













# AUSTRALIAN POETS

1788—1888

*BEING A SELECTION OF POEMS UPON ALL SUBJECTS  
WRITTEN IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND  
DURING THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE BRITISH COLONIZATION  
WITH BRIEF NOTES ON THEIR AUTHORS AND  
AN INTRODUCTION BY PATCHETT MARTIN*

EDITED BY

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AUTHOR OF

"AUSTRALIAN LYRICS," "A POETRY OF EXILES," ETC., ETC.

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NEW YORK  
CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY  
104 & 106 FOURTH AVENUE

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TO  
*EDMUND GOSSE,*  
WHOSE EXQUISITE CRITICAL FACULTY IS AS CONSPICUOUS  
IN HIS POEMS AS IN HIS LECTURES ON POETRY,  
I VENTURE TO DEDICATE  
**This Volume,**  
WRITTEN BEYOND THE SEAS,  
THOUGH IT BASES ITS HOPES NOT SO MUCH ON THE DAINTINESS  
OF ITS ROSES AS ON THE VIGOUR OF ITS BRIARS.

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LIB SETS

POETICAL JUSTICE.

*Our busiest thinkers are idle drones  
In the eyes of the workaday world :  
And the songs, that echo the angels' tones,  
Are but leaves of the autumn, whirled  
By the breath of the frost from up in the sky,  
To the dullard who dwells in the vale,  
And spurns them, as over his path they lie  
In the lull between gale and gale.*

D. B. W. S.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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THE name of DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN, Australia's poet laureate, is well known outside the big island which he has made his home. A little over a year ago Mr. Sladen visited this country for purposes connected with his literary work, and he was cordially received by American men of letters to whom his name had long been familiar.

Although an Australian by residence and marriage, Mr. Sladen is an Englishman by birth and education. He took open classical scholarships at Cheltenham College, and Trinity College, Oxford, and graduated B.A. with a "first class" in modern history. He then emigrated to Melbourne, where he graduated B.A. and LL.B., and in 1882 was appointed to the chair of History in the University of Sydney. This he resigned in 1884 and returned to England. He has published "Frithjof and Ingebjorg," "Australian Lyrics," "Poetry of Exile," "A Summer Christmas," "In Cornwall and Across the Sea," and "Edward the Black Prince"; also two novels, "Dick Stalwart, an Oxonian," and "Seized by a Shadow." More recently he has edited the volume of "Australian Ballads and Rhymes" in William Sharp's Canterbury Poets Series, and the present volume, "Australian Poets."

Mr. Sladen is undoubtedly the most active of all who have been engaged in making Australian writers and literature known to English and American readers, and in this collection he has done them the best possible service by placing the best of their work within the easy reach of all lovers of poetry and those who, while not necessarily men of letters, are interested in the literary work of a young country.

Mr. Sladen's "To the Reader," and Mr. A. Patchett Martin's essay, "Concerning Australian Poets," say all that is necessary to be said by way of introduction to this book. The poems speak for themselves.

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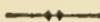
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## TO THE READER.



“ANOTHER Australian anthology!” the critical may say. “We have had two already, and from the same editor. What occasion was there for a new one?”

In the first place, “Australian Ballads and Rhymes” and “A Century of Australian Song” were practically one book, because the latter was simply an expansion of the former; and in the second place, they were selected upon an entirely different principle to this volume. They were confined to poems inspired by life in Australia and New Zealand, and owing to this limitation were forced to exclude many of the finest poems colonists have written. This exclusion was pretty generally deplored, and accordingly the present volume was projected to give specimens of the best poems produced in the Antipodes, irrespective of subject.

This volume then is a selection of poems *produced in Australasia*, though not necessarily inspired by the new conditions of Australasian life.\*

To make this collection as complete as possible, the editor sought the aid of the Colonial Press, begging of them to be allowed to invite contributions through their columns. All the leading papers gave generous and

\* There are one or two exceptions to the poems having been produced in Australasia, notably Horne’s “Orion,” a poem of such importance that the rule had to be waived in its favour.

gracious help, but one minor metropolitan journal complained that Mr. Sladen had undertaken to edit a book, and then asked the papers to do his work for him while seeking an indirect advertisement for his own poems. And the publishers were warned, in perfect good faith, that if they simply collected all that was sent, and published it in a bundle, they would make themselves the laughing-stock of Australia, it being suggested instead that a local man should be selected to make a selection from the four locally best known poets (*pace* Massina?), to be published locally.

This would of course have been perfectly useless. The chances are that a locally published book would not have reached the British public at all, and the object of such an anthology is not so much to lay before the public one's favourite pieces in books with which they are familiar, as it is to gather hitherto unnoticed flowers.

As a result of appealing to the Press for help, the editor has made the acquaintance of two hundred volumes and pamphlets of Antipodean poetry (vide *Materials for a Bibliography of Australian Poetry* in "A Century of Australian Song," just issued by Walter Scott), besides poems unpublished, or only published fugitively.

The existence of many of these books was unknown even to Mr. E. A. Petherick, who has made Australian Bibliography the study of his life. So it is obvious that the selection would have been most incomplete without this appeal to the Press.

The editor's desire to select the best pieces without regard to their being produced by well-known authors, was indorsed practically by the English reviewers of "Australian Ballads and Rhymes," who, writing without predilections, drew a large proportion of their illustrations from the less known writers.

This, of course, proved not a particle in detraction of Gordon, Kendall, and other leading poets, but merely that there are in Australia far more writers capable of producing good work than had been assumed.

And this is what one would naturally suppose. For Australia has one of those delightful climates conducive to rest in the open air.

The middle of the day is so hot that it is really more healthful to lounge about than to take stronger exercise. Sea and sky are one unbroken sapphire, shown up in magnificent contrast by the dark olive green of the native forests and the glittering opal of the sun-smitten hills. The atmosphere is dry champagne. The conditions of existence are easy, the means of subsistence plentiful. Laughter and relaxation are constant, and the curse of the careless South, miasma, has never blasted this pleasant land. Only the strong sun that makes everything so beautiful must be treated with due respect, or he will avenge his disregarded power with one of his deadly strokes.

But while revelling in the goodness of the land, the thoughtful man cannot escape the reflection that he is out of the world—the world whose history and monuments all the centuries have been building up. For the world has grown up without Australia and almost unaffected by America. So that the American, and still more the Australian, has to make his world for himself. He who dwells in our great island continent, like the rich man in the parable, is severed by a great gulf—in our instance, literally, of sea thousands of miles wide—from all the glories painted by tradition. He is like Sindbad the Sailor, in the gorge of the gems. And as the world is lit up by the past, he who is in a land that has no past, feels that he is, as it were, groping for the

light that shall be some day. Robinson Crusoe, cast upon Juan Fernandez, may in his valiant, philosophical, Anglo-Saxon fashion revel in novelties and thankfully adapt himself to the genial circumstances; but, for all that, he will occasionally feel a craving for men and cities.

Again, if resting in the Eden climate and primæval solitudes of Australia begets reflection, galloping through the glittering air with the sensation of illimitable space must make the pulses beat higher in a man worthy of the name: and one sees the fruit of both in Australian Poetry. No one has pourtrayed the excitement of Australian life more inimitably than Gordon. While the reflections of the native Australian who has never seen, and will never be vouchsafed to see, the lands beyond the deep sea, that all nations call the world—and of the Englishman, who has turned his back for ever upon the cradle and heirlooms of his race, have found voices in the exquisitely musical and picturesque Kendall, and poets not one or two, who, like Stephens, bred “at home,” have identified themselves with Australia.

It is not proposed to contest here whether priority should be given to the magnificent “dash” of Gordon, or to the unforgettable grace of Kendall, or to the real greatness of Domett. The editor has written his estimate of the merits of the various singers so recently in “A Century of Australian Poets” that anything he could say here, would be mere recapitulation. To introduce an entirely fresh element into this book he asked his friend, Patchett Martin, a representative Australian litterateur, whose literary training has been entirely Australian, to write a sketch of literary life in Australia, and to prepare the more important biographical head-

ings,\* to take the place of the personal data given in the introductions to the previous books. But it must be understood that he is in nowise responsible for the opinions hazarded in his friend's essay or headings, while the responsibility of making the selection of poems is entirely his. It may perhaps be objected that the selections are too copious. It would be so if the volumes from which the selections are taken were readily accessible in England. But very few being procurable "at home," and the poems being wholly unknown to the general public, it seemed desirable that authors should be quoted at sufficient length for a judgment to be formed of them. In brief, it was not a question of settling which were a poet's masterpieces (as it would be, *e.g.*, if one were selecting from Shelley), but of introducing him—not culling the choicest flowers from a garden, but of gathering such fine specimens as one could of a new wild-flower one had come across in the forest.

And though, of course, there were a few well enough known for this not to apply to them, they had to be quoted *in extenso* to observe proportion.

But, though the editor does not purpose to write a fresh essay upon the Australian poets, he must necessarily make some additions to his former remarks and explanations. In the first place, he must say a few words apropos of Gordon himself, who is only represented by three poems, because these are the only three poems the editor could obtain not belonging to Messrs. Massina, who have secured the copyright of most of Gordon's poems, and refused permission to select from them. The reader will also find one poem once generally attributed to Gordon, "A Voice from the Bush,"

\* Of Australians, the New Zealand biographies are supplied by the editor.

which, not being by Gordon at all, does not belong to the copyright. The real author is well known, but refuses to have his name attached to the poem, though he corrected the proof of it for "Australian Ballads and Rhymes." Of course the editor's name being there printed with it was merely a wanton blunder perpetrated by a marplot of a printer, who, after the revised proof had been sent perfectly correct, at his own discretion copied the name from the piece above, in despair at the poem's coming back, finally corrected, with no name attached. The poet's name has been spelt Lindsay, as formerly, instead of Lindsey (the spelling adopted by his father in the register at Cheltenham College), because Gordon's old friends seemed to wish it very much, and the editor having pointed out that there was a discrepancy of spelling, thought it of no great further import.

The editor has been anxious to give specimens from the poems of three writers who have enjoyed a considerable reputation in England, and were long resident in the Colonies, Derwent Coleridge, Rowe (Peter Possum), and Charles Whitehead, but could find no suitable poem by the first named. J. Howlett Ross, himself a contributor, and one of Australia's most distinguished printers, found for him the poem quoted of Peter Possum's; and the "Spanish Tragedy" of poor Whitehead, who died in Melbourne, he learned to be of Australian production from Mr. H. T. Mackenzie Bell's fascinating "Charles Whitehead, a Forgotten Genius," an admirable study and rehabilitation of the author of Richard Savage, the man chosen by the publishers in preference to Dickens to write the book now immortal as the "Pickwick Papers."

With Whitehead ought to be mentioned John W. Graves, for fifty years a colonist in Tasmania, not much

known in literary circles, but author of a song that has gone the round of the world, "D'ye ken John Peel?"

In deference to the criticism of Mr. Petherick in the *Academy*, the poem printed under the name of Barrington the Convict, in "A Century of Australian Song," has been omitted from this volume.

Through the kindness of Katherine Tynan, the poetess, the editor has (unfortunately too late for the selection, which went to press long before this preface) been enabled to read Farrell's "How he Died, and other Poems." He is glad to have an opportunity of saying something in reply to the gibe with which one critic contemptuously dismissed this volume. "Byron-and-Water — Henry-Kendall-and-Water — Lindsay-Gordon-and-Water — and some of it very dirty Water!" The taunt he thinks quite undeserved, though he sees how Farrell laid himself open to it. For he imitates these three poets to the verge of parodying them, and several of his poems show evidence of having been dashed off squib-fashion for the columns of a funny newspaper, while some of the subjects are, to say the least, unsavoury.

But the critic, as even critics sometimes will, omitted to notice Farrell's real promise and sterling merits. For the volume shows undeniable spirit, and (though occasionally disfigured by cheap sentiment) deep poetical feeling, together with considerable swing and unusually clever rhyming. There are some passages which touch one like that most pathetic of tragedies, "The Story of a Short Life," and the man who can imitate Kendall with such power must be able to write yet more powerfully when striking out for himself.

The editor has also, unfortunately only in time to slip a poem into the Appendix, received William J. Steward's (Justin Aubrey's) "Carmina Varia." Steward

is a poet who has some echoes of the deep voice of humanity, he is full of sympathy and a sweet singer—worthy to sing of the land sung by Alfred Domett and Thomas Bracken. Readers have to deplore the loss of two capital poems, full of spirit and beauty, sent by Vincent Pyke, but mislaid while the editor was changing houses, and the absence from the selection of John Blackman, a poet whose name is known all over New Zealand, and who contributed some fine poems which arrived after the book had gone to press.

The mention of New Zealand writers recalls the stir that New Zealand poetry has made among English readers. That such an earthly Paradise, an Eden without a serpent, a land combining the Alpine glories of Switzerland and the forest luxuriance of Brazil, a land where the settlers have acquired an heroic element by a fight for existence against a native race superior even to the red heroes of Mayne Reid—in the arts of war, in courage, and in physique—in a land that is another Britain, severed from its Continent by a fiercer channel a hundred times as wide, one might reasonably have expected strong poetic representation; but when one reflects that New Zealand is in extent and population a single colony of Australasia, she has a right to be proud of being the poetic mother of such a body of writers as Alfred Domett, the author of one of the great poems of a century in which Shelley and Keats, Byron and Scott, Wordsworth and Tennyson have all flourished; and the younger singers, Thomas Bracken, typical colonist as well as manful poet; Justin Aubrey; John Liddell Kelly, who seems to have inherited the mantle of Domett in his brilliant handling of rhythm and metre, his eye for the picturesque in depicting the Maoris and Maoriland, and his truly poetic gift of observation; E.

S. Hay, with his Shelleian gift of delicate and pathetic lyrics; "Austral," whose two poems in "Australian Ballads and Rhymes" have been quoted and requoted in England; Mary Colborne Veel, with her witty, pithy, and musical verse; "The Singing Shepherd," at present a writer of very uneven merit, but authoress of three veritable gems, "To One in England," "Good night, good rest," and "Adieu;" Alexander Bathgate, a singularly finished writer; and W. R. Wills, whose three volumes are replete with noble thoughts and wealth of expression.

To the editor, New Zealand has always seemed created for a land of song. And in New Zealand, were it not for the proud patriotism that all, who have ever lived in her, feel for that future capital of empire, Melbourne, it has been his dream to settle—luxuriating in the soft climate, the delicious scenery, the forests with tropical luxuriance but without the venomous and miasmatic terrors of the tropics—ever since he read the exquisite word-pictures of New Zealand which Domett wrote in his great poem from the text—

Well, but what if there gleamed in an age cold as this,  
The divinest of poets' ideal of bliss?  
Yea, an Eden could lurk in this empire of ours!"

The editor has, it will be noticed, as in previous selections, omitted the "Mr." in all cases, to escape the invidium of deciding what poets were entitled to immunity from "this opprobrious badge of unimportance," which no Australian would ever think of prefixing to the names of Gordon or Kendall.

To pass on, contributors must not take it as an incivility that their letters have not been answered; even if the editor's honorarium had allowed (at sixpence per

letter), he had not the leisure to answer several hundred letters, most of them lengthy; and it was mentioned in the announcement of the book that no payment could be made for contributions, or contributions returned.

Every poem sent that was legible has been read, and no poem of sufficient merit to have a chance of being selected was left out, without two or three careful re-perusals: and selections have been drawn from as many authors as possible. There are still a few missing like Mary Hannay Foott, Rolf Bolderwood (Tom Brown), and Robert Ross Haverfield, whose poems would have been among the very best in the volume. Of the last we have a fragment which we believe he wrote in conjunction with "Harry" Creswick, but could lay hands on nothing else.

"The Jackass laughs in the gum-tree—Why?  
Because he sees in the eastern sky  
The sunbeams struggling into life,  
To waken men to care and strife:  
And he knows full well as they rise again,  
A thousand crimes will be done by men.

"And he laughs again at the set of sun,  
To think of the risks the fools have run,  
For he says to himself, 'They have dearly bought  
The things that are given to me for nought.'  
And loudly he laughs—so he may—'My word;'  
For the Jackass indeed is a sapient bird."

Mary Hannay Foott has written a charming volume of verse, and a charming volume might also be made of Rolf Bolderwood's. Unfortunately their poems were unprocurable in England.

The editor has stated above his reasons for not attempting a fresh estimate of the writings of the Australasian poets. But for this he would like to have offered his

homage to R. H. Horne's great "Orion" and "Prometheus," which from their subjects could not be treated in "Australian Ballads and Rhymes," and he may here state that he would certainly have quoted from "Convict Once," which, for its power, its pathos, its picturesqueness, its brilliant and rhythmical handling of an ambitious metre, and its beauty of language and illustration stands at the head of all the longer poems written in Australia. But Brunton Stephens, in writing to answer the editor by what poems he would like to be represented in "Australian Ballads and Rhymes," expressly stipulated that no poem should be quoted except in its entirety. It is much to be regretted, for "Convict Once," above all his other poems, shows the poet's greatness as a literary artist. His critical faculty is consummate.

The publishers and the editor have to tender their best thanks to contributors, and to the editors of the great journals of Australia and New Zealand, who with one accord did their best to forward the volume by publishing the information for intending contributors. Also to Mr. Raymond (manager of George Robertson & Co., at Melbourne), to Mr. Empson (manager of Griffith, Farran, & Co., Sydney), Mr. David R. Hay, Mr. Eaton of South Yarra, Mr. Herbert Tinker, Mr. Gleeson White, the Hon. Mrs. W. E. Cavendish, Mrs. E. A. Lauder, Mr. H. T. Mackenzie Bell, the poetess Katherine Tynan, and the following contributors who have given their help as well as their contributions: George Gordon M'Crae, Philip J. Holdsworth, Patchett Martin, Francis W. L. Adams, J. Howlett Ross, Robert Richardson, and Alexander Bathgate.

The editor is above all indebted—for they allowed him to borrow books, *carte blanche*, from two of the finest Australasian libraries in the world—to Messrs. O'Halloran

and Boosé, librarian and sub-librarian of the Royal Colonial Institute, and Mr. E. A. Petherick of the Colonial Booksellers' Agency, who knows more of Australian writers than any one in England.

In conclusion, he would say that he is conscious, before the book is printed, of the promiscuous abuse that will be poured upon it by the lower class of Australian papers, which are nothing if they are not "aboriginal;" but he hopes that those Colonists who take a real interest in their literature will take it for what it is—a genuine attempt on the part of one who has made Australasian poetry his study, and is familiar with the works of more than two hundred antipodean poets, to lay before the British public specimens of the best verse that has been written in Australia irrespective of subject, and without respect of persons.

D. B. W. S.

## CONCERNING AUSTRALIAN POETS.

(BY ARTHUR PATCHETT MARTIN.)

---

DOUGLAS SLADEN, of whom personally it would be unbecoming in me to write, has courteously invited me to take part in this volume with "a preliminary essay on the Australian poets themselves," apart from their mere verse writing. The English literary public, he thinks, would like to know something of this strange little band of colonists who, instead of stooping to pick up nuggets, or bending to shear "the golden fleece," chose to scribble verse, some of which it would seem is on the point of finding a wider appreciation in the Mother-country. I could not see my way to refuse so generous a solicitation to unburden my mind on a personal and familiar theme; but I am not unaware of the delicacy and even difficulty of my task. Colonial poets, like other people of sensibility, regard the photographer, even if skilful, as a social pest. What then will be their feelings if they perceive a humble member of their own craft clumsily using an apparatus, the lens of which, as well as the camera, is "obscure." Let me further explain at the outset that I am in no wise responsible for the selection made by the editor in this, or in preceding "Anthologies," further than by giving a ready assent to the inclusion of certain published poems of my own, and by specially bringing under his notice Garnet Walch's "Memorial Lines on Marcus Clarke," the Hon. William Forster's "Sonnets on the Crimean War," and the real name of the author of the graceful *Sonnets ad Innuptam*.

I do not think I can better explain what I believe has

always been the prevailing opinion in the colonies with regard to colonial poets, than by a phrase I learned from a worthy Roman Catholic priest to whom I had occasion to complain of a *protégé* he had induced us to accept as a domestic servant. She had many excellent qualities, as I admitted, but also a fixed opinion that the soup tureen was intended for coals. When she at length proceeded to boil potatoes in the fish-kettle, I thought it as well to interview the good cleric as to her mental state.

I relieved my own mind by dwelling on the awkwardness of these domestic misconceptions, adding "she writes poetry, too." Then his eye lit up—"Oh!" said he, "poetry is it—away with her at once. We have a saying in Ireland when we wish to convey that a person is harmless, but not quite 'all there' in the upper story—a *poor poet of a fellow!*"

I am sure that this is the light in which the Harpurs, Kendalls, and Gordons, *while living*, invariably appeared to their more bustling, more matter-of-fact, and therefore more prosperous fellow-colonists.

Not that I think any of them had anything to complain of on the score of personal unkindness, or public contempt. They were not only tolerated, but in some cases even sheltered and treated kindly, particularly by the public men of New South Wales; but always, I imagine, from the feeling that they were not quite able to look after themselves, not quite all there; in short, as poor harmless fellows whose disease was neither dangerous nor contagious.

My own reminiscences are almost strictly confined to Victoria; of the poets of New South Wales I know nothing personally, save of Kendall, who made his home for a while in Melbourne. Even of Kendall and Gordon my recollections are dim and shadowy, for the one was dead, and the other had migrated back to his native woods before I began to read, or at least write, colonial verse. Some of my earliest reminiscences were revived by the death of R. H. Horne, a few years back. I jotted them down at the time, and they duly

appeared in the *Academy* of March 29, 1884, under the heading "‘Orion’ Horne in Australia." Perhaps I cannot do better than quote the opening sentences, as they throw a side-light on the career of one of our best Australian poets, Henry Kendall.

"What old Melbourne resident does not remember the second-hand bookseller's shop on the brow of Bourke Street Hill, near to the Houses of Parliament, where some fifteen to twenty years ago, and down to a later period, the colonial Quaritch—one Henry Tolman Dwight—held literary sway? Thither, on hot summer afternoons, would flock many men of local note—lawyers, doctors, divines, journalists—a motley crew, but united in the bonds of bookdom. It was no light privilege to be admitted into the sacred circle, for ‘Dwight’s’ possessed, in the eyes of those of the younger generation who cared not for the politics or commerce of a prosperous province, much of the charm of a London literary coterie. Among those who frequented the low-roofed, book-stuffed recesses of this shop was a little odd-looking old gentleman with ‘cork-screw’ curls, who came on periodical visits to the metropolis from the dark forests of the Blue Mountains, where he reigned in high official grandeur as Warden. Every one at ‘Dwight’s,’ from the great functionary himself to the brilliant leader of the bar,\* whose real aim in life was to collect rare editions of Montaigne, would greet with warmth the visitor. For this strange-looking little old man was Richard Henry (Hengist) Horne, or as we invariably called him, ‘Orion’ Horne.

"I say ‘we’ perhaps presumptuously, for my youthful obscurity placed me quite on the outer rim of this exclusive literary ‘set,’ who, however, tolerated my frequent presence, perhaps because like other great men they preferred a boyish listener to none. . . . The death of this same R. H. Horne at Margate has brought back vividly the mingled feelings of pride and pleasure with

\* Sir Archibald Michie, the greatest lecturer of Australia, genuine wit, and a man of rare literary ability and culture; though the "Montaignes" must be taken in a general sense.

which I took the old man's hand some two or three years before he left for England. I have had the honour since to meet poets whom I must critically rank as 'fuller minstrels' than 'Orion' Horne, but no personal introduction, even to a Tennyson or a Browning—deeply as I revere their genius—could recall the emotion with which I then regarded one who has now passed almost silently away."

"We hear much," I continued, "in the colonies now-a-days of 'Australian literature,' and faint echoes (this was previous to our Editor's advent as an Australian anthologist) of this self-assertion are to be caught in England. But no account of this new literary development is complete without a recognition of the labours of 'Orion' Horne, who dwelt and wrote in Victoria from 1852 to 1869. During those years Horne, who seemed to us to have brought in person to the new land the literary glories and traditions of the Mother-country (for was he not the personal friend of Charles Dickens, and the Brownings, and had not Poe proclaimed his farthing Epic to be on a par with Milton's?), was the acknowledged arbiter of authorship throughout Australia. At his sole fiat the Sydney poet, Henry Kendall's, 'Death in the Bush,' and the 'Glen of Arrawatta,' were awarded the coveted prize as 'the best poems produced in the colonies.'"

Alfred Domett, I may remark, should bear much the same relation to New Zealand literature—if it had a distinct existence—that I here claimed for Horne in Australia. But although, as Mr. Froude predicts, the "Britain of South" is doubtless destined to have a brilliant literary as well as political future, the time has not yet come. Melbourne and Sydney between them divide the literature of Australasia.

Reverting to those old Melbourne days, I can recall the curiosity some of us felt to see and know Kendall, "the Sydney poet," when he decided to come over and make his home among us. Mr. Alexander Sutherland, who has of late years been laudably busy in collecting the

memorials of the generation of Australian litterateurs who have already run their brief course, gives some painful details of poor Kendall's life in Melbourne. I suppose in the interests of the public it was necessary to tell this tale of want and weakness, and Mr. Sutherland means well and writes in a sympathetic spirit; but I certainly have no wish to dwell upon such things. Henry Kendall, apart from his genius for writing lyrical verse, was what the Scotch call a "feckless" person. In Sir Henry Parkes, in whom the vigorous party politician only hides, it cannot kill, the genuine poet, he had a friend as well as a patron; but it availed little. Kendall was always, as Mr. Sutherland says, in difficulties. The truth is he had no very marketable commodity, especially for a new community eager to gain a commercial footing in the world's marts; and he had great weaknesses of character.

Journalism is held, at least in Australia, to be the business partner of Literature; but Kendall had not a single qualification of the journalist—neither training, capacity, nor knowledge. For all that he wrote exquisite lyrics. But those who, bewailing the fate of this colonial Edgar Allan Poe, are apt at the same time to denounce the whole community for spurning his genius, are in my judgment manifestly unfair and foolish. Kendall was never without kind and valuable friends; and he died as Inspector of Forests, an office specially created for him by Sir Henry Parkes, then as now Prime Minister of New South Wales.

I remember Henry Kendall very well, as he appeared at "Dwight's" when I first beheld him. He was then, I think, in some inferior government appointment which had been provided for him; if I mistake not, in the Registrar-General's office. He was a small, dark, fragile, poetical-looking man of thirty-five or forty in appearance, and so far as I remember he had no conversational ability at all. Garnet Walch once told me that when he was on the staff of the *Sydney Punch*, Kendall was his colleague; and they used to meet at certain times and read their effusions to one another preparatory to submitting them

to the public in print. The great Mr. Dalley was a sort of outside amateur whom they greatly admired as a contributor, but could not quite regard as a hard-working, needy brother-professional, compelled to convert his jokes into coinage of the realm. Kendall used at these *symposia* to read his verses, which, when they had merit, were decidedly *not* comic; for he had no sense of humour whatever. So affected would he become that he would burst into tears at reading his own lines, a degree of sensibility which his more robust comrades with the *vis comica* thought a decided weakness.

Henry Kendall's fame had preceded him to Melbourne, and he was accordingly welcomed warmly by the literary coterie of the Yorick Club and in other quarters. He made the personal acquaintance of such men as Marcus Clarke, A. L. Gordon, and G. G. M'Crae—a genuine poet and true artist. If one turns over the old numbers of the *Colonial Monthly Magazine*, one finds Kendall a frequent poetical contributor; he also figures in the poet's corner of the chief Melbourne newspapers of that day. His life in Melbourne was singularly unhappy; he could not withstand its temptations, nor endure its daily wear and tear. He had brought his young wife with him, and it was in Melbourne that he lost his child Araluen. When he left his native New South Wales, the poor poet looked on Melbourne, "Queen city of the golden South," as his future home, where he would achieve fame, and what was more, peace of mind, and bread for his wife and babe. It is now nearly twenty years ago since, full of those hopes, he first saw its broad streets, and walked along them, with his slender packet of dainty verse that was to win the hearts of men and women. Mr. Sutherland, writing in 1882—just after Kendall's untimely death—says of this "packet," known as "Leaves from an Australian Forest": "Fifteen hundred copies were printed—the price being five shillings each. They were published thirteen years ago, and there are still several hundred copies for sale in the city at sixpence each."

"Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade."

As Milton was referring to poetical rather than pastoral pursuits, his exclamation seems to have a profound significance in reference to the career of poor Henry Kendall in Australia. The frail little child Araluen was the first to succumb, dying in a wretched cottage in a Melbourne suburb. It only remained for the poor despairing poet and his youthful wife to bury the baby, leave Melbourne, and go back to their native place, broken and defeated. His lines to the partner of his sorrows are very touching on this sad death and melancholy migration.

"Take this rose and very gently place it on the tender, deep  
Mosses, where our little darling Araluen, lies asleep.  
Put the blossom close to baby—kneel with me, my love, and pray;  
We must leave the bird we've buried—say good-bye to her to-day.  
In the shadow of our trouble, we must go to other lands;  
And the flowers we have fostered will be left to other hands.  
Other eyes will watch them growing—other feet will softly tread  
Where two hearts are nearly breaking; where so many tears are  
shed.

Bitter is the world we live in: life and love are mixed with pain—  
We will never see these daisies, never water them again."

So the sweet pathetic strain flows on, and it is not possible to read it—realising, as I do, that it is no mere fancy sketch, but a transcript of his actual life and fruitless struggle in Melbourne—and not be deeply moved. Still I cannot withdraw what I have said, that the community as a whole cannot be censured because one of weak and sensitive nature, gifted with an unsaleable gift, perished by the way-side.

The time is not far off when Kendall's poems will be in request, and those "sixpenny copies" be at a fancy price, and his name as a sweet singer in the mouths of men. Meanwhile, after life's fitful fever, he sleeps in the Waverley Cemetery, near Sydney, within sound of the "wide Pacific," which was in life his delight, and beside which he desired to be buried.

Of Gordon I have elsewhere written, having to the best of my belief introduced that remarkable Australian

poet to the notice of the English literary public some four years ago. I have only to express my regret that the demand which sprung up has been met simply by a reprint of the old editions, full of typographical errors, with poems by other hands, and a set of verses taken from an English magazine without acknowledgment. To this *farrago* is appended a futile prefatory note by a Mr. Birnie.

Gordon is a melancholy instance of a poet whose verses, though recognised by the "judicious few" as excellent in his lifetime, yet did not then sell sufficiently to be of any help in the fierce struggle for existence. After his melancholy death, their local fame quickly spread, and finally reached England, with the result that the profits are absorbed by those who secured the copyright on their own terms. The verses by Gordon, taken without acknowledgment from *Temple Bar*, where I originally published them, are by Mr. Bentley's consent and my own to be found in this volume.

The Editor has very properly included in this collection some verses by the well-known Australian novelist, Marcus Clarke, who, all things considered, is the best example of the purely literary character that has ever lived south of the line. Clarke was a brilliant prose writer, some of his lighter sketches being unsurpassed in their way, for a sort of epigrammatic force that is French rather than English. Poetry was with him only a casual relaxation, but so good was his critical faculty, that it was well nigh impossible for him to write badly, whether in verse or prose. In any general sketch of Australian literature it would be necessary to describe his connection with various local periodicals, of which he was the literary mainspring.

Clarke was essentially an artist. I remember when he turned his attention to what used to be almost the only paying branch of literary composition, except journalism, in Melbourne—the writing of the burlesque opening of the Christmas pantomime; he did not succeed in pleasing the pit and gallery as well as others who had made the writing of this kind of extravaganza a business

for years—but Marcus Clarke's work was of a distinctly higher literary order than theirs. The songs he wrote for his "fairy prince" to sing, were graceful little lyrics, and the "local hits" he introduced at the expense of colonial politicians had wit and point; rather too much perhaps, for one Melbourne M.P. made a vulgar personal assault on him in Parliament, demanding his instant dismissal from the public service. Clarke was then Sub-Librarian of the Melbourne Public Library, a position he continued to hold till the time of his death.

Garnet Walch has perhaps greater claims as a colonial poet than his friend Marcus Clarke, and the "memorial verses" written on the occasion of the latter's death have the rare merit of genuine feeling. It would, however, be invidious of me to attempt to criticise one with whom for years I was intimately associated. The selections given speak for themselves. But I would like to pay a tribute to my old comrade's kind, generous disposition. When he was engaged by an influential Melbourne publishing firm (George Robertson & Co.) to bring out an expensive book on the colony, entitled "Victoria in 1880," he was the first to ask the rival rhymesters of the place to contribute to it, and he gave every one more prominence than himself.

He has in life, as in his writings, a perennial fund of good humour and honest hearty fun; his talents are great and various; he is well educated (for which he must thank our dear old *grandmother*, Germany), and in fine he is like Horatio—

"A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hath ta'en with equal thanks."

When the inevitable end comes the good people of Melbourne will be loud in Garnet Walch's praises, and the book collectors will, as in the case of Kendall, be busy buying up his scattered writings.

Perhaps it would be as well if they began now.

There is only one other Australian poet of more than mere local name who demands a word. I allude of course to James Brunton Stephens of Queensland, in many respects

the most gifted of all the writers of verse in Australia. As a Victorian I know nothing personally of my Queensland *confrère*, for we lived as far asunder as St. Petersburg is from London. But I once had the pleasure as editor of the *Melbourne Review* to receive from him a very valuable poem entitled "Mute Discourse"—which I promptly published, and the MS. of which I have kept to this day as a literary relic of Australia.

We boastful Melbournians often used to wonder what a man like Brunton Stephens could find in a "provincial" existence like that of the Northern colony. Why didn't he come South, we said, and live in a civilised country, and in the literary metropolis of the great Island-Continent. He may have remembered the fate of Kendall, or perhaps he was happy enough where he was in Queensland. In spirit he was often with us, for never a week passed without some poem of his, or some critical recognition of his poetic gifts appearing in the columns of the great Melbourne weeklies, which are newspaper and magazine in one.

Owing to the zeal of the Editor, selections from all these writers, and from many beside, are now placed before the English reader for the first time. It is not my province to speak of the value of such an anthology, rather would I urge, in mining parlance, that each one should "wash the dirt in his own dish," and see how many "ounces to the ton" he can secure. But as an aging, if not old Australian writer, some reflections cross my mind when I notice how warmly these collections of colonial verse are now being received in England.

It was not always so in our own land. Turning over an old *Colonial Monthly*—a magazine started to promote local literature—I find the work of the most widely recognised of Australian poets thus summarily dismissed:—

"Altogether it is one of the oddest literary curiosities issued from the colonial printing-press, and deserves encouragement at the hands of those whose tastes incline to 'horsey' sport."

Could anything be more contemptuous? Yet this was the magazine founded by "the literary clique," and in which Marcus Clarke, Kendall, and other *confrères* of the victim of this cruel snub, were the chief scribes. Call you that backing of your friends?

The *Colonial Monthly* was the magazine, too, in which appeared frequent critical notices of local writers from the judicious pen of the "literary-banker" of Melbourne, Mr. H. G. Turner, who, it is needless to say, did not write the criticism quoted. The fact is, Australia had then learned to rely on her own judgment in literary or other matters. When Henry Kendall felt himself unappreciated by the colonial critics, and therefore unread by the colonial public, he sent his bundle of MS. to the editor of the *Athenæum*, who, to the poet's exceeding joy, singled out three pieces for special praise and publication.

We now seem to have rushed to the other extreme, and I can only blush at such a criticism (?) as this in the *Melbourne Review* of a comparatively recent date:—

"No English poet has appeared since 1860 who is Kendall's superior. Rossetti and Swinburne and Arnold and Morris are indulgently treated, if in deference to the enthusiasm of their admirers we allow them an equal measure of poetic feeling with Henry Kendall."

As if this were not enough, the writer, who is quite sane and a Scotch schoolmaster to boot, of high local academic standing, adds that "neither Milton or Wordsworth has anything superior in the way of sonnet-writing."

I scanned the next sentence to see in what particular the inferiority of Shakespeare to Henry Kendall was insisted on. All this, of course, is worse than futile, it is silly, and really does the fair fame of Kendall and the future of Australian literature no service.

Similarly to judge from certain indications the new tone of Englishmen is friendly rather than critical; for we colonials have produced nothing worthy of great laudation. This excessive unselfish praise from Englishmen and silly self-praise of Australians will, however, cease soon enough, and things will find their true level.

The point to be established is that a man or woman living under the new conditions of colonial life, freely and healthily, in the bright beneficent sunlight of Australia, might, if so gifted, produce a fine poem, or a great picture, or a stirring drama, and the fact of its origin being "Colonial," should tell neither in its favour nor to its hurt.

The Editor in his personal request which has led to this rambling essay, was good enough to say "please give your own experiences—what led you, trained and educated entirely in Australia, to write verses?"

So far I have cunningly avoided falling into the trap. Nor do I mean to offer any *Apologia* for my metrical or other follies. But as I have branched off to this vital question of criticism—English and local—on Australian literary work, I would like to be for a minute "frankly autobiographical." As Marcus Clarke used to say of himself, "I went through the mill," that is, I obtruded my rascally verses and got duly whipped. It is astonishing, looking back on those early days, how fond our journalistic masters were of the cat-o'-nine-tails. Here is an instance of how it was administered:—

"We have received a copy of a volume of poems by a Mr. Gordon. We can only say that it reflects great credit upon the printer, the binder, and the paper-maker."

After "a poor poet of a fellow" had been setting his soul's emotions to music for a year or two to produce a thin volume of verse, it was, to say the least of it, discouraging to be thus dealt with. Let me hasten to admit that I received from some quarters more than my share of generous praise; for I began to publish at the time when the feeling of mere "colonial dependency" was dying in Victoria, and that of a distinct nationality was astir.

