



1828

# Poetry of the Cape of Good Hope

R. J. Stapleton

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POETRY

OF

744603

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THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,

SELECTED FROM THE

PERIODICAL JOURNALS OF THE COLONY.

BY R. J. STAPLETON.

Oh deem not, midst this worldly strife,  
An idle art the Poet brings,  
Let high philosophy controul,  
And sages calm the stream of life:  
'Tis he refines its fountain springs,  
The nobler passions of the soul.

CAMPBELL.

CAPE TOWN:  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY G. GREIG, KEIZERSGRACHT.

1823.

74 . 8 . 192 . (3)

DEDICATORY LINES,  
INSCRIBED TO  
SIR CHARLES D'OYLEY, BART.,  
*H. E. I. C. Civil Service, Bengal.*

THE Muse would fain my ardent pen inspire,  
And to the tone of gratitude aspire ;  
My skill is feeble in the Poet's art,  
But far more so to act the flatterer's part ;  
Yet there is something lurking in my breast,  
Which would be lighter were it now confest :  
It is the pleasing retrospect of youth,  
That joyful season of the age of truth ;  
It is the meed of thanks for kindness past,  
Sincere, and reckless of the worldly blast.  
Believe me, Sir, that he who seeks to praise,  
And 'preach his betters with a brazen face,  
Is not more faulty than the man who aims  
At selfish pride, and others' gifts disclaims.  
'Tis not my view more favors still to ask,  
And in the sunshine of your smiles to bask ;  
If such a thought have harbour in your mind,  
Then has my prospect prov'd to me unkind.  
Mine's not the task to crouch, or meanly crave,  
And, for the sake of preference, judgment wave :  
Such I despise,---and the ingenuous mind  
To grov'ling notions never can be blind.  
I love to offer incense where 'tis due,  
And for the friendship of the friendly sue.  
It is a task not easy, to efface  
The soft impressions of our earlier days,  
Which haunt us through the flow'ry maze of thought,  
Though its arch-type, reality, is nought.  
It was a time with pleasing visions fraught,  
When I a Father's blessing fondly sought :

A time, too, when the cares of life were small,  
 Compar'd to what my manhood must befall,  
 When friendless, cheerless, in a distant land,  
 I earn the pittance of a toiling hand;  
 Now on the sportive wave of fickle fate,---  
 Now on the buoyant wings of hope elate:  
 Thus ever chequer'd, like the verdant glade,  
 By the sun's transient gleam and passing shade.  
 Can it be more or less than truth, to tell  
 Of things which in the memory will dwell?  
 To call to mind its highest, proudest boast,  
 And all the scenes which gratified it most?  
 And then to trace, throughout the wane of years,  
 The strengthen'd int'rest which your bounty wears?  
 For these my gratitude I summon forth,  
 And weave this wreath to deck the brow of worth;  
 It is but poor, to what it e'en should be,---  
 Small is the tribute, yet the off'ring's free.

R. J. STAPLETON.

Cape Town, Nov. 1, 1828.

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L L R.

## INTRODUCTION.

In turning over the various Periodical Papers which have emanated from the Press of this Colony, many of which are nearly gone down the stream of forgetfulness, it is impossible not to be struck with the beauty of some of the poetical effusions which have been put forth in many of those short-lived publications. To rescue these from oblivion, and present the Cape Reader with a collected tribute to the Muses, the following Gleanings are submitted to his attention.

In forming this little collection, (derived from the columns of the *South African Commercial Advertiser*, *South African Journal*, *South African Chronicle*, the *Colonist*, the *Verzamelaar*, and the *Cape Gazette*,) the Editor has been favored with a few Originals, which now, for the first time, appear in print, to which he has ventured to contribute a few trifles of his own.

R. J. S.

CAPE POETRY.

LINES TO A WATER FOWL.

*(Extracted from a Sailor's Album on Dyer's Island.)*

Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly-painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of woody lake, or maze of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chaf'd ocean-side?

There is a pow'r, whose care  
Teaches thy way along the pathless coast,  
The desert, and the illimitable air,  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone,—the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallow'd up thy form : yet, on my heart,  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

*S. A. Chron.*

### IMPROMPTU,

*Affixed to the Apollo Head, at the Tap of the Freemason's Tavern,  
Hout-street.*

You may talk of your Pachts, of V—r—n—n and L—l—y,  
The whole of their efforts were founded in folly,  
The nectar you sip at the glorious Apollo,  
Is drink for the Gods, and will beat them all hollow.

*S. A. Com. Ad.*

### THE QUILL-DRIVER'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor young man,  
Whose tender hands so long have drove the quill;  
Whose three-and-sixpence now no longer can  
Discharge his tailor's or his washing bill.

These thread-bare garments want of cash bespeak;  
These uncut locks proclaim my barber's spite;  
With many a patch my *Wellingtons* still leak;  
Nor is my *Waterloo* quite water-tight.

Hard is the fate of those who are so poor,  
Fain would I sometimes take a Sunday's ride;  
An ill-bred fellow at his stable door,  
His half-starv'd, one-eye'd, stiff-leg'd hack denied.

Should I relate how daily I am vex'd,  
And if your heart is capable of sorrow,  
You then would feel how sadly I'm perplex'd  
With duns who will not "call again to-morrow."

A little room at present is my lot,  
Which serves for pantry, parlour, and for hall;  
A chair with three legs and a half I've got,  
And an old table prop'd against the wall.

No tender wife will ever soothe my care,  
Struck with affright at my too slender pay;  
I'm left by all, a victim to despair,  
Because I get but three-and-six per day.

Pity the sorrows of a poor young man,  
Whose scanty pay he finds a mighty bore:  
Whose purse has dwindled to the shortest span,  
Oh give him only—*three-and-six-pence more.*

*S. A. Chron.*

JAN VAN DE KAAP.

### ON THE FLOWER—"FORGET ME NOT."

Thou little flower, with placid eye,  
That lov'st to gaze on Beauty's grave,  
And seem'st to mourn, with fragrant sigh,  
The charms of her, no charm could save;  
And still adorn this sacred spot,  
And bloom, and breathe "*Forget me not.*"

Fair as the fragile form that sleeps  
This cold sepulchral stone beneath,  
And soft as Pity's eye, that weeps

The maid, consign'd to early death;—  
Thy tender blossoms long shall prove  
An emblem, fit for buried love.

Though 'tis not thine, in summer's bow'r,  
 In crimson's gaudy vest to glow,—  
 Yet, thine it is, in serious hour,  
 To imitate the sufferer's woe;  
 And here, beneath the cypress' gloom,  
 "Forget me not" shall ever bloom.

Oh! while affection's gushing tear  
 Mourns for the soul of Beauty, fled,  
 Flourish, fair flow'ret, o'er her bier,  
 Or weep, in honor of the dead!  
 So, blest shall be thy humble lot,  
 While hearts can feel "Forget me not."

C. T. Gas.

TIGH.

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 THE STREAM OF LIFE.
 

---

Roll on, roll on, thou infant river,  
 For westward the sultry shadows flee,  
 And the sunset rays on thy blue brim quiver  
 In kisses which tinge thee yellowly.  
 I should, methinks, be a part of thee,  
 For you hoary cavern ooz'd thee forth,  
 And the matrix of mortality  
 Hath giv'n thy lonely loves their birth.

Sing on, sing on, thou beautiful stream!  
 Thy music accords with the twilight gale;  
 And at night doth thy gurgling melody seem  
 Like the chorus of fountain nymphs heard in the vale.  
 Like thee, when boyhood was wont to sail  
 Once merrily down the stream of time,  
 I sang,—it is o'er, and my tuneless wail  
 May never again with thy waters chime.

Dash on, dash on, thou cataract small!  
 In the strength of thy hoarser and heavier tone  
 And the splash of thy waves, in their phosphoric fall,  
 Doth blend as a base with the mild brook's moan.  
 But alas! for that Niöbe, lifeless and lone!  
 That ever is wet with thy chrysaline flame!  
 Yes, I am that passive that pensive stone,  
 And thou art the thing I need not name.

Sail on, sail on, little hapless flow'r!  
 It was—and thou flourish'dst lovely and free:  
 But I tore thee from life in a luckless hour,  
 And gave to the waters—the emblem of ME.  
 Then let the rash deed on thy plunderer be;  
 I know it was cruel;—but thou sailest on,  
 And soon shall be nought in you o'erwhelming sea,  
 And I glide as fast to the ocean unknown.

Wave on, wave on, ye guardian leaves!  
 That embower and hallow the rill below;  
 And there, on your boughs, as her mate she grieves,  
 Let the bird of the night thrill her notes of woe.  
 And when this life-stream shall cease to flow,  
 It may be some cyprus, in sorrowful green,  
 Will yield me its shade,—and a friend still know,  
 And weep me—a being that once had been.

S. A. Chron.

A. ——— 49TH REGT.

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 A PROTEST AGAINST HARD DRINKING.
 

---

I protest that no more I'll get drunk,  
 'Tis the curse and the plague of my life,  
 It ruins my credit, my health, and my purse,  
 My peace and my comfort, and what is still worse,  
 It vexes and angers my wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk,  
 It torments and embitters my life,  
 To ruin 'twould hurry its vot'ry headlong,  
 And reason declares that I'm quite in the wrong,  
 And so do the fears of my wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk,  
 Nor lead such a wretched vile life;  
 Its attendants are poverty, shame, and disgrace,  
 Disease and despair stare me hard in the face,  
 And so does my heart-broken wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk,  
 'Tis the spring of all evil in life,  
 'Tis the curse of all curses, of mischief the worst,  
 'Tis the plague of all plagues, 'tis a demon accurst;  
 No wonder loud chides my poor wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk,  
 For I find it the bane of my life;  
 Henceforth I'll be watchful that nought shall destroy  
 That comfort and peace which I ought to enjoy  
 In my children, my home, and my wife.

*Verzameldar.*

ORIGINAL.

Oh! th' hours we've past, in former days,  
 With friends of early years,  
 That still my recollection sways,  
 And gleaming oft appears;  
 That sun, once bright,  
 Hath lost its light,  
 And darken'd o'er life's glade;  
 The ray of truth,  
 Which shone o'er youth,  
 To foreign paths hath stray'd.

'Twas like some midnight dream awhile,  
 Like transient magic, led  
 The fancy to some fairy isle,  
 To realms beyond the dead.  
 But, ah! 'twas gone  
 With morning's dawn,  
 A sad untimely blight:  
 'Twas not for man,  
 Who hop'd to span,  
 The fond, the dear delight.

The warrior dreams of laurel wreaths,  
 And hears the cannon's roar,  
 Till soon a broken sword he sheathes,  
 Perhaps to draw no more.  
 Yet should a plume  
 His helm assume,  
 And honors grace his breast,  
 New hopes will bloom,  
 Thro' battle's gloom,  
 But death shall break his crest.

R. J. S.

ON THE DEATH OF H. ALEXANDER, Esq.,

*Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope.*

Geniës of the Cape, descend!  
 Mourn o'er ALEXANDER's bier;  
 Was he not thy bosom friend?  
 Yes, I see thee drop a tear!

Suffer then a stranger's lays,  
 Grief has all thy harp unstrung;  
 But HE needs no minstrel's praise,  
 For it dwells on ev'ry tongue.

Pause,—the muse begins to weep;  
 See, the long procession moves;  
 Genius, all thy sons shall keep  
 Those memorials love approves.

Gratitude, regret, respect,  
 Shall embalm his mem'ry here,  
 And a monument erect,  
 Africa shall hold most dear.

See the ruling hand of pow'r,  
 With the rev'rend and the brave,  
 Following in this solemn hour,  
 Drop their tribute o'er his grave.

Objects of paternal care,  
 See the public shares your grief;  
 Does bereav'd affection bear  
 Sorrow shunning all relief?

Drooping mourner, raise thy head,  
 Widows' tears, and orphans' sighs,  
 He, whose hand shall raise the dead,  
 Never, never will despise.

But the moralizing bard  
 Shoots a thought beyond the tomb;  
 Sable train, this truth regard,  
 Let it in your mem'ry bloom:

Life and health are but a dream,  
 Vanishing with speed away,  
 Happy they alone who deem  
 Danger lurks in fair array.

They whose hopes in Heav'n are plac'd,  
 They who in the *Way* have trod,  
 These o'er death with triumph grac'd,  
 These shall ever reign with God.

*C. T. Gazette.*

TO A FRIEND WHO DISSUADED THE AUTHOR FROM  
 LOVING C——.

Go check the blooming glories of the spring,  
 Forbid the tuneful nightingale to sing,  
 Bid northern winds and tempests cease to roar,  
 And breaking billows swell beyond the shore;  
 Go tame the angry lion from his rage,  
 Or lock the tiger in the sparrow's cage;  
 Go make the coldest waters nourish flame,  
 And lull to sleep the wakeful voice of fame;  
 Command the sun his constant course to change,  
 Force the fix'd stars thro' various arts to range;  
 With towering eagle's wings attempt to fly,  
 And mount in lofty flights above the sky:  
 This may be tried:—but he who thinks to move  
 My matchless passion, or unbounded love,  
 May sooner grasp the thunder of the sky,  
 And clothe his mortal frame with immortality.

*S. A. Chron.*

THE GRAVE OF BUONAPARTE.

The willow weeps over his tomb,  
 A streamlet is wandering by,  
 The flow'rs to his ashes shall lend their perfume,  
 Till, like him, they wither and die.  
 The cannon hath sounded his knell,  
 A stone is placed over his breast,  
 His bones are laid down in a beautiful dell,  
 There, there let him slumber and rest!  
 And thousands shall traverse the watery wave,  
 To look on the spot of the warrior's grave!

*S. J. Chron.*

R. M. 1825.

## ORIGINAL.

ON A WREATH COMPOSED OF THE ROSE AND THE RUE.

Say, pensive youth, why bindest thou  
A mingled wreath of joy and woe?  
Why with the roses gladsome hue  
Entwine the dark the doleful rue?  
Thus shading o'er the fairest flow'r  
That e'er adorn'd a muse's bower.

'Tis life's sad emblem:—here the rose  
Youth's soft yet fleeting pleasure shows;  
Again the rue's sad, mournful air  
Displays that pleasure's mixed with care:  
For sunniest spots in life's dull glade  
Are ever ting'd by sorrow's shade.

PENSEROSO.

## SOLITUDE.

Doth peace of mind, or slumbers undisturbed,  
By lonely springs or silent grottos dwell?  
Or is there med'cine for a mind perturb'd,  
O Solitude! within thy secret cell?

Could'st thou of their stings disarm  
The scorpion cares which prey upon my life;  
Or sink the mem'ry with oblivious charm,  
Sweeten the passions or compose their strife:

To thee, disdainful of the world and fame,  
I'd fly, and bid their vanities depart;  
And hide with thee an unremembered name,  
A wounded spirit and a broken heart.

S. A. Jour.

## LITTLE ANDREW NICOL'S WEE BIT SANG.

TUNE,—"My bonnie Muir Hen."

A wee bit house, beside a wee burn,  
A wee bit garden to answer our turn;  
A wee bit burn, and a wee bit byre,  
A wee pickle peats to make a bit fire;  
A wee bit cow, and twa acre o' lann',  
To hae a bit butter and milk at comman';  
A wee bit ewe, and a wee bit soo,  
To get a bit pork and a wee pickle woo';  
A wee pickle meal, our parritch to mak',  
A wee drap kail, at dinner to tak';  
A wee bit mutton for kitchen to eat,  
And a wee drap whiskey our wizzens to weet;  
A wee pickle *tatoes* and *herrin'* for supper,  
Or else knotty sowens and a wee gim o' butter;  
A caif bed to sleep on, and plenty o' claes,  
The blankets and sheets to be aye clear o' flaes;  
A stock o' gude health, aye the doctors to shun,  
And peace wi' our neebours, the lawyers to hum;  
A conscience in quietness, but yet never blind,  
A cheerfu' and happy contentment o' mind;  
A faithfu' friend, and a thrifty wife,  
Will constitute a' the comforts o' life.  
Gie me but sic blessings, a fig for the great,  
Wi' a' their clainjainfrey, ambition, and state.  
The muse she has left me, the jade is but fickle;  
(*Ilinc sic subscripetur*) wee

ANDREW NICOL.

A. Chron.

N.



