

POETRY.

From the Glasgow Constitutional.

UNPUBLISHED VERSES.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Lately, when arranging the manuscripts of our departed friend for publication, we lighted upon the following verses, which were written but a few days before his death. Their tenderness and deep pathos must awaken a responsive feeling in every heart. The reader will recollect, that, at the approach of spring, it was mentioned in the newspapers that a beautiful female had been observed planting the snow-drop and the primrose on the grave of Motherwell in the Necropolis—a striking fulfilment of the aspirations here so plaintively uttered.

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests
rushing,
Like full hearts break;
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully
gushing;
Sad music make?
Will there be one, whose heart despair is crush-
ing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms
twinning,
Burst through that clay;
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles, with its eye of glory,
On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneliness crown'd;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?

It may be so—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such need—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
From hearts which bleed,
The wailings of to day for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me than gently in my narrow dwelling—
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be
swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain—for Time has long been knel-
ing;

Sad one, depart!

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother nature laughs around?
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming
ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and
wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the
sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
Their shadows at play on the bright green
vale;
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And here they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in yon aspen bower,
There's a titter of wind in yon beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the
flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the
sea.

And look on the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away!

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the Druidical Journal.)

PERFECTION.—A MORAL TALE.

"Beauty in a minute is both a blossom and a
blast; you, all young and fair, endeavour all
to be wise and virtuous; that when, like roses,
you shall fall from the stalk, you may be gar-
thered, and put to the still."—OLD PLAY.

"Is it Letitia Onslow?"
"No, sir, it is not."
"Then it is Amelia Beauchamp?"
"There, sir, you are wrong again."
"Well, then, it must be the Lady
Catherine Mowbray?"

"Now you are decidedly out," was
the last answer to the many demands
made by Philip Hampton, in endeavor-
ing to draw out from his friend, Walter
Norris, the name of the young lady to
whom he was about to become united.

"What! not Catherine Mowbray?"
repeated Hampton, with a look of more
serious importance attached to this last
question than all its predecessors, but
which was restored to its former tran-
quillity on being again negatived. "Who
then, can it be," he reiterated; "for
surely I have named every young lady
in the neighbourhood who possesses
wealth, pretty face, figure, or any
other attraction, or is even in the small-
est degree interesting." Norris smil-
ed; and Hampton proceeded in his en-
quiries, roused to the highest pitch of
curiosity by his friend's laconic replies.

"I faith Walter, I begin to suspect
this is a mere hoax of yours, or, what
is not unlikely, this mysterious being is
some rich London heiress. Ah! I have
it; it must be some wealthy old citizen's

daughter that you met with on your
late visit to the metropolis—eh, man,
am I not right at last?"

"No; you travel further at every
guess. I think you will be at the North
Pole presently."

"Well, then, I give it up—who is
it?"

"You are a fit person for a soothsayer,
or an astrologer, indeed: out of
thirteen chances to be still so wide the
mark; shame, shame! but what say you
to Sarah Grindley?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Hamp-
ton, pushing back his chair towards the
end of the room, and retreating from
his friend quite horrified, "Good hea-
vens! can you be serious?"

"I am."

"What! marry a girl so plain—so
insignificant—so?"

"But she is so amiable,"—interrupt-
ed Norris,—

"She's short, literally diminutive!"—

"But then she is of such domestic
habits—so affable in her manners!"—

"She's so dowdy in dress!"—

"But so lady-like in her demeanour!"

"Then she stoops, and can have no
pretensions to figure."

"To crown her merits, she is virtu-
ous."

"Oh, Walter Norris, Walter Norris,
I deplore your want of taste—indeed,
you do astonish me; but, see, judgment
has fallen on you at last, and, sooner
or later, come it will on all those who
have been so fastidious and particular
in their search after female perfection;
what are the consequences that now
result from the many, very many, fa-
vourable opportunities you have let slip
by? why, at the last, you eagerly
snatch at the first offer that presents it-
self, and gladly enough accept of those
very objects which had been spurned
and slighted in your hour of pride.
Oh, Walter Norris, you will repent
this choice."

"Time will show," mildly rejoined
his friend.

"Ay time will show," emphatically
re-echoed the other.

