

THE EXAMINER

Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freedom Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

Vol. VII.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, October 13, 1862.

New Series.—No. 40.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HARRINGTON & SMITH,
Commission Merchants,
Mount Stewart Bridge,
P. E. ISLAND.
Grain Cargoes Purchased and Shipped on Commission.
Sept. 22, 1862. 1st 2u

Dentistry.

C. F. HUBERT, Dentist,
is prepared at all times to attend to the various branches of the profession.
Teeth carefully inserted, extracted, cleaned, and filled.
Office hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Residence at Mrs. Douglas', Water-street.
Charlottetown, Jan. 20, 1862. tf

GEORGETOWN.

WILLIAM SANDERSON,
Commission Merchant, Wholesale & Retail General Agent, Auctioneer & Broker.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Agent for Col. Life Assurance Company in King's County. Agent for Patent Iron Foundry.
Town Lots, Pasture Lots, and Farms for Sale in King's County.
Nov. 18.

MR. W. A. JOHNSTON,
OF HALIFAX, N. S.
Attorney and Barrister at Law,
Notary Public, &c. &c.
Office—Mrs. McDonald's, next door to Mrs. Forsyth's, North side of Queen Square.
Charlottetown, October 21, 1861.

A CARD.

NEIL RANKIN begs leave to inform the MERCHANTS and TRADING COMMUNITY of Prince Edward Island, and the Neighbouring Provinces, that he has made arrangements for the immediate prosecution of business as an
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant & General Agent,
in each of which lines all Commissions with which he may be favoured (at home or from abroad) shall receive his prompt and best attention.
Charlottetown, July 8, 1861.

Rockwell, Higley & Garland,
Commission Merchants,
And Wholesale Dealers in
FLOUR, GRAIN, POTATOES, EGGS, BUTTER, CHEESE,
Beans, Pork, and Produce generally,
44, NORTH STREET, BOSTON,
References in Charlottetown—
W. CUNDALL, Esq., W. B. DEAN, Esq.,
June 23, 1862. 1c

DR. McKEON,
KING SQUARE,
Next house to the residence of Mr. Boer.
Sept. 8, 1862.

W. B. HERBERT,
SHIP BROKER
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 112 Hollis-street,
HALIFAX, N. S.

Strict attention will be given to all consignments of Produce to and from Prince Edward Island, September 1, 1862. 1c

Watch and Clock Maker.
PURCHASE,
Smardon's Corner.

A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF WATCHES always on sale, and warranted to perform well. Price \$3 00, and upwards.
WEDDING RINGS, BROOCHES, &c. &c. in great variety.
Charlottetown, August 4, 1862.

JOHN & ROBERT SCOTT,
Coach & Sleigh Builders,
Kent Street,
INFORM the inhabitants of Charlottetown and the County generally, that they have now on hand a number of new and second-hand CARRIAGES, open and covered, of different styles, which will be sold cheap for prompt payment.
All orders punctually attended to.
April 14, 1862.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO'S STEAMERS.
"New Brunswick" and "Forest City."
THESE favorite STEAMERS leave St. JOHN for EASTPORT, PORTLAND, and BOSTON, alternately, every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning, at 8 o'clock.
J. S. CARVELL, Agent.
June 16, 1862. 6m

Eastern and N. A. Railway.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN, 8 a.m., arrive at Point Du Chene at 1 1/2 p.m.
Trains leave St. John at 2 p.m., arrive at Point Du Chene at 3 1/2 p.m.
Trains leave Point Du Chene at 7 30 a.m., arrive at St. John at 3 30 p.m.
Trains leave Point Du Chene at 2 15 p.m., arrive at St. John at 8 30 p.m.
ON TUESDAYS a train will leave St. John at 5 30 p.m., to connect with steamer "Wentworth," "Lady Hood," and "Arctian" on Wednesday mornings.
J. S. CARVELL, Agent.
June 16, 1862. 6c

NOTICE!
To Merchants and others.
THE subscriber will hold an AUCTION on the second THURSDAY in every month, or the disposal of any kind of Merchandise placed in his hands. Goods to be sold on the AUCTION ROOM two days previous to sale. Proceeds will be handed over without delay.
NEIL RANKIN, Auctioneer.
Queen street, March 31, 1862.

