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J. V. GIBBONS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS.

The *Wilmington Expositor* will be published weekly on a Super Royal sheet, at Two Dollars per year in advance; or Three Dollars at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher—and a failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement. Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be continuously inserted three times for One Dollar, and for every subsequent insertion Twenty Cents. Those exceeding a square in the same proportion. All communications relating to the business of the establishment, if sent by mail, to ensure attention must be post paid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A young fellow riding down a steep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggy, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. A.V. answered the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom. I warrant you. But in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle skirts, which made the young gallant; whip, spur, curse, and swear. Why, you son of a rascal, said he to the ditcher, did you not tell me it was hard at the bottom? A.V. replied the other, but you are not halfway to the bottom yet.

A lady who presumed to make some observations, while a physician was recommending her husband to a better world, was told by the doctor, that if some women were admitted their tongues would make paradise a purgatory; and if some physicians, replied the lady, were to be admitted there, they would make it a desert.

Proofs of the Benevolence of masonry.
A few short months ago, the ardent carcases of the masonic friends of M. Clay, towards the editor of this paper, would have led an unsophisticated mind to believe that their friendship was as durable as our mountains, & as pure as the streams that gush from their rocky sides. But alas! and alack a-day! The mere mention of the transcendent name of WILLIAM WIRT and the hallowed cause of *Antimasonry* had the same effect upon their hearts and faces as thunder has upon mine: you might almost make cheese out of their former friendship but a very poor one; such as aunt Susan used to make, who always skimmed the cream for butter, before she pressed the curd.

These gentlemen now manifest the utmost rage; and it is evident that a feeling of hatred and revenge rankles in the hearts of these Clay masons—For what? For nursing the only means that can defeat the re-election of Andrew Jackson, and secure the Presidency to Henry Clay!

It is, therefore, undeniably evident, that masonry generates a bad passion in the human heart; a demouiac and furious passion, that would glut its vengeance in blood, and seek to gratify its malignity by every species of dire proscription, affecting the means by which a man sustains life!

It is, therefore, undeniably evident, that masonry is paramount to Country to Liberty; to Constitution; and to the Laws! It looks only to its own bloody obligations, its horrible penalties; its secret orgies; and its mysterious supremacy, and artificial importance, thence derived. Masons discoursing with us on the subject, menace us with ruin and annihilation! Their anger rises to a pitch that would authorize a spectator to say, they intended to plunge a dagger into your heart! And is this the benevolence of masonry?

A master mason has informed us, that when he fell into misfortune, he expected the aid & assistance of his brethren of the mystic tie;—instead of which, they immediately sent him a notice from the lodge, that if he did not instantly pay his dues they would suspend him! And when he was then under affliction and embarrassments with a young family. It was a cruel blow from his brothers. It stung his heart to the core. They still hold these dues over his head, as a sword suspended over it by a hair, pointed to his heart, and piercing him at the back! Now it is the boast of masonry, that it generates love for masons, but even this is false; for the obligation to succour depends on the degree. There is no obligation on a superior to assist in a master mason; no—Hiram Abiff is nothing. You must be a Royal Arch, or a Knight Templar, to have commanding claims. The masonic rabble are like the rabble of society, to get no account, but to make feasts for those above them, and gain victories for Heroes attired in royal robes.

The cause of antimasonry is the cause of equal Rights; it occupies the old Democratic ground of '98. It is the People against the Secret Aristocracy—the more dangerous because *unseen*; and invested with absolute power over *life and property*—Pa. *Whig*.

The language of truth is simple.

EXTREMELY POLITE.

A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired, as usual, about her husband's health, when she replied, with a peculiar smile, 'he is dead, I thank you.'

A new made justice of the peace, into whose office some dozen of his neighbors had followed a constable, with a vagrant in charge, to see how the magistrate would make out, determined to strike them dumb with awe. He sentenced the poor animal to twenty days imprisonment, and concluded with all possible solemnity:—'And the Lord have mercy on your soul!'

There is much saucy wit in Lord Byron's anecdote of the fair astronomer.—He says, some literary ladies being asked how they could be sufficiently interested to spend so much time in watching the heavens, replied, that they had a great curiosity to see whether there was really a MAN in the moon!

BIGOTRY.

