

POETRY.

ENGLISH SCENERY. BY GRENVILLE MCELLEN.

The woods and vales of England! Is there not

A magic and a marvel in their names?
Is there not music in the memory
Of their old glory? Is there not a sound,
As of some watch-word that recalls at night
All that gave light and wonder to the day,
In these soft words, that breathe of loveliness,
And summon to the spirit, scenes that rose
Rich on its raptur'd vision—as the eye
Hung like a tranced thing above the page
That genius had made golden with its glow,
The page of noble story!—of high towers,
And castled halls, enstroll'd like the line
Of heroes and great hearts, that centuries
Had led before their hearts in dim array!—
Of lake and lawn—and grey and cloudy tree,
That rock'd with banner'd foliage to the storm
Above the walls it shadow'd—and whose
leaves,
Rustling in gather'd music to the winds,
Seem'd voic'd as with the sound of many
seas!

The woods and vales of England! O, the
founts,
The living founts of memory! How they
break
And gush upon my stirr'd heart as I gaze!
I hear the shout of reapers—the far low
Of herds upon the banks—the distant bark
Of the bird dog, stretch'd at some cottage
door—
The echo of the axe, 'mid forest swang—
And the loud laugh, drowning the faint
halloo!

Land of our fathers! Though 'tis ours to
roam—
A land upon whose bosom thou might'st lie
Like infant on its mother's!—though 'tis
ours
To gaze upon a nobler heritage
Than thou could'st e'er unshadow to thy
sons—
Though ours to linger upon fount and sky,
Wild, and peopled with great spirits, who
Walk with a deeper majesty than thine—
Yet, as our father and—O, who shall tell
The lone, mysterious energy which calls
Upon our sinking spirits, to walk forth
Amid thy wood and mount—where every
hill

Is eloquent with beauty, and the tale
And song of centuries—the cloudless years,
When fairies walk'd thy valleys—and the turf
Rung to their tiny footsteps—and quick
flowers
Sprang with the lifting grass 'mid which
they trod!
When all the landscape murmur'd to its rills,
And Joy with hope slept in its leafy bowers!

SONG OF THE OLD BELL. (From Bentley's Miscellany.)

For full five hundred years I've swung
In my old grey turret high,
And many a different theme I've sung,
As the time went stealing by!
I've peal'd the chaunt of a wedding morn;
Ere night I have sadly told,
To say that the bride was coming, love-lorn,
To sleep in the church-yard mould!
I've swell'd the joy of a country's pride
For victory far off won;
Then changed to grief for the brave that died
Ere my mirth had well begun!
I have chimed the dirge of a nation's grief,
On the death of a dear-loved King;
Then merrily rung for the next young
chief—
As told, I can weep or sing!
I never could love the themes they gave
My tyrannized tongue to tell:
One moment for cradle—the next for grave—
They've worn out the old church bell!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Travels in Circassia, Krim Tartary, &c.
including a Steam Voyage down the
Danube, from Vienna to Constantinople,
and round the Black Sea, in 1836. By
EDMUND SPENCER, Esq. Author of
"Sketches of Germany and the Germans,"
&c. 2 vols. London: Henry Colburn.

This is, in every possible sense of
the terms, an interesting and a very
superior work. The author, a man of
robust frame and ardent mind, fond of
travel, and a wanderer over many lands,
has brought together within the com-
pass of these volumes, a vast mass of
interesting topographical, statistical,
and historical knowledge. His course
was a singular one, and it was remark-
ably favoured by circumstances. He
was one of the first voyagers who de-
scended the Danube from Vienna to the
Black Sea by steam, and the account
which he gives of his journey is valua-
ble for the communication of many im-
portant facts connected with the na-
vigation of that celebrated river, the
state of the intermediate provinces, and
the commercial and political reflexions
which naturally arise in the mind of an
observant tourist when passing through
countries comparatively unknown. Af-
ter entering the Euxine, he proceeded
to Constantinople, of which he presents
an exceedingly good description; from
thence he crossed to the Asiatic side
of the Bosphorus, and visited the site
of Troy—he then returned to the capi-
tal, took his departure in a steam-boat
for Odessa, and arrived there in time
to join Count Werrenzow, the Gover-

nor of South Russia, in a coasting ex-
cursion round the Black Sea. As this
excursion was performed in a Russian
corvette, and under the best auspices,
the details of it are proportionately in-
teresting; and we can assure the reader,
that until he peruses Mr. Spencer's
narrative, he must remain, not in com-
parative, but in absolute ignorance of
the true relations of Russia with the
countries on her southern border, and
the unscrupulous means she is adopting
to extend her frontier territory towards
Turkey. By far the most important
part of these volumes, however, is that
which relates to Circassia—a country
of which little is known in this part of
Europe, but which, beyond all doubt,
will attract a very large share of pub-
lic notice in Great Britain so soon as its
peculiar mercantile capabilities, and
the noble stand its brave and primitive
people have made against Russia for
the last fifty years, become better known.

