

POETRY.

LINES UPON A SEA-GULL.

Fly on, fly on, thou noble bird,
What hadst thou aim in thy life,
When you so proudly brave the storm,
And gather pleasures in the strife.

But stop, oh stop! I pray thee tell,
(If aught of good be in thy tale,
What impulse makes thee kiss the swell,
And why you court the rising gale—
For oh! I feel, when fate doth bring
Its storms upon life's troubling sea,
'Twould be a glorious, happy thing,
Could we but brave those storms like thee.

Then pry thee tell, when storms o'ercast,
When hearts and hands begin to fail,
When cares that first but blew a blast,
Have risen fast to blow a gale—
Oh tell us how, with hearts as light
As seems thy wing, thy will, thy form,
How we may live in such a night,
How we may brave out such a storm.

When slander's tongue its arts employ,
To blight a virtuous honest name,
When envy's hand would smite the boy
Who seeks to gain a living fame—
Oh tell them how such storms to brave,
For much they need thy magic tale—
Already are they on the wave,
Already yield they to the gale.

And when some poor and honest man
Is struggling manful 'gainst his fate,
Or when some youth has formed a plan
(And hard's his task!) to rise, be great:
Or when some tender heart's exposed
To vile temptation's gilded form,
Oh teach them how such gales to oppose,
And how to live out such a storm!

Or should some noble, free-born band
E'er say or hope that free they'll be,
Or should some despot's iron hand
E'er tempt to grasp or bind the free—
Oh pry thee tell them then thy tale,
How wide you roam, how far you range,
How you oppose the fiercest gale,
And yet you never, never change.

And 't seems to me that 'twould be sweet,
When mischief swells its hideous form,
When all the perils deign to meet,
Or ev'ry critic raises a storm—
That 'twould be sweet to learn from thee,
How unconcerned we then might sail,
Or how to ride this troubled sea,
And laugh at all the furious gale.

MORPETH.

Head of Lake Ontario, June, 1842.

LITERATURE.

THE CHEMIST'S FIRST MURDER.

(From Colburn's New Monthly.)

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

"I know not how to begin the story," said the chemist, sighing heavily, while a slight spasm passed over his sorrowful face; "but when I used to poison people—" "I can't accept that for a beginning," said I, interrupting him. "Your conscience is over-nice, too sensitive and suspicious by half. Begin, in plain, honest English, 'When I was a chemist.'" "It means the same thing," he answered. "The people in Albania, you know, always commence their stories with 'When I was a thief.'" "So might some of us in England, who belong to what Sydney Smith calls the undetected classes of society; but you never heard a lawyer, when settled in his easy-chair, opening a narrative of the past with, 'When I used to ruin half the parish,' nor do retired members of parliament, referring to past periods of legislation, preface their anecdotes of patriotism with, 'When I practised bribery through thick and thin.'" "You speak," returned the chemist, sadly, "of people wiser than I am; people who can very well bear their own reproaches, so long as they can contrive to escape the world's. But enough of this. When I was a poet—Well, then, when I was a chemist—" "That's it—now go on." "At that time London had the Byronic fever. But London contains many Londons, and they all had it with greater or less violence. Thinking and thoughtless London—those who read much, and those who never read anything—the large-souled, the little-souled, and the no-souled—every one took the infection. It became quite the fashion, all of a sudden, to feel. Iron nerves relaxed, hearts of stone broke to pieces inwardly. There might be some who did not know what to think—yet these could, of course, talk; and there might be a few who, from long-established habits, found it quite impossible to get fast hold of a feeling—still they could shed tears. Society became a sponge, soaking up those briny showers of the muse, which only descended faster and faster, and the big rain came dancing to the earth." "Young men wept until their shirt-collars fell down starchless and saturated; young ladies, sitting on sofas, were floated out of the drawing-room window into the centre of Grosvenor square; and I verily believe that if those cantos (but they were not yet in existence) which found some little difficulty in making their way into families, could have got into a needle's eye, they would have extracted a tear from it. For the ladies, however, I do not answer positively—I can only vouch for the condition of my youthful brethren. You might have seen them with the new volume—bought—bought, mind—not borrowed; with the volume itself; not an American broadsheet that had pirated its precious contents; with a wet copy of the first edition; not a smuggled, sneaking, cheating, French version; with this volume of world-enchanting wonders tenderly grasped, you might have seen them hurrying along the street, stopping every now and then, and just opening it so as to peep at the mighty line within—then hastening on a little way, repeating the half-dozen "words that breathe" just read, until they were breathless—then, burning with curiosity for the passionate revelation, they would glide down a gateway, or shelter themselves at a shop-door, to dive a little further into the sea of thought, bringing up a pearl at every dip. The sensation with which these young people first read—

