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ENGLAND

ENGLAND.

My heart is pledged in wedded faith
To England's "merry isle,"
liove each low and straggling cot,
Each famed ancestral pile;
I'm happy when my steps are free
Upon the sunny glade.
I'm glad and proud amid the crowd
That throng its mart of trade,
I gaze upon our open port,
Where commerce mounts her throne,
Where commerce mounts her throne,
Where every flag that comes, ere now
Has lowered to our own,
Look tound the globe, and tell me,
Can ye find more blazened names
Among its cities and its streams
Than London and the Thames?

My soul is linked right tenderly

Than London and the Thames?

My soul is linked right tenderly
To every skady copse,
I prize the creeping violets,
The cition tree or spicy grove
For me would never yield
As the files of the field.
I thread the wood, I rob the hedge,
And glad content is mine,
Although they lack the orange branchy
Pomegranate, date and vine.
I covet not the rarest fruit
Esotio recgion shows,
While England hath its bazel-nuts,
Its black-berries and sloes.

Its black-berries and sloes.

Ill ask if there's a British boy,
Whate'er may be his rank.

Who does not dearly love to climb
His native bramble hank;
Who would not trudge for many a mile
To gain a nutting track,
Proud of the crook'd slick in hand,
And backet at his back?
Our sungsters, too, oi! who shall dare
To breathe one slighting word,
Their plumage dazzles not—yet say,
Can sweeter strains be heard?
Let other creatures vannt the dyes
Of deepest rainbow flush,
Give me old England's nightingale,
Its robin and its thrush.

Its robin and its thrush.

I'd freely rove through Tempe's vale,
O'r scale the giant Alp.

Where roses list the bulbul's tale,
O'r sanow vreaths crown the scalp;
I'd pause to hear soft Venice streams
Plash back to beatman's our,
O'r harken to the western flood
In wild and falling roar;
I'd tread the vast of mountain range
O'r spot serene and flowered,
I ne'er could see too many
O'f the wonders God has showered;
Yet though I stood oo fairest earth
Beneath the titlest sky,
Could I forget our summer sky,
Our Windermere and Devon?
I'd own a brother in the good

Our Windermere and Devon?
I'd own a brother in the good
And brave of any land,
Nor would I ask his clime or creed
Before I gave my hand;
Let but the deeds be ever such
That all the world may know.
And little rocks the "place of birth."
Or colour of the brow;
Yet, though I'd haid a foreign name
Among the first and best,
Out own transcendant stars of fante
Would rise within my breast:
I'd point to hundreds who have done
The most e'er done by man,
And cry. 'There's England's glory scroll—
Shew brighter if ye can !"

OF THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRA

PLESE NOTIS.

De Annuel Birth-day ob de Affricam Belation ob slave importation, will be cell

will be taken to have de room perfume wid artifishal roses and the floor sprinkle wid asefeitiy and skunk broth—and it is to be hope dat de gemmen will consider de delicacy ob de Indies, and not turn dare tumerles by trowing up dare vitel under the table, or by use dare fingers for pocket hanchee. P. S. I. De fishating Prezeden may be known on de resplendent occashion by de halter of artifishal flowers about the neck—he will set on de wess side of the north part ob de table, in de east corner of de south room—if ikur can be purloined at a reasonable credit, it is propose to drink the following.

TOASTS.

Ist. Dis day ob our Bobalation we celebrate: may it never be forget or dispected while we hab a sin-

By Major Prince-De Trancient and he

with the taken to have do most performe will artificially the companies of the design of the companies of the design of the companies of the companies of the design of the companies of the companies of the design of the companies of the compani

Mr. O. Lang, in his nination states -"I have

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