But looking back over a number of years, I can still recall the glow of pleasure and pride with which I, a mere colonial literary tyro, received a certain letter from a writer whose fame is now world-wide, R. L. Stevenson.

I had published a little Christmas story, padding out its scantiness by some random rhymes." In acknowledging a copy of this precious production, the best

essayist and story-teller of our day wrote, "Your story seems to me very agreeable and pretty; and I may mention with regard to the piece of verses called 'Such is Life,' that I am not the only one on this side of the Football aforesaid to think it a good and bright piece of work, and recognise a link of sympathy with the poets who play in 'hostelries at euchre.'"

I had been savagely smitten by some local critic for that very "piece of verses," and this letter was to me as balm in Gilead. I had appealed to Rome, and now who should dare to "boycott" my muse. My feeling can only be compared to that of a (then) young Victorian friend whose literary bent took the form of reading essays at a Debating Society patronised by some older men whose delight it was to extinguish his poor farthing rush-light whenever he lit it. So he copied out a translation of a discourse by Goethe and read it to them. "Rubbish,"—said they—"puerile," as with one voice. When they had made an end of speaking he quietly arose and said, fixing his eye on one terrible old greybeard who wrote literary criticisms in the local press:—"Gentlemen, I have listened to your opinions to-night with much pleasure. You will also be pleased when you learn that the essay you have been criticising is not mine, but the poet Goethe's."

So the letter of "R. L. S." was a joy to me. Now, however, the pendulum is swinging to the other side. Once it was thought no good could come out of the colonies, now nothing *but* good. The tone of English criticism on everything colonial seems just now exclusively flattering, and we are in danger of being spoiled, strutting about in honours too easily won.

Our colonial members of parliament, excellent fellows some of them in their way, come "home" and are forthwith translated into "statesmen," and wear from that out a Baconian brow. Now, owing to Douglas Sladen's introduction, the poets are to have a turn. But lest this genial kindness be mistaken for stern criticism, I would fain give another illustration of English opinion, on matters colonial, even though it sadly wounds my *amour propre*.

Among the odd efforts of my idle fancy in the Australian Bush, near Fernshawe, was the composition of a set of verses on a Laughing Jackass, the curious bird which so fascinated Mr. Froude. I fantastically styled these verses "The Cynic of the Woods," and in the middle of my discourse addressed him bluntly as "Jack-ass." The matter is plain enough to a colonial reader, but a volume containing it fell into the hands of an English friend who I had judged to be of a sombre turn of mind, a statistician and political economist, one who like Cardinal Manning had given his early prime to the study of Ricardo. He expressed himself as delighted with my ballad of the Jackass; and wrote to say that it was admirable. Nothing, he said, had so much amused him as this idea of the Jackass laughing at the poet; but he thought I had strained a point in putting the animal up in the boughs, as he had never heard even of a wild ass sufficiently agile to climb a gum-tree.

The moral, perhaps, is that Australian literature will only be in a fair way of development when there is side by side with it an Australian school of criticism. For, after all, one should be judged by one's own people. This is the "Home-rule" side of the question; there is also the "Imperial" view, which is based on our greatest common heritage—language. Douglas Sladen told us in verse that we Australians are only a new variety of the original English stock. This is perfectly true. Literature, too, has ceased to be tribal, and the only barrier that prevents a supreme poet like Tennyson from speaking to the whole world at once, is that of language. It is also the link that binds America and Australia, whether they will or no, to the Mother-country. Nor in our petty endeavour to establish an "Australian literature," should we forget that we share in the greatest heritage of England. We, too, if our voices are clear enough, can speak from our remote weird Bush, and our new flourishing cities, to three Continents—only there are so many talking at the same time, that we do not always get a good hearing.

# AUSTRALIAN POETS.

—+—  
FRANCIS W. L. ADAMS.

[A well-known Australian journalist, author of *Poems* (Elliott Stock), *Leicester, an Autobiography* (George Redway), *Australian Essays* (Griffith, Farran & Co.), and *Poetical Works* (Muir and Morcons, Brisbane), son of the distinguished authoress, Mrs. Leith-Adams (now Mrs. R. S. De Courcy Laffan of Stratford-on-Avon). When Mr. Adams wrote from Queensland he was engaged upon a volume of *Australian Tales*, a novel (*The Brucees*), and a work on Modern English Poets.]

## LOVE'S LIGHT AND TUNE.

I WILL not light the candle yet and draw the blinds,  
But lean my flushed face and the brow that aches  
Out into the cool air, where these tired eyes look,  
(Below is heard the murmuring murmuring brook,  
And in the early twilight trees and brakes, all of the  
small birds are set  
Crooning, and piping tunes to suit their minds,)—  
Look in the sweet soft mingling of the sky and the sea,  
Where is no tune to change unceasingly,  
It is so long since any tune hath come to me.

Nay, close the window up, and draw the blinds that cry,  
And light the candle, and with smiling face

Tell thyself of this tune God gives, this tune  
 That shineth in thy soul palely, as yonder moon  
 Shineth there by the hills with unfelt pace,  
 Till the darkness deepens and, more  
 And more, her glory fills the courts of the sky,  
 And all the sea and the earth, and is enough  
 To gladden every heart with joy thereof ;  
*O God, I thank thee for this tune that tells of Love !*

---

AGNOSTA.

AH God, my peerless love, to have known a woman like  
 you  
 Would (so I have often dreamed) have set my soul on  
 fire,  
 Sent the bright blood bubbling, bubbling and rushing  
 through  
 Veins that were swollen with life, with life and with  
 love's desire !

Ah ! but I never met you ! never, save in my dreams,  
 And there the clasp of your arms, the kiss of your  
 sorceress lips,  
 Mocked me—maddened me—struck me awake in the  
 ghastly gleams  
 Of the earth, moon, sun, and stars, whirled deep in a wild  
 eclipse.

*Patience, patience, poor fool ! Fold thy fluttering wings,  
 Fold them for ever still beside a reposeful breast,  
 And let thine ear but hear the sweetest song that life sings :*  
 "After the day the night, after labour rest."

*WORLD WOUNDED.*

SHE shall never know  
I loved her so,  
Or she would mourn for me.  
    I'd have her say,  
    When I am gone away :  
" We were happy, I and he ! "

So I for ever  
Shall be to her  
A sweet bright memory,  
    And she shall know  
    I loved her so—  
And she too shall love me !

---

*DANCE SONG.*

How could I, sweet, have sung another song ?  
    To you there was but one for me to sing,  
But one, and, ah ! you know it all so long,  
    That now I fear it seems an idle thing.  
    With tireless feet, with tireless feet,  
    Dance on, dance on ! I love you, sweet.

How shall I whisper, dear, another word ?  
    Do I not hold you, breathing breast to breast ?  
My heart has nought to say yours has not heard,  
    Of all Love's speeches silence is the best.  
    I will not fear, I will not fear,  
    Dance, dance on ! I love you, dear.

## ALPHA CRUCIS.

[This writer desires the incognito maintained.]

## IN THE UPLANDS.

## MORNING.

THE corn-lands wake with rustling quiver,  
 Whilst o'er the lowlands far away,  
 With opal flush, the steel-blue river  
 Flings flashing back the blaze of day.

The mountain-tops are clothed with light,  
 Upbursting in a sunny glow—  
 Whilst, scattering, fade the mists of night  
 From glen and valley far below.

And with the brightening of the dawn  
 The soul to its Creator thrills,  
 And worships, with the virgin morn,  
 Amid the splendours of the hills—

For here, through nature's wakening calm,  
 Breathes jubilantly prayer and praise,  
 Like echoes of the angel psalm  
 Which ushered in its primal days,

When God and Nature ruled alone,  
 And Seraphs' wings made glad the skies,  
 Descending from around His throne,  
 To brighten earth's new paradise!

Ere through Time's sunny universe  
 The frown of fiend-like fate was seen,  
 And all unknowing sin's strange curse,  
 His wide creation lived serene;

Through days which brought but fuller bliss,  
Through nights which brought but deeper calm,  
And dawn which woke but with the kiss  
Of light and Seraphs' morning psalm.

Yea, heaven and earth, and man and time,  
Seemed one with God in those blest hours,  
And moving on to more sublime  
And loftier range of larger powers !

And through those long, calm, golden years  
Man's soul gained power with its ages,  
And heard the music of the spheres,  
And learned to read the mystic pages,

Which ample nature spreads afar,  
Throughout Creation's widest bound,  
From highest, past the zenith star,  
To lowest nadir stars profound.

And 'midst this day-dawn, bathed with dew  
And virgin freshliness, lo ! it seems  
True !—that these whispers may be true,  
And something more than poet's dreams !

For in the sympathy we feel  
With God, in nature—is the key  
To half-guessed secrets, which conceal  
His purpose, and man's destiny.

This life is not our earliest birth,  
Nor highest—since Creation's dawn—  
And yet begins again on earth,  
In ignorant infancy new-born.

With scarce a memory of the old  
Existences, if lived ere this—  
Save dreams of some past age of gold,  
And faith in some dim future bliss !

Some sunset of supremest splendour—  
Some starlight mystery of night—  
And lo ! awakes some subtle, tender,  
Ineffable dream of old delight !

Sudden as lightning—and more fleeting,  
Scarce seen, scarce felt, ere fled afar—  
Yet surely token of a greeting  
Unto our spirit from some star,

Wherein our life was earlier kindled—  
Till in fate's circle, downward hurled,  
To lessen life awhile—it dwindled  
To mortal—in this lower world.

A larger life with larger joys,  
Perchance means also larger pains !  
For nature ever thus alloys,  
With greater loss, her greater gains.

Whatever goodness, strength, or power  
Lives in the present—lo ! behold,  
It was not born within the hour,  
But comes inherited of old.

Even the genius sent on earth  
Once in the ages, now and then,  
From God, but proves how high a birth  
Is granted unto chosen men !

And man's true measure is the height  
The highest rise to—for in each  
Is born the germ of mental might,  
To bring all knowledge in his reach.

The noblest words can never tell  
Our spirit what the heavenly strains  
Of music, in their loftiest swell,  
Unto the raptured soul explains.

For language but expresses thought ;  
Whilst unto harmony is given,  
To echo sacred echoes caught  
And syllable the psalms of Heaven.

And greatest poem ! grandest voice  
Of music ! never yet were blent  
Perfect in one—to bid rejoice,  
Exalted souls, with deep content

Of highest, most exalted art,  
Which wedded man's immortal verse  
With the immortal thrilling heart  
Of song, which fills the universe,

With beauty in all varied guise,  
And sings the seasons of the years,  
And all the hymnings of the skies,  
And all the music of the spheres !

Yet ne'er is lost one noble word,  
Nor ever dies one noble thought ;  
For ever in heaven they are heard,  
Although they pass from earth as naught.

And so perchance the heavenly sound  
Of harmony, that thrills all earth,  
Is but a noble thought re-found,  
Re-baptized with its higher birth,

To echo down through Mammon's din,  
And silvery pierce Earth's deafened ears ;  
To wake the higher soul within,  
With all the music of the spheres.

Some glow of life, of more than earth,  
Thrills through us with a sudden gleam,  
Like lightning memory of past birth,  
Baptized in some far heavenly stream.

An instant only—whilst the soul  
Grows larger than its mortal frame,  
And sees divinely, with the whole  
Of God's vast universe, its claim

To loftier life, in larger spheres,  
Throughout a mightier range of time,  
Whose gladdening days fill golden years,  
Through ages growing more sublime ;

Where every effort tends to good,  
Where every pathway reverent trod,  
'Midst men and angels brotherhood,  
Leads upward to the throne of God !

And all the ills of lower life,  
Like flies in amber, leave no taint  
On memory—and past pain and strife,  
Like discords—sounding far and faint.

By distance softened, mellowing glow,  
Half musical, less harsh than sad,  
And in eternity's soft glow  
Of light the soul lives calmly glad.

---

## NOON.

THE secret of the Poet's soul,  
The essence of its gift, is this,  
Strong sympathy—with nature's whole  
Creation—and with all that is!

Who says great Pan is dead? when all  
The myriad chants which nature sings,  
From whispering leaves to wild birds' call  
Some echo of his worship brings?

The gods of old have never died!  
They lived since ever time began,  
By many a new name deified,  
Through changing creeds, by changing man.

Amidst the vine-leaves overhead,  
I hear great Dionysus sing—  
As erst he sang, ere art was fled,  
And life was in its young world spring.

And love laughs whispering in the breeze,  
Lo! Aphrodite yet is fair!  
And sudden 'midst the swaying trees  
I see her golden, gleaming hair!

The glowing crocus', round her feet,  
Of warm, soft whiteness, seem to rise,  
As though they emulous strove to meet,  
And golden clasp their pearly prize !

She passes in her goddess grace,  
Like living light, across the flowers !  
And like a gleam of heaven, her face  
Smiles love between the garden bowers !

Unutterable sweetness fills  
The summer's soft voluptuous breath,  
And all my inmost being thrills  
With life which seems too great for death.

Sweet orange-blossoms steep the air,  
In languorous softness—and their flowers  
Like scarlets shine out whitely fair  
Amidst their glossy dark-leaved bowers.

Is Nature dumb, or are we deaf ?  
Do her gods answer when we call ?  
Speaks she to us in whispering leaf,  
Or murmurs of the waterfall ?

In subtlety of semitone,  
Or set in sweet, sad minor key,  
She whispers to her own  
The secrets of her harmony !

Have all the iron-footed years  
Of science crushed that higher sense  
Which heard the music of the spheres,  
And doubted neither where now whence

The soul descended—of our birth ?  
But, seeing endless beauty given  
To every common thing of earth,  
Believed it but the gate to Heaven.

The theme of love is never old,  
The mystery of its deathless might  
Still gives each life its age of gold,  
Lit up awhile with heavenly light.

With every generation love  
Is virgin born, and springs anew  
For ever, fed from founts above,  
And freshened with celestial dew.

“Common as light is love,” and God  
Makes all men equal in its bliss,  
For all their world seems angel trod  
To them, fast raptured with its kiss.

The light of love was in her eyes,  
Her beauty thrilled my inmost soul  
With rapture deeper than the skies,  
Watching the midnight planets roll.

One passionless star, pulsed bright above,  
One purple dimness wrapt the earth,  
When first we told over mutual love,  
And rapturous traced it from its birth.

All nature sympathetic seemed,  
The wild winds whispered gentler by ;  
With softer, whiter radiance gleamed  
The stars, which lit the darkening sky.

The spirit of all heavenly things  
 Which light the life of nature's whole  
 Creation, thrilled life's deepest springs,  
 And blended passionate soul to soul.

Love's music fills love's soul with deep  
 Ecstatic harmonies, which seem  
 To blend all heaven's with earth's, and steep  
 The soul in some Elysian dream.

But never comes it twice on earth  
 To him who has it once, for never  
 Can real love have second birth—  
 It comes and lives, or dies for ever.

Great love is lowly as 'tis great,  
 And in its mightiness is meek,  
 And so it smoothes its loved one's fate,  
 No lesser pleasure seeks to seek.

Great loves love greatly, and their love  
 Oft makes their loved ones also great,  
 And through life's toils and trials prove  
 How lives thus strengthened fear no fate.

There is no jealousy in love,  
 When real—whate'er the sensual saith,  
 Its nobleness it can but prove  
 By mutual, deep undoubting faith.

For great love knows no jealous fear,  
 No bitterness its greatness mars,  
 But looks beyond Time's little year,  
 To live unchanged beyond the stars !

A jealous love is but a strong,  
Vain, selfish passion, born of dust—  
Of earth's desires which feareth wrong,  
And is too frail to trust in trust.

A great love disappointment turns  
To sorrow, till it finds relief  
In lessening others' woes, and learns,  
In soothing theirs, it soothes its grief.

O love ! if love lives on for ever,  
Beyond this solid, sensual earth,  
And death itself cannot dis sever  
Souls twin-born from their primal birth,

Then, in that brighter life and better,  
All nobleness—but half concealed,  
Imprisoned in earth's fleshly fetter—  
Will sudden shine forth all revealed.

Self-abnegation—half unheeded,—  
Self-hid, self-conquest, all unseen,  
By those whose life through it succeeded,  
Yet happy, if it made serene

The fate of those it loved and tended,  
And made their happiness its own,  
Contented, till its task was ended,  
To know its sacrifice unknown.

Yea, love means sacrifice ; yet they  
Who give the most receive the most,  
For service given for love is pay  
In its own self, and counts no cost.

But generous-hearted, noble love,—  
 Unselfish, earnest, liberal given,—  
 On earth half-known—perchance above  
 Will find its greatness known in Heaven.

---

NIGHT.

THE day is o'er—and evensong  
 And rustic dance sound sweet afar—  
 As moonlight floods the Kurrajong  
 With light which pales each lessening star,

Whose radiance, on this mountain-height,  
 The lower lands can never know,  
 For through serener air they light  
 All heaven and earth, with brighter glow.

Aldebaran, with ruddy ray,  
 Burns deep beyond Orion's belt—  
 And deeper yet the clustering blaze  
 Of Pleiades—whose influence, felt

Through all the dim bright milky way,  
 Controls its systems, far and near,  
 To roll through Time's tremendous day,  
 Towards Eternity's full year.

Lo! far adown the eastern skies,  
 Above the low horizon's rim,  
 Processioned constellations rise,  
 As though they rose to worship Him

Within the hollow of whose hand,  
Through all the countless years of ead,  
The ocean and the ancient land  
And all Creation's worlds are held !

With soft effulgence—spreading far  
Above the dewy mist which hides  
The vast plain's edge—the luminous star  
Of Aphrodite silvery glides.

In silent splendour up the arch  
Whose keystone is the sacred throne  
Of Him who rules the thunder march,  
Through space of every starry zone.

The mellow moonlight washes all  
The sleeping world with saintly light—  
And silently the soft dews fall  
In fragrant freshness through the night.

Throughout the clear deep hyaline,  
Some worldless beauty seems to fill  
All space, with influence half divine—  
Which subtly, with electric thrill,

Wakes up vague memories of some past  
Dim splendour, of some earlier birth,  
Amid majestic worlds—more vast,  
Serener far, than this of Earth !

However sneer the worldly wise,  
“Man liveth not by bread alone !”  
His soul claims kindred with the skies,  
And all of Earth's best gifts alone

Can never feed the yearning crave  
Instinctive for some higher life  
He blindly sees beyond the grave,  
Above the dust of earthly strife !

The workshops of the world grow blind  
With smoke, afar from flower and sod,  
They see but triumphs of the mind  
Of man, and cease to think of God.

They triumph in their little day,  
They feverish clutch their golden gains,  
And yet with time they pass away,  
Whilst time and nature still remains !

Our life is thronged with hopes and fears,  
Faint gleams of joy, fierce glooms of pain,  
Make up the measure of our years.  
But should, perchance, our hopes be vain,

May not our fears be vain likewise ?  
And all the dread hereafter be  
A sleep in which our tired eyes  
"Sleep well" through all Eternity !

Old age, of strength and hope bereft,  
And breathing but with laboured breath,  
Hath but this saddening solace left :  
Forgetfulness in sleep—and death !

However bright life's surface woof,  
Its web is woven in the loom  
Of fate, to fade for death's behoof,  
And clothes but skeletons of doom.

We see the mystery of sin,  
 We know the mystery of pain,  
 We feel too weak the crown to win,  
 And fear we bear the cross in vain.

Sadness and cynicism breathe  
 Their blight upon this age of ours,  
 And pitying smile at those who wreath  
 The altar of their faith with flowers.

“These be thy gods, O Israel, these !”  
 Cries scornful Pity ; “wax they wroth  
 Unless their vanity ye please  
 With candle and with altar-cloth !

Fools that ye are ! and blind as weak !  
 The God of truth is mightier far  
 Than this poor tinselled thing ye seek—  
 His temple-light is sun and star !”

We call to Him with prayerful cries !  
 We listening wait—with bated breath !  
 No answer cometh from the skies,  
 And earth but dumbly shows us death !

The age of miracles is past,—  
 Swift answer unto prayer would be  
 A sudden miracle—as vast  
 As those of Him of Galilee !

All men, all things, bow down to fate ;  
 The demi-gods who ruled the spheres  
 Were conquered by it, soon or late  
 Trod down by iron-footed years.

In life's full moon its shadows lie,  
    Beneath our feet—where'er we gaze  
We see far-spread a summer sky,  
    And life lit up with happy rays.

In youth we walk towards the sun,  
    And all our shadow backward sweeps—  
But when life's race is nearly run,  
    Our lengthening shadow forward creeps

And dims the slanting sunset light  
    As, stumbling on, we darkly tread,  
Till all the silent gloom of night  
    Eternal closes overhead!—

The great repose which hallows death,  
    When first it seals life's tired eyes  
And closes fast the lips, whose breath  
    Hath ebbed from sighing into sighs!

Man—even fiends—appalled would shrink  
    From contemplating endless pain!  
And darest thou, O mortal! think  
    Just God could gloat o'er endless pain?

Eternal torment is a lie,  
    As wild and wicked as the dream  
Of some mad monster, who should try  
    How worst of worst he could blaspheme.

God is as mightier than man  
    As mightiest is to meanest, so  
His mercy must be tenderer than  
    The tenderest mercy mortals know.

If otherwise, then man were greater  
In goodness than the Lord of all !  
The creature, than his great Creator !  
And God less noble than His thrall !

Nature knows neither worst nor best—  
No “stepson” weed, no “favourite” flower,  
Both equal nourished at her breast,  
And equal fed, with sun and shower !

So Nature’s equal gifts were given  
To man—no “favouritism” there—  
And so, perchance, in highest Heaven  
Both great and small may equal share !

Our life goes on through light and shade,  
Through storm and calm, through gloom and shine,  
Our soul unknowing why ’twas made,  
Yet hopeful dreaming—some divine

And stronger purpose than this earth,  
With all its experience, learns  
Was blent within us at our birth—  
That some dim spark of Godhead burns

For ever, like a vestal fire,  
Within our inmost being’s cell,  
Which rises from our funeral pyre  
To loftier worlds—“where all is well”—

And with its tried experience guides  
Our larger life—in loftier spheres,  
Amidst celestial sweeping tides,  
Which bear the burthen of the years,

Of time and fate, with widening course,  
 'Midst stars serener—Seraph-trod,  
 Until they reach their parent source,  
 And give His gifts back, unto God!

Like furnace-fired, ice-tempered ore,  
 Bent, hot, not broke, with blows of ill,  
 But stronger-tempered more and more,  
 By pain and toil, to work His will!

Eternal life! Eternal change  
 Of happy work with happy rest!  
 Where "work is worship" through all range  
 Of ages, growing each more blest!

---

MRS. W. J. ANDERSON.

(*Emma Frances Baker.*)

Born 1842—Died 1868.

[Youngest daughter of the late Rev. C. K. Baker of Hillside, Morphett Vale, South Australia, brought to the colony a year after her birth. Many of the poems appeared in Australian periodicals under the name of "Frances." In 1864 she married Mr. Anderson of the Mauritian Civil Service, and left the colony with sad forebodings (which were fulfilled) that she would never again behold the home of her childhood. Her departure was marked by a touching poem entitled "An Australian Girl's Farewell." She died at Souillac, in the island of Mauritius, on 12th April 1868, at the early age of twenty-five. Her works have been collected into a volume entitled *Colonial Poems*, privately published by Marlborough & Co., London.]

THE SONG OF A LIFE.

I DREAMT of a song, a sad, sad song;  
 It stole through my sleep  
 With tones so deep  
 That the echoes loved it and kept it long,

Repeating again  
 The soft low strain,  
 Till I woke and remembered its gentle pain ;  
 And all day long  
 It haunts my brain,—

This Song.

The moon is above the hill, mother ;  
 A ray of its gentle light  
 Has silently come, like a blessing,  
 To comfort the earth this night.  
 But my heart seems like a valley  
 Where the moonbeams never play,  
 All sad with the gay world round it,  
 All dark in the midst of day.  
 Yes, the earth may be full of gladness,  
 But what is its joy to me?—  
 The brighter the sun shines out, mother,  
 The darker the shades will be ;  
 And I'm walking now in the shadows  
 By the very brightness cast.  
 I've been looking far in the future,  
 To see whether joy will last,  
 And I find it is ever fading  
 As the weary years go by.  
 I fear I shall live to feel, mother,  
 Life but a long-drawn sigh,  
 When the arms that clasp me now, mother,  
 And the hearts I call my own  
 Leave me, poor me ! in the world, mother,  
 In the wide, wide world alone ;  
 When my heart, like a field in summer,  
 Is burnt with the world's hot breath,  
 And the flowers that bloomed in the spring-time  
 Have drooped 'neath its touch of death.

O ! they must all come to me, mother,  
The sorrows that others know ;  
Let me die before they come, mother,  
I'm wearying now to go.

---

NO ROOM FOR THE DEAD.

YES, the earth is bright,  
And hearts are light ;  
And none would know  
That years ago  
A grave was made,  
And a loved one laid  
Away from the sorrowing sight.  
For flowers have grown  
Where tears were sown,  
And memories die  
As the years go by,  
Till the living have said,  
"No room for the dead  
In this beautiful world of our own ;  
No room for the stars in a mid-day sky,  
No room for the grass with the garden flowers ;  
No room for the tears in a joyful eye,  
No room for the *dead* in this world of ours."

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## EVENING.

## A FRAGMENT.

It is the evening hour, and silently  
The day has folded all his robes of light,  
And laid them gently on the sea's blue breast,  
While, one by one, pale little trembling stars  
Come forth to watch the last faint crimson streak  
Fade from the west. How beautiful it is !  
How calm and holy this still eventide !  
And some there are, who through the long hot day  
Have watched and yearned for such a peaceful hour,  
Sick with the care or weary with the pain  
Of life. Day's sunlight seemed but mockery,  
Each tired head shrank from it, and the eyes,  
Aching with unshed tears, waited for night,  
Soft pitying night, in her soft viewless arms  
To weep unseen.

And it is come ; the heat  
And burden of one toilsome day is past ;  
A cool wind fans the feverish cheek, and lifts  
The damp hair softly from the throbbing brow.  
Oh, rest and peace, how sweetly have ye come  
With the dim shadows of the quiet eve !  
And I could stay for ever in the calm  
Of this still dreamy hour, for ever watch  
The darkness gathering o'er the yellow fields,  
And welcome all the crowding stars that come  
So quickly, filling every space of blue,  
Until the sky seems like some glorious mind,  
All full of starry thoughts.

No ruder sound  
 Than the low hushing of the waving trees,  
 Rocking all weary little birds to rest ;  
 No rougher breeze than this, which scarcely plucks,  
 With its soft fingers, autumn's withering leaves,  
 Disturb my rest.

But I am dreaming now,  
 I'm dreaming, dreaming till my heart is full,—  
 So full of peace and joy in this calm hour,  
 All perfect in its holy loveliness,  
 That I have almost sighed to think, in Heaven  
 There is no night.

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*THOUGHTS ON ENDING THE YEAR 1867.*

How stealthily the old year dies !  
 We may not catch his parting sighs,  
 Or even on the withered grass  
 Hear a retreating footstep pass,  
     And yet we know  
 This old old year has reached his time to go.

We know for us the summer's breath  
 Has touched each hill and vale with death,  
 And where the winter flowers have been,  
 And where the grass grew soft and green,  
     'Tis brown and dry,  
 And nature, with the old year, seems to die.

---

## ANONYMOUS.

## A VOICE FROM THE BUSH.

[This poem has hitherto been printed among the works of Adam Lindsay Gordon, but its real authorship is well known among students of Australian literature ; and though the author wishes his name not to appear again, the poem is given as finally revised by him for *Australian Ballads and Rhymes*. In that volume, a printer, after the proofs had been sent back finally corrected, finding this poem given anonymously, took upon himself to append the name of the author of the preceding piece, which happened to be that of the editor, who, of course, immediately wrote off to the papers the disclaimer repeated here.]

HIGH noon, and not a cloud in the sky to break this  
blinding sun ;

Well, I've half the day before me still, and most of my  
journey done.

There's little enough of shade to be got, but I'll take what  
I can get,

For I'm not as hearty as once I was, although I'm a young  
man yet.

Young? Well, yes, I suppose so, as far as the seasons go ;  
Though there's many a man far older than I down there  
in the town below,—

Older, but men to whom, in the pride of their manhood  
strong,

The hardest work is never too hard, nor the longest day  
too long.

But I've cut my cake, so I can't complain, and I've only  
myself to blame,

Ay ! that was always their tale at home, and here it's  
just the same ;

Of the seed I've sown in pleasure, the harvest I'm reaping  
 in pain.  
 Could I put my life a few years back, would I live that  
 life again?

Would I? Of course I would! What glorious days  
 they were!  
 It sometimes seems but the dream of a dream that life  
 could have been so fair,  
 So sweet, but a short time back, while now, if one  
 can call,  
 This life, I almost doubt at times if it's worth the living  
 at all.

One of these poets—which is it?—somewhere or another  
 sings,  
 That the crown of a sorrow's sorrow is remembering  
 happier things.  
 What the crown of a sorrow's sorrow may be I know not,  
 but this I know,—  
 It lightens the years that are now sometimes to think of  
 the years ago.

Where are they now, I wonder, with whom those years  
 were passed?  
 The pace was a little too good, I fear, for many of them  
 to last;  
 And there's always plenty to take their place when the  
 leaders begin to decline;  
 Still I wish them well, wherever they are, for the sake  
 of auld lang syne!

Jack Villiers—galloping Jack—what a beggar he was  
 to ride!—  
 Was shot in a gambling row last year on the Californian  
 side;

And Byng, the best of the lot, who was broke in the  
Derby of fifty-eight,  
Is keeping sheep with Harry Lepell somewhere on the  
River Plate.

Do they ever think of me at all, and the fun we used to share?  
It gives me a pleasant hour or so—and I've none too  
many to spare.

This dull blood runs as it used to run, and the spent  
flame flickers up,  
As I think on the cheers that rang in my ears when I won  
the Garrison Cup!

And how the regiment roared to a man, while the voice  
of the fielders shook,  
As I swung in my stride, six lengths to the good, hard  
held, over Brixworth Brook:

Instead of the parrot's screech, I seem to hear the twang  
of the horn,

As once again from Barkley Holt I set the pick of the Quorn.

Well, those were harmless pleasures enough; for I hold  
him worse than an ass

Who shakes his head at a "neck on the post" or a quick  
thing over the grass.

Go for yourself, and go to win, and you can't very well  
go wrong—

Gad! if I'd only stuck to that I'd be singing a different song!

As to the one I'm singing, it's pretty well known to all.

We knew too much, but not quite enough, and so we  
went to the wall;

While those who cared not, if their work was done, how  
dirty their hands might be,

Went up on our shoulders and kicked us down, when  
they got to the top of the tree.

But though it's one's mind at times, there's little good in  
a curse.

One comfort is, though it's not very well, it might be  
a great deal worse.

A roof to my head, and a bite to my mouth, and no one  
likely to know

I'm "Bill the Bushman," the dandy who went to the  
dogs long years ago.

Out there on the station among the lads I get along pretty  
well;

It's only when I come down into town that I feel this  
life such a hell.

Booted and bearded and burned to a brick, I loaf along  
the street;

And I watch the ladies tripping by, and bless their dainty  
feet.

I watch them here and there with a bitter feeling of pain,  
Ah! what wouldn't I give to feel a lady's hand again!

They used to be glad to see me once; they might have  
been so to-day;

But we never know the worth of a thing until we have  
thrown it away.

I watch them but from afar; and I pull my old cap over  
my eyes,

Partly to hide the tears, that rude and rough as I am,  
will rise,

And partly because I cannot bear that such as they  
should see

The man that I am, when I know, though they don't, the  
man that I ought to be.

. . . . .

Puff! with the last whiff of my pipe I blow these fancies  
 away,  
 For I must be jogging along if I want to get down into  
 town to-day.  
 As I know I shall reach my journey's end though I travel  
 not over fast,  
 So the end of my longer journey will come in its own  
 good time at last.

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## AUSTRAL.

[A *nom-de-plume* of Mrs. J. G. Wilson, of Wellington, New Zealand, *née* Miss Adams, of St. Enoch's, Victoria—a constant contributor to the *Australasian*.]

## COMPENSATION.

FRET not that in thy dwelling-place  
 The street is silent, the field is bare,  
 Nor canst thou forth to brighter space,  
 Nor sail where summer seas are fair,  
 For night by night thy dusky lattice-bars  
 Are visited by the journeying host of stars.

Scorn not our nature's narrow bound,  
 An atom blown about in vain ;  
 One thought contains yon shining round,  
 And circles o'er the circling plain.  
 Each vanishing life that o'er the dust is bent  
 Is nourished by the boundless firmament.

Mourn not our fading, transient day,  
 For over us a dream will shine,  
 A vision of eternity,  
 That makes one little hour divine ;  
 Through this dim window we look out of doors,  
 On purple hills and seas, and endless happy shores.

## THE FORTY MILE BUSH.

FAR in the forest's aromatic shade  
We rode, one afternoon of golden ease ;  
The long road ran through sunshine and through shade,  
Lulled by the somnolent stories of the trees.

Sometimes a bell-bird fluted far away,  
Sometimes the murmur of the leafy deep,  
Rising and falling all the autumnal day,  
Rolled on the hills and sank again to sleep.

Mile after mile the same. The sky grew red,  
And through the trees we saw a snowy gleam  
Of phantom peak, and spectral mountain-head,  
And gulfs that nurse the glacier and the stream.

Before us lay the pinewood's sombre miles,  
Thick laid with moss, like furs upon the floor ;  
Behind, the woodland's green monotonous aisles,  
Closed in the west by sunset's amber door.

This is the Snow King's threshold and dominion !  
The frozen ranges white, without a stain,  
Like icy wings outspread, and flying pinion,  
Ready to soar above the cloudy plain.

Deep in the glen the hollow waters, racing,  
Sent forth their turbulent voices to the night,  
The stars above began their solemn pacing,  
And homely shone the distant village light.

Mysterious forest ! In this humming city  
I seem to hear thy music-breathing tree ;  
Thy branches wave and beckon me, in pity,  
To seek again thy hospitality !

*A SPRING AFTERNOON, N. Z.*

WE rode in the shadowy place of pines,  
 The wind went whispering here and there  
 Like whispers in a house of prayer.  
 The sunshine stole in narrow lines,  
 And sweet was the resinous atmosphere.  
 The shrill cicada, far and near,  
 Piped on his high exultant third.  
 Summer! Summer! he seems to say—  
 Summer!—he knows no other word,  
 But trills on it the livelong day;  
 The little hawkker of the green,  
 Who calls his wares through all the solemn forest  
 scene.

A shadowy land of deep repose!  
 Here where the loud nor'-wester blows,  
 How sweet, to soothe a trivial care,  
 The pine-tree's ever-murmured prayer!  
 To shake the scented powder down  
 From stooping boughs that bar the way,  
 And see the vistas, golden brown,  
 Stretch to the sky-line far away!  
 But on and upward still we ride,  
 Whither the furze, an outlaw bold,  
 Scatters along the bare hillside  
 Handfuls of free uncounted gold,  
 And breaths of nutty, wild perfume  
 Salute us from the flowering broom.  
 I love this narrow sandy road,  
 That idly gads o'er hill and vale,  
 Twisting where once a rivulet flowed,  
 With as many turns as a gossip's tale.

I love this shaky, creaking bridge,  
 And the willow leaning from the ridge,  
     Shaped like some green fountain playing,  
 And the twinkling windows of the farm,  
 Just where the woodland throws an arm,  
     To hear what the merry stream is saying.

Stop the horses for a moment, high upon the breezy stair,  
 Looking over plain and upland, and the depths of summer  
     air,  
 Watch the cloud and shadow sailing o'er the forest's  
     sombre breast.  
 Misty capes and snow-cliffs glimmer on the ranges to the  
     west.  
 Hear that distant thunder rolling, surely 'tis the making  
     tide,  
 Swinging all the blue Pacific on the harbour's iron side.  
 Now the day grows grey and chill, but see on yonder  
     wooded fold,  
 Between the clouds, a ray of sunshine slips, and writes a  
     word in gold!

---

*FAIRYLAND.*

Do you remember that careless band,  
 Riding o'er meadow and wet sea-sand,  
     One autumn day, in a mist of sunshine,  
 Joyously seeking for Fairyland?

The wind in the tree-tops was scarcely heard,  
 The streamlet repeated its one silver word,  
     And far away, o'er the depths of woodland,  
 Floated the bell of the parson-bird.

Pale hoar-frost glittered in shady slips,  
Where ferns were dipping their finger-tips,  
From mossy branches a faint perfume  
Breathed over honeyed clematis-lips.

At last we climbed to the ridge on high—  
Ah, crystal vision! Dreamland nigh!  
Far, far below us, the wide Pacific  
Slumbered in azure from sky to sky.

And cloud and shadow, across the deep  
Wavered, or paused in enchanted sleep,  
And eastward, the purple-misted islets  
Fretted the wave with terrace and steep.

We looked on the tranquil, glassy bay,  
On headlands sheeted with dazzling spray,  
And the whitening ribs of a wreck forlorn,  
That for twenty years had wasted away.

All was so calm, and pure, and fair,  
It seemed the hour of worship there,  
Silent as where the great North Minster  
Rises for ever, a visible prayer

Then we turned from the murmurous forest land,  
And rode over shingle and silver sand,  
For so fair was the earth in the golden autumn,  
We sought no further for Fairyland.