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?
constituted an epoch in their lives. It did in mine. That third canto was my first rock a-head. I never knew one bottle from another afterwards. All drugs became alike—merged into a drug. I hated Apollo in his connection with physic, but I worshipped him in his poetical divinity. I did not aspire to write verse—my appreciation of it was too enthusiastic, exalted, and intense;—to read it, to understand it, to recite it silently, accompanying myself on the pestle and mortar, was sufficient ecstasy. By degrees, rather rapid, the pestle and mortar accompaniment was omitted. I abjured all practical superintendence of the affairs of "the shop." I regarded with a scorn that bordered on disgust, the people who visited it, with prescriptions testifying to their miserable and infinitely vulgar concern for the welfare of their bodies—I longed to read them a favourite passage or two, prescriptive of mental medicine. A sudden burst—
With thee my bark I'll swiftly go,
startled the matter-of-fact applicant for an ounce of that strengthening medicine; and an involuntary application of the ever-recurring line,
Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?

would elicit from the simple girl who came for hartsorn, the explanation, that in general it was, "only mother's is swelled." Disgust naturally came in time, and with it, as a matter of course, total inattention to "business." Add to this fact, that I was possessed, in the person of an apprentice, of one of those things called "treasures"—in short a precocious genius—and it will readily be understood that a few mistakes in the mixing of medicines would occur every

now and then. "Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared," inscribed in gold letters upon purple glass, neatly framed, figured in the window; and no doubt care was taken to prepare as many as might be presented; but the lad had unhappily an experimental turn, and he was always for throwing perfumes upon Dr. Somebody's violets. When he had no particular ground for guessing how an improvement might be effected, he would hazard an alteration for the sake of change, just to keep his hand in; and the bottle to the extreme right, or the drawer to the extreme left, or the jar next to him, had an equal chance in these cases of being resorted to. The effect was sometimes to heighten, to an alarming degree, some peculiar influence delicately infused by the learned prescriber, and sometimes to neutralise altogether the essential principle of the prescription. "Men have died from time to time," says the poet, "and worms have eaten them—but not for love." Can this be said of physic? At that time, however, I heard of no disaster. Men died doubtless, and worms dined. This was perfectly natural. At the worst, if any mysterious cause obtruded itself, and the death of a patient followed immediately upon his taking a new lease of life from the verdict of a physician, there was always the convenient broken heart to fall back upon. Broken hearts were then as plenty as blackberries. "And some," says Manfred, pleasantly enumerating the various disagreeables whereof people perish—
And some of withered or of broken hearts,
For this last is a malady that slays
More than are numbered in the lists of fate.

