

fate of battles, and leave the tented field," to Tom Brown, Junius, etc. As for your young friend here, believe me he is not to be trusted; and though he may possess a knowledge, in its kind, of the *ars scribendi*, and that the tyro can sometimes figure as a poet, I would advise him also to dread the lash of a superior. Now, my dear sir, I will conclude by warning you that should you again select such "noble game" for exhibiting the art of vamping which you conceive your young friend in the blue frock possesses, your vanity shall be gratified by being more fully exposed by

VERITAS.

I have long promised myself and my readers the gratification of inserting the following poem by my esteemed contributor from Port Talbot, which I have hitherto delayed as I did not wish to dismember it, but not being able to spare room for it all at once, rather that put it longer off, I shall print part in this, and part in next week's number.

L. L. M.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

### THE NEGRO'S SOLILOQUY.

Dark o'er the earth the sable shades of night  
 Descend, and close the quick retiring day,  
 That scarcely lingers on the verge of heaven,  
 And crimsoning, purpling, fading, faints away.

Sleep comes, on downy wings, the world to lay,  
 From labour freed, upon the bed of rest,  
 To cheer, to renovate, the toil-worn arm,  
 And whisper comfort to the wounded breast.

But not to me, he comfort brings, nor peace,  
 Nor seals my eye-lids with his opiate wand;  
 My groaning soul abhors his choicest gifts,  
 And spurns the soothing favours of his hand.

Me, abject slave! subject to beastly rule:  
 An outcast from the family of man,