LINES ON AN INFANT WHO DIED Nov. 3, 1824.

The lucid dew-drop of morn's earliest birth,  
Too pure to blend with vapours of the earth,  
Sparkling reflects the glory newly ris'n,  
Then melts into the atmosphere of heav'n.  
Thus bright th' ethereal gem, whose lovely form  
In trembling lustre gild spring's opening morn,  
Noon's fervid heat, night's chilly damps to fly,  
It gently mingled with its native sky.

*Graaff Reinet, Dec. 1, 1824.*

*S. A. Chron.*

ORIGINAL VERSES.

Seest thou with splendour the bright sun is beaming  
On scenes that are dearest to youth's gazing eye!  
Seest thou the waters with sunshine are streaming!  
From the eye wakes a tear, from the heart a wild sigh

For such is the smile and the tear that awaits us,  
From the dawns of youth to the ev'ning of age;  
E'en the charms which are giv'n to please and delight us  
Have no power the cares of our life to assuage.

Oh! pleasure is false, and e'en hope is deceiving,  
Both born in the valley of fancy and flowers;  
And youth, to whom fancy and flowers are pleasing,  
Doth linger too long in their dangerous bowers.

I will show thee example:—then look to that flame,  
Whose brightness and beauty had allured yon sad fly,  
Who, while hoping to bask in its bright golden stream,  
A victim to illusion—it came,—but to die.

R. J. S.

ORIGINAL LINES,

(To the Air of "There is nae luck about the house.")

O! take no heed of Mary's eye,  
Her glance is to betray,  
'Tis like the little butterfly,  
That lights and flits away.  
'Twill sport around each gayish flower,  
That tempts its gawdy wing,  
And rove alike thro' every bower,  
A little foolish thing.  
Then take no heed, &c.

O! take no heed of Mary's tongue,  
When plighted vows are given,  
'Tis like the morning cloud, that's hung  
In peace o'er angry heaven.  
'Twill pass in dying brightness by,  
Nor leave one cheering ray,  
Tho' smiles may bless the morning sky,  
Yet thunders shake the day.  
Then take no heed, &c.

O! take no heed of Mary's smile,  
That lures with witching ray,  
'Tis like the fires' deceitful wile,  
That o'er the marshes stray.  
With hopeful step, we trace the spright,  
And fancy bliss the way,  
Till reason's morn, with faithful light,  
Declares we've gone astray.  
Then take no heed, &c.

O! take no heed of Mary's kiss,  
Nor count her lips unbought,  
'Tis like the price of Judas' bliss,  
When he his master sought.



The traitor-smile, like his, betrays,  
 To bind you in her lures,  
 For if not crowned in golden rays,  
 The kiss can ne'er be yours.  
 Then take no heed, &c.

Then fling away the Syren form,  
 Nor let her cling around,  
 She'll in your bosom nestle warm,  
 To give the surer wound.  
 For love, that hangs on beauty's form,  
 Soon sickens on the sight,  
 It flowers before the opening morn,  
 Like flowers that bloom by night.  
 Then take no heed, &c.

O. J. SHEERWOOD.

S. A. Com. Ad.

## CONFIDENCE.

*A Thought in Affliction.*

When mounted on thy clouded car,  
 Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,  
 I can discern thy light afar,  
 Thy light sweet beaming through thy frown;  
 And should I faint a moment—then  
 I think of thee,—and smile again.  
 So trusting in thy love, I tread  
 The narrow path of duty on:  
 What though some cherish'd joys are fled!  
 What though some flattering dreams are gone;  
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain!  
 Why should my spirit, then, complain?

\* \* \*

S. A. Chron.

## LAMENTATION OF CAIN.

*"My punishment is greater than I can bear!"---GENESIS.*

I turn me to the midnight sky  
 To cool my frenzy—fever'd brain,  
 But every orb that turns on high,  
 Is crimson'd with my sanguine strain.  
 Oh God! say whither shall I hide  
 My crime! accursed fratricide!

I gaze upon the rising sun,  
 Alas! no change of thought it brings;  
 And I am glad when day is done,  
 And evening spread her sable wings,  
 But then o'er my convulsive sleep,  
 Frowns the pale form of him I weep:

I wake, and wander to the sea,  
 But mantling on the breaking wave,  
 My brother's blood I still can see;  
 Oh ocean! and canst thou not lave  
 My hands, and my polluted soul!  
 No, vain! while all thy billows roll!

I seek earth's deepest, dark recess;  
 I crave the clouds above to cover,  
 But cloud, nor cave can ne'er repress,  
 Corroding thoughts which still must hover,  
 Where'er I tread th'indignant ground,  
 Cries vengeance with a tongueless sound.

Above,—beneath,—around in vain  
 I look for shelter,—seek to fly  
 From sharp unutterable pain,  
 Illimitable agony.  
 For ever doomed to anguish, I  
 Am curs'd with immortality;

Tho' I inflicted death, it flies  
 My wooing when I call its aid,  
 And every help to me denies,  
 Of poisonous herb, and shining blade.  
 Shade of my brother! with thou never  
 Be satisfied?—I can no further bear!

*Graaff-Reinet,  
 S. A. Chron.*

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ORIGINAL.

Oh! trust no more in woman's love,  
 Bask not in beauty's smile;  
 List not to woman's honied tongue,  
 They all, alas! beguile.

Glance not upon her lovely eye,  
 E'en though it beam on thee,  
 So wilt thou spare thee many a sigh,  
 And morbid misery.

The serpent rears its beauteous head,  
 Dy'd in the rainbow's hue:  
 His eyes though gleaming with soft fire,  
 Are fascinating too.

But woman's eyes, more dang'rous far,  
 Lead to a sadder doom:  
 They light the hapless wand'rer on  
 To wasted love's young tomb.

For what is love? an early flow'r,  
 In fancy's meadow born;  
 Sown in a wild and wayward hour;  
 Foster'd by dews of morn.

Yet rising with the heav'nly light,  
 Blooms in meridian ray;  
 Short wilt thou bloom thou gentle flow'r:  
 For, ere the close of day.

Schorch'd by the noon-day's burning heat,  
 Thou'lt droop thy pensive head:  
 And ere the evening shades are set,  
 The flow'r, alas!—is dead.

PENSEROSO.

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TO THE MEMORY OF LIEUT.-COLONEL FRASER,  
*Late Commandant of His Majesty's Forces on the Frontier.*

Rest, honor'd dust! rise, gallant soul!  
 Though boundless time's vast sea may roll,  
 And sweep with mighty flood away,  
 The boasted pageants of a day.  
 Thy tow'ring fame shall proudly keep  
 Its laurel'd summit o'er the deep;  
 Base party's fiercest storm defy,  
 And lose its bright top in the sky.

W. S.

*S. A. Com. Ad.*

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ON AN OLD LADY BEING FOUND DEAD IN A PRAYING  
 ATTITUDE.

Shut out the world—let angels hover near,  
 God and his saint commune in silence here.  
 See, on her bended knees the matron kneels!  
 Hopes all she knows, and all she hopes for, feels.  
 Wide spread before her lies the book of grace,  
 The taper's beam reflecting on her face;

D

Her eye is raised, and both her hands are spread,  
 One on her breast, one on her bible laid,  
 Mute is her tongue, and fix'd her gaze on high,  
 She ceased to live—but found she could not die.  
 Her soul rose up, her Father to adore :  
 It rose in praise, but ah ! return'd no more :  
 Like Enoch vanish'd ; but she left behind  
*Her praying statue to instruct mankind.*

S. A. Com. Ad.

ORIGINAL.

Oh ! what on earth is deadlier  
 Than injur'd woman's frown ?  
 Or what so galling as her tear,  
 For sorrows man has sown ?

Ah ! was he born in distant wilds,  
 Beneath a tiger's care ;—  
 But stop !—with tigers in yon wilds  
 Some sacred passion's there.

Who has not seen the infant head  
 Upon a mother's breast,  
 That clung around, by instinct led,  
 Till came the gentle rest.

And who not seen that parent's eye  
 Full gazing on her child,  
 Her tender care, and stifled sigh :  
 A sight so rarely mild ?

Oh ! who can ever calmly gaze  
 On woman's wasted form ?  
 The blushing rose of happier days,  
 Dismantled of its charm ?

Remorse, how long wilt thou remove  
 Thyself from scenes of woe ?  
 Dost thou not witness from above  
 The deeds of guilt below.

Or hast thou since a later year,  
 Since crimes have darker grown,  
 Now formed an union with despair,  
 And left pure virtue lone ?

R. J. S.

THE DEATH-SLUMBERING CHILD TO ITS FATHER.

Father ! wipe those tear-drops dry,--  
 Mourn no more so piteously !  
 Smiling, I have sought another  
 Better home— and now I lie,  
 On the bosom of my mother :  
 Grudge not her felicity !

Life was sad—I could not rest  
 Calmly on a stranger's breast ;  
 All its bliss, the brightest, sweetest,  
 Was but gloom—she fleetly fled,  
 And of all, from me the fleetest ;—  
 Mourn not for the blessed dead.

Mourn not that thy child is come  
 To an earlier, happier home !  
 Where my mother, full of gladness,  
 Took me to her own sweet breast  
 From a cradle, rocked in sadness,—  
 O ! her welcome voice, how blest !

Life seem'd cheerless, cold, and long;  
 All my thoughts were midst the throng  
 Of bright spirits, smiling o'er me;  
 One among them, kind and bland,  
 Stretch'd her hand, and walk'd before me,  
 And I seiz'd that friendly hand:—

'Twas my mother's!—Mourn us not,  
 Though thy dying child forgot  
 One sweet kiss at parting even,  
 Here I garland wreaths divine.  
 Such as angels wear in heav'n,  
 For my mother's brow and thine.

*Verzamelaar.*

### HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

There is a spot we ne'er forget,  
 The earliest flower in mem'ry set,  
 My heart has never left it yet,  
 'Tis childhood's home.

There the blest sunbeam shines most bright,  
 There Cynthia smiles with soften'd light  
 And sweetly glows the gems of night,  
 Round childhood's home.

Earth has no place so dear to sight!  
 Tell me, ye seraph-sons of light,  
 Is aught so like your mansions bright,  
 As childhood's home?

Can I forget those friends that be  
 For ever sever'd now from me,  
 Whilst ocean rolls 'twixt them and thee,  
 Sweet childhood's home?

Oh, no! for them the tear still flows,  
 Their worth this bosom only knows;  
 I have Cape friends—but not like those  
 Of childhood's home.

The present may unheeded flee,  
 The future melt from memory,  
 But oh! the past shall fadeless be,  
 And childhood's home.

A. A.

*Verzamelaar.*

### ORIGINAL.

ON THE PICTURE OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

*A perfect fac-simile.*

Methought I saw his beck'ning form,  
 The fire that lit his eye;  
 Sweet language on his lips still warm,  
 In agitation lie—  
 But when I drew,

The charm withdrew,  
 'Twas but a pencil'd form.  
 His image still my fancy sways,

Free from the wreck of years,—  
 That face when'er by chance I gaze,  
 In vivid hues appears—

Ah! 'tis not thine,

The fire divine,

To call thee back to earth.

What is there not, say I, below

The scope of mortal man;

The fount from whence our mercies flow,

The intellect doth scan.

Death e'en is mine—

Life's purely thine,—

Thou all-perfective God!—

R. J. S.

## MAY DAY MUSINGS AT THE CAPE.

No early sound of morning-bird,  
 No perfume in the gale,  
 No childhood's may-morn prattle heard,  
 No garlandings prevail,  
 No posied-pole brought to your door,  
 To hail the time of spring,  
 No joyous shout of frolic's hour,  
 To make the welkin ring,  
 No primrose peeps from yonder bank,  
 No cowslip in the dale,  
 No violet sweet, in modest rank,  
 Nor lily-of-the-vale,  
 No quivering strain is heard on high,  
 From minstrels on the wing,  
 No lark surmounts this lower sky,  
 The vernal note to sing,  
 No hawthorn dress'd in maiden-white,  
 No pea puts forth its flowers,  
 No grass-green fields of comely sight,  
 No charming rural bowers,  
 No stilly-lake nor constant stream,  
 The busy wheel to turn,  
 No cawing rook nor wild birds scream,  
 From dell, or mountain burn,  
 No peasant's cot, whose smoke on high  
 Climbs welcome to the sky;  
 No ivy-mantled tower is nigh,  
 To greet the wanderer's eye.

No corn-fields rich, in green array,  
 No early wild-flowers spring,  
 To hail the infancy of May,  
 While all the vallies sing.

No lambkins skip their early play,  
 No sound from village knell,  
 No bands of rosy children stray,  
 To pluck the nectar'd bell.

No milk-maid's blithe and artless song,  
 No plough-boy's whistl'd lay,  
 No bee to rove the fields among,  
 And taste the blooms of May.

No favorite one, to walk with me,  
 As in the days of yore,  
 To celebrate the spring-time glee,  
 And talk its beauties o'er.

No daisied-mead to cross—nor stile,  
 Where haltings oft are known,  
 And tales of love so oft beguile,—  
 Such joys were once my own.

\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell! the days of Auld Lang Syne,  
 Presery'd in memory's urn,  
 Alas! the woes and wastes of time—  
 But, "man was made to mourn."

\* \* \*

FROM AN INVALID AT THE CAPE TO HIS FRIEND IN  
LONDON.

By the date of this letter, dear Ned, you'll perceive  
I'm no longer in India, but here am on leave ; -  
After many years spent in that dangerous clime,  
I intend at the Cape to pass some months of time.  
Though India's so hot, yet it oft made me shiver  
When the doctors describ'd the sad state of my liver :  
They cramm'd me so full of their horrible stuff ;  
Till I thought I had taken quite *quantum suff*.  
I determin'd, therefore, to pay them their bills,  
And take no more of their potions and pills ;  
And really I think I am getting much better,  
And therefore am able to write you this letter.  
No doubt, had I taken much longer their doses,  
By this I should have been as dead as old Moses ;  
But escap'd from their clutches, on Africa's shore,  
I hope to add to my life a year or two more.  
I trust that John Bull will never resign  
So-useful a place, and a climate so fine,  
For those who are troubled with livers like mine ;  
And that he will not be so unkind as to rob us  
Of so good a retreat from the *Cholera Morbis*.  
To be sure there are here some things that annoy one,  
But none that are likely very soon to destroy one.  
In India I was pester'd with pills and decoctions,  
But here by south-easters, ox-wagons, and auctions.  
I intend to remain till some strength I've got again,  
But to visit old England 'twill ne'er be my lot again.  
When I think of your winter—its frost and its snows,  
I would much sooner meet a whole army of foes ;  
For my poor shrivell'd frame it never will answer  
To live in those climes far northward of Cancer.

Yet still do I feel the most lively affection  
For my dear native land—*that land of perfection!*  
May her banners, in victory, ne'er cease to wave,  
When mould'ring to dust are my bones in the grave ;  
But reflection, I find, makes me grow sentimental,  
Which the doctors declare is most detrimental !  
You must know, I have discovered a way to kill time,  
And that is by writing my letters in rhyme ;  
For poetry, of all kinds, is here now the go—  
Some good, and some bad, and some but so—so ;  
But I beg to refer you, for more information,  
To BRIDEKIRK'S Cape paper—a new publication.  
I now shall inform you how I pass my time here,  
And a day will suffice to describe a whole year :  
As I cannot abide to lie a-bed late,  
I generally rise about half-past eight :  
Perhaps, my dear Ned, you are not aware  
How good 'tis for invalids to take the fresh air.  
At ten comes the barber, the oddest of frizzers—  
One half of the town is cropt by his scissars.  
At eleven, should the south-easter not blow,  
To th' Exchange, or Port-Office, I usually go,  
To know what's arrived, or perhaps read the papers,  
To avoid, if I can, the blue-devils or vapors :  
At twelve, I repair to the Heer'gracht Society,  
Where I'm sure to hear news in the greatest variety ;  
For here rendezvous all our Cape politicians,  
And lawyers, and also my friends—the *physicians!*  
For three or four hours I then lounge about ;  
If the weather is fine, perhaps take a ride out ;  
Between seven and eight I usually dine,  
And call for my hookar at the hour of nine,—  
Delightfully puffing, and buried in thought,  
I sit—till, by Morpheus, my senses are caught :  
*Bucksoo*, my servant, then lights me to bed,  
Where I dream of old England, and you, my dear NED.



