## Original Poetry.

A COUNTRY BEAUTY.

ONE pleasant eve 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 vermil hue, Or blue-bell's modest eye.

In gay Prince William's cultured ground, Unnumbered blossoms rise, To deck the garden's farthest bound,

Or feast the longing eyes. But all those 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 poesy" 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 he born. A race of giants has passed away, and left none but little men behind them.— Like a cluster of lofty forest-trees, they seem to have stifled and dwarfed the growth of the younger plants which took root among them; whether, the ground being cleared, the access of light and air will enable any of these to shoot up into lofty trees in their turn, remains to be seen. The prospect for them is not very favourable. The appetite of the reading portion of the world is surfeited by the stimulating food which has been served up to satiety; and the excitement produced by wild and gorgeous fictions, and exhibitions of human passions in their fiercest glow and most appalling blackness, has been followed by distaste and languor. We need hardly, moreover, repeat the remark which its truth has rendered trite—that the utilitarian tendencies of the age are against the progress of poetry. The cares and reflections once confined to a few, are now shared by all. All classes are accustomed to ponder on the realities of existence—to trace effects to their causes-and to seek for the mitigation of hardships and the removal of grievances in plans of political and social improve-We are afraid there is too much reament. son in the world to leave much room for

Still however we are unwilling to believe such causes sufficient to prevent the appearance of another Shakspeare, another Milton, or another Byron. Nor do such causes prevent the daily appearance of aspirants in the field of poetical enterprise Much poetry is written and printed, though little is read. And this is desirable; for it is only by the perseverance and sanguine spirit of its votaries that some striking burst of genius may cause a sudden reaction in the public mind. In the mean time, many works may be produced possessed of merit and beauty enough to render them additions to our stock of elegant literature, and acceptable to readers of taste, even though they may not make a strong impression on the multitude.

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 palled 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, which has Rogers, and Campbell." Such poetry, we be the most acceptable. It would have the care-worn spirit, withdrawn awhile from the fallacy. work-a-day world, would be refreshed with its sweetness and beauty. It would also, we believe, be more acceptable than that other species of poetry, of which there are powerful specimens, which comes too near home to the business and bosoms of mankindwhich forces upon our vision those images of every-day vice and misery which beset us wherever we turn our looks, and on which we would gladly shut our eyes in "our hours of ease" and literary pastime.

Crabbe, with all his immense power and poetry inspires us with fear as well as admiration. When we open his terrible page, we feel "the iron enter into our soul." Images of oppression, suffering, destitution in its most frightful and hideous forms, rush upon us in crowds; and we close the volume, endeavouring, by doing so, to drive away such depressing visions. But, while the poetry chosen by Mr. Mackay for his model is probably the most pleasing, so is it also the most difficult; every vulgar mode of excitement-every thing coarse, garish, or exaggerated-is excluded. Purity of taste, strong but natural feeling, sound and vigorous thought, a vivid but regulated imagination. curiosa felicitas in language and versification, are all requisite even for moderate success, in following the footsteps of the older English poets: and it is doing Mr. Mackay justice to say that, to this extent, he posesses those qualities.

The Hope of the World is in two cantos: and its object is to show the effect of Chris-

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 maim'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,

And thus the many since the world begun Have been for ever sacrificed for one: The weak have died to satisfy the strong:
And earth has groaned with oft-repeated wrong;
And still the many, knowing not their might,
Deep sunk in Error's most appalling night,
Have greeted loudest with the voice of praise, spurn'd."

The whole poem is marked by just views, liberal principles, and a spirit of true and ra-tional piety, undebased by the bigotry and the mere force of its absurdity. Of general fanaticism of the day.

# REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS. The Countess. By Theodore S. Fay, Esq. au-thor of "Norman Leslie."

Mr. Fay is, we believe, one of the traveltwo other rather indifferent novels; but in the United States he holds a high place a- fully, and certainly wherever the broadest mongst American writers.

The Countess, unlike the majority of modern fictions, is obviously designed to enforce these volumes must be gratefully received. a principle; and it is not a little curious that the principle selected by Mr. Fay should be HAYTER'S PICTURE OF THE CORONAone which is more constantly outraged in ded with an income from some unknown

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 that combine to produce a splendid and harmonious ensemble.