LUMBER.
SPRUCE DEALS and DEAL ENDS, PINE BOARDS, Pine Palings, Cedar Shingles, Sawed Lumber, Laths and Deal Edging for Sale.
JAMES PURDIE.
Charlottetown, Aug. 12, 1862.

CHANGE.
DR. J. HOMER, Physician and Surgeon, for all diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat, Lungs and Skin, has taken convenient rooms at the American Hotel, St. Elizabeth's, where he can be consulted professionally for a short time.
Sept. 25, 1862. 3c

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

AND THE
BRITISH REVIEWS.
L. SCOTT & CO., New York, continue to publish the following leading British Periodicals, viz:—

THE LONDON QUARTERLY (Conservative).
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig).
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church).
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal).
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory).

The present critical state of European affairs will render these publications unusually interesting during the forthcoming year. They will occupy a middle ground between the hastily written news-papers, crude speculations, and flying rumors of the daily Journal, and the ponderous Tome of the future historian, written after the living interest and excitement of the great political events of the time shall have passed away. It is to these Periodicals that readers must look for the only intelligent and reliable history of current events, and as such, in addition to their well-established literary, scientific, and theological character, we urge them upon the consideration of the reading public.

EARLY COPIES.
The receipt of *Advance Sheets* from the British publishers gives additional value to these Reviews, inasmuch as they can now be placed in the hands of subscribers about as soon as the original editions.

TERMS.
Per ann. For any one of the four Reviews.....\$3 00
For any two of the four Reviews.....5 00
For any three of the four Reviews.....7 00
For all four of the Reviews.....8 00
For Blackwood's Magazine.....3 00
For Blackwood and one Review.....5 00
For Blackwood and two Reviews.....7 00
For Blackwood and three Reviews.....9 00
For Blackwood and the four Reviews.....10 00
Money current in the State where issued will be received at par.

CLUBBING.
A discount of twenty-five per cent. from the above prices will be allowed to Clubs ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: Four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to one address for \$9; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$30; and so on. Postage—Subscribers in the British Provinces will receive the Reprints Free of U. S. Postage.

N. B.—The price in Great Britain of the five Periodicals above named is \$31 per annum.

THE FARMER'S GUIDE

TO
SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.
By HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, and the late J. P. NOTTON, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, New Haven. 2 vols. Royal octavo. 1600 pages and numerous Engravings.
This is, confessedly, the most complete work on Agriculture ever published, and in order to give it a wider circulation the publishers have resolved to reduce the price to
\$5 FOR THE TWO VOLUMES!
When sent by mail (post-paid) to California and Oregon the price will be \$7. To every other part of the Union, and to Canada (post-paid), \$6. This book is *not the old "Book of the Farm."*
Remittances for any of the above publications should always be addressed, post-paid, to the Publishers,
LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
No. 54 Gold-street, New York.
Geo. T. HAZARD, Charlottetown.

GLENFINLAS CLOTH MILLS.

THE subscriber thanks his numerous customers for their liberal support, and would inform them and the public generally that he is prepared to
Full, Dye and Dress Cloth,
with every dispatch consistent with good workmanship, and therefore expects a large increase of patronage.
AGENTS,
Messrs. Boer & Sons, 100, Charlottetown.
Messrs. Selouson Mutch, 50, Southport.
Messrs. James Robinson, St. Peter's Road.
Messrs. Edwin Coffin, Mount Stewart Bridge.
Messrs. Patrick Kavanagh, St. Andrew's.
Messrs. William Stearns, St. Peter's.
Messrs. John Knight, Southport.
Messrs. Messrs. Gordon, Grand River Wharf.
Messrs. William Henderson, Rolle Bay.
Messrs. Alexander McVeigh, West River, East Point.
Messrs. Patrick Kavanagh, East Point.
JOHN DIXON.
Glennfinlas, Sept. 22, 1862. 6w

PAINTS AND PAINT OILS.