Adieu! my dear fellow:—pray tell all my friends,  
His very best love poor Bobby now sends:  
Direct all your letters to George's Hotel,—  
They're sure there to find me, as the house is known well.

ROBERT.

S. A. Chron.

## THE NAMELESS SPRING.

Written while recovering from a dangerous illness, Feb. 6, 18--

The mountain's breeze profusely flings  
A balmy welcome from its wings,  
Rich in a pure, celestial wealth,  
The elastic happiness of health!  
The rivulet chaf'd, or gushing clear,  
Salutes me with a friendly cheer,—  
Inviting, as to fancy seems,  
A verse to consecrate its streams.  
For God hath to the muses giv'n  
A gift no other powers attain,  
To stamp the eternity of heav'n  
On earthly things that grace their strain.  
Ev'n I, the least of all their train,  
In happy mood, and happier hour,  
May, with a fire ne'er lit in vain,  
Convey the bright immortal dower:  
Fulfilling all this lonely spring's desire,  
Whose music hath awoke my slumb'ring lyre.

Scamander's princely waters still  
Descend in song from Ida's hill,  
Cleaving the heroic plain,—although  
His urn was shatter'd long ago.  
The array divine of warrior kings  
Drink still from Simoi's sacred springs;

Gleams still Eurotas' gelid tide,  
Emblem of Spartan ~~trials~~ and pride.  
Still ancient Tiber bursts along,  
In yellow whirlpools to the sea.  
God of a people, fierce and strong,  
And free—in right of virtue free!  
Is there a lip that touches thee,  
Dear flood, and owns a tyrant's sway?  
A living fire the draught should be  
To melt his craven heart away.  
Streams where a poet sings, or patriot bleeds,  
Instinct with spirit flow, and generous deeds.  
Sweet nameless spring! heroic themes  
Suit ill thy modest, shrinking streams.  
Thy waves a quiet cave have won;  
This tall rock guards thee from the sun.  
Thou seest the steer or steed alone  
Refresh them from thy cup of stone;  
Hear'st shepherd's reed or lover's plaint,  
Vexing thy shrubs with carvings quaint.  
Nor other sighs or sounds prevail:  
For thou, shy fountain, hast retir'd  
Far up this rough, untrodden vale,  
As hush'd to be admir'd;  
And I, an idler, undesir'd,  
Seem to disturb thy quiet call  
With songs, by *other times* inspir'd,  
And murmurs of the classic shell.  
Bear me, meek fount, a lone, forgotten thing,  
Beneath these rocks, like thee, to muse and sing.  
Yet let not pensiveness intrude,  
This is a blameless solitude.  
These savage rocks enormous pil'd,  
In their long prospect o'er the wild,

See no wide-wasting, cruel drove  
Of disciplin'd destroyers move.  
Fair as from nature's hand they came,  
Mountains and vales remain the same.

No deed of wrath, no dire offence  
Of human passion, bold and wrong,  
Have scared the meek-eyed genius hence,  
Who prompts and loves my simple song.  
Admit me, Genius, that among  
These grottoes and secret fountains dwell,  
Into your philosophic throng,  
Calm spirits, whom I love so well!

And let my soul resign proud reason's state,  
And passive on each heavenly impulse wait.

To poets, humbly thus resign'd;  
The great earth shows her inmost mind,  
And speaks in terms more sweet, more mild,  
Than woman's music to her child,  
Her wond'rous being's mysteries,  
Baring her deep heart to their eyes:  
There play the springs, whence ebb and flow  
All human joy, all human woe.

Knowledge divine! thy cheering ray  
Descending to the simple mind,  
Purges all doubt and grief away,  
Nor leaves one angry wish behind.  
All creatures then, of every kind,  
Partake our sympathy and love,  
Seen guided to the goal assign'd  
By Him, dread power, all power above!  
Spirits of hills and streams! my teachers be,  
If this high wisdom be foredoom'd to me!

*S. A. Com. Ad.*

POETRY,

*From an Invalid at the Cape, to his Friend in England.*

A little more than two months, dear Ned, may be reckon'd,  
Since the date of my last, October twenty-second,  
Wherein I related, in doggerel rhyme,  
The manner in which I was spending my time.  
I trust when you've read it to none you will show it,  
For fear they call me a mere Grub-street Poet:  
The mania for rhyming has become here contagious,  
Some Poets of ours are really outrageous:  
Some write from their *Corners*, and some from their garrets,  
But indeed have no more genius than parrots;  
Of course, Ned, you know, it might be expected  
That *I*, of all others, would soon be infected.  
The symptoms, however, as yet are but slight,  
And perhaps will be over the next time I write;  
By the medical world it is strongly supported  
That the disease has been lately into Cape Town *imported*;  
I have now to inform you, since the date of my last,  
That my liver is mending remarkably fast,  
Tho' a twinge now and then still serves to recal  
The thoughts of the twinges I felt in Bengal.  
By the bye, I must mention, ere my mem'ry it slips,  
That lately we've had an *annual* eclipse:  
The sun look'd just like a ring made of gold,  
The day became dark'd, and felt rather cold;  
And folks not well-skill'd in astronomical science,  
On ridiculous tales had put much reliance;  
Some said 'twas *annual*, 'twould last a whole year,  
Which made wood and candles grow monstrously dear.  
The tinsmiths, 'tis said, had been working away,  
To get lanterns ready for the middle of day;  
And 'tis further reported, that lots of nightcaps  
Have likewise been made for extra day naps.



Some wags, I dare say, just to play off their jokes,  
 Invented this odd and ridiculous hoax.  
 Ere my letter is ended, with feelings sincere,  
 I wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy new year.  
 Would you believe it, dear Ned, while *your shins* are  
 toasting,  
 A vertical sun, *our faces* is roasting;  
 When nought on your fields but snow can be seen,  
 At the Cape all nature looks charmingly green.  
 I shan't forget your roast geese and minc'd pics in a hur  
 And still do prefer them to Cayenne and Curry;  
 I think that I see your good family all,  
 Seated at dinner, at Hollyoak Hall,  
 With an old friend or two, just to give it a zest,  
 Each neatly apparel'd, in his holiday best;  
 The good curate too, with his round smiling face,  
 Who (*multum in parvo*) delivers the grace;  
 In what part of the world do we find friendship warmer,  
 Than we find at the house of a staunch English farmer?  
 His mind independent, tho' with loyalty full,  
 He is the best sample of honest John Bull:  
 Whilst *he* ploughs the land, and his *ships* plough the sea,  
 His roast-beef and plum-pudding from danger are free;  
 In his country's success, there's no one more glories,  
 While he laughs at the jokes of the whigs and the Tories.  
 My servant informs me my hookah is ready,  
 So now I must wish you adieu, my dear Neddy,  
 Remember me to my old friends at the hall,  
 Uncles, cousins, and aunts, sweethearts, and all!—

ROBERT.

S. A. Chron.

ORIGINAL.  
 TO THE ROSE.

Those were our lov'd, our sunny days,  
 When 'mid scholastic youth,  
 Ere noon had knit her frowning eyes,  
 To shade the brow of truth.

Our bosom friends, and little toils,  
 Were all our blissful store,  
 We shar'd with love our lawful spoils  
 Each brought to friendship's door.

How oft have we, sweet blooming flow'r,  
 Spurr'd on by sinless sport,  
 Without a sigh thy petals tore,  
 Nor felt the least retort.

Thou mind'st me of the time of dawn,  
 Ere birds were on the wing,  
 We softly stole upon the lawn,  
 The trophy home to bring.

When yet our master's watchful eye  
 By slumber was oppress'd,  
 Thy blooming form we did descry,  
 To rob thee of thy rest.

How I do long again to live  
 Those years that soon were past,  
 With hearts that ne'er the world can give,  
 Joys that could never last.

Manhood approach'd—the vision sped  
 Far distant from my sight;  
 Some friends were scatter'd, others dead,  
 And pleasure took her flight.

We gaz'd upon thy lonely crest,  
 With smiles of youthful joy;  
 Thou wert the rose that deck'd our breast,  
 Thou wert our heart's gay toy.

Oh! may I still look on thy face,  
 Without a downcast heart!  
 May virtue bright, refulgent blaze,  
 To light my honest part.

And when at evening's close I bend  
 Towards my home of peace,  
 Do thou, my fav'rite flow'r, attend,  
 To cheer that lonely place.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE IN 1814 AND 1824.

*A familiar Epistle, from TIMOTHY TORRID, to his Cousin PETER  
 in Westminster.*

At length, my dear coz, I have made my escape,  
 From the boisterous waves, and am moor'd at the Cape;  
 Where I purpose to spend a few months of my time,  
 And send you herewith my dispatches in rhyme.  
 'Tis exactly ten years, if I do not forget,  
 Since first I touched here, a raw unfledg'd cadet.  
 With spirits quite ardent, elastic and free,  
 Releas'd from a vessel—full four months at sea,  
 With what pleasure each object enchanted the sight—  
 Compar'd with the past, it was rapture! delight!  
 Lest here, you should ask if improvement appears,  
 Co-equal with time in the same lapse of years?  
 I slightly shall sketch, what appears to my view,  
 As worthy of notice, or striking or new.  
 I remember, at landing, my dear sister Letty,  
 Was half dead with her fears, as she clim'd up the jetty.

but invalids, now, can dispense with their chairs,  
 And quietly walk from the boat up the stairs.—  
 Thus landed in safety, I took to my rambles,  
 And the first I saw was the new butcher's shambles,  
 All rang'd in good order, quite cleanly and neat,—  
 With their backs to the sea, and their fronts to the street.  
 When I sauntered along, and continued my range,  
 Where the aqueduct stood there now stands the Exchange.  
 But monstrous, the scandal and jeer of town-talk,  
 They've stuck a score shops in the Gentlemen's Walk,  
 Where the naked are cloth'd, and the hungry, if heedful,  
 Can supply all their wants, by the help of the needful.  
 What caus'd more surprize, as it will to my cousins,  
 The bookseller's shops are now starting by dozens:  
 Since a very few volumes was full *quantum suff.*

And the buyers of books were the venders of snuff.  
 At the first that I enter'd, believe me 'tis true,  
 Was the Settler's Report, and the pamphlet of Pugh—  
 But how can my pen its great wonders express,  
 They were both dripping-wet, from a Hottentot Press,  
 Prospectus was shewn, still to make the folks wiser,  
 By reading the pages of GREIG'S ADVERTISER;  
 Magazine too, in which languages mingle,  
 Announc'd from the efforts of Faure and of Pringle.  
 This mania of learning the natives should foster,  
 The Cape may yet rival the fam'd Paternoster.  
 Other subjects crowd on would the time but avail,  
 But my servant just tells me, they're closing the mail.  
 How provoking indeed! 'tis *barbare*, 'tis horrid,  
 To be more at present from

TIMOTHY TORRID.

*T. A. Coz. Ad.*

## ORIGINAL.

ODE FROM HAFIZ BEDEH SAKEE MEI BAKEE.

*(Freely translated.)*

Sweet maid accept the humble boon,—

My ready heart and hand.

Oh! for yon beauty's speck I'd give,

Bokhar and Samarcand.

Come bring the smiling nectar, boy,

That still untouch'd remains;

What boots it that our course on earth,

Is mixed with cares and pains.

Oh heed not what cold stoics say,

Nor make thy moments sad;

Here is the only Mosellay—

The only Roenabad.

Alas! these wanton nymphs so fair,

The lust of all around;

Delight in planting discord there,

Where peace was tranquil found.

Whose beauty and whose beaming eyes,

That never man withstood;

Are ever watchful for their prize,

As bandits of the wood.

Would'st thou make the blushing flower,

A deeper bloom unfold;

Would'st thou scent the rosy bower,

Or brighten polish'd gold.

Would'st thou wish the lily arm,

More snowy still appear;

And bid the Houri deck her form,

With jewels rich and rare.

Speak not of things without the wane,

Of times beyond the sun;—

Man knows not what yon realms contain—

Or when his race has run.

Tell me of wine, and flow'rs, and song,

The feast of women's eyes;

Let these our passing joys prolong:

Earth is our paradise.

Who can set bounds to beauty's spell,

Who has not felt its pow'r?

E'en beauty, virtue will repel

In an unguarded hour.

How luckless was that evil day,

When virtue bore the test:

When beauty fir'd Zoleika's heart;

And thus its force confest.

Youth should to manhood's chest'ning voice

With steady thought attend;

And to the precepts of grey years,

My soul! thy list'ning lend.

But is it meet 'mong smiling flow'rs,

Where bees sweet honey sip,—

That ere a bitter drop of gall

Should moisten beauty's lip!

Like a string of orient pearls,

O Hafiz tune thy lays;

Whose simple elegance calls forth

The tribute of our praise.

R. J. S.

## THE LAND OF MY LOVE.

*An Answer to an Invitation to become a Settler in this Colony.*

No! gold shall not woo, nor ambition e'er wile,  
My steps from the land of green heather;  
Though I knew their allurements could never beguile,  
Yet, oh! could I part from my own native isle—  
The land of my fathers?—no, never!

Dear, dear to my soul, as a relic of love,  
Is each thistle and spring of green heather;  
And as faithful and true to my country I'll prove,  
As those love-entwin'd hearts, that ne'er faulted or rove  
When affection has bound them together.

The minions of fortune may brave the wild sea,  
Her sweets of profusion to gather;  
But, oh! did they love their blue mountains like me,  
As their birth-place had been, so their death-place would  
In the land of the thistle and heather.

Yet, 'tis not that flowers have encircled my way,  
That I doat on this land of green heather;  
Ah, no! clouds of sorrow have shaded each day,  
And seldom, in sooth, has a soul-cheering ray  
Taught grief from my bosom to sever.

But, as to the widow's heart dear is the spot  
Where her lov'd one lies shrouded for ever,—  
By memory hallow'd, and never forgot,—  
So my heart, though with sorrow struck, ever will doat  
On the land of the thistle and heather.

And when, 'neath the stroke of mortality's foe,  
My lips shall with parting-breath quiver,  
Let my ashes recline where the mountain winds blow,  
And my monument be, a friend's tear that will flow  
O'er my grave 'mong the thistles and heather.

A VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

*S. A. Chron.*

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF Mrs. MARSVELD,

*Relict of the late Missionary at Gnadenal.*

How calm is the summer sea-wave,  
How softly is swelling its breast,  
The bank it just reaches to lave,  
Then sinks on its bosom to rest.

Nor dashing, nor foaming, nor roar,  
But mild as a Zephyr its play,  
It drops, scarcely heard, on the shore,  
And passes in silence away.

As calm is the action of death  
On the beautiful mind of the just:  
As gently he rifles their breath,  
As gently dissolves them to dust.

Not a groan, nor a pain, nor a tear,  
Not a grief, nor a wish, nor a sigh,  
Nor a cloud, nor a doubt, nor a fear,  
But calm as a slumber they lie.

*S. A. Chron.*

## SONNET.

We met and parted in an autumn eve,  
When moon-light with its beauty steeped the vale,  
Silent, and not a cloud was seen to sail  
Altwart the azure firmament.—Believe,  
Ye who have felt the ecstasies of love,  
What were my feelings when I gazed on her  
Whom—absent—present life had nothing to confer;  
Whose presence rendered earth like heaven above.

Upon a rock, above the murmuring sea,  
 Linked, arm in arm, in thoughtlessness we stood;  
 And as I marked our shadows in the flood,  
 I dreamt that fate intended us to be  
 United always;—'twas a dream; and, lo!  
 Between us mountains rise and oceans flow!

*S. A. Chron.*

ORIGINAL.  
 PLEASURE,—A FRAGMENT.

Pleasure's like the wind that blows,  
 No one seeth where it goes:  
 Nightly phantom, lank and lone,  
 Proach it, and the spectre's gone.  
 'Tis a summer's transient flow'r,  
 Blighted in a wint'ry hour:—  
 Morning, blooming, fresh and gay,  
 Evening, drooping fast away,—  
 Like the sky, which here we meet,  
 Soon with clouds and show'rs replete.  
 To the world thou ne'er must flee,  
 Naught is there but vanity.  
 Nature's child, if still thou art,  
 Turn to Nature's God, thy heart.

