

Original Poetry.

A COUNTRY BEAUTY.

ONE pleasant eye I wandered forth, To breathe the balmy air, And mark the lily's annual growth, Bright emblem of the fair.

When, lo! where buds of golden hue, Their burnish'd leaves had spread; A prettier flower by far, to view, Now rais'd its florid head.

Its pensile stalk, of sky-like blue, And leaves of crimson dye; Mock'd the gay rose's vermeil hue, Or blue-bell's modest eye.

In gay Prince William's cultured ground, Unnumber'd blossoms rise, To deck the garden's farthest bound, Or feast the longing eyes.

But all these flowers unheeded grow; Unnoticed are their charms; Nor all the tints, that in them glow, Can grace fair Martha's arms.

THE STRANGER

MACKAY'S HOPE OF THE WORLD AND OTHER POEMS.

The divine art of poetry does not flourish in this age. Its decay is not confined to England, or any particular country. If we look all over Europe, we find it almost dead; and in the new worlds beyond the Atlantic and in the bosom of the Pacific, it is yet to be born.

Still however we are unwilling to believe such causes sufficient to prevent the appearance of another Shakespeare, another Milton, or another Byron.

Of this class is the poetry of the volume before us. Mr. Mackay has kept clear of the excitement school; and in his own words, 'has ventured to return to the ancient simplicity, with the little-consoling hope, that when quite pallid with high feeding and the unsubstantial fritter of mere words, the public may, at some near or at some remote period, look with a slight degree of favour upon a humble follower in that simple, natural, and enduring school of poetry.'

Crabbe, with all his immense power and many beauties, will never be so popular as Goldsmith; and as to Ebenezer Elliot, his poetry inspires us with fear as well as admiration.

The Hope of the World is in two cantos: and its object is to show the effect of Christianity in diffusing civilization, virtue, knowledge, and happiness, throughout the world.

Egypt of old pursued the arts of peace, And wit and learning bless'd the shores of Greece Imperial Rome, amid her ruins hoar, Left proofs of greatness never reach'd before; But what their triumphs? Whose sad hands were they

That piled the pyramids, to last for aye? Who raised the walls, who built each mighty gate? With which high Thebes girt herself in state? Who rear'd old Babylon's most gorgeous fane? Who shaped of Luxor the august remains? What were the millions when Athena's name For art and learning was the first to fame? What were the multitudes when Rome was great? What rights had they, or value in the state?— All slaves and helots! Slaves were they whose hands Uprear'd the pyramids on Egypt's sands; Slaves built the city with the brazen wall And hundred gates more marvellous than all; Slaves to be lash'd, tortured, and resold, Or main'd and murder'd for a fine of gold; Helots degraded, scarce esteem'd as man, Having no rights, for ever under ban, Were half the world when ancient Homer sung, And wit and wisdom flow'd from Plato's tongue. Slaves were the swarming multitudes of Rome, Having no hope, no thought of better doom; Fetter'd in body and enslaved in mind, Their mental eye-balls sear, and dark and blind, They crawl'd mere brutes, and if they dared complain, Were lash'd and tortured until tame again! And thus the many since the world begun Have been for ever sacrific'd for one: The weak have died to satisfy the strong; And earth has groan'd with oft-repeated wrong; And still the many, knowing not their right, Deep sunk in Error's most appalling night, Have greeted loudlest in the voice of praise, The greatest scourges born in evil days; Sang songs of triumph, and their incense burn'd Sang songs of triumph, and their incense burn'd To honour those whom most they should have spurn'd.

The whole poem is marked by just views, liberal principles, and a spirit of true and rational piety, undebas'd by the bigotry and fanaticism of the day.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Countess. By Theodore S. Fay, Esq., author of 'Norman Leslie.'

Mr. Fay is, we believe, one of the travelling editors of the New York Mirror, where a great many of his tales, essays, and letters have appeared.

The Countess, unlike the majority of modern fictions, is obviously designed to enforce a principle; and it is not a little curious that the principle selected by Mr. Fay should be one which is more constantly outraged in America than in any other country in the world.

The Lord in vain endeavors to provoke him to fight. He has resolved never to engage in a duel, and he submits to provocations which, in the present state of society, no man but one who possessed extraordinary moral courage could passively brook.

The design of this story is excellent, and it is carried out with considerable skill. But it may be questioned whether duelling is after all, proved to be indispensable (which is the only argument that ever can extinguish it) by this chain of incidents.

The Widow Married. A Sequel to 'The Widow Barnaby.' By Frances Trollope, authoress of 'Michael Armstrong.'

Mrs. Trollope's sequels are like the sequels of other people—comparative failures. Whoever expects to find in this novel the same amount of interest felt in the Widow Barnaby will be disappointed; but the interest, such as it is, is of the same kind.

lope's books which are calculated to gratify the tastes of a portion of your circulating library public. The very feature in these works which we have invariably considered their great and fundamental vice, constitutes in fact their principal attraction.

