

Poetry,
Original and Select.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Oh, Maid of the Tweed, wilt thou travel with me,
To the wilds of South-Africa, far o'er the sea,
Where the blue mountains tow'r in the beautiful
clime,
Hung round with huge forests all hoary with time?
I'll build thee a cabin beside the clear fount,
Where it leaps into light from the heart of the mount,
Ere yet its young footsteps have found the fair meads
Where 'mid the tall lillies the antelope feeds.
Our home, like a bee-hive, shall stand by the wood
Where the lory and turtle-dove nurse their young
brood,
And the golden-plumed paroquet waves his bright
wings
From the bough where the green monkey gambols
and swings;
With the high rocks behind us, and the valley before
The hills on each side with our flocks speckled o'er,
And the far-sweeping river oft glancing between,
With the heifers reclined on its margins of green.
There, rich in the wealth which a bountiful soil
Pours forth to repay the glad husbandman's toil;
Content with the present, at peace with the past,
No cloud on the future our joy to o'ercast;
Like our brave Scottish sires in the blithe olden day,
The heart we'll keep young though the temples wax
gray;
While love's olive plants round our table shall rise—
Engrafted with hopes that bear fruit in the skies.

BACHELOR SAM.

(FROM THE METROPOLITAN.)

SAMUEL SNODGRASS, Esq., was a confirmed bachelor, and hence the familiar designation bestowed on him by his friends—Bachelor Sam. Sam was a gentleman of property, enjoying excellent character, and possessing many good qualities, which endeared him to his acquaintance; but Sam was afflicted with a failing that constantly marred his enjoyments, and exhibited his mind in a very ludicrous point of view. He firmly believed that the whole female sex had entered into a conspiracy against his liberty—in each woman he beheld a natural enemy. At the sight of a matron armed at all points for matrimonial warfare, he felt a shudder of alarm, and at the approach of a beautiful girl he actually betook himself to flight.—Nay, the poor man was so fearfully influenced by this hobby that scarcely a day of his life passed in undisturbed tranquillity. He thought and dreamt of nothing but worldly-minded mammas and scheming chaperons—young, cold, selfish girls, and experienced flirts—all premeditating some deep-prepared attack against his person.

Indeed, it must be confessed, that his alarm was not entirely without foundation. He knew that in his earlier days (Sam was now somewhat past forty) a matrimonial attempt had been made by two veterans in the field to capture him, and throw the chains of wedlock round his neck, but he had been fortunate enough to escape the aggression by the timely warning of a friend who let him into the views and character of his assailants. Then, again, the mishaps of some of his acquaintance produced a strong impression on his mind. His very shirt-col-

lar shook with horror when he reflected on the fatal captivity of Tom Rambleton. He remembered the time when poor Tom was one of the most pleasant fellows about town. Young, gay, without care or trouble of any kind, save the very agreeable task of spending three thousand a-year—and now, alas! what a change! In an evil hour Tom happened to fall in the way of one of these dangerous conjugal harpies. In an evil hour did he put any trust in the fond glances and sweet smiles of the "gentle Sophia." No sooner was the noose tied and the victim secured, than the "gentle Sophia" threw off her disguise, and appeared in her natural colours—a very dragon, a vixen—in fact, one of the most terrific of petticoat despots. But Tom's case was not the only awful example and solemn "memento" offered by fate to warn bachelor Sam against incurring such danger. There was Mr. Watkins, one of the most respectable men on 'change.—Well; neglecting the sober and industrious pursuits to which he had dedicated his honest life for the space of forty years, in an evil hour, too, was persuaded by the genius of vanity to bestow his fortune and his hand on an aristocratic beggar, who thought that the accident of being an earl's sister, and the privilege of being an Hon. Jane, was more than sufficient compensation for the citizen's hundred thousand pounds. Mr. Watkins, from the very day of his wedding, was treated of course with the most sovereign contempt by his better half and her noble circle of relatives and friends.—Then, again, who could forget the melancholy affair of poor Melrush, who was trepanned into marrying a "modest, timid girl," who ran away with a guard's-man six months after the ceremony? Indeed, the examples that crowded on Sam's mind were as numerous as they were perplexing; but these will suffice to offer some little apology for his tremendous fears and alarm.