---

## "AUSTRALIE."

[A *nom-de-plume* of Mrs. Hubert Heron, a daughter of Sir Wm. Manning, a judge in the Supreme Court of New South Wales, and Chancellor of the University of Sydney. Anstralie is one of her Christian names. Authoress of a volume of poems, *The Balance of Pain* (George Bell & Sons, London, 1877)].

## THE QUIET DUST.

THE quiet dust lay on the tranquil breast  
 Of mother Earth, all peacefully at rest ;  
 The gentle breezes kissed it, and the dew  
 A veil of moisture o'er its slumbers threw ;  
 The rain and wind swept o'er its sleeping face,  
 Yet scarcely stirred it from its resting-place ;  
 For grassy fibres e'en had bound it fast,  
 And round each grain embracing roots had cast.  
 The soil, unconscious, nourishing green blades,  
 Fulfilled its silent work through long decades—  
 And so the quiet dust was blest—in quietness it lay at  
 rest.

The Maker took the dust within His hand,  
 In human shape He formed the grains of sand,  
 In His own image wrought the humble clay,  
 With breath Divine He warmed it for life's day.  
 The dust awoke ! it lived, it spoke, it moved,  
 It learnt ambition—struggled, strove, and—loved.  
 Created pure, by sin becoming marred,  
 Discordant passions in its members warred ;  
 Earth clung to earth, while impulses Divine,  
 Yearning to soar, held down, would restless pine ;  
 And so the quickened dust, distrest, in fevered living  
 knew no rest.

The Father looked with pity on the strife,  
 He noted all the care and pain of life,  
 And sending Death with tender healing powers,  
 Cut short the span of the long trial-hours.  
 He bade the soul, untrammelled, soar on high,  
 And quit its prison-frame with weary sigh ;  
 He drew the breath from out the tired clay,  
 And on its mother's breast again it lay ;  
 And life returned to Life with ransom paid,  
 And earth to earth in peacefulness was laid—  
 And so the quiet dust was blest—in quietness once more  
 at rest.

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*THE WEATHERBOARD FALL.*

A MIGHTY crescent of grim cavern'd rock,  
 Red-grey, or gold-brown, with black broken rifts  
 Upon the bare face of the circled walls  
 That bold uprising from out a sloping wealth  
 Of foliage rich, that in moist shadowed depths  
 Revel in shelter, spread out happy leaves  
 To be for ever kissed by dewy drops  
 Light-wafted from the murmuring waterfall.  
 Ah ! who can show the beauty of the scene ?  
 Above, the wooded mountain summit green,  
 Now gently falling into softer banks,  
 Emerald with fern, gleichenia, grass-tree bright,  
 Yet boldened, strengthened, by rough aged crags,  
 In bare wild outline, amber-tinged, or streaked  
 With hoar grey lichen, yet oft holding too,—  
 Like touch of child-love in a cold stern breast,—  
 Cherished in clefts, some tender verdant nests  
 Of velvet moss, lone flowers, and grasses soft.  
 Beyond—seen 'twixt two guardian cliffs that cast

Black giant shadows on the tree-clad slopes—  
 An inland sea of mountains, stretching far  
 In undulating billows, deeply blue,  
 With here and there a gleaming crest of rock,  
 Surging in stillness, fading into space,  
 Seeming more liquid in the distance vague,  
 Transparent melting, till the last faint ridge  
 Blends with clear ether in the azure sky  
 In tender mauve unrealness ; the dim line  
 Of mountain profile seeming but a streak  
 Of waving cloud on the horizon's verge.

A few steps further—comes in fuller view  
 The stream that o'er the mountain summit winds,  
 Forcing its way with many a cascade step,  
 And hurrying to the rampart's brow, from which,  
 Adown a thousand awful feet it falls,  
 Changing from gleaming water to white foam,  
 Then all dissolving into separate sprays,  
 Like clustered columns white of moving light,  
 Or April shower of diamond-gleaming rain,  
 Whereon the sun plays with his rainbow hues,  
 Till hid in shadow oft it disappears  
 Into the grateful coolness of the depths ;  
 Resigning centred beauty for a while,  
 Yet showing forth its presence by the tints  
 So rich enhanced by the bedewing love  
 That with soft tears refreshes budding leaves  
 And calls forth life.

With artist instinct true,  
 Longing to fix the beauty in his soul,  
 To tell to others what himself has loved,  
 In art to utter the impression grand,  
 Now Templar sits and striveth to portray  
 The glorious scene. Alas ! no paint can match  
 The varying hues, no pencil may express

The foaming fall, a grand amphitheatre  
 Of range on range, in distance fairy-like,  
 Marked ever and anon by sun and shade,  
 And white light glint of rock bits! Down  
 He lays the brush in weary baffled pain,  
 And then essays to write. Nay, poorer yet  
 The power of words to speak out Nature's soul,  
 Or tell her wondrous colours. E'en one rock  
 Has twenty divers tints for which one name  
 Must all suffice; no written sign can show  
 The glancing light of water, blend the shades  
 And trace the outlines fine of distant view.

And were there power to mark the endless traits,  
 Still who could paint the ever-varying moods?  
 Ere one effect is seized another comes  
 To transform every aspect; memory fails  
 To hold the past, and human cunning seems  
 Too slow to follow the swift-moving scenes.  
 Vain, vain attempt! Better in calm to watch  
 The "beauty as it flies, nor bend it down"  
 To mock by words.

So ceases he to strive,  
 But sits entranced, soul-soothed to harmony  
 With Nature's glorious work, by peaceful sounds,  
 Crescendo, decrescendo, of the fall,  
 Down-pouring with a solemn sonorous bass  
 To rippling trills of the upland stream,  
     Silent, unalterable, stands the scene,  
 A monument of everlasting power,  
 By strength inbuing strength, a protest grand  
 Against the mutability of life.  
 A protest? Ay, but in its *form* alone.  
 For, changeable as man is, Nature's face,  
 The substance, outline, firmly stand the same,  
 Yet seem not so; for every passing light

Varies its aspect, hides some salient points,  
Or brings in prominence a new detail.  
Sometimes the bay of mountain-rippled blue  
Lies clear in smiling sunshine, shadeless fair,  
Till in the vault the light clouds fly ;  
Then swift the pure unbroken smile is gone,  
And flitting frowns pass o'er Earth's countenance,  
Or some great storm-cloud rises, shrouding part  
Of Heaven's light, and straightway half the world  
Of dreamy blue is black with angry gloom,  
While some near peak glows laughing still in light.  
Yea, even bravest outlines seem to change,  
As upward mounts the sun and 'lumes or shades  
The various ridges, pencilling in one slope  
To clear curved line, or rounding off some cliff  
That hours before stood bold against the sky.

So doth the Maker, while He sets the stamp  
Of steadfast strength, yet vary all His work  
With changeful joys of light and purple gloom,  
Or cloud-reflected folds of soothing grey,  
By vast resource of tinted picturing  
And endless nature-language, e'en as much  
As by His mightier powers, transcending aye  
The utmost skill of art, and baffling all  
The efforts vain of imitative man,  
Who fain must still aspire, but—hopeless aim !  
Can ne'er express in his poor human words  
The glorious works of man.

---

THE BUDDAWONG'S CROWN.

A BUDDAWONG seed-nut fell to earth  
 In a cool and mossy glade,  
 And in spring it shot up its barbed green swords,  
 Secure 'neath the myrtle's shade.

'Mid a carpet of softest maiden-hair  
 Its glossy young palm-leaves grew  
 So strong, that they pitied the tender fronds  
 Which bent as each zephyr blew ;

Till it waxed at last a goodly plant,  
 And its cordial fruit did bear ;  
 With a prickly kiss it wooed the brake  
 That waved near its rocky lair.

Then its stems grew mossy and bulbous with age  
 Till one day in its moist, warm nest  
 A bird's-nest fern germ there fell, and struck  
 Deep roots in its pithy breast.

And the parasite fed upon its heart,  
 Encurling its broad rich leaves,  
 Till the vivid wealth of shining green  
 Eclipsed the dark zamia sheaves.

And a creeping fern that from earth had gazed  
 With love on the bird's-nest's face,  
 Crept up and hung out its waving fronds  
 All pendent with drooping grace.

And altogether they dwelt, together twined,  
 And in twofold beauty grew ;  
 But the buddawong loved not the close embrace,  
 Which its own life-blood outdrew.

So it languished and pined, and was nigh to death,  
 In the gully's silence deep,  
 And the bell-bird tinkled its passing knell,  
 While the pitying myrtles weep.

But ere the last breath there came a sound,  
 Rarely heard in the sheltered glen,  
 The gentle treble and deep-toned bass  
 Of the voices of women and men.

Close, closer, into the buddawong's home  
 The steps of the stranger drew ;  
 They have reached it now, and they pause with delight  
 As the bright fern glory they view.

As it hears their tunes of admiring glee  
 E'en the dying zamia thrills  
 With joy that its stem should the beauty bear  
 That with pleasure each mortal fills.

“ We will bear it home.” What mean those words ?  
 O horror ! a crashing sound,  
 Its last, last palms are cut away,  
 And there aches a bleeding wound.

Yet the parasite stands untouched and bold  
 With its loving creeper-friend,  
 While now at the buddawong's root sharp strokes  
 Its trunk from the earth doth rend.

And the poor poor palm has died indeed ;  
 But little the strangers care ;  
 “ There are zamias in plenty more,” they say,  
 “ But the crown is a beauty rare.”

A martyr unto a vampire fern,  
For the sake of its parasite now.  
The buddawong's trunk they carry away  
In a cherished home-garden to grow.

There the children watch it with eager eyes,  
While the mother eye tends it with care,  
And of human life and of human joy  
A daily part it will bear.

What stories that child of the glen could tell !  
Ere many long years have gone,  
The green youth-fronds will o'ergrow the old,  
And the new of the aged be born ;

While the poor old stem is almost forgot  
In the life that from out it springs,  
Though its perishing fibre yields the food  
That such wealth of verdure brings.

But grieve not for this. 'Tis God's own way  
That the future the present destroy,  
That the gone-by should nourish fresh leaves of hope,  
And the dead past should blossom in joy.

And the tree that half-fruitless has died in its prime,  
To nourish a fairer blade,  
Has fulfilled its end in the beauty it adds  
To the world by the Joy-God made.

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## "AUSTRALIS."

[A *nom-de-plume* of Patrick Moloney, a well-known Melbourne doctor. His "Sonnets—Ad Innuptam" were published at intervals in the *Australasian*, under the signature of "Australis," and republished all together under his own name in *An Easter Omelette*, an annual edited by Patchett Martin.]

## SONNETS—AD INNUPTAM.

I MAKE not my division of the hours  
 By dials, clocks, or waking birds' acclaim,  
 Nor measure seasons by the reigning flowers,  
 The spring's green glories, or the autumn's flame ;  
 To me thy absence winter is, and night,  
 Thy presence spring, and the meridian day.  
 From thee I draw my darkness and my light,  
 Now swart eclipse, now more than heavenly ray.  
 Thy coming warmeth all my soul like fire,  
 And through my heart-strings melodies do run,  
 As poets fabled the Memnonian lyre  
 Hymned acclamation to the rising sun.  
 My heart hums music in thy influence set,  
 So winds put harps Æolian on the fret.

The rude rebuffs of bay-besieging winds  
 But make the anchored ships towards them turn,  
 So thy unkindness unto me but finds  
 My love towards thee with keener ardour burn ;  
 As myrrh incised bleeds odoriferous gum,  
 I am become a poet through my wrong,  
 For through the sad-mouthed heart-wounds in me come  
 These earthly echoes of celestial song.  
 My thoughts as birds make flutter in my heart,  
 Poor muffled choristers ! whose sad refrain

Gives sorrow sleep, and bids that woe depart  
 Whose heavy burthen weighs upon my strain.  
 Imprisoned larks pipe sweeter than when free,  
 And I, enslaved, have learnt to sing for thee.

Thy throne is ringed by amorous cavaliers,  
 And all the air is heavy with the sound  
 Of tiptoe compliment, whilst anxious fears  
 Strike dumb the lesser satellites around.  
 One clasps thy hand, another squires thy chair,  
 Some bask in light shed from the eyes of thee,  
 Some taste the perfumes shaken from thy hair,  
 Some watch afar their worshipped deity.  
 All have their orbits, and due distance keep,  
 As round the sun concentric planets move ;  
 Smiles light yon lord, whilst I, at distance, weep  
 In the sad twilight of uncertain love.  
 'Thwart thee, my sun, how many a mincer slips,  
 Whose constant transits make for me eclipse.

Know that the age of Pyrrha is long passed,  
 And though thy form is eternised in stone,  
 The sculptor's doings cannot Time outlast,  
 Nor beauty live save but in blood and bone ;  
 Though new Pygmalions should again arise  
 Idolatrous of images like thee,  
 Time the iconoclast e'en stone destroys,  
 As steadfast rocks are splintered by the sea.  
 Though shouldst indeed a hamadryad be,  
 Inhabiting some knotted oak alone,  
 And so revive the worship of the Tree  
 Which, by succession, outlives barren stone.  
 Though thus transformed still worshippers would woo,  
 As Daphne-laurels poets yet pursue.

Why dost thou like a Roman vestal make  
     The whole long year unmarriageable May,  
 And, like the phoenix, no companion take  
     To share the wasteful burthen of decay?  
 See this rich climate, where the airs that blow  
     Are heavenly suspirings, and the skies  
 Steep day from head to heel in summer glow,  
     And moons make mellow mornings as they rise;  
 As brides white-veiled that come to marry earth,  
     Now each mist-morning sweet July attires,  
 Now moon-night mists are not of earthly birth,  
     But silver smoke blown down from heavenly fires.  
 Skies kiss the earth, clouds join the land and sea,  
 All Nature marries, only thou art free.

O what an eve was that which ushered in  
     The night that crowned the wish I cherished long!  
 Heaven's curtains oped to see the night begin,  
     And infant winds broke lightly into song;  
 Methought the hours in softly swelling sound  
     Wailed funeral dirges for the dying light;  
 I seemed to stand upon a neutral ground,  
     Between the confines of the day and night;  
 For o'er the east Night stretched her sable rod,  
     And ranked her stars in glittering array,  
 While in the west the golden twilight trod  
     With crimson sandals on the verge of day.  
 Bright bars of cloud formed in the glowing even  
 A Jacob-ladder joining earth and heaven.

O sweet Queen-city of the golden South,  
     Piercing the evening with thy starlit spires,  
 Thou wert a witness when I kissed the mouth  
     Of her whose eyes outblazed the skiey fires.

I saw the parallels of thy long streets  
 With lamps like angels shining all a-row,  
 While overhead the empyrean seats  
 Of gods were steeped in paradisiac glow.  
 The Pleiades with rarer fires were tipt,  
 Hesper sat throned upon his jewelled chair,  
 The belted giant's triple stars were dipt  
 In all the splendour of Olympian air.  
 On high to bless, the Southern Cross did shine,  
 Like that which blazed o'er conquering Constantine.

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## L. AVIS.

[A *nom-de-plume* of C. Watkins, living in the province of Otago,  
 New Zealand.]

## O TE-KAPUKA.

(THE BROADLEAVES.)

In a quiet spot just near the sea these old Kapukas stand,  
 The Rangiteras of the bush, the princes of the land ;  
 The Pakeha axe was still unknown—would they had  
 never met!—  
 The “Slaughter of the Innocents” was not accomplished  
 yet.

These fathers of the native bush threw up their giant arms  
 In living chains of many vines, firm bondage in their  
 charms.

No mortal fingers ever made such lovely bonds as they—  
 Green and pale gold, and trembling white, in a thousand  
 links they lay.

While birds of song and colour came to them day and  
 night,  
 A trinity of nature kept them always fair and bright ;

Nature was queen and governess in the land of greenstone  
 then,  
 And spoke a truer language in fewer words of men.

The Pakeha has changed all that—he has justified the  
 name—  
 A type of mere destructiveness, with neither sense nor  
 shame ;  
 The triple grace of mighty strength, of beauty and sweet  
 song  
 Has crowned the old Kapukas, though now they suffer  
 wrong.

Crippled and shorn and many dead, their vines all rust  
 away,  
 In dead and dying thousands upon the ground they lay ;  
 One feels a great and keen regret—one who has ever  
 known  
 The ancient glories of the bush when its life was all  
 its own.

---

### ARTHUR J. BAKER.

[After suffering every kind of catastrophe, by flood and field, in the  
 Old World and the New, in 1860 organised the Adelaide Fire  
 Brigade. Well known in the hunting-field in South Australia ;  
 has published a slim volume of reminiscences and poems.]

#### *IF WE SHOULD MEET.*

IF we should meet—God grant we may !—  
 If we should meet again,  
 As flowerets kissed by summer ray  
 Are sweeter after rain,  
 Absence shall make our joy more sweet,  
 If we should meet—when we shall meet.

The wind blows chill, and time flies fast,  
 As in the days of yore ;  
 O ! would the weary hours were past,  
 That we could meet once more !  
 O time ! haste on with swift-winged feet,  
 Till we shall meet, till we shall meet.

But should bygone weeks have made  
 Your heart or mine more cold,  
 If from our memory e'er could fade  
 The years of bliss untold,  
 Should Love's young pulse e'er cease to beat,  
 God grant that we may never meet !

Rather be it our last embrace,  
 Better for e'er to part,  
 Than meet together face to face ;  
 And not meet heart to heart.  
 Nay, rather die than think, my sweet,  
 That thus we two could ever meet.

---

ALEXANDER W. BATHGATE.

[A solicitor at Dunedin, New Zealand. Has not yet published a volume, but has contributed many poems of mark to New Zealand journals.]

MAUNGATUA.

(The name of a range of mountains overlooking the Taieri plain, near Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand. It means "the range (*maunga*) of the spirit" (*atua*). The sound of the *g* in Maori is soft.)

THE spirits' mountain, such the name  
 The early Maori gave :  
 Where's his forgotten grave ?  
 We know not ; but thou'rt still the same  
 Gloomy and dread Maungatua.

Thou art the spirits' mountain still,  
Though aye thou dost not frown,  
But on the plain look'st down,  
Which now the white-browed ploughmen till,  
With changeful face, Maungatua.

Thou hast for us lost half thy gloom,  
For we can see thee smile,  
And pleasant look awhile,  
When summer's sun makes flowerets bloom,  
And lights thy brow, Maungatua.

And when the winter's southern wind,  
With many a keen-toothed blast,  
Has snow upon thee cast,  
Thy hoary head proud o'er thy kind  
Thou holdest high, Maungatua.

Thine aspect ever seems to change,  
As when, on breezy day,  
The cloud-shades o'er thee play  
And fly along thy lofty range ;  
Yet thou'rt the same, Maungatua.

The spirit that in Nature lives,  
And speaks to him who hears,  
Arrayed in strength appears,  
And to thy massive mountain gives  
Thy spirit-name, Maungatua.

---

## THE CLEMATIS.

FAIR crown of stars of purest ray,  
Hung aloft on mapau-tree,  
What floral beauties ye display,  
Stars of snowy purity !  
Around the dark-leaved mapau's head  
Unsullied garlands ye have spread.

Concealed were all your beauties fair  
'Neath the dark umbrageous shade  
But still the loftiest spray to gain  
Your weak stem its efforts made.  
Now, every obstacle o'ercome,  
You smile out from your leafy home.

That home secure, 'mid sombre leaves  
Yielded by your stalwart spouse,  
Helps you to show your fairy crown ;  
Decorates his dusky boughs :  
His strength, your beauty, both unite  
And form a picture to delight.

Fair flower, methinks you do afford  
Emblem of a perfect wife :  
Whose work is hidden from the world,  
Till, perchance, her husband's life  
Is by her influence beautified ;  
And this by others is descried.

ON HEARING A YELLOWHAMMER SING  
NEAR DUNEDIN.

LIST ! to that pretty little bird,  
Singing on yonder bush of thorn ;  
Its plaintive notes I have not heard,  
Save in the land where I was born.

Full oft in boyhood's sunny days  
I've listened to its short sweet song,  
When wandering o'er the whinny braes  
Or briery knowes, the whole day long.

How gleefully we used to mock  
The yellow yorlin's simple lay ;  
With eager hands pull back the dock  
That hid its nest of hair and hay !

Gone is the friend with whom I played,  
In those my boyhood's happy hours ;  
Not long from him Death's hand was stayed :  
He gained not his full manhood's powers.

When but a stripling, to the plough  
He set his hand right manfully ;  
Though short his time for work, I trow,  
There's few who more have done than he.

With zeal, for sake of Master loved,  
He strove to aid his fellow-men :  
The task too heavy for him proved—  
How soon we'd part I thought not then.

Here in this sunny Southern land,  
In this bird's song there's something sad ;  
Or, is't that, led by memory's hand,  
I mourn him lost when yet a lad ?

Yes, yellow yorlin, this is all  
 Thy simple song has done for me ;  
 Not these sad thoughts rose at thy call,  
 But thoughts of boyhood, full of glee.

There's no more sadness in thy note  
 Than in the song my lost friend sings,  
 Where sounds of heavenly music float  
 Around the throne of King of kings.

Sing on, then, little yellow bird,  
 Though thou, like us, art stranger here,  
 To those by whom thy song is heard  
 Thou'lt oft recall their boyhood dear.

---

SONGS OF THE SEASON.

I.

A SONG OF SPRING.

BIRD in thy mossy nest  
 Cosily hid,  
 Bird in thy mossy nest  
 Young leaves amid ;

Nigh is thy tuneful mate,  
 Singing with glee ;  
 Hopeful thy tuneful mate,  
 Hope gladdens thee :

Hope that from speckled eggs  
 Fledglings will grow ;  
 Brood o'er the speckled eggs—  
 Soon time will show.

## AUSTRALIAN POETS.

Fearless of coming storm,  
 List how thy mate  
 Sings without fear of storm,  
 With joy elate.

Why, then, do men alone  
 Fear coming ill ;  
 Only are men alone  
 Dread-haunted still ?

Evil may never come !  
 Whence cometh fear ?  
 The present is gladsome,  
 Be of good cheer.

---

 II.

## A SONG OF SUMMER.

BIRD in the leafy shade,  
 Quiet at rest,  
 Screened by the leafy shade,  
 Patient and blest ;

Calm sleeps the summer noon  
 Round thy retreat ;  
 Hot glares the summer noon,  
 Shadow is sweet.

Content in thy shady bower  
 Wait the cool breeze ;  
 Then from thy shady bower  
 Flit through the trees.

In the cool eventide  
    Joyfully sing ;  
The winds at eventide  
    Fan with thy wing.

Man is not quite content  
    E'en when most blest.  
Why is he not content,  
    Never at rest,

Taking with calm or joy  
    All that is sent,  
Without the base alloy  
    Of discontent ?

---

III.

A SONG OF AUTUMN.

BIRD 'mid the golden sheaves  
    Taking thy share,  
Picking from ripened sheaves  
    Thy evening fare,

Sure with no thought of thee  
    Sown was the seed,  
Reaped without thought of thee  
    Or of thy need.

Yet from another's toil  
    Thou takest the gain,  
Fed by another's toil,—  
    His was the pain.

## AUSTRALIAN POETS.

But with thy mellow song  
 Cheered is his heart ;  
 Sing then thy happy song,  
 Such is thy part.

Who should from weary toil  
 Seek to be free ?  
 Fruit from thy weary toil  
 Thou may'st not see.

Nought but thy best aye do,  
 Some one will reap ;  
 Strive then thy best to do,  
 Why should'st thou weep ?

---

 IV.

## A SONG OF WINTER.

BIRD on the leafless bough,  
 Summer has fled ;  
 Bird on the leafless bough,  
 Flowers are dead.

Dead too thy trilling song,  
 Dead in thy grief ;  
 Not e'en a saddened song  
 Mourns for the leaf.

E'en now on leafless bough  
 Swells the small bud ;  
 Soon all the leafy bough  
 Blossoms shall stud.

Then 'mid the summer leaves,  
 Winter forgot,  
 Singing 'mid summer leaves,  
 Thy happy lot!

Why then, poor stricken soul!  
 Why dost thou grieve?  
 Thou knowest, smitten soul!  
 Time will relieve.

Ah! will not mem'ry keep  
 Sharp grief alive?  
 Never will mem'ry sleep,  
 Howe'er I strive.

---

“BETH.”

[A *nom-de-plume* of Mrs. Caswell, of Nelson, New Zealand, who died in Hobart, Tasmania, twenty years ago.]

BEAUTIFUL STARS.

BEAUTIFUL stars, through the hours that keep  
 Your watch in the welkin blue and deep,  
 When earth lies hushed 'neath the sceptre of sleep,

When the young and fresh-hearted smile in dreams,  
 When the pillow with Fancy's pictures teems,  
 And only the wretched lie watching your beams.

Handmaids of even, so cold and still,  
 Ye seem Heaven's chambers with silence to fill,  
 And clothe with sad beauty temple and hill.

Are ye teardrops the angels wept o'er the sin  
 That was done, fair arbours of Eden within,  
 When Death and Sorrow their trophies did win?

Beautiful stars, O my spirit would fain  
 Know the regions beyond your far domain!  
 Is it there the ransomed triumphant reign?

Tell us, O tell us your paths have they crossed,  
 The fair and the gentle, the loved and the lost,  
 That our bosoms here cherished and guarded the most!

Did they touch your bright rims with their sky-beating  
 feet?

Did ye list to the Seraphs come forth to greet  
 With the music of Paradise holy and sweet?

Vainly we ask thee, ah! vainly we pray;  
 To the ear of frail mortals no word will ye say,  
 But in coldness and stillness look earthward for aye.

---

## H. H. BLACKHAM.

[Of Trevilla, One Tree Hill, South Australia.]

### *FORSAKEN HOMES AND GRAVES.*

THESE mountain wilds that rest so still,  
 These woods and wastes so vast and deep,  
 These ravines round each rocky hill,  
 Where long-lost cattle roam at will  
 Beneath the eagle's ken and sweep!

Far from the settler's haunts are found  
 Rude vestiges of life and death,  
 Forsaken home and burial-mound  
 Of those whose names still cling around,  
 To circling wilderness and heath.

These olden walls, whose ruins low  
Are met in many a lonely ride,  
Deserted hearths whose fires did glow  
With homelight in the long ago  
By Ti-tree flat or gully-side—

Round them the sheen of summer day  
Falls drearisome and desolate ;  
Thin shadow-lines of branches stray  
O'er waifs of childhood's broken play,  
Untrodden path and fallen gate.

The notes of wild birds, that elsewhere  
Bring tones of gladness, seem to change  
To coronachs of sadness there,—  
The curlew's cry upon the air  
Sounds like a shriek along the range.

The very dreariness seems rife  
With low and stealthy undertones,  
Footfall and voice of former life,  
Wraith-presences of sire and wife  
And children cling to wood and stones.

Some woman's hand did plant and train  
That runner by the shattered door,  
Which clambered through the splintered pane  
And pallid turneth out again,  
As if from spectre on the floor.

Once Life o'er Death hath made its moan ;  
There hath been sorrow even here ;  
In one small grave with weeds o'ergrown  
A child sleeps in the wild alone,  
With only silence crooning near.

Here the night-zephyr, passing, wings  
 At midnight to that she-oak nigh,  
 Plays, harplike, on its drooping strings,  
 And to its dreary cadence sings  
 The wildwood's soothing lullaby.

---

ETCHINGS ON THE AIR.

[This poem reached the Editor in a very mutilated condition, but contained expressions so fine, that he has ventured to complete it: the parts in *italics* are his.]

THERE are valleys deep and still,  
 Far among the mountains lonely,  
 Where *bird-song* and tinkling rill  
 Wake oppressive silence only,  
*Save when gusts* among the trees  
 Toss the boughs in wild commotion,  
 Till their foliage in the breeze  
 Waves like billows on the ocean.

*Forest fears the wanderer greet*  
 Where the branches chafe together;  
*Oft* a sound like rustling feet  
 Treads across the fern and heather;  
*Often, through* the darkness tost,  
 Wafts, like wails and bitter sobbing,  
*In the* bushman late or lost  
*Set* the wildered pulses throbbing.

I have visions pictured fair  
 Through the purple twilight glowing,  
 Day-dream etchings on the air  
 Of the unlived future showing;

On these slopes where wattle-bloom  
 Incense sheds from censers golden,  
 Other blossoms shall perfume  
 Nature's temples grey and olden.

Round the pleasant flowers of home,  
*Here* the wilding bee shall hover,  
 Bringing back where'er we roam  
*Home-land thoughts* the wide world over—  
 Not of city street or square,  
 Not of *Hall* for lord and lady,  
 But—*my etchings on the air*—  
 Cottage-nook and garden shady.

Tones of Sabbath bells I hear,  
 Faint and far, prophetic-ringing ;  
*Hymns* of life *are* on my ear,  
 Rest and labour, *sob* and singing :  
 Ties of birth shall bind and twine  
 Hearts to hills, like love and lover,  
 Till each mountain's sombre line  
*Sunny bits of home shall cover.*

Plough of Nature !—hand of God !  
 Fallow deep the hills eternal !  
 Bless for *these* the mountain sod  
*With full fruit and pasture* vernal !  
*Somewhere in the by-and-by*  
 Sounds of *distant life are* humming ;  
 They are *nearing*, though not nigh,  
*And the day of homes* is coming.

---

MRS. J. A. BODE.

[Born Ettie Ayliffe of South Australia.]

*LUBRA.*

Ours was the land, all ours, mine and my people's : the  
tribes,

To roam at will, to dwell, to hunt and to fish in,

We were the lords of the soil, the inheritance ancient

Owned by our fathers, and theirs, who handed it down  
to their children,

Ours, plenteous game : the life of the free in the forest ;

Happy were we in the wild, and our wurleys builded at  
pleasure.

Joy, we could call it at will, guest of the careless and  
simple ;

Joy of feasts at our fires when the tribes in corroborees  
mingled,

Joy of the rest in the woods, when the wild birds  
screeched through our dreaming ;

Simple our pleasures, but sweet, and care had no word in  
our language.

The white man, he makes many things : too many ; has  
care, and is weary.

Then the sun rose, and he set, and we journeyed to east-  
ward, to westward,

Clothed in the furs of our spoils, and taking no thought  
of the future ;

Want, we have known it since then ; toil, we have hated  
to learn it.

Why should man labour and sweat, and groan out his  
life to no profit ?

Why make innum'able things, when his wants are so  
few and so simple ?

Ours was to live and enjoy ; the immeas'able raptures of nature ?

Happy were we, more than he who builds, makes great things, and burdens.

I, then, the first of the tribes : I with opossum fur round me,

I, before any, beheld ; looked on a day far out seaward ;  
Looked, and in wonder was lost ; for there I saw on the big water

What I then thought a white bird, bigger than all things but hills are ;

Bigger than wurleys, than trees ; bigger than all things but mountains.

I was afraid very much, for I thought the bad spirit was coming :

I was the first who beheld, stood on the hill of the whirl-whir :

Nearer and nearer it loomed, sweeping along through the water.

Hardly my courage I kept to "Cooley" aloud to my comrades :

There we were gathered in fear, and knew some dread evil awaited :

Little we thought they were men, who drove the great white canoe shoreward.

Nearer and near it came : I covered my face, and in terror

Cowered to earth, and around me cowered my terror-struck people.

Would he had sunk in the sea, and the waters gone foaming above him,

Before he had stepped on the land from my race he wrested !

Houses and farms and the fields of his tillage our hunting-grounds fill ;

The game has slipped from the way, is scant and diminished ;  
We have no country to roam, to dwell therein in abundance ;  
Stricken are we as the game that the hunter has trapped in its hiding.  
We dare not to kindle our fires, to camp on the bounds of his pastures,  
See, we are fading away ! we wither and pass into shadow !  
Fading away from the earth, hardly a remnant remaining.  
Many our strong men for fight when the plund'ers swooped down upon us,  
Even the scrublands uncleared we scarcely are suffered to rest in,  
We, the possessors from first of this country, made all of us black men.  
He is the eagle whose eye ranges afar, and through Heaven  
Wings his strong flight ; the prey sees, and is swift to devour it ;  
He is the dingo that prowls and lurks all night through the forest,  
Howls to the moon in his career, for he scents and he ravins for carcasses.  
They talk of their God and His law ; we, we know naught of things Christian,  
Yet we know this was all ours, and would be so still but for white men.  
If we had owned that great force sufficient to conquer them fighting,  
Then we, too, might understand this prate of the justice of Heaven.  
White man makes sermons and books ; his words are subtle and scheming.

The thing that delights him to do, the only right thing  
seems it ever.

His sons are as sands of the sea, numberless, countless ;  
his gun smoke

Blinds my dusk warriors ; their spears cannot defend from  
his trespass.

He tells us account shall be made to the Great Spirit of  
the hereafter :

Says that one Father alike watches o'er black and white  
children.

What shall he answer when called to account ? Shall his  
cunning defend him

When, like his Cain, he is bade to give an account of his  
brother ?

We, the despoiled, we decay : we die from the ruin of all  
things ;

Dusky our skins, but we feel ; our bosoms are sentient,  
can suffer.

What shall he answer when asked of the wrong he has  
wrought on the helpless ?

No sense of justice restrains, no balance made equal  
arrests him ;

That which his eye hath desired, lo ! he makes waste to  
possess it ;

Thus he erases us out for his pleasure, his gain, his  
convenience :

And preaching in many big words, he says that his God  
bade him do it.

Is this the justice of Heaven, the law and the right with  
the strongest ?

His eyes—they look two ways ; his hands are grasping  
at spoil and are greedy.

Let him devour as the dog ; eat up the lamb with the eagle ;  
Profit, and wrest, and enjoy ; but prate not of God and  
religion !

## THOMAS BRACKEN.

[Of Dunedin, New Zealand. A typical colonist of the old colonial school. Born in Ireland, 1843, went out to Victoria in 1855. When a mere boy, apprenticed himself to a druggist—threw that up in two years for the Back Creek Rush—has been by turns digger, storekeeper, stockrider, shearer, bushman, Member of Parliament, and newspaper proprietor—one of the owners of the *Evening Herald*, Dunedin, New Zealand. Began literature as a contributor to the now defunct *Australian Journal*; is the author of several volumes of poems—*Behind the Tombs, and other Poems* (Melbourne, Clarson & Massina, 1871), *Flowers of the Freelands* (Melbourne, George Robertson, 1877), *Lays of the Maori and Moea* (Sampson Low & Co., 1884). Is also a well-known elocutionist and lecturer.—Epitomised from *New Zealand Men of Mark*.]

## OLD BENDIGO.

LET Poley go with Redman ; mind be careful of the steer ;  
 Bring Bob and Rambler from the creek, they'll find good  
     picking here.  
 Just fling this she-oak on the fire ; there, catch that end,  
     now throw—  
 This minds me of our maiden trip to dear old Bendigo.

Old Bendigo! the very name is treasured in my breast—  
 Just pass the billy this way, Jack. Not boiled yet!  
     Well, I'm blest  
 If that there wood will ever burn ; this ironbark is slow—  
 You knew the gully of that name on dear old Bendigo.

Oh ! when we camped upon the track—that damper must  
     be done—  
 Around the blazing log at night, what tough old yarns  
     were spun

By Sydney Néd, and Derwent Bill; and Murrumbidgee  
Joe!

Where are they now? Ah! mate, they'll drive no more to  
Bendigo.

I can't help laughing when I think—old mate, just pass  
a chew—

Of that 'ere time when Murphy's team got bogged at  
Carlsruhe.

Big Barney Fagan shouted—whilst the wheels were bed-  
ding low—

“Faix, boys, there's some deep sinking on the road to  
Bindigo!”

Mount Macedon is gazing down as proudly as of old,  
And Alexander's lofty brow looks over fields of gold;  
They never shift—but where are all the friends we used  
to know

On Castlemaine and Forest Creek and dear old Bendigo?

No other land has mustered such a kingly race of men  
As that brave golden legion on the march to fortune  
then;

The digger's shirt was freedom's badge; beneath it  
honour's glow

Lit up a generous, manly flame on dear old Bendigo.

Old mate of mine, together we have roughed it through  
the bush

For twenty years, and Time begins to lay his frosting  
brush

Upon our heads; but in our hearts the flowers of friend-  
ship grow

As fresh as when we planted them on dear old Bendigo.

I sigh when'er I think upon—Jack, pass along the  
grub—

The music of the puddling-mill, the cradle, and the tub ;  
The hurdy-gurdies, German bands, and minstrels too—  
why, blow

It ! you've upset the tea—on dear old Bendigo.

The track of life is sometimes smooth, at other times 'tis  
rough ;

But we must take it as it comes—this beef is *rayther*  
tough :—

I feel a spider on my cheek—I've caught the varmint!—no!  
Why, bless me ! if it ain't a tear for dear old Bendigo !

---

FROM THE WATERFALL.

FALLING, falling,  
Streaming, teeming,  
I am the child of the sun and the snow ;  
Falling, falling,  
Ocean is calling,  
Rolling along to its bosom I go

A white virgin up on the hill-tops was dreaming,  
A golden-haired king saw the couch where she lay ;  
Her heart melted soon when his bright eye was beaming ;  
She gave me to him, but I've wandered away.

Gliding, hiding,  
Springing, singing,  
I am the child of the sun and the snow ;  
Falling, falling,  
Ocean is calling,  
Rolling along to its bosom I go.

I am the offspring of brightness and purity,  
 Of chastity cold, and of passionate love,  
 Whirling along to the depths of futurity,  
 And bearing God's messages down from above  
     Glancing, dancing,  
     Sweeping, leaping,  
 I am the child of the sun and the snow ;  
     Falling, falling,  
     Ocean is calling,  
 Rolling along to its bosom I go.

