

POETRY.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY F. M. K.

Sweet emblem of innocence! come to my brow,
I've sought thee in sorrow--I pine for thee now;
Fair and spotless thou art as the dawn of the Spring--
Come cheer the 'rest heart of a sorrowing thing,
Like thee, my sweet Lily! I hang my poor head,
Which shall soon rest in peace on my cold narrow bed:
Seek thee, thou lone one, e'en now in this hour,
Come sleep in my tomb, Oh, thou beautiful Flower.

There are ROSES beside thee, more GAUDY and GAY,
But soon will they fade and be wither'd away;
There are others around thee as lovely and bright,
But they cannot give joy to my wandering sight,
Come, pale drooping Lily, unconscious of pride
Be press'd to the lips of a heart-broken Bride,
Take shelter ere comes the rude pitiless shower
And sleep in my tomb, Oh, thou beautiful Flower!

No storms shall assail thee in that silent rest,
Though thy beauty may perish beside my cool breast:
We shall slumber together--Oh, how sweet will it be
To sleep were no tempests or sorrows may be!
I think that repose Earth's rude blasts would repay
E'en the griefs that have blasted my earliest day.
Oh, yes! be it so! 'tis a calm happy hour--
Come sleep in my tomb, Oh, thou beautiful Flower!

THE NEGRO IS FREE.

Imitated from Moore's melody, "Sound the loud tim-
brel o'er Egypt's dark sea."

(FROM THE BOW IN THE CLOUDS.)

Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
Britannia hath triumphed, the Negro is free;
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His scourges and fetters, all clotted with blood,
Are wrenched from his grasp;--for the word was but
spoken,

And fetters and scourges were sunk in the flood:
Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
Britannia hath triumphed, the Negro is free.

Hail to Britannia, fair Liberty's isle!
Her frown quailed the tyrant, the slave caught her
smile;

Fly on the winds to tell Africa the story;
Say to the Mother of Mourners, "Rejoice!"
Britannia went forth in her beauty, her glory,
And slaves sprang to men at the sound of her voice.

Praise to the God of our fathers;--'twas He,
Jehovah, that triumphed, my country, by thee.

J. MONTGOMERY.

MERCANTILE INDIGESTION.

With the Prescriptions of Dr. Gregory of
Edinburgh.

Scene--Dr. Gregory's Study. Enter Mr. -----, a
douse looking Glasgow Merchant.

PATIENT--Good morning Dr. Gregory;
I'm just come into Edinburgh about some
law business, and I thought when I was
here at one rate I might just as well tak
your advice Sir anent my trouble.

Doctor--And pray what may your trouble
be, my good Sir?

Pa.--Deed Doctor, I'm no very sure;
but I'm thinking it's a kind of weakness
that maks me dizzy at times, and a kind of
pinkling about my stomach--I'm just no
right.

Dr.--You're from the west country I
should suppose Sir?

Pa.--Yes, Sir, from Glasgow.

Dr.--Aye. Pray Sir, are you a gourmand
--a glutton?

Pa.--God forbid, Sir, I'm one of the
plainest men living in all the west country.

Dr.--Then perhaps you're a drunkard?

Pa.--No, Dr. Gregory; thank God no one
can accuse me of that; I'm of the Dissent-
ing persuasion, Doctor and an elder, so ye
may suppose I'm nae drunkard.

Dr.--Aside--(I'll suppose no such thing
till you tell me your mode of life.) I'm so
much puzzled with your symptoms Sir, that
I should wish to hear in detail what you do
eat and drink. When do you breakfast,
and what do you take to it?

Pa.--I breakfast at nine o'clock. I tak
a cup of coffee; and one or two cups of tea;
a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or kip-
per'd salmon, or may be both if they're
good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr.--Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or
jam to breakfast?

Pa.--O yes Sir; but I don't count that
as anything.

Dr.--Come, this is a very moderate break-
fast. What kind of dinner do you make?

Pa.--O Sir I eat a very plain dinner in-
deed. Some soup, and some fish, and a lit-
tle plain roast or boiled; for I dinna care
for made dishes; I think some way they
never satisfy the appetite.

Dr.--You take a little pudding then, and
afterwards some cheese?

Pa.--O Yes! though I don't care much
about them.

Dr.--You take a glass of ale or porter
with your cheese?