For illustrations of this, we must refer
to the work itself, which clearly estab-
lishes the following facts—that from
time immemorial the Caucasian tribes
have been independent of all foreign
sovereignty—that the Porte never pos-
sessed any territorial or judicial author-
ity in Circassia, and could not, conse-
quently, cede to Russia what she had
never enjoyed—that the treaty of 1782,
on which Russia founds her claims, is
absolutely a dead letter, the only rela-
tion which ever existed between the
Turks and the Circassians of a fixed
kind being those which arose out of a
community of religion—that nothing can
have exceeded the cruelty of Russia in
her intercourse with these unhappy peo-
ple, but the assiduity with which she
prosecutes her iniquitous schemes of
aggrandisement—that, except a few
fortified places on the coast, preserved
with the utmost difficulty, and at a pro-
digious expense of human life, she has
not one foot of land in the Circassia—
and, lastly, that her assumed right of
blockade is one which rests on no solid
ground whatever, and is equally at var-
iance with all the principles of interna-
tional and common law. These posi-
tions Mr. Spencer undertakes to estab-
lish, and he does establish them. Let
it be observed, that we have been hith-
erto labouring under the most mel-
ancholy ignorance upon the subject of
Circassia. Professor Pallas saw but
little of the country, in addition to
which he was a Russian emissary em-
ployed by Catherine to give a peculiar
complexion to the war which she meditated
against the simple people who
dwell among its mountains; while our
countryman, Dr. Clarke, was denied
the privilege of entering the territory
of the Circassians at all, and could not,
consequently, do more than retail the
opinions of others as to the character,
government, and resources, of its dif-
ferent tribes. Mr. Spencer, on the
other hand, resided for many months
amongst them, was present at their na-
tional assemblies, and, in his assumed
character of Hakim or Physician, was
indulged with free access to all their
public and private pastimes. We can-
not be surprised, therefore, that he
should have collected a great body of
curious information about this people,
or that it should be in his power to set
the question between the Circassians
and their aggressors on its proper foot-
ing. They are a free nation, against
whom Russia has wantonly made war
that she may make her approach to
Constantinople the more easy. Once
subdued, the mask of moderation will
be thrown off, and not only Turkey,
but Persia, will become externally de-
pendent on the Czar; who would then
be in a position to threaten our posses-
sions in India, as he certainly would ex-
clude us from all participation in the
commerce of the head of the Mediter-
ranean. All this, and much more to
the same effect, Mr. Spencer most con-
vincingly demonstrates; but he also
shows that, before these consequences
can be prevented, our policy towards
Russia must undergo a radical change.
The secret treaty of Unkiar Skelessi
must be rescinded, and the original stip-
ulations of the treaty of Adrianople
strictly adhered to—a protecting squad-
ron of British men-of-war must be sent
to the Euxine—the blockade of the
Circassian coast must be raised, and a
free passage to the British trader in
that sea established as a right—nor
would there be the slightest difficulty
in enforcing these requisitions. Aus-
tria views with alarm the encroach-
ments of Russia on the Danube, and
would readily join in any attempt to
press back that ambitious power from
her frontier provinces; and as Turkey,
Persia, and even the native Tartars of
the Steppes, to say nothing of the Cir-
cassians, entertain the most deadly ha-
tred to the Muscovites, the liberation
of the Black Sea would be a work at-
tended with no more risk than the ex-
penditure of a few hard words. Not a

shot need be fired. Russia has no more
right to the exclusive navigation of that
sea than we have. Her original terri-
tory did not touch the Crimea; but
leaving to her what she has acquired
from the Tartars, the peace of Europe,
and the interests of humanity, require
that she should be compelled to desist
from further aggressions on Turkey,
and that her war with Circassia should
not prejudice the commercial interests
of other States.

We strongly recommend Mr. Spen-
cer's work as one of the very best we
have seen for a length of time, and as
one which contains much valuable in-
formation that will be vainly looked for
elsewhere.