R. J. S.

ORIGINAL.  
 PITY'S BOON.

Then forgive me, my heart of sorrow,  
 The tear thou fain would'st implore;  
 Gay youth's flow'ry moment's have fled,  
 The spring of our pleasures is o'er.

It is weakness, they'd say, in this world,  
 To see the tear moisten our eye;  
 But tell them it comes from the fountain  
 That's guarded by hosts of the high,  
 Should compassion invite thee to mark  
 The woes and the wailings of grief,  
 Would'st thou say that the marble were cold,  
 That pity ne'er sent thee relief?  
 Not those on whom fortune has smiled,  
 Or whose fame's seen sounding on high,  
 Can boast of a gem that's so valid,  
 The drop that imperls the mild eye.

R. J. S.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Sleep, smiling Cherub, soundly sleep!  
 Ah! when we miss thy smiles to-morrow,  
 'Twere vain—'twere selfish *then* to weep,  
 'Tis we—not thou—who wake to sorrow.  
 Sad was thy doom—yet kindly given,—  
 Thy short, unclouded, playful day,  
 (Like the innocent dew exhaled to heaven,)  
 Was only lit by the morning ray.  
 The parching heat of noontide life,  
 And the cold eye of dark decay,  
 Brought thee nor care nor passion's strife,  
 Nor stole thy little joys away.  
 Then, we'll dig thy grave where the tender gleam  
 Of the orient sun reposes;  
 It shall not parch in the mid-day beam,  
 For we'll shadow it o'er with roses.



The dew-drop late shall linger there,  
 And the lark build free from danger;  
 No evil thing can breathe that air,  
 For thy breast to guile was a stranger.

The midnight wolf shall check his howl,  
 As he glides by thy hallowed dwelling;  
 The twilight bat, and the mournful owl,  
 Shall shun that verdant swelling.

Oh! nothing unholy can thee molest,  
 For a centinel fairy hovers  
 Around thee, to guard the pure earth on thy breast,  
 And the innocent clay it covers.

Soon shall thy guardian milk-wood tree,  
 Whose bows are yet unbending,  
 Fling them with fondness over thee—  
 Kind shade and shelter lending.

When soothing time hath dried our tears,  
 Shall its dewy leaves be weeping?  
 And its hoary stem in future years  
 Bend over CICIE, sleeping.

*S. A. Jour.*

#### ODE TO ENTERPRISE.

On lofty mountains roaming,  
 O'er bleak perennial snow,  
 Where cataracts are foaming,  
 And raging north-winds blow,  
 Where hungry wolves are prowling,  
 And famish'd eagles cry,  
 Where tempests loud are howling,  
 And low'ring vapours fly:—

There at the peep of morning,  
 Bedeck'd with dewy tears,  
 Wild weeds her brow adorning,  
 Bold ENTERPRIZE appears;  
 While keen-ey'd EXPECTATION  
 Still points to objects new,  
 See panting EMULATION  
 Her fleeting steps pursue!

List, list, celestial virgin!  
 And, oh! the vow record!—  
 From grovelling cares emerging,  
 I pledge this solemn word:—  
 By oceans, fields, or fountains,  
 While health, while life remains,  
 O'er Lapland's icy mountains,  
 O'er Afric's burning plains,—  
 Or 'midst the darksome wonders,  
 Which earth's vast caves conceal,  
 Where subterraneous thunders,  
 The miners' path reveal;—  
 Where bright in matchless lustre,  
 The lithal flowers unfold,  
 And, 'midst the beauteous clustre,  
 Beams efflorescent gold;—

In every varied station,  
 Whate'er my fate may be,  
 My hope, my exultation,  
 Is still to follow thee!  
 When age with sickness blended,  
 Shall check the gay career,  
 And death, though long suspended,  
 Begins to hover near,—

Then oft, in visions fleeting,  
 May thy fair form be nigh,  
 And still thy votary greeting,  
 Receive his parting sigh:  
 And tell a joyful story,  
 Of some new world to come,  
 Where kindred souls in glory,  
 May call the wanderer home!

S. A. Chron.

ISRAEL.\*

*Dabit Deus his quoque finem!*—Ving.

Yes! bear—confide—be patient ever,  
 My brethren of the chosen race!  
 Whose name oblivion blighted never,  
 Whose glories time shall ne'er efface:  
 Vanquish the Atheist's desperate boldness,  
 Shame the presumptuous threats of hell,  
 The age's apathy and coldness—  
 Ye are the race of ISRAEL.  
 Their blood who were, in years long faded,  
 Allied to God, ye bear within;  
 And ye are still, although degraded,  
 Ennobled by your origin:  
 Ye o'er all nations elevated,  
 God's earthly treasure, hope, and claim—  
 His favorites, his first created,  
 O let us still deserve the name.

\* Ja! dultt vertrouwt, volhardt in hopen,  
 Myn broeders van 't verkoren zaad!  
 Wiens naam geen' eeuwen konden slopen,  
 Wiens heil'ge glorie nooit vergaat!  
 Vermelt, dat ongouisten lagen;  
 Beschaamt de pëgingen der heil  
 Verfoiet de koelheid onzer dagen—  
 Gy zyt de kroost van ISRAEL.

O sunk in shame! in sorrow straying!  
 Ye sinn'd, now suffer and atone!  
 In agony and exile praying  
 For that bright land ye call'd your own,  
 Ye from God's beaten track departed;  
 Poor homeless pilgrims wand'ring here;  
 His arm abandon'd you, proud-hearted!  
 To trembling helplessness and fear.

What prophets have foretold comes o'er us;  
 The sceptre from our grasp is torn;  
 Our rank and glory fade before us;  
 Our godlike kingdom given to scorn;—  
 We, chosen erst from chosen nations,  
 Now write beneath the scoffers rod;  
 Bare to the meanest slave's vexations,  
 We, who were subjects once—of God.

Ah! safety, comfort, all are rest us,  
 Exil'd by God's Almighty hand;  
 Nought of the glories Orient left us,  
 Our true—our only FATHERLAND!  
 Far from our sires' remains—ill-fated,  
 The abject race of Abraham weeps;  
 His blood, in us degenerated,  
 Now thro' a crumbling ruin creeps.

Redeemer! Sire! be our defender!  
 O! turn not from our prayers away:  
 Give Israel to her early splendour,  
 Or let her joyless name decay!  
 No! hopes deferr'd and memories vanish'd  
 Our trust in Thee could never bow;  
 We are the Hebrews still—tho' banished,  
 Thou art the Hebrews' God—e'en now!—

Yes, thy Messiah, soon appearing,  
 Shall burst these bonds of slavery;  
 Thine anger-mists again are clearing,  
 Our day of victory is nigh.  
 A heavenly flame is brightly soaring  
 Behind the clouds of earthly woe:  
 Shout! Israel, shout! with joy adoring,  
 Your Prince's,—Savior's advent show.

Lion of Judah, roar and greet him,  
 Hail his majestic march once more;  
 Come, Adam's race! with blessings meet him,  
 And rank again as rank'd of yore.  
 Announce him from on high, thou thunder!  
 Bend your proud heads, ye hills around!  
 Fall, kingdom of deceit, asunder  
 In ruins at our trumpet's sound!

Behold the long expected gladness!  
 Salvation's morn again appears;  
 The meed for suffering, scorn, and sadness,  
 The citadel 'gainst foes and fears.  
 With hope, like this, to live or perish,  
 Is our redemption—duty—joy!  
 Which, when our souls shall cease to cherish,  
 Those guilty souls, O God! destroy!

And dare ye, erring ones, endeavour,  
 With insolent sland'rous thought,  
 Us—from our hallow'd truth to sever,  
 Truth, by our own Jehovah, taught?  
 Preach ye a fruitless toleration,  
 Which baseness may extort from pride?  
 Our Israel waits her great salvation,  
 And breathes no pray'r for aught beside!

Yes! that, for which you bid us meanly  
 Resign the soul's divinest flame,  
 (Which spite of all shall shine serenely),  
 Is hateful to us as your aim!  
 The dread tribunal's fire and fetter,  
 Yes, e'en the taunts from scoffers hard,  
 Are better to endure—far better  
 Than benefits by you conferr'd.

The age of darkness now is bounded,  
 Restoring times are hast'ning on,  
 In which God's kingdom shall be founded,  
 In which all hell shall be o'erthrown!  
 The sentence soon will publish loudly,  
 Whom glory waits and whom disgrace;  
*Philosophers*, who rule us proudly,  
 Or Jacob's scorn'd and suffering race.

[The preceding lines were presented to the Editor as a translation from  
 Da Costa's beautiful Dutch Poem, entitled "Israel."]

ORIGINAL.

Upon thine eyes I've seen the tear,  
 Which latent sorrow tells;  
 I've match'd them to the timid deer,  
 Oft to the proud Gazel's.

I've heard the silver mildness flow  
 From thine expressive lips;  
 I've thought, o'er that more placid brow,  
 Contentment watching keeps.

I have not gaz'd, with passive eye,  
 On all thy little cares;  
 Unheeded not the silent sigh,  
 Foreboding female fears.



Believe me, though a silent guest  
 Beneath thy kindly roof,  
 Thy tenderness I've oft confest,  
 Oft put it to the proof.

Oh, woman! when thy tear-drop starts,  
 Thro' all thy inward pain,  
 Believe, I've felt not keener darts  
 To hide them I refrain.

From thee I have nought to expect,  
 I've nothing to demand;  
 Wilt thou not then this boon accept  
 From Friendship's faithful hand.

### THE PRESS.

Of all the blessings England's sons possess  
 Give me that one—a free and manly Press:  
 That can, with gentle, yet unyielding hand,  
 Unveil each wrong, each grievance of the land;  
 A Press, the guard and champion of the law,  
 That will speak out and keep the rogues in awe;  
 As justice bids, will censure or applaud,  
 And hold the mirror up to truth or fraud;  
 That dares th' oppressor curb, th' oppress'd defend,  
 The bond-slave's guardian, yet the freeman's friend.

But let the Press be sparing of abuse,  
 By no harsh feelings sway'd; no *private* views;  
 Let no man's fame be sullied by its pen,  
 Averse to principles and things, not men;  
 Justice the only object of its zeal,  
 Its only aim and wish the public weal.

Let those who work this mighty engine, see  
 They deal its fearful strokes with clemency:  
 Oh! let them think awhile, how many a wound  
 Its pond'rous arm, perchance, inflicts around,  
 From one man's malice, nay, from want of care,  
 No time can heal, no med'cine can repair,  
 'Tis good to have a giant's strength of limb,  
 But surely not to use that strength like him.

Consider well, then; whosoe'er thou be,  
 Who wield'st a Press that's English, fair and free,  
 How grand the path that opens to thy view,  
 How bright, how pleasing, and how useful too.  
 But if thou only tak'st thy ruffian pen  
 To stab the feelings of thy fellow-men;  
 If thou hast tried, by bold and fierce excess,  
 To make us bond-slaves of a *tyrant* Press;  
 If thou hast chosen one man for thy foe,  
 Or Slave, or Governor, or high, or low;  
 And all thy spleen, thy ruthless rancour shed,  
 On all *that* one man did, and all he said;  
 If thou'st pursu'd, us with an adder's spite,  
 And stung with mad invective, wrong or right,  
 Himself, his children, friends, and all he lov'd,  
 And all who wish'd him well, or who approv'd;  
 If thou hast call'd the Press, its aid to bring,  
 And mix'd thy poison with its wholesome spring,  
 And made its wroug'd and profanated page  
 The public vehicle of private rage,  
 And us'd its power to spread thy noxious slime;—  
 Thy talent *then* becomes a curse and crime.

JUVENALIS SECUNDUS.



## ORIGINAL.

## FORGET ME NOT.

*Forget me not*,—a potent spell,  
 That still upon my ear doth dwell!  
 How oft, when parting from the shore,  
 I've heard thy sound repeated o'er,  
 In India's and in Afric's strand,  
 By parent's and by friendship's hand;  
 And oft, when on the billows roar,  
 Thy sound the waves have echo'd o'er,  
 Recalling, to my lonely mind,  
 The scenes and friends left far behind.  
 Yet 'tis not that wild youth is past,  
 And friends and parents ebbing fast;  
 The feelings which thy echoes woke,  
 Have fallen 'neath time's sturdy stroke;  
 Another pledge must here be seal'd,  
 Before my destiny's reveal'd—  
 That echo once again must start,  
 Unsullied by the tongue of art;  
 Thou shalt not die!—thy second chime—  
 Must 'gain be heard from Afric's clime—  
 Alas! 'twas on thy gentle sound,  
 Ere dawning hope received a wound;  
 When last I parted from this shore,  
 My coming bliss I ponder'd o'er—  
 When lone upon the moonlit wave,  
 While grosser passions ceas'd to rave;—  
 I fancied hours of brighten'd hue,  
 Full beaming on my longing view;  
 That promis'd purest joys of earth,  
 And call'd my soul-felt ardour forth:  
 But these, from mem'ry's page I'll blot,  
 'Gain gladly say—"Forget me not!"

R. J. S.

## THE BUSHMAN.

*Lines elicited by an unsuccessful attempt to induce a Bushman to  
 proceed with the Writer into the Colony.*

O'er these wide wastes, immeasurably wild,  
 Roves the poor Bushman, nature's modest child;  
 For him few joys the arts of love supply,  
 Born but to starve, and unregarded die;  
 Sport of the elements, his life a span,  
 Pre-girt around by unrelenting man;  
 Prey to all perils, and no arm to save,  
 He falls, their pow'rless victim, to the grave;  
 No festive board invites his famish'd form;  
 No roof to shelter from the beating storm;  
 But the grey rock a rugged structure rears,  
 Its moss-grown cavern of a thousand years,  
 Where the hoarse wolf his frequent vigil keeps,  
 Or trench'rous lion for an ambush creeps;  
 There his worn hands the scanty meal prepare,  
 Of hard sought bulbs, a coarse and bitter fare:  
 Repast unsocial, where the jocund voice  
 Or laughing eye was seldom known rejoice;  
 But the quick ear, attentive on the watch,  
 Eager and cautious every sound to catch,  
 Starts at the breeze, the herald of its fear;  
 While the swift hand, convulsive grasps the spear.  
 Such are his hours of ease, but thus are sped  
 Whole days of danger, nights of ceaseless dread.

His mind, untutored, and without a ray  
 Of faith to cheer him on life's weary way,  
 Is sunk, subdued, and ne'er celestial fire  
 Hath touch'd his soul, or taught it to aspire

H

Beyond the narrow limits nature's giv'n,  
 To bound from grov'ling earth, and soar to heav'n  
 No vision'd Eden, with immortal flow'rs,  
 Spice-breathing gales, and amaranthine bow'rs,  
 Blooms in his dreams, there all is deep'ning gloom,  
 And hope, man's sweetest soother, shuns his tomb.  
 Yet would he leave the scenes where childhood grew  
 And where, 'sad boon,' his early breath he drew?  
 No!—proffer all you value, but in vain  
 You try to lure him from his native plain;  
 Though clung by fear and famine, yet afar,  
 Pleas'd, unrestrained, to tune his wild Gorah,  
 He roams delighted, and nor deems than this  
 Earth can impart a higher share of bliss.

Say then what spell, within these deserts rude,  
 Can bind the savage to his solitude?  
 What mighty talisman can make him scorn  
 Lean want, pale terror, and th' unheeding storm?  
 Search well the heart,—it is, where'er we roam,  
 In the warm charms of *freedom* and of *home*.

EVITAS

S. A. Chron.

## ORIGINAL.

## WAR'S MESSENGER.

(Irregular Lines.)

I come in sadness, lady bright,  
 A tale of woe to tell:  
 The husband of thy heart's no more,  
 Who in the conflict fell.

He fought, and many honors bright,  
 His prospects did await;  
 The glow of hope that spur'd his arm  
 Was on his heart elate.

The battle raged long and loud,  
 Till the mightiest arm was hewn;  
 The field was soon an open grave,  
 With limbs and lances strewn.

And see his palfrey, that I found  
 Wild bounding on the plain:  
 With mouth of foam, and scarred flank,  
 And a blood-stain'd fiery mane.

Oh! gaze not on his clotted hoof!  
 Thy woman-heart turns cold;  
 Turn from the living mire of blood,  
 That does such woes unfold.

