

POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND CHURCH-YARD,
YORKSHIRE.

"It is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—*Matt. xxii. 4.*

ΜΕΤΗΝΚΙΣ it is good to be here;
If thou wilt let us build—but for whom?

Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? oh, no!
Afrighted he shrinketh away;

For, see! they would fix him below,
In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey!

To Beauty? ah, no!—he forgets
The charms which she yielded before—

Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride—
The trappings which dizen the proud?

Alas! they are all laid aside;
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud!

To Riches? alas! 'tis in vain;
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;

The treasures are squander'd again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford—
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer!

Ah! here is a plentiful board;
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! they have wither'd and died,

Or fled with the spirit above;
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrows?—The dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob nor a sigh meets mine ear,

Which compassion itself could relieve!
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love nor fear—
Peace, peace is the watch-word, the only one here!

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,

And here there are trophies now!
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown!

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise:

The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfill'd;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeath'd us them both when he rose to the skies!

*The above lines, amongst other poetical effusions, are from the pen of Herbert Knowles, of Canterbury. Though left unfinished, they may give some idea of the early excellence and superior abilities of this youth, which were sufficient to procure him, in an eminent degree, the favour of one of the most eminent poets of the present day (Southey); but the advantages of this friendly connexion he did not live to enjoy. H. K. died in the neighbourhood of Richmond, on the 17th of February 1817, at the early age of 19, deeply lamented by all who knew him.

HYMN FOR MARINEKS.

By Bishop Heber.

SAVE, LORD! OR WE PERISH.—*Matt. viii. 25.*
When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "save, Lord! or we perish."
Oh, Jesus! once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "save, Lord! or we perish."
And, oh! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our breasts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer, "save, Lord! or we perish."

MEDICAL.

THE CURE FOR STAMMERING.—An English surgeon, who remarks that his attention was called to the subject, while travelling in the United States, in 1826, has published a paper on the nature and cure of stammering. The position he assumes, in respect to the nature of stammering, is, that it is an attempt to speak while inhaling breath. Let the lungs be filled and the words spoken as the breath goes out, the pronunciation will be easy. Many obstinate stammerers are good singers, and pronounce well and rapidly through the medium of a tune. The reason is that all musical sounds are made while the breath is going out from the lungs. The stammerer, no doubt, has the power to cure himself; but he must not expect that the sturdy habit of speaking while the breath is drawing in convulsively, will be mastered in a day. The English physician recommends the following mode of cure:—

"From these premises, which I know to be correct, the method of cure will be easily understood. It consists in making the stammerer (if a child, for an adult can do it himself) take in a deep inspiration, and repeat with the whole force of the expiration, the different letters of the alphabet—numerals—monosyllables, one by one. This may be prefaced or not, by several hours practice of slow and deep breathing. As for the repetition of the monosyllabic pronunciation, it must be continued for hours, days, or weeks, according to the condition of the patient, such as his age, capacity, strength of lungs, or inveteracy of the impediment. The stammerer must not proceed to the utterance of polysyllables, during one expiration;—Then short sentences—and lastly long sentences; thus reversing, in fact, the evil habit, until, at length, a new habit is acquired and the cure effected. In some cases, this desirable object will be accomplished in a few hours; in others, it will require months. In general, a few days, or at most, weeks, will be sufficient."

DYSPEPSIA.—This prevalent, and in many cases, terrible disease, arising from a deranged state of the liver, is characterized by a inordinate acidity of the stomach, and until this be subdued, the process of emaciation goes on with a steady pace, bidding defiance to all the nostrums and palliatives so plentifully prescribed. Having been a severe sufferer, I feel it a duty to others in my case, to communicate a simple, safe, and effectual remedy for the morbid and acid state of the stomach alluded to. It is nothing more than a strong tea of wood soot, drank freely, cold, at the pleasure of the patient. Let the experiment be fully made, and if others experience the same happy result as myself, their testimony may be given to the public through the channel of your paper, and prove an extensive benefit to the Community.—*Daily Advertiser.*

A HINT TO THE LADIES.—Several instances have occurred of ladies reclaiming their husbands from intemperance, by putting a portion of Chambers' celebrated remedy in the bottle from which they were accustomed to take their libations. The following case of recent occurrence is an improvement upon the discovery, and ought to be inserted for the benefit of those whose husbands are addicted to the disgusting habit of chewing tobacco. An amateur of Gambault's having deposited a paper in his box, requested his wife to moisten it with spirits. This was a favor he was accustomed to ask of her, and she having previously furnished herself with Chambers' medicine, put it upon the tobacco in place of the spirits as he desired. The consequence was, one quid had the desired effect.—*Leroy Gazette.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. CHALMERS.—The visits of this extraordinary man to England are so ardently looked for, and the desire to hear him so general, that he has found it necessary to limit the number of times he will preach in any given place. To this, it is said, he strictly adheres, so that none can be offended, as the pulpits are named before his arrival, and all know that he will not go beyond his engagement. On one occasion, in the large town of M—, a committee from the Wesleyan Methodists, probably unacquainted with the doctor's invariable rule, waited upon him to solicit the favour of his preaching in one of their chapels. His answer was brief—I cannot now, but the next time I come, I will—adding with his characteristic energy—"For ye're the

mon, ye're the men. Repentance, faith, and holiness—ye go direct to the heart;—whereas to get to the heart of a Scotchman, you must go through a whole body of divinity." The above anecdote was related to me by one of the committee.

When the American Convention were framing their Constitution, Dr. Franklin asked them now it happened, that while 'groping as it were in the dark, to find political truth,' they had not once thought of humbly applying to the Father of lights to illuminate their understandings? "I have lived, Sir, (said he) a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it possible that an Empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the sacred writings, that, "except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages." He then moved, that prayers should be performed in that assembly every morning before they proceeded to business.—"The Convention, except three persons, thought prayer unnecessary!" These words, and these notes of admiration, were written by Dr. Franklin himself.

INTEMPERANCE.—The Christian Almanack for the present year contains a long and spirited article on the cost of this prevailing vice, and in summing up the result, the author gives the following bill of charge.—Who, on a careful investigation of this frightful subject, will say that it is exaggerated!

The people of the United States,
To INTEMPERANCE, Dr.
To 56,000,000 gallons of spirits, at 50 cents per gallon, \$28,000,000
To 1,344,000,000 hours of time wasted by drunkards at 4 cents per hour, 53,760,000
To the support of 150,000 paupers, made so by intemperance, 7,500,000
To loss by depravity of 45,000 criminals, do. unknown, but immense
To the disgrace and misery of 100,000 persons, (relatives of drunkards,) incalculable
To the ruin of at least 30,000 and probably 40,000 souls annually, infinite! unspeakable!
To loss by premature death of 30,000 persons in the prime of life, 30,000,000
To losses from the carelessness and mismanagement of intemperate eaters, agents, &c. unknown, but very great
Certain pecuniary losses, (in round numbers,) 120,000,000

People seldom differ in their opinion of any object they view in the same light at the same time—it is when the light is obscured or withdrawn, and memory succeeds to vision, that a difference of sentiment, and contention about it, takes place.

[] THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY BRANCH SOCIETY for this City, will be held in the Wesleyan Chapel, on Monday evening next, the 9th inst.; the Chair to be taken at 7 o'clock. In connexion with this Anniversary, two Sermons will be delivered, and Collections made, to-morrow.

The communication of "A SUBSCRIBER," from Frederickton is received, and will appear in our next.

AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

Fredrickton,	Mr. WILLIAM TILL.
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Printed and Published by ALEX. M'LEOD, at the Office of the City Gazette, No. 10, South Market Wharf.