We always used to set down any little inadvertence to the inevitable malady, the broken heart. A wrong medicine, perhaps, produced a very embarrassing and equivocal turn in the disease,—which came after a little while to look like a totally different complaint—and having an odd appearance with it, it was clearly a case of a broken heart. (The chemist groaned heavily, and appeared to labour under an attack of conscience.) It was all very well while the mischiefs that arose, either from my own deliberate neglect, or the apprentice's speculative genius, were uncertain and obscure—so long as the body of the victim was not laid right against the shop-door. But alas! a case occurred one afternoon—(The speaker stopped at the very threshold of his confession, but after swallowing a glass of water, his faintness vanished.) I was in the little apology for a parlour behind, reading the fourth canto, when the treasure of an apprentice, quitting his place at the counter, came to consult me upon something doubtful, either of quality or ingredient, in a prescription just presented for preparation. I was in the heart of an enchanting, a soul-enchanting stanza. I had got to the lines:
Though I be ashes, a far hour shall weep
The deep prophetic fullness of this verse—
when in he broke with an impertinent, an intolerable inquiry. I answered in the flush of my excitement, any thing—I named an ingredient or two for the compound off hand, and bid him vanish—resuming the passage, and completing the stanza—
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse.

All medicines, however mixed, seemed weak to that idea. Prussic acid could not, so it appeared to me, have kept pace with such poetry. Its effect upon my mind as I read was, to make the most dangerous and deadly poisons appear contemptible, and not worth the care and trouble of weighing them out in mere half ounces! But suddenly, after a little time, an idea stole darkly across my mind, of drugs compounded, and pills delivered: of an intrusion on the part of the young genius of the shop, an order given by myself in articulate and peremptory words, and medicines consequently mixed up! But what a medicine was amongst them—and what a quantity! Oh, no; the thought was a frightful one to be sure; but it was only momentary! A horrible suspicion, an agonizing fear, an appalling flash—but it was too acute, too withering to last, and it was over. I sought again the fascinating spell of the poem—"And I have loved thee, ocean!"—"Oh! Rome, my country!" "There was a sound of revelry by night." How! the spell failing! Passage after passage, that had never failed me before! Yes, it was in vain to attempt to read—in vain to affect the abstracted, meditative mood. The dark, strong, subtle thought would thrust itself into my brain, and hold down every idea that struggled to ascend to that "more removed ground."

A sudden dash into the opposite extreme is sometimes effective in these cases; so I got up, walked about, and whistled considerably out of tune. But a horrid idea took a tighter and more burning hold, and seemed to twist itself round my brain like a red-hot wire, as if it would never loosen again on the cool side of madness! I ceased whistling and walking about, flung myself into a chair, seized the magic volume, and opened it at the irresistible page—
"Is thy face like thy mother's?"
Mine, as I glanced at the little glass opposite, was like a maniac's. The likeness of the dreadful thought was there—the form of the scowling and distorted suspicion was over it—and it seemed to have remoulded all my features, and my very eyes could not recognise their own reflection in the mirror. I dashed down the book—that broken wand of the enchanter—and rushed forward to learn the worst;—which was precisely what I did learn! (Here the chemist swallowed another glass of water, and applied his handkerchief to his forehead.) The customer was gone; so was the prescription; so were the pills. I elicited from my treasure of a lad a verbatim report of the instructions I had given, the medicine I had named, the quantity ordered; and I stood with the feeling of one impaled, just for a minute longer, to learn distinctly from his lips the deplorable but indubitable fact, that he had scrupulously and religiously observed my diabolical instructions. It was enough. By the force of my sensations, which I had hitherto struggled to suppress, I seemed to be literally shot out of the shop; and in thirty seconds was a considerable distance from the house, flying up the crowded thoroughfare insensible of impediments, and yet finding leisure to scrutinise every passer's face, utterly unconscious that I had never beheld the features of the luckless being whom I sought. Then back again I darted in the opposite direction, seeking the unknown, as if it were my own soul that had slipped from me, and inwardly offering as I went worlds per minute for the discovery of the lost man. All this time I was equally unmindful of the circumstance that he had been gone an hour, east, west, north, or south—I knew not—any more than I should have known his visage had I beheld it before me. Frantic still, but breathless and exhausted, I returned. The tale was repeated word for word—various bottles, their labels and contents, were anxiously inspected again and again; as though there were some remote possibility of a latent chance of mistake. There could be none—there was none. The stranger had most certainly gone away, bearing with him a box of pills, whereof, by a most pitiless direction inscribed upon the lid, he was to take two daily. "Heaven!" I exclaimed, "be merciful to the doomed one—he has but eight and forty hours to live! Four of those pills would carry destruction, certain as a gun-shot, to the heart of an emperor, or the pulses of a serf. Neither Turk, Jew, infidel nor heretic could escape." "That's as sure as death," remarked my young treasure. And as I turned to look upon the speaker, I thought I saw in his eyes the gloomy light of the condemned cell, and his voice had a harsh and grating sound, like the opening of the debtor's door at the Old Bailey. That night I wandered about the park shunning everybody, yet peering as far as my fears allowed me into every face, expecting to see "poison" written there. What happiness past expression to have encountered the stranger—now, now, before bedtime! What an unspeakable relief to conscience, to be able to trace him out, to warn him of his peril, and avert his else inevitable fate! But this was hopeless! My thoughts ranged over all the consequences—the speedy death—the searching inquiry—the prompt detection. I well knew, to be sure, all the time, that the world is amazingly indulgent and charitable on all these occasions—I was aware that the public verdict universally agreed to in these cases of mistake, is, that nobody on earth is to blame, and that the individual whose inadvertence proved fatal, is a person well known and greatly esteemed for his peculiar carefulness. I was conscious that the chemist, so far from being deemed culpable, would most likely obtain, through the medium of the shocking occurrence, a character for caution that he