---

*IN THE TEMPLE.*

SABBATH bells are tolling, tolling :  
 "Come and worship, come and pray ;"  
 Ocean's mighty voice is rolling  
     Solemn chants from far away ;  
 Rills and brooks and birds are singing  
     Nature's psalms and hymns and glees,  
 And the morning breeze is swinging  
     Censers on the orchard trees.  
     Little churches, little steeples,  
     Little souls and little hearts,  
     Little nations, little peoples,  
     Actors playing little parts ;  
     After all we're very little,  
     Very little after all.  
     In the Temple of Creation,  
     Brothers, we are very small.

In the Temple of Creation,  
     Soaring to the speckless dome,  
 Seek our souls their destination,  
     Dreaming of a future home ;

'Mongst the bright, the pure, the stainless,  
 In the realms of bliss and mirth,  
 Ah! our spirits are not chainless,  
 They are fettered still to earth.

Little tricks and little treasons,  
 Little hates and little spites,  
 Little months and little seasons,  
 Little days and little nights;  
 After all we're very little,  
 Very little after all.  
 In the Temple of Creation,  
 Brothers, we are very small.

Soul and mind, and sense and feeling,  
 Watch, upon the mountain's brow,  
 Nature, in her prime, revealing  
 All her vernal treasures now.  
 From his throne, old Sol, the gilder,  
 Greets us with a warm caress,  
 Worshipping the Temple's Builder,  
 We can feel our nothingness.

Little sorrows, little troubles,  
 Little griefs and little joys,  
 Little castles, little bubbles,  
 Little towers and little toys;  
 After all we're very little,  
 Very little after all.  
 In the Temple of Creation,  
 Brothers, we are very small.

---

## GOOD-NIGHT TO BABY.

WHERE is Babe to-night?—I miss her.  
 Where is little Bright Eyes? bless her!  
 Bend above her cot and kiss her,  
 Say "Good-night" to Baby.

Say "Good-night," though she be sleeping,  
 Listening cherubs will be peeping  
 Through God's windows, fondly keeping  
 Loving watch o'er Baby.

They will catch the words with pleasure,  
 Floating downward through the azure;  
 They will cluster round your treasure,  
 Whispering them to Baby.

They will tell her many a story  
 Of their Golden City's glory—  
 Wiser than her grandsire hoary,  
 Happy little Baby!

Purer sight to her is given,  
 All the star-nailed gates are riven,  
 Opening up a view of Heaven  
 In her dreams to Baby.

---

 NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Not understood. We move along asunder,  
 Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep  
 Along the years, we marvel and we wonder  
 Why life is life, and then we fall asleep,  
 Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,  
 And hug them closer as the years go by,  
 Till virtues often seem to us transgressions,  
 And thus men rise and fall, and live and die,  
 Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision  
 Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge ;  
 The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision  
 Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,  
 Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,  
 Which lie beneath the surface and the show,  
 Are disregarded ; with self-satisfaction  
 We judge our neighbours, and they often go,  
 Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us !  
 The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight  
 Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,  
 And on our souls there falls a freezing blight :  
 Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching  
 For lack of sympathy ! Ah ! day by day,  
 How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking !  
 How many noble spirits pass away  
 Not understood !

O God ! that men would see a little clearer,  
 Or judge less harshly where they cannot see !  
 O God ! that men would draw a little nearer  
 To one another !—they'd be nearer Thee,  
 And understood.

## MOTHER'S GRAVE.

UP on the hill where beds are made  
Narrow and deep with pick and spade ;  
Up on the hill where death-flowers grow,  
Over a grave a child bent low,  
    Picking the weeds off a new-formed plot ;  
Up on the hill on a Sabbath morn,  
(Works of mercy that day adorn),  
    Guardian spirits around the spot.

Under the sun the city basked,  
    The sun that over the valley smiled.  
"Why art thou here alone?" I asked—  
    "Why art thou here alone, my child?"  
Her bosom swelled with sorrow's throbs,  
    Which burst the flood-gates of the heart.  
I watched the bright drops, born of sobs,  
    Out from the wells of her sad eyes start.  
"Why art thou here," again I said,  
"Weeping over this lonely bed?"  
And this was the only reply she gave,  
"O sir, I am weeding my mother's grave."

I asked no more, but turned away  
From girl, and stone, and mound of clay ;  
I asked no more, for that sentence told  
Of lonely hearts, and of strangers cold ;  
And then I knelt in an old churchyard,  
Where one grim elm-tree stood to guard  
A daisy quilt and a crumbling stone,  
And I was a child, alone, alone ;  
And the wild wind moaned through the ruins old,  
And the clouds were black and the world was cold,

And sadly I heard the weird gusts rave  
Through the crumbling walls near my mother's grave.

Up on the hill, where beds are made  
Narrow and deep with pick and spade ;  
Up on the hill, where death-flowers grow,  
Over a grave a child bent low,  
    Picking the weeds off a new-formed plot ;  
Up on the hill, on a Sabbath morn,  
(Works of mercy that day adorn),  
    Guardian spirits around the spot.

---

*AT SUNSET.*

Out on the beach when night was creeping—  
    Robed in shadows—across the dome  
We watched the waves, as, shoreward leaping,  
    They fringed the sand with streaks of foam.

Ocean's heart, with its ceaseless throbbing,  
    Beat 'gainst billows that rose and fell ;  
Sometimes singing, and sometimes sobbing,  
    Sea-ghosts came on each foamy swell.

I stood dreaming of some old story,  
    Picturing forms on each white crest,  
Tranced in thought, till a flash of glory  
    Limned the skirts of the distant west.

“Look !” you cried, and we gazed, in wonder,  
    Over the deep where sea and sky  
Met and kissed, as the sun danced under  
    Beams of gold in the archway high.

O! the splendour that tipped the mountains!  
 O! the beauty that rimmed the lea!  
 Streams of brilliants, from rainbow fountains,  
 Sparkling fell on the purple sea.

Calmness stole o'er the deep, and lowly  
 Whispers floated upon the breeze:  
 "Hail to Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy!  
 Painted of shores and skies and seas!"

Not by us were the pure words spoken,  
 Not by us were the pure words said;  
 We were mute till the spell was broken,  
 We but gazed at the Heaven ahead—

Gazed, and worshipped, and prayed, and wondered  
 If that glory would gild the way  
 When life's sun sets, and friends are sundered,  
 And spirits 'scape from their shells of clay.

---

JOHN BRIGHT.

[A South Australian comrade of Adam Lindsay Gordon's, an "overlander" constantly on the rove: when last heard of, was on the shores of Carpentaria. Has published a little paper volume of poems entitled *Wattle Blossoms and Wild Flowers Gathered by the Way* (Crabb & Bretherton, St. Kilda, Melbourne).]

*THE LAND OF DREAMS—A SONG.\**

A PLEASANT land is the land of dreams,  
*At the back of the shining air!*  
 It hath *sunnier* skies and *sheenier* streams,  
 And gardens *than Earth's more fair.*

\* This poem reached the editor in a very mutilated condition—the parts printed in *italics* are his own.

And, oft *as* my heart feels weary and sad,  
 For *a rest* I wander away  
 To the realm where *it all is* happy and glad,  
 'Neath the light of an endless day.

There I see the faces I knew of old,  
 The friends that were true and kind ;  
 And we meet as we met ere our hearts grew cold  
 With the care that is left behind.  
 For there *is no* sorrow or doubt or care,  
*But Hope, like a sunrise, gleams,*  
 And shadows come not between us there—  
*In my wonderful* land of dreams.

You may ask the road, but I cannot tell,  
 Though oft *in its track* I stray,  
 And my spirit knoweth the path right well,  
 And *oft doth it long* to stay :  
 But it lies *in the womb* of the clouds somewhere,  
 And *in sorrow aye* nearer seems ;—  
 When my soul would rest from trouble and care,  
 It flies to *this* land of dreams.

---

### SIR FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME.

[The present Governor of West Australia, son of the Rev. R. F. Broome, Rector of Adderley, Shropshire. Born in Canada, 1842, emigrated to Canterbury, New Zealand, in 1857. After ten years in New Zealand came to England, and then became a special correspondent of the *Times* newspaper for five years. He has been a contributor in prose and verse to the *Cornhill*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, &c., and has published two volumes of poems—*Poems from New Zealand* (Houlston & Wright, 1886), and *The Stranger of Seriphos*, 1869. He was appointed in

February 1875 Colonial Secretary of Natal. and in February 1878, Colonial Secretary of the Mauritius, after which he received his present appointment.]

A TEMPLE SERVICE.

(ORDAINED IN ISRAEL AFTER THE DELIVERANCE  
FROM MOAB.)

PRIESTS.

THE days were drawn towards the sun,  
Kissed, every one,  
By lips red-ripe with summer sweet,  
From brow to feet.

Dawn's cold pale forehead with the black  
Night-hair pushed back,  
Flushed feet of eve, that walk the west,  
Were caught and pressed.

PEOPLE.

*Yet ere the months had failed of flower,  
Their branch of time  
Grew heavy with a ripening hour,  
God's plant of prime,*

*More precious than the whitening wheat  
Or swollen fig ;  
Sweeter than palm fruit peeled to eat,  
Or grapes grown big.*

PRIESTS.

Made-music of the harps we string,  
The silver ring  
Of beaten cymbals which we raise  
On feasting days,

And on the lips of sweetest singers,  
 Between the fingers  
 Of those that pluck at silver wires  
 Of writhen lyres.

## PEOPLE.

*A psalm upon the psalteries,  
 On shawms a song,  
 Upon the horns great harmonies,  
 Blown loud and long ;*

*A writing for the scrolls of scribes,  
 The graven gates  
 That tell the triumphs of the tribes  
 On brazen plates.*

## PRIESTS.

Wherefore the heavy hearts and sad  
 Be grown all glad,  
 And rainbow light in eyes yet rimmed  
 By grief that dimmed.

Wherefore the mouth by mourning mute,  
 The feeble foot,  
 Hath joy in it as meat and bread,  
 Is strong of tread.

## PEOPLE.

*In garden ground the summer burns,  
 Not yet grown old,  
 And from the corn whose colour turns  
 From green to gold ;*

*But harvest-men, before they make  
 The sickle sharp,  
 Go up to keep the day's sweet sake  
 With heart and harp.*

## PRIESTS.

It falls within the twofold time :  
 The youngest prime  
 Of fruit, the latest looks of flowers,  
 Are on its hours.

And the blossoms sweet through loosening leaves,  
 And early sheaves,  
 Green gathered from the growing wheat,  
 Are offerings meet.

## PEOPLE.

*To lift up the slant scale of sin,  
 And weigh at last  
 With righteous recompense cast in  
 Present with past,*

*The pleasant paths beneath our feet  
 Were broken up ;  
 We tasted, through the foam of sweet,  
 A bitter cup.*

## PRIESTS.

“ Because your hearts are waxen dead,”  
 The Lord God said,  
 “ And in your ears My name sounds cold,  
 My name of old.

“I lift a sword upon the land ;  
 A heavy hand  
 Between you and your sins falls keen,  
 To scourge you clean.”

## PEOPLE.

*Was it so sweet from God to hide  
 In garden ways,  
 The women large-lipped and long-eyed ?  
 What was their face ?*

*Were they so gracious in their groves,  
 The lords of stone,  
 Or were their damsels dear with loves  
 Beyond our own ?*

## PRIESTS.

The well-graved images which ye  
 Were pleased to see,  
 Deeming gods, clear of face and fair  
 Of form, were there ;

Gods gazed upon and drawn so near,  
 Who could not hear,  
 Were they as He unseen and far  
 In whom we are ?

## PEOPLE.

*The wanton women, scorning stealth,  
 Their lust confessed,  
 Spendthrift of red coin and white wealth  
 Of mouth and breast ;*

*Soft sin-flowers leaving poison pods  
 For bitter birth,  
 Ungirdled girls and garden-gods,  
 Were they well worth ?*

## PRIESTS.

Yea, what were all light-clothes charms,  
 And stretched-out arms,  
 By the pure hearts from out you failed,  
 Your virgins veiled ?

The flowery rods at first that beat  
 So light and sweet,  
 Their flowers fell off from them yet fresh,  
 Thorns tore the flesh.

## PEOPLE.

*“ Our gods are great ! ” the false priest said ;  
 “ For their fierce joys  
 The fire must flow about the head  
 Of girls and boys.”*

*Prone 'neath their woman's soft queenhood  
 Their lords' kingship  
 Smote off the silken servitude  
 With bloody whip.*

## PRIESTS.

“ Have ye a garland for your head ? ”  
 The wise God said.  
 “ Lo ! here a fetter for your feet,  
 It is but meet.

“ For strangers ye My laws forsake,  
 Their yokes to take ;  
 Think ye to choose the light and small,  
 Nor wear them all ? ”

## PEOPLE.

*Our hosts were broken in the wars,  
 And, faint of heart,  
 Fled home, and from his shut house-doors  
 None durst depart.*

*Then were we aliens in our streets  
 And fathers' fields,  
 Dogs to be glad of morsel meats  
 A master yields.*

## PRIESTS.

Their captains chose their slaves at will  
 To toil and till,  
 And princes for their serving-men,  
 By five and ten.

And spoused maidens for their bed,  
 Cast out unwed  
 To be the sport of lewd women,  
 And mock of men.

## PEOPLE.

*And so the time went heavily  
 For years eighteen,  
 And God's face, which we sought to see,  
 It was not seen.*

*The seasons moved from frost to flower,  
 From flower to fruit,  
 But all the echoes of their power  
 Were lost and mute.*

## PRIESTS.

But He who sits above the years  
 He told our tears ;  
 He who before did count our crime  
 In His good time,  
 From where He ruled, ordained a deed.  
 To help our need,  
 And show the heathen Israel .  
 Was yet loved well.

## PEOPLE.

*Unto their King, even where he sat,  
 Girt round with sin,  
 As with a garment, foul and fat,  
 Without, within.*

*There in his builded pleasant place,  
 His windowed room,  
 That curtained out the summer days,  
 Was sent a doom.*

## PRIESTS.

A secret message from the Lord,—  
 Was not the sword  
 Of swift Ehud the pen of it ?  
 The scribe was fit.

He wrote it where it might be read,  
 Wrote it and fled ;  
 We kept the fords and slew them, till  
 None were to kill.

## PEOPLE.

*A day among the days is thus  
 A feast ; there is  
 A man of all the tribes o'er us  
 A judge for this.*

*The day with service comes and parts,  
 And sacrifice ;  
 And in his hand are all our hearts  
 Held sceptre-wise.*

---

 WILLIAM CARLETON, JUN.

[Author of *The Warden of Galway*, a metrical tale in six cantos, and other poems (Melbourne: Claxson, Massina, & Co.; Sydney: Gibbs, Shallard, & Co.)]

## THE SKIPPER'S BRIDE.

O! FAIR was the face of his promised bride,  
 As she stood on the deck by the skipper's side ;  
 But the bloom on her cheek decayed and died  
 When the mariners, lifting the anchor, cried,  
 "Heave, ho! though the winds blow,  
 The sailor must labour aloft and alow."

Then her lover, the skipper, so brave and bold,  
Smoothed back her beautiful tresses of gold,  
And he kissed her lips, that were wan and cold,  
While the song of the mariners loudly rolled :

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
The sailor must labour aloft and allow.”

And he took one tress of her golden hair,  
And he gave her a golden ring to wear,  
And her young head fell on his bosom, where  
It lay in its sorrow and beauty rare.

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
The sailor must labour aloft and allow.”

And again he kissed her and said farewell,  
And the words from the lips of the skipper fell  
On the ear of the girl like the sadding knell,  
As it drops at eve from the passing bell.

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
The sailor must labour aloft and allow.”

Then she went ashore at the lighthouse pier,  
And parted from him whom her soul held dear ;  
And she watched the ship o'er the waves career,  
Till it faded away in the twilight drear.

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
The sailor must labour aloft and allow.”

And months went past, and then news of grief  
Was brought to shore that the “Royal Chief”  
And all had perished without relief.

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
The sailor must labour aloft and allow.”

And we stood on the lighthouse pier that night,  
 And the skipper's maiden was there as white  
 As the crest of the wave in the moonbeams bright,  
 And her eyes were lit with a strange wild light.

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
 The sailor must labour aloft and allow.”

And while we stood on the lighthouse pier  
 We saw the lights of a ship draw near,  
 And her hull was holed and her sails hung sear,  
 And we heard a moan like a ghostly cheer.

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
 The sailor must labour aloft and allow.”

A ghostly cheer, and it rose again  
 Like the bubbling crying of drowning men,  
 And we saw a shadowy crew, and then  
 We knew that they were not living men.

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
 The sailor must labour aloft and allow.”

And the ship moved on till she touched the pier,  
 And her hull was holed and her sails hung sear ;  
 'Twas the “Royal Chief,” and a mighty fear  
 Whitened the face of each person near.

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
 The sailor must labour aloft and allow.”

And when we looked on that ghostly crew,  
 We saw those there whom we all well knew,  
 And white were their faces and wet with dew,  
 And the light of their eyes seemed cold and blue.

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
 The sailor must labour aloft and allow.”

And fathers and mothers and sisters fair  
Beheld their relatives standing there,  
And saw them beckon ; but none would dare  
To enter the spectral vessel there.

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
The sailor must labour aloft and alow.”

Then the skipper moved through the shadowy troop,  
And he took his place on the vessel’s poop,  
And he spake aloud to our startled group,  
And the tones that he uttered made all heads droop.

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
The sailor must labour aloft and alow.”

Quoth he, “I have sailed o’er a deep dark sea,  
Where danger and death sweep wild and free ;  
Through a fog and a mist that you cannot see,  
I have come to my bride—will she come to me ?”

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
The sailor must labour aloft and alow.”

Then spake the maid : “O’er the deep dark sea,  
Where danger and death sweep wild and free,  
I will sail with my love, and its waves shall be  
A pillow of rest for him and for me.”

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
The sailor must labour above and below.”

Then the skipper’s maiden so fair and white  
Flew to his spirit with wild delight ;  
And the ship moved off and faded from sight,  
While we heard these words o’er the breeze of night :

“Heave, ho ! though the winds blow,  
The sailor must labour above and below.”

## JENNINGS CARMICHAEL.

[Of Glenhope, Dalgety Street, St. Kilda, Victoria. Three of the pieces quoted below appeared in the *Australasian*, and "Tom-boy Madge" in the *Weekly Times*. He has been a frequent contributor to the leading Australian journals.]

*A WREATH FROM ADAM'S GARDEN.*

AROUND lie the limitless acres of forests Australian,  
 Infinite solitudes scarcely disturbed by a sound,  
 Only the keen, tireless tinklings of bell-birds, leaf-hidden,  
 Break as a monotone chord on a silence profound.

Stately and tall, with but rarely a varying foliage,  
 Range the bush monarchs, with branches just rocked  
 by the wind ;  
 Low at their feet cluster saplings and giant-leafed tree-  
 ferns,  
 Anchored in mosses, with creepers caressingly twined.

Rarely the sad, sombre leafage is brightened with colour,  
 Save by the white-starred clematis and glory-pea bine,  
 Or 'gainst the branch-trellised verge of the long-stretching  
 forest  
 Dagger-leaved lightwoods and gold-tufted wattle-trees  
 shine.

Strewn 'mid the tawny bush-grasses where dead leaves lie  
 scattered,  
 Myriads of daisies and fawn-tinted violets blow,  
 Green-hearted orchids upspring from the maiden-ferned  
 slopings,  
 And through the verdure the twin-creeks in harmony  
 flow.

Seen through a clearing of bush soft with velvety verdure,  
 The plain's fertile acreage lies 'neath the westering sun;  
 Down to the flat rolls the marsh-merging fringe of the  
 forest,  
 And red cattle graze on the grass of the wide station-  
 run.

Vaulted in passionless purity glistens the heaven,  
 Never the breath of a cloud on its measureless blue,  
 Deeper the purple tints glow on the close-wooded moun-  
 tains,  
 Finer the "shadow and shine" blend in dreamiest hue.

These are the days when the soul with its yearning dis-  
 quiet  
 Can for a moment be eased of the burdening pain.  
 O! thus to roam in the changeless quiescence of forest  
 Gives for a season relief from heart-sorrow and strain.

---

*TOMBOY MADGE.*

O FOR a swim through the reedy river,  
 And one long pull with the boys at dawn!  
 Only a ride on the high-backed Rover,  
 And one tennis-round on the grassy lawn!  
 Once more to see the sun on the wide waves,  
 And feel once more the foam at my feet;  
 Give me again the wind in the sea-caves  
 Rocking the weeds on the "Tomboy's seat!"

Only last week, when the sky was brightest,  
 No single cloud in the vaulted blue,  
 The boys and I, when the sea was calmest,  
 Rowed through the waves in the "Black-eyed Sue."

Fred, you remember the great-eyed fishes  
 Shining star-like through the emerald sea ;  
 How the waves foamed with their gleaming riches,  
 Splendid fun for the boys and me.

Is it a week since we forded the river  
 (Low and clear for the time of the year),  
 And found the wattles and tall red clover,  
 Scenting the air from far and near ?  
 Is it a week since we all went jumping  
 From the bent arm of the creaking gum ?  
 Who would have thought that the half-bent stumbling  
 Would lay the Tomboy crippled and dumb ?

Fred, were you frightened when I lay wailing,  
 With eyes closed away from the dazzling sun ?  
 As in a dream I saw your face paling  
 Before the sky grew distant and dun.  
 I can't remember the homeward wending  
 Through the dark trees and the long spring grass ;  
 Nor how you stopped at the river's bending  
 And bathed my face in the stream as we passed.

I woke in this room, where the blinds were darkened,  
 And saw the face that was bent o'er mine ;  
 And there was a voice to which I harkened—  
 A voice that rings in my brain like a chime.  
 "She will linger on for a time," it was telling ;  
 "Years may pass and ten seasons turn ;  
 But never again will these feet, weak and failing,  
 Rise to walk through the flowers and fern."

"Ten seasons turn !" One glad month of spring-time,  
 With ferns and flowers I cannot see,  
 Will make me long for the heavenly sunshine,  
 Where you and the boys may come to me.

How can I live under walls and ceiling  
When all my life has been spent in the breeze?  
Whenever the bells of the birds are pealing  
I will pine and long for their nests in the leaves.

O auntie, dear, draw the blinds up widely,  
Let stream the sun through the bow'ry trees!  
O! see the clouds on the deep blue gliding,  
And watch them ride and sport on the breeze.  
And, Freddy boy, I hold your hand gently,  
With its boyish, hard, familiar palm—  
The hand I will feel in the far-off country  
When "Tomboy Madge" will be safe from harm.

May, with the dove eyes gentle and shining,  
Come nearer, darling, and smooth my hair,  
And tell me the tale from the deep past chiming  
The saintly mother and infant fair.  
Not long ago these same "Good Tidings"  
That brightened the blue of your loving eyes  
Would seem to me but as wearisome chidings,  
Heavy as clouds in autumnal skies.

But now I must lie here far from the cool wave,  
Far from the sounds and the scenes I love,  
With nothing before but pain—and a green grave—  
And nothing to seek but the hope from above.  
No grand long walks through the dusk at evening,  
Or long-drawn swims in the wind-tossed wave;  
No light to seek but the one that's waning  
Down the dim path to the Tomboy's grave.

"Ten seasons turn" will have seen the grasses  
High and green near the sea-shelled cave,  
And the dull stonecrop that Fred pulls as he passes  
Will have twined and hidden my early grave.

The boys, when they swing on the blue-gums bending,  
 And hear the hoarse voice of the ocean roar,  
 Will sometimes think of the Tomboy's ending,  
 And wait for her voice on another shore.

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*THE BUSHRANGERS.*

HUNTED, and haunted, and hounded,  
 Outlawed from human kin,  
 Bound with the self-forged fetters  
 Of a long career of sin.  
 Hands that are red with slaughter,  
 Feet that are sunk in crime—  
 A harvest of tares and thistles  
 For the pending scythe of Time.

Mate, we have travelled together,  
 In days less dark than now ;  
 In the hours of early manhood,  
 Ere Cain's brand marked each brow.  
 You remember the life on the station,  
 When the shout of the overseer  
 Would rouse us blithe from the bracken,  
 Hands willing, and conscience clear.

The tramp to the diggings was later,  
 Through the bush to "Chase's Ford"—  
 We'd been on the straight to-day, old man,  
 If it hadn't proved a fraud.  
 Good Lord! that week through the forest,  
 In the heat and the fearful dearth ;  
 No wonder the end of the rush left Chase  
 Swinging quiet 'twixt sky and earth.

Perhaps we'd have rallied a little  
If we'd missed the lengthened drought,  
That, and the diggings together,  
Made the world and us fall out.  
'Twas hard to find the culled hoard strewn  
In dead heaps on the plain :  
I knew the losses made that year  
Would ne'er be gained again.

We took to lawless living, Bill,  
When honesty proved dear,  
Though we never reckoned on reddened hands  
At the start of our career.  
Tom Chase's swing on the wattle-bough  
Was merely a just repay :  
But the fruits of that fight with the troopers  
Must be looked at another way.

You laugh at showing the feather blanch  
After years of ruthless sin ;  
I own it's late to look to my feet,  
When the mire-depths reach my chin.  
But somehow since that pistol-shot  
Life hasn't seemed the same ;  
Perhaps, like the sinking sun we watch,  
My day is on the wane.

Old man, come nearer—by my faith !  
I'm feeling strangely cold—  
These qualms of useless penitence  
I never felt of old.  
At nights, before the firelight's glow,  
Dead thoughts my conscience flood,  
Though hope and memory alike  
Are marred by hues of blood.

Why should the guileless days of youth  
 Come swelling mem'ry now ?  
 My boyhood's honour mocking keen  
 This aged and crime-worn brow ?  
 Mate, you may scoff to see me down,  
 With head and spirits low,  
 But chaff falls on unheeding ears—  
 Life's current flows too slow.

Hark ! There's the beat of hast'ning hoofs !  
 " A false alarm," you say.  
 Bill, after all, it's little odds  
 If the end does come that way.  
 I'd give a lot to have hands pure  
 From the blood of those plucky Jews ;  
*That* acts as the bridgeless gulf between  
 The old and a new——

Hunted, and haunted, and hounded,  
 Outlawed from human kin,  
 Bound with the self-forged fetters  
 Of a long career of sin.  
 Hands that are red with slaughter,  
 Feet that are sunk in crime—  
 A harvest of tares and thistles  
 For the pending scythe of Time.

---

*THE FENNEL IN THE WINE.*

LIVE on, O heart, for the night is long  
 That follows the day called life ;  
 Oblivion waits in the even's shade,  
 After the noontide's strife.

O weary soul in travailing pain,  
When will ye cease to rave?  
What in the end is the sum of all?—  
A cradle and a grave!

The sunny face of a little child  
Can only ripen to die;  
Yon leaves were green on the sun-seared tree,  
That the autumn breeze blows by.  
Birth and burial, hand in hand,  
Pace through the tracts of time;  
And funeral dirges, slow and sad,  
Blend with the marriage chime.

O Fate—so hard is the stern design,  
Decreeing our being so,  
That the tranquil heart of to-day's content  
Should usher to-morrow's woe;  
That flowers and sunlight, joy and peace,  
Will harbinger sorrow's gloom,  
And love and hope alike will meet  
The juggernaut of doom!

We live and love, while time blows wide  
Affection's wasted leaves;  
And tare and thistle too are found  
In the gathering of the sheaves.  
Across the reaped fields of life  
The trembling pilgrims glean;  
And only scattered ears abound,  
Where the harvest should have been.

Friend! for us is the gloom alone,  
The barren field and the story  
Of autumn leaves and funeral dirge,  
And the rose-bloom stripped of glory!

Of alien hearts and divided hands,  
Grey hairs instead of golden ;  
A dimming film on the face of all,  
As of everything grown olden !

No use to stretch out yearning arms  
And sigh for the joys withheld ;  
Why pine for treasures of the past,  
When their burial is knelled ?  
The music of the chord, once lost,  
Is rarely found again ;  
We cannot call the beauty back  
Of the flower bruised by the rain.

For us remains the ling'ring loss  
Of a lifetime grown with weeds ;  
The broken chord, and the bruised flower,  
And the scattered harvest-seeds.  
The naked tree and the empty cruse,  
The dust of the apple's core ;  
Life's pathos of complaining pain,  
Vibrating evermore !

One quiv'ring sheath in a grassy plain  
Is man's epitome ;  
One trembling drop in the shower that falls  
On an ever-changing sea.  
Then wherefore weep in the face of Fate,  
'Neath the cross so hard to bear ?  
For the peace withheld in this life of ours  
Awaiteth us elsewhere.

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## ETHEL CASTILLA.

[Of Kew, Melbourne.]

## AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL.

“She’s pretty to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And pleasant, too, to think on.”  
—*Sir John Suckling.*

SHE has a beauty of her own,  
A beauty of a paler tone  
Than English belles.  
The Southern sun and Southern air  
Have kissed her cheeks until they wear  
The dainty tints that oft appear  
On rosy shells.

Her frank, clear eyes bespeak a mind  
Old-world traditions fail to bind.  
She is not shy  
Or bold, but simply self-possessed ;  
Her independence adds a zest  
Unto her speech, her piquant jest,  
Her quaint reply.

O’er classic volumes she will pore  
With joy ; and some scholastic lore  
Will often gain.  
In sports she bears away the bell,  
Nor under music’s siren spell  
To dance divinely, flirt as well,  
Does she disdain.

## ALFRED T. CHANDLER.

[Born at Geelong, Victoria, 1852; is a journalist, on the *South Australian Advertiser* and on the *Hansard* staff, Adelaide. Has published a volume, *A Bush Idyll, and other Poems* (E. S. Wigg, Adelaide; S. Mullen, Melbourne), from which our quotations have been made.]

## AT DUSK.

HEAR the distance-like tremulous bells,  
 Murmurs of melody lingering low,  
 Floating and gathering over the dells,  
 Down where the whispering wattle-trees grow.  
 Is it the ripple of rambling rills  
 Kissing the feet of the dreamy hills,  
 Singing a measure that faintly fills  
 Forest and foreland where soft winds blow?

Hear the strange song in the deepening gloom  
 Lulling to sleep the wearyful day,  
 Closing the eyes of bright beauties that bloom,  
 Crooning to those that are passing away.  
 Is it the sigh of the evening breeze  
 Wafted afar from beyond the seas  
 Telling its love to the lispings trees,  
 Welcoming night with a gentle lay?

Hear from above, in the dusky air,  
 Something that swells in an undertone  
 Grand as echo from choristers rare  
 Breathing their souls in some beautiful zone.  
 Is it the wonderful symphony  
 Struck by the stars in their sparkling glee,  
 Speeding through space and eternity  
 On to the end in the mystic unknown?

Standing out here on this southerly slope,  
 What is this music that comes from without?—  
 Nature's glad message of infinite hope  
 Soothing the terrors of withering doubt?  
 Comrade, I know not, but still there seems  
 Something disclosed in those songful dreams—  
 Voices of comfort through starry gleams,  
 Putting our sorrows and fears to rout.

---

IN THE CITY.

O YE who are so gay,  
     Come into the city ;  
 Soon your smiles will flee away,  
     And leave ye pity !  
 Ah ! here is one with eyes all dark,  
     For light hath flown ;  
 The golden sun, the light, the birds,  
 Are lost to him. Speak gentle words,  
     He lives by these alone.  
 And here is one so young and fair,  
     With tangled tresses ;  
 She sits and thinks, but thought is care :  
 A great sad sob starts from her there,  
     Where she transgresses.  
 O fathers, brothers, sorrow-heeding,  
     Can you resist  
 So deeply passionate a pleading  
     Through tearful mist ?  
 For she was wronged, then slipped and fell  
     When innocence had fled.  
 O ! thoughtless, stay and hear her pray  
     That she were dead !

Ah! ye that are so gay,  
 Here within the city,  
 Win her from sin away,  
 With love and pity.

And here is one so grey and old,  
 He begs a penny ;  
 But pass him by not stern and cold,  
 The poor are many.  
 He once had wealth : and charity  
 He held as holy :  
 Misfortune came. He asks of thee  
 So soft and slowly.  
 Cease thy mirth ! O ! why so gay,  
 Laughing through the city,  
 When so much want from day to day  
 Demands thy pity ?

And here is one, a babe at play  
 In dirt enshrouded,  
 His lips 'midst guilt—by evil ray  
 His young life clouded.  
 From haggard hands the cup he drained  
 Ere he could speak ;  
 And she, his mother, long sin-stained,  
 And bad, and worn, and weak.  
 O ! deep true-hearted, save the child  
 (For love and pity)  
 Who knows not God, who wanders wild  
 Within so gay a city.  
 Yea, save the children ere they be  
 All grown in vile maturity,  
 Lost and perished.  
 O let them taste the purity  
 Of being cherished !

Our land is young and fair and free—  
 O! woeful pity  
 That there should be one misery  
 To stain our city!  
 Ah! ye who wrapped in comforts sit,  
 Go bless again—  
 For wrong is strong and life is brief:  
 Then fight for right and lighten grief,  
 And lessen sorrow's bane.  
 O! ye who are so gay  
 In the merry city,  
 Soon your smiles must flee away,  
 And leave ye pity!

---

CURLEY.

“O COME round, chaps—here is a curious moke:  
 Sundowner! twig each weary limb.  
 “Come thirty miles—nothing to eat—dead broke”—  
 Yes, that's the yarn you'll get from him.  
 Say now, my spark, you don't look very spry;  
 You want a job? Well, that's played out,  
 That joke. On this here run we're pretty fly—  
 We don't state plain “You lie!”—we doubt.

You needn't don such simple airs, my boy;  
 Such dodgings ain't no good with us;  
 Come, own the fact up straight—you shirk employ,  
 And rather skim away from fuss;  
 It makes your head ache, eh, this doffing coats?  
 The thought for you is quite enough.  
 Of course we ain't all sheep—there must be goats.  
 Oh, ho! you shouldn't take the huff!

“ But chaps, just gaze ! He acts the part darned well,  
 You'd think him just about to drop—  
 His last weak walk for life—death or a spell ”——  
 Here broke in Super Scotty :—“ Stop  
 Your borak ; give the bloomin' man a show ;  
 You might be down yourself 'fore long ;  
 A pannikin of flour would pull you low,  
 And make you sing another song ! ”

The hardy station hands were grouped at dusk  
 Around the hut, and wreaths of smoke  
 From blackened clays rose softly with the musk  
 Of forest shrubs. A hearty joke  
 Excited now and then a vigorous laugh  
 'Mong sun-browned bushmen stretched at rest,  
 Or sudden challenge couched in cutting “ chaff ”  
 Provoked impromptu feat or test.

The swagman stood with shy, pathetic mien,  
 And stared with strange appealing eyes ;  
 In those outlandish parts there ne'er was seen  
 So sad a sight to wake surprise.  
 Such fair proportions, weak and feebly worn,  
 Such gentle features pinched and pale ;  
 Such thick brown curls, unkempt and long unshorn—  
 A manly form now weak and frail.

Through all his joylessness, though thin and wan,  
 With many a dangling shred and rag,  
 There lurked a touch of something that had gone  
 Ere he had known the “ track ” and swag ;  
 And something still more pitiful was there—  
 A blindness though possessed of sight,  
 Fair features, less the light to make them fair—  
 Or darkness overclouding light.

Like some bright land, where ever joy hath been  
In changeful growth and beauty rare,  
And perfect fruits, with fragrant flow'rs between,  
The winds of promise wafting there ;  
When fruitfulness hath faded from its face  
And only barrenness is left—  
A life in death—a form yet lacking grace,  
Of warmth and feeling all bereft.

True pity ever prompts the hearts, though rude,  
Of those who range the forests wild ;  
For, nursed in Nature's generous solitude,  
They catch her influence undefiled  
By unctuous mode. The bushmen gathered round,  
Forgetting sturdy joke and jeer,  
Gruff voices fell to sympathetic sound—  
Soft hearts make harshness sweet appear !

Then Scotty, leader of the little throng,  
Gave welcome to the weary tramp,  
And led him in, and doubted "What was wrong?"  
Surmised he'd "left a hungry camp."  
But to all queries came no quick reply  
Of wakened thought, but timid looks ;  
And thus unasked he whispered by-and-by,  
"They called me 'Curley' down at Cook's."

"I'm shot if Cooks don't treat their friends d— queer ;  
They're not much, mate, if that's their style.  
Well, sit you down and make your wurlie here—  
I bet you'll spell with us a while.  
But—Cook? Some sugar-dealer taught a run,  
And hawked amongst the hills and gums  
His scales to weigh free air to every one?  
Thank God, he's not around these slums !"

A week went by and Curley still remained,  
 And no one seemed to wish him gone ;  
 His way was meek although his mind had waned—  
 A gleam that through the darkness shone.  
 So he, 'midst warmth and kindly spoken tones,  
 Was welcomed gently by the rest ;  
 But still those sense-robbed eyes, like shining stones,  
 Struck sorrow into every breast.

A year went by, and every one had placed  
 A light load on the blighted life ;  
 If kindness could have from the past erased  
 That grief, sweet joy would soon be rife.  
 Through all the homestead strayed the stricken one,  
 Played with the children in their freaks,  
 Or gathered wild flowers 'neath the morning sun,  
 Or crooned along the lonely creeks.

And so wild winter brightened into spring ;  
 Across the pools swift currents rushed ;  
 O'er all the land full many a winsome thing  
 Sprang budding forth, and beauty blushed  
 From east to west. The station babes with joy  
 Their voices gaily raised in glee,  
 And laughter rang from merry girl and boy  
 As part of Nature's minstrelsy.

