing or black republican; they meet upon one common basis of Christian action, and labor to do good unto all men. But more, in the course of a few days from the present time, some time in June, there is to be a general Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association in the city of Richmond, V. Mark you, Mr. Editor of the Star, this Convention, made up, as you say, of black republicans, is to meet in the Capitol of the good old Dominion, and that too under the keen eye of the far-seeing Henry A. Wise. This Convention will comprise delegates from every city of prominence from Boston to New Orleans. These black republicans will come from the extreme South as well as from the extreme North, and assemble in the old Dominion Capitol under the eye of the astute Governor. How can we reconcile this fact, this general convention of Christian Unionists, with the assumption of the Star that they are identical with black republicans? No, Mr. Editor, the declarations of the Editor of the Star are too general; they first prove nothing, but reacting upon himself, show that he did not understand his subject, and that in attacking the Young Men's Christian Association he was only wounding his own political friends.—But perhas he is yet right and more acute in his perceptions than all other men. If this be so and he is fully conscious of his own incomparable penetration he had better send on to Governor Wise to guard him against the coming Christian Convention, as base men who under the garb of benevolence and religion will plot against the peace and safety of the State. But the editor of the Star says further, the Young Men's Christian Association is making rapid progress among the "plug uglies," "rip-raps," and "blood tubs." Does the editor of the Star, does any one, with a spark of the charity of christianity believe for one moment that the best and wisest christians of Baltimore city, laymen and ministers, who countenance this Association would affiliate with these monsters in crime? No sir, and no one else believes it. But it is a very easy matter for the editor of the Star to throw calumny upon those good men, who in self sacrifice are laboring to do good by throwing around the young men of our cities influences that will keep them from the haunts of vice, and win them to virtue and piety.

But we will now close this extended article by a simple statement of the design and mode of operations peculiar to these societies. They are what they profess to be, Christian Societies. There are rooms and libraries containing all kinds of literary and religious matter. These are open every day a certain number of hours, or if not every day certain days in the week. They have night lectures upon moral and religious subjects, by the ablest men in the country. The young men who frequent these associations are in general the best element of our cities. They are especially careful of young men just entering the city, leaving home influences and coming in contact with the contaminating atmosphere of city life. We will add too that they are diligent in the dissemination of such books and tracts as have a religious bearing, and some of the members become distributors of them among the poor, and needy, and wretched.

We might say much more upon this subject, but will forbear, hoping these reflections will aid in removing the prejudice excited by the Star against one of the best institutions of the age. We have not written as a politician upon this subject but as a christian, and from a sense of christian duty. We now leave the matter to our readers to draw their own conclusions of the merits of the Association so unjustly assailed.

VERITAS.

For the Easton Gazette.

SCANDAL.

BY THE SCOUT.

How one's mind revolts and with what loathing and abhorrence do we not view the propagation of some foul, false, slanderous report placed in motion and kept in motion by that most hateful of all characters a scandal monger; a being devoid of principle approaching the slightest to human kindness, who from motives of envey, revenge or some other equally false passion, will by the blast of their poisonous breath, blight the fair fame of another, ruin their reputation, and like the viper in the fable sting and poison the very vitals of their benefactors, and while they *bite* still fawn and flatter. Whited sepulchers are they, of fair and friendly exterior, but within, ah! is it not a disgusting, sickening sight—the corruption, foul villainy and deadly, poisonous cess pools of envy, hatred, revenge and jealousy—jealousy of what? Of other's fair fame and spotless reputation, of their pleasures, their enjoyments and pursuits, of their talents, their gifts, their station. Grovelling and low themselves, with base natures, low tastes, wicked minds, foul hearts and endless never tiring, unnecessary, garbling tongues; with that low cunning of the fox, united to the untiring, obstinacy and fiendish hate of the wolf when in pursuit of their victim, they hunt to death many whose names would otherwise stand high in the social circle, in the literary world, the political arena or the statesmen's cabinet.—They are not capable of appreciating reputation and noble name, they only know that that brightness and lustre ogly renders the characters by contract more villainously dark. Then there is a clique on a smaller scale but equally poisonous and venomous, and as much to be dreaded as the full grown *reptile*, these are found everywhere, no community is so blest as to be destitute of them. You will find both sexes fully represented in their ranks, shoulder to shoulder in the *good work*. That is—taking advantage of every little act, however trivial, no matter if it were done with the best intentions, having the most praiseworthy object in view, their misrepresentations—pshaw, one might as well come to the point—their *Lies*, will change it to a crime of great magnitude or at least a most alarming breach of decorum and a wide departure from all the rules of *propriety*, etiquette, society, &c.

Now I wonder if these *tattlers* know how despicable they are, with what loathing and abhorrence they are viewed by *respectable* people. Why, I would as soon associate with a regular Blue Mountain rattle snake, and rather, for that reptile would at least give warning before striking while the busy-body *snake-in-the-grass* like, bites in secret hidden from view. But after all with the true aristocracy of our land how feeble our endeavors, how futile their attempts and how *beautiful* their failures and chagrin at being foiled. True aristocracy, by this expression do not understand me to mean what is generally known as the upper tendom, but *the* aristocracy that is composed of talent, genius, good *commonsense*, generosity, humanity and good will. With them the slanderer's report pass by as the idle wind that blows and is repeated not.—Poor earth-worms they are to be pitied and however we may despise them still some little commisseration will be mingled with the disgust we feel when we reflect how low they are in the scale of humanity, in the dust at our feet.

I fear if the theme is pursued farther that my indignation will overbalance cool reason and that some may think that my article, my pen and myself are all becoming *personal*. If such is the case here let me just say for the especial personal benefit of those *mistaken* and misguided individuals that I never try to spoil a *neat fit* and shall not depart from the rule in this case to please them, but pursue the even tenor of my way, without some greater obstacle than their windy, wordy, empty breathings is placed in my path. If they feel anxious to know who I am and *what* I am you can just let them know that my place of residence is at *home* when I am there, that my height is about five feet six, that I *generally* wear a suit of black *paid for* in advance, that I can break in their wildest, all four in hand and, well if they are extremely anxious you might say that I can drive a rifle ball into the centre of their eye as far as it can be seen.

St. Michaels, June 2d.

The birthday of Stephan Girard was celebrated at Girard College on Thursday, by speeches and appropriate ceremonies. It was the 107th anniversary of the event.