never possessed before. But this to me afforded no consolation, no hope of a respite from the pangs of remorse, and the sentence of the law. The tramp of horses and the rolling of wheels in the distance, sounded like the rattling of fetters. The night grew dark; the rays of the moon looked no brighter than the grating of a dungeon; and at length, as a sable cloud hung over the white vapour round it, there appeared to my affrighted eyes the image of a black cap upon the wig of justice. Next day, I gathered courage enough to take an eminent physician's opinion as to the effects of such a medicine—two pills at a time until the box was empty! His judgment was clear and final. The patient could not live to take a title of them. I went to another distinguished authority with my supposititious case—he was equally distinct and undoubting. Four of them would have carried off Methuselah in the prime of life! I returned home—to dinner. Dinner!—The cloth resembled a large weekly newspaper, with wood engravings, faithfully representing "the culprit as he appeared at the bar on the day of trial." At night I slept, indeed; but a jury of twelve well-fed Londoners were sitting on my stomach, determined not to retire because they were agreed upon their verdict. Every hour after the second day, I expected to hear of the inevitable calamity. I pictured the sufferer dying—I pictured him dead. Then I recalled him to life, by that stomach-pump process by which the imagination in its extremity works, and felt that he might possibly survive through the third day. But at length I knew he must be dead—and now for the revelation. Was he a son—a father? His relations would never permit him to perish so, without an inquiry. Was he married—would his wife be taken up on suspicion of having poisoned him? Was he a resident any where in the neighbourhood—and should I myself be summoned upon the inquest? Every question had its separate sting. Of ten thousand daily speculations, each inflicted its excruciating torture. But days rolled on—sunrise, noon, sunset, night—all regularly came round—and brought no discovery. Not a "shocking occurrence," not a "horrible event," was to be found in the journals, morning or evening. It appeared, just at that time, as though the wheels of the world were rolling round without running over any body. In the vast crowd of society, not a toe was trodden on. Either the reporters were dead, or "fatal accidents" had gone quite out of fashion. It is true, that no stranger, during a whole fortnight, set his foot within the shop without throwing me into an ague-fit. It is true that, throughout the same period, my eye never fell upon man or woman clad in mourning, without turning to a ball of fire in my head, with the consciousness that it beheld one of the bereaved and injured relatives of my innocent victim. Still no sign of detection came; and although my bitter self-reproaches continued, my horror of the latter began considerably to abate. When [Here the chemist once more paused, and raising, not a glass, but a tankard of iced water to his lips, his disturbed countenance totally disappeared for a few minutes.]—One afternoon as I was standing in a more tranquil mood at the farther end of the shop, gazing at the chimneys of the opposite house, and inwardly murmuring,
"Is thy face like—?"