One glorious sunset flooded through the trees  
 Like some kaleidoscopic dream  
 Of light and shade and playing harmonies,  
 Enchanting all the dashing stream ;  
 And, lured by this bright dancing colour-blink,  
 The shepherd's prattling child was led  
 To scream delight and venture on the brink  
 Of that false glowing waterhead.

One moment—then to catch the fleeting beams  
 Fair Lily sprang, and sank below  
 The gay illusion and its rippling gleams,  
 That sparkled unaware of woe ;  
 But Curley, touched by some quaint thought,  
 Rushed laughing to the baby's cry ;  
 And ere the station was by tears distraught,  
 Had won her back to earth and sky.

But when they found them all his clustering locks  
 Were red with blood, where he had met  
 The hidden juts of sharply jagged rocks.  
 And yet he owed to them a debt ;  
 For fever seized him, and for days he lay  
 Unconscious, tho' so gently nursed ;  
 And when he woke, the shepherd's daughter May  
 In vigil grave he saw the first.

But had he caught from off the water's face  
 The light of life—the vital gleam ?—  
 For now it shone—his form regained the grace  
 It late had lost in that dark dream.  
 Still was he more a stranger to them all,  
 Amazed in flooding memory—  
 A wondering soul's bewildered madrigal  
 Of praise and joy in waking free.

“ Where has that blooming Curley gone—d'ye hear ?

He found his sense—and we lost him :

A line for some poetic chap. It's queer

How some young folks are mighty trim

And sensitive when they get use of wits.

Why didn't he continue soft ?

That rock's to blame—I'll take my davey it's

Darned interfering horns are neatly doff't.”

Another year had passed, and in the spring  
 Along the winding station-track  
 Came Curley, brightly changed in everything—  
 No ragged bundle on his back.  
 Again he went away—so blithe and blest—  
 But not alone, for gentle May  
 Now shared his honours and heraldic crest,  
 And love beamed o'er them day by day.

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### MARCUS CLARKE.

[Born at Kensington, 1847; only son of William Hislop Clarke, Barrister-at-Law, Middle Temple, and cousin of Major-General Sir Andrew Clarke, once Surveyor-General and Chief Commissioner Crown Lands, Victoria; late Inspector-General Fortifications, England. Educated at St. Paul's. Emigrated to Victoria about his seventeenth year. Four years on a station in Wimmera, then joined *Argus* staff. First literary "hit," "Peripatetic Philosopher," in *Australasian*—admirable imitation of "Thackeray's Round-about Papers." Assisted to found *Colonial Monthly*, in which appeared his first novel, "Long Odds;" clever but immature. Same year (1868) married Marion Dunn, actress, daughter of John Dunn, comedian; 1872, appointed Secretary to Trustees of Public Library, Melbourne; afterwards Sub-Librarian. His *Natural Life*, Clarke's *magnum opus*, first published in a Melbourne journal, republished by Bentley, remains the only standard Australian work of fiction written in the Colonies. Clarke only occasionally "dropped into poetry," but whether in verse or prose, it was impossible for him to be other than bright, witty, and forcible. He wrote and adapted several pieces for the Colonial stage. As a literary critic, within the limit of his artistic sympathies, he was admirable, and his influence was felt, if not known, through the columns of the *Age*, *Argus*, and other prominent local journals.

Died 1881, at St. Kilda, near Melbourne, prematurely, leaving

a widow and several children, who have been very generously looked after by the friends and admirers of "Australia's chief novelist."]

"IN A LADY'S ALBUM."

WHAT can I write in thee, O dainty book,  
About whose daintiness quaint perfume lingers—  
Into whose pages dainty ladies look,  
And turn thy dainty leaves with daintier fingers?

Fitter my ruder muse for ruder song;  
My scrawling quill to coarser paper matches;  
My voice, in laughter raised too loud and long,  
Is hoarse and cracked with singing tavern catches.

No melodies have I for ladies' ear,  
No roundelays for jocund lads and lasses,—  
But only brawlings born of bitter beer,  
And chorussed with the clink and clash of glasses.

So tell thy mistress, pretty friend, for me,  
I cannot do her "'hest" for all her frowning,  
While dust and ink are but polluting thee,  
And vile tobacco smoke thy leaves embrowning.

Thou breathest purity and humble worth—  
The simple jest, the light laugh following after;  
I will not jar upon thy modest mirth  
With harsher jest, or with less gentle laughter.

So some poor tavern-hunter steeped in wine,  
With staggering footsteps through the streets returning,  
Seeing, through gathering glooms, a sweet light shine  
From household lamp in happy window burning,

May pause an instant in the wind and rain  
 To gaze on that sweet scene of love and duty,  
 But turns into the wild wet night again,  
 Lest his sad presence mar its holy beauty.

---

TEN YEARS AGO.

Dost thou remember the old garden, where  
 We used to steal  
 To build our silly castles in the air,  
 My pale Lucille?  
 I was thy knight: and thou, my love, my queen,  
 No shame didst know—  
 For had we not played babies on the green?—  
 Ten years ago.

We part, we meet, thou statelier grown and cold,  
 I gaunt and grey;  
 For thou art rich, and I—in sorrows old  
 Since childhood's day.  
 "Lucille! at last, my love!"—your pale cheek flames.  
 "Did you not know  
 My husband, sir? We met—where was it, James?—  
 Ten years ago!"

Well—mine the fault was if I did not please;  
 You judged the best;  
 You feared for poverty, and longed for ease,  
 Comfort, and rest.  
 His horses stepped as high, your diamonds made  
 As brave a show,  
 For all he won them in the hollow trade  
 Ten years ago.

Yet that white brow, methinks, is less serene  
 Than in that time  
 When bright birds sang and trees and fields were green,  
 In youth's fair prime ;  
 When all the world smiled rosy at our feet  
 In fancy's glow,  
 Ah me ! the wondrous dreams we dreamt, my sweet,  
 Ten years ago !

Now you are sadly learned, I am old ;  
 Five tongues you speak ;  
 You sing, compose—what leaf is that you fold ?  
 Plato in Greek !  
 I see—you study at all times—you fret  
 At progress slow—  
 You had not needed Greek, dear, had we met  
 Ten years ago.

Nay, never blush, Lucille. I am not base  
 To him or you ;  
 From thy soul's cell no love must his displace  
 Thy whole life through.  
 His safeguard and thy solace lies in this—  
 Is it not so ?—  
 His constant kindness since the bridal kiss  
 Ten years ago.

We met. We part. If life's bright best be lost,  
 Much still remains ;  
 Perhaps a higher Heaven for him, the cost  
 Paid with thy pains.  
 Good-bye, my dear ; and if this tale you tell,  
 These verses show,  
 Say only, " This man fought a hard fight well  
 Ten years ago."

And ever fights ! for if, as Churchmen say,  
 In skies above  
 Soul mates with soul, as ray melts into ray,  
 And Heaven is Love,  
 He will be there, and—if he still loves thee—  
 Must never know  
 That thou on earth hadst e'er a thought for me  
 Ten years ago.

---

NELLIE S. CLERK.

[Of Kaidee, Gippsland, Victoria, has published a thin paper book of poems entitled *Songs from the Gippsland Forest* (C. P. Nind, Mirboo, North Gippsland, Victoria, 1887)].

AT EVENTIDE.

THROUGH the forest, vast as ocean,  
 Furious trees and furious winds  
 Whirl and roar in mad commotion,  
 Thunder deafens, lightning blinds.  
 Down the sun has sunk, despairing,  
 Clouds are pouring forth his tears ;  
 I, too, weep, his sorrow sharing,  
 I, too, sink in grief and fears.

Life is short, but O how weary !  
 For my best endeavours fail ;  
 Fruitless, joyless years and dreary,  
 Tire my brows, my cheeks make pale.  
 I have lived, but why I know not,  
 Nor what purpose I have served.  
 Praise of God ? Alas ! I trow not ;  
 From His paths my steps have swerved.

Long I dreamt of actions glorious,  
     Conquered billows, conquered foes ;  
 I have lived dull years laborious,  
     Tilled the ground and cursed my woes.  
 Toil, perhaps, has manful proved me,  
     But has earned few gladdening gleams ;  
 I ne'er won the love who loved me,  
     Realised no youthful dreams.

And this lot is not mine only,  
     Else some comfort I would take ;  
 Millions disappointed, lonely,  
     Like me, their appealing make.  
 Is there nothing waiting for us ?  
     Our appointed tasks being done,  
 Is no fairer state before us ?  
     Shall we no more see the sun ?

With each stage of earth's creation  
     Age on age has come and gone,  
 Merely turned for rock formation  
     Myriad living things to stone.  
 What is life worth used thus cheaply,  
     To build up a planet's crust ?  
 Must we in our turn lie deeply  
     Crushed beneath the future's dust ?

And the planets incandescent,  
     Shape they but to gorge more prey ?  
 Shall each germ in them increscent,  
     Swell, develop, die for aye ?  
 Next, shall man in conscious sorrow  
     Tread as here on countless death—  
 Dreading lest he ere the morrow  
     To oblivion yield his breath ?

What comes after? Shall new creatures  
 Think the universe their own?  
 Ponder o'er man's fossil features,  
 Deem themselves great Nature's crown,  
 Through unnumbered fateful ages,  
 Till by earthquakes, floods, and fires  
 They are swallowed, and fresh sages  
 Class them with strange human sires?

On and on the scale ascending,  
 If with Life Death hold no truce,  
 What of all shall be the ending?  
 What of all can be the use?  
 Could we here but fill to fulness  
 All our cravings after bliss,  
 Banish envy, crime, and dulness,  
 Life indeed were happiness.

O my soul, cease, cease complaining,  
 Live we must, whate'er the goal;  
 Wherefore, then, waste time arraigning  
 Forces past our poor control?  
 Yes, we live because we must do,  
 Live with hearts unsatisfied.  
 Ye who have a God to trust to,  
 Would I were with you allied!

Fool! you call me. Am I?—choosing  
 Doubt's wild waters for my bark,  
 Overboard my compass losing,  
 Vaguely drifting through the dark?  
 That am I! for revelation  
 Shows the while a placid bay,  
 Wherein men from every nation,  
 Mooring, watch and wait for day.

These are wise, nor weakly wonder  
That not yet they understand  
Things above earth, and under,  
By omniscient wisdom planned ;  
But they trust beyond death's portals  
Perfect knowledge God shall give ;  
Blessed faith ! they are immortals ;  
Here they but commence to live.

Is this so ? Then we are reigning  
Here o'er every mortal thing,  
And we are as sons in training  
For our Father, who is King.  
Hark ! a cry !—" Soon thou shalt meet Him !"  
Take, as Pilot, Christ the blest.  
Away, ye doubts ! I fain would greet Him ;  
Father, Father ! give me rest !

---

*I SLEPT.*

I SLEPT in the great gum forest,  
By one of its mountain streams,  
Where tenderest touches and sounds  
Mingled themselves with dreams.  
The stream, round a boulder's breast,  
Rippled, as ripples the sea,  
And over it swaying fern-fronds  
Wafted me, darling, to thee,—  
So swiftly my darling to thee.

Wild tangled grass to my side  
Stirred softly, like ruffling hair,

And a leaf falling lightly down  
 I clasped—'twas thy hand so fair.  
 "Dear hand, I will keep it!" I cried  
 (And a bird sang sweetly above);  
 "Dear hair, as a royal crown  
 Let me guard it for ever, my love,—  
 "Yes, guard it for ever, my love."

I had gazed in a silent pool  
 At foliaged, sunlit skies;  
 But now I saw lovelier things  
 In the depths of a woman's eyes.  
 Circling so free and so cool,  
 I had envied the dragon-fly's bliss;  
 But now, as he dipped his wings,  
 I heard, yes, and felt a soft kiss,  
 A gently breathed, tremulous kiss.

Love, I am here, I am here!  
 (Branches were whispering then.)  
 I have traversed dividing seas,  
 I have come to you once again.  
 Enter my boat without fear,  
 Sail with me homeward—Ah, no!  
 Alone in the chill night breeze  
 I wake—must it ever be so?  
 Dear love, must it ever be so?

---

## VICTOR J. DALEY.

[Enjoys a considerable reputation in Australia, but unfortunately the editor has received no communication from him, and therefore can give no biographical details, and no poems except one he had saved, which appeared in the *Victorian Review*.]

## LIFE AND DEATH.

(*Two Sonnets.*)

## DEATH.

THE angel seers of old who writ in words  
 Like drops of blood great thoughts, that through the night  
 Of ages burn, as eyes of lions light  
 Deep jungle-dusks ; who smote with songs like swords  
 The soul of man on its most secret chords,  
 And made the heart of him a harp to smite—  
 Where are they ? Where that old man lorn of sight,  
 The king of song among these laurelled lords ?  
 But where are all the ancient singing spheres  
 That burst through Chaos like the summer's breath  
 Through ice-bound seas where never seaman steers ?  
 Burnt out. Gone down. No star remembereth  
 These stars and seers well-silenced through the years—  
 The songless years of everlasting death.

## LIFE.

What know we of the dead who say these things,  
 Or of the life in Death below the mould ?  
 What of the mystic laws that rule the old  
 Grey realms beyond our poor imaginings,  
 Where death is life ? The bird with spray-wet wings  
 Knows more of what the deeps beneath him hold.  
 Let be : warm hearts shall never wax a-cold,

But burn in roses through eternal springs ;  
 For all the banished fruit and flower of time  
 Are flower and fruit in worlds we cannot see,  
 And all we see is but a shadow-mime  
 Of things unseen, and time that comes to flee  
 Is as the broken echo of a rhyme  
 In God's great epic of Eternity.

---

J. F. DANIELL.

[Of Windsor, Melbourne, author of "Rhymes for the Times," a poetical commentary on current events appearing in the columns of the *Herald*, from which the poem quoted is taken. Formerly wrote under the *nom-de-plume* of "A Long Fellow."]

*THE JUBILEE OF MELBOURNE.*

For ages wild and restless waves had cast  
 Their burden on a low untrodden shore,  
 Which never stately white-winged ship had passed,  
 Or rugged seamen touched with friendly oar ;  
 Where never loving comrades flocked to pour  
 Their boisterous welcomes, or sweet maidens came  
 To look the language lips were shy to frame.

Here 'neath the scorching heat of summer days  
 The shimmering waves stole up to kiss the sands,  
 And the fair moon with peerless silver rays  
 Lent beauty luminous to Southern lands,  
 Whose lonely, wild, yet not unlovely strands  
 Had never echoed to the steps of men,  
 Who dreamed of unknown worlds beyond their ken.

The waters of this noble bay were fed  
 By a pure stream which no pollution knew ;  
 Man's commerce had not stirred its rocky bed,  
 But on its bank sweet-scented wattles grew,

Amidst whose fragrant boughs soft love-birds flew,  
 And magpies poured from glossy plumaged throats  
 Their morning song of rich melodious notes.

From out the scrub that fringed the river-bank  
 What dusky, strange, and uncouth forms emerge,  
 With matted locks, which cling like sedges rank  
 Round gaunt old tree-trunks on the water's verge—  
 Sons of the forest wild whose plaintive dirge,  
 The mournful wail of hapless destiny,  
 The sad winds carry to the moaning sea !

There dawned, at last, a day when all was changed :  
 The restless overflow of Northern lands,  
 From Old World thoughts and sympathies estranged,  
 Winged South their way in bold, adventurous bands,  
 Bearing courageous hearts and vigorous hands  
 To carve their way to wealth with manly toil,  
 And plant dominion in productive soil.

Here fifty winters since, by Yarra's stream,  
 A scattered hamlet found its modest place :  
 What mind would venture then in wildest dream  
 Its wondrous growth and eminence to trace ?  
 What seer predict a stripling in the race  
 Would, swift as Atalanta, win the prize  
 Of progress, 'neath the World's astonished eyes ?

It is no dream. Upon those grass-grown streets  
 Has risen up a city vast and fair,  
 In whose thronged thoroughfares the stranger meets  
 With signs of all the world can send most rare  
 And costly to her marts. And everywhere  
 Ascends the hum of nervous, bustling strife—  
 The splendid evidence of healthy life.

Where stalwart bushmen lounged through sultry hours,  
 And large-boned oxen bowed beneath the yoke,  
 Are parks and gardens rich with plants and flowers,  
 Mansions embowered in ash, and elm, and oak,  
 Churches where worshippers Heaven's aid invoke,  
 And towers and steeples, monuments and domes,  
 Rise amidst crowded haunts and peaceful homes.

---

E. WILSON DOBBS.

[Born in Melbourne ; an architect by profession ; for five years in the Public Works Department of the Tasmanian Civil Service ; now in the Melbourne Civil Service. Educated at the Church of England Grammar-School, Melbourne. Has done important work in connection with literary clubs.]

IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.

“COME quickly”—’twas thy last message—God pity thee !  
 —help was no help when it got to Khartoum ;  
 Hark to their shouting!—the foe in the city see!—  
 “Gordon,” thy daring hath compassed thy doom.  
 Ah ! what a greeting for those who were straining sinew  
 and nerve, every heart-pulse and breath,  
 Reaching the goal to but find for their gaining nothing  
 but treachery, conquest, and death !  
 Late ! ye ; too late ! are the words that are tracèd in  
 letters of blood on that Arabic pile ;  
 England must ever feel sad and disgracèd, stabbed to the  
 death is her Lord of the Nile.

Gordon, thou type of a perfect knight templar, bearing  
 the cross ’gainst a Saracen foe,  
 Eminent, steadfast, and stainless exemplar, freer for  
 nations, thou usest to go

Onward serene like Crusader to battle, faith and the  
Bible thy armour-of-mail,  
Restfully calm 'mid the roar and the rattle; trusting  
that God would be sure to prevail.  
Galahad thou—waging war 'gainst Saladin—with Gala-  
had's strength and with Galahad's heart;  
Embodied soul of a noble Paladin, henceforth from  
heroes no more to depart.

Guerdon for self—thou hast ever rejected—as for the  
Militant Church thou didst strive,  
Offering all, now, thy God hath elected thine own most  
wished for reward to arrive.  
Ring out, ye bells, with a strain pure and tender, comfort  
ye all that are sorely bereaved;  
Divinity loves thus true service to render; a soldier of  
Christ from on-guard is relieved.  
O! single soul, full of spiritual leaven, prophet, saint,  
warrior, always confest,  
Now, on the shore of the river of Heaven, vanquished,  
yet victor, rejoice thee at rest!

---

ALFRED DOMETT, C.M.G.

[According to the *European Mail*, born in Surrey, May 20, 1811, and matriculated at Cambridge, as a member of St. John's College, in 1829. After three years' residence, left the University without graduating, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1841. So early as 1832 published a small volume of poems, and six or seven years afterwards contributed short poetical pieces to *Blackwood's Magazine*, one of which—"A Christmas Hymn"—was much admired. It attracted the favourable notice of Longfellow. In 1842 went, among the earliest settlers, to Nelson, in New Zealand. His literary

abilities soon obtained for him three eminent distinctions. His account of the Wairau Massacre in 1843, and the petition which he wrote at the request of the Nelson settlers for the recall of Governor Fitz-Roy in 1845, may well rank as valuable State papers. Appointed a member of the Legislative Council in 1846, and on the introduction of the Constitution of 1847, Colonial Secretary of the province of New Munster, and in 1851 Civil Secretary of New Zealand. From 1854 to 1856 the sole management of a new and extensive district at Hawke's Bay was entrusted to him ; and he admirably discharged new and laborious duties. While so employed, elected without his knowledge, after a contest, to represent the town of Nelson in the House of Representatives. In 1862 and 1863 was Premier of the colony. Afterwards, from 1864 to 1871, Secretary for Crown Lands ; and in that difficult office so distinguished himself, that in 1870, when he held a seat in the Legislative Council, he was specially excepted, while he continued Secretary of Crown Lands, from the law of Parliamentary disqualification. Nor did he confine himself to official duties : his love of literature led him to the devotion of his leisure to the organisation and classification of the Parliamentary Library ; and the colony is specially indebted to him for his efforts in that work. Came to England in 1871, and resided there till he died in 1887. Made in 1880 a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Soon after his return to England published *Ranolf and Amohia* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), a poem in which he described the scenery of New Zealand and the legends and habits of the Maoris ; and in 1877, *Flotsam and Jetsam* (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

#### THE PRELUDE TO RANOLF AND AMOHIA.

WELL ! if Truth be all welcomed with hardy reliance,  
 All the lovely unfoldings of luminous Science,  
 All that logic can prove or disprove be avowed :  
 Is there room for no faith—though such evil intrude—  
 In the dominance still of a Spirit of Good ?  
 Is there room for no hope—such a handbreadth we scan—  
 In the permanence yet of the Spirit of Man ?—

May we bless the far seeker, nor blame the fine dreamer ?  
 Leave Reason her radiance—Doubt her due cloud ;  
 Nor their Rainbows enshroud ?

From our Life of realities—hard—shallow-hearted,  
 Has Romance—has all glory idyllic departed—  
 From the workaday world all the wonderment flown ?  
 Well, but what if there gleamed, in an Age cold as this,  
 The divinest of Poets' ideal of bliss ?  
 Yea, an Eden could lurk in this Empire of ours,  
 With the loneliest love in the loveliest bowers ?—  
 In an era so rapid with railway and steamer,  
 And with Pan and the Dryads like Raphaël gone—  
 What if this could be shown ?

O my friends, never deaf to the charms of Denial,  
 Were its comfortless comforting worth a life-trial—  
 Discontented content with a chilling despair ?—  
 Better ask as we float down a song-flood unchecked  
 If our sky with no Iris be glory-bedecked ?  
 Through the gloom of eclipse as we wistfully steal  
 If no darkling auréolar rays may reveal  
 That the Future is haply not utterly cheerless :  
 While the Present has joy and adventure as rare  
 As the Past when most fair ?

And if, weary of mists, you will roam undisdaining  
 To a land where the fanciful fountains are raining  
 Swift brilliants of boiling and beautiful spray  
 In the violet splendour of skies that illumine  
 Such a wealth of green ferns and rare crimson tree-bloom ;  
 Where a people primeval is vanishing fast,  
 With its faiths and its fables and ways of the past :  
 O, with reason and fancy unfettered and fearless,  
 Come plunge with us deep into regions of Day—  
 Come away—and away !—

## MIROA'S STORY.

“ALAS, and well-a-day! they are talking of me still :  
 By the tingling of my nostril, I fear they are talking ill ;  
 Poor hapless I!—poor little I!—so many mouths to fill—  
 And all for this strange feeling, O this sad sweet pain!

O senseless heart—O simple! to yearn so and to pine  
 For one so far above me, confest over all to shine—  
 For one a hundred dote upon, who never can be mine!  
 O 'tis a foolish feeling—all this fond sweet pain!

When I was quite a child—not so many moons ago—  
 A happy little maiden—O then it was not so!  
 Like a sunny-dancing wavelet then I sparkled to and fro ;  
 And I never had this feeling, O this sad sweet pain!

I think it must be owing to the idle life I lead  
 In the dreamy house for ever that this new bosom-weed  
 Has sprouted up and spread its shoots till it troubles me  
 indeed  
 With a restless weary feeling—such a sad sweet pain!

So in this pleasant islet, O no longer will I stay—  
 And the shadowy summer-dwelling I will leave this very  
 day ;  
 On Arapá I'll launch my skiff, and soon be borne away  
 From all that feeds this feeling—O this fond sweet pain!

I'll go and see dear Rima—she'll welcome me, I know,  
 And a flaxen cloak—her gayest—o'er my weary shoulders  
 throw,  
 With purple red and points so free—O quite a lovely  
 show—  
 To charm away this feeling—O this sad sweet pain!

Two feathers I will borrow, and so gracefully I'll wear,  
 Two feathers soft and snowy for my long black lustrous  
 hair ;  
 Of the albatross's down they'll be—O how charming  
 they'll look there—  
 All to chase away this feeling—O this fond sweet pain !

Then the lads will flock around me with flattering talk  
 all day—  
 And with anxious little pinches sly winks of love convey ;  
 And I shall blush with happy pride to hear them . . . I  
 dare say . . .  
 And quite forget this feeling, O this sad sweet pain !”



### LOVE AND NATURE LUXURIANT.

FROM “RANOLF AND AMOHIA,” BOOK IV. CANTO III.

1. *The Happy Lover.* 2. *Love's Young Dream.* 3. *A Latter-day Eden.* 4. *A suitable Home for the fascinating dread Deity.*

I.

A KING—a God—a little child  
 Your happy Lover is ; a Saint  
 With all the Eternal Powers at one—  
 Serene—confiding—reconciled :  
 He thinks no ill—believes in none ;  
 There is for him no sin, no taint,  
 No room for doubt, disgust, complaint,  
 Misgiving or despondence faint :  
 Life's mystery flies, her secret won,  
 Like morning frost before the sun ;

How should its cobweb-ties arrest  
 The triumph of his bounding breast !  
 How should *he* feel, with actual heaven  
 In measureless fruition given,  
 The mounting spirit's mortal load ?  
 Feel, steeped in empyrean day  
 And rapture without stint bestowed,  
 The Mind too big for its abode,  
 The Soul's discomfort in its clay ?  
 Why look to some seraphic sphere  
 For light, for love, so lavish here ?  
 In this our gorgeous Paradise  
 Why bend to grief—why stoop to vice ?  
 Ah ! why distress and sorrow-pest ?—  
 Why not be right and brave and blest ?  
 How easy, in a world so bright,  
 To be, to live, blest, brave, and right !—  
 He breathes Elysium—walks on wings ;  
 His own unbounded bliss he flings  
 O'er all deformed, unhappy things :  
 Transfigured are they—glorified ;  
 Or vanish and cannot abide  
 The flood of splendour, the full tide  
 Of joy that from his heart so wide  
 Wells over all the world beside.  
 O Melodist unequalled—Pride  
 Of Nature's self-taught songsters he !  
 Inspired—unconscious—mute too soon—  
 Who sits and sings his lyric Life-song free  
 To glad Creation's high triumphant tune !

## II.

So for herself and most for her beloved  
 All anxious cares and fears removed,  
 So upon Amohia now unclouded beams—

In rounded fulness of possession streams  
 Once more the dream of dreams—  
 The dear divine delirium ! say  
 Once to all by fate allowed ;  
 Though from its shy crescent small,  
 That finest silver eyelash, fall  
 Only its earliest rising ray ;  
 Clothing them ever with a luminous cloud  
 Wherein they may a sweet while stray,  
 In the thronging whisper-play  
 Of Angels' wings, on life's highway ;  
 Monomaniaes, in the charge  
 Of Beauty,—blissfully at large  
 'Mid the sadly saner crowd. †

## III.

*But we pause—we pale before it,  
 Fairest reader—that soft splendour :  
 And your pardon we implore it,  
 If in sight of scenes so tender  
 Heart and voice we haply harden,  
 And with faltering step pass o'er it,  
 That sequestered Eden-garden ;  
 Painting in evasive fashion  
 Two young lovers, wildly loving,  
 Through a lovely region roving,  
 Free as Nature—free as birds are,  
 Free as infants' thoughts and words are !  
 Ah ! too rich for our rude treating,  
 Too exalted for our story,  
 That intense absorbing passion—  
 That fine fever of young Love ;  
 Which, though cheating, swiftly fleeting,  
 Oft it seems to mock and flout us,*

Comes so innocent, undesigning,  
 Comes into our darkness, shining,  
 Comes and wraps the mystic glory  
 Of the golden Heavens about us !  
 And though pining or declining,  
 Buried—pent here—without vent here—  
 Lone—a stranger, wild, erratic ;  
 Soon returning to the burning  
 Bliss of its home above—  
 Leaves a bud elsewhere to blossom,  
 Leaves a light in every bosom ;—  
 Just revealing ere off-stealing,  
 One brief glimpse of soul-enjoyment,  
 To endure a memory sure—  
 Pure—a secret life-refiner  
 And great lure to realms diviner,  
 Where abandonment ecstatic  
 To the infinite of feeling—  
 Loftier love than aught existent,  
 Ever by indulgence growing  
 Deeper, fonder, and more glowing—  
 Tide at flooding still new-flowing,  
 Flower fresh-budding while full-blowing—  
 Is consistent—is persistent,  
 Is our normal, true employment !

## IV.

But say, in any Age of Gold  
 Or song-lit classic clime of old,  
 Where the amorous azure zephyr-fanned  
 Caressing kissed with murmur bland  
 Some finely-pebbled Paphian strand ;  
 Where Cyprian sea-winds whispering made  
 Love-plaint in hot Idalian glade

And marble-templed mulberry-shade ;  
Or where with wanton freaks and frets  
Sing rough Cythera's sparkling jets  
And silvery-laughing rivulets ;  
Or out of sight and sunshine slipped,  
And lone in limestone cave and crypt,  
Slow heavy tears in silence dripped ;—  
Were ever loveliest scenes in sooth  
So typically fit to be  
A birthplace and a home for thee,  
Impassioned Love ! as these that see  
Our sylvan Maid, our sailor Youth,  
Love-linked go loitering where they list,  
Love-led through Love's own mighty mist ?

A wondrous realm indeed beguiled  
The pair amidst its charms to roam.  
O'er scenes more fair, serenely wild,  
Not often summer's glory smiled ;  
When flecks of cloud transparent, bright,  
No alabaster half so white,  
Hung lightly in a luminous dome  
Of sapphire, seemed to float and sleep  
Far in the front of its blue steep ;  
And almost awful, none the less  
For its liquescent loveliness,  
Behind them sank, just o'er the hill,  
The deep abyss profound and still,  
The so immediate Infinite !  
That yet emerged the same, it seemed,  
In hue divine and melting balm,  
In many a Lake whose crystal calm  
Uncrisped, unwrinkled, scarcely gleamed ;  
Where Sky above and Lake below  
Would like one sphere of azure show,

Save for the circling belt alone,  
 The softly-painted purple zone  
 Of mountains—both where nearer seen  
 In sunny tints of sober green,  
 With velvet dark of woods between,  
 All glossy glooms and shifting sheen ;  
 While here and there some peak of snow  
 Would o'er their tenderer violet lean.

And yet within this region, fair  
 With wealth of waving woods—these glades  
 And glens and lustre-smitten shades,  
 Where trees of tropic beauty rare  
 With graceful spread and ample swell  
 Uprose ; and that strange *asphodel*  
 On tufts of stiff green bayonet-blades,  
 Great bunches of white bloom upbore,  
 Like blocks of sea-washed madrepore,  
 That steeped the noon in fragrance wide,  
 Till by the exceeding sweet opprest  
 The stately *tree-fern* leaned aside  
 For languor, with its starry crown  
 Of radiating fretted fans,  
 And proudly-springing beauteous crest  
 Of shoots all brown with glistening down,  
 Curved like the lyre-bird's tail half-spread,  
 Or necks opposed of wrangling swans,  
 Red bill to bill—black breast to breast ;—  
 Ay ! in this realm of seeming rest  
 What sounds you met, and sounds of dread !  
 Calcareous caldrons, deep and large,  
 With geysers hissing to their marge ;  
 Sulphureous fumes that spout and blow ;  
 Columns and cones of boiling snow ;  
 And sable lazy-bubbling pools

Of sputtering mud that never cools ;  
 With jets of steam through narrow vents  
 Uproaring, maddening to the sky,  
 Like cannon-mouths that shoot on high  
 In unremitting loud discharge  
 Their inexhaustible contents :  
 While oft beneath the trembling ground  
 Rumbles a drear persistent sound  
 Like ponderous engines infinite, working  
 At some tremendous task below !

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TREES AND THE TREE-GOD.

FROM "RANOLF AND AMOHIA," BOOK IV. CANTO IV.

1. *Ranolf, on a hint from Amo, rhapsodises on beautiful trees and plants.* 2. *Amo affects jealousy : Which tree shall she be ?*

I.

WHAT kindly Genius couching in Poets' eyes,  
 For Custom's cataracts dim the keenest sight,  
 Gives them the Infants' crystal power to prize  
 The simplest beauty that before them lies,  
 Transparent to its wonder and delight ?  
 "Why, Rano," with her cheerful smile  
 Said Amo, at her wifely tasks, the while  
 He, as we told, in such enthusiast-style  
 Revelled in all the leafy life—  
 All the green revel round them rife :  
 "If you were Tanë's self indeed,  
 The Atua and the Father of the Trees,  
 You could not of their ways take greater heed !"

The fancy seemed his mood to please :  
 "Hurrah !" he cried, and following her lead

Went on, as with mock-solemn triumph fire  
 Half to himself, and half to her, as whim  
 To speech or thought unspoken guided him,  
 To dally with the notion she inspired :

## II.

“I am Tanë—the Tree-God !  
 Mine are forests not a few—  
 Forests, and I love them greatly,  
 Moss-encrusted, ancient, stately ;  
 Lusty, lightly-clad, and new.  
 Mottled lights and chequered changes,  
 ’Mid all these my roam and range is ;  
 Shadowy aisle and avenue ;  
 Creeper-girdled column too :  
 In the mystic mid-day night  
 Many-mullioned openings bright ;  
 Solemn tracery far aloof  
 Letting trefoiled radiance through !  
 Many a splintered sun-shaft leaning  
 Staff-like straight against the roof  
 Of black alcoves overspread—  
 Arched with foliage intervening  
 Layer on layer in verdurous heaps,  
 ’Twixt that blackness and the sun ;  
 With a tiny gap, but one,  
 Light-admitting ; brilliance-proof,  
 Day-defying, all unriven  
 Elsewhere—all beside off-screening  
 Of the grand wide glow of Heaven !  
 Or, where thinner the green woof  
 Veils the vault of outer blue,  
 Many a branch that upward creeps,  
 Wandering darkly overhead

Under luminous leafy deeps,  
 Which an emerald splendour steeps,  
 From the noon that o'er them sleeps.—  
 O I tend them, love, defend them,  
 And all kindly influence lend them ;  
 For my worship all are suited,  
 If, but, in the firm earth rooted,  
 By the living air recruited,  
     They, ere it grow withered, dull,  
     Their green mantle beautiful,  
     Still repair, revive, renew.”

(Then to himself, more musingly :)

“ *Many creeds, and sects, and churches,—hopeful each its  
 own way going ;  
 Bigots, sceptics, saints and sinners,—precious to the Power  
 all-knowing,  
 So they keep absorbing evermore of Truth, the ever-  
 growing.*”

(*This, by the way, because he could not smother  
 That inveterate tendency  
 To find in all things symbols of each other.*)

## II.

“ I am Tanë—the Tree-God !  
 My sons are a million ;  
 In every region,  
 Their name it is legion ;  
 And they build a pavilion  
 My glory to hold.  
 Which shall my favourites be ?  
 Which are most pleasing to me,  
 Of their shapes and their qualities manifold ?—  
     The gigantic parasite myrtle  
     That over its victims piles up  
     Great domes of pure vermilion,

Filling the black defiles up :  
The *King-Pine* that grandly towers :—  
The fuchsia-tree with its flowers,  
Poor rustics that timidly ape  
Their sisters of daintier shape  
With their delicate bells down-hung,  
And their waxen filaments flung  
So jauntily out in the air,  
Like girls in short crimson kirtle  
That spins in the wind as they whirl  
A-tiptoe one pointed foot,  
And one horizontal outshoot :—  
The *clematis*-garlands that curl  
And their graceful wreaths unfurl  
From many a monstrous withe ;  
Snowy-starred serpents and lithe  
That in sable contortions writhe,  
Till fancy could almost declare  
That great Ophiucus, down-hurled  
From his throne in the skiey star-world,  
Had been caught with his glittering gems  
'Mid those giant entangling stems  
Which he deemed but a dwarfish copse,  
So was struggling and surging in vain  
To rear his vast coils o'er their tops  
And his gleaming lair regain !—  
Then the limber-limbed tree that will shower its  
Corollas—a saffrony sleet  
Till Taupo's soft sappharine face is  
Illumined for wonderful spaces  
With a matting of floating flowerets—  
Drift-bloom and a watersward meet  
For a water-sprite's fairy feet ;  
'Tis the *kowhai*, that spendthrift so golden :  
But its kinsman to nature beholden

For raiment its beauty to fold in  
 Deep-dyed as of trogon or lory,  
 How with parrot-bill fringes 'tis burning,  
 One blood-red mound of glory!  
 Then the pallid *eurybia* turning  
 The vernal hill-slopes hoary  
 With its feathers so faintly sweet  
 And its under-leaves white as a sheet;—  
*All of them*, all—both the lofty and lowly,  
 Equally love I and wholly;  
 So that each take form and feature  
 After its genuine law and nature,  
 Its true and peculiar plan;  
 So that each, with live sap flowing,  
 Keep on growing, upward growing,  
 As high from the earth as it can.

*“ Many creatures—varied features—dark and bright, still  
 onward moving;  
 Tyrants—tumblers—boors and beauties, kings and clowns  
 alike approving,  
 To them ALL the Gods are gracious—to them all the Gods  
 are loving.*

## III.

“ I am Tanë the Tree God.  
 What will you bring to me?  
 Fruits of all kinds will I take,  
 So ripe, true fruits they be!  
 Melting pulp—juicy flake—  
 Sweet kernel or bitter—  
 None are better—none fitter—  
 All are grateful to me.  
 But your shell with no lining  
 Though splendidly shining;  
 But your husk with a varnish  
 That nought seems to tarnish;

If any of these I espy,  
 Empty and hard and dry,  
 That serve but for clamour and clatter  
 Or the genuine fruit to belie ;  
 These cheats will I shiver and shatter  
 And their fragments scornfully scatter,  
 O none of them bring to me !