Pa.--Yes one or the other, but seldom
both.

Dr.--You west country people generally
take a glass of Highland whisky after dinner.

Pa.--Yes we do; it's good for digestion.

Dr.--Do you take any wine during dinner?

Pa.--Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but
I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner. I
drink a good deal of beer.

Dr.--What quantity of port do you drink?
Pa.--Oh, very little; not above half a
dozen glasses or so.

Dr.--In the west country it is impossible
I hear, to dine without punch?

Pa.--Yes Sir; indeed 'tis punch we drink
chiefly; but for myself unless I happen to
have a friend with me, I never tak more
than a couple of tumblers or so, and that's
moderate.

Dr.--Oh, exceedingly moderate indeed!
you then, after this slight repast, take some
tea and bread and butter?

Pa.--Yes, before I go to the counting-
house to read the evening letters.

Dr.--And on your return, you tak supper
I suppose?

Pa.--No Sir, I canna be said to tak sup-
per; just something before going to bed:
a rizzer d haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese
or half a hundred of oysters, or the like o'
that; and, may be two-thirds of a bottle of
ale; but I tak no regular supper.

Dr.--But you take a little more punch
after that?

Pa.--No Sir, punch does not agree with
me at night time. I tak a tumbler of warm
whisky toddy at night; its lighter to sleep
on.

Dr.--So it must no doubt. This you say
is your every day life; but upon great occa-
sions you perhaps exceed a little?

Pa.--No Sir except when a friend or two
dine with me, or I dine out, which as I am
a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr.--Not above twice a-week?

Pa.--No; not oftener.

Dr.--Of course you sleep well, and have
a good appetite?

Pa.--Yes Sir--thank God I have--indeed
any wee harl o' health that I hae is about
meal time.

Dr.--(Assuming a severe look, knitting
his brows and lowering his eye-brows)--
Now Sir you are a very pretty fellow indeed
you come here and tell me that you are a
moderate man, and I might have believed
you did I not know the nature of the people
in your part of the country; but upon ex-
amination I find by your own showing, that
you are a most voracious glutton; you
breakfast in the morning in a style that
would serve a moderate man for dinner;
and from five o'clock in the afternoon you
undergo one almost uninterrupted loading
of your stomach till you go to bed. This
is your moderation! You told me too an-
other falsehood--you said you were a sober
man, yet by your own showing you are a
beer swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-drinker,
and a guzzler of Glasgow punch; a liquor
the name of which is associated in my mind
only with the idea of low company, and
beastly intoxication. You tell me you eat
indigestible suppers, and will toddy to
force sleep--I see that you chew tobacco.
Now Sir what human stomach can stand this
--Go home Sir, and leave off your present
course of riotous living--take some dry
toast and tea to your breakfast--some plain
meat and soup for dinner, without adding to
it any thing to spur on your flagging ap-
petite; you may take a cup of tea in the
evening, but never let me hear of haddocks
and toasted cheese, and oysters, with their ac-
companiments of ale and toddy at night;
give up chewing that vile--narcotic--nause-
ous abomination and there are some hopes
that your stomach may recover its tone, and
you be in good health like your neighbours.

Pa.--I'm sure Doctor I'm very much
obliged to you--(taking out a bunch of
Bank notes)--I shall endeavour to--

Dr.--Sir, you are not obliged to me--put
up your money Sir--Do you think I'll take
a fee from you for telling you what you knew
as well as myself? Though you're no phy-
sician Sir, you are not altogether a fool
You have read your Bible, and must know
that both drunkenness and gluttony are
both sinful and dangerous, and whatever
you may think, you have this day confessed
to me that you are a notorious glutton and
drunkard. Go home Sir, and reform, or
take my word for it your life is not worth
half a year's purchase

(Exit Patient dum-founded and looking
blue.)

Dr.--(Solus.) Sober and temperate!--
Dr Watt tried to live in Glasgow, and make
his patients live moderately, and purged and
bled them when they were sick; but it
would not do. Let the Glasgow doctors
prescribe beef steaks and rum punch, and
their fortune is made.

THE YELDOW DOMINO.