IRON; also, 100 chests and half chests TEA for sale cheap for cash.
JAMES DUNCAN & CO.,
No. 20, Water-street, Charlottetown, Sept. 20, 1862.

SALT.

100 BARRELS LIVERPOOL SALT offered at a low figure.
N. RANKIN.
Sept. 29, 1862. 3c

SHINGLES.

200,000 CEDAR SHINGLES just received, and will be sold lower than any in the city for cash.
N. RANKIN.
Sept. 29, 1862. 3c

Olive or Sweet Oil.

FOR SALE at
Sept. 29, 1862. 1m BEER & SONS.

Ladies' Hoop Skirts.

12 DOZEN just received per Sch. "LIGHT BOAT."
BEER & SONS.
Sept. 29, 1862. 1m

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers intending to make an alteration in their business, hereby notify all persons indebted to them, either by bond, note, or book account, that their respective accounts must be paid up on or before the first day of December next ensuing, as all sums unsettled after that time will be handed over to an attorney for collection without any distinction of persons.
The subscribers also take this opportunity to thank their numerous friends for the liberal support given them since they commenced business, and beg to state that they will continue to sell their present stock at a very small profit for present payment until the first of November next, when all of their remaining stock will be offered at auction to make room for new importations, at which time great bargains may be expected. All kinds of merchantable produce will be taken for the outstanding debts, such as Oats, Barley, Potatoes, &c., until the time before stated, for any sums remaining unpaid after that time each.

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LITERATURE.

CHANGES.

In the depth of the ancient easement,
Looking into the West,
A little maiden sat and read
In the evening's golden rest.
And her bright brain, teeming with fancies
Of spiritual things,
Of breadths of silent, starry skies,
Whitened with angels' wings.

And fields of blowing lilies,
Radiant within the dawn,
With the branches of the tree of life
Shedding field and lawn.

For the thin and tiny volume
Was rich with fairy lore,
And kindled her chiding fancy,
As she turned the leaflets o'er.

Reading of knights and ladies,
Who walked in the forests old,
Bright as the morning planet
Eve gathered to its fold.

And the chamber walls grew lustrous,
And the farmed depths of fire,
That flamed on the red horizon,
Were filled with food and spire.

And minarets, from out whose tops
The bells of heaven blew,
Such harmonious melodies
That thrilled her through and through.

The dusk fell on the easement,
The moonlight touched the chair,
And she saw through the tender twilight
The bats in the crimson air.

Plucking a scented leaflet
From the vine beneath the eaves,
She folded the wondrous volume,
And placed it in the leaves.

The day looked through the easement,
The evening fell more fair,
And came and fled the dawn and dusk,
But still she came not there.

The robin from the orchard
Flew in upon the floor,
And piped for his absent mistress
That never fled him o'er.

Her gentle soul was gathered
Up through the midnight blue,
As the glory of the sun exhales
The chalice of dew.

And friends who read the volume
Behind the window left,
And the quaint and child-like symbol hushed
The utterance of grief.

For they, in faith, believed that fled
This garden of tears and strife,
The flower of her soul lay folded
In the book of Eucharistic life.

OCTOBER.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Months of my heart thou dostst here,
With sad and faded leaves to strewn,
Pale Summer's melancholy hier,
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground.
And sighing with the winds I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

Alas for Time, and Death, and Care,
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring.
The dreams of such successive year,
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side.

THE HAUNTED MANSION.

In the fall of 1832 (says an acquaintance to whom we are indebted for the present singular story) I was spending a few weeks in the City of New Orleans. One evening, while in company with some friends—ladies and gentlemen—the conversation turned upon ghosts, hobgoblins, evil spirits, haunted houses, and the like; and being a great skeptic in all such matters, I freely expressed myself to that effect, saying that I believed all ghosts to be mere fancies of timid visionaries, and the nocturnal disturbers of haunted houses to exist only in the fevered imaginations of ignorant, credulous fools.