These eyes did see him stagg'ring fall,  
 Upon the heap of dead,  
 Which, 'mid the addled forms of war  
 On the gory field was laid.

My right hand rais'd his sinking form,  
 In ghostly pale array'd,  
 And while he rested on my arm,  
 In anguish thus he said:—

“ Oh! gentle stranger, father, friend,  
 Whose pride's the soldier's weal,  
 Before my life its course shall end,  
 I've something to reveal.

" Beneath yon dusky mountain's brow  
My lady waits her lord,  
And, with my infant child; expects  
The conquest of my sword.

" To them, oh stranger! turn thy feet,  
And ease the widow's mind;  
Tell her, her warrior here expects  
A resting-place to find.

" Tell her how few the moments be  
Which linger o'er my fate;  
How deep's the anguish of my heart,  
With love how still elate."

Thus wrung the gallant hero's breast,  
As the pray'r dwelt on his lip;  
And soon his tear-sunk, pallid brow  
Was clos'd in earthly sleep.

Oh! lady, do not sadly weep  
Thy true-love that is slain!  
The tears which channel down thy cheek  
His ransom can't obtain.

She rais'd her hands; in maniac plaint,  
As witness for the sky;  
And call'd the messenger of peace  
To close her darken'd eye.

" Ah! where's my prop, my soul's proud staff,  
My sweet, my heav'nly sage?  
Hath he then to that home adjourn'd,  
Where the blast doth never rage?

" He girt his loins with warlike arms,  
To quell the battle's rage;  
But little did my fancy paint  
The fate of battle rage.

" I view'd the soldier's martial porte,  
My young heart caught a flame;  
I thought of honors to be won  
On the glorious field of fame.

" Yet still, upon that boding day,  
Methought the sun look'd red;  
And many were the anxious scenes,  
Which o'er my vision play'd.

" I'll wander through the desert camp,  
Where my hero bold had sped;  
But where's my eagle to be found,  
'Mong mounts of mangled dead?"

Amid the dim, the carnage round,  
What horrors caught her sight!  
'Twas then she earnestly re-sought  
Relief in speedy flight.

Here birds of vile, rapacious prey,  
In conquest swam the flood,  
And revell'd, with a horrid rage,  
On the field of flesh and blood.

And here she saw the hopeless son  
To his father calling loud;  
Alas! no pitying parent's there  
To wrap his child's cold shroud.

And there, the tender husband's arm  
 Rais'd high in welcome air,  
 To grasp his partner's weeping form,  
 And kiss her faithful tear.

Take up your corse, ye fallen brave,  
 And buckle on your lance;  
 Behold the nodding plumes wave,  
 The war-horse proudly prance!

Alas! in vain your faithful steed  
 Comes fawning to your feet;  
 Alas! is it their welcome fate  
 Their master's corpse to greet!

R. J. S.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”—*Gen. i. v. 3.*

“A LIGHT TO LIGHTEN THE GENTILES.”—*Luke xi. v. 32.*

To the National Tune of: “God save the King.”

THOU, whose eternal word  
 Chaos and darkness heard,  
 And took their flight,  
 Hear us, we humbly pray,  
 And where thy Gospel's day  
 Sheds not its glorious ray,  
 “Let there be light.”

THOU, who didst come to bring,  
 On thy redeeming wing,  
 Healing and light:  
 Health to the sick in mind,  
 Sight to the inly blind,  
 O! now to all mankind  
 “Let there be light!”

Spirit of TRUTH and LOVE;  
 Life-giving Holy Dove,  
 Speed forth thy flight!  
 Moving on ocean's space,  
 Bearing the lamp of grace,  
 And in earth's darkest place,  
 “Let there be light.”

Blessed and holy be  
 And glorious Trinity,  
 Wisdom, Love, Might!  
 Boundless as ocean's tide,  
 Rolling in fullest pride,  
 O'er the earth, far and wide,  
 “Let there be light.”

Verzamelaar.

## ORIGINAL.

LOVE! in the hour we met,  
 My heart was on thee set,—  
 I felt a secret wound;  
 While thro' the lapse of days,  
 When'er I saw thy face,  
 It made my bosom bound.

Some visionary shade,  
 I thought my fancy sway'd,  
 And touch'd youth's tender string;  
 For the gay butterfly,  
 With pleasure in its eye,  
 Is ever on the wing.



Th' illusion I cherish'd,  
 Swift time might have banish'd,  
 And dwindled into nought;  
 Hope was here mistaken,  
 Merit's strongly shaken,  
 The end I proudly sought.

Thus did I vainly try  
 Love's influence to deny  
 A harbour in my breast;  
 I turn'd upon the past,  
 On disappointment's blast,  
 And lull'd my cares to rest.

I knew love's haughty gait,  
 Its painful, ling'ring state,  
 And vow'd I ne'er would roam;  
 But 'gain the unconscious stroke  
 My heart's still chord has woke,  
 And robb'd it of its home.

Can love be so suppress'd,  
 And never be confest?  
 The thought is idly vain:  
 For soon the smother'd flame  
 Finds language and a name  
 To ease its poignant pain.

But, says the worldly lot,  
 The poor's to be forgot;  
 Although he dearly loves;  
 'Tis not the rich estate,  
 With passions more elate,  
 Or always faithful proves.

I grieve it sadly sore  
 Thy favor to implore,  
 In this, my poor estate;  
 But poverty unkind  
 Can ne'er true love unbind,—  
 The tie is strong in fate.

Ne'er wilt thou, seeking, find  
 A pure and devoted mind,  
 Both true in life and death;  
 Trust me, my only sweet,  
 'Tis here thou such shalt meet,—  
 I pledge my solemn faith.

Smile, oh then, benignly!  
 Sooth my anguish kindly,  
 Dear treasure of my heart!  
 By all that's true I swear,—  
 (Good heaven hear my prayer!)  
 From thee I ne'er shall part.

R. J. S.

### LINES TO EDUCATION.

*The following spirited Lines were sent to Mr. ROBERTSON, the indefatigable Government Teacher at Graaff-Reinet, after a Public Examination of the School.*

As o'er the waters of the deep abyss  
 Sat darkness brooding stern and motionless,  
 Loud from the east the awful thunders broke,  
 And chaos trembled as the Almighty spoke:—  
 "Child of the infinite! Immortal light!  
 Thy parent calls thee to his holy sight!"

Quick at the voice it left its secret place,  
 Burst into life, with smiling in his face,  
 Bright o'er the rising globe it flung its rays,  
 And earth, exulting, owned its genial blaze;  
 Thus o'er our southern wastes, immers'd in night,  
 Albion commands, to spread the mental light,  
 Sends forth her sons to dissipate their gloom,  
 And grateful Afric glories in the boon;  
 Hail to Britannia! Sovereign of the sea!  
 Isle of the mighty! Temple of the free!  
 Ask of mild peace! who found no resting place,  
 But on the altars of thy worthy race?  
 Saviour of nations! when the despot's chain,  
 Forg'd for the world, proclaim'd an iron reign,  
 Victor o'er all, thou bad'st the tempest cease,  
 And sheath'd the sword to teach the arts of peace.  
 Lo! at thy bidding, wisdom opes her page,  
 T' instruct the ignorant and form the sage,  
 Point the steep path that leads to glory's fame,  
 And shew how virtue decorates a name;  
 Taught by her precepts, man is raised to be,  
 (Child of the dust!)—the Heir of Deity!  
 And vain against his progress warriors spread,  
 When by *her* influence willing to be led,  
 Wild heaves the ocean, but he safely guides  
 His daring prow, and sails its trackless tides (a);  
 Deep in its coral caves descends, t' explore  
 Its crystal atmosphere and shelvy shore (b);  
 Invades the air, and counts the burning isles,  
 Computes their distance, and inspects their files (c);  
 Rifles the treasures earth so deep conceals,  
 And nature's hidden mysteries reveals (d);  
 Wields the hoarse winds, and bids them music give,  
 The pictur'd canvas and the marble live (e);  
 Directs philanthropy to form the plan,  
 T' raise the rude barbarian into man!

And when from death no power can longer save,  
 Lights the bright bow that arches o'er his grave!  
 Such is man's progress in his bold career,  
 And such shall *Education* lead to, *here*.  
 Protectors and instructors of our youth,—  
 Friends of your country, Patriots in truth,  
 Lead their young steps to wisdom's sacred shrine,  
 And teach to worship virtue's power divine;  
 Point to your Belgic, or your British Sires,  
 And make them burn, to emulate their fires.  
 Patron of learning, Gratitude would pay  
 Its praise to thee on this rejoicing day;  
 But weak it finds its efforts to express  
 Thanks for thy care to form our happiness.  
 Friend of the friendless! Lover of the free!  
 Distributor of Justice equally!—  
 Await a brighter tribute,—time to come  
 Shall gild the name of Patriot STOCKENSTROM.  
 Wrapt in that future, fancy fondly strays  
 O'er the long vista of approaching days,  
 Sees fields of glory conquered by the brave,  
 Another banner floating on the wave,  
 Hails a new race, in acts and commerce skilled,  
 Lords of the south! a mighty empire wield,  
 And all achieved on Carthage, Egypt's boast,  
 Cradles of Science—Afric's ancient coast,  
 In the new-risen glory dimm'd and lost!

EVITAS.

(a) Navigation (b) The Diving Bell (c) Aërostation and Astronomy  
 (d) Mining (e) Painting and Statuary.  
 S. A. Chron.



## VERSES.

*To the Editor of the South African Commercial Advertiser.*

We hail the bursting rays of light,  
Are charm'd to see the star appear,  
That twinkles through the clouds of night,  
And indicates that day is near.

From hence may arts and science spring,  
The flowers of genius to expand,  
Till the bright noon of knowledge fling  
Its radiance o'er this darken'd land.

And from our much-lov'd Father-land,  
A distant murmur strikes our ear,  
And speaks of all that's hop'd, or plann'd,  
Or acted by our country dear!

We feel we are not quite forgot,  
Though from our kinsmen far exil'd,  
And less deplore our luckless lot,  
As pilgrims in this parched wild.

All this, and more to Thee we owe,  
True friend of Afric's genuine weal,  
Who know'st to soothe the exile's woe,  
And mak'st our wither'd hearts to feel,

May virtue, and prevailing truth,  
And love of freedom grace your page,  
To elevate the mind of youth,  
And cheer the heavy hours of age.

May christian faith and candour fair  
Still find a champion in your pen,  
Till railers leave the "scorner's chair,"  
And learn to love their fellow men.

W. H.

*S. A. Com. Ad.*

## THE SILVAN RETREAT,

*Near Stellenbosch.*

Peace, peace to his ashes who planted those trees!  
Supreme o'er the landscape they rise,  
With simple and lovely magnificence please  
All bosoms, and ravish all eyes.

Nor marble, nor brass, could emblazon his fame,  
Like his own silver trophies, that wave  
In graceful memorial, and whisper his name,  
And scatter their leaves on his grave.

*S. A. Chron.*

## ACROSTIC.

Sweet to me the evening's peaceful hour,  
The rustling leaves, the moon's mild power;  
Each varied object, as it brightly gleams,  
Like mystic forms beneath her beams,  
Lulls my calm'd soul with peaceful dreams;  
Enraptur'd then I turn and gaze around,  
Nor wish to quit this rural bound;  
But sigh to pass my days in thee,  
O ———! humble, content, and free.  
Such be my lot, with independence crown'd,  
Children, wife, sisters, friends around,—  
Heaven! I ask no more of thee.

*S. A. Chron.*

## LINES TO A DAISY.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
 My mother-country's white and red;  
 In rose or lily, till this hour,  
 Never to me such beauty spread:  
 Transplanted from thine island-bed,  
 A treasure in a grain of earth;  
 Strange as a spirit from the dead,  
 Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
 Whose tribes beneath our natal skies,  
 Shut close their leaves while vapors lour;  
 But when the sun's gay beams arise,  
 With unabash'd but modest eyes,  
 Follow his motion to the west,  
 Nor cease to gaze till day-light dies,  
 Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
 To this resplendent hemisphere,  
 Where Flora's giant-offspring tower  
 In gorgeous livenies all the year.  
 Thou, only thou, art *little* here,  
 Like worth unfriended or unknown:  
 Yet to my British heart more dear  
 Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
 Of early scenes belov'd by me:  
 While happy in my father's bower,  
 Thou shalt the blithe memorial be.

The fairy-sports of infancy,  
 Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,  
 Home, country, kindred, friends, with thee,  
 Are mine in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
 I'll rear thee with a trembling hand;  
 O for the April sun and shower!  
 The sweet May! dew's of that fair land,  
 Where daisies, thick as star-light, stand  
 In every walk! that here might shoot  
 Thy scions, and thy buds expand,  
 A hundred from one root!

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
 To me the pledge of hope unseen;  
 When sorrow would my soul o'erpower,  
 For joys that *were*, or *might have been*.  
 I'll call to mind, how, fresh and green,  
 I saw thee waking from the dust:  
 Then turn to heaven, with brow serene,  
 And place in God my trust.

S. A. Chron.

## ORIGINAL.

Thou see'st the white sails of my ship,  
 Their bosoms in the gale;  
 When morrow's sun shall break the gloom,  
 No more my bark you'll hail.

My woes and dreads I leave behind,  
 With those who've sought my harm,  
 But parting with friends so truly kind,  
 My courage must disarm.

Alas! how few of soothing sweets,  
 Are in life's cup entwin'd;  
 No sooner is the pain remov'd,  
 It leaves a scar behind.

But thou! t' whom, 'mid some melting tale,  
 Kind pity sends a tear;  
 I've mark'd the drop stream down thy cheek,  
 I've seen the sigh appear.

Accept, my friend, affection's pledge,  
 I have nothing else to give;  
 If e're my frailsome heart has err'd,  
 'Tis thine now to forgive.

I need not say, what troubled cares,  
 My harass'd soul pervades;  
 Be thine the bliss which virtue claims,  
 That peace which never fades.

And when at evening's hour you find,  
 The green leaves fall away;  
 Bleak winter's darksome clouds o'ercast,  
 Your bright and sunny day.

Then think of him who 'mid life's scenes,  
 Still keeps his heart sincere;  
 If fortune has forbade our lot,  
 I still must thee revere.

R. J. S.

## POETRY.

'Tis sweet at still of night, on the sinking lap  
 Of thought, and in her charms to doze away;  
 Sweet to be interrupted by the chill bird's tap  
 Against the window, seen through moonlight ray;  
 'Tis sweet, a-bed, to mark the mild decay  
 And swell of night winds, in melodious motion;  
 To listen to the storm, and frothy spray,  
 When no lone bark is seen upon the ocean;  
 'Tis sweet to hear the nightingale's night song,  
 And sweet Rossini's music, borne on winds along.

Sweet is the tear of pity for the doom  
 Of some lost traveller, that wan and wild,  
 Looks his last look around the tempest's gloom  
 And dies, just when his consort might have smil'd,  
 Expecting his return, though time beguil'd.  
 Sweet is the love of friendship, while it lasts;  
 Sweet is the passion for an only child;  
 The banquet of the fair, when one repasts,  
 On first acquaintance: sweet to think of Heav'n,  
 Of a young saint in death, and prodigal forgiv'n.

'Tis sweet to see the rustic youths a maying;  
 By hill and water'd vale, at purple eve;  
 To hear the echo, when in some bow'r playing,  
 The harper strikes his wild recitative,  
 The richest tribute bards have pow'r to give  
 To friends inurn'd; 'tis sweet by night to vent  
 One's grief with others: sweet, when kings relieve  
 Captives from hempen death and banishment;  
 'Tis sweet to village preachers, journeying far,  
 To eye the beam of philanthropy's bright star.

'Tis sweet to view night's crescent lamp declining,  
 And her gay vapoury train receding slow;  
 To see the sun rise, o'er the blue hills shining,  
 Gilding the vista round with orient glow;

'Tis sweet to wander where the white cliffs show  
 The dome of solitude, the hermitage:

To enter, warm us, eat, and, ere we go,  
 To hear the father's tale from youth to age;

'Tis sweet, no matter what it is, to me,  
 To ope to the distress'd the hand of charity.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE EMIGRANT'S SONG OF MEMORY.

No! this is not the land of memory,—

It is not the land where she dwells:

Though her wandering, wayward votary

Is ever the thrall of her spells.