The Widow Barnaby was really a clever novel—the cleverest, beyond all comparison, amongst the numerous productions of its author. Its cleverness lay in its coarse, homespun, out-speaking pictures of vulgar life, and readers who were capable of relishing that sort of portraiture found much in the book that was well calculated to amuse them.

The grand picture of the Coronation, painted for the Queen by Mr. George Hayter in his capacity of 'Her Majesty's Historical and Portrait Painter,' and on which the artist has been incessantly employed ever since the ceremony, is at length completed; and is exhibited by tickets, in the gallery of Messrs. Hodgson and Graves, Pall Mall, for a short time previous to its being engraved.

HAYTER'S PICTURE OF THE CORONATION.

The point of time chosen is just after the Queen has been crowned, when the Peer and Peeresses are putting on their coronets, and the burst of loyal enthusiasm that rang through the Abbey is subsiding as the Archbishop pronounces the exhortation: there is just enough of action to convey an idea of the excitement that has passed, and to give animation to the scene, without interfering with the repose of the picture.

The Queen, attired in white, invested with the Dalmatic robe, wearing the regal Crown, and holding the sceptre and 'rod of mercy' is seated in St. Edward's chair, and is of course the centre of attraction; in the rear of the throne are the lovely maids of Honour, with a few noblemen and pages; the banners of the uplifted trumpets breaking the transition to the small figures in the distance.

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The likenesses, sixty in number, are in almost every case recognizable—in some instances particularly happy, in a few others quite the reverse: the most agreeable person in the picture is Prince George of Cambridge who stands in a corner behind the Throne, conspicuous but not prominent, surveying the scene with thoughtful indifference; and the most disagreeable is unquestionably Lord Melbourne, who appears just the kind of person to whom the aristocratic slang epithet 'snob' might be applied, as he looks in the face of his Royal mistress with a knowing leer of familiar recognition.

chord and fixed. The lovely trainbearers are not depicted with the delicacy and freshness so eminently characteristic of virgin charms; nor have the more matronly beauties that air of feminine grace and dignity that adorns matured perfections. In truth, the carnation tints are opaque and foxy in tone, and superficially smooth and hard, wanting alike the transparency and elasticity of flesh: the colouring throughout, indeed, is heavy and crude, viewed in detail and by daylight.

MARIA ROMERO.

Poor Maria will never know that the story of her is told beyond the little village where she lived, and loved, and learned to weep. Her friends will never learn that an English pen has given a brief record to Maria's story, and that in a far strange land many eyes will glisten with the tear of sympathy for the lot of the poor Spanish girl.

Toas is a beautiful, a very beautiful valley. Hemmed in by the mountains, and its carpet of bright green, crossed and divided by the waters from the high hills that go rippling over the pebbly bed all about the vale. We spent several days in this valley, roving from town to town, delighted equally with the novelty of the strange people we saw, the mountains, those gigantic hills of stone, of which we had so often read with eager curiosity, and which we now stopped again and again to gaze upon, towering away in enormous black masses high into the clouds above our heads—delighted equally with the novelty of these, and the surpassing loveliness of the green valleys through which they were roving.

Stand tiptoe on the mountain top, and the sun peep into the valley. We loved to see the barefooted, and sometimes nearly naked children drive their sheep and goats out from the town, into the rich pastures, before the sunbeams drank away the dew.

That majestic roof, fretted with golden fire, and sleep in the cool night air. She rolled her blanket hastily, yet modestly about her, and advancing to where we were, she twined the fingers of each hand together, and standing before us in a most plaintive an imploring attitude, she spoke:

We told her we were Americans. But it is necessary that we give her other interrogatories in English. 'Where is John?' she asked. Her manner, although singularly wild, had in it such a touching tenderness that our disposition to laugh was instantly checked, and we paused in silent admiration of her sweet, melancholy countenance and most impressive attitude.

We did not die, you know, that was all a joke, and he means to come back to poor Maria. We could not understand the poor girl, and knew not what answer to make her. She came nearer, and placing her slender fingers upon the writer's arm, she looked into his face and said, 'Good American did you not see John in the United States, and did he not give you a Spanish letter for Maria?' Had we known her story at the moment, we could have humored her, but as it was, we could but shake our heads and say we knew nothing of John.

'Good Americans,' she said, 'I am a poor Spanish girl, but John loved me, and he told me that the American ladies are not more beautiful than Maria. Do handsome young Americans ever tell lies? Do you think John deceived me? Are the American ladies handsomer than I am?' We answered this latter interrogatory sincerely, and told her that we thought she was as beautiful as any American lady; for though it seems strange, even to the story-teller, that beauty could exist linked with madness, rage and ignorance, yet was poor Maria a most lovely creature.