As several of the party had great faith in the interference of spirits in our mundane affairs, my positive and strongly expressed skepticism brought quite a storm about my ears; and as a proof that I was wrong and opponents right, (many of whom being ladies were sure to be right, you know,) case after case was cited of what this one had heard such an one declare, and that one had known of some other one having seen.

"Come," said I laughing, "we might argue on hearsay till Doomsday, and neither of us be any the wiser. What I require to make any impression on me, is that some honest, candid, strong-minded, intelligent person, shall step forward, and declare upon honor, that he or she, as the case may be, has ever seen a real, genuine ghost, or has ever seen, knowing it to be such from actual experience, a haunted house."

Well, it so happened that there were none present who had actually seen a ghost themselves, though a number of them had seen a number of persons who had; and as for haunted houses, no one was prepared to speak from actual experience, though a few of such reputed places were known to the excited believers.

"Well," said I, rather boastfully, "if there is such a thing as a haunted house in the universe—I should like nothing better than to pass a night in one."

"Would you dare to do it?" inquired a very pretty young lady, fixing her large black eyes upon me, with an expression that I thought implied some doubt of my courage.

"Try me and see!" I replied, with a dignified bow.

"Good faith, then we will!" rejoined the excited gentleman, as he seized me by the button. "There is a splendid mansion, some two or three miles above the city, which is fast going to decay, in the midst of a beautiful orange grove, because no one cares

to live in it. Come! put your boasting to the test. I will wager you a champagne supper that you dare not pass the night there alone, from sun to sun!"

"Take the bet!" returned I, promptly—for the least hesitation, there would have brought upon me a storm of ridicule. "Now what night shall we name for the venture? and how shall I obtain entrance into the building?"

"I will let you choose your own night," answered the other; "and as the doors of the mansion are always unlocked, and frequently standing open, you can enter any time, without let or hindrance."

"And who shall be appointed to decide whether I fairly win the wager?"

"Oh for that matter, I will take your own word of honor," replied my friend with generous enthusiasm.

"You believe then in my word of honor, but not in my moral courage?" returned I, with a laugh.

"I believe your courage would stand any mere mortal test," was the rejoinder; "and I am willing to take your own word whether or no it stands this."

"Allow me to thank you for the compliment," said I; "and, if not too soon for your purpose, name to-morrow night for the great trial of my nerves by supernatural agency. But I give fair warning to all whom it may concern." I added, slightly compressing my lips, and speaking in that tone of stern determination which always shows the individual to be in serious earnest, "that I shall go well armed, and be likely to try the effect of a few leaden balls upon whatever object, either of this world or the other, that shall venture to disturb my peaceful tranquility."

"And if you do shoot a ghost," laughed one of the most skeptical of the ladies, "pray bring it off, and have it stuffed for future exhibition."

"By my faith, I believe such things are all stuff!" I rejoined in a merry mood.

Well matters being all settled for the subsequent trying of my nerves and the shaking of my skepticism, I took leave of the company at a seasonable hour, repaired to my hotel, and slept soundly till morning.

The next day I provided myself with two brace of pistols, a couple of sheath knives, a piece of brandy, and a basket of provisions; and in the afternoon, accompanied by the gentleman with whom I had laid the wager, and two others, I rode out to the haunted mansion, to make a reconnaissance in force. When it was first pointed out to me, looming up grandly beautiful from amid a delightful orange grove, I believed my companions were justifying not only the possibility that so lovely a place had been abandoned for what appeared to me so trifling a cause as supernatural spirit-leaving. Riding past it some little distance, we left the carriage, entered the grounds on foot, and approached the building through an avenue of trees. There was an air of desertion and desolation about the premises that I confess sent a thrill through me from the very first. Could there possibly be any truth in the strange reports concerning its unnatural tenants? 'Pshaw! what nonsense! The structure itself was large, roomy and grand, with marble steps, fluted columns, tesselated doors and stone stairs. The doors were open, and the whole house empty, dusty and decaying—a fit abode for painful and gloomy contemplation.

