

RIVERS UNKNOWN TO SONG.

THE GAMBIA.

Where the Mangrove shadows,
 To the hot winds quiver,
 Through majestic bowers
 Rolls a splendid River.
 Evermore broad branches
 Stoop their heads to lave,
 And weave a sylvan coronal,
 To grace the Gambian wave.

Lone and lovely Islands,
 Are lying on its breast;
 Verdant blooming marvels,
 By human foot unprest;
 Amid their flowery thickets
 The serpent finds a home.
 And through the gorgeous solitudes
 The wolf and leopard roam.

Amid the dusky nations,
 Bord'ring Gambia's side,
 Floats the English banner.
 Up its stately tide.
 There—o'er English faces—
 The proud old Flag may wave.
 That honors with its drooping fold.
 Full many an English grave.

Calm, great creeks, stretch inland,
 Beneath a Mangrove crown,
 Whose green and clasping branches
 Send morning coolness down.
 On their still waves the stranger
 Might dream that wood and wand
 Of magic, held these portals fair,
 To sunny lands beyond.

And fields are bright with sunshine.
 Amid the burning plain,
 And wondrous plumes are glancing.
 Where fearless birds remain.
 And round the native village,
 Are towering regal trees—
 And Tamarind, Oak and mighty Teil.
 Sway grandly to the breeze.

There the jetty Ialoof,*
 Basks the hours away;
 And there his graceful maidens.
 At morn in early May,

* The Ialoofs are very dark in their complexion, but are regular in their features and of handsome form. Their hair is short and curling, and their skin of a jetty black. The first shower fell near the end of May.—UP THE GAMBIA.