The interview filled us with deep interest, and when we returned to the house of Mr. Branch, the only American residing in the village, and to whom we were greatly indebted for courteous hospitality, we related our adventure. He told us that five years before, a wild-dissolute young fellow, after involving himself desperately in fashionable society, had crossed the wilderness to hide himself from the world. He was a young man of very remarkable personal attractions, besides being possessed of an elegant address and fascinating manners. He had but to smile and lift his finger, and poor Maria, the child of nature, and the charmer of the village,

flew into his arms. His name need not be told. He is now back among his early friends, and not unlikely his own eye may peruse this sketch. Suffice it to say, that after a time he returned to the States, and Maria was told that he had been killed by the Cumanches. This affliction the poor girl bore only in gloomy melancholy, bending over her infant in silent anguish: but when subsequently she heard that he had designedly abandoned her, and had gone forever back to the United States, her reason failed, and poor Maria the beauty of Toas, became a lunatic. When traders were leaving the valley for the States, she invariably came and entreated to be taken with them; and when she found her pleadings useless, she would pray that John should be brought back with them when they would return.

The Philadelphia United States Gazette publishes the following:

ANOTHER PAINFUL CIRCUMSTANCE.

Considerable excitement has been caused in our city by the unexplained disappearance of Mr. Geedes, a merchant who came to Philadelphia on business from Northumberland county, Penn.

Mr. G. having transacted his business and paid some money due for merchandise, on Tuesday last, to Messrs. Hay, Elliot, Lyon & Gosh, north Third street, mentioned that he should start early the next morning for home, taking with him from three to five thousand dollars, received for produce sold, and a bundle from the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, containing about one hundred and five thousand dollars.

Mr. G. that evening went out with a friend and visited several places. He returned to the City Hotel, and was seen sitting in the bar room until near midnight. He then put on his boots and hat and went out. He was met in Market street by the porter (we believe) of the hotel, who told him that it was too early to go to the stage office. Mr. G. replied that he was not going thither, but to some other place. The next morning Messrs. H. E. L. & G. were astonished to find that the bundle of money had not been removed from their fire proof. They supposed however that Mr. G. had postponed his departure for a day, and nothing was said. On the next day inquiries were made, and it was found that Mr. G. had not been seen, that his bed for two nights had not been disturbed, and that his trunks were in the room.

The gentlemen who held the bundle of money immediately returned it to the bank, with a notice of the cause. Inquiries were made, and on Saturday the Mayor had an examination in private of persons supposed to know something of the circumstances, but we do not learn that any thing was elicited. We are told that the key was found in one of Mr. G.'s trunks; and this has led to the apprehension that some persons aware that he was to take with him the large bundle of money, had decoyed him off, and killed him, and then took the key, went to his chamber, and opened his trunk, with the hope of finding therein the money.

The Globe gives the following account of Lady Cecilia Underwood's parentage and connexions—

The maiden name of this lady was Gore; she being the daughter of Arthur second Earl of Arran, by his third wife, Miss Underwood, and sister by the half-blood to the late Earl, and aunt to the present Earl. In 1815, Lady Cecilia became the second wife of Sir George Buggin, Knight, who was formerly one of the partners in the professional house of Venables, Buggin, and Bleasdale, (afterwards Bleasdale and Alexander), of Hatton Court, Threadneedle Street, attorneys and solicitors; being the predecessors of the present firm of Holme, Loftus, and Young, of New Inn. Sir George Buggin, after he had quitted the profession, he resided principally if not wholly at Tunbridge Wells, where the Duke of Sussex was a frequent visitor at his house. Shortly after the death of Sir George, Lady Cecilia assumed her mother's name of Underwood, and is now said to be married to his Royal Highness. Her Ladyship's youngest brother was lately private secretary to Lord John Russell, and is now one of the Commissioners of the Land Revenue, Whitehall, in the room of the late Sir B. Stevenson.

It has been ascertained that marriages have decreased fully a third in all the districts in which the tee-total system has been introduced. This is a curious and important fact; one however which might well be anticipated. The day does not seem far distant when Ireland will be quite a new country.—Morning Register. [A new country? Then with old inhabitants surely, if the population is no longer to be replenished.]

A Caution to Yankees in Canada.—In the Criminal Court at Quebec, James Nisbet and Gerard Welsh, two Americans from the State of Maine, were condemned to pay a fine of £40 and imprisonment till paid to be imprisoned six months, and to stand in the pillory, for enticing soldiers to desert. Poor fellows—we guess they begin to think they've got hold of a 'bad egg,' as a Calathumpian would say.

OATS! OATS!!

On Consignment and for sale low by the Subscribers.

250 BUSHELS of Prince Edward Island SEED OATS, of an excellent quality.

Also.—40 Barrels No. 1 HERRING. CURRIER & TREDWELL, Fredericton, May 5, 1840. 3w.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having any Legal Demands against the Estate of the late THOMAS TURNER, Senior, of Burton, in the County of Sanbury, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

THOMAS TURNER, Jr. Sole Executor. Burton, May 1, 1840. 3m.