We explored every portion above ground, but did not descend into the cellars, the doors of which being locked, a fact that struck me as somewhat singular. When my friends got ready to depart, I told them that they might leave me there—that Heaven and the Other Place permitting, I should spend the night under that roof—and that, if they felt any interest in my fate, they might come for me the next morning at sunrise. They all shook hands with me, confessed they did not envy me my night's lodging and possible entertainment, and went away with much lighter spirits than I felt at seeing them take their leave.

I shall briefly pass over the first part of the night, because nothing remarkable then occurred. I had selected a front room in the second story for my watch, and, pistol in hand, had stationed myself by one of the windows, when I suddenly saw my exit to the ground below, in case of dire necessity, without any serious risk. Here I had witnessed the night gradually sink in the scene, and felt the first loneliness of the solemn, holy hours, as they dragged on toward midnight watches. Occasionally I took a bite from my basket and a sip from the bottle, more for the purpose of having something to do than because I felt the need of food or stimulants. It was very tedious keeping watch there, all alone, in the dark, in an empty building, afar from the sound or reach of a human voice, and I almost began to wish for a ghost of some kind to break the dull, dreary, gloomy monotony.

At last—somewhere about midnight, I judge—I began to grow very drowsy; and as keeping awake was so part of my agreement or wager, I sat down on the floor, a la Turk, braced my back against the wall, and soon began to nod and dream, and finally lost myself in sleep.

How long I slept I do not know; but in my sleep, none of the soundest, I fancied I heard human voices, speaking in low, guarded, steady, monotonous tones, that came to the ear like the distant fall of water; yet, when I awoke, which I did by losing my balance and coming down with a shock and a jar, the sound of voices seemed suddenly to cease. Was it a fancy? a dream? or had I heard some one or more persons speaking?

Not being the least bewildered at suddenly awaking and finding myself in my novel situation, but remembering all that had gone before and why I was there, I now lay still and listened, keeping my eyes wide open, prepared to hear and see whatever sound and sight might be presented to the two senses, and act accordingly.

Presently I heard what seemed to be whispers, and feet moving cautiously in the room below, and I must admit I had some rather strange feelings and reflections. What, if, after all, there should be some truth in ghosts and haunted houses?

Another short silence succeeded the sounds I heard, or fancied I heard, and then suddenly, bang! bang! bang! went three different doors in the story below, followed by several groans, and a noise as of some person walking heavily and dragging a chain along the

floor. There was no mistake this time; and if I did not start up rather quickly, grasp two of my pistols very tightly, and feel my hair rise, and heart beat faster, I think, all things considered, I neither felt nor exhibited any more fear than the bravest would have experienced and displayed under the circumstances.

The sounds of the heavy footsteps and the rattling drag of the chain still continued, moving toward the staircase until it was reached, and then ascending deliberately to the second story—a blue light seeming to precede the nocturnal walker, and through the open door, steal into the room where I was.

"Now for it!" thought I, compressing my lips and steadying my nerves with all the resolution at my command.

The sounds advanced, the light grew brighter, and, with eyes half-starting from my head, I stood staring at the open door, prepared to behold some awful apparition. Nearer and nearer sounded the heavy step and the rattling chain, and presently what seemed the form of a man enveloped in a white sheet, and holding before him a small, iron vessel, burning a blue light, appeared to my astonished gaze.

"In God's name!" cried I; and then, crack! crack! went both pistols in quick succession.

A yell of terror followed, down went the light and away went apparition and chain, thundering and clattering down stairs. Then I heard quick and excited voices speaking together, a rush of several feet, and a noise of a number of persons running across the grounds outside.

I stood my ground and kept my watch till morning, but was not disturbed again. A little before sunrise my friends appeared, anxious to know how I had passed the night. They were surprised to find several pieces of silk lace and other valuable goods scattered over the floor of the main apartment of the lower story. On my giving them a narration of the facts, we all came to the conclusion the house had been made the rendezvous of thieves, who had previously prepared themselves to work upon the superstitious fears of any strangers they might chance to encounter, and that, having heard my fall, they had dressed up one of their number in a ghostly garb, and sent him over the house to make a search. My two shots had unquestionably convinced him and his companions that sudden leg-bail was their best security, and they had taken it accordingly.