If Philip Hampton was startled at
Norris' declaration, others would have
been equally so, for Walter Norris was
the only surviving son of a wealthy bar-
onet in the North of England, he had
received a first rate education, having
been instructed for the church; he was,
moreover, tall, had a good figure, and a
handsome countenance; in his disposi-
tion, he was gay and lively. Wonder-
ye not then that Sarah Grindley was
the idol of his affection, when many a
heart ached, and many a bosom sighed,
when many a cheek was blanched, and
many a weeping eye was swollen of the
young ladies in the small village of
Mossvale; each of whom had outward
attractions far more winning and cap-
tivating than ever was possessed by
Sarah Grindley. Ellen Lumley, Mary
Webster, and others had sunk 'prema-
turely into their graves, heartbroken by
his neglect; each and all "fairest flow-
ers no sooner blown than blasted;"
even the Honorable Lady Jane Lang-
ley, the proud and only daughter of a
haughty marquis, had been forced to
own his sway, and Lady Mary Beau-
champ, to whom we have before allud-
ed, had confessed in secret an attach-
ment for him; but vain proved all their
attempts to fascinate the flinty, or ra-
ther stubborn heart of Walter Norris,
who remained firm and unmoved; yes,
from the age of two-and-twenty to the
present period, four years, he had foil-
ed their machinations; but the time
now arrived, and the breast of Norris
was no longer frozen; it had been sol-
tened by Miss Sarah Grindley; in her
he obtained the object of his wishes, the
seeking of his soul—perfection.

Sarah Grindley was the eldest daugh-
ter of the curate of the village, and had
been early deprived of a fond mother;
she had taken upon herself the instruc-
tion of her young brothers, as also the
care and management of the household
affairs; and though she ably acquitted
herself of the charge entailed upon her,
yet the anxiety and solicitude she daily
underwent greatly impaired her
health; a lengthened illness followed,
from which she did not recover for
some months. The sickness left be-
hind it marks which added to the natu-
ral plainness of her features; she was
conscious of her own personal defects,
and this made her the more attached
to her young brothers, to whom her days
and nights were unsparingly devoted;
though devoid of all outward attractions,
she possessed a soul pure and unsullied,
a heart charitable and benevolent, and
an intellect gifted with the highest qual-
ifications; and so predominant were
these virtues, that in the eyes of all she
appeared a very seraph; and though
unnoticed by the vain, the haughty,
and the affected, and though neglected
in the giddy and self-esteeming circle,

yet her days glided on calmly and se-
renely in the tranquility of her own
mind, and blessed in the bosom of her
parent and relatives.

It was about six months antecedent
to the period of which we now write,
that she first met Walter Norris, and
almost instantaneous was love's impulse
in her young bosom, for none possessed
a warmer than Sarah Grindley; but to
cherish and encourage the flame felt by
her, she deemed hopeless, so she strove
to bury the passion that had been kind-
led within her, and to hide it from all
mortal ken; unknown and unrevealed,
it consumed in the secret repositories
of her own breast, and she would have
succeeded in her noble endeavours, had
not Walter Norris been at the same
time struck by the agreeableness of her
manner, and the modesty of her demean-
our; it is true, that at first she was
passed unheeded by him, but the re-
peated visits he paid at her father's
house, with whom he was intimate, fully
convinced him of the superiority she
bore to all he yet had seen: and the
disgust he had already taken at the
light and flippant conduct of the gay
and fashionable, finally confirmed him
in that opinion, so that he felt that Sa-
rah Grindley alone could make him ab-
solutely comfortable and happy;—he
therefore proposed, she accepted him,
and they were accordingly married.

Years rolled on in rapid succession,
and a wonderful alteration had taken
place in the village; many, if not all,
of the aged inhabitants had been gar-
thered to their fathers; the young and
merry of a few years past, were now
the married and the grave; a new
generation had sprouted up, already a
little family had blessed the quiet fire-
side of Walter Norris, (who had suc-
ceeded to the curacy on the death of
his father-in-law); he saw with grati-
tude his family treading the right path,
and his life floated along unembittered
by domestic sorrows, and soothed in
his declining days by the exemplary
virtues of his beloved Sarah. How
different, alas, was it with Philip Hamp-
ton, who had espoused the Lady Cathe-
rine Mowbray, the young and beau-
tiful,—the gaze, the admiration and
the envy of fashionable life, for whom
he long had sighed; the same of her
attractions had been blazoned far and
wide; at the theatre, the ball or the
concert, still was she the wonder of
the throng; and with what pride and
satisfaction did Captain Hampton (for
Philip was in the army) hear all these
praises lavished on his wife; he exult-
ed in the conquest he had made, and
triumphed inwardly at the mortification
and chagrin of his disappointed rivals;
—poor man!—how deep was the lethar-
gy into which he had fallen—how reck-
less of the thunder cloud of destruction
that gathered over his head; he saw
not the steepness of the precipice on
which he stood, for he was lost in the
gaze and admiration of her charms;
while she, used to such adulations from
her very cradle, saw not the tempta-
tions that surrounded her, and which
were set on all sides to ensnare her,
but relying on her virtue, she rested in
fancied security against all dangers,
and mistook for truth the nauseating
flattery heaped by those around her;
but mark ye the consequences: Hamp-
ton's regiment was ordered around, he
followed it, taking a fond and affecting
farewell of his wife; sad seemed the
parting, as though her heart would sun-
der at the separation—yet they parted.

