

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 vermeil 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 fruits, 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. 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 improvement. We are afraid there is too much rhyme in the world to leave much room for rhyme.

Still however we are unwilling to believe such causes sufficient to prevent the appearance of another Shakespeare, 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 produced such writers as Pope, Goldsmith, Rogers, and Campbell." Such poetry, we verily believe, is that which at present would be 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 care-worn spirit, withdrawn awhile from the 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 mankind—which 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 many beauties, will never be so popular as Goldsmith; and as to Ebenezer Elliott, his 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, gushy, 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 possesses those qualities.

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. The topics which present themselves for this purpose are numerous and obvious. The best of them have been selected and illustrated; some 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
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 might,
Deep sunk in Error's most appalling night,
Have greeted loudest with the voice of praise,
The greatest scourges born in evil days;
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, undebased 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. In England he is known only as the author of *Norman Leslie* and one or two other rather indifferent novels; but in the United States he holds a high place amongst American writers.

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. 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 provided with an income from some unknown source, on condition that he shall never attempt to discover his parents, and who is forced to travel on the continent to avoid his relatives, who are English, and who bind him to remain abroad. In the course of his travels he makes acquaintance with a noble family in Berlin. The young countess is affianced to an English lord, but the handsome stranger makes an impression on her heart, is himself enslaved by her beauty, and of course excites the jealousy and hatred of his rival.

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. Failing taunts and insults, the lord circulates stories to the discredit of his character, openly charges him with being an impostor, which the suspicious circumstances of his obscurity appear to render not unlikely, and at last strikes him in a public room. He is still calm and unmoved; a friend interposes, and is himself struck, upon which a duel follows, and the braggart lord kills his opponent. Here we have a fine scene illustrative of the fatal effects of duelling, and artfully contrived to give stronger effect to the still unshaken resolution of the hero. After many vicissitudes it is discovered that he is the rightful heir of the very title held by his rival; and in the end, covered with honour for all his constancy and sacrifices, he is married to the young countess, and lives to present the practical triumph of a strong heart over a great social fallacy.

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. We are not quite sure whether the degradation endured by this apostle of peace, is not calculated to bring some discredit upon his cause. Upon Christian principles he is undoubtedly right, but Christian principles have been so long addressed to society in vain through the most authoritative channels, that it is not to be expected they shall receive much additional 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 vindication. As a mere fiction, there is too much sentimentality in this work—too many moonlight walks and wonderful escapades—too much talking, and too little action. It wants 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 colder than usual; and the *gouvernante* is overdone with good sense, good nature, and good intentions. *Count Carolan* is well conceived as a proud empty man of the world, and *Denham*, who falls in the duel, may be described as the only well-bred gentleman in the whole *dramatis personæ*.

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 they felt in the *Widow Barnaby* will be disappointed; but the interest, such as it is, is of the same kind.

We have devoted as much time to this book as if it were a novel by Sir Walter Scott; indeed, it has cost us more time, for we have read it by a great effort, which always seems to make time tedious. But by this careful perusal however, wearisome as it was, we are enabled to detect the springs of Mrs. Trollope's popularity; for of course no author would write so much all in the same line, without some reward in the approval of a circle of readers. We can now thoroughly comprehend the elements in Mrs. Trol-

lope's books which are calculated to gratify the tastes of a portion of our 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. We need hardly add, that the feature to which we allude is its intense vulgarity.

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. 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 vulgarity in fiction. But as a work of art, they are inferior to their predecessor; the incidents are not so racy, the characters are not so fresh and vivid, and it is impossible not to feel that there is a little too much of the impudent, ignorant, and affected old woman, who makes so prominent a figure as the heroine of six octavo volumes. But it must be allowed, as a mere matter of justice, that the vulgarity is admirably depicted. Only let it be taken for what it really is, and not set up as a novel of probabilities, but as a caricature upon the hoydenish assumptions, the gross tomfoolery, and sweltering opulence of uneducated pretension, and it is entitled to high praise. The humour certainly does not belong to comedy, but to the lowest farce, and wit there is none. The delineation of individual nature is everywhere a monstrous exaggeration, but it is generally very droll by the mere force of its absurdity. Of general nature 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 and inflated dialogues. It is needless to protest against the bad taste of all this, for it is the bad taste that tells. We have no inclination, however, to disturb the easy faith of readers who are pleased with such productions; our business is to describe them faithfully, and certainly wherever the broadest vulgarity is introduced in the most glaring colours is likely to become a source of entertainment, these volumes must be gratefully received.