The point of time chosen is just after the the very title held by his rival; and in the height.

described as the only well-bred gentleman in admirably skilful.

Trollope's popularity; for of course no au- though the noble novelist has a vulgar air. ry remarkable personal attractions, besides said Estate, are requested in make immediate And wit and learning bless d the shores of Greece Indices popularity; for of course no author would write so much all in the same line, without some reward in the approval of But what their (riumphs? Whose sad hands a circle of readers. We can now thorough the none movement has a varigat and. By remarking the finding manners and being possessed of an elegant address and blances however, with remarking that the fascinating manners. He had but to smile a circle of readers. We can now thorough.

Sand Estate payment to discovere the same blances however, with remarking that the fascinating manners. He had but to smile a circle of readers. We can now thorough. ly comprehend the elements in Mrs. Trol- at ones recognizable, though the look is of nature, and the charmer of the village, Burton, May 1, 1840.

That piled the pyramids, to last for my?

Who raised the walls, who built each mighty gate

The lovely trainbearers are told. The lovely trainbearers are told. He is now back among his early brary public. The very feature in these brary public. The very feature in t

that sort of portraiture found much in the book that was well calculated to amuse them. In this continuation of Mrs. Barnaby's adventures, the vulgar life is run into farther excesses; and upon the whole, these volumes may be pronounced the very pink of vulgaring typic. But as a work of art, they are typic to the coarse style of painting destroyed the coarse style of inferior to their predecessor; the incidents are not so racy, the characters are not so racy, the characters are not so the fresh and vivid, and it is impossible not to but they are far from being inconsistent with reason. In real life, stories are occurring e-Their mental eye-balls scar, and dark and offind.

They crawl'd mere brutes, and if they dared complain,

Complain,

Were lashed and tortured until tame again!

They crawl'd mere brutes, and if they dared complain,

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who makes the upon the hoydenish assumptions, the gross tunity of seeing it by daylight. The greatest scourges born in evil days;
Sang songs of triumph, and their incense burn'd To honour those whom most they should have long to comedy, but to the lowest farce, and wit there is none. The delineation of individual nature is everywhere a monstrous exnature there is not a particle, for Mrs. Trollope is not a philosopher. She does not venture upon any universal traits or passions, but wisely confines herself to the dissection of foibles and vices, to the invention of comical scenes, and the wire-drawing of profuse Mr. Fay is, we believe, one of the travel-ling editors of the New York Morror, where a test against the bad taste of all this, for it is great many of his tales, essays, and letters the bad taste that tells. We have no inclination, however, to disturb the easy faith of ly as the author of Norman Leslie and one or readers who are pleased with such producvulgarity r inted in the most glaring colours is likely to become a source of entertainment,

exhibited by tickets, in the gallery of Messrs. source, on condition that he shall never at- Hodgson and Graves, Pall Mall, for a short saunter out to see tempt to discover his parents, and who is forced to travel on the continent to avoid his relatives, who are English, and who bind relatives, who are English, and who bind relatives, who are English are the continent to avoid his first shown to a select few by gas-light on relatives, who are English, and who bind relatives, who are English, and who bind relatives, who are English are the continent to avoid his first shown to a select few by gas-light on and the sun peep into the valley. We loved and the sun peep into the valley. We loved Mayor had an examination in private of persons

rage could passively brook. Failing taunts and Peeresses are putting on their coronets, her blanket hastily, yet modestly about her, and insults, the lord circulates stories to the discredit of his character, openly charges discredit of his character, openly charges through the Abbey is subsiding as the Archiming hefore us in a most plaintive an implehim with being an impostor, which the sus- bishop pronounces the exhortation: there is ing before us in a most plaintive an implopicious circumstances of his obscurity appear to render not unlikely, and at last srikes pear to render not unlikely, and at last srikes excitement that has passed, and to give anipear to render not unlikely, and at last srikes excitement that has passed, and to give anihim in a public room. He is still calm and mation to the scene, without interfering with unmoved; a friend interposes, and is himself the repose of the picture. The canvass is of is necessary that we give her other interrois in the repose, and is himself to may, at some near or at some remote pecusive, upon which a duel follows, and the braged immensions, about eleven feet in length by seven in height, and takes in the space from the attar to the intersection of the transpect of the south transpect at some remote pecusive may and the space of favour upon thing the repose of the picture. The canvass is of large dimensions, about eleven feet in length by seven in height, and takes in the space from the attar to the intersection of the transpect of the south transpect in the repose of the picture. The canvass is of large dimensions, about eleven feet in length by seven in height, and takes in the repose of the picture. The canvas is of large dimensions, about eleven feet in length by seven in height, and takes in the repose of the picture. The canvas is of large dimensions, about eleven feet in length by seven in height, and takes in the remove in the removed; at the removed; at the length by seven in height, and takes in the removed; at the