We all had a hearty laugh over the fright of the apparition, whom I stoutly declared was more scared than I was. We also found out who had been robbed that night, and restored some of the missing goods, through the police. Whether my adventurous explanation away all the ghosts of that haunted mansion, I am not prepared to say; but certain it is, I maintained my argument against their appearance, ate a champagne supper at my friend's expense, and became quite a hero for my exploit.

RECIPES FOR SERMON-MAKING.

There is an old recipe for making punch, expressed in the following distich—
One of sour, two of sweet,
Four of strong, two of weak.

Its meaning, in the primary application, is obvious. If we might, without impropriety, compare the elements of the punch-bowl with the ingredients of the average English sermon, we might state it as our opinion that the same proportions are substantially observable in the composition of the less cheerful production of the more exhilarating. In the first place, do the materials at all correspond? The lemon of the pulpit must be assumed to be of any kind of unpleasant or unpalatable truth. An appeal for money, for instance, is in many cases an acid in common use. Then for "sweet" we have that tender style, those honeyed accents, those flowers of rhetoric which a familiar print has immortalized as "treacle." "Strong" is imported in the shape of quotations from the Fathers, or passages from the old English divines. The residuum, which is all the preacher's own, consists too often of a crude mass of platitudes—which the force of our analogy compels us to set down as "weak."

In whatever proportions the first three of these ingredients are mingled, we are pretty sure to find that there is at least twice as much of the last as of any of the others.

No one does for our spiritual what Fraucastelli has done for our physical palate. By the aid of a good Manual for Cookery we can now dine in superior comfort. The whole arrangements of the table have been of late the subject of philosophic study. The venerable dogmas of the kitchen have been refuted, the ancient recipes exploded. All this is highly conducive to health and enjoyment. But no one enters in the same way for our spiritual wants. There is daily improvement in the process by which the lower part of our nature is nourished. Our immortal part, meanwhile, continues to be very coarsely fed. In other words, the art of dining has outstripped the art of preaching. The former now rests on sound and well-considered principles, while the latter consists for the most part in blindly following a few worn-out recipes. Here, for instance, is an old one for a charity sermon. Begin as far off your subject as you can. Make a text in no way connected with it. When you have set the congregation agog speculating how you will ever come round to the point, prove your cleverness by a masterly *tour de force*, and swoop, by a brilliant flank movement, upon the purses of the faithful lay. We remember a case where the preacher, who was to urge the claims of a metropolitan hospital to the charity of his hearers, devoted more than two-thirds of his discourse to the story of the Witch of Endor. Many people like this sort of mystification, and enjoy the delicious surprise of the *denouement*. The following recipe is in great request among the Evangelical party. Let the basis of your sermon be biblical prestidigitation. Pulpit slight-of-hand is very telling. We generally give the clergy credit for a respectable knowledge of their Bible. But we must confess to a feeling of astonishment at the extraordinary agility and accuracy with which some of them find their way about it. When a preacher turns from a quotation from the Hebrews with the words, "I take my Bible, and in Malachi ch. i. ver. 4, I read thus— we experience a momentary qualm. Will

he really hit the right passage? What if he should miss it altogether, or light on something awfully inappropriate? This danger is not altogether visionary. A story is told of an Evangelical curate who, on his return from a visit to the episcopal Palace, wrote to his diocesan, eulogizing all his domestic arrangements in glowing terms. "As for Mrs. Proudie," he continued, "I need do no more than refer your lordship to Proverbs, ch. 30-and-so, v. 30-and-so." Whereupon the gratified prelate turned self-complacently to the passage in question, and found, to his astonishment, a caution against being "frantic among the maids." But in the pulpit the aim is usually very true. A rustling of pages betokens the whizzing of the clerical arrow. We look up, and lo! it has hit the very bull's-eye among the Minor Prophets. Sometimes—very often, we imagine—the preacher stands in need of a stimulant to revive the drooping attention of his audience—Lassantur fagis stomachum." A recipe for this, once in use in a northern cathedral, has been handed down. Suddenly broached very startling thesis, and when the congregation is fairly aroused and basking itself in an application to Dr. Lushington, re-vindicate your orthodoxy by putting the opinions mooted in the mouth of the infidel or the unbeliever. Here is a very simple recipe for a water-pipe sermon. Provide yourself with a pair of unexceptionable lavender kid gloves, and don't them in the use of Macassar oil. Take advantage of the interval between the prayers and the sermon to see that your curls (if any) are not disarranged. We need not pursue this part of our subject further. Each preacher has his own nostrum for tickling the palate of his audience. This he considers following the bent of his genius. One tries to be facetious, another to be pathetic, a third attempts the argumentative style. But there is an utter want of any recognized, well-considered canons for general guidance. There is no definite standard by which a priestling may judge of the merit of his composition. He founders on among the traditional malpractices of the pulpit. The consequence of all this is a pretty general discontent at the quality of the homiletical "flow of soul" with which he favours his flock.