Twelve months had winged their way
into the abyss of eternity, and saw Philip
Hampton a lone and widowed man.
Was, then, his wife dead? Oh,
no! In his absence, temptations on all
sides followed her—her frail nature
yielded, and she was allured away from
home by a heartless and base wretch,
leaving it desolate and dreary as the
desert; yet what were all these when
compared to the blight wherewith she
had blasted the heart of a devoted hus-
band—like the stricken oak, seared and
withered? Intemperance followed; and
Philip Hampton, from the gallant and
creditable officer, became a careless
and indifferent being.

Let us close this melancholy theme.
It was five and twenty years since that
period that Walter Norris, sitting one
morning at breakfast, read the follow-
ing passage in the Gazette.

"On Wednesday last, the body of a
gentleman was found in the field ad-
joining the farm; a pistol was by his
side; but the features were so frightful-
ly mangled, as to render them com-
pletely indistinguishable. On examining
the papers which were found about his
person, and from after inquiries, it was
ascertained that the unhappy man had
been for many years an inmate of the
neighboring mad-house, from which he
had but that morning escaped, unknown
to the keepers. The cause of his de-

rangement is attributed to his having
been forsaken by his wife many years
since; this unfortunate woman put an
end to her own existence, as also to
that of her paramour, two years after
the distressing event. From still fur-
ther information which we have receiv-
ed, it appears that the name of the un-
fortunate gentleman was Philip Hamp-
ton, formerly an officer belonging to the
—th regiment."

"Alas, poor Hampton!" sighed Wal-
ter Norris, as he read these words, for
the recollection of the conversation he
once had with Philip Hampton flashed
across his mind; and gazing on his
wife, "Alas, poor Hampton," he ex-
claimed, "time, indeed, has shown
which of us has repented of his choice."

Reader, my story, though short and
simple, conveys a moral: it is this:
Beauty and virtue are not always cater-
cousins—they go not always hand-in-
hand. Beauty is not the stepping-
stone to happiness, and where virtue is
not, there happiness cannot be, for
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

Beauty is puffed up with its own con-
ceit—it is dazzled by its own light, and
is inebriated by drinking deep of flatter-
ry; but the glory of beauty is evanes-
cent; and as the sun is obscured by a
cloud, even so is beauty; yet the sun
again bursts forth in redoubled splen-
dour, but the loveliness of beauty when
once it wanes, like a dying flower,
closes itself for ever; then, when its
charms are flown from us, away with it
vanishes all our dreams of bliss—the
film is removed from our eyes, and we
awaken with a start from the superfac-
tious we were plunged in, only to be-
hold all that we had deemed firm and
stable fleet like a vision from before us,
leaving the bosom ever after the victim
of its own folly, stung and gnawed by
conscience. "the worm that dieth not;"
while, on the other hand, we find that
in the breast of the humble and the
homely—on whom the world gaze not
as on a fairy landscape, nor on such be-
stow the homage of idolatry, or of ser-
vice adulation—virtue has made her
habitation: with these, she is a perpe-
tual guest, a constant friend, and ever-
lasting source of solace; undecieved by
the flattery of worldliness, they become
not the victims to its false adulations,
and treading on the firm and substantial
soil of truth, they fear not the brittle
ice o'er which the footsteps of deluded
beauty skim; and should the world per-
chance condemn them, they are suffi-
ciently strengthened and consoled by
the communion of their own pure bo-
soms; they pass through life, serenely
and in happiness, diffusing a radiance
around them, completely answering all
the purposes of their creation, and by
their conduct and examples of patience
and humility, conveying this 'one grand
moral:—that all human charms and
fascinations, however beautiful, are
but transient visionary; and however
that deficient and false the form may
be, it is virtue, and virtue alone, that
constitutes true "female perfection."

PELHAM.

ORIGINAL DEFINITIONS.

Key-hole.—The aqueduct of secrets.
Lacing-Tight.—The means of killing
off all young females of weak consti-
tution—and thereby preventing the phy-
sical degeneracy of the race.
Lady.—A female gentleman.
Lap dog.—The solace of women who
have no babies.

Latin.—A language which is learned
with great pain in the early part of life,
for the pleasure of forgetting it in the
latter part.

A polite way of replying to a neigh-
bor's remark, which we either do not
hear or do not understand, and would
not trouble him to repeat.

Life.—A monotonous repetition of
eating and drinking, sleeping and wak-
ing occasionally relieved by the perusal
of newspapers.

Logic.—The art of resisting the con-
clusion of reason.
Living according to Nature.—Living
according to appetite.

Light of Nature.—Sun, moon and stars.
Love.—The most agreeable of tor-
ments—the wisest of follies, and the
most rational species of madness.