I proceeded no further with the apostrophe, for at that instant my treasure of an apprentice flew to my side, crushed one of my toes under his thick shoe, and compressed his whole volume of voice into a soul-awakening whisper, as he said, "This is him!" Him! I immediately looked at the object so ungrammatically indicated. There stood before me a tall, gaunt, sallow-visaged man of forty-five. His eyes were dull, and his jaws were thin. He looked like one who had suffered, whether abroad or at home, much sickness—had exposed an iron frame to severe trials in strong and searching remedies—had borne their effect well, and lived on in hope of a cure. There he stood—who was he? The treasure, in whose eye there was a ray of satisfaction, darted a significant glance at me, which seemed again to say, "This is him," as he bent forward a little, over the counter, to ascertain the customer's wishes. "Young man," said the stranger—his lips were quite dry, and his voice very hollow—"Young man, observe me!" Here he looked intently into the treasure's face, and continued with peculiar impressiveness—"You prepared me some pills lately—I see you have not forgotten—some pills, I say—look, here is the prescription! Ah, you recognise it. Yes, it was you indeed who served me. Pray, mind then what I say. Let me have another box of those pills; exactly, mind, exactly, like the last; for never did I procure pills any where that did me half so much good!"

"Your story is interesting," said I, encouragingly. "I am no judge of that," returned the chemist with a sigh; "but it is true."

THE MILLIONAIRE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

(From the London Monthly Magazine.)

The daughter of the millionaire has been well educated in every sense of the word, but not over-accomplished, so as to destroy the natural feminineness of her character. She is graceful and lovely. Display has not been the object of her tuition, and she has all the simplicity of the humblest born, with the grace and delicacy of the highest. She loves her father as she does the air she breathes, or her own life: and his equable and well-poised nature has not once ruffled the current of this natural course of her affections. Her mother, nobly born, and a lady in her own right, fell a victim to the disease of the delicate, consumption; but left no appearance of it in her lovely daughter, beyond a tendency to too keen a sensibility. The millionaire loves her deeply, strongly, and with that close, silent constancy, that, like the Propontic and the Hellespont, knows no retiring ebb, but keeps due on." All the energies of his cold and calculating disposition are warmed by this affection into a strong feeling, greater than perhaps he himself imagines. He admires her elegance, is proud of her quiet, unpretending talents, and relaxes his cautious heart to her genial filial affection. He has ambitious hopes for her, but great consideration for her happiness. He attempts not to controul, scarcely to guide her; in this, as in all other important matters, he is naturally too clever a man to endeavour to mould all events as he desires, but leaves circumstances to develop themselves, and then he shapes them. Yet the wisest are misled, and the keenest sometimes slumber. Wrapped his whole lifetime in exaggerated notions of the power and influence of wealth; impressed with an exorbitant idea of its importance; he thinks it a natural and inevitable principle, and one that every reasonable being must acknowledge, that the gulf between the wealthy and the poor is impassable. He has divided human nature (and certainly nothing can differ more) simply into those who have wealth and those who have not. This common sense must acknowledge. This is no fanciful division of the metaphysician or the herald. This is no subtlety of the politician, or quibble of the lawyer; but a plain visible matter of fact, and like the daylight, can only be denied by the insane. Enwrapped in this belief, he admits a third cousin, a penniless collegian, who writes Tennysonian poetry, and mediates a new edition of Plato, into his house, until he can provide for him in a business or profession. The young Platonist is very delicate and high-minded, but very sensitive and impressionable. He is, of course, profoundly and irrevocably in love with his fair cousin on the second day; has numerous struggles and contentions, which he might conquer, but his simple lady cousin busies herself to relieve his apparent uneasiness; talks with him, rides with him, and at last studies Plato with him. They are soon wiled into the eddying circles of the enchanting science of the union of kindred souls, which must, when both are under twenty, lead irrevocably to the union of kindred lips. Not that this consummation, so devoutly to be avoided, takes place hastily or coarsely with a Tennysonian versifier or a millionaire's daughter. When it does occur, the film drops from their mental eyes, and they see a gulph before them, which requires a rash leap or a quick retreat. They are detected on the brink, and the millionaire finds that he, too, has been slumbering. A distant appointment in the sultry east, or the more noxious west, is proposed. He reveals not to his daughter or poor cousin by the slightest word or deed his knowledge of the facts. He knows he is safe from disastrous consequences in the purity and delicacy of both their