Bachelor Sam had gradually cut all sorts of parties except dinners. Balls he abhorred—the ball-room was, according to his opinion, the most dangerous field of battle for matrimonial belligerents. It was there, indeed, that the more formidable attacks were made against inoffensive *states*—that castles, and halls, and country villas were conquered by storm; to say nothing of the enormous booty gathered from the sackings and pillage of bank-notes, exchange bills, bonds, stock, canal shares, and every other share under the sun. Sam knew full well that his friend Sir Edward Jasper had speedily surrendered his splendid manor of Hamfield unable to sustain any longer the fire unremittently shot from Ariminta Newberry's conquering eye. He knew also that Caringly Castle, although garrisoned by two elder maiden aunts, and a bevy of portionless younger brothers, had, nevertheless, been taken by storm after a month's desperate *flirtation*, under the experienced generalship of Augusta Hunterman, and the garrison obliged to evacuate the place. He knew also that the mere skirmish of a quadrille and a waltz had sufficed in many instances to subdue a baronetcy, and that a *galopade* had run away with many a fortune imprudently intrusted to the care of foolish boys let loose from college.

Bachelor Sam detested public breakfasts, picnics, water parties, concerts, &c., &c. quite as much as balls, and for the very same reason. They were, in fact, the various stratagems and plans of attack employed in that most nefarious war—vulgarly called husband hunting. The opera did not fill our friend with so much alarm, because he considered himself safely guarded, having secured one of those strong positions called stalls, so very favourable to the preservation of bachelors. It is evident that the most determined eye-shots fired from the boxes could produce no effect at such a distance. With regard to dinner parties, Sam was exceedingly embarrassed how to act; 'tis true, that the danger incurred by so close an attack as on hostile neighbour at the dinner-table was a thing to be well considered, but then our friend thought it extremely hard to relinquish some of the very best works in gastronomic lore, because the temples of that admirable science happened to be profaned by the presence of unwelcome intruders.—Bachelor Sam possessed, indeed, a profound respect and veneration for the culinary art—rather call it science—nay, the first of sciences.

The only thing which he could do was to take a middle term, and attend those solemn dinners, at which all the twaddlers and bores are invited. Sam was content to endure long discussions on the Corn Laws, the East India Company, and Reform, coupled, as the infliction was with most delicious *filets* and *saimis* of astonishing variety and condiments.

"Sam, are you going to Lady Dockerell's ball to-night?" inquired Augustus Dangle, a young man about town.

"Certainly not—humph. What have I got to do with balls? I know better—it won't do with me. Mammas and daughters lose their time." And he shook his wise head with the utmost self-congratulation.

Bachelor Sam's mania, increased every day, till the poor man could not endure the sight of a woman. He literally issued forth a bull of excommunication against the whole sex. On one occasion he hastily quitted a house where he was paying a visit, simply because Mrs. and the Miss Robertsons were announced. Now this Mrs. Robertson was a most determined manœuverer and establishment-hunting mamma. Her case was exceedingly pitiful. Only fancy five portionless daughters, neither encumbered with beauty nor accomplishments! It required, indeed, more than ordinary skill and perseverance to dispose of, to any advantage, such unmarketable commodities. Then the five Miss Robertsons had become the terror of bachelors of our friend's disposition—their attempts were most determined—their attacks desperate—they fastened on a man with the invincible adherence and pertinacity of a gemora. It was a matter of immense difficulty to get rid of them whenever they happened to be asked to dance; they were completely masters of the thousand little arts which husband-hunters employ to keep the men by their sides; and nothing short of positive rudeness was sufficient to disencumber their luckless partner from so serious a weight.

Sam was perfectly right in his strictures