

Isle of Maurice

Dedicated to Robert-Edward Hart

By Mary Ramsay Ellen Blair

14th May
1937

Fair isle of Maurice, asleep on the deep,
Where slumbers inland, + loreal land
Curepifee;
A crater extinct — vol came of old.
A rock on coast — "the Coastguard"
bold.
Indian name, Mangalkhan — as
+ loreal now.
and Pieterbottle with his high
bottle - blow.
And Du Ponce — a mountain
thumb.
Reunion's far peaks hold one dumb
as their lofty crowns seen on
summer days,
When summer's breeze dispels
the summer's haze.

A shelter by crater where pines and
 cedars grow
 and in the inner slopes where
 Pandanus shade below,
 and trou aux l'erp - yet deer
 no longer haunts the old woods
 here,
 for, man-frequented now they are
 and waters, quiet, reflect ~~the~~
 passing clouds afar.
 Where rivulet, tree & fern, and
 bamboo groves,
 Remnants of primeval forests,
 where loves
 the beautiful small bengalee
 red of beak,
 Canary bird, or cardinal, thus
 woodland seek,
 where ripened berries burst and
 seed-grass attracts.
 "Paul et Virginie's" land
 where came immortal romance grand
 extinct, Mauritius dodo, that
 once trod

As did our moa on New Zealand
pod.

But these lives, their nation's poet
— Robert-Edward Hart
Weaving his graceful, harmonious,
delicate art
In his little Island home — his
birthplace too,
and all are justly proud — 'tis true,
Of him, in L'Isle Maurice.

I'll be proud if this is printed
in a Mauritius paper.

If it is printed here, I'll
forward a copy.

Mrs Douglas Blair
"Tulliallan" Tulliallan
26 Hurahura Rd Hurahura

14th May 1937 Kaiti Kaiti
Carbone Libane New Zealand

Isle of Maurice.

Dedicated to Robert Edward Hart,
national poet of Mauritius.

Fair isle of Maurice, asleep on the
deep,
Where slumbers inland, Floreal and
Curepipe,

A crater extinct—volcano of old.
A rock on coast "The Coastguard"
bold.

Indian name Mangalkhan—as Floreal
now.

And Pieterbotte, with his bottle-high
frow,

And Du Ponce—a mountain thumb;
—Reunion's far peaks hold one dumb
As their lofty crowns seen on summer
days,

When summer's breeze dispels the
summer's haze.

A shelter by crater, where pines and
cedars grow,

And in the inner slopes where pan-
danus shade below;

And trou aux cerfs—yet deer
No longer haunts the old woods here,

For, man—frequented now they are,
And waters quiet, reflect passing
clouds afar.

Where rivulet, tree-ferns and bamboo
groves,

Remnants of primeval forests, where
loves

The beauteous, small bengalees, red
of beak,

Canary bird, or cardinal thus wood-
land seek,

Where ripened berries burst, and
seeded-grass attracts.

"Paul et Virginie's" land
Where came immortal romance grand.

Extinct, Mauritius dodo, that once
trod,

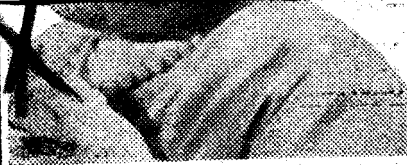
As did our moa on New Zealand sod.
But there, lives nation's poet—

Robert Edward Hart,
Weaving his graceful, harmonious,
delicate art

In his little island home—his birth-
place, too;

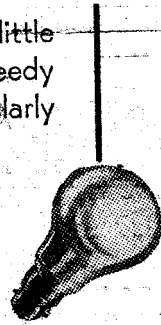
And all are justly proud—'tis true,
Of him in Isle Maurice.

—Mary Ramsay Ellen Blair,
Gisborne, New Zealand.



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tifically tested
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