minds, and he, therefore, pursues his usual mode, and hides the course of circumstances. He hints at the necessity of exertion in one who has to acquire his own fortune. He counsels promptitude and early efforts, and he proffers opportunities; but all in a distant land. He, however, regarding nothing grossly. Has no vehemence concerning it; but, relying with indestructible confidence on the certainty of his own power to prevent a coming evil, waits the overthrowing action of existence. And he waits not in vain. The Tennysonian, delicate by nature, wrought upon by struggling mysonian, "thoughts beyond the reaches of his soul," and elevated by the intensity of his own passion, and the conflict of his principle and feelings, sinks under a cold caught by sitting all night with the window open, conversing with the stars, and seeking to interpret their vast and mystic mazes into a symbol of the undefinable and wandering impulses of his own mysterious being. The young student is in six weeks borne to the dark portal which leads to the unfathomable immensity that was the ever-constant theme of his bright but phosphoric speculations. The "fair lady" goes into a time most terribly statue-like—pale, silent, and trembling. Deep and anxious are the watchings of the millionaire; but at last is restless; he who never yet was known to show emotion, except that he once was observed to help himself to fish twice, when some one he considered good authority reported that a Spanish patriot had stabbed Medardus at the council-board. He now is heard pacing the night away, and his tone is almost querulous when he inquires how his daughter has passed the night. But nature and youth are mighty, and she revives only to love her father foster dear ever. She never knows passion more, and all is as the millionaire desires. She will wed in accordance with his wishes. A coronetted curlicue is now seen frequently at the door, and a slight, thin young man, with unmeaning eyes and ineffective figure, proffers, and is accepted. He is the second son of a marquis; has no talents, no passions; few appetites, and consequently, little ambition or reflection. He is a human butterfly, and lives in the sunshine of fortune unharmed and unharmed. Has a sweet temper and a good nature. His vanity is pleased at obtaining a great heiress, and a fine woman, and a little dash and exuberance of folly is the result. He is very proud of his hair, and knows no limit to the inuendos of his extraordinary ability thus displayed in a parental capacity. Life glides on with the lady slowly, quietly, and she knows no variations. It seems as she had once been stunned, and that it left her after a little dizziness of soul; this settles into habit, and she goes on fulfilling sweetly, but gravely, the duties of her station. The millionaire now thinks all is as he wishes. In due time his son-in-law succeeds to the Earldom, and his grandson exhibits great political talents, and he yet hopes to live to see him chancellor of the exchequer; but death is never unpleasant—he always comes when his absence would be particularly desirable—and, in this instance, he steps in to prevent this the fondest, and, as he said, the last wish of the millionaire, who is conveyed to his family vault with the only honours that his wealth can now afford him. His daughter—his gentle, silent daughter—what became of her? She died for love of that father who had rendered the state of her existence a monotonous succession of duties. Yes, strange as it may seem, and romantic as it appears, such was the case. She had never been accustomed to reason on her father's conduct, and, therefore, looked upon him as faultless. She had loved, intensely, her cousin; and that channel of her sympathies dried up, she had returned to the love of her father. Her husband she had never loved; her duty, as it was called, had induced her to yield her hand. The children, even, that had sprung from their union, had never caused in her that intense affection that arises from mutual passion in the parents. They had been early separated from her, and she had been regarded as a woman of no energy; nor, in truth, had she any, for her spirit had been struck when her cousin was separated from her. Her father had absorbed all her young affections, and his death severed every tie on earth. The millionaire's daughter soon followed her father to the vault, a victim to the mistake of ambition of wealth, and the ignorant notion that riches alone constitute or can command happiness.