In the latter part of the reign of Louis
XV. of France, masquerades were an enter-
tainment in high estimation, and public
ones were often given, at an immense cost,
on court days, and such occasions of rejoic-
ing. As persons of all ranks might gain
admission to these last spectacles, provided
they could afford the purchase of the ticket
very strange recourses frequently took place
at them, and exhibitions almost as curious,
in the way of disguise or assumption of char-
acter. But perhaps the most whimsical
among the genuine surprises recorded at any
of these spectacles was that which occurred
in Paris the 12th of October, on the da-

when the Dauphin (son of Louis XV.) at-
tained the age of one and twenty.

At this fete which was of a peculiarly
glittering character--so much so that the
details of it are given at great length by the
historians of the day--the strange demean-
our of a man in yellow domino, early in
the evening, excited attention. This mask,
who showed nothing remarkable as to figure
--though tall rather, and of robust propor-
tion--seemed to be gifted with an appetite,
not merely past human conception, but pass-
ing the fancies even of romance.

The dragon of old, who churches ate
(He used to come on a Sunday)
Whole congregations were to him
But a dish of salmangundi.

he was but a nibbler--a mere diddler--to
this stranger of the yellow domino. He
passed from chamber to chamber--from table
to table of refreshments--not tasting
but devouring--devastating--all before him.
At one board he despatched a fowl, two-
thirds of a ham, and half a dozen of cham-
pagne; and the very next moment he was
found seated in another apartment, perform-
ing the same feat, with a stomach better than
at first. This strange course went on until
the company (who at first had been amused
by it) became alarmed and tumultuous.

"Is it the same mask--or are there sever-
al dressed alike?" demanded an officer of
guards, as the yellow domino rose from a
seat opposite to him and quitted the apart-
ment.

"I have seen but one--and by Heaven,
here he is again," exclaimed the party to
whom the query was addressed.

The yellow domino spoke not a word but
proceeded straight to the vacant seat which
he had just left, and again commenced sup-
ping, as though he had fasted for the half of
a campaign.

At length the confusion which this pro-
ceeding creates, becomes universal; and the
cause reaches the ear of the Dauphin.

"He is the very devil, your Highness!"
exclaimed an old nobleman--(saving your
Highness's presence)--"or wants but a tail
to be so!"

"Say rather, he should be some famished
poet, by his appetite," replied the Prince
laughing. "But there must be some jugg-
ling; he spills all his wine, and hides the
provisions under his robe."

Even while they speak, the yellow domino
enters the room in which they are talking;
and as usual proceeds to the table of refresh-
ments.

"See here my lord!" cried one--"I have
seen him do this thrice!"

"I twice!"--"I five times!"--"and I
fifteen."

This becomes too much. The master of
the ceremonies is questioned. He knows
nothing--and the yellow domino is inter-
rupted as he is carrying a bumper of claret
to his lips.

"The Prince's desire is, that Monsieur
who wears the yellow domino should un-
mask."--The stranger hesitated.

"The command with which his Highness
honours Monsieur is perfectly absolute."

Against that which is absolute there is no
contending.

The yellow man throws off his mask and
domino; and it is a private trooper of the
Irish dragoons!

"And in the name of gluttony my good
friend (not to ask how you gained admision,
how have you contrived," said the
Prince, "to sup to-night so many times?"

"Sire I was but beginning to sup--with
reverence be it said--when your royal mes-
sage interrupted me."

"Beginning!" said the Dauphin in amaz-
ement--"then what is it that I have seen and
heard? Where are the herds of oxen that
have disappeared, and the hampers of Bur-
gundy. I insist upon knowing how this
is!"

"It is Sire," returned the soldier--"may
it please your Grace--that the troop to which
I belong, is to-day on guard. We have pur-
chased one ticket among us, and provided a
yellow domino, which fits us all. By which
means the whole of the front rank--myself
being the last man--have supped if the truth
must be told at discretion; and the leader
of the rear rank--saving your Highness's
commands--is now waiting outside the door
to take his turn."