*“ Pains and passions—deeds and duties—virtues, vices—  
 gifts and graces—  
 Have not all their value, uses,—in their various fitting  
 places—  
 So they be not false pretences, mocking masks for natural  
 faces?—*

“ There, my sweet one, that is what,  
 Were I Tanē (which, thank God ! *I'm not,*  
 Seeing mine's a happier lot,)  
 That is about what I should say,  
 Had I my own, my wondrous way.”

## II.

And Amo coming to his side amused,  
 Her smiling eyes with tender love suffused,  
 “ How fond, O Rano mine,” said she,  
 “ Of these dumb things you seem to be ;  
 I shall be jealous soon, I think,  
 And wish myself a tree !”

“ A tree, my Amo !—but I wonder which ?  
 O which so fair that we might link  
 Such loveliness in fancy with its form ?  
 Which should be haven for a heart so warm,  
 So sweet a Spirit's dwelling-place ?  
 The Rata-myrtle for its bloom so rich—  
 Or Tree-fern for its perfect grace ?  
 Its slender stem I would embrace

How fondly!—Nay, but that would never do—  
 That limbless Tree-fern never should be you,  
 With nothing but a stem and plummy crest!  
 Ah no! the glorious Rata-tree were best,  
 With blooming arms that spread around—above;  
*That* should be you, my sole delight,  
 My darling bliss! that so I might  
 Embosomed in embowering beauty rest,  
 And nestle in the branches of my love!”

“Nay—but I would not be,” said Amo—“I,  
 That Rata—if the change I had to try;  
 Rather the snowy Clematis, to twine  
 About the tree I loved; or rather yet  
 That creeper Fern, with little roots so fine  
 Along its running cords, it seems to get  
 For its gay leaves with golden spots beset  
 Its dearest nurture from the bark whereto  
 It clings so close; as if its life it drew,  
 Drew all its loving life from that alone—  
 As I from thee, Ranoro, all my own!”

She paused a tender moment—then resumed:

“Nay, not the Rata! howsoe'er it bloomed,  
 Paling the crimson sunset; for you know,  
 Its twining arms and shoots together grow  
 Around the trunk it clasps, conjoining slow  
 Till they become consolidate, and show  
 An ever-thickening sheath that kills at last  
 The helpless tree round which it clings so fast.  
 Rather, O how much rather than destroy  
 The thing I loved, the source of all my joy,  
 Would I, my Rano, share the piteous fate  
 The Rata's poor companion must await—  
 Were you the clasper, I the tree that died,  
 That you might flourish in full strength and pride!”

"Nay—nay—my Amo! were't to be my doom  
 To clasp you till you perished in your bloom,  
 Neither to misery should be left behind—  
 Together would we be to death consigned—  
 In death, as all through life in love entwined.  
 But now, my lovely Clematis, be gay!—  
 Though never shall I see that Rata bright,  
 In murderous fondness, fastening round its prey  
 The serpent-folds that hug the friend they slay,  
 Without a sigh for the poor victim's plight;  
 Without a wish to cut and cleave away  
 The monster throttling what has been his stay;  
 Without some wonder why the Power divine  
 Includes such pictures in His world's design,  
 And even in the lovely vegetable life  
 Leaves startling models of unnatural strife."

---

*THE HAUNTED MOUNTAIN.*

"SHALL we run into the cloudlet, love, so luminous and  
 white,  
 That is crouching up in sunshine there on yonder lofty  
 height?  
 We could step out of the splendour all at once into the  
 mist—  
 Such a sunny, snowy bower, where a maiden might be  
 kissed!  
 From the woody lower terrace we could climb the russet  
 steep  
 O'er that chasm gorged with tree-tops still in shadow  
 dewy-deep,  
 Where another slip of vapour, see! against the purple  
 black,  
 Set on fire by the sunbeam which has caught it there alone,

Like a warrior-chief inciting his adherents to attack,  
Has upreared itself upright with one imperious arm out-  
thrown!  
Up that slope so smooth and ruddy we could clamber to  
the crags,  
To the jutting rim of granite where the crouching cloudlet  
lags:  
In and out the bright suffusion up above there in the  
skies,  
I would follow my fleet darling by the flashing of her  
eyes,  
O'er that lofty level summit, as they vanished vapour-  
veiled,  
Or would glitter out rekindling, and then glance away  
to seek,  
Like swift meteors seen a moment, for some other silver  
streak—  
Now be dimmed and now be dazzling till each dodge and  
double failed,  
And I caught her—O would clasp her! such delicious  
vengeance wreak  
On those eyes—the glad, the grand ones! on that laughter-  
dimpled cheek,  
Till with merciless caresses the fine damask flushed and  
paled,  
And half quenched in burning kisses those bewitching  
lustres quailed!”

“Nay, but Rano, my adored one—O my heart and soul's  
delight!—  
Scarce with all your love to lead me—fold me round from  
all affright—  
Would I dare ascend that Mountain! woody cleft and  
fissure brown  
Are so thick with evil spirits—it has such a dread renown!

Such a hideous Lizard-monster in its gloomy shades it  
 screens,  
 That as rugged as the rocks are, winds along the closed  
 ravines—  
 E'en asleep lies with them sinuous like a worm in twisted  
 shell—  
 And has eaten up more people in old days than I can tell!  
 Would you go and wake that Taniwha! O not at least  
 to-day:  
 Look how lovely calm the Lake is!—'twill be sweeter far  
 to stray  
 In the blue hot brilliant noontide to each secret shadowy  
 bay,  
 And afloat on liquid crystal pass the happy time away!"—

---

LILLIE RAYMOND.

I.

I THINK . . . if you saw in a fairy palace  
 For lamp an Arum as big as a chalice,  
 Wherein its Queen had chanced to imprison  
 One beam caught from the sun new risen—  
 One fine shaft of blinding white  
 And one of tenderest crimson light  
 Flung off at eve on ocean's shore  
 With all the kingly robes he wore;  
 Could you see their brilliant sheening  
 Mellowed by such intervening  
 Pure, pellucid, pearly screening;  
 Why then I think . . . but doubt it rather—  
 A faint idea 'twere yours to gather  
 Of the delicate blending of roseate brightness  
 With sweet Lillie Raymond's diaphanous whiteness;

How sweet Lillie Raymond's fair-blossoming features  
Shed a halo like some high-beautified creature's!

## II.

I think . . . in an Arab court somewhere—  
Dark-fringed with plants of bloom most rare  
And many a leaf from flesh to hair ;  
Breathing through the trembling heat  
Many a scent, cool, chymic, sweet—  
Breathing from that emerald dusk  
Camphor and lemon, mint and musk ;  
If, midst the white piazzas set,  
All marble of Morisco fret,  
You marked a dainty fountain-jet  
Singing up in silver splendour,  
Straight as an arrow, straight and slender ;  
Then watched a cataract's snowy rope,  
Lying on a mountain's slope ;  
Saw the fixed swift-moving veins,  
Finely-fibred sinuous skeins  
Of foam in milky mazes wandering,  
In every curve of grace meandering :  
Why then I think . . . in some doubt . . . you could guess  
What opposite beauties coalesce,—  
What rich waves of loveliness mingle in lightness  
With sweet Lillie Raymond's tall wandlike uprightness ;  
How sweet Lillie Raymond's rich figure so fashioned  
Keeps the gaze never sated, Love ever impassioned !

## III.

I think . . . if you saw a swan slow-swimming  
Down a river crystal-brimming—  
Not swimming, say, all effort hiding,  
In white glory trance-like gliding ;  
Then if you saw the swaying grace  
Of an Emu's stately pace ;

And o'er notions gathered thence—  
 Sweet pride and gentle confidence—  
 Could diffuse a subtle sense  
 Of the elastic lively gestures  
 Of slim gazelles in Syrian pastures,  
 When Spring and Love lend double joyance,  
 Each light bound a lighter buoyance ;  
 Why then I think . . . still with a sprinkling  
 Of doubt . . . you might haply get an inkling  
 Of the sprightly erectness and ease so endearing  
 Of sweet Lillie Raymond's fine walk and frank bearing ;  
 How sweet Lillie Raymond in motion and manner  
 Is as graceful and free as an eddying banner !

## IV.

I think . . . if you wove the dazzling notion  
 Of sleek slips of azure ocean,  
 A-gold with sparkles, leaping, linking,  
 Dallying, dancing, trembling, shrinking ;  
 And the cool calm lustre worn  
 By the innocent, breaking morn,  
 When little waves in snow-fringed bands  
 Gently lap the yellow sands ;  
 Could you mix such fair bright things  
 With shy gleams from ravens' wings ;  
 Moon-lit dewdrops shining wet,  
 On ripe black currants' skins of jet ;  
 Or whate'er gives notion fitter  
 Of brilliant blackness, sable glitter :  
 Why then I think . . . no, scarcely can deem  
 Even *then* you could guess how changefully beam  
 The mingled bewildering bright and dark flashes  
 Through sweet Lillie Raymond's black curling eyelashes ;  
 How sweet Lillie Raymond's rare glances can fire us  
 Through the glow of black pupil, the gleam of blue iris !

## v.

I think . . . if in wild admiration  
 You ransacked all God's great creation  
 For types of beauty, spirit, sweetness,  
 Fit to paint in clear completeness,  
 This pearl, this darling, this delight,  
 This topmost charm of raptured sight ;  
 Her cheek—the orient cloud-tints' fineness ;  
 Her eyes—a heaven of blue benignness,  
 Darkening to such weird divineness !  
 Her breath—fresh wallflowers summer-blowing,  
 All her timid true love showing  
 In its quickened coming—going  
 Through lips like crimson corn-bells glowing,  
 In sunset's crimson overflowing !  
 Those lightening wreaths—swift mantlings gay  
 O'er chin, cheek, many a dimple's play,  
 Lips, eyelids, eyes—her sudden smiles !  
 Her careless witcheries, artless wiles ;  
 Her mirth ; her mimic arch simplicities ;  
 Pretty mock pruderies ; feigned rusticities ;  
 Large-hearted sympathies that spring  
 At every thought of suffering,  
 And run all golden-rippling warm  
 O'er rigid rule and freezing form !  
 Yes ! if you ransacked all creation  
 To paint this piquant strange temptation,  
 Why then I think . . . and do not doubt it,  
 'Twere loss of time to set about it ;  
 For you never could guess though all types you should  
     tether  
 What sweet Lillie Raymond is like altogether !—  
 How sweet Lillie Raymond wins, witches, entrances,  
 He only who knows her—knows, pictures, or fancies !

## A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

## I.

It was the calm and silent night!—  
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
 Had Rome been growing up to might,  
 And now was Queen of land and sea!  
 No sound was heard of clashing wars;  
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;  
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars  
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
 In the solemn midnight  
 Centuries ago!

## II.

'Twas in a calm and silent night!—  
 The senator of haughty Rome  
 Impatient urged his chariot's flight,  
 From lordly revel rolling home!  
 Triumphal arches gleaming swell  
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;  
 What recked the ROMAN what befell  
 A paltry province far away,  
 In the solemn midnight  
 Centuries ago!

## III.

Within that province far away  
 Went plodding home a weary boor:  
 A streak of light before him lay,  
 Fall'n through a half-shut stable-door

Across his path. He passed—for nought  
 Told what was going on within ;  
 How keen the stars ! his only thought ;  
 The air how calm and cold and thin,  
 In the solemn midnight  
 Centuries ago !

## IV.

O strange indifference !—low and high  
 Drowsed over common joys and cares :  
 The earth was still—but knew not why ;  
 The world was listening—unawares !  
 How calm a moment may precede  
 One that shall thrill the world for ever !  
 To that still moment none would heed,  
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever,  
 In the solemn midnight  
 Centuries ago !

## V.

It *is* the calm and solemn night !  
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
 The darkness, charmed and holy *now* !  
 The night that erst no name had worn  
 To it a happy name is given ;  
 For in that stable lay new-born  
 The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,  
 In the solemn midnight  
 Centuries ago !

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## "LINDSAY DUNCAN."

[Mrs. T. C. Cloud, of Wallaroo Bay, South Australia. Has published no volume, but has been a frequent contributor of fine poems to the Australian press.]

## WHISPERS.

BENEATH a grey old gum-tree  
 A lover was wont to lie,  
 And whisper of love,  
 As he gazed above  
 At its boughs against the sky.

"Old tree," he would softly whisper,  
 "My love is the proudest maid  
 That in all thy day,  
 Though thou'rt old and grey,  
 Ever sought thy welcome shade !

Old tree, she is far above me !  
 My love sits throned in pride,  
 To be worshipped afar  
 Like some pure bright star,  
 Not won as a mortal bride !

Old tree, she is cold and stately,  
 She dwells from my love apart—  
 Though my soul may yearn,  
 Though my bosom may burn,  
 No passion can reach her heart !

Old tree, of my life I am weary !  
 O would I had never met  
 With her fatal face,  
 And her cruel grace—  
 Or would that I might forget !"

Then the tree would whisper of comfort,  
In the stir of its myriad leaves—  
    “ No soul so sad  
    But may yet be glad,  
For there’s balm for the heart that grieves.”

Beneath the gnarled old gum-tree  
A lady was wont to stand,  
    And in sweet caress  
    Its rough rind press  
With the palm of her dainty hand.

E’en her lips would gently touch it—  
One might deem such a kiss misplaced,  
    But it always fell,  
    As the tree knew well,  
On the letters his hand had traced.

For, like those in the forest of Arden,  
The tree bore a lady’s name,  
    And she’d daily read  
    This woodland screed  
With blushes of pride and shame.

“ Old tree,” she would softly whisper,  
    “ Does he love me—yes, or no ?  
    He has grown so dear,  
    That I hourly fear  
Lest, unwitting, my love I show !

Old tree, with my secret I tremble  
Whenever my love draws nigh,  
    For I know in my heart  
    Were we kept apart  
There were nothing left but to die !

And I dread lest he read my secret  
Of love that is given unsought,  
For my heart shall break,  
If he fail to speak,  
With the sorrow that he hath wrought.

But never, though life be dreary,  
Will I suffer that he should see,  
That though no word  
From his lips I've heard,  
He is more than the world to me !”

Then the tree would whisper of comfort  
In the stir of its myriad leaves—  
“ No soul so sad  
But may yet be glad,  
For there's balm for the heart that grieves.”

But all the time it was wond'ring,  
Deep down in its ancient breast,  
Why the power of pride  
Two souls should divide,  
And true love be unconfest.

. . . . .  
Perchance the old tree gave wise counsel—  
Perchance it their whispers betrayed ;  
But be that as it may,  
At last came a day  
When the twain stood hand-clasped in its shade.

But no more to the tree they whispered !  
Their whispers were each to each,  
For the veil of pride  
Had been torn aside,  
And love had found bliss in speech.

While the grey old tree was whisp'ring  
 In the stir of its myriad leaves—  
 "No soul so sad  
 But may yet be glad,  
 For there's balm for the heart that grieves."

---

HUSH!

THE long waves murmur on the lonely shore,  
 Chanting that ancient, rhythmic slumber-song  
 With which they lulled the infant world of yore,  
 And soothed it ceaselessly the ages long.  
 Their tuneful monotone soft solace speaks  
 To weary hearts and overburdened hands ;  
 Do you not hear it, as the ripple breaks  
 In silver foam upon the golden sands?—

*Hush!*

Inland, the tit-lark mounts the lucid air,  
 And faintly quivers forth a fitful strain ;  
 While distant crickets the low music share,  
 And million-censered wattles on the plain  
 Their subtle, balmy fragrance freely pour  
 Upon the open bosom of the breeze,  
 That bears it to us on the whispering shore,  
 And seems to murmur with the murmuring seas,—

*Hush!*

O! is the world so precious to your heart  
 That you can spare no hour to linger here?  
 Do you so love the crowded, noisy mart  
 That you would have its tumult always near?  
 Come, slip for once the trammels of the town ;  
 Leave greed and scorn and bitterness behind :

Fling all your cumbrous load of trouble down,  
And listen to the wavelets and the wind.—

*Hush !*

Hush ! the red sun dips in the western sea,  
And in the fading light the stillness grows ;  
The earth is wrapt in tender mystery ;  
All nature lies in one sublime repose.  
A happy sadness fills the soul at rest,  
Perchance in painless tears its utterance seeks ;  
For mingling love and wonder have confest,  
'Tis God's own voice that through the silence speaks—

*Hush !*

---

“EUREKA.”

[John Sheridan, of Toowoomba, Queensland. Has published no volume, but has been a frequent contributor of poems to the press.]

QUEENSLAND.

I.

MY native land, I sing of thee,  
Thou glorious land, proud, great, and free ;  
With joy I claim thee as the clime  
Which gave me birth. O land sublime,  
Be proud, be great, be free all time !

II.

Gem of the Southern world, shine forth  
In all thy splendour. From the North  
The stranger comes,—from South, from West,  
And East,—to thee, O land the blest,  
And finds in thee sweet peace and rest.

III.

Thy sun is bright, thy sky is clear,  
Thy forest trees throughout the year  
Are decked in smiling, brightest green ;  
Perennial smiles the verdant scene,  
As if dull winter had not been.

IV.

The flowers imported to thy shore  
Breathe forth in fragrance sweet as yore ;  
For me thy native birds full well  
Symphonious vernal breezes swell—  
To me they sing as Philomel.

V.

Sweet Queensland, best of lands ! I ween  
Thou art of all earth's lands the Queen ;  
Thy charms abound in every grove,  
Soft zephyrs, lingering, sip thy love,  
And waft thy praise to spheres above.

VI.

O ! may the music of thy name  
For ever swell the song of fame !  
May Heaven patriot statesmen send,  
May progress be thy angel-friend,  
And with proud freedom ever blend !

---

## DUGALD FERGUSON.

[Of Tapanui, Otago, New Zealand; formerly a shepherd on the plains of the Darling, New South Wales. Has published a volume, *Castle Gay, and other Poems* (John Mackay, Dunedin, New Zealand, 1883), from which the poem quoted is taken.]

*HARD ROWS THE WORLD.*

HARD rows the world,  
 With its freight of toil and care,  
 With its weary fight of life  
 That ev'ry one must share;  
 But his lot is hard to bear  
 Who scarce can hold his own,  
 While misfortunes round him stare  
 Till he sinks beneath their frown.  
 Hard rows the world,  
 When once a man is down.

Hard rows the world  
 When adversity blows keen;  
 That chills affection's ties,  
 And leaves mistrust between;  
 And the loving social scene,  
 With its cheery hearth-side glow,  
 Compelled by fortune mean,  
 The poor must oft forego.  
 Hard rows the world,  
 When its clouds hang dark and low.

Hard rows the world  
 To the friendless and the poor,  
 Where virtue, clothed threadbare,  
 Is slighted as obscure;

And the soul of feeling pure,  
 From the narrow churlish mind  
 With its proud slights must endure,  
 By his social bounds confined.  
     Hard rows the world,  
     Yet the poor must bear resigned.

Hard rows the world,  
 But the man to honour true,  
 Let fortune smile or frown,  
     Will his even course pursue.  
 With his bright goal well in view,  
     Strong in the right he'll stand,  
 Though understood by few,  
     Still those a chosen band.  
     Hard rows the world,  
     Yet will worth respect command.

---

WILLIAM M. FERRAR.

[Of Ross, Tasmania.]

FROM "A JUBILEE ODE."

NEITHER with *her*, Elizabeth, the brave,  
 The lion-hearted Queen, of virgin charms,  
 Who shattered on the island-girdling wave  
 The might of Spain with England's hosts in arms ;  
 Who, while all kings in solemn awe beholding,  
 Wondering and trembling at tremendous power,  
 Played the pretending lover, her white hands folding  
 Prepared to strike, smiling in Cupid's bower ;—  
 Lost in enchantment, making fools of men,  
 Laughing at tears : her battlemented tower  
 A tower of care indeed : her house a den

Of mocking beings : its grim walls arrayed  
 With ghastly heads ! Dread Queen who ruled by fear !  
 These she and Biron of France surveyed,  
 She hissing—" *See how we punish traitors here !*"  
 Laughing at wisdom, her own wild way pursuing,  
 Her smile a Circe's cap, her frown a terror  
 Of Gorgon-wreathèd serpents ; her hands embruing  
 In kindred blood, a sister Queen's ! Sad error,  
 Fatal to future peace. What has fate to show  
 This maiden Queen who once was sweet and fair ;  
 Who from young hands took flowers ; whose tears could  
     flow  
 In tender sympathy, worn to the grave with care  
 A miserable wreck, lately fresh  
 And winning girl ! Let Essex cry, with maddening groan,  
 Her heart—one-half indeed was heart of flesh,  
 The other half—of stone !

---

### BARRON FIELD.

[A Judge in the High Court of New South Wales. Printed privately at Sydney, in 1819, *First-fruits of Australian Poetry* ; reviewed by Lamb in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* for January 16, 1820. He also published several poems, in his *Geographical Memoirs of New South Wales*, by several hands (John Murray, 1825).]

### SONNET.

ON VISITING THE SPOT WHERE CAPTAIN COOK AND SIR  
 JOSEPH BANKS FIRST LANDED IN BOTANY BAY.

HERE fix the tablet. This must be the place  
 Where our Columbus of the South did land ;  
 He saw the Indian village on that sand,  
 And on this rock first met the simple race  
 Of Austral Indians, who presumed to face

With lance and spear his musket. Close at hand  
 Is the clear stream from which his vent'rous band  
 Refreshed their ship ; and thence a little space  
 Lies Sutherland, their shipmate ; for the sound  
 Of Christian burial better did proclaim  
 Possession than the flag, in England's name.  
 These were the *commelinæ* Banks first found ;  
 But where's the tree with the ship's wood-carved fame ?  
 Fix there the Ephesian brass. 'Tis classic ground.

---

ALEXANDER FORBES.

[Born at Boharn, Aberdeenshire, younger brother of Archibald Forbes, the prince of war correspondents. Educated at the parish school of Boharn (of which place his father was thirty-eight years minister), and at King's College, Aberdeen, where he showed evidence of brilliant promise. His university career had an unfortunate end ; for some youthful folly, either snow-balling or lampooning a crusty professor, he was "sent down." In shame for this youthful mishap, he must needs run away to sea. After voyaging all over the world, he at length settled down in Queensland ; and after a very chequered career, shepherding "up north," reefing on the Morinish gold-field, engaged in the sugar culture in the Mackay District, road-making in Roma and at Mount Abundance, sheep-washing at Toowoomba ; at last, worn out by exposure and hard life, he found a resting-place in the graveyard at Toowoomba, Queensland. Author of *Voices from the Bush* (Rockhampton, Queensland).]

*THE SHEPHERD'S GRAVE.*

ON a grassy bank doth the shepherd lie  
 Which the creek's dull waters lave,  
 Where the gum-trees nod to the azure sky,  
 And naught one hears but the curlew's cry,  
 You may see his lonely grave.

In a distant land, long years ago,  
 A tender mother smiled  
 O'er the cradle of him who sleeps below ;  
 And she often, I ween, would a kiss bestow  
 On the lips of her slumbering child.

When his father died, in that trouble great,  
 She turned to her sturdy boy,—  
 Ah! little she dreamed of his dismal fate!—  
 And she prayed that he, in her widowed state,  
 Might grow up her hope and joy.

Even yet she may think that her boy doth roam ;  
 And her aching heart may burn  
 With hope that again he will seek his home,  
 As she wistfully gazes across the foam  
 For him who will ne'er return.

For low and deep doth the shepherd sleep,  
 By the Queensland waters lying ;  
 He hath laid him down in a nameless grave,  
 Where the curlews shriek and the gum-trees wave,  
 And the southern winds are sighing.

---

### THE HON. WILLIAM FORSTER.

[New South Wales is rich in public men who have displayed literary and poetic talents. Parkes, Forster, Lang, Dalley, Martin, and others have all shown themselves clever writers, as well as successful members of Parliament. Mr. William Forster, some time Premier of New South Wales, was a brilliant example. He was born in Madras in 1818, but arrived in Australia in his eleventh year. His public career was very remarkable, but

he always held a high place as a journalist, miscellaneous writer, sonneteer, satirist, and poet. His sonnets written in Sydney during the Crimean War are the most widely known of Antipodean sonnets. It was during his residence in England as Agent-General for his colony that Mr. Forster published "*The Weir-Wolf: a Tragedy*" and other poems. He was author also of "*The Brothers*" and "*Midas*," the latter published posthumously. He died a few years ago.]

SONNETS WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF THE  
CRIMEAN WAR.

I.

AH me! the world's a vault that history paves  
 With buried nations. Egypt's awful bones  
 Are blanched in deserts. Hark! the dulcet tones  
 Of Asian winds come whispering over graves!  
 Greece only melts us as with odorous breath  
 Of churchyard flowers that make a friend of death.  
 Fair Italy in hollow accents raves,  
 Mingling reproach with anguish, as a ghost  
 Complains 'mid scenes in life she loved the most,  
 And Poland like a prisoned spirit sighs!  
 Far off how many a dusky nation lies,  
 Deep hid in woods, or in oblivion lost.  
 Oh, Heaven! the end—shall this be ever so?  
 And whither these have gone must England go?

II.

Sebastopol! that on the sable sea  
 Sitt'st with the blood of many nations bathed,  
 Now that war's waning tempest leaves thee free,  
 How proudly frowning from thy craggy steep,  
 With haggard looks thou dost survey the deep,  
 Sublime, though shattered—terrible, though scathed!  
 O more enduring monument than brass,  
 O marble shape, stern city! thou shalt pass

From memory never—privileged to bear  
 The horrid brand and character of war  
 Imprinted on thy forehead, as a scar  
 Adorns a warrior. Oh! for ever wear  
 Thy glory so. When noble foes are crowned  
 By our own hands, we make ourselves renowned.

## III.

Why shout ye thus, unthinking multitude?  
 Why thus, with sulphurous stars and fiery glare,  
 Disturb the quiet night? Why vex the air  
 With idle pæans? Look you! peace is good,  
 And therefore to rejoice in sober mood,  
 We owe to God, who blesseth us thereby.  
 But why, I ask you, giddy people!—why  
 Need Freedom's sons by heartless mirth insult  
 Their brothers in affliction?—why exult  
 When tyrants only chuckle? Still the sky  
 Looks down on nations trampled in the dust;  
 Still, Poland yields her myriads to the lust  
 Of foreign foes; still, Italy, depressed  
 With hopeless anguish, tears her bleeding breast.

## IV.

'Twi'x East and West, a giant shape she grew,  
 To both akin, and making both afraid.  
 Casting a lurid shadow on the new  
 And ancient world, her greedy eyes betrayed  
 The tiger's heart, and ominously surveyed  
 The peoples destined for her future prey;  
 From Polar steppes and ice-encumbered seas  
 To where the warm and blue Symplegades  
 Darken the splendour of a Grecian day,  
 She stretched her long grasp, conquering by degrees;

And when at length the banded nations rose  
In armed resistance, their combined array,  
With equal arms, she shrunk not to oppose,  
But bravely stood, as still she stands, at bay.

---

MIDAS.

TIME was when ye bore it bravely ; ye were patient, ye  
were strong ;  
Cheerful rose your labour-chorus, as a happy harvest  
song.  
By the toils which made you weary, which your doubtful  
days depressed,  
Was your evening leisure sweetened, sweeter fell your  
nightly rest.  
Happy were ye then returning from the trouble and the  
strife,  
When the sacred hour of rest and freedom smiled upon  
your life ;  
When ye read the precious charter of release from labour  
done,  
In the files of friendly shadows lengthening from the level  
sun,  
In the sunset's crimson glory, in the twilight's tender  
charm,  
In the coolness closing like the pressure of a loving arm,  
In the birds' sweet evensong, the headlong bat's bewildering  
flight,  
In the sober-tinted mountains, blackening with the breath  
of night,  
When the sweltering brightness and exhausting glare of  
anxious day,  
Sinking in the lap of silence, melted gradually away.

And amid the soft sad light and glimmer of the golden  
dew  
Many a common shape transfigured to diviner beauty grew,  
And transmuted by your fond desires the discord and the  
noise  
Toned down softly to melodious murmuring of domestic  
joys,  
And diviner beauty still was woven with the witching time,  
And diversities of discords closed in harmony sublime ;  
As the sense of gentle welcomes beaming from beloved  
eyes  
Shot like prophecies of Heaven across the silence of the  
skies,  
And the whisper of home voices, like enchanted music  
heard  
In Elysian dreams of poets, in the faithful memory stirred ;  
And each saw, or thought he saw, the sparkle of his hearth  
afar,  
Out of the predominant darkness creep like a familiar  
star.  
Thus upon your quiet lives shed joy and love their peace-  
ful beams,  
Haunted by no dismal shadows, heated by no frantic  
dreams.  
Happy were ye, for whatever blessings by the gods were  
sent  
Sprang like seeds from fertile soils and fruited in your  
full content.  
And the bolts of evil, by the genius of your days con-  
trolled,  
O'er your heads like harmless thunder in unmeaning  
menace rolled.  
Happy, for though worn and weary, yet by conscious pride  
sustained,  
By no patron's leave encumbered, by no tyranny restrained ;

What ye earned your own strong arms had manfully and  
 nobly won,  
 Whatsoever tasks accomplished by your own free will were  
 done.  
 Then ye led the lives of heroes, conquering nature by your  
 toil,  
 Spreading still your blest dominion over the transmuted  
 soil,  
 Conquering, as the gods themselves once conquered when  
 the noxious brood  
 Of Hell-gendered monsters by their heavenly labours were  
 subdued.

---

FROM MIDAS.

*Chorus.*

HITHER walks the winsome stranger,  
 Loved of all for godlike ways,  
 Ah! what maiden free from danger  
 On that glorious face shall gaze?  
 Welcome! thou sublime new-comer!  
 Towards thee every heart inclines;  
 Shine upon us like a summer  
 Shining on a hill of vines!  
 Look, where'er his step advances  
 All around him kindles bright,  
 From his warm creative glances  
 Floats an atmosphere of light.  
 Happier seems the world and fairer,  
 Music breathes and beauty beams,  
 As when some high message-bearer  
 Sheds his presence on our dreams.  
 Tones and pulses of creation  
 Chime on his harmonious pace,

Earth and sky take consecration  
     From the beauty of his face.  
 As from gods in ancient story,  
     Fly before him fear and woe,  
 In his eyes a golden glory,  
     On his cheeks a rosy glow.  
 On his brow, serene and holy,  
     Dwells a high religious calm,  
 Joy that blends with melancholy—  
     Mixed as in a marriage-psalm.  
 Balmy breezes waft him over,  
     As when round some new-born star  
 Mystic airs and odours hover,  
     Preluding its path afar.  
 Faint as tones that memory traces,  
     Their melodious murmurs roll,  
 Scarce we feel them in our faces  
     Ere they thrill the conscious soul.  
 On his track the people follow,  
     Like the scattered clouds that run  
 In the red horizon's hollow,  
     Kindled by the coming sun.  
 Surely something more than human  
     In his wondrous presence charms :  
 Was he born of mortal woman ?—  
     Did some god's enamoured arms,  
 Wandering earthward, fancy-laden,  
     With predominant will divine  
 Clasp in love a mortal maiden,  
     Fathering an immortal line ?  
 Welcome, still, thou blithe new-comer !  
     Whether man or god thou be ;  
 Welcome, as a breath of summer  
     Simmering on the polar sea.

FROM MIDAS.

HAPPIEST who the soul's ideal  
Still through farthest flights pursue,  
For to them their dreams are real,  
And their fondest faith is true ;  
Dim and indistinct though be all,  
Heights of Heaven they keep in view.

O ! let us continue dreaming—  
Let for us the golden haze  
Wrap in rich and glorious seeming  
All that's left of lovely days,  
As through western windows streaming  
Stretch the sunset's lingering rays.

What we learn through love's revealing  
Never out of memory dies,  
Many a flash of sudden feeling  
Floats its message from the skies ;  
Through our griefs come softly stealing  
Glimpses as of godlike eyes.

---

FROM MIDAS.

OUR existence must we measure  
By the flight of years or days ?  
Look what portion most we treasure,  
Ah ! how brief a time it stays !  
Always when we're least at leisure  
Pass we through the blissful ways.

Great events alone be reckoned,  
 Let the passion and the power  
 Stamp itself on every second,  
 Making ages of an hour.  
 In our front by them we're beckoned,  
 From behind they grandly tower.

Great events our souls enlighten,  
 Piercing through the haze of time ;  
 Past they still in interest heighten  
 By the shadows made sublime,  
 As the stars grow clear and brighten  
 To the zenith as they climb.

But our infinite apprehensions  
 Always great and small confound,  
 Foolish hopes and vain pretensions  
 Fog-like our horizon bound,  
 Until Time their right dimensions  
 Takes in his eternal round.

There are hopes and dreams that die not,  
 Colours ever bright and pure,  
 Voices from of old that lie not,  
 Lives which their own lives ensure,  
 Joys o'er which we groan and sigh not,  
 Since, though gone, they still endure :

So this hour, whose bitter ending  
 Racks our hearts with fatal strain,  
 Shall appear through memory blending,  
 Purged of life's ephemeral pain ;  
 And to stars serene ascending  
 Shine among them not in vain.

## FROM MIDAS.

THE love in her eyes lay sleeping,  
As stars that unconscious shine,  
Till, under the pink lids peeping,  
I wakened it up with mine ;  
And we pledged our troth to a brimming oath,  
In a bumper of blood-red wine.  
Alas ! too well I know  
That it happened long ago ;  
Those memories yet remain,  
And sting, like throbs of pain,  
And I'm alone below,  
But still the red wine warms, and the rosy goblets  
    glow ;  
If love be the heart's enslaver,  
'Tis wine that subdues the head.  
But which has the fairest flavour,  
And whose is the soonest shed ?  
Wine waxes in power in that desolate hour  
When the glory of love is dead.  
Love lives on beauty's ray,  
But night comes after day,  
And when the exhausted sun  
His high career has run,  
The stars behind him stay,  
And then the light that lasts consoles our darkening  
    way.  
When beauty and love are over,  
And passion has spent its rage,  
And the spectres of memory hover,  
And glare on life's lonely stage,  
'Tis wine that remains to kindle the veins  
And strengthen the steps of age.

Love takes the taint of years,  
 And beauty disappears,  
 But wine in worth matures  
 The longer it endures,  
 And more divinely cheers,  
 And ripens with the suns and mellows with the  
 spheres.

---

KASSANDRA.

I KNOW they never heed me, when mine eyes  
 Forecast some awful horoscope, and pierce  
 The eternal haze that wraps the ages round,  
 And shrouds from mortal vision—when my voice,  
 Constrained to sad prediction by the woes  
 That in my breast accumulate and throb,  
 By the deep pain that gnaws me at the heart,  
 And by resistless impulse of the God  
 Who moves me to be true, and smites me hard,  
 And will not suffer me to keep it in ;  
 Makes vocal what I cannot choose but know,  
 And think, and see before me, and express,  
 Portrayed in dismal pictures—how they hiss  
 And hoot me in the streets, and laugh, and jeer !  
 “ There goes the mad Cassandra ” is the cry  
 Of many that molest not, but pass on  
 Indifferent, or insensible, or weak.  
 But mobs pursue me with disdainful yells,  
 And threatening gestures, and indignant breath,  
 Which trouble me to pity, not to wrath,  
 For theirs is wisdom, if indeed it be  
 Wisdom at all, then wholly of this world,  
 To wisdom leaning less, to folly more ;  
 And what such deem of me, by God inspired,

In their mad ignorance and unseemly scorn,  
Were fit to draw down pity from the gods  
Who suffer long the follies of mankind  
But curse them in the end—and I can see  
Their curses in the skies, and on the clouds,  
Can read them written in the shining stars—  
The horror and the ruin that await  
My people, and my kindred, and the sons  
And daughters of my father, and the towers  
Of this imperial city, and her race  
Of brave and haughty nobles, valiant sons  
And lovely daughters, and her ancient throne,  
Stout citizens and stalwart artisans.  
And this foreknowledge, which to me was given  
For their advantage, not for mine, to warn  
Them, reckless of their danger, profits not,  
Because they neither hear nor comprehend.  
Alas! the more they threaten and revile  
The more I weep, the more I am constrained  
To warn and preach, to threaten and protest,  
Expostulate and solicit and exhort,  
And strive to move them with my sighs and tears  
And waste myself in woeful prophecies.  
The many hate me, but the few despise,  
Nor from my brethren nor my father's house,  
From parents or from sisters, have I help  
Or sympathy, or aught but sullen looks,  
Or sneers, or dire upbraiding, or contempt.  
The few in their indifference are sublime,  
And hold themselves aloof in unbelief,  
And selfish coldness and unreal trust.  
They care not what the doom my lips proclaim,  
Because it is a nation's, not their own,  
And their own part in it but little felt,  
So strong their sense of insignificance,

So small their portion seems, and so remote,  
Nor chink nor corner in their narrow souls,  
Nor place for thought the public welfare finds,  
Nor intuition of the general woe  
Awakens fear, or trouble, or mistrust.  
But in the many do my words instil  
A secret fear and indistinct belief,  
Which cannot be got rid of or gainsaid,  
Or put away from knowledge, but which haunts  
Them like a spectre they have never seen,  
But not the less, though formless, felt and feared.  
And these despise me not because they fear.  
Thus I'm forsaken of all human love,  
All human sympathy and brotherhood ;  
Thus, like a creature from another sphere,  
Alien, and isolated, and alone,  
I walk amid the herd of men, and live  
A separate, cold, and uncongenial life,  
Fulfilling horrid duties, and oppressed  
With this hard burden of prophetic sight,  
Which still clings to me, still encumbers me,  
And which I cannot lighten or shake off.  
Thus among populous cities I'm alone,  
Alone among their hurrying multitudes,  
Alone in darkness, more alone in light ;  
For smiles are foreign to my face, and tears,  
Like fountains poured down from the heaped-up years  
Plough never-ending furrows in my cheeks,  
And night and day are conscious of my groans,  
And night and day the fury rends my frame,  
And night and day the mystic voices speak,  
I am the "Mad Cassandra." Would indeed  
That I were mad and happy, so I were  
Unconscious of my sad pre-eminence !  
How often have I prayed ? for I'm not proud—

Who could indeed possess it and be proud?  
 Of this so fatal melancholy gift—  
 How often have I prayed the cruel gods  
 To take it back again, and make me dull  
 And blind to what is coming, and once more  
 A common daughter of the sons of men.