Far off were the fetters woven, which bind  
 Still closer and closer the exile's mind.

But memory from fancy turns away,

She has wealth of her own to guard:

And whisperings come to her ear, which say

Sweeter things than the song of the bard:

They are solemn and low, and none can hear

The whispers which come to memory's ear.

They tell of the dews which brighten'd the way,

By our earliest footsteps press'd;

They tell of the visions, hopeful and gay,

Which were born and died in the breast;

They recall the accents, which sweetly spake

To the soul, when the soul was first awake.

In memory's land springs never a flow'r,

Nor the lowliest daisy blooms:

Ne'er a robin chirps from its russet bow'r,

But to call from their silent tombs

The thoughts and the things which time's pitiless sway

Has long since swept from the world away.

In memory's land waves never a leaf,

There never a summer breeze blows:

But some long-smother'd thought of joy or grief

Starts up from its long repose;

And forms are living and visible there,

Which vanish'd long since from our earthly sphere.

I would not escape from memory's land

For all that the eye can view:

For there's dearer dust in memory's land

Than the ore of rich Peru.

I clasp the fetter by memory twin'd,

The wanderer's heart and soul to bind.

\* \* \* \*

S. A. Chron.

### ORIGINAL.

Should e'er thy sorrows bid thee smile

On false and faithless vows,

That, like the sands on ocean's isle,

Ne'er constancy avows,—

Then lift thy eyes to yonder star,

Which at mild evening shines,

And cast one thoughtful sigh afar,

For him who for thee pines.

For him, whose honest heart ne'er knew  
The weight of worldly wiles;  
Whose only happiness in view,  
To deal and gather smiles.

Oh! say not that his love unkind  
Sigh'd over fortune's meed;  
Thy tender heart and perfect mind  
Were all his love did need.

I say not that there nowhere shines  
A spark like thy bright eye;  
Nor yet deep water's coral mines  
Shall ne'er thy lips outvie.

A thousand lovely charms I know  
Proud England's daughters move;  
But where's the cheek, whose dimpled glow  
Shall light my soul to love?

'Tis not in beauty's pow'r to give  
A heart so true and kind;  
Nor time's smooth brow that ease retrieve,  
Which ne'er on earth I'll find.

Adieu, my love! nor thoughtful turn  
On yonder distant wave;  
Not mine the task to weep and mourn  
O'er ill's that thou must brave.

May Heav'n, sweet soother of our cares,  
With joys soon light thy hours;  
If April's cloud a shower bears,  
'Twill still refresh its flow'rs!  
R. J. S.

## LINES,

*Occasioned on hearing the distant sound of a Wesleyan Chapel  
Bell, at Graham's Town.*

Grey twilight, from her shadowy hill,  
Discolors nature's ling'ring bloom,  
And sheds on *berg*, and field, and rill,  
One placid tint of deep'ning gloom.

The sailor sighs, 'mid shoreless seas,  
Touch'd by the thoughts of friends afar,  
As, fann'd by ocean's flowing breeze,  
He gazes on the western star.

The wanderer hears in pensive dream,  
The accents of the last farewell,  
As, pausing by the mountain stream,  
He listens to the chapel bell.

M.

## LINES,

*the discovery of an old favorite in the Garden of Mr. VAN REENEN'S  
Bremerij.---A recollection from an American Poet.*

There is a charming little flower,  
A charming flower it is,  
The brightest gem in Flora's bower,  
And sweet as beauty's kiss.

There is no fragrance in its sigh,  
To tempt the busy bee,  
It does not please the butterfly,  
But it is dear to me.

I love to see the little thing,  
 When morning paints the skies,  
 Before the lark is on the wing,  
 Open its sparkling eyes.

Then bright and fresh with shining dew  
 It glitters to the ray,  
 With triple spots of various hue,  
 So fancifully gay.

This is the flower that I will wear,  
 That girls may cease to tease,  
 Its name is music to my ear;

What is it called? *Heart's-ease!*

*S. A. Chron.*

### THE EXILE'S RETURN.

A wanderer on the world of waves,  
 In vain the little swallow craves

Some clime of spring

How sad she views the watery waste  
 Till lightning on some friendly mast,  
 She rests her aching wing.

Thus have I wander'd far and long

The *barren world's* wild wastes among;

In search of peace;

I found it not, till, from afar,

Arose that holy eastern star,

Which bade my sorrows cease.

Now, near the altar of my God,

I choose my safe, my blest abode,

From morn till even.

O! still upon its hallow'd breast,

My heart would build her lowly nest,

And find an humble heav'n.

*Verzamelaar.*

### SONNET.

*Written at Gnadendal, ---1825.*

In distant Europe, oft I've long'd to see  
 This quiet "Vale of Grace," and list the sound  
 Of moaning brooks and mellow turtles, round  
 Old venerable Schmidt's time-hallow'd tree;  
 To hear the heav'n-ton'd hymns of melody,  
 Rising within the shady burial-ground;  
 To see the Heathen taught—the lost sheep found—  
 The blind restored—the long oppress'd set free.

All this I've witness'd now; and pleasantly

Its memory shall in my heart remain:

But closer and yet kinder ties there be

To bind me to this spot with grateful chain,—

For it hath been a Sabbath-home to me,

In sad affliction's days of weariness and pain.

AGRICOLA.

*S. A. Chron.*

### IMPROMPTU

ON A MAIL-COACH COMMITTEE.

My *cracks* are done, my *race* is run,

From the *Parade* to *Graham's Town*,

My *touting* is all o'er;

At *uitspan* place my *wheels* are still,

No more to trundle at my will,

And *bang-up* to your door.



Learn from my fate, ye passers-by,  
That bound along so glib-i-ly,

A spoke shall be your dower:  
Which clapp'd into the wheel of life,  
Shall overturn your mortal strife,  
And suddenly you floor.

*Verzamelaar.*

### THE HOSPITAL.

Home of the homeless! blest retreat!  
Where friendless wretches friends may meet,

Each needful help to proffer:  
Where poverty or wealth may lean  
For every succour,—such the scene

The Hospital should offer!

That there are such, our native clime  
Attests, in instances sublime

Of charity's endowment.

Oh! ye who undertake to guard,  
And guide her bounties, be prepar'd,

Nor slumber for a moment.

For the best things, abus'd, become  
The worst; and this intended home,

Its blessings turn'd to curses,

May sting, not calm, the patient's soul,  
If left to the abhorr'd controul

Of underlings and nurses.

Misers may give their gold,—do ye

Bestow a nobler charity,

And claim a higher merit;

Your time, your care, your presence give:

And, if you wish the frame to live,

Oh! soothe the wounded spirit!

*S. A. Chron.*

### THE PAPER.

In gown and slippers loosely drest,  
And breakfast brought, a welcome guest,  
What is it gives the meal a zest?

The Paper.

When new-laid eggs the table grace,  
And smoking rolls are in their place,  
Say, what enlivens ev'ry face?

The Paper.

In vain the urn is hissing hot,  
In vain rich Hyson stores the pot,  
If the vile Newsman has forgot

The Paper.

What is't attracts the optic pow'rs,  
Of ensign gay, when fortune show'rs  
Down prospects of "a step" in "our's"?

The Paper.

What is't can make the man of law  
Neglect the deed or plea to draw,  
Ca. Sa—Fi. Fa—Indictment, Flaw?

The Paper.

What is't can sooth his client's woe,  
And make him quite forget John Doe,  
Nor think on Mister Richard Roe?

The Paper.

What is't informs the country round,  
What's stol'n or stray'd, what's lost or found,  
Who's born, and who's put under ground?

The Paper.

What tells you all that's done and said,  
The fall of beer and rise of bread,  
And what fair lady's brought to bed?

The Paper.

What is't narrates full many a story,  
Of Mr. Speaker, Whig, and Tory,  
And heroes all agog for glory?

The Paper.

What is it gives the price of stocks,  
Of Poyais' loans, and patent locks,  
And Cape wise at the London docks?

The Paper.

Abroad, at home, infirm, or stout,  
In health, or raving with the gout,  
Who possibly can do without

The Paper.

Its worth and merits then revere,  
And since it now begins the year,  
Forget not 'midst your Christmas cheer,  
Nor think you e'er can buy too dear

The Paper.

S. A. Com. Ad.

### FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE STAGE.

Written and spoken by Capt. FRAZER, 60th Regt., habited in deep  
mourning.

In sable weeds drest out I now appear,  
Not from free choice—not as a volunteer.  
Though gratitude demands my thanks to you,  
Yet how to speak—to say that word—*Adieu!*  
I'm at a loss.—Alas! how much I feel,  
To bid these favorite rows a *last* Farewell!

A *last* Farewell!—why, when the camp breaks up,  
May I not venture, with MELPOMENE'S cup  
And poison'd dagger, or in THALIA'S mask,  
Attempt to please?—Oh! dear, delightful task!  
To *please* you say!—what, with your *vile broad Scotch?*  
Making the poet's meaning a *hotch-potch?*—  
For such of all your parts you've made indeed.  
Who ever heard that one from North the Tweed  
Made even a *decent* Actor on the Stage?  
But aught will pass in this degenerate age.  
'Tis true;—and *there* I own I've been to blame—  
Who dar'd presume, as RANDOLPH'S Noble Dame,  
And Mrs. SULLEN, figure on this stage,—  
Considering infirmities, and age:  
For fifty summers o'er my head have pass'd:  
You'll think, with me, this Play should be my last.  
And so it shall:—I came to take my leave,—  
Not quite a penitent,—for still I grieve,  
Though I admit my faults and follies past;  
There's something awful in that word—the *last!*  
He, who has travell'd o'er a desert soil,  
Curs'd his hard fate, and fretted all the while,—  
Whate'er he suffered, when the danger's past,  
If he is told—*that moment is the last*  
*He'll ever view that spot*—he's then inclin'd  
To heave a sigh—and cast a look behind!—  
Then what should I do—parting with these scenes?—  
Farewell! ye gay—fantastic airy dreams!  
Which oft have fill'd my breast with hopes and fears;  
*Here* let me drown remembrance with my tears;  
*Tears*—that the tragic muse did ne'er besicr—  
*These* are not feign'd—'tis nature bids them flow.  
When I reflect on former happy days,  
When, in my juvenile years, I acted plays:

The fond remembrance of those youthful scenes,  
Which now appear to me like fairy dreams,  
Is here renew'd, on this enchanting spot,  
Which prudence whispers I should have forgot.  
But, *never, never!*—while my breath does last,  
I will retain a sense of favors past:  
And of those friends with whom this night I part,  
While memory holds a seat within my heart!  
Ladies! to *you* I make my last appeal;  
Judge, by yourselves, what I this moment feel.  
'Tis *yours* to judge, how much the feeling heart  
Suffers, when doom'd from those we love to part.  
My present feelings did you only know,  
'Tis here, within, which baffles outward show.  
I would go on,—but I'm with grief oppress:  
Let tears and silence then express the rest!

Court Cal.

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LINES,

*On observing a transient cloud pass over the setting Sun, on the last  
Day of the Old Year.*

Say, did ye mark the sun to-day,  
How, bursting through his shadowy cloud,  
He chas'd the twilight gloom away,  
And gilded all his sable shroud?  
  
And then methought he lingering stood,  
To gaze upon the world awhile;  
And, ere he sunk beneath the flood,  
To bless it with a parting smile.

So, when the Christian's day is past,  
'Tis his to chase the twilight gloom,—  
To shine the brighter at the last,  
And shed mild radiance in the tomb.  
So, when life's well-spent journey's o'er,  
Lies pictured in the approving breast,  
'Tis his the landscape to explore,  
And bless the view, and sink to rest.

S. A. Chron.

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LINES,

*Extracted from a Lady's Album.*  
A YARD OF FLANNEL.

What, when rheumatic, I complain,  
Gives sweet oblivion to my pain,  
And makes me feel half young again?  
*A yard of Flannel.*

What, when my tooth begins to ache,  
And keeps my wearied eye awake:  
Bids me refreshing sleep to take?  
*A yard of Flannel.*

What, when my ear is chill'd with cold,  
And its accustom'd sounds withholds,  
So kindly lends its fleecy folds?  
*A yard of Flannel.*

What, when the throat is stiff and sore,  
Does perspiration's reign restore,  
And save from quinsy's threat'ning power?  
*A yard of Flannel.*

Do you desire to find a friend,  
Where warmth and softness gently blend?  
Then I would beg to recommend  
*A yard of Flannel.*

S. A. Chron.

## IMPROMPTU.

*Addressed to the memory of old Friend,*  
"ANDERMAAL."

FAREWELL, old friend! a long farewell!  
The new year tolls thy parting knell,—  
Thy days have ceased to dawn;  
Thy merit, and thy public fame,—  
Thy tuneful sound, and well-known name  
Are going—going—gone!

No more the sonorous auctioneer  
Shall chaunt thy name so loud and clear,  
And folks together call;  
We all lament thy sudden end,  
Adieu once more, my good old friend!  
Alas! poor Andermaal!

JAN VAN DE KAAP.

*S. A. Chron.*

## ORIGINAL.

*Thoughts occasioned on contemplating the Ocean.*

Oft have I ponder'd on the ocean wave,  
Mark'd how each swelling doth the other lave;  
Proud thoughts came flocking swift around my brain,  
And fondly play'd their magic o'er again.  
Loud striking chords which time had ceas'd to sweep,  
And waking brine from eyes that ceas'd to weep,—  
Here while the sun his 'pointed race doth run,  
And calmly slides below the horizon,  
Unnumber'd vows and pray'rs with him he takes,  
As far the nether atmosphere he makes.  
And thou, mild orb, whose holy influence calms,  
The morbid paroxysms of worldly qualms,

Methinks, pourtray'd upon thy placid brow,  
I read the errand from the sphere below,  
Next moment, mother, brothers, friends advance,  
And fix my soul immur'd in pleasing trance,  
Oh! is there aught, the Indian scenes among,  
Fit subject for the poet's artless song?  
Yes! there are these—fond memory tells me so,  
And rich, thro' youth, the flitted landscapes glow;  
Yes! for these scenes still cling around the heart,  
Which, spite of manhood, never shall depart;  
E'en in the clouds, that check the blue of heav'n,  
Methinks I see this scenery engrav'n!—  
"Guides of my life! instructors of my youth!  
"Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of truth;"  
Your precepts ne'er the hand of time shall blot,  
Your pictur'd image never be forgot.  
In my fond breast departed shades shall dwell,  
Till the last calling-break the powerful spell,  
But is there he, among the thinking kind,  
Who has not felt this weakness of the mind?  
Ah! can I call it weakness—lowly name,  
When proudest joys rekindle with a flame?  
My roaming life one barren thought doth send,—  
It is the dire some absence of a friend,  
Whose mind congenial, and whose homely smile,  
Should serve a host of troubles to beguile:  
Without one soul to whom, in trust, I'd rest  
The hopes and fears which agitate my breast:—  
An isolated rock, 'mid ocean's wreck,  
On which the surfs with foaming anger break.  
He who has never cross'd the boundless main,  
Knows not the secrets which it doth explain;  
A sphere at once so novel to the wght,  
A gulf of terrors bearing on the sight,  
Is subject full with lively int'rest freight,  
Awak'ning every energy of thought;

'Tis here our dormant reason first awakes,  
 And once in life a wider compass takes.  
 Immense expanse, majestically great,  
 Lifts up the mind above its grov'ling state.  
 Stupendous object! suited to impart  
 A moral lesson, precious to the heart.  
 'Twas thou that first the strange idea gave,  
 When looking at the limit of thy wave.  
 The view enchain'd—first wrought upon my mind,  
 That the slave's prospect was of cheerless kind:—  
 Where freedom smiles not, there eternal night  
 Bedims the essence of the soul's true light;  
 Slav'ry, the canker-worm of human-kind,  
 Enchains the native pow'rs of the mind;  
 Where'er it does its morbid influence shed,  
 There doth the proudest laurel droop its head;  
 Beneath its rude, its paralyzing stroke,  
 The brightest blossom from the stem is shook.  
 Religion's blessings to the free belong,  
 The slave he knows not aught of right from wrong;  
 Long treading in his father's gloomy path,  
 Knows nought of sin or heav'n's appointed wrath.  
 'Tis not alone in this its ills will stop:  
 Its baneful pow'r takes much wider scope.  
 Look at the fall of nations' boasted sway,  
 Look at the warfare of the present day;  
 For this contending armies mount the plain,  
 And soon the field is cover'd with the slain;  
 Cast then a glance upon the fate of Greece,  
 Her name once buoyant over distant seas,  
 In arts and arms; in science first and last;  
 Her lamp expir'd beneath the Moslem's blast.  
 Now superstition, on its raven wings,  
 Around the once free isles its horrors flings;  
 The lofty Grecian, once with affluence blest,  
 Now to the haughty Turk's a slave at best.