Love-lorn.—Sitting all alone in one's
study, writing sonnets and acrostics.
Learned.—Ignorant of common
things.

BEDOUIN CUSTOMS.—These customs
are almost diametrically opposite to
those of other nations.

1st. They mount on the right side of
the horse, place the right foot on the
stirrup, and seat themselves by throwing
the left leg over the saddle.
2d. They write from right to left.
3d. They carry their sabre so that the
concave side is always outward.
4th. They cut their hair and let their
beards grow.

5th. They sit down upon their heels,
which serve instead of chairs.

6th. They eat their bread hot from the
oven, their meat cold, and their soup at
the end of the meal.

7th. On entering a room, we take off
our hats, they pull off their shoes.

8th. Our women wash with their
hands, theirs with their feet, treading
on the linen in a tub until it becomes
clean.

NOTICE.

M. R. JAMES M'COY, takes this me-
thod of intimating to the public, that
after the first of July he will be at liberty
to engage in any Seminary, or Grammar School,
wherein his services may be required, to
teach the following branches, viz: Reading,
Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geo-
graphy, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry,
Mensuration, Land Surveying, Navigation,
Mechanics, Hydrostatics, and Pneumatics,
Gauging, &c. &c.
For further particulars apply at Mr.
John Baird's, Fredericton.
June 27th, 1837.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

House of Assembly,

Wednesday, 28th Feb. 1837.

WHEREAS this House has heretofore
granted a return of Provincial Duties
on articles consumed by fire to such persons
as were not insured thereon: And whereas
it is expedient that all persons should know
in what way applications of a similar nature
would hereafter be received by the House
therefore

RESOLVED, unanimously, That this House
will not in future entertain any application
for return of Duties on articles consumed
by fire, even though it should be made to
appear that no insurance had been made on
articles so consumed.

CHAS. P. WETMORE,

Clerk.
The Editors of the several Papers in
the Province are requested to insert the above
for three months from the date of their first
publication.
April 2d.

Woodstock and Fredericton

STAGE COACH COMPANY.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that
the above Company will continue to run
a STAGE three times a week between Wood-
stock and Fredericton, leaving Woodstock on
Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and
Fredericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sat-
urdays, at 6 o'clock, A. M. until further notice.
Persons desirous of securing a passage can
enter their names on Books kept at the Freder-
icton Hotel, (Segee's,) and H. Gould's
Woodstock. Persons travelling to or from the
United States will find immediate conveyance
from Woodstock to Bangor, or from Fredericton
to Saint John. Every attention will be given
to the conveyance and comfort of Passengers.
A reasonable portion of Baggage will be taken.
Parcels and Baggage at the risk of the Owners.
For further particulars, the public are refer-
red to J. W. Thompson, Esquire, Bangor,
G. E. Kelchum, Esquire, Fredericton, or to
the Subscriber, Woodstock.
CHARLES PERLEY, Agent.
January, 1837.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Hartford, (Connecticut.)

THE Subscriber, having been appointed
Agent for the Protection Insurance Com-
pany will insure Houses, Stores, Barns, an-
every sort of Goods and Wares against
LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE
at the most reasonable rate of premium. The
subscriber will also attend to the renewal of any
Policies issued by the former Agent in this
place.
JAMES TAYLOR, AGENT.

ACCOMMODATION STAGES.

THE Subscribers beg leave to inform their
friends and the public, that they are
now running Stages from Fredericton to Mira-
michi, leaving and arriving at these places as
mentioned:

One starting from Fredericton on Monday, and
arriving at Miramichi on Wednesday; leaving
Miramichi on the Monday following, and ar-
riving at Fredericton on Wednesday.

The other leaving Fredericton on Thursday,
and arriving at Miramichi on Saturday; leaving
Miramichi on Thursday following, and arriv-
ing at Fredericton on Saturday.

Terms—40s. for each Passenger, with a rea-
sonable allowance of Baggage.
Being grateful for past favours, the Subscri-
bers humbly hope their friends and the public
will continue their patronage as formerly, as
they are determined to do all in their power
for the accommodation of all and every thing
fitted to them.

WILLIAM SWIM,
JAMES SWIM.

Fredericton, 21st February, 1837.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having demands against the
Estate of the late Ezekiel Sloat, are re-
quested to present the same, duly attested,
within six months from the date hereof; and
all those indebted to said Estate are desired
to make immediate payment to

CHARLOTTE M. SLOAT, Admtr.
JAMES TAYLOR, } Admrs.
B. WOLHAUPT,
Fredericton, Feb. 21, 1837.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers his services
as General Agent to Persons wishing
to obtain Land or Timber, or having busi-
ness of any description to transact with any
of the Public Offices at this place.
GEORGE H. HART.

Fredericton, May 3, 1837.

INDENTURES for Sale
at this Office. March 29.