A POOR FELLOW.—Now, hereby we
are brought to the acquaintance of an-
other species of fellow—to wit, the Poor
Fellow—another, and yet not another.
A worn-out good fellow makes a poor
fellow, and so does a done-up clever fel-
low. A poor fellow is a kind of waste
built for superfluous pity, and the dregs
of sympathy compassion is not kindly
administered, but carelessly thrown at
him. His name is mentioned at tables
where once he sat gaily and gloriously,
and there starts up at the sound of it a
vision of a thread-bare coat of doubtful
colour, and a knapless hat, with a
crown that flaps up and down in the
wind, and with a flabby brim that will
never flab up again: a vision of leaky
shoes, of greasy trousers, of lantern
jaws, and long grey hair; and the guests
say, "Poor fellow,"—then they drink
their wine to drown the thought
of him—thus laying the ghost in a
red sea. A poor fellow is like a drone
in autumn—there is something passing
melancholy in the slowness of its gait,
and there is in its form and aspect that
which tells of a by-gone summer—of an
evanescent brightness—a temporary
flutter and gaiety; but cold winds are
come, and heavy clouds hang their
damp drapery in a gloomy sky, and the
poor shivering drone is creeping to as
warm a death as it can find. The pity
with which men look upon a poor fellow,
is as different from the compassion with
which they regard a poor man, as the
praise which they bestow on a good fel-
low differs from the respect with which
they treat a good man. There is some-
thing painful in the familiarity of pity,
and the pertness of half-humorous
sympathy. Even the truly generous
feel some repugnance in administering
to a poor fellow, which they do not feel
in relieving a poor man. A poor fel-
low reminds you of gay days; and there
is a thought not to be surmounted, that
some mortal obliquities have assisted to
form the downward slope into the val-
ley of adversity; while the poor fellow
himself feels more deeply than all, the
contrast of the present with the past—he
knows that the past will not be pre-
sent again, therefore he wishes the pre-
sent to be past as soon as possible.
Poor fellow!—Drop the curtain—Drop
the curtain.

THE LEXICOPHOBIC AND THE COUN-
TRYMAN.—"Dilatory fellow," said the
lexicographer, (for such, by his conver-
sation, the evidently was,) "where have
you been loitering, defalcating, in your
time so egregiously?"

What did you say, measter? replied
replied the countryman.

Did you meet with any casualty in
your way that stopped you so?

No; he was an old acquaintance
that stopped me—Jemmy Hancock.
Hum! so you procrastinated with
him, eh?

No, I didn't, I went to the Goat in
Boots w' him.

Ah, had you dinner in the interim?

No, we had it in the tap-room!

Blockhead, the terms are synony-
mous.

Are they? I thought 'em very dear;
temperence for eggs and bacon.

Confound the fellow—how does this
amalgamate?

Oh, I never stopped for that.

Ah, totally abstracted for the conse-
quences—fell into a reverie on your
road, I dare say?

No, I didn't. I fell into a ditch,
though—ale were so strong.

And came out covered with chagrin?

No, but there was plenty o' mud.
Impervious dolt! Chagrin I said.

Green!—Oh, I know now; we call it
duck-weed in our parts.

I shall lose all patience—you were
born incorrigible.

No, I wasn't; I was born in York-
shire—High-street, Wakefield.

Again mistaken: do you never de-
viate?

No, I only goes out to work.

You want common ratiocination, fel-
low.

No, I don't. I only want you to set-
tle my account, one and eightpence;
that can't be dear, such a load as this.

I am foiled with my own weapons.
Can you not discriminate even a com-
mon case?

No, can't take any less, it's more nor
three mile, and the csse, as you call it,
be heavy.

I must succumb; there is your money,
fellow; go your ways, and let me thank
heaven I am released from the purga-
tory of your obtusity.—Comic Maga-
zine.

PLEASURES OF RELATIONSHIP.—I am
inclined to believe that relations are our
natural enemies; and that their speci-
fic function in the great moral scheme
is to try our tempers, exercise our pa-
tience, and prevent our being too close-
ly attached to a theatre we must one
day quit. In the selection of other
friends, we have "the world before us
where to choose," with nothing to con-
sult but our own inclinations; and,
moreover, we can decide upon what
occasions, and to what extent, we shall
adopt the alliance. We may have one
set of friends for business, another for
pleasure; we may have town friends
and country friends, and watering-place
friends; nay, we may have dinner
friends, and evening party friends—
friends to be admitted in the morning
visit, and friends who may exchange
cards but are never suffered to pass the
half-door. Not so with our relations;
with them we have no choice; from
them we have no escape. All that
come must be accepted—brothers and
sisters, though it be by dozens—cous-
ins, though they are showering on us
by hundreds—the lame, the blind, and
the halt, the ugly, the ill-tempered, the
quizzical, the gambler, the scamp, the
scoundrel—nay, if fate will have it so,
even the felon, and for all and sundry
of these you are morally and socially
responsible. There is no shaking them
off—no sinking them—no taking them
in infinitesimal doses. You must be
plagued with your relation—your whole
relation; and sometimes nothing but
your relation; though he should appear
in the questionable shape of a *qui tam*
attorney, a money lender, or a tailor in
propria persona. It is hard enough up-
on a man to take even his wife for bet-
ter for worse, in sickness and in health,
&c., yet that he does with his own free
consent, and, if he chooses it, with his
eyes open; but for your "born rela-
tions," it is a regular lottery, a pig in a
poke, and too frequently a fishing for
one in a bag full of serpents.—*The Hu-
mourist*.