is seated in St. Edward's chair, and is of course the centre of attraction; in the rear of came nearer, and placing her slender fingers where the Duke of Sussex was a frequent vi-The design of this story is excellent, and the throne are the lovely maids of Honour, upon the writer's arm, she looked into his sitor at his house. Shortly after the death of it is carried out with considerable skill. But it may be questioned whether duelling is after all, proved to be indispensable (which is transition to the small figures in the distance.

In design of this story is excellent, and the throne are the lovely maids of Hohods, appearing the transition of the uplifted trumpets breaking the transition to the small figures in the distance.

Sir George, Lady Cecilia assumed her mothers attention to the small figures attention. Spanish letter for Maria?

Spanish letter for Maria? the only argument that ever can extinguish A space before the throne directs attention Spanish letter for Maria?" it) by this chain of incidents. We are not to the Queen, and gives stateliness to her Had we known her story at the moment, quite sure whether the degredation endured by this apostle of peace, is not calculated to by this apostle of peace, is not calculated to bring some discredit upon his cause. Upon Christian principles he is undoubtedly right, Hohenlohe and Augusta of Cambridge, with Christian principles here been so long of the Revel Espeily and their story at the mown her story at the mow but Christian principles have been so long addressed to society in vain through the most and respond to the Royal Family and their attendants: the Duke of Wellington, who stands at the Duke of Wellington, who stands are the Duke of Wellington at the Duke of Wellington, who stands are the Duke of Wellington at the Duke of many beauties, will never be so popular as Goldsmith; and as to Ebenezer Elliot, his

Goldsmith; and as to Eben force from the pages of a novel. We accord however to Mr. Fay the credit of an upright purpose, and of much ability in its vindica
The point of view is similar to that taken by Leslie in his picture of the Corona
The point of view is similar to that given the best horse in the camp to have been duced. This is a curious and important fact; one however which might well be anticipation, that either of us would have given the best horse in the camp to have been likely for hor sake. tion. As a mere fiction, there is too much tion Sacrament; and the same persons are John for her sake. reality and vraisemblance. The character of Claude Wyndham alone is perfect—that of Elkington, his rival, is a pure monster. Ida is a beauty of the ordinary stamp, only a little cold of the continuous of the altar, being seen in sharp perspective contribute only their due the cold of the continuous and the continuous the cold of tle colder than usual; and the gouvernante is overdone with good sense, good nature, and ing, together with the gilded canopy, to bear everly, and told her that we thought she was good intentions. Count Carolan is well conceived as a proud empty man of the world, and Denham, who talls in the duel, may be of colour and the arrangement of effect are beauty could exist linked with madness, rage

most every case recognizable-in some in- it is true, but she had sprung from a morn-THE WIDOW MARRIED.

A Sequel to "The Widow Barnaby." By Frances Trollope, authoress of Michael Armsrotug.

Mrs. Trollope's sequels are like the sequels

Mrs. Trollope's sequels are like the sequels inity in diffusing civilization, virtue, know, ledge, and happiness, throughout the world. The topics which present themselves for this purpose are numerous and obvious. The best of them have been selected and illustrated best of them have been selected and illustrated best of them with much strength of thought and beauty of expression. The following picture of the state of the masses of mankind, during the most splendid periods of the ancient world, is powerfully executed—

"Egypt of old pursued the arts of peace, And wit and learning bless'd the shores of Greece"

And wit and learning bless'd the shores of Greece

The topics which present themselves for this scene with thoughtful indifference; and the scene with the scene with the face of instellect.