---

ISABELLA COCKBURN GILES.

[Of North Adelaide, South Australia. The Jubilee referred to below is that of South Australia, which was proclaimed a colony on December 28, 1837, under an old gum-tree at Glenelg, South Australia.]

*A JUBILEE HYMN.*

God of the Nations, hear our song of praise!

Almost the youngest 'mid the lands are we,  
 Yet time, slow-circling on through hours and days,

Now brings to us our Year of Jubilee.

Hear us, O Lord, in heaven Thy dwelling-place,  
 And on the hearts that praise Thee shed Thy grace.

When from their Northern homes our fathers came,  
 Seeking a country, like the men of yore—

Leaving behind them friends and dreams of fame—

To cast their anchor on this distant shore;

Thou, O their God, from heaven Thy dwelling-place,  
 Didst then behold, and guide them by Thy grace.

Goodly and large the land before them lay,

From far blue hills outspread to azure sea,  
 And it became a nation's on the day

Our fathers, gathered round a hoary tree,  
 Took up the task assigned them by Thy grace  
 To found on these fair shores a mighty race.

Heavy their labours, both of brain and hand,  
 To organise the State and tame the soil ;  
 Unchecked by hardship was that stalwart band,  
 Brave hearts, they faltered not at any toil ;  
 Thus, through their courage, and Thine aiding grace,  
 The infant State took life, and grew apace.

And now a fair white city crowns the rise,  
 Glassing her beauties in the lake below ;  
 Whilst far and wide, beneath these favouring skies,  
 Glad homesteads smile, and earth's bright trophies glow.  
 So, bounteous Lord, from heaven Thy dwelling-place,  
 Hast Thou enriched and blest us by Thy grace.

Thou in the past hast helped us ; stretch out still  
 Thy mighty hand. In this our Jubilee  
 Grant us the grace supreme to do Thy will.

We shall be greatest when we best serve Thee,  
 And win amongst the nations honoured place  
 As we shall keep Thy laws and seek Thy face.

---

### FRANCES TYRRELL GILL.

[A Victorian. Has never published a volume, but has been a constant contributor to the press, and has written some of the most beautiful poems which have appeared in Australian periodicals.]

#### *BEYOND THE SHADOWS,—LIGHT.*

STEALETH sweetly from the river  
 Through the street the summer breeze,  
 Hither sent by God, the giver  
 Both of peace and care ; He sees

That we faint 'neath burdens heavy: nearer gleam the  
 angel hands;  
 Smiles of welcome on dear faces; cool and sweet the  
 shadow-lands.

Faint and low my soul was drifting  
 All confused 'twixt wrong and right;  
 When in latter days uplifting  
 Wearied eyes, to where the light  
 Floods the eventide; I then saw, faintly formed in dreamy  
 air,  
 Climes, in which life seemed as grand as ever sought in  
 purest prayer.

Damp and pale thy brow, my brother,  
 Death's drear voice calls thee away:  
 On this earth I have no other  
 Friend; but through—all through to-day  
 I have known thy hours are numbered,—see, I weep no  
 passionate tears!  
 God by this new patience tells me, needless are my  
 trembling fears.

Dearest! I, beside thee kneeling,  
 While thy soul is lingering yet,  
 See that earth hath been revealing  
 GOD to us. Thou may'st forget,  
 When the grand days spread before thee, that we 'midst  
 this mortal air  
 Learned, though dimly, truths eternal, side by side, to  
 perfect there.

Tired, my hands now cease from braiding  
 This rich garment: 'twas to gain  
 Food and wine, to bring the fading  
 Life to thy loved form again.

All too late, and all so useless ! Yet my heart is strangely  
 calm :  
 Faded now its fitful fever—learning this far grander  
 psalm.

See, I draw aside the curtain  
 From the casement brown and old ;  
 Trembleth here the light uncertain,  
 Shadows deep our room enfold.  
 Let me raise thee from the pillow : earth seems yet so  
 wondrous fair—  
 Sunlight sweet on far fields falling, e'en though seen  
 through mists of care.

Past tall roofs the river gleameth ;  
 Down the bank with trees o'erhung  
 Slowly lovers ride—one seemeth  
 Soft to speak the tale oft sung ;  
 Reineth in his steed's arched neck, and bendeth low his  
 youthful head,—  
 Dreams like these once filled my soul before sweet hope  
 of life lay dead !

See, they ride into the hollow,  
 'Midst the shadow cool and deep ;  
 Day is sweet, and night will follow,  
 Bringing the still, dreamless sleep !  
 Strangely mingled joys and sorrows, on this fair bewild'ring  
 earth !  
 Thou and I wait in Death's shadow,—from the street come  
 sounds of mirth !

And, perchance, when I to-morrow  
 Upward look through depths of blue,  
 In this stillness I may borrow  
 Comfort from the thought that through

Summer warmth and light and brilliance thy soul lingers  
mine to meet,  
When my tired limbs rest for ever, when my pulse shall  
cease to beat.

Look, dear, on this strange sweet painting  
Where the CHRIST doth patient stand—  
Though we've been with hunger fainting,  
This was treasured still,—the hand  
Gifted with such wondrous cunning ages since hath  
turned to dust ;  
Yet this work remains a token of the power he held in  
trust.

Taking these attempts unfinished  
(Faint beginnings here of life),  
There, where trials are diminished,  
Work again ! Our memories rife  
With sweet sights and sounds of this fair earth : soft  
shadows fall  
On the far-off hills, and night steals near ; and tell me, is  
this all ?

Clear, thine eyes now see the dawning  
Of thy grand eternal day ;  
Nay, I will not sit here mourning,  
Blaming God for my brief stay.  
Yet some days I'll watch the shadows of the tall house on  
the street,  
Thinking still of long past times, until the glad hour  
when we meet.

Kind hands brought these roses hither,  
Richest red and purest white ;  
Going where they do not wither,  
Take one, for in fields of light

'Twill recall this earth ; and, when thou com'st to meet  
 me, in thy hand  
 Bring this rose——Thy lips are still ! thy soul hath glided  
 to the Land !

---

*THE DIFFERENCE.*

A MONTH ago to-day since you died ;  
 Thick clusters of blossom I place on your tomb.  
 Five weeks to-day since you stood by my side,  
 And showed me the first faint almond-bloom ;  
 It passed in a week from flower to leaf—  
 Can my world have changed in a time so brief ?

You have gone from the earth that you loved so well,  
 And the sky to-day is so deeply blue ;  
 You have left the walks and the ways of life,  
 And the light is so fair on that far-off view  
 Of the sea that you loved. Yet this dumb great pain  
 Like a weight on my heart through each day hath lain.

The swallows are cleaving the soft, warm air ;  
 They are building to-day their last year's nest ;  
 You always stood to watch them—there—  
 In your favourite place that looks to the west.  
 Yet the world seems to go on just the same,  
 As though Death were nothing, or only a name !

And the spring is coming so fast this year ;  
 In the fresh, wild winds I can almost see  
 The branches blowing into bud, and near  
 Can feel the awakening life in tree  
 And flower, through the rush of the midnight rain,  
 Yet through all, this deadening weight of pain !

I know there is more e'en yet to be borne,  
For the days will pass, and the roses will bloom ;  
The deepening flush of the early dawn,  
With the lengthening light, will steal through the room.  
But the anguished cry of my soul, "Thou art gone,"  
Will but keener grow with each summer's morn.

And the breeze, alive with the breath of the sea,  
Will come sweeping again through the quaint old street:  
How you used to say that each rustling tree  
Was filled with the song that the sea-breeze fleet  
Had brought from the heart of the sea to the air :  
But, ah ! you may not remember there.

Why, the silent house is echoing still  
With the tones of the voice it knew so well,  
And the books you loved still send a thrill  
Because of your fingers' touch, which fell  
So oft on each poet-page, while the rare  
Words softly floated on the listening air.

And they tell me for comfort you've gone to God ;  
As though God were more there than here.  
Why, just to watch the way that you trod,  
More than of any promise made clear  
That God dwells in the soul, whose stainless days  
Are sweet in His sight as a hymn of praise.

And we are not, they say, too far apart  
For you, all unseen, to approach again ;  
Nor too far, when I stand with despairing heart,  
For your unfelt touch to soothe my pain ;  
Nor with unheard speech, from your fulness of light,  
Too far, as of old, to show me the right.

But yet—ah, me ! what a gulf between  
 The warm human touch of the living hand  
 And this remote and shadowy sheen  
 Of a love still felt in the spirit-land,  
 Between the living love of the olden tone,  
 And this spirit-speech made faintly known !

Yet I cannot tell, for your soul may yearn  
 With such wealth of love for the weal of mine,  
 That, drawn by you, I at length may learn  
 E'en here, to reach higher and nearer to thine.  
 But I only know you're beyond my call,  
 And that, for these present days, is all in all.



#### SPRING'S MESSENGERS IN AUSTRALIA.

EVE winds awake the crocus-flower,  
 The faint narcissus dares unfold  
 Her face uncaring of the cold ;  
 As though in dream she heard the shower,  
 And breathed the sunshine of that hour  
 The roses may behold.

And change the dear birds' voices tell—  
 As new song takes new form of rhyme—  
 Not these the notes of winter's clime  
 That now, with brief and sudden swell  
 At dawn, the lengthening day foretell,  
 And pleasant nesting-time !

Night through, the fierce storm holds its way ;  
 With morn the almond-blossom blows ;  
 Fair blooms ! ye bravely do uncloze.

To meet or rain or sun, and sway  
Your slender branches to the play  
Or rage the wild wind knows.

O loud-voiced wind—(for now we hear  
Still other tunes within thy song  
Than storm resounding loud and long)—  
Thou, as the next Day draweth near  
To eve, dost fold thy wings, and clear  
And low dost flute along

The pathways of the Night so sweet  
An air we cannot choose but list!  
What though the morn bring back the mist,  
Or troubled waves in strife should meet?  
Again those spirit-tones shall greet  
Our ears, although we wist

Not all their speech; nor are aware  
What from beneath the sunset's glow  
The viewless voyageur may show.  
A something doth possess the air,  
That through the earlier day did wear  
A look of unshed snow!—

A something far too fleet and *fine*  
For naming. Yet it still may be,  
Unseen, the fair Persephone  
May yearly seek an alien shrine;  
And her charmed breath may be the sign  
To wake for flower and tree.

---

## KEIGHLEY GOODCHILD.

[A Victorian by birth, son of John Goodchild, librarian of Echuca. Is a pressman. Has published a little volume entitled *Who are You?* (*Advertiser* Office, Echuca), and has another volume in preparation. Writes under the *nom-de-plume* of Keighley.]

## WAIF'S WEDDING.

THERE'S a hush of Sabbath about the place,  
 The puddlers' horses are all at rest,  
 The children for once are clean of face,  
 And the diggers are dressed in their Sunday best—  
 Then a sound of music sweeps o'er the land—  
 'Tis the martial strains of the Coketown band.

It seems determined to shine to-day,  
 And silence for ever the doubters' sneers,  
 As with mighty lungs the members play,  
 And the air is cleft with the children's cheers.  
 And it must be owned that it *does* look smart  
 As it drives through the Lead in Watson's cart.

No work is done in the town to-day—  
 Indeed the feeling has been so strong,  
 That Ah Yap has been soused in some puddler's clay,  
 By Cockney Billy and Tony Long—  
 For the heathen *no-saveed* the great event,  
 And to-day to his work as usual went.

The children were out since the early dawn,  
 To gather the flow'rs of the heath and broom,  
 The bright blue-bells (the eyes of Morn),  
 And the wattle-spray with its sweet perfume;  
 For the wedding of Waif takes place to-day,  
 And the flow'rs are gathered to strew the way.

How strangely the digger-folks are clad !

What coats come out of a style antique !  
The finery almost makes one sad,  
For of poverty deep it seems to speak ;  
And the rusty razor has left its trace  
In bright red lines on the digger's face.

The children are marshalled two by two,  
And follow old Jessop, the leader bold  
(And the sight brings a strange unwonted dew  
To the eyes of men who are worn and old) ;  
And they march through the streets of the joyous town,  
To where Waif is awaiting her woman's crown.

Old Yorke, with a mixture of grief and joy,  
Stands ready to give the bride away—  
For happiness ever has some alloy ;  
'Tis a run of gold through a bed of clay—  
And with weddings there must be a sense of doubt  
As to how the wedding may yet turn out.

How lovely Waif looks in her bridal veil !  
How the glistening tears become her cheeks !  
And Charley looks well, though he's rather pale,  
As the all-important words he speaks ;  
And the pastor blesses the handsome pair,  
And adds to his blessing a silent prayer.

Then out through the church, now hand in hand,  
As in future they'll travel the path of life,  
They pass through the porch where the children stand  
Strewing flow'rs for the path of the new-made wife—  
And the band strikes up, playing "Cheer, Boys, Cheer,"  
Having strengthened its corporate lungs with beer.

And there we will leave her, for all unknown,  
 Save to wives themselves, are their joys or cares ;  
 The peasant or queen upon her throne  
 Makes or mars her life when the veil she wears—  
 Yet with youth and love, on the wedding-day  
 Heaven don't seem quite so far away.

---

TOO LATE.

THE sun went down with a crimson glow,  
 At Fossicker's Lead on Johnson's Flat ;  
 And the waters of Johnson's Creek were low,  
 Where the sturdy craw-fishing children sat.

The barefooted girls drove the goats along,  
 And carefully tended the humble stock ;  
 And the notes were hushed of the axe's song,  
 And the sounds of the creaking cradles' rock.

And where the fires of the burning-off  
 Shone like fallen stars on her father's land,  
 Young Walter Huntly and Mary Gough,  
 On a fallen log sat hand in hand.

The traces of tears were on her cheek,  
 And her brow was drawn into lines of care,  
 As she listened to what the youth might speak,  
 With a growing sense of a dark despair.

“O Mary,” he said and his voice was hoarse—  
 For he pitied the girl he had led astray—  
 “I am sure what I've said is the wisest course—  
 What folly 'twould be on the Lead to stay !

Look up, my love, with a pleasant smile—  
 Let me kiss from your eyes those glist'ning gems—  
 I feel I am certain to make my pile,  
 From the news that has come from the splendid Thames!

I'll come for you, darling, indeed I will,  
 As soon as I see that my way is clear.  
 Come, dry your tears—what! weeping still?  
 You know you are mine, what need you fear?"

And when next the sun in its glory shone  
 On the drowsy creek and deserted claim,  
 From the worn-out Lead the youth had gone,  
 And the girl was left in her tears and shame.

O! weary the waiting week after week  
 As her face grew haggard and wan and thin!  
 O! crimson the flush on her sunken cheek,  
 When a careless word seemed to hint her sin!

O! weary the watching day after day,  
 O! dreary the toil of the joyless life—  
 No beaming smile for the children's play—  
 Their tongues could wound like the sharpest knife.

And night after night, with hope deferred,  
 She sleeplessly wept for the absent man,  
 And yearned for the loving and tender word,  
 That should save her through life from the social ban.

Time came when the trouble could not be hid,  
 And she fled at the sound of a father's curse;  
 God pardon the man for what he did!—  
 Thus driving the girl from bad to worse.

And it chanced on the day that an infant-form  
 To the heart of a mother brought sad relief,  
 That a ship went down in a fearful storm,  
 Having struck in the night on a sunken reef.

And one there was on that ship, who came  
 In haste to atone for a wrong he had done—  
 But the sorrowing girl he was not to claim—  
 He sank, weighed down with the gold he'd won.

Some wrongs are righted, of course, we know,  
 But it's playing with Satan, with Hell at stake,  
 To think we can sin without causing woe,  
 Or shall live reparation in full to make!

And the girl who once was a lovely lass—  
 A pretty bush-flower to delight the eye—  
 Now prowls the street 'neath the glaring gas,  
 And looks for her prey in the passers-by.

And if asked where the Devil finds most recruits  
 To people the vast domains of Hell,  
 I should say from the ranks of the selfish brutes  
 Who flatter the conscience by meaning well.

---

*TOO GOOD TO FIGHT.*

WE come of a goodly race—  
 The finest the world has seen—  
 With a hatred of all things base,  
 And a loathing of all things mean;  
 But this world is a world of change,  
 And we're proud of our stronger light,  
 And the ways of our sires were strange—  
 We are growing too good to fight.

But with something of sad regret,  
I look back on the primitive man,  
Whose body was firmly set,  
And who lived in a fighting clan.  
We're wiser, perhaps, than he,  
And our knowledge is far more bright ;  
But I'd like just for once to see  
Those men who could dare to fight.

Our weapon's the slanderous tongue,  
And words that are worse than blows  
Have succeeded the gauntlet flung,  
Or the blow on a foeman's nose ;  
And there's something I think we've lost  
In this beautiful age of peace,  
And we pay at a fearful cost  
That the war of the world shall cease.

Now the cowards alone are brave,  
In their own despicable way !  
We tolerate rogue and knave,  
And the dogs are having their day ;  
And women may be defamed  
By whoever may choose to write,  
And mothers and maids be shamed—  
We are growing too good to fight.

No champions have we now,  
To fight for the weaker's cause—  
The tyranny we allow  
Is protected by costly laws ;  
And the doctrine of love alone,  
And forgiveness for numerous times,  
Makes the wretched to starve and groan,  
And covers the earth with crimes.

And the spirit of tolerance wins,  
 For it fits with our slavish fears ;  
 And we each have our own pet sins,  
 So we carefully close our ears ;  
 And the helpless may shriek for aid  
 'Gainst Mammon's tremendous might,  
 And although we are not afraid,  
 We are really too good to fight.

It's Ho ! for the springy heath,  
 Down under a bright blue sky ;  
 And the words—" You lie in your teeth !"  
 Then smiting both hip and thigh.  
 Now the vent is the hateful law  
 For the righteous anger of man.  
 We settle disputes with jaw—  
 Maybe 'tis the wisest plan.

And peace has a lovely charm,  
 And we've heard of the coals of fire—  
 You shall not let the strong do harm,  
 Is something I more admire.  
 In the matter of turning the cheek  
 One can act as it seemeth right,  
 But when in defence of the weak  
 'Twere an excellent thing to fight.

---

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

*Vide* Introduction, the most popular of Australian poets, son of Captain Adam Gordon ; was born at Fayal, one of the Azores, in 1833, and educated at Cheltenham College (where his father was teacher of Oriental languages), Woolwich, and Oxford. Went to Adelaide in the ship *Julia* in August 1853, and while on the voyage wrote the "Exile's Farewell," quoted below. Lived chiefly in the Mount Gambier District of South Australia

as a mounted trooper, &c. ; was elected to the South Australian Parliament for the district of Victoria, and sat 1865-6. Went to Victoria, and lived at Melbourne and Ballarat from 1866 till his suicide at Brighton, Victoria, 24th June 1870. Was the most famous amateur steeplechase rider in the Colonies, and while in Melbourne published his poems, "Sea-Spray and Smoke-Drift" (1867), "Ashtaroth" (1867), and "Bush Ballads" (1870), which have since been collected into one volume. Many of his poems appeared in the *Australasian*. Would have been represented as fully as Kendall had not the holders of the copyright of his volume demanded a preposterous charge for each poem included, thus depriving Gordon of his proper place in such a volume. The "Exile's Farewell" is the property of Mr. Bentley, and the fragment belongs to the proprietors of the *Argus* and *Australasian*, to which papers the editor tenders his best thanks for courteous help in the compilation of this work.

"D. Mackay" (Wodonga) writes :—"I enclose an unfinished poem of A. L. Gordon's which appeared in the *Australasian* after his death. I have not seen this fragment in any of the editions of the poems, nor heard any allusion to it by enthusiastic admirers. I have, therefore, come to the conclusion that it is almost unknown, and would be glad to see it inserted in your next issue.]

UNFINISHED POEM BY THE LATE A. L.  
GORDON.

ALL night I've heard the marsh-frog's croak,  
 The jay's rude matins now prevail,  
 The smothering fire of bastard oak  
 Now blazes freshened by the gale ;  
 And now to eastward far away  
 Beyond the range a tawny ray  
 Of orange reddens on the grey,  
 And stars are waning wan and pale.

We mustered once when skies were red,  
 Nine leagues from here across the plain,  
 And when the sun broiled overhead  
 Rode with wet heel and wanton rein.

The wild scrub cattle held their own,  
 I lost my mates, my mates fell blown ;  
 Night came, I slept here all alone :  
     At sunrise riding on again,  
     I heard yon creek's refrain.

Can this be where the hovel stood ?  
     Of old I knew the spot right well :  
 One post is left of all the wood,  
     Three stones lie where the chimney fell.  
 Rank growth of ferns has well-nigh shut  
 From sight the ruins of the hut.  
 There stands the tree where once I cut  
     The M that interlaced the L—  
     What more is left to tell ?

Ay, yonder in the blackwood shade,  
     The wife was busy with her churn ;  
 The sturdy sun-burnt children played  
     In yonder patch of tangled fern.  
 The man was loitering to feed  
 His flock on yonder grassy mead :  
 And where the wavelet threads the weed  
     I saw the eldest daughter turn,  
     The stranger's quest to learn.

Shone, gold-besprinkled by the sun,  
     Her wanton wealth of back-blown hair,  
 Soft silver ripples danced and spun  
     All round her ankles bright and bare.  
 My speech she barely understood,  
 And her reply was brief and rude,  
 Yet God, they say, made all things good  
     At first, that He made fair.

. . . . .

[NOTE.—The manuscript here is rather blurred and indistinct, and probably the author's words are not accurately copied, as the sense is rather vague.]

She bore a pitcher in her hand  
 Along that shallow, slender streak  
 Of silver-coated shelving sand,  
 That splits two channels of the creek ;  
 She plunged it where the current whirls,  
 Then poised it on her sunny curls ;  
 Waste water decked with sudden pearls  
 Her glancing arm and glowing cheek—  
 What more is left to speak ?

It matters not how I became  
 The guest of those who lived here then ;  
 I now can scarce recall the name  
 Of this old station ; long years, ten  
 Or twelve it may be, have flown past,  
 And many things have changed since last  
 I left the spot, for years fly fast,  
 And heedless boys grow haggard men  
 Ere they the change can ken.

The spells of those old summer days  
 With glory still the passes deck,  
 The sweet green hills still bloom and blaze  
 With crimson, gold, and purple fleck.  
 For these I neither crave nor care,  
 And yet the flowers perchance are fair  
 As when I twined them in her hair,  
 Or strung them chainwise round her neck—  
 What now is left to reck ?

The pure, clear streamlet undefiled  
 Durgles \* the flowery upland yet ;

\* ? Gurgles through.

It lisps and prattles like a child,  
 And laughs and makes believe to fret  
 O'erflowing rushes rank and high ;  
 And on its dimpled breast may lie  
 The lizard and the dragon-fly.

. . . . .

[NOTE.—The manuscript, which is carelessly written and unrevised, abruptly leaves off here.]

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*AN EXILE'S FAREWELL.*

I.

THE ocean heaves around us still  
 With long and measured swell,  
 The autumn gales our canvas fill,  
 Our ship rides smooth and well.  
 The broad Atlantic's bed of foam  
 Still breaks against our prow ;  
 I shed no tears at quitting home,  
 Nor will I shed them now.

II.

Against the bulwarks on the poop  
 I lean and watch the sun  
 Behind the red horizon stoop—  
 His race is nearly run.  
 Those waves will never quench his light,  
 O'er which they seem to close ;  
 To-morrow he will rise as bright  
 As he this morning rose.

## III.

How brightly gleams the orb of day  
Across the trackless sea !  
How lightly dance the waves that play  
Like dolphins in our lee !  
The restless waters seem to say  
In smothered tones to me,  
How many thousand miles away  
My native land must be.

## IV.

Speak, ocean ! Is my home the same,  
Now all is new to me ?  
The tropic sky's resplendent flame,  
The vast expanse of sea ?  
Does all around her, yet unchanged,  
The well-known aspect wear ?  
O ! can the leagues, that I have ranged,  
Have made no difference there ?

## V.

How vivid Recollection's hand  
Recalls the scene once more !  
I see the same tall poplars stand  
Beside the garden-door ;  
I see the bird-cage hanging still,  
And where my sister set  
The flowers in the window-sill—  
Can they be living yet ?

## VI.

Let woman's nature cherish grief,  
I rarely heave a sigh,

Before emotion takes relief  
 In listless apathy,  
 While from my pipe the vapours curl  
 Towards the evening sky,  
 And 'neath my feet the billows whirl  
 In dull monotony !

## VII.

The sky still wears the crimson streak  
 Of Sol's departing ray ;  
 Some briny drops are on my cheek—  
 'Tis but the salt sea-spray !  
 Then let our bark the ocean roam,  
 Our keel the billows plough,  
 I shed no tears at quitting home,  
 Nor will I shed them now.

---

 ARTHUR GREEN.

[Of Windarra, Launceston, Tasmania. Has published a volume  
 entitled *Rose-leaves*.]

*THE ANGEL-REAPER'S CHOICE.*

AN angel-reaper, with a two-edged sword  
 So keen and bright,  
 Stood pensive in the garden of the Lord  
 But yesternight.  
 The sword was drawn, yet on the angel's face  
 A radiant smile  
 Played sweetly, though half veiled by just a trace  
 Of sadness, while

Fondly she gazed o'er bud and blossom near,  
Then far and wide,  
As if she sought one bloom more sweet, more dear,  
Than all beside.

Two rosebuds grew upon one parent stem.  
The angel stood  
And lingered lovingly awhile to gaze on them—  
They seemed so good.  
Both spotless white, and pure as morning dew,  
But one if aught  
Of greater sweetness. *This* the angel knew  
Was what she sought ;  
A lovely blossom fairer than the rest  
In earth's rich store,  
And meet to lay upon the Saviour's breast  
For evermore.

Then swiftly, tenderly, with snow-white wings,  
Through heav'n's blue dome  
She bore her treasure to the King of kings,  
To home—sweet home.  
But from the garden, with the early morn,  
A sigh so great  
Arose—earth seemed (though but one flower was gone)  
So desolate.

The night winds wafted upward and afar  
A long, low moan,  
When high in heav'n above a new bright star  
Shone out alone ;  
And from that star a little angel cried,  
“Come unto me,”  
While golden harps resounded far and wide  
Sweet sympathy.

## HENRY HALLORAN, C.M.G.

[Of Mowbray, Ashfield, near Sydney, New South Wales, the patriarch of Australian poets. According to Henniker Heaton's *Dictionary of Australian Dates*, born at Cape Town, April 6, 1811, where his father was then Chaplain to the Forces and Rector of the Grammar-School. After passing some years in England, came out to New South Wales, and in 1827 entered the Survey Department, continuing in the Civil Service of New South Wales until 1876, by which time he had risen to be Principal Under-Secretary. Retired in 1878, on a pension, after fifty-one years' service. Has written many pieces of poetry, which have from time to time appeared in the Colonial press, and published a volume, *Poems, Odes, Songs*. Sydney : Turner & Henderson, 1887.]

## A LOVE-LYRIC.

I WISH thou wert a stem of roses,  
 And I a golden bee, to sip  
 The honey-dew that now reposes  
 In balmy kisses on thy lip.

I wish thine eyes were violets blue,  
 And I a wandering western breeze,  
 To press thee with my wings of dew,  
 And melt them into ecstasies !

I wish thou wert a golden curl,  
 And I the myrtle-wreath that bound it ;  
 I wish thou wert a peerless pearl,  
 And I the casket to surround it !

I wish thou wert a lucid star,  
 And I the atmosphere about thee !  
 But if we must be as we are,  
 Dearest, I cannot live without thee.

## STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

LITTLE Eddy ! little Eddy, through the watches of the  
night  
Does my tortured heart turn to thee in its anguish and  
affright ;  
And I see thee starkly lying with the foam upon thy  
lips,  
And thy beauty fading, fading in Death's terrible eclipse.

Little Eddy ! little Eddy, yet upon thy brow there lies  
Such a look of quiet transport as is worn beyond the  
skies ;  
Didst thou in that fatal moment look the veil's dim mystery  
through,  
Winning to that angel forehead something of the blissful  
view ?

Something that to aching bosoms should this consolation  
give,  
Where the Shepherd leads His loved ones does our little  
lamb still live ;  
In the sweet green pastures resting, where the living waters  
flow,  
Does he live whom we so wildly, vainly weep for here  
below.

But that little chair is empty—doth the cot the sleeper  
lack ?  
On the wall a cap hangs idly—will the wearer not come  
back ?  
Will the jocund voice that greeted fondly every eve and  
morn  
Never speak again to make our lonely bosoms less forlorn ?

When the spring birds wake the morning with their sweet  
and tender cries,

Shall we hear that voice of music echoing from beyond  
the skies ?

When the buds and flowers sweeten all our saddened home  
around,

Sweeter thoughts of him shall gather—him our darling  
lost and found.

O'er the rugged hill-side toiling, to the valley faint and  
dim,

Will our wearied steps still bear us, drawing nearer still  
to him—

Near to him our ravished treasure, whom we vainly  
thought to hold,

Hoping, fearing—fearing, hoping, e'en as misers with their  
gold.



### O D E

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF HER MOST  
GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, 24TH MAY 1873.

#### I.

THE one star in the firmament,  
Still shining through ethereal space,—

Lustre and purity are blent  
In its divinely-beaming face ;

The one star in the firmament,—  
Which blind decay

Wears not away,

Serenely shining still o'er ocean waste and continent.

#### II.

The Sun, with his imperial caresses,  
Fills full of light forest and ocean-cave,

Gladdens man's heart in its forlorn recesses,  
 Brightens the mountain-slope and whirling wave :  
 The Sun with his imperial caresses  
     Showers from above  
     His potent love,  
 Till the earth rings with joy—blessing the light that  
 blesses.

## III.

Orb of majestic splendour,  
 Meridian and serene,  
 The loyal heart, as chivalrous as tender,  
 In thee beholds irradiate, its Queen.  
 Orb of majestic splendour !  
     Enthroned Right !  
     Enthroned Might !  
 Thy people look to Thee, by might of right—Defender.

## IV.

Thy banner floats unquestioned on the deep,  
 For honour gathers in its ample fold ;—  
 And glory, which seems perilous to keep,  
 The nations own, and wonder to behold :  
 Thy banner floats unquestioned on the deep ;—  
     Who bars its way,  
     Or dreads its sway—  
 Still sheltering the oppressed, the fallen, and those who  
 weep ?

## V.

The shock of armies which have filled the years  
 With desolation and uncounted graves,  
 With widows' groans and helpless orphans' tears  
 In ruined cities ; by the sounding waves :—

The shock of armies which have filled the years  
 With agony  
 That may not die,—  
 Within her happy homes,—far off—Britannia hears.

## VI.

Thy starry daughter of the western sky,  
 Scourged by her fervours into conflict dire,—  
 Bleeding at every pore,—has questioned why  
 Thou didst abstain, and answer her desire :—  
 Thy starry daughter of the western sky—  
 Welded by strife,—  
 In mightier life,  
 May now the nations, and e'en fate, defy.

## VII.

The dews of heaven may wash away the stain  
 Of blood from thy bowed Lilies, stricken France,  
 Whose heart misled thee into dreams again  
 Of cities trampled in thy dread advance :—  
 The dews of heaven may wash away the stain,  
 And, thou more wise  
 In thy emprise,  
 May'st quiet thy proud heart,—nor God's decree disdain

## VIII.

The Lord of Hosts, who guards a righteous land,  
 Still shield thee, Britain ! although nations shake ;  
 Still hold thee in the hollow of His hand,  
 And spare thy people for thy servant's sake !  
 The Lord of Hosts, who guards a righteous land,  
 Shield thee from foes,  
 Though Northern snows  
 See millions gathering under one command !

## IX.

Thy people multiply in many a clime,  
 Bearing within their hearts, O Queen ! for thee  
 A love which loyalty has made sublime,—  
 A tower of strength in coming years to be :—  
 Thy people multiply in many a clime,  
 And at thy word  
 Withdraw the sword,  
 And pay the debt of sons, in God's appointed time.

## X.

And on this day, thy day, the breath of love  
 Fills every loyal bosom at thy name,—  
 And "Bless her!" echoes every sound above,  
 "Preserve her, Heaven, and guard her queenly fame!"  
 And on this day, thy day, the breath of love  
 Fills every heart  
 In camp and mart,—  
 And floats above life's ills with pinions of the dove.

## XI.

The eyes of beauty with a gentler glow,  
 The ruddy cheek of youth with ruddier flame,  
 Repeats the blessing,—while the head of snow  
 Bows in accord of love, and names thy name :  
 The eyes of beauty, and a gentler glow,  
 Bless those who own,  
 Beneath thy throne,  
 Thee, as their liege—thy foes, their only foe.

## XII.

A summer wilderness 'midst sunny seas,  
 Thronged with thy subjects, hears the pæan loud ;

“God bless the Queen!” is borne on every breeze,  
 “God bless the Queen!” the hope and prayer avowed :  
 A summer wilderness 'midst sunny seas,  
     With stores untold  
     Of glittering gold,—  
 Of flocks, and herds, and vines, and honey-bearing bees.

---

*JUBILEE ODE.*

THERE is sorrow for the dead who perish for the living,  
     Though the living have the gain achieved by those who  
     die ;  
 The soldier has most joy, for his joy is in the giving,  
     And the blessing that he gives his guerdon will supply.  
 His red blood is the wine which his country will re-  
     member  
     When the suns of June look down on his solitary  
     grave ;  
 Or when the howling winds of a pitiless December  
     Sweep the guarded shores of Britain, which he proudly  
     died to save.  
 They gave their lives ungrudging, as the widow in old  
     story  
     Gave “her all,” two “mites,” nor grudged she all her  
     princely bounty gave ;  
 Their names, like Gordon's name, shall live in chronicles  
     of glory—  
     The memory should never die, 'midst brave men of the  
     brave.

---

## IN MEMORIAM

OF THE DEATH OF

*HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE LEOPOLD,*

DUKE OF ALBANY.

The lightning rends the goodly tree,  
Whereon the sunbeams loved to play ;  
Through which the starbeams found their way ;  
But who may read God's dark decree ?

He spares the tree of lowly form,  
Through years that seem without an end,—  
In every wind to sway and bend,  
No mark for lightning nor for storm.

Through toilsome years, on scanty fare,  
The artist and the poet seem  
Dimly to live within their dream ;  
Time leaves them with their pleasant care.

Time brings into a perfect grace  
The marvel of the stream and hills ;  
And Time the perfect volume fills  
With words that thrill the human race.

Time ! that didst shape the cedar fair,  
Wilt thou not bring to her who grieves  
More than the glory of its leaves,  
A people's love and grief and prayer ?

We are but shadows one and all ;  
The solid earth on which we move  
Is nothing, seen by saints above ;  
So small,—but still man is not small.

His days are written in Thy sight,  
 Who rulest days and rulest men ;  
 And in Thy will he finds Thy when,  
 And knows that all he finds is right.

Thy Royal student's days were led  
 In ways that make the day a year,  
 Fulfilled with intellectual cheer  
 Whereon all noble minds are fed.

A thirty years of life like his  
 Is more than threescore years and ten  
 Of vain pursuits of selfish men,  
 Who find a path 'twere wise to miss.

So shall we say his life was life,  
 Extended to a noble span ;  
 A life that was a life for man,  
 Worthy of mother and of wife.

---

### CHARLES HARPUR.

["The grey forefather of Australian poetry," was born at Windsor, New South Wales, in 1811 or 1812. His father was a school-master, and gave the future poet all the education he ever received. In 1853 he published a volume of poems, among which were some sonnets which won the admiration of the "celebrated Sydney lawyer," Mr. Robert Lowe, now Viscount Sherbrooke. He at this time contributed to the *Empire*, the least successful and most brilliant of all Australian papers, as it has been described. Returning to the "Bush," Harpur married Miss Mary Doyle, a settler's daughter, by whom he had five children. He died in 1868, comparatively unrecognised and unknown ; and recently his fame has widely

increased, mainly owing to an admirable edition of his poems, published by Mr. George Robertson. Charles Harpur was, however, greatly admired by Kendall, who addressed two set of beautiful but simple verses to his memory.]

## DORA.

It was, I well remember, the merry springtime when  
Young Dora in the eventide came singing up the glen ;  
And the song came up the glen, till one oft-repeated  
part  
In a subtle stream of melody ran glowing through my  
heart.

A fond desire long cherished, till then I might control—  
Till then—but O ! that witching strain swift drew it  
from my soul ;  
Swift drew it from my soul, and she did not say me nay,  
And the world of love was all the world to us that happy  
day.

I'm happy now in thinking how happy I was then,  
When towards the glowing west my love went homeward  
down the glen ;  
Went homeward down the glen, while my comfort surer  
grew,  
Till methought the old-faced hills all looked as they were  
happy too.

All happy for that Dora and I so happy were !  
All happy, for that human love had breathed its spirit  
there !  
Had breathed its spirit there, and had made them conscious  
grow  
Of the part they bore in that sweet time, that happy  
long ago.