But come it must, the dire, redeeming day,  
 When chains and bondage shall be hurl'd away;  
 Soft pity, stepping from her native height,  
 Shall, through her gloomy film, imbibe the light.  
 Methinks I hear the clang of rescu'd bonds,  
 The bondsman's heavy heart no more desponds.  
 Those days are pass'd,—the traffic's ceas'd to rave,  
 All is as peaceful as the summer wave.  
 Dry is the father's and the brother's eye,  
 And hush'd the tender mother's soul-burnt sigh.  
 See charity, with moisten'd eyelid, brings  
 A boon to man, "with healing on its wings;"  
 See Briton's sons the struggling effort make,  
 And, for the sake of freedom, lucre stake.  
 What state is there, within the present day,  
 Whose name, aloof, has such unbounded sway?  
 She, foremost in a charitable cause,  
 Extends her arm, and wins the world's applause.  
 Thy fame, O England! shall for ever live,—  
 To thee creation will its homage give;  
 Thou'lt be of liberty the guardian trust,  
 Till ages die and kingdoms fall to dust!  
 Devoted man, t'injustice often prone,  
 Unfurls his banner to the glaring sun;  
 Example's sway, when once allow'd the rein,  
 Is seldom found to travel back again.  
 Man's pliant mind, by custom school'd and caught,  
 To crimes like these it ne'er bestows a thought;  
 Long years have roll'd, the prejudice grows strong,  
 Soon wrong is right, and right is deadly wrong:  
 Thus, like the current, wid'ning in its course,  
 Crimes, crimes beget, and reason prouder grows.  
 Unsett'l'd creature! sport of time and place,  
 The most unthankful of the living race.

" 'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,  
When praise and censure are at random hurl'd,  
Which can the meanest of my thoughts controul,  
Or shake the meanest purpose of my soul !"

R. J. S.

## ORIGINAL SONNET.

Silent and sombre was the twilight scene,  
As all companionless I wander'd far,  
Save yon grey turret-lights of star-light sheen,  
And boys and ban-dogs at their wonted war,  
But such should not my lonely rambles mar,  
And did not,—for I mark'd, with length'ning trail,  
Like huge leviathan's, the dark clouds sail,  
Dimming the lustre of the evening star.

Then, spell-bound in Reflection's tort'ring chain,  
I gaz'd with eyes suffus'd with unshed tears,  
And thought upon the comet flight of years  
Which my young life enjoy'd: the thought, 'twas pain,  
Vitality of pain!—but 'twould not go,  
So I return'd, much musing on much woe.

## ORIGINAL LINES,

*Addressed to my Friend H. C. WATTS, Esq., Bengal.*

Tho' cross'd with cares, the soul doth find  
Sweet pleasures of a calmer kind;  
In solitude to pour away  
The feelings of a former day.  
For thee, oh Watts! my muse doth sing,  
And touch upon a gentle string—

Her voice in melting numbers flow,  
That make the heart of friendship glow.  
What tho' life's path be chequer'd o'er,  
And sullen fate doth smile no more;  
What tho' betwixt us oceans spread  
Their waters o'er earth's hollow bed;  
What tho' long years are yet to roll,  
Ere friendship reach its distant goal;—  
We still might pour in soothing lays,  
The strain and thoughts of other days:  
Whichever way the objects meet,  
Friendship's pledge is always sweet:—  
O deem it not for selfish aim,  
I sound the trumpet of thy name;  
Nor lavish merit when undue,  
To gratify some worldly view;—  
Whate'er be to my feelings near,  
I, fearless, to the world declare.  
Say, shall I now in pensive mood,  
Betake myself to solitude?  
And, as I oft am wont to do,  
Preserve thy image in my view?—  
Say, shall I to the waves repair,  
And muse upon the silence there?  
And while in converse sweet we sit,  
Flocking thoughts more thoughts beget;—  
Here, while the evening breezes sweep,  
Just waking murmurs soft yet deep,—  
Recalling to the pliant mind,  
Dreams of a wild, romantic kind—  
Here while the sullen surges moan,  
Breaking oft with sullen tone;  
May we not think of years to come,  
Of joy, of woe, of final home;



Steeping ourselves in reverie,  
 'Mid visions of futurity:  
 These are events that call to mind,  
 Thoughts of a mild and soothing kind;  
 And oft, when worldly cares annoy,  
 Give to the soul a shine of joy—  
 But looking to you distant brink,  
 Where the weak eye seems to blink,  
 If there, perchance, a cloud arise,  
 Cloth'd in solemn, boding guise,  
 Rising fast with growing might,  
 Burying all in deadly night,  
 Bringing on its heavy breast,  
 Th' awful thunders iron crest,  
 While the transient lightnings fling  
 Flash on flash—and wild winds sing—  
 Alas! what is the contrast then,—  
 What barren thoughts the mind detain,—  
 Life scar'd—hopes blasted—ties sever'd,  
 And dead the flow'r gay fancy rear'd;—  
 This conjures up the ills of life,  
 The bustle of the worldly strife,  
 Contending nations—blasting sight—  
 Various views of wrong and right—  
 Religious zeal—the lust for gain—  
 Tyrant's pow'r and bondman's chain:  
 Yes, Watts! to these the mind will turn,  
 Applaud the good—the evil spurn;  
 Yet, while the heart sustains the glow,  
 The patriot arm has sunken low.  
 It is not that I love to roam,  
 My heart has wander'd from its home;—  
 I've ties unnumber'd in that land,  
 The life-blood of my veins demand;

A widow'd mother craving there,  
 The watchings of my filial care;  
 A sister, brothers, youthful friends,  
 To all of whom my pray'r extends—  
 Is it because that these should be,  
 And life's immers'd in treachery;  
 Or that because a brighter smile,  
 Cheers not my prospects yet awhile,—  
 That I should social pleasures wave,  
 And spurn the good kind heav'n gave?  
 Why should man attempt to shade  
 Spots which nature's fertile made?  
 Alas! my friend—a life of gloom  
 Robs the roses of their bloom,  
 Dims the lustre of the eye,  
 Gives the cheek a deadly die,  
 Wastes the beauteous form away,  
 At length, to pale unholy clay.  
 On revelry I ne'er intrude,  
 My friend is peaceful solitude;  
 Moments quite replete with thought,  
 With pleasing fascinations fraught,  
 Trances from which I ne'er would wake,  
 For calmness and for virtue's sake.

R. J. S.

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 ORIGINAL STANZAS.
 

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The walls were all pale, and the lights bluely glisten'd,  
 As at even I stray'd by a mansion alone;—  
 'Twas the dome of the dying:—I stood, and I listen'd;—  
 Keen pain gave a struggle, and anguish a groan!

All stretch'd lay a form,—'twas appalling to view him!—  
 That aspect where masculine health shone before;  
 Was livid and chill:—as I look'd, ah! I knew him;  
 But the sight told the days of his vigour were o'er!  
 Oh deign not to spurn the poor lay of a stranger,  
 Lorn sufferer! whose state is all else now but calm;  
 'Twould tell out the long lonely labyrinth of danger,  
 And pour on thy slow wounds the true healing balm.  
 'Tis not for thy sad seeming prison so dreary,  
 'Tis not for joys blighted I so much condole;  
 'Tis not for those writhings with which life is weary;—  
 Ah no! 'tis the pain of the deep struggling soul!  
 \* That thing of endurement, when frantic she verges  
 On ruin, what strain can sufficiently mourn!  
 Nor pity of Angels, nor bards' muffled dirges,  
 As madly she flits round the still country's bourn.  
 But say, Sir, the cause why, on so soft a pillow,  
 Sleep flies from thy lids, and thou wearest that gloom?  
 Is't the night hollow gale, or rock-beating billow,  
 Or casement loud-flapping that thrills thro' the room?  
 Or, accordant with guilt, is it some sullen spirit,  
 Which fancy spies by the moon's gleamy sheen?  
 No, no, 'tis not these—'tis the conscious demerit,  
 Of future felicities glory, I ween.  
 But what, though the ailments which are thine be many,  
 By reason of foulest offences unwept;  
 And dark *Disbelief*, far the foulest of any,  
 On whose sable couch thou hast soothingly slept:

\* "In that dread moment how the frantic soul  
 Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,  
 And shrieks for help, but shrieks in vain!" &c.  
 BLAIR'S GRAVE.

Or what, though the leaves that in summer are blowing,  
 And stars that illumine the night's sombre hall;  
 And gems that in ocean's green bosom lie glowing,  
 Were pois'd—and thy crimes should e'en outweigh them all.  
 Yet look,—but oh! not with that visage despairing!  
 To the price that was paid for the wretched in soul;  
 By the sorrowing God, with fell mock'ry wearing  
 Whence the heart that is broken by guilt's made whole.  
 Away, then, grim Phantom of dark-boding sorrow,  
 Away from thy seat in that withering brain!—  
 But hark! it returns:—"I'll be gone by to-morrow;—  
 And these shall attend me,—death, misery, pain!"  
 O God! 'twas prophetic!—as sadly and slowly,  
 I came, ere the dawn, by the surf-cover'd shore;  
 Methought the sad walls of the cell mutter'd lowly,  
 "He is gone, he is gone, and we know him no more."\*  
 He is gone to the shadowy land, all careless!  
 And his slumbers are icily chill in the tomb:  
 He is gone to the dead—and he's gone down prayerless!  
 He is gone—but he'll wake at the general doom.

\* Psalm ciii, verses 15. 16.

NOTE.—The preceding Stanzas were written with a charitable intent to a dying person in respectable circumstances while living, which is the reason of the difference observed in them by the Author. But he died ere they were finished, and could be given to him, which may account for the abrupt and melancholy transition observable in the two last verses.

ORIGINAL.  
 HOPE.

Beneath the gloom of winter's sky,  
 One morn I lonesome mus'd,  
 While with the frowning scene around  
 My feelings were infus'd.

I felt my thoughts, by stealth uprais'd,  
Above the grov'ling kind,  
Which, restless as the clouds above,  
Desorted on my mind.

I sat, unconscious of the spell,  
By which myself was bound,  
While in the mazy web I spun,  
My soul was deeply wound.

I turn'd upon the flitted days,  
The splendor of that state,  
And wildly seemed to ponder on  
The book of future fate.  
All look'd to me a cheerless home,  
So full with darkness fraught,  
In vain I sigh'd, and call'd aloud,  
The peace my bosom sought.

'Twas gone—the bare and barren waste  
Lay open to my sight;  
I felt as if my frame, unHING'd,  
Had lost its wonted might.

Whilst thus I mus'd, a power thought  
The vapours to beguile,  
A sun-burst, like a meteor shone,  
'Twas HOPE's benignant smile!

Just like the flash of joy that lights  
The ocean's stormy crest,  
That bids the shine of hope to cheer,  
The sea-boy's turbid breast.

Or like some limpid stream that cools  
The panting wilderness,  
Which, after many burning miles,  
The pilgrim's eye doth bless.

Oh! what a kindly ray to soothe  
Life's ague and its pain!  
For such another golden gleam,  
I'd live yon hour again.

I said, O soul! why pinest thou,  
And broodest o'er thy fate?  
Go rouse thy strongest energies,  
Let bliss now take its date.

I bid it tune the gladsome song  
Of life's enchanted dream,  
And sorrow gain no more disturb,  
Nor ripples o'er its stream.

R. J. S.

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ORIGINAL.

A SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

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The time is past, (may hap a year or two)  
Since when a *Grub-street* gentleman I knew;—  
He was a being strange—the Poet's strain,  
Had craz'd the perieranium of his brain—  
The task before him so absorb'd his mind,  
To common callings he was often blind—  
His eye-balls star'd—and when a brilliant thought  
Indulgent fancy to his vision brought,  
Like lightning's flash it seiz'd upon his pen  
He scratch'd his head—and turn'd to write the strain.  
In such a state of deep and wild suspense,  
The man was often out of mind and sense;  
His cheeks look'd wan—the bones projected high,  
And oft a bitter drop suffus'd his eye;

His very porte and figure caus'd surprize,—  
 He look'd an owl beneath the human guise:  
 Rhyming was his dear—his sole delight,  
 The same at noon-day as at silent night;—  
 No matter what the essence of his song,  
 If the lines tingled and the piece was long—  
 This done—the time at length drew closely near,  
 When he should ring the jingle in my ear—  
 In solemn mood he bade me to attend,  
 And to his patch'd-up stuff a kind ear lend;  
 He conn'd the precious morceau in a rage,  
 And with his passions did a battle wage,  
 See here a beauty—this idea new,  
 To nature and poetic art quite true,—  
 Now smiling, ogling, turning up his eyes,  
 Just like a love-sick maiden when she sighs;  
 Now grinning and contracting faces,  
 And all the strangest mountebank grimaces—  
 Now dashing, foaming, like the mountain wave,  
 When with the ocean rock it seeks to rave,—  
 His muscles swell, his nostrils wide dilate,  
 And ev'ry sinew is with blood elate—  
 All day he'd pester one with chiming o'er,  
 Some small effusion from his gather'd store;  
 In spite of ev'ry artifice we'd use,  
 T'avoid these frequent visits from his muse:  
 This sort of treatment tho' it may be civ'l,  
 I've often wish'd the fellow at the dev'l:  
 I've seen this maniac at the deep of night,  
 With brow declin'd beneath the taper's light,  
 His left hand propp'd the posture of his head,  
 A heap of papers on his table laid,  
 He had of books of taste a copious store,  
 Consisting both of old and modern lore;

With *Ovid*, Shakespeare, and a fund of plays,  
 And 'mong them gloomy Werter's soul-burnt lays;  
 The Grecian Byron and the Eastern Moore,  
 The works of L. E. L. and many more,  
 With paintings, sketches, and of *spices* aught,  
 Whose virtues tend to animate the thought;—  
 These serv'd as aids, when wearied fancy fail'd,  
 And baulking demons all his pow'rs assail'd:—  
 When nature is unkind, one's true resource  
 To other's bounty is to have recourse!  
 Here for some time his vigils us'd to keep,  
 And when his eye-lids blink'd, oft fell asleep;  
 Here o'er the midnight oil he us'd to wake,  
 And sometimes read, and sometimes verses make,  
 Whene'er he conn'd a page, in his right hand,  
 The grey goose quill was ever at command;—  
 Till wearied out in sedentary state,  
 He used to rise, then wash, then comb his pate,  
 And having drawn his night-cap o'er his head,  
 He stretch'd himself upon his lonely bed,—  
 Then to the purpose, in his mouth the quill,  
 'Gain read, and wrote, and scratch'd his head at will.  
 Oft in this state the hours unconscious flew,  
 Till the morn's twilight dawn'd upon his view.  
 In vain the scribbler doth attempt to write,  
 Without the muse's special invite;—  
 "A Poet does not work by square or line,  
 "As smiths and joiners perfect a design;"—  
 'Tis nature's gift—she must the germ instil,  
 Then learning's fost'ring show'r the bud will fill,  
 The one is independent of the other,  
 (Altho' the one is useful to th'other)—  
 Some rhymsters have the new-invented knack,  
 Of playing with their lines the part of quack;  
 Of giving paltry things a pompous dress,  
 And making bolder facts in merit less:—