The in

with which high Thebes girt herself in state? Who rear'd old Babylon's most georgeous fanes? Who shaped of Luxor the august remains? What were the millions when Athera'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?— 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 are to be lash'd, tortured, and resold, roine of six octavo volumes. But it must be as contrasted with the refinement pervading est as we experienced in hearing the simple allowed, as a mere matter of justice, that the Leslie's: the difference is incidental to the history of the poor Spanish girl Maria. vulgarity is admirably depicted. Only let it mind and style of each painter. Leslie's picbe taken for what it really is, and not set up ture is to be exhibited shortly at Dominic as a novel of probabilities, but as a caricature | Conaghi's, and we shall then have an oppor-

# MARIA ROMERO.

Poor Maria will never know that the story Penn. 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 t of the poor Spanish girl. For in all lands the heart is the same, and that delightful sensa- the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, containing

tive mountains, it roaves abroad over the land to gladden mankind.

Toas is a beautiful, a very beautiful valley.

Hemmed in by the mountains, and its carpet demand visited several places. He returned to the control of the place of safety with a profile of the 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 curimext morning Messrs. H. E. L. & G. were asmorning Messrs. H. E. L. & G. were asone which is more constantly outraged in America than in any other country in the world. Perhaps it was that very circumstance which originally directed his attention to its consideration. The principle illustrated is the immorality of duelling. The hero of the story is a young man who has reason to believe himself illegitimate, who is proviwere roving. In the morning, we would and that his trunks were in the room.

him to remain abroad. In the course of his travels he makes acquaintance with a noble family in Berlin. The young countess is affanced to an English lord, but the handsome stranger makes an impression on her heart, is birgelf englayed by her hearty, and of its restance of the course of the cours is himself enslaved by her beauty, and of is masterly; the groups are arranged in cere- a young female started suddenly up from be- was to take with him the large bundle of moncourse excites the jealousy and hatred of his monial order, without any ungraceful formatival.

a young female statuted statuteling up from a fore a door where she had been sleeping, for in the warm months the inhabitants spread his trunk with the horse of foliar them. The lord in vain endeavors to provoke him tinctly relieved, the agregate compose masses their blankets and mats outside the houses,

in the present state of society, no man but one who possessed extraordinary moral couQueen has been crowned, when the Peer and sleep in the cool night air. She rolled bundle, because his trunks were crowded. "That majestical roof, fretted with golden fire,"

verily believe, is that which at present would it is discovered that he is the rightful heir of the eye are a little more than three feet in ly countenance and most impressive attitude (afterwards Bleasdale and Alexander,) of

dmirably skilful.

The likenesses, sixty in number, are in allovely creature. Her complexion was dark,

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. Gedes, a merchant who came to Philadel-

Mr. G. having transacted his business and tion of pity, that sweet pain so near "akin to love," is not fettered by distance, but like the crystal water that gushes from Maria's natural state of the place of safety with a recordingly put into the place of safety with a recordingly put into the place of safety with a recordingly put into the place of safety with a recordingly put into the place of safety with a recordingly put into the place of safety with a recordingly put into the place of safety with a recordingly put into the place of safety with a recordingly put into the place of safety with a recording put in the place of s to the place of safety with a promise that one of

The gentlemen who held the bundle of mon-ey immediately returned it to the bank, with a

pened his trunk, with the hope of finding there-There was found in that trunk only a few In this situation matters now stand.

The Globe gives the following account of Lady Cecelia Underwood's parentage and connexions-

"The maiden name of this lady was Gore; We told her we were Americans. But it she being the daughter of Arthur second "Where is John?" she continued. "He Hatton Court, Threadneedle Street, attorbe the most acceptable. It would have the zest of novelty, after the pomp and pageantry of Feudalism, the German horrors, and Oriental atrocities, to which the public have been so long inured, while the toil-worn and of a strong heart over a great social is seated in St. Edward's chair, and is of the continued. "Where is John?" she continued. "He did not die, you know, that was all a joke, and he means to come back to poor Maria." We could not understand the present firm of Holme, Loftus, and Young, of New Inn. Sir George Buggin, and knew not what answer to make her. She dyship's youngest brother was lately private

> ing Register. [A new country? Then with old inhabitants surely, if the population is no longer to be replenished.]

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 Sub-USHELS of Prince Edward Island SEED OATS, of an 250

THOMAS TURNEY, Jr. Sole Executor.

noo was sion sion sion sees character on a cast heart salvant for in inverse of the horse of the horse