Here, again, is a recipe for an effective sermon, very superior to any which we have given, and recommended on high authority. Instead of frittering your discourse away in a series of minute headings, let it be pervaded throughout by one central thought. Drive this home by every rhetorical artifice. Eschew argument for the most part; but if you must argue, be very positive and dogmatic. When a preacher condescends to review, he should resolutely shut his eyes to that view which an opponent entertains to the question at issue. A very piquant flavour may be imparted by an adroit use of the art of exaggeration. You are lacking the views of your age—say, the intolerance or frivolity of the rising generation. Instead of depicting the primary and obvious consequences of either vice, put forward remote ones, however far-fetched, if they sound more startling. To say that intolerance is the parent of evil is nothing striking; but to say that the intolerance of the younger members of a particular congregation is at that moment delaying the work of the Gospel in the Fiji Islands produces a strong impression at once. When you have fixed, or done your best to fix, a sense of personal guilt on all, from the comfortable squire in his well-lined pew to the chubby archdeacon who blows the bellows, proceed to a series of arbitrary classifications of mankind. Here is a great field for clerical ingenuity. Perhaps you have a commonplace book in which some choice leucubrations treating of certain typical characters are stored. Or you have specially studied some particular form of vice or religious doubt, and can draw a tremendous picture of it. You happen to know a contentious drunkard, or a devoted woman with a mental bias in favour of polygamy. Erect each of them into a class, and you will probably pass yourself off as a great psychologist. In any attempt at moral classification be guided by a regard to the more eloquent passages in your commonplace book, or the degree in which you can turn your limited experience to rhetorical account. It is astonishing what a yarn an old steger contrives to spin by this simple and convenient expedient. He can multiply classes in almost endless variety. There is the class who think this and do that—the class who think this, but will not do that—the class who do that, but don't think this; and the class who neither think this nor do that. All this he may set forth with perfect impunity. No one can dispute the possibility of there being human minds in every kind of curious posture. Moreover, as the classification never professes to be exhaustive, there is always room for a new class. "Some other class" looms behind, to which any sinner who does not figure in the preacher's class-list may safely be relegated. A garnish may be given to the discourse by the use of certain phrases. Such words as isolation, individuality, spontaneity, and generally words of a sonorous and sesquipedalian kind, may be introduced here and there with great effect. But this item in our recipe is accompanied with the reserve, that the preacher have a musical voice and an emphatic utterance. We have little doubt that a sermon prepared according to the foregoing directions would prove light, pleasant, and easily digestible. Rather too evanescent, perhaps. We have sometimes, after being so feasted, studied the contents of our printed bill of fare of the previous evening, and wondered where all the enjoyment of the moment came from.

Our own recipe for a sermon is included in one word—self-forgetfulness. The besetting weakness of English preachers seems to us to be affectation. It is developed in its most virtuous form in the popular lecturer of a popular watering place. But between him and the smaller *minuteries* of the pulpit it is only a question of degree. Perfect simplicity is very rarely, if ever, found. Historically, the Evangelical party in the Church is responsible for this result. Their cant phrase—*derelict*, among many others, from the Methodists—of "leading a pupil," speaks volumes. It discloses the theory that the natural way for one person to communicate a brother person is to provide him with an arena for personal display. A pupil is not, as we at first supposed, wretched. His horse was killed under him, and the concussion from the fall stunned him for a short time, and he had to be carried from the field, but he soon recovered.