It is the Poet's province to unite,  
 The streaks of fancy with the things of sight,  
 Each blended softly with a Titian hand,  
 Will o'er the senses sure controul command;  
 But if hyperbole he vainly strive,  
 His prospects never will be found to thrive:  
 This, with its gaudy tissue pains the eye—  
 'Tis in the truth the richer colours lie.  
 The strain that first arrests the youthful pen,  
 Is woman's eyes, and battle's warlike plain.  
 With these come flow'rs—yon sun and moon afar,  
 The clouds, the morning and the ev'ning star,—  
 Aurora's dawn, the ev'ning's twilight shade,  
 A gentle season for the heart-sick maid.  
 The Rose, the parent of a fund of thought,  
 Is, with her sister Lily, oft besought.  
 T' imagination you can set no bound,  
 Its ambulations take a varied round.  
 I've often wander'd in a laughing mood,  
 (For oft strange things upon my thoughts intrude,)  
 I've seen of modern works the breathless run,  
 Revolving swifter than the rolling sun;  
 Receiving life and substance from the Press,  
 Each in its kind, its own peculiar dress:—  
 Poems and novels, romances, grand race,  
 Hurl'd from their chaos into living space;  
 Boys too, like men, are willing to amuse,  
 And *women*, likewise, muff'd in their *blues*!  
 I've prophesied a *second* inundation,  
 Of modern works, and such like innovation.—  
 The mind, long 'custom'd to smooth flowing sounds,  
 The mem'ry soon with images abounds.  
 At best, the tones which suit the youthful taste,  
 Are but the echos of some music past.  
 "The man that means success, should soar above  
 A soldier's feather, or a lady's glove;"

I revel not in battle's fiercest fate,  
 The bugle's blast, the hero's martial gait;  
 Give me a trump, whose chilling breath shall serve  
 To rouse the slumb'ring, and his sinews nerve;  
 Protect the weak, impartial deeds applaud,  
 And throw a rust upon the iron rod;  
 To brow-beat sycophants—to blot their name,  
 And be the boasting herald of their shame:—  
 A theme, that ev'ry honest man loves well,  
 That ever on his hallow'd lips will dwell;  
 For the best man, (although in learning rude,)  
 Is he who struggles for a country's good:  
 Despising aught of sordid, selfish state,  
 And fearing not the frownings of the great.  
 For my own part, ambitious though my views,  
 I care not for the world's praises or abuse;  
 Whate'er the prudent fates to me have sent,  
 With my own lot I feel myself content.  
 Oft have I heard th' ambitious man complain,  
 That men of rank and figure will not deign  
 To stoop, and mix below their haughty sphere,  
 Nor wish to breathe a lower atmosphere;—  
 Such is the case—yet why so vainly sigh,  
 To court the circles of the great and high?  
 Let each his worldly goods and state enjoy;  
 Why should such things thy bosom's peace annoy?  
 "Order is Heaven's first law, and this confest,  
 Some are, and must be greater than the rest."  
 At other's weal I never seek to grieve,  
 Let each receive the good his lot doth give.  
 Why seek to agitate the mind's repose,  
 And in thy pathway prickly thorns impose?  
 Reader—consistency I do not boast,  
 I give the thought that struggles uppermost;  
 Forgive me, if you find me prone to steer  
 "From gay to grave, from lively to severe."

Permit me, kindly, if I here digress,  
 And on my fav'rite subject lay some stress ;  
 'Tis but a parting word for me to say,  
 On the last efforts of a luckless day !  
 Here, on this earth, a race of men is found,  
 Who to a selfish policy are bound ;  
 Regardless of their fellow-creature's fate,  
 In striving to improve their own estate,  
 Strange are the measures which they sometimes take,  
 Founded in party, folly, and mistake ;  
 These rise and blossom like the autumn flow'r,  
 Then droop their heads in an unkindly hour.  
 One settled purpose must direct the mind,  
 And conquer notions of a servile kind.  
 Why waver, and disturb thy pow'rs of sight ?  
 There's but one only wrong, one only right !  
 Of these, the choice, the judgment are your own ;  
 Acknowledge one—the other straight disown.  
 Some few I know, whose motives ever mix'd,  
 Have on some fav'rite game their eye-balls fix'd ;  
 Like birds unfledg'd, in vain they strive to fly,  
 Their wings are crippled, and their efforts die ;  
 Bold in some points, and *independent* men !  
 And yet as lily-liver'd as the hen ;  
 With face of brass they would defend, forsooth,  
 The people's rights, and countenance the truth.  
 " Thus men, whose thoughts contemplative have dwelt  
 On situations that they never felt,  
 Start up sagacious, cover'd with the dust  
 Of dreaming study and pedantic rust,  
 And prate and preach about what others prove,  
 As if the world and they were hand and glove."  
*One in partic'lar*, with *Prospectus* stout,  
 First with a 'cat'racts force he jutt'd out ;  
 He would have flourish'd, but his race has run—  
 The curtain's drawn, his thread of life is spun ;

With boasted skill he took the lab'ring oar,  
 And gave out all his *alma mater* lore :  
 Exhausting which, what was there left to do ?  
 He must the efforts of the friendly sue ;  
 With will unanimous they strive their mite,  
 And ev'ry member takes his fav'rite flight ;  
 Each to the mass some new discov'ry brings,  
 And to the motley throng the jingle rings.  
 At length a sun-beam on his hopes appear,  
 He thinks he has the right sow by the ear ;—  
 For at this crisis it were truly vain  
 To stickle at the unrelenting strain—  
 The fall predicted—he must take a stretch,  
 And sell his hardware for whate'er 'twill fetch ;  
 He seeks to find some flippant, trivial flaw  
 To harp upon, the cabals of the *law*,  
 The fate of *coach and horses* to bemoan,  
 And cherish *portraits* like a loyal son !  
 To him I owe no grudge, no harbour'd feud,  
 Has e'er my mind with cool revenge imb'd,—  
 I scorn the thought thus meanly to attack,  
 And place a fall'n victim on the rack,—  
 I scorn against a mortal now to stand,  
 When his own weapon's fall'n from his hand :  
 When men rise up the public voice to sound,  
 And boldly throw the gauntlet on the ground,  
 It then becomes their duty to prepare,  
 To meet the foe both in the van and rear—  
 For me, at public praise I do not aim—  
 I am too loreless for a wreath of fame,—  
 But 'tis a feeling which has daily grown,  
 And in my breast the patriot seed has sown ;  
 This flame legitimate, I do confess,  
 I've often labour'd vainly to suppress—



I've thought of various evils that await,  
 The patriot's calling at his lowly gate—  
 The pride of partizans, their mixed views,  
 That tend the labours of the just t'abuse:  
 There are such beings, who by envy led,  
 Will heap up censure on the faultless head—  
 'Tis not the graduate with his frigid rules,  
 Pick'd up at colleges or grammar schools;  
 His noddle pent with Greek and Latin lore,  
 And with presumptuous pedantry, a store  
 Of *bus*, and *bum*, and *orum*, and *all that!*  
 Nor e'en the canting of a lawyers's brat,  
 Is fit to enter on the arduous field.  
 And o'er our rights the justice sword to wield—  
 A playful mind—not apt to flag or tire,  
 And like a flint that's faithful to the fire—  
 His will must be the impulse of his heart,  
 From which his pen-ought never to depart—  
 An Argus with a hundred circling eyes,  
 That at one glance the universe espies!  
 He must be travell'd; many a restless year  
 Of long-experience, must his precepts rear—  
 A second ruler, of another kind,  
 Defending both the people's rights and mind,—  
 To him, in fine, the greater debt is due,  
 Since 'tis our good *alone* he doth pursue,  
 Protects our cause, and stands on our defence,  
 Against the baseless ruler's insolence!

R. J. S.

## SONG.

*To the Air of "Lord Lennox."*

When the glen is all still, save the stream from the fountain,  
 When the shepherd has ceas'd o'er the heather to roam,  
 And the wail of the Plover awakes on the mountain,  
 Inviting his love to return to her home,—  
 There meet me, my Mary, adown by the wild wood,  
 Where violets and daisies sleep soft in the dew,  
 Our bliss shall be sweet as the visions of childhood,  
 And pure as the heaven's own orient blue.

Thy locks shall be braided with pearls of the gloaming,  
 Thy cheek shall be fann'd by the breeze of the lawn,  
 The angel of love shall beware of thy coming,  
 And hover around thee till rise of the dawn.  
 O, Mary! no transports of heaven's decreeing,  
 Can equal the joys of such meeting to me:  
 For the light of thine eye is the home of my being,  
 And my soul's fondest hopes are all gather'd to thee.

*S. A. Chron.*

## SONNET.

Seest thou, Beloved, yonder cheerless oak,  
 Above the river's torrent-course reclin'd,—  
 Where the fair ivy tenderly hath twin'd  
 Its arms around each bough the storm had broke,  
 Hiding the ravage of the thunder stroke,  
 And shielding its new blossoms from the wind?  
 Vain care!—for, by the current undermin'd,  
 Beneath already nods the unstable rock,

Alas! it is the emblem of our fate:  
 For oh! I feel thee twin'd around my soul,  
 Like yon green ivy o'er the wounded tree;—  
 And thou must leave me, ere it be too late,  
 While I, in evil fortune's hard control,  
 Plunge down the stream of dark adversity.

PRINGLE'S POEMS.

### THE STRICKEN DEER.

Oh! fruitless toil, to search from home  
 For hope, for confidence, for faith,  
 Among the selfish herds that roam  
 Along this earthly path.

The stricken deer must shun his kind,  
 The widow'd turtle pines alone,  
 Through the deserted hall the wind  
 And storms of winter moan.

Thus sever'd from the loves of all,  
 Unpropp'd by friendship's dearest stay,  
 Forgotten, or traduced, I fall,  
 In darkness to decay.

S. A. Jour.

### THE DEAD.

The faces of the dead are fair,  
 Though pale and fix'd as marble stone:  
 Their eyes have that resplendent air—  
 The heavens display when storms are gone.  
 In dreams, that half immortal state,  
 They thus to me in troops appear,  
 Who had my love, who had my hate,  
 Who felt them,—both are present here.

Serene, secure, they meet my gaze,  
 Their soft or savage thoughts I see:  
 The same that in our mortal days  
 Drew tears, or blood, from them and me,

Death knows not to dissolve the chain  
 With which the prouder passions bind  
 Predestin'd souls to peace or pain,—  
 'Tis part of the immortal mind.

N.

S. A. Jour.

### AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.  
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,  
 And sick of the present I turn to the past;  
 And the eye is suffus'd with regretful tears,  
 From the fond recollections of former years;  
 And the shadows of things, that have long since fled,  
 Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead:—  
 Bright visions of glory, that vanish'd too soon,—  
 Day dreams that departed ere manhood's noon,—  
 Attachments by fate or by falsehood left,—  
 Companions of early days lost or left,—  
 And my NATIVE LAND! whose magical name  
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame!  
 The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime:  
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,  
 When the feelings were young, and the world was new,  
 Like the fresh bow'rs of Paradise op'ning to view!  
 All, all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone!  
 And I, a lone exile, remember'd of none,  
 My high aims abandon'd, and good acts undone,  
 Aweary of all that is under the sun;

With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,  
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:  
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,  
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife,—  
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,  
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,  
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,  
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy,—  
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,  
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh,—  
Oh! then, there is freedom, and joy, and pride,  
Afar in the desert alone to ride!  
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,  
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,  
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,—  
The only law of the Desert land.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:—  
Away, away from the dwellings of men,  
By the wild deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen;  
By vallies remote, where the Oribi (*a*) plays,  
Where the Gnoo, (*b*) the Gazelle, and the Harte-  
beest (*c*) graze,  
And the Gemsbok (*d*) and Eland (*e*) unhunted recline,  
By the skirts of grey forests o'ergrown with wild vine;  
And the Elephant browses at peace in his wood,  
And the River-horse (*f*) gambols unscar'd in the flood;  
And the mighty Rhinoceros wallows at will  
In the vlei (*a*) where the wild Ass is drinking his fill.

(*a*) Antelope Pygmæa.

(*b*) Antelope Bubalis.

(*c*) Antelope Oreas.

(*d*) Antelope Gnu.

(*e*) Antelope Oryx.

(*f*) Hippopotamus.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:—  
O'er the brown Karroo, (*b*) where the bleating cry  
Of the Springbok's fawn (*c*) sounds plaintively;  
Where the Zebra wantonly tosses his mane,  
In fields seldom cheer'd by the dew or the rain;  
And the stately Koodoo (*d*) exultingly bounds,  
Undisturb'd by the bay of the hunter's hounds;  
And the timorous Quagha's (*e*) wild whistling neigh  
Is heard by the fountain at fall of day;  
And the fleet-footed Ostrich over the waste,  
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;  
For she hies away to the home of her rest,  
Where she and her mate have scoop'd their nest,  
Far hid from the pitiless, plundering view,  
In the pathless depths of the parch'd Karroo.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:  
Away, away in the Wilderness vast,  
Where the White Man's foot hath never pass'd;  
And the quiver'd Coranna, or Bechuan,  
Hath rarely cross'd with his roving clan:  
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,  
Which man hath abandon'd, from famine and fear;  
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,  
With the twilight bat from the old hollow stone;  
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,  
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;

(*a*) A marsh or small lake.

(*b*) The Great Karroo is an uninhabitable wilderness, about 300 miles long  
by 80 broad, forming an elevated plain, or tract of table land, between the  
great ridges of the *Zwartbergen* (black mountains), and *Sneeuwbergen* (snow  
mountains).

(*c*) Antelope Pygarga. (*d*) Equus Quagga. (*e*) Antelope Strepsiceros.

And the bitter melon, for food and drink,  
 Is the Pilgrim's fare, by the salt lake's brink:  
 A region of drought, where no river glides,  
 Nor rippling brook with osier'd sides;  
 Where reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,  
 Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capt mountain  
 Is found to refresh the aching eye,  
 But the barren earth and the burning sky,  
 And the blank horizon, round and round,  
 Without a living sight or sound:—  
 Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,  
 That this is Nature's solitude.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,  
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,  
 As I sit apart by the cavern'd stone,  
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,  
 A "still, small voice" comes through the wild,  
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child),  
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,  
 Saying,—“MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR!”

FRINGLE'S POEMS.

### THE LION AND THE CAMELEOPARD.

Would'st thou view the lion's den?  
 Search afar from haunts of men—  
 Where the reed-encircled fountain  
 Oozes from the rocky mountain;  
 By its verdure far desicced,  
 Mid the desert brown and wide,  
 Close beside the sedgy brim  
 Couchant lurks the lion grim,

Waiting till the close of day  
 Brings again the destined prey.

Heedless at the ambushed brink  
 The tall giraffe stoops down to drink:  
 Upon him straight the savage springs  
 With cruel joy!—the desert rings  
 With clanging sound of desperate strife—  
 For the prey is strong, and strives for life;  
 Plunging oft, with frantic bound,  
 To shake the tyrant to the ground;  
 Then bursts, like whirlwind, through the waste,  
 In hope to 'scape by headlong haste:  
 In vain!—the spoiler on his prize  
 Rises proudly—tearing as he flies.

For life—the victim's utmost speed  
 Is mustered in this hour of need—  
 For life—for life—his giant might  
 He strains, and pours his soul in flight;  
 And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,  
 Spurs with wild hoof the thundering plain.

'Tis vain;—the thirsty sands are drinking  
 His streaming blood—his strength is sinking—  
 The victor's fangs are in his veins—  
 His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains;  
 His panting breast in foam and gore  
 Is bathed: he reels—his race is o'er!  
 He falls—and, with convulsive throes,  
 Resigns his throat to the raging foe;  
 Who revels amidst his dying moans:—  
 While, gathering round to pick his bones,  
 The vultures watch, in gaunt array,  
 Till the gorg'd monarch quits his prey.

FRINGLE'S POEMS.

## MODERN FRIENDSHIP.

*"Dulcis odor lucri."*

The Muse may blush, but truth directs the strings—  
 From int'rest only vulgar Friendship springs;  
 Gain is the shrine on which their honor dies;  
 Their love with fortune ever comes and flies.  
 Among ten thousand can the unhappy find  
 One who sets value on a spotless mind?  
 Friendship!—a Deity, rever'd of old,  
 Now hath its price, and sins, like love, for gold.

*S. A. Sour.*

## A FRAGMENT.

Worldly friendship!

Fie,—'tis a bauble, wherewithal to please  
 The eye of childishness, for wise men laugh  
 The word to ridicule: 'tis a bubble  
 That shineth for a moment and then bursts,—  
 Bursting for very emptiness,—a name  
 Written on sand, which one small wave wipes out  
 As though it ne'er had been. The aspik lurks  
 Beneath the blushing rose; beneath the smile,  
 Sweet as e'er lit the lips of angels, lies  
 A leprous soul.

*S. A. Chron.**FINIS.*