k, whispers forth his tale, that, "like the fabling Nile, no main knows." The dead-ay, even the dead-over whose sheeted forms sleeps the dark sleep no venomed tongue can te, and whose pale lips have then no voice to plead, are bected to the scandalous attack of the slanderer—

"Who wears a mask that Gorgon would disown, A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone."

Ithink it is Pollok who says the slanderer is the foulest whelp m, whose tongue was set on fire in hell, and whose legs were twith haste to propagate the lie his soul had framed.

> "He has a lip of lies, a face formed to conceal, That, without feeling, mocks at those who feel."

There is no animal I despise more than these moths and scrays sciety, the malicious censurers --

"These ravenous fishes, who follow only in the wake Of great ships, because, perchance, they're great."

0, who would disarrange all society with their false lap-wing s! The slanderer makes few direct charges and assertions. long, envious fingers point to no certain locality. He has an pitable shrug of the shoulders, can give peculiar glances,

> "Or convey a libel by a frown, Or wink a reputation down."

le seems to glory in the misery he entails. The innocent wear foulest impress of his smutty palm, and a soul pure as "Arctic twice dotted by the northern blast," through his warped and olored glasses wears a mottled hue.

> " A whisper broke the air-A soft, light tone, and low, Yet barbed with shame and woe! Nor might only perish there, Nor farther go!

Ah, me! a quick and eager ear Caught up the little meaning sound; Another voice then breathed it clear.

And so it wandered round,

From ear to lip, from lip to ear, Until it reached a gentle heart, And that-it broke."

ale wretch! ruiner of fair innocence by foul slanders, in thine dark, raven-plumed soul distilled—

"Blush-if of honest blood a drop remains To steal its way along thy veins! Blush-if the bronze long hardened on thy cheek,

Has left one spot where that poor drop can speak!"