LIBERTY A PLANT.—During the pro-
gress of a political meeting held in the
town of Cambridge, it so happened that
the late Dr. Mansley, then public or-
ator of the University of Cambridge, but
afterwards master of Trinity College,
and Bishop of Bristol, came to the
place of meeting just as Musgrave, the
well-known political tailor of his day,
was in the midst of a most pathetic ora-
tion, and emphatically repeating, "Li-
berty, liberty, gentlemen—" he
paused—"Liberty is a plant—"—"—"
"So is a cabbage!" exclaimed the caustic
Mansley, before Musgrave had time to
complete his sentence, with so hap-
py an allusion to the trade of the
tailor, that he was silenced amidst roars
of laughter.

TEST OF INTOXICATION.—A native of
"Emerland Isle" was asked the other
day how he could tell that a man was
drunk. "Faith," answered Pat, "I'd
never be after saying that a man was
drunk at all without I saw him try to
light his pipe at the pump."

EGYPT AGAINST THE WORLD.—We
have been informed that Mrs. Eliza-
beth Knowles, wife of Mr. Ephraim
Knowles, living in Egypt settlement, in
this (Ross) county, on Monday last,
was delivered of four living children! all
of whom are females. They are all do-
ing well.—*Chillicothe Adv.*

WISCONSIN AGAINST EGYPT.—Mrs.
Ornt, near Platteville, Iowa county,
was delivered of four children at one
birth—two sons and two daughters.—
Ivan News.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the under-
mentioned valuable tracts of land, a
very moderate prices, for satisfactory pay-
ments, viz:—

600 acres fronting on the River Saint John
five miles below the Court House in Woodstock
Carleton County, and immediately opposite the
Caledonia Mills, in separate lots or together;
the anticipated Rail Road will go through the
rear of it.

Also—800 acres within seven miles of Fre-
dericton, on the Pennycook Stream, three
quarters of a mile above Smith's Mills.

Considerable improvements are made
on both these tracts, and the latter es-
pecially abounds with very large Birch and
Spruce Timber. Application for this tract
to be made either to William Irvine, or to

GEORGE WOODS.
Fredericton, July 17, 1837.

LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office, at Frederic-
ton, 5th September, 1837.

A
Mr. Wm. Armstrong, P. C. Amorensis
G. Archibald (2), Benjamin B. Armstrong
James Annand (2).

B
J. W. Brown, Horatio Blizard, Mrs.
Martha Ann Brown, George Blaney, Josiah
Burt, George Brown, Mrs. Alicia Burton,
Thos. Bell, Jean Bell, Chas. Bateman Mi-
chael Borngt, John B. Babain, Francis
Babin, John Boyle, Thomas Banks, Wm.
Boone, Converse Brown, Mary Buswell,
James Bailley (2), James Bubar, James
Blair, Duncan Buchanan, John Buchanan,
Joseph Boggs, John Bubar, J. D. Berton,
John Baytes, Patk. Brown.

C
Pieri Carson, Sarah Coleman, John S.
Cox, Daniel Campbell, James Campbell,
Barnard Carrott, Mrs. Chandler, John Car-
ter (2), W. Graham, John Camran (2), Ed-
mund P. Cliff, Peter Cameron, Charles
Couless, Peggy Carragher, Andrew Carr,
Andrew Craig, Seth Cates, John Clarke,
Norman Campbell, John Cahill, Margaret
Corseodon, Mrs. John Carter.

D
Patrick Doyle, Edward Doyle, Thomas
Davies, Asa Dow, Mrs. Mary Dagett, John
Dinneen, Michael Dorrington, Charles
Doran (2), Alexander Derrah, James Do-
ran, (2), Mrs. Driscoll, Bartholomew Daw-
son, Robert Dougherty, Mrs. Dougherty,
Robert Duncan.

E
Mary Eagan, James Evans, Francis El-
liott, Edward Elkin, Jos. Esterbrook, El-
vid Estv, Pierce Eleward, John Elliott (2),
John Eddy.