THE RECENT BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

The New York "Tribune," in noticing this recent bloody affair, says, doubtless very truthfully—
"The last accounts from the battle field of Antietam state that the burying of the dead continues at the rate of a thousand a day, and that it would be finished on Sunday or Monday. The remains of General Beauregard fought well, but our heroic army, burning to retrieve their late disasters, and to strike a decisive blow at the heart of the rebellion, seemed actuated by an heart and one will—generals, officers and men. That our general, to man, did their duty, and threw their whole heart into the work before them, is surely very gloriously proved by the list of fourteen general officers of our army wounded at the battle of Antietam (one of these, General Kodman, has since died of his wounds) and one of our Major Generals killed—the brave, the active, the energetic Mansfield—whose mortal remains have been lying in state in the New York City Hall on last Sunday. Truly our losses in that regard need to count heavily—but few days have passed since the remains of General Beauregard, and before him General Kearney, received the mournful honor which our city pays to the gallant dead. General Stevens and General Williams both fell within the past month. The number of field and line officers who have lost their lives in the present campaign, and which is almost beyond calculation, and is yet scarcely known. The whole country, North, East and West, has been, and is, in a state of feverish anxiety, owing to the difficulty of obtaining correct lists of the killed and wounded. Few families, and few individuals there are, throughout the loyal States, who have not some relative or dear friend "at the war," and as day by day the press furnishes some additional lists of the "casualties," numbers of families are thrown into mourning, and the loss of a single soldier, to many hearts that had cherished hope till awful certainty extinguished it forever.

New and old regiments fought with equal courage and resolution, and the whole army covered itself with glory. Our brave Irish Brigade was in the thickest of the fight, and as usual, gathered laurels, but also, at fearful cost. We are told that on the evening after the great battle our noble Brigade only drew five hundred rations. Of course great numbers of the men are wounded and in hospital, and some more may turn up, but undeniably they have suffered terrible loss. Our readers will be glad to learn that the brave fellow has escaped that bloody day, for the various reports mention that "the lad Hartigan seems to have had a charmed life, for he escaped without a scratch." A hero's soul is in that boyish form, and if he be spared, he will be glad to tell what a brilliant career awaits him?

There must have been 100,000 men on each side engaged in this desperate encounter. How many pieces of artillery were on each side we are not informed, but an eye-witness told us that the British had at least six or seven hundred guns, and that at least six distinct discharges of cannon on our side in a minute, and this lasted nearly all day. The carnage on both sides was dreadful. We lost a great many good officers; we had three generals wounded and two killed. On the British side we had a glorious good general—Reno. A great number of commissioned officers of the various regiments were killed or wounded. We do not publish the names of any, because, as yet, all such lists must be very imperfect, and are made up more or less from hearsay.

The Irish Brigade suffered severely, losing nearly half its number. We notice among the killed the names of several officers, but we are happy to state that the name of our correspondent is not among the number, therefore we hope to see him able soon to lay before our readers a full account of the action of the Brigade in that memorable fight from his graphic pen. We do not publish a list of the killed in this case, either, for the reasons stated above. We see that the gallant 69th and 63rd were killed severely. Gen. Meagher is not, as was at first reported, wounded. His horse was killed under him, and the concussion from the fall stunned him for a short time, and he had to be carried from the field, but he soon recovered.

British metropolitan journals are not very chary in dealing with the "mysterious" occupant of the French throne and disturber of Europe, Louis Napoleon, for example. The London *Star* speaks bluntly thus:—
"As for Louis Napoleon, he is to be known better as a usurper. Our readers already know him as the patron of every vice—the perpetrator of many moral and every political crime—as the oppressor of Italy, and the standing menace to the peace of the world—as the reckless incendiary who threatens to explode the social and political mines loaded with the crime and guilt of ages, and who, because he forbears to apply the torch, arrogates to himself the name and functions of the 'Saviour of Society.'"

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