HAYTER'S PICTURE OF THE CORONATION.

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. It was first shown to a select few by gas-light on Friday evening last week. Its effect on that occasion was brilliant and powerful, and it elicited general and unqualified admiration; viewed at a proper distance, it realized all that could be desired in a pictorial representation of such a subject. The composition is masterly; the groups are arranged in ceremonial order, without any ungraceful formality; and while every individual figure is distinctly relieved, the aggregate compose masses that combine to produce a splendid and harmonious ensemble.

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 canvass is of large dimensions, about eleven feet in length by seven in height, and takes in the space from the altar to the intersection of the transepts; giving a glimpse of the south transept and showing the rich gilded fretwork of the canopy over the Royal box: the figures near the eye are a little more than three feet in height.

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. A space before the throne directs attention to the Queen, and gives stateliness to her position; opening to view also that part of the Royal box where are seated the Duchesses of Kent and Cambridge, the Princesses Hohenlohe and Augusta of Cambridge, with others of the Royal Family and their attendants: the Duke of Wellington, who stands at the angle of the box, is foremost of a group of the Great Officers of State; who with the Bishops, and other officials, are ranged round the altar. The point of view is similar to that taken by Leslie in his picture of the Coronation Sacrament; and the same persons are introduced, though the time is different: Hayter's picture, moreover, being so much larger, conveys an idea of the loftiness and space of the building, more favorable to the imposing grandeur of the scene. The gold plate and splendours of the altar, being seen in sharp perspective contribute only their due portion of magnificence to the effect; serving, together with the gilded canopy, to bear up the glittering details and prevent them fatiguing the eye. In a word, the collection of colour and the arrangement of effect are admirably skilful.

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. The Duke of Sussex is as unlike as his brother of Cambridge; like the Duke of Wellington is one of the least successful likenesses; Lords Anglesea and Normandy are among the most so; though the noble novelist has a vulgar air. We will dismiss the vexed question of resemblances however, with remarking that the Queen's profile is strongly pronounced, and at once recognizable, though the look is

cold 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. The coup d'œil, seen by gaslight, was a most agreeable surprise, and proved that the painter of the "Trial of Lord William Russell," had not lost his powers, long as they have been in abeyance; but on a closer inspection the coarse style of painting destroyed the charm of the general effect: the distant figures in the transept are dabbed in with the negligence of scene-painting. Freedom of handling and slightness of execution in the remoter parts and minor details of a picture are requisite, and show the artist's dexterity; but they are far from being inconsistent with purity, elegance, and finesse—quite the contrary. The picture, in a word, is characterized by what we must term a vulgar manner as contrasted with the refinement pervading Leslie's; the difference is incidental to the mind and style of each painter. Leslie's picture is to be exhibited shortly at Dominic Conaghi's, and we shall then have an opportunity of seeing it 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. For in all lands the heart is the same, and that delightful sensation 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 native mountains, it roaves abroad over the lapid to gladden mankind.

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. In the morning, we would saunter out to see

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. But to the story. The morning thus employed, a young female started suddenly up from before a door where she had been sleeping, for in the warm months the inhabitants spread their blankets and mats outside the houses, under

"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:

"Americans?"

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.

"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 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. She turned to each of us alternately grasping our hands with energy, as if she would force from us the answer she wished. She said we were Americans from the United States, and that of course we must know John. She described him, and in such tones and terms of glowing affection, that either of us would have given the best horse in the camp to have been John for her sake.

"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. Her complexion was dark, it is true, but she had sprung from a morning slumber, and a strong excitement was working at her heart that sent a kindling color to her cheeks; added to which, the natural lustre of her eye was heightened by that fascinating brilliance conveyed by a disordered intellect.

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. Poor Maria! Death she had heard of before; she knew that it was an affliction sooner or later to be expected, but the idea of desertion never entered her mind until it came to delirium her reason. In real life, stories are occurring every day which shame the pen of fiction, and never did the most exquisitely woven romance touch us with so captivating an interest as we experienced in hearing the simple history of the poor Spanish girl Maria.

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 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. The latter he requested to leave in the fire proof until next morning. It was accordingly put into the place of safety with a promise that one of the partners would get up early and give it to him when he was ready to go.

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.

There was found in that trunk only a few clothes, and he had declined taking up a small bundle, because his trunks were crowded.

In this situation matters now stand.

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 Sunbury, 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.