THE AMERICANS' LOVE OF LIBERTY.--
With respect to the love of liberty, which
passion the Americans suppose themselves
to possess in an extraordinary degree, and
on which they most value themselves, an
equivocal character only can be given, since
they are less anxious to have liberty univer-
sal, than would be the case were that passion
properly grounded in them. They are cer-
tainly the friends of free governments, that
is of governments under popular controul;
and they take a lively interest in the strug-
gles of other countries to obtain their just
rights; but then, so regardless are they of
the injustice of slavery at home, that their
policy is directed to extend and perpetuate
it. This I give as the character of the ma-
jority.--The people of the northern and
middle States have indeed not only abolished
slavery, but they testify their abhorrence of
it, and lament that a vestige of it should
continue in the country, considering it as

their greatest disgrace; yet they are so in-
consistent with their professional principles
as to refuse to give true and rational liberty
to those amongst them whose skins are a
tinge darker than their own. They will not
allow a man of negro origin to be a magis-
trate, a legislator, or even a jurymen. They
are willing to grant liberty and equality,
where neither their imaginary interest nor
their prejudice interferes to prevent it; but
let either of these present itself, and they
are reluctant to make any concession; in
which they are on a level with the tyrants of
antiquity, and the self-styled Holy Allies of
our own time.

In the northern and midland States
where slavery has ceased, that the prejudice
should be so strong as it is, may excite both
wonder and regret. If a white person were
to walk arm in arm with a black in Broad-
way, or any other of the leading streets of
New York, he would probably be hooted
and pelted by the populace. I was once
conversing in one of the streets of Paris
with a New York citizen, when two gentle-
ly dressed persons, the one a whiteth other a
black, walked by us in the way I have name'd.
My acquaintance instantly calling my at-
tention to them, expressed his astonishment
and abhorrence at a white man's so degrad-
ing himself. His surprise then, may be easi-
ly guessed, when I informed him that
there was not the slightest degradation in it,
in the estimation of Europeans. Soon after
I fell into company with another gentleman
from New York, to whom I mentioned this
circumstance, when he told me, that as he
was travelling in France by the stage, a
black woman was one of the passengers:
but rather than sit at the same table with
her as the other passengers did, he chose to
go without his dinner. A gentleman at Phi-
ladelphia told me that he had lost his credit
for veracity by mentioning to a company of
fellow-citizens that he had seen a black man
in London sitting on a sofa, with some young
white ladies, and conversing familiarly with
them. And another person told me, that as
he was walking in Edinburgh with some
American women, they were quite shocked
at the sight of a mulatto gentleman with
white ladies walking with him one on each
arm. The Americans hardly knew how to
repress their indignant feelings. I will now
mention an instance to show the badship
which is sometimes felt by the blacks in
consequence of this ridiculous prejudice.--
A black woman applied for a passage by
the same ship which conveyed me to New
York, but the captain objecting, she offered
to take her meals at a separate table. This
concession however, was unavailing, for he
refused to take her on any terms. On his
mentioning this circumstance during the
voyage, he was much applauded by the
American passengers, particularly the fe-
males who so far from sympathizing with
one of their own sex, under such a difficul-
ty, rejoiced heartily at the captain's decision
and said that they would sound his praises
in New York for it.--Summary view of
America by an Englishman.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

If you have blue eyes, you need not lan-
guish.

If black ones, you need not leer.

If you have pretty feet, there is no neces-
sity to wear short petticoats.

If you are doubtful as to that point, there
can be no harm in letting them be long.

If you have good teeth, do not laugh for
the purpose of showing them.

If you have bad ones, do not laugh more
than the occasion may justify.

If you have pretty hands and arms, there
can be no objection to your playing on the
harp, if you play well.

If they are disposed to be clumsy, work
tapestry.

If you have a bad voice, rather speak in a
low tone.

If you have the finest voice in the world,
never speak in a high tone.

If you dance well, dance but seldom.

If you dance ill, never dance at all.

If you sing well, make no previous ex-
cuses.

If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a mo-
ment when you are asked, for few people are
judges of singing, but every one sensible of
a desire to please.

If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

If you would obtain power, be condescend-
ing.

If you would live happy, endeavour to
promote the happiness of others.

PERSONAL SECURITY.--"Will you do me
a favour?" says young George Brooks to
his wealthy friend, Simon Hanson. "What
is it George?" says Hanson. "I wish you
to lend me a hundred pounds Sir," replies
George. "Call at my counting house," re-
joined Hanson. George was not long in
paying his respects. "What security can
you give me, young gentleman?" "My own
personal security Sir." "Very well; get in
here," says Hanson lifting up the lid of a
large iron chest. "Get in there!" exclaim-
ed George in astonishment; "what for?"
"Why that is the place where I always keep
my securities."