F
Mary Farley, Jephth Foster, John Fried,
Philip Foraster, Jos. Foster, Thomas Fran-
cis, Indian Governor, Daniel Ford.

G
Wm. Gwinn, James Gray, Richard Gal-
lagher, Asa Garlon, Nelson Garton, A. N.
Gardon, Benjamin Griffith (3), Sydney
Gates, Wm. Gould, Wm. Green, Wm.
Graham, Alex. Gerow, Nehemiah Gilman,
Samuel Gilman.

H
Andrew Hay, Geo. Hamilton, Andrew
Henry, Thomas Hartin, Joseph Hiscock.

J
Miss Johnston (2), Mrs. Hannah Joslin,
Charles Ingraham, Hugh Jemison.

K
Wm. Kirk, Margaret Kelly, John Kin-
ney, John Kerr, Thomas Kelly, Prince
Kenny, Thomas Kinealy.

L
Thomas Latherson, Alexander Larkey,
John Longstaff, Andrew Lipssett, J. W.
Ladds (3), H. Lombard (3), David Lyons,
Alex. Lyons, Dennis Leary, John Lawson,
Isaac Laurence, John Little, James Loyard,
John Lioder, W. P. Lethbridge, Isaac
Lovely.

M
Margaret M'Donald, Edwd. M'Bride,
Patrick M'Bride, Patk. M'Grath, Andrew
Montgomery, Isaac Marancey, Mrs. Mary
Menzar, Mary M'Dermot, Nelson H. Mar-
tin, Wm. Moore, Cornelius T. Murphy,
Charles M'Clintock, John M'Laughlin,
Saml. Murphy, Edward Manning, Wm.
M'Kay, James M'Donald, Eliza Morrell,
Mattie M'Elhatton (2), Jeremiah Murphy,
Donald M'Gilvory, James Miles, Joel Mun-
gon, Joseph Martin, Archibald M'Dugald,
Colin M'Kay, Saml. M'Gerhah, Moses
M'Nally, Anthony M'Kay, Alexander Mo-
dy, Martha Manson, John Mahoney, An-
drew Miller, Mathew M'Clain, James Mo-
zielt, Austin M'Donald, Robt. M'Culloch,
Christopher Murray, Bess. M'Lauchlan,
Patk. M'Colleston, Alex. M'Cormack, Tho-
mas Myles, Archibald M'Cullum, Mrs.
Francis M'Gwin, Rebecca M'Crea, Philip
M'Cormack, Wm. M'Pheley, Wm. M'
Pherson, Lawrence M'Guinn, Arthur
M'Cann, Edward M'Cool, Mrs. Martha
Moran.

N
Norris Norris, Lawrence Neville, John
Neville, John Norris.

O
Patk. O'Conner, Mary O'Donnell, Tho-
mas O'Leary, John Osburn.

P
Patk. Power, Amas Plumer, Thomas
Purdy, Francis Puc, Wm. Payne, Mary
Perley, Robt. Parson, Alex. Paule, Danl.
Thos. Patterson, Mary J. Phillips, Mrs.
Charity Peters, Thomas Piercy.

Q
Ellen Quinn.

R
James Ryan, Danl. Ross, John Ryan,
John Ritchie, Newman Raymond, Sarah
Robison, Aaron Robertson, John Rankin,
Patk. Rider, Andrew Rourke, John Russell,
Nicholas Ridout, John Riley, Elizabeth
Robson, Wm. Ross.

S
Ranald Smith, Mrs. Shelswell, Lemon
Stone, Saml. Sharp, Elijah Sisson, Mary
Springer, Robt. Smith, Wm. Scott (2),
Ranald Smith, Wm. A. Smith, Wm. Sweeney,
James Shannon, John Sullivan, Nathan
Smith, Andrew Soles, Abraham Sagee,
Alexander Scott, David Strangman, Alex-
ander Seamon, T. T. Shaw, Thomas B.
Smith (4).

T
Stephen Tracy (2), David Tapley, Gain
B. Taylor, Wm. Tovey, Ann Thompson,
Johanna Thun, Benjamin S. Taylor, John
Tracy, Alexander Truscott, Thomas Tur-
ner.

V
Wm. Vinter.

W
Jesery White, Wm. Watson, Mrs. Wood-
ford, Wm. Wilson, Jacob Worman, Robt.
Warner, George Weir, Thomas Winter,
John Wade, Mary Wilson, James Wilson,
Robt. Wilson.

Y
John Young, James Yerxa, Elias Yerxa,
Charles Yerxa.