He that feareth the Lord of heaven and earth, walks humbly before him, thankfully lays hold of the message of redemption by Christ Jesus, and strives to express thankfulness by the sincerity of his obedience; he is sorry with all his soul when he comes short of his duty; he walks watchfully in the denial of himself, and holds no confederacy with any lusts or known sin; if he fails in the least measure, he is restless till he has made his peace by true repentance.—He is true in his promises, just in his dealings charitable to the poor, sincere in his devotion; that will not deliberately dishonour God, although with the greatest security of impunity; that has his hopes and conversion in heaven; dares not do any thing unjustly, although ever so much to his advantage; and all this because he fears God, as well for his goodness as his greatness; such a man, whether he be an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian, Independent or Anabaptist; whether he wears a surplice or wears none; whether he hears organs or hears none; whether he kneels at the communion, or, for conscience sake, stands up or sits down: he has the life of religion in him, and that life acts in him, and will conform his soul to the image of his Saviour and go along with him to eternity, notwithstanding his practice or non-practice of things indifferent. On the other side, if a man fears not the eternal God, he does commit sin with presumption; he can drink to excess, lie, swear vainly and falsely, live loosely, break his promises. Such a man, although he cry up the Presbytery; although he be re-baptized or de-laim against it as heresy; although he fast all Lent, or feast out of pretence of avoiding superstition; yet, notwithstanding these or a thousand more external conformities, or be jealous of opposition to them, he wants the life of religion.

ON LONG SPEECHES.—A long discourse, not only an abuse of a man's leisure, but in some degree, is an insult to his understanding.—With the ignorant there is need of detail; with men of sense, something ought to be left, in mercy to their own intelligence and discernment. No people were more sensible of this necessary act of discretion, than the ancient Greeks. Phocion preparing to ascend the rostrum, being asked by some of those near him the cause of his pensiveness: replied, 'I am reflecting how I shall abridge what I am to say on the occasion.' Of this Phocion, Demosthenes often said, 'this is the axe which prunes my speeches.'

In our country the merit of a speech is measured by its duration. In Greece, an orator is praised for speaking well; in America for speaking a long time; and the good people are not insensible of the insult offered to their judgment, and of the expense of time and money to the nation; but are themselves accomplices of offence. The Governor made a speech two hours long. The Attorney General spoke two hours and a half. The longest of Demosthenes' speeches may be read in fifty minutes; and the most diffuse of Cicero is an hour.

ON FEMALE DRESS.

Among the numerous follies which excite the derision of the satirical, and reprehension of the wise, no one is more flagrant and degrading than the modern extr-vagance of female dress. That those who partake of the gift of reason, which is lauded as the enabling power that distinguishes the human from the brute creation, should subvert its principles or neglect its dictates in this obvious and pertinacious manner, is to be accounted for only by assuming, that they at least are very weak or extremely ignorant.

If females propose thus to obtain the notice & esteem of those whose good opinion is valuable because it arises from a source virtuous & intelligent, they are the victims of the most obvious delusion. The softness and beauty with which the Creator has especially beauti-

fied the feminine person, were certainly not designed to be obscured by negligence in the arrangement of their dress or by the coarseness of vulgar apparel; and hence, a judicious regard to neatness of personal appearance, may be considered as indicative of laudable sentiments and good taste. But it is not an ostentatious display of costly raiment, nor an exhibition of the varied combinations of color and shape, which the impetuous demand of fashion extort from the exhausted invention of the milliner, that can add lustre to female beauty, or secure the esteem & affection of a single mind that is worthy of being called rational. The proudest achievement that external embellishments are capable of, is to gain the notice of the retailers of false compliments and insincere professions.

But he who looks upon woman as designed to be the rational companion of man: who regards her in her intended high capacity, as being endowed with tenderness, truth, and sympathy; whose affection should irradiate the hour of gloom, or adorn the sunshine of prosperity, and whose outward beauty should be a faithful index of indwelling loveliness, will not allow the blandishments of fine apparel to atone for a wilful deficiency in the solid qualities of the understanding and the heart. He will consider and feel that she is incapable of inspiring a rational and lasting attachment; and regard her as vain and insipid; like the gaudy flower that is destitute of fragrance, though adorned with many colors.

It does, indeed appear, that to attract attention, to behold the eye of the passing stranger, or the lounging fop, dilated with amazement at the deformity of a prodigious bonnet, or the attenuation of a compressed waist, is sufficient to satisfy the omnivorous vanity of some of our fashionable females. But how remote from virtuous ambition are those who compel us to form such a conclusion! How far do they underrate the value and beauty of that intrinsic excellence, which shuns and detests display, which abides in simplicity, and, unconscious of its charms, secures the respect and affection of the intelligent and good.

How shall we excuse or palliate that irreverent display of the skill of the milliner which infests every place of worship. What a preponderating strength must vanity have acquired, when it thus carries its pride and ostentation into that house in which the especial presence of the Almighty is invoked! A church really appears rather like a bazaar for finery; than a house of prayer and spiritual improvement. It is far from my wish to introduce any of that saintly mawkishness which passes with many for the purity of revealed religion. I approve and applaud neatness and gentility in dress; but where vanity so far predominates over even those feelings which are, or ought to be, inspired by the influence of the gospel, females ought to be reminded of what is their duty, and what their disgrace. By these church exhibitions—I had almost said, these sacrilegious displays, not only is vanity indulged, but hypocrisy implanted. The worship of God is the ostensible reason for visiting the church, while the real latent intention is that of displaying their dress and being admired.