PULPIT ADDRESSES.—Before I proceed, I would warn you, and that with all the solemnity that can belong to any admonition of mine, against rendering your discourses so local as to be pointed and levelled at particular persons in your congregation. This species of address may produce in the party for whom it is intended, confusion perhaps, and shame, but not with their proper fruits of penitence and humility. Instead of which, these sensations will be accompanied with bitter resentment against the preacher, and a kind of obstinate and determined opposition to his reproof. He will impute your officiousness to personal enmity, to party spirit, to the pleasure of triumphing over an adversary without interruption or reply, to insult assuming the form of advice, or to any motive rather than a conscientious solicitude for the amendment and salvation of your flock. And as the person himself seldom profits by admonitions conveyed in this way, so are they equally useless, or perhaps noxious, to the rest of the assembly; for the moment the congregation discovers to whom the chastisement is directed, from that moment they cease to apply any part of it to themselves. They are not edified, they are not affected; on the contrary, they are diverted by descriptions of which they see the design, and by invectives of which they think they comprehend the aim. Some who would feel strongly the impropriety of gross and evident personalities, may yet hope to hit their mark by covert and oblique allusions. Now, of this scheme, even when conducted with the greatest skill, it may be observed, that the allusions must either be perceived, or not. If they be not perceived, they fail of the effect intended by the speaker; if they be, they are open to the objections which he against more explicit and undissembled attacks. Whenever we are conscious, in the composition of our discourses, of a view to particular characters in our congregation or parish, we ought to take for granted that our view will be understood. Those applications, therefore, which, if they were direct, would produce more bad emotions than good ones, it is better to discard entirely from our sermons; that is to say, it is better to lay aside the design altogether, than to attempt to disguise it by a management which is generally detected, and which if not seen through, defeats its purpose by its obscurity. The crimes, then, of individuals let us reserve for opportunities of private and reasonable expostulation. Happy is the clergyman who has the faculty of communicating the vice and remonstrance with persuasion and effect, and the virtue to seize and improve every proper occasion of doing it; but in the pulpit, let private characters be no otherwise adverted to, than as they fall in with the delineations of sin, and duties which our discourses must necessarily contain, and which, whilst they avoid personalities, can never be too close or circumstantial. For the same reason that I think personal allusions reprehensible, I should condemn any even the remotest reference to party or political transactions and disputes. These are at all times unfit subjects for the Christian preacher has no other province than that of religion and morality. He is seldom led out of his way by honourable motives, and, I think, never with a beneficial effect.

NATURE.—"All nature," says Schlegel, in the *Philosophy of Poesy*, "is to human eyes a pyramid covered with hieroglyphics, of which few are intelligible to us because the key is wanting, and because we ask Nature for it, instead of proposing to God that he would unfold to us the mystery and glory of his works."
A HINT.—A young lady once told a gentleman that her silver thimble was nearly worn out, and asked him what reward she ought to receive for her industry. The gentleman, in answer, sent her a new thimble the following morning, accompanied by these lines:—
"I send a thimble, for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
'Twill last very long, if but half as strong
As the hint you gave me to buy it."

CHARLOTTETOWN: Printed and published by COOPER & BREWSTER, at their Office, East corner of Pownall and Water Streets.—
15s. per annum, payable half yearly in advance.