

witnesses at my back! Do you understand, Mr. D.? Meanwhile, be good enough to tell your readers the names and places of residence of the persons slandered by 'Spectator.' Till this is done, the public will remain in the dark as to their identity!!!

In your next paragraph, you carry the war into the enemy's camp, after this fashion:—
"We are glad that Mr. 'Spectator' detests 'vulgarity, lewdness and obscenity;' in this we join him, yet we gravely wonder if he has not, as 'a Christian,' witnessed some scenes of *Christian female immersion*, as shocking to real modesty as to behold one lying with garments well adjusted in the *tabernacle*."

I shall have to translate you again, Mr. D. What you wished to say is this: "We wonder that a 'Spectator' who has witnessed cases of *female immersion*, shocking to real modesty, should refer to the spectacle seen in our Tabernacle on the Camp-ground, of females lying on the straw, in the midst of a promiscuous crowd."

Why, mince the matter, Mr. D.? Were you apprehensive that you might "raise a breeze" among the Baptists? or that they would rush to the office of the *People's Press* to have their paper stopped? Your fears were groundless. The Baptists have had a good, hearty laugh, at your expense, over your 'bapousing,' 'ducking,' of dogs, &c. Some of your clerical brethren are not so mealy-mouthed when speaking of immersion. It is not long ago since one of them, on returning from the lake, where he had administered the ordinance, was asked by a friend whether he had not been immersing. "O yes," he replied, "and a *dirty job* it is." Without any qualms of conscience, and rather than lose a convert, they will perform this 'dirty job' with all due solemnity, (?) in the name of the Triune God. It is not at all an uncommon circumstance, to hear some of the less fastidious ones, expatiating, with great gusto on the posture of the body in the water, the adhering of the wet clothes to the skin, &c., and perhaps immediately after, stepping from the pulpit to the water to enact the "dirty" farce!!! There is no accounting for tastes, Mr. D., even among professing Christians.

Did you pen the above paragraph on 'female immersion,' as an argument in defence of the 'shoutings,' 'swoonings,' 'prostrations,' 'laughing,' 'whistling,' 'leaping in the air,' &c., witnessed at your late Camp-meeting? I think it highly probable that the majority of your readers will fail to see argument of *any kind* here. You intended it rather, I apprehend, as a *home-thrust*, or, as logicians call it, an application of the *argumentum ad hominem*.(1) You are a very unskilful swordsman, Mr. D., and are more likely, in the use of this weapon, to damage yourself than your adversary. I would, therefore, seriously advise you, before making another exhibition of your powers of 'fence and thrust,' to take a few lessons in private.

It is generally supposed, among persons who make any pretensions to good-breeding, that the privacy of a man's own house should protect him from the impertinence of eaves-droppers. (The term eaves-dropper, Mr. D., is applied to one who stands under the eaves, or near the window of a house, to listen and hear what is said within doors, whether from curiosity, or for the purpose of tattling and making mischief.) It appears, however, that in order to obtain arguments in defence of your 'favorite institution,' you even condescend to become an eaves-dropper.

Two social tea-meetings were lately held in this village, one in my house, and one in the house of a friend, a short time after. To inform the public what was said and done at these tea-meetings, you write a paragraph nearly *half a column* in length. As eaves-droppers, generally, never report very correctly or truthfully, it is not surprising that a few errors should have crept into your account. You say—"and if it should happen at any such service, that the house should be too small, and the fair youth should retire to the hotel, take supper, and have a dance." *Only three mistakes*, Mr. D., in this small portion of one sentence!!! 1. The 'fair youth' took their supper in the friend's house, where they had met. 2. The house to which a few of them adjourned afterwards, is *not* a Hotel, but a private boarding house, kept by a respectable lady. 3. *There is no dancing* on the occasion!!!

I believe that some of the 'fair youth' who were present, are likely to send you a card of invitation to attend the next tea-meeting held with a private family in the village, in order to prevent the necessity of your eaves-dropping, either in person or by proxy.

I hope that your readers will re-peruse your report on the tea meetings. They will see in that report a *striking* illustration of the old adage: '*Drowning men catch at straws!*'

You say, "we are not careful to answer them in all their several 'babblings'." As there appears to be more 'babblers' than 'Spectator,' be good enough to inform the public who they are. Do you include in the number, Dr. Adam Clarke, the Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, and the public generally?

You say: "that no one man, though he should be even a minister (unless he be a Pope), has any civil or moral right to dictate to the consciences of all others; or stereotype the ceremonials of religion for the guidance of those who hold an *open Bible* in their hands as 'a Lamp to their feet and a light to their paths.'"

Friend D., I heartily endorse the above noble sentiment—the Bible the *SOLE* r of