Much of the infelicity which exists in the domestic circle results from principles which are primarily instilled by the immoderate love of dress: nor is this the least surprising, when it is remembered, that the devotee of fashion, in her adoration of that which is without, first neglects and gradually acquires a contempt for that which ought to be within. Envy towards those who exceed her in external adornment, a fearful anxiety for prices, which in her estimation are swelled into immense importance; a multitude of frivolous desires, whose frequent disappointment induces petulance or secret mortification, are the inseparable concomitants of the inordinate love of fashionable attire.

To the reason, to the susceptible feelings of the fair sex, I would appeal, and implore them to dismiss the evil of which I complain. Every suggestion of the understanding, every dictate of an unsophisticated heart, must lean to the side of simplicity and unostentatious dress. Every wilful & excessive deviation from them is a positive breach of moral duty and integrity; while a consistent adherence to neatness, not only evinces the strength of good principles which cannot be subdued by the prevalence of bad custom, but enhances the charms of that loveliness which is, 'when unadorned, adorned the most.'

HALLEY AND NEWTON.

Halley the great mathematician, dabbled not a little in infidelity; he was rather too fond of introducing this subject. Once, when he had descanted somewhat freely on it, in the presence of his friend Sir, Isaac Newton: the latter cut him short with this observation: 'I already attend to you, Dr. Halley, with the greatest deference when you do us the honor to converse on astronomy, or the mathematics, because these are subjects you have industriously investigated, and which you well understand; but religion is a subject on which I always hear

you with pain, because it is one which you have not seriously examined, and therefore do not comprehend; you despise it because you have not studied it, and you will not study it because you despise it.'

POETRY.

FROM THE DELAWARE JOURNAL.

VERSES TO BE SUNG BY THE CHILDREN OF THE FREE SCHOOL, AT THE COMING EXHIBITION.

Give us the light of knowledge,
While life is in its bloom,
To chase away the darkness,
That covers us with gloom;
And we will bless the kindness,
That taught our youthful mind
To look to such pure sources,
True happiness to find.

Oh, lend the hand of pity,
To lead us in our race,
Where virtue, truth, and goodness
We early may embrace,
And all our young emotions
With gratitude shall swell,
For every brightening prospect
On which our eyes now dwell.

Without this light celestial
How dark our way would be,
No mental light or beauty
Or vision could we see,
But cheer'd by fostering kindness,
We'll rise a grateful band,
Diffusing what we're gaining
Through all this happy land.

And as thro' life we wander,
This day shall be enshrined
In memory's fairest tablet,
For benevolence to find,
Then pour the light of learning
Around our youthful ways
And we will rise to bless you
Thro' all life's fleeting days.

Why are springs enthroned so high
Where the mountains kiss the sky?
'Tis that thence there streams may flow
Fertilizing all below.

Why have clouds such lofty flight,
Basking in the golden light?
'Tis to send down genial showers,
On this lower world of ours.

Why does God exalt the great?
'Tis that they may prop the State,
So that toil its sweets may yield,
And the sower reap the field.

Riches why doth he confer?
That the rich may minister
In the hour of their distress
To the poor and fatherless.

Does he light a Newton's mind?
'Tis to shine on all mankind,
Does he give to Virtue birth?
'Tis the salt of this poor earth.

Stranger whomso'er thou art
What thy God has given impart,
Hide it not within the ground—
Send the cup of blessing round.

Hast thou power?—the weak defend,
Light?—give light thy knowledge lend,
Rich?—remember Him who gave,
Free?—be brother to the slave.

Called a blessing to inherit—
Bless, and richer blessings merit,
Give—and more shall yet be given,
Love, and serve, and look for Heaven.

BECAUSE I'M TWENTY-FIVE

'Tis wondrous strange, how great the change
Since I was in my teens;
Then I had heud, and bill-t-deaux
And joined the gayest scenes.
But lovers now have ceased to vow;
No way they now contrive
To poison, hang, or drown themselves—
Because I'm Twenty-five.

Once, if the night were e're so bright,
I ne'er abroad would roam,
Without—'the blin, the honor, Mier,
Of seeing you safe home.'
But now I go, through rain or snow—
Fatigued, and scarce alive—
Through all the dark without a spark—
Because I'm Twenty-five.

They used to call, and ask me all
About my health, so frail;
And thought a ride would help my side,
And turn my cheeks less pale;
But now, alas! if I am ill,
None cares that I revive;
And my pale cheek in vain may speak,
Because I'm Twenty-five.

Now if a ride improves my side,
I'm forced to take the stage;
For that is deemed quite proper for
A person of my age;
And then so hard is offered me,
To help me out alive;
They think it wont hurt me to fall,
Because I'm Twenty-five.

O dear—'tis queer, that every year
I'm slihter and more;
For not a bean pretends to show
His head within my door;
Nor ride, nor card, nor soft address;
My spirits now revive;
And one might near as well be dead
As say—I'm TWENTY-FIVE.