## ONWARD.

HAVE the blasts of sorrow worn thee,  
Have the rocks of danger torn thee,  
And thus shifted, wreck-like drifted,  
Wouldst thou find a port in time?  
Vain the quest! That word sublime—  
    God's great one word,  
    Silent never, pealeth ever,  
    Onward!

Hast thou done all loving duty,  
Hast thou clothed thy soul with beauty,  
And wouldst rest then, wholly blest then,  
In some sunny lapse of time?  
Vain the hope! That word sublime—  
    God's great one word,  
    Silent never, pealeth ever,  
    Onward!

Hast thou won the heart of glory,  
Hast thou charmed the tongue of story,  
And wouldst pause then for applause then,  
Underneath the stars of time?  
Vain the lure! That word sublime—  
    God's great one word,  
    Silent never, pealeth ever,  
    Onward!

Truth and virtue hast thou wrought for,  
Faith and freedom hast thou fought for,  
And then shrinkest, for thou thinkest  
Paid is all thy debt in time?

Vain the thought ! That word sublime—  
 God's great *one* word,  
 Silent never, pealeth ever,  
 Onward !

From endeavour to endeavour,  
 Journeying with the hours for ever,  
 Or aspiring, or acquiring  
 This, O man, is life in time,  
 Urged by that primal word sublime—  
 God's great one word,  
 Silent never, pealing ever,  
 Onward !

TO ———.

Who would not be a poet ? Thus I read  
 In thy proud sonnet, my poetic friend ;  
 And unto this my full assent was given :  
 " There is not, cannot be, under all heaven,  
 Aught happier in itself than the witch, Poetry."

But " Who'd not be a poet ?" Here I pause  
 Forebodingly, my poet friend,—because  
 " To see all beauty with his gifted sight,"  
 To love, like him, with all the soul,  
 To be, when life is morning bright,  
 The very creature of delight—  
 Delight beyond control,—  
 Is still to be in like degree,  
 Too sensible of misery  
 And loss and slight, and all the weeping shapes  
 of dole.

And this is truth, too, that with saddened heart  
Oft must he from his fellows live apart ;  
For how can men whose every breath of life  
Is drawn in the hot air, and 'mid the strife  
Of pettiest interests, have a kindred heart  
With him who hath built heavenward and apart.  
The structures of his mind, and looking thence  
Over this world-thronged universe immense,  
Is wont all such embroilments to deplore  
As light-obscuring vapours—nothing more ?  
What ladder of experience can they build  
To mount with—up, into a nature filled  
With beauty, or by mighty truths inspired,  
Or one even with a bold ambition fired ?  
But least of all in such men can there be  
Devotions chiming into sympathy  
With some pure soul, unsuccoured and alone,  
Struggling in weariness unwearied on—  
Unwearied day and night, and night and day,  
Towards the far Mecca of its faith always.

Yet thus the poet, armed only with the right,  
To life's dishonest battle oft must come,  
To front instead of valour, mean despite,  
With envy aye in emulation's room,  
Blotting heaven's sacred light !  
To see unblushing fortune's minions doom  
To obloquy through some repute unholy,  
Or to some vile and miserable estate,  
All such as would not trample on the lowly,  
And basely glorify the falsely great.

Yet if a thought like this  
Should mar at times thy tuneful bliss,

Stronger within thine earnest will  
Be the spirit of song, that still  
Thou mayest sing of eloquent eyes  
That are of sunny thoughts the ever sunny skies ;  
Sweet dreams that swarm round honeyed lips,  
Like honey-loving bees ;  
Glad birds, fresh flowers, clear streams, and trees  
All starry-bright with golden pips ;  
Or, with a loud, bold chime,  
Sing of that braver time,  
When world-wide justice from her Alpine chair  
Shall read at length in the rich reddening skies  
The gospel of her advent, and declare  
The sacred sign of her epiphany there,  
Amid the purple dyes ;  
While all true men, the bravely wise,  
Shall seek her there with fearless feet and free,  
Where the prophet-peaks arise  
Out of the shattering mist, the phantom sea  
Of old iniquity !  
Through dense and rare, shall seek her there,  
Breathing with iron lungs the clear keen mountain air  
Of a supreme up-climbing, God-great liberty.  
Then envy not the splendid wretchedness  
Of Mammon's dupes ! Sing thy great rhymes  
For those diviner spiritual times  
Our country yet shall know, and, wisely knowing, bless.

---

Downward, through the blooming roofage  
Of a lonely forest bower,  
Come the yellow sunbeams,—falling  
Like a burning shower :

So through heaven's starry ceiling,  
 To the hermit soul's abode,  
 Comes the Holy Spirit,—earthward  
 Raying down from God.

---

*THE VISION OF THE ROCK.*

I SAT upon a lonely peak  
 A backwood river's course to view,  
 And watched the changing shadows freak  
 Its liquid length of gleaming blue,  
 Streaked by the crane slow gliding o'er,  
 Or chequering to the leafy roar  
 Of woods that 'neath me grew,  
 Or curdling dark, as high o'erhead  
 The gathering clouds before the sounding breezes  
 fled.

Straight I bethought how once the scene  
 Spread in its primal horror there,  
 When, but some lone bird's weary threne  
 Or howlings from the wild dog's lair,  
 Or rush of startled kangaroo,  
 As near some stealthy savage drew  
 With hunger in his air,  
 Or from the stream some murmured sound  
 Broke the dread slumbrous calm of solitude pro-  
 found.

A change came o'er my thoughts—behind  
 A length of coming time I threw,  
 Till round me, on that rock reclined,  
 Its folds prophetic vision drew ;

And purpling, like the morning, gave  
Mine eyes of Freedom's birth to have  
    A seeming ante-view ;  
    As haply in brave promise stole  
His country's purer weal o'er youthful Hampden's  
    soul.

All round me villages upgrew  
At once, with orchards clumped about,  
And oft between, tall pine-rows through,  
Some mansion's pillared porch looked out,  
And thickening up from alleys green,  
Where rustic groups in dance were seen,  
Came merry cry and shout ;  
While from tall groves beyond, the cheer  
Of maiden's laughter soft, broke in rich wavelets near.

And in the gusts that overpassed  
The stir of neighbouring cities came,  
Whose structures in the distance massed  
Proclaimed their opulence and fame,  
O'er fields of ripening plenty viewed,  
Or hills with white flocks fleeced, and strewed  
With herds that grazed the same ;  
While on the paven roads between  
The crowding chariots came with rapid-rolling din.

Now gaining depth, the vision lay  
Around my being like a law,  
So that my spirit might not say  
But all was real that I saw ;  
I mark a youth and maiden, pressed  
By love's sweet power, elude the rest,  
And as they nearer drew  
I list the vow that each imparts  
Folded within the spells of harmonising hearts.

But suddenly a grim-faced sire  
Strides like a fatal wraith between  
With that cold whiteness in his ire  
Which in the bad alone is seen !  
Alas ! this world can never be  
A poet's Eden utterly—  
'Twill be what it hath been !  
So long as love's rich heart is red  
And beauty's eyes are bright—so long shall tears  
    be shed.

They pass ; and lo ! a lonely boy  
With wandering steps goes musing by ;  
Glory is in his air, and joy  
And all the poet in his eye !  
And now, whilst rich emotions flush  
His happy face, as cloud-hues blush  
In morning's radiant sky,  
He sings—and to the charming sound  
Troops of angelic shapes throng into being round.

But 'neath a sombre cypress-tree,  
And clad in garbs of kindred gloom,  
A mother and her child I see  
Both mourning o'er a lonely tomb !  
Ah ! life hath ever been a brief  
Mixed dream of glory and of grief—  
Its earliest, latest doom !  
That heart in which love's tides first ran  
Descends with all its risks to every child of man.

Now turning see, with locks all grey,  
A form majestic ; wisdom true  
Illumes his brow—the power to weigh  
All worth, and look all semblance through ;

And stately youths of studious mien,  
 Children of light, with him are seen,  
 His auditory—who  
 Attend the speaking sage along,  
 And hearken to the wisdom of his manna-dropping  
 tongue.

And now doth his large utterances throw  
 A sacred solemnising spell  
 O'er scenes that yet no record know,  
 Round names that now I may not tell ;  
 But there was one—too long unknown !  
 Whereat, as with a household tone  
     Upon the ear it fell,  
 Each listener's speaking eyes were given  
 To glisten with a tear, and turn awhile to heaven.

Thus night came on ; for hours had flown,  
 And yet its hold the vision kept,  
 Till lulled by many a dying tone,  
 I laid me on the rock and slept !  
 And now the moon hung big between  
 Two neighbouring summits sheathed with sheen—  
 When all with dews bewept,  
 And roused by a loud coming gale,  
 I sought our camp-fire's glow, deep in the darkling  
 vale.

---

*LOVE DREAMING OF DEATH.*

I DREAMT my little boys were dead  
 And I was sitting wild and lone ;  
 On closed unmoving knees my head  
 Lay rigid as a stone.

And thus I sat without a tear,  
And though I drew life's painful breath,  
All life to me seemed cold and drear,  
And comfortless as death :

Sat on the earth as on a bier,  
Where loss and ruin lived alone,  
Without the comfort of a tear—  
Without a passing groan.

And there was stillness everywhere,  
Ensphering one wide sense of woe—  
The stillness of a world's despair,  
Whose tides had ceased to flow.

Yea, so eternal seemed my grief,  
Time moved not, neither slow nor fast,  
Nor recked I whether periods brief  
Or centuries had passed.

It was as if to marble cold  
My loss had petrified the air,  
And I was shut within its hold,  
Made deathless by despair—

Made deathless in a world of death,  
There ever sitting wild and lone,  
With all but one pent painful breath  
Transmuted into stone.

And more the gorgon horror crushed  
With dry petrific pressure in,  
Till forth my waking spirit rushed  
With agonising din !

And O what joy it was to wake—  
    To cast that haggard dream away,  
And from its stony influence break  
    Into the living day !

I sought the objects of my care,  
    And felt, while I embraced the twain,  
How much even from a dream's despair  
    A Father's love may gain.

---

When this dream-record long ago  
    I penned, how little did I dream  
That yet a distant coming woe  
    Was shadowed in its theme !

For ah ! of that beloved twain  
    The lips of one, then warm with breath,  
I since have kissed, un-kissed again,  
    For they were cold in death—

A swift wild death ! and when I think  
    Of all that I have lost thereby,  
My heart hath pangs that seem to drink  
    All Mara's waters dry ;

Yea, pangs that would my life destroy,  
    Did faith not whisper oft between :  
"Peace ! sire of an immortal boy  
    Beyond this mortal scene."

---

A MIDSUMMER'S NOON IN THE AUSTRALIAN  
FOREST.

Nor a sound disturbs the air,  
There is quiet everywhere ;  
Over plains and over woods  
What a mighty stillness broods !

All the birds and insects keep  
Where the coolest shadows sleep ;  
Even the busy ants are found  
Resting in their pebbled mound ;  
Even the locust clingeth now  
Silent to the barky bough :  
Over hills and over plains  
Quiet, vast and slumbrous, reigns.

Only there's a drowsy humming  
From yon warm lagoon slow-coming :  
'Tis the dragon-hornet—see !  
All bedaubed resplendently  
Yellow on a tawny ground—  
Each rich spot not square nor round,  
Rudely heart-shaped, as it were  
The blurred and hasty impress there  
Of a vermeil-crueted seal  
Dusted o'er with golden meal.  
Only there's a droning where  
Yon bright beetle shines in air,  
Tracks it in its gleaming flight  
With a slanting beam of light  
Rising in the sunshine higher,  
Till its shards flame out like fire.

Every other thing is still,  
Save the ever-wakeful rill,

Whose cool murmur only throws  
 Cooler comfort round repose ;  
 Or some ripple in the sea.  
 Of leafy boughs, where, lazily  
 Tired summer, in her bower  
 Turning with the noontide hour,  
 Heaves a slumbrous breath ere she  
 Once more slumbers peacefully.

O 'tis easeful here to lie  
 Hidden from noon's scorching eye,  
 In this grassy cool recess  
 Musing thus of quietness.

---

WORDS.

WORDS are deeds. The words we hear  
 May revolutionise or rear  
 A mighty state. The words we read  
 May be a spiritual deed  
 Excelling any fleshly one,  
 As much as the celestial sun  
 Transcends a bonfire, made to throw  
 A light upon some raree-show.  
 A simple proverb tagged with rhyme  
 May colour half the course of time ;  
 The pregnant saying of a sage  
 May influence every coming age ;  
 A song in its effects may be  
 More glorious than Thermopylæ,  
 And many a lay that schoolboys scan  
 A nobler feat than Inkerman.

## THE CLOUD.

ONE summer morn, out of the sea-waves wild,  
A speck-like cloud, the season's fated child,  
Came softly floating up the boundless sky,  
And o'er the sun-parched hills all brown and dry.

Onward she glided through the azure air,  
Borne by its motion without toil or care,  
When, looking down in her ethereal joy,  
She marked earth's moilers at their hard employ ;

"And O!" she said, "that by some act of grace  
'Twere mine to succour yon fierce-toiling race,  
To give the hungry meat, the thirsty drink—  
The thought of good is very sweet to think."

The day advanced, and the cloud greater grew,  
And greater ; likewise her desire to do  
Some charity to men had more and more,  
As the long sultry summer day on wore,  
Greated and warmed within her fleecy breast,  
Like a dove fledging in its downy nest.

The heat waxed fiercer, until all the land  
Glared in the sun as 'twere a monstrous brand ;  
And the shrunk rivers, few and far between,  
Like molten metal lightened in the scene.  
Ill could Earth's sons endure their toilsome state,  
Though still they laboured, for their need was great,  
And many a long beseeching look they sped  
Towards that fair cloud, with many a sigh that said,  
"We famish for thy bounty! For our sake  
O break! thou in a showery blessing, break!"

“I feel, and fain would help you,” said the cloud,  
And towards the earth her bounteous being bowed ;  
But then rememb’ring a tradition she  
Had in her youth learned from her native sea,  
That when a cloud adventures from the skies  
Too near the altar of the hills, it dies !  
Awhile she wavered, and was blown about  
Hither and thither by the winds of doubt ;  
But in the midst of heaven at length all still  
She stood ; and then suddenly with a keen thrill  
Of light, she said within herself, “I will !  
Yea, in the glad strength of devotion, I  
Will help you, though in helping you I die.”

Filled with this thought’s divinity, the cloud  
Grew world-like vast as earthward more she bowed.  
O ! never erewhile had she dreamed her state  
So great might be, beneficently great !  
O’er the parched fields in her angelic love  
She spread her wide wings like a brooding dove :  
Till, as her purpose deepened, drawing near,  
Divinely awful did her front appear,  
And men and beasts all trembled at the view,  
And the woods bowed, though well all creatures knew  
That near in her, to every kind the same,  
A great predestined benefactress came.

And then wide-flashed throughout her full-grown form  
The glory of her *will!* the pain and storm  
Of life’s dire dread of death, whose mortal threat  
From Christ Himself drew agonising sweat,  
Flashed seething out of rents amid her heaps  
Of lowering gloom, and thence with arrowy leaps  
Hissed jaggling downwards, till a sheety glare  
Illumined all the illimitable air ;

The thunder followed, a tremendous sound,  
 Loud doubling and reverberating round ;  
 Strong was her will, but stronger yet the power  
 Of love that now dissolved her in a shower  
 Dropping in blessings to enrich the earth  
 With health and plenty at one blooming birth.

Far as the rain extended o'er the land,  
 A splendid bow the freshened landscape spanned,  
 Like a celestial arc hung in the air  
 By angel artists to illumine there  
 The parting triumph of that spirit fair.  
 The rainbow vanished, but the blessing craved  
 Rested upon the land the cloud had saved.

---

MARY ARDEN.

WHEN a simple English maiden,  
 Nested warm in Wilmicote,  
 Sang forth like a lark uprising  
 Heavenward with its morning note,  
 Did no English ear that listened,  
 Even then, foretouched by fame,  
 Tremble to the prophet-music,  
 Fountain-headed in thy name,  
 Mary Arden ?

And to thee thyself, O tell me !  
 Shade of Shakespeare's mother, tell me !  
 Did no dazzling vision come,  
 Banishing all thoughts of gloom,  
 Of the bardic grandeurs waiting  
 On thy matron fate, when He  
 Who in time should call the mother  
 Should all time's subjector be,  
 Mary Arden ?

When a mother we behold thee,  
 With thy babe upon thy breast,  
 That great nascent soul, so bird-like,  
 Babbling in its fragrant nest :  
 O what spirit sweetly human,  
 O what instincts mildly wise,  
 Sucked he from those mother-fountains,  
 Drew he from those mother-eyes,  
 Mary Arden !

But shall we, now spirit-basking  
 In the noonblaze of his fame,  
 Fail to read a sign prophetic  
 In thy lovely maiden name ?  
 No, it is the star that trembled  
 O'er a royal poet's birth ;  
 And amongst immortal Marias  
 Second to but one on earth,  
 Mary Arden !

Glory to thee ! Mary Arden !  
 Shakespeare's mother ! England's Mary !

---

PHILIP DALE HAVILAND.

[Desires the incognito preserved. Has a volume of poems conjointly with Cyril Haviland in preparation, and has been a frequent contributor of poems to Australian periodicals.]

*AN AUSTRALIAN FOREST.*

I go,—but to return,—  
 Your dreamy haunting breeze  
 Would sing me back again ;  
 Old friends I might forget,

Old hopes merge in the new,  
All, all, but you,—but you.

Your great dark trees would rise  
And beckon to my soul ;  
I could not wait and know  
How cool the autumn mist  
Was creeping on the air,  
And I—O ! I not there.

In dreams my eyes would see  
The great long golden bars  
That lie upon your grass,  
When, like a ball, the sun  
Rolls down the shining day,  
And I,—but I,—away.

I could not live and rest  
Far from your wild fir-trees,  
Your branches murmuring,  
Your night-bird's distant note ;  
To hear each hidden sound  
Were happiness profound.

For in the resinous air  
That rises 'mid your trees,  
My soul once more could breathe ;  
Give me your sougning wind  
With perfumed odours blent,  
And I,—I am content.

---

## EBENEZER STOREY HAY.

[Born at Kilsyth, Scotland. Was a solicitor at Dunedin, New Zealand, and one of the most esteemed contributors to the New Zealand periodicals. He died prematurely, at the age of thirty-seven. Published a pamphlet entitled *Some Characteristics of Wordsworth's Poetry, and their Lessons for us, an essay, and some Poems by Fleta* (Dunedin, New Zealand: Jolly, Cameron, and Co., 1881). A volume of his collected poems is contemplated.]

## PROMETHEUS.

How long, devouring vultures, will ye pierce  
 With sharp and sluttish bills my flesh, and tear  
 With agonising wrench your bloody fare  
 From my exhaustless sides? Relentless, fierce,  
 Meet ministers of Jupiter ye are!  
 Whose gifts to men are massacre and war,  
 And trampling pride, and all that is averse  
 To that sweet lore I filched them from afar.

But I, who have foreknowledge of all things,  
 Know the predestined hour will come when He  
 And all the race of tyrants and of kings  
 Must fall, and man in brotherhood be free—  
 Then all these sleepless years and your foul stings  
 Shall have for guerdon Love and Liberty.

## PROMETHEUS AND ASIA.

## I.

WHEN a rose in beauty blows,  
 When a bud from earth outpeeps,  
 When a soul another knows  
 In love's glassy, dreamy deeps,  
 Is not then Prometheus wed?  
 Is not then sweet Asia led

To the spotless bowers of love?  
 And Love is lord all things above.

## II.

When a toiler finds some law  
 Through all change unchangeable,  
 And in joy and loving awe  
 Sees less dim the Eternal Will,  
 Is not then Prometheus led  
 Joyous to the nuptial bed?  
 Is not then his Asia's rule  
 Gracious, loving, beautiful?

## III.

When a poet's frenzied brain  
 Catches at some hidden truth,  
 When is washed a crimson stain  
 With forgiving tears of ruth,  
 Is not then Prometheus' bride  
 Standing glowing by his side?  
 Is not then more sweet to him  
 Than the song of Seraphim  
 Her sweet breath and placid eyes?  
 For Earth is one with Paradise.

---

 I S A B E L.

"Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse."—*Milton.*

## I.

SHE will not wake whate'er I call,  
 She will not stir as there she lies,  
 The colour from her lips has fled,  
 And gone the glory from her eyes—

O, what is life if she be dead?—  
 A world with only sunless skies.

## II.

I knew her young, and fair, and strong,  
 And loved her then, ah! who so well?  
 But wisdom bade me (monstrous lie!)  
 Resign my darling Isabel—  
 I strove with love, repressed the sigh,  
 And bade my Isabel farewell.

## III.

I rose in place, in power, in wealth,  
 I gained esteem and great applause,  
 My name became a household word,  
 I ruled the State, I made the laws,  
 My voice throughout the land was heard,  
 Triumphant in the people's cause.

## IV.

“Now I will let me love,” I said,  
 “And I am worthier far than then;  
 My wisdom has been dearly bought  
 In conflict with the wisest men;  
 Come then, sweet love—so long unsought—  
 And fold me in your wings again.”

## V.

I thought me wise, but soon was stunned,  
 To find no love in all I met,  
 But worldly wisdom and a smile,  
 That made me mad with wild regret—  
 I thought of Isabel the while,  
 And found my burning cheeks were wet.

## VI.

She will not wake whate'er I call,  
She will not stir as there she lies ;  
The colour from her lips has fled,  
And gone the light from her sweet eyes ;  
My darling Isabel is dead,  
And love, too late, has made me wise.

---

## IN A GARDEN.

I SAW my fair one plucking fruit,  
The velvet peach and dusky plum ;  
And, as she stooped to gather some  
That hid themselves in scarlet plots  
And blue beds of forget-me-nots,  
I stood as though I'd taken root,  
And durst not lift intruding foot—  
So, leaning on a neighbouring gum  
(I knew she had not seen me come),  
I watched her stand, and upward reach  
And shame the pink of tinted peach  
In stretching where some ripe one lies  
Behind its screen of leafy green,  
With just a speck of crimson seen—  
The burning kiss of summer skies—

Then turn, some laurel-leaves to cull  
Wherewith to trim her basketful ;  
And as she sat with careless grace,  
And set each beauty in its place,  
I drank the scene with open eyes,  
And like half-wakened memories,  
Came tender thoughts in quiet mood  
That made me wish for solitude.

I could not choose to linger there  
 Where all was grace and debonnair,  
 Where every movement seemed to be  
 Some preconcerted melody,  
 Where but to speak was to destroy  
 The blissful calm, the tender joy.

So, turning from the magic spell,  
 And from the form I loved so well,  
 I mused how pleasure often springs  
 From far-off, half-remembered things,  
 And how the vision I had met  
 Might yield a richer harvest yet ;  
 Then stole away—and in my mind  
 I carry still that garden scene,  
 The motions of my graceful queen,  
 And all the beauty left behind,  
 The charm of flowers, the wealth of fruit,  
 The dusky plum, the velvet peach,  
 And the bright lesson that they teach,  
 How grace and beauty more than preach,  
 And to the soul are never mute.

---

TWO SONNETS.

I.

My pipe is small, but I will labour hard  
 That naught but melody shall issue thence ;  
 And though the song, tumultuous and intense,  
 Inspired of passion is to me debarred,  
 Yet in some golden moments happy-starred  
 Apollo holds me in a sweet suspense,  
 Breathless and rapt—and straining every sense,  
 I hear his lyre, and great is my reward.

And O! what joy when song has wed to it  
 The clanging choral music of the sea,  
 Or whirr of birds that in green shadows flit  
 With brisk and timid flight from tree to tree!—  
 When sounds like these find voice in what is writ,  
 O happy poet! how I envy thee!

## II.

But song should be unlaboured as a flower  
 That grows in beauty in some deep retreat,  
 Spreading a dewy freshness round our feet  
 Or kindling into flame some leafy bower.  
 True song is ever prodigal of power  
 Delighting in its strength, its form complete—  
 And loves the lore of beauty to repeat  
 With changing loveliness from hour to hour.

It should be like the sea, buoyant and deep,  
 And like a star that shines serene and clear,  
 A beck'ning voice from an untrodden steep,  
 A murmur of far music in the ear,  
 A dream that has no fellowship with sleep,  
 But to the Dawn looks for a golden sphere.

---

 A SONG.

BE still, my heart, be still,  
 I only heard his name,  
 And through my cheeks I felt  
 The colour rush like flame ;  
 Although he loves me not,  
 I love him still the same—

Him I should scorn and hate—  
 He treated me so ill.  
 O! surely this is Fate  
 To love against my will!  
 Because I heard his name  
 My heart is beating still.

Be still, my heart, be still;  
 O! could he only know  
 The height of woman's love,  
 The depth of woman's woe,  
 He surely could not dare  
 To love—and leave me so.

Be still, my heart, be still,  
 I must forget the past,  
 It was an idle dream—  
 A dream too sweet to last;  
 And I through life must feel  
 Love's blighting, lightning blast.

---

*DESPAIR.*

ONCE, dread visitor, you came,  
 Once, or twice at most,  
 But you stayed not, so your name  
 Soon to me was lost—  
 Now you linger like a guest,  
 And I cannot, cannot rest.

When the tender hues of spring  
 Came with birds that pair,  
 With the pairing birds I'd sing  
 Life is sweet and love is fair—

Now I languish and I sigh,  
And I only wish to die.

I am young in years, but you  
Aged me long ago ;  
What to me is spring-time's hue,  
Birds that sing, or buds that blow ?  
Every prospect now is drear,  
For I look—and you are here.

Once, drear visitor, you came  
To my troubled heart,  
But delight, with sword of flame,  
Bade you soon depart—  
Now you come an armed host :  
Delight is dead, and I am lost.

---

THOMAS HENEY.

[Of Wilcannia, River Darling, New South Wales ; has published a volume entitled *Fortunate Days* (Sydney : Turner & Henderson, 1886).]

*THE FLOWER EVERLASTING.*

SHY flower that aye delights to grace  
A desert place,  
And glorify the thankless stones  
With golden crowns and cones,

While in the meads thy sisters fair  
The bounty share  
Of wind and dew and sun, content  
With whate'er good be sent,

Some corner narrow and obscure  
 Dost choose, secure  
 From sudden grasp of hands unkind  
 That oft thy sisters find ;

Wouldst rather safe be than admired  
 And so retired,  
 Those charms to lovers only show  
 That rocks hide from a foe.

Nature denies the haunting scent  
 To others lent,  
 Instead she gives thee longer stay  
 Than beauties of a day.

They ope and show their charms awhile,  
 Their life a smile—  
 Then close and gently die ; but thou  
 Death not so swift can bow.



*SALUT A L'HOMME—WALT WHITMAN.*

PASSIONATE voice of Democracy, exultant, militant,  
 triumphant,  
 Poet of Democracy celebrating the destiny of unborn men  
 in thy song,  
 Sweet heart singing stern songs of sacrifice in times of  
 calm-faced selfishness,  
 Strong heart singing sweet songs of hope, and ultimate  
 triumph in dark days,  
 Closing with tender hands the eyes of dead soldiers, dead  
 to fulfil your idea,  
 (So only the work could be wrought)—

Yourself is the song we shall sing of you, Walt Whitman  
speaking for men,  
Now the echo of your great voice is ringing from utter-  
most lands.  
What music for you, old man, going with serene eyes to death,  
Glancing back at the fate-brooding world, singing, "Go  
bravely, dear world ; so long" ;—  
The music of eyes luminous with new hope, and lives  
advancing to new destinies,  
Lips that have found voice for brave thoughts, no longer  
chorus to lie-leaders—  
What is the praise of a man who opens a new future  
before humanity,  
Therein himself leading the slaves of systems to accomplish  
themselves ?  
Christ's cross, Socrates' cup, rejection of Buddha and  
Confucius,  
Then acceptance, and after a thousand years a rotting  
system again.  
Through what long paths must the world rise to a better  
gospel than yours !  
After the deep-chanted curses of priests, hail a calm strong  
assent,  
That rolls the fog of the past as a wind clears the sea-fog  
from Californian valleys.  
So long have we listened to curses, of God, of man, of all  
that is or that may be ;  
Now the curses die like the dying echoes of impotent  
cannon.  
Hail the great voice that rose through that din, telling a  
new gospel—  
The gospel of acquiescence with nature and co-operation  
and obedience,  
And the divine doctrine of solidarity—the comradeship  
eternal of men,

A noble sympathy not born of ignorance and pity, but of understanding and love,  
And a perpetual watchful hatred of the exploitation of men.

---

*THE WILD DUCK.*

TELL me the charm of thy haunts, O bird,  
Far in the unknown West,  
Of the desert pools whose waves are stirred  
By press of plummy breast,  
And the diver's plunge and flutter of wings—  
When the ripples speed their increasing rings.

Tell of the lakes that sleep in the reeds,  
Crystal and gold and green ;  
Whenever the wind his legion leads  
Through banks that sway and lean,  
They renew the fable of olden Pan  
Who taught his music through reeds to man.

How oft sought'st thou rest in darkling glade,  
In some well-hidden pool,  
Where centurial trees o'erspread their shade  
And waters glimmered cool,  
And the gentle murmur of leaf and wave  
Were the only voices that Nature gave.

Tell of the marsh in the swamp-oak's gloom  
Whence sound the curlew's cries,  
Echoed like prayers of souls in doom  
That aye unpitied rise ;  
Of the river's reach and the shallow flow  
Of creeks whose waters sparkling go.

Say how in a night of fear thy glance  
 Through the dark woodland aisles  
 Saw the corroboree's measured dance  
 And the sway of painted files  
 In the camp-fire's light, while the echoes long  
 Bore far the chant of the savage throng—  
 How thine eyes, too, saw on some inland road  
 The labouring oxen draw  
 The dray that groaned 'neath its piled load  
 As it felt the burden sore,  
 While the teamster trolled in his rough strong voice  
 Some bushman's lay, to a bushman choice—  
 Or saw, while thy wings upbore, below  
 The brown plains far expand,  
 Desolate but for the flocks that slow  
 Stray and nibble, or stand,  
 And the shepherd who sees with a careless gaze  
 The well-known scape half-hidden by haze.

---

*A SONG OF FLOWERS.*

O WALL-FLOWERS with the jonquils white,  
 When spring's first winds blow widening rifts  
 In winter skies and swift soft drifts  
 Of rain athwart the tender light,  
 Then ope your gentle eyes to see  
 Who wakes you so caressingly.

Sweet flowers of England and of France,  
 Give me your perfume till I dream  
 I see the jonquils' gracious gleam  
 On bosoms throbbing in the dance,  
 The village dance when twilight falls,  
 And meet the young-souled Provençals.

Nor you, wall flowers, forget mine eyes ;  
 Ye speak of placid English garths,  
 Where far beside the winding paths  
 A wilderness of blooms there lies,  
 Like music visible that are  
 Or leafy heavens, each flower a star.

Wall-flowers, your opening buds be mine,  
 And yours, O golden-eyed jonquils,  
 Till from these far Australian hills  
 I bring a bloom with them to shine.  
 What from this flowery land shall I  
 Set to your sweet-breathed blossoms nigh ?

The waratah I may not choose—  
 That would outshine your modest charms—  
 Nor swamp-mahogany's floss-flowered arms,  
 Nor golden wattle, the shade that woos,  
 Nor crimson splendours and bells of heath,  
 Nor sarsaparilla's purple wreath.

No, but a stem of dainty bells  
 With silver rims, in a rose-red sheaf,  
 Dropped from a wealth of shining leaf,  
 I bring from sun-kissed slopes and dells.  
 May it gain a breath of scent from you ;  
 And do ye borrow a nobler hue.

---

WOOD-NOTES.

WHAT magic hath the air this day of spring  
 That it can bring  
 So many memories of wood-delight—  
 The tender shadow mixed with tender light,  
 The birds' full song,  
 The gracious silence, halting hours and long ?

For in this dream I leave the noisy streets  
    For cool retreats  
Of forest aisles and bowers of underwood ;  
While constant memory obeys my mood—  
    Again I see  
The far abodes of charm and mystery—

Those woods where envious autumn hath no sway,  
    Nor there she may,  
As in the Northern climes, her victims freak  
With colours that approaching fall do speak.  
    Those glowing hues,  
The wonder of a week, I would not choose.

Nor where, like lords despoiled, stretch miles on miles  
    The naked piles,  
Which, as unpitying victors, storms berate,  
And from those woods, their lovèd haunts so late,  
    To mourn the wrong,  
Silent from grief, depart the quiring throng.

Here in unending songs the woods rejoice,  
    And hear a voice  
Each hour resume an intermitted lay,  
Pouring bloom-perfect notes, so full and gay,  
    Now fast, now slow,  
Air and the echoes seem to overflow.

When as the dawn suffuses eastern skies,  
    While night still lies  
Amid the dewy shadow unawake,  
The magpie swells from knoll or silent brake  
    His loud sweet tune.  
How rare those notes, that always end too soon !

As if till that song ceased each voice were still,  
     Now air doth thrill  
 With other fainter and less daring notes ;  
 Yet is this revelry of dainty throats  
     As sweet, though soft,  
 As theirs to whom the echoing woods ring oft.

Full many a voice, O wood, hast thou unnamed,  
     Though none hath famed,  
 Save it those twitterings and tremolos clear,  
 Yet are to thee its consonances dear ;  
     Its perfect art  
 In thy long symphony fills well a part.

On him who, mem'ry-haunted, walks thy halls  
     The music falls,  
 Wanting such charms as fills the olden rimes ;  
 Sweeter, O wood, than that of other climes,  
     Thine own song flows,  
 As wattle blooms for thee, and not the rose.

Yet wert thou through all seasons still the same,  
     Spring but the name,  
 How few would love that fair monotony !  
 So do the passing months bring change to thee,  
     Nor change so great,  
 Since no month ever sees thee desolate.

Twice in thy pleasant year the wattles crown  
     With golden down  
 Their sombre rames, and with the gum's stiff leaves  
 A dusk-white fragrant bloom May interweaves,  
     And spring bestows  
 Many a flower less bright and sweet than those.

Nor but one sense to please dost thou incline—  
     Breaths anodyne,  
 And heavy with perfume of flower and wood—  
 Mysterious scents whose founts do search elude—  
     The warm air holds,  
 And bears far out upon the neighbouring wolds.  
  
 How great an answer is your gracious mood,  
     O stately wood,  
 To those who oft deny the charms thou hast,  
 And think thee dumb because their ears are fast ;  
     And, full of care,  
 Find not those tranquil hours which they sought there.

---

#### PHILIP J. HOLDSWORTH.

[Of Sydney, New South Wales. Is cashier of the Colonial Treasury, Sydney, and editor of the *Illustrated Sydney News*. Kendall pronounced him "an authentic singer." In 1880 he published *Station-Hunting on the Warrego, and other Poems* (Sydney : William Maddock, 381 George Street).]

#### AUSTRALIA.

O MUSE divine ! within whose strange soft lyre  
 Melodious lays of subtle strength and splendour  
 Sleep, till the bard's quick touch and tongue of fire  
 Lure them to life :—even thou, sweet Muse, engender  
 Within my brain songs passionate and tender—  
 Songs sung or harped 'mid thy most secret spheres,  
 But snatched by amorous couriers to mine ears,  
 And hoarded in my soul's most hallowed cells,  
 Where the mute seraph, Contemplation, dwells  
     Till the renascent hour,  
     When, summoned by thy power,  
 Dainty and swift once more their melody out-wells.

## I.

Australia! he that anthems thee aright  
     Must psalm his loud delight  
 With lips of gold, and supple tongue as pure,  
 And sounding harp than mine less immature!  
 Yet, should my happy verse, though faint, refuse  
     To trumpet forth thy dues,  
 Methinks dumb trees (each leaf a tongue of flame!)  
 Would clarion out thy grandeur and my shame:  
 Thy timorous vales responsively would hymn  
     Like sweet-lipped Cherubim—  
 Each peak would lift its sky-saluting crest  
     Still loftier from Earth's breast,  
 And blend, with melting murmurs, into strong  
     Ambrosial breaths of song:  
 Yea, vehemently plead to listening Earth  
 The perfect marvel of thy matchless worth.

## II.

Thrice hail the bright day when the refluent sea  
     Witnessed the birth of thee!  
 When from dark, solemn depths of foam-fringed surge,  
 Mysterious and divine, thou didst emerge;  
 Framed, by God's grace, that after-years might see  
 A sacred shrine thrice dear to Liberty!  
 On that glad day (O best-born day of Time!)  
 God gathered rare delights from each fair clime,  
 And scattering them with bountiful High Hand,  
 Most lavishly they reigned on thee, O land!  
 Such was the ripe wealth of the prodigal dower  
     That decked thy natal hour!

## III.

Yet, like some such scroll,  
     Which no man dare unroll,

Enchantment veiled thy beauties, while sublime  
 And shadowy epochs scaled the steeps of time,  
 Till the brave mariner, with bounding ships,  
     Clove through green seas' foam-lips,  
 To where thy tranquil splendours slept, impearled,  
 And, from obscure recesses, called a Second World.

## IV.

Thine was the trumpet-tongue, illustrious Cook,  
     That roused mankind, and shook  
 Blind, brooding Ignorance from Austral waves,  
 And drove her, darkling, to far dungeon-caves !  
     Thine was the hand that found,  
     And valiantly unbound,  
 The long-closed volume of our land's delight,  
 And barred the priceless wealth thereof in all men's sight.

## v.

For this, O chief of Ocean's pioneers,  
 Thy dauntless deeds make music in our ears  
     (Outsinging all thy peers !)  
 For this, just Memory, heedful of great acts  
     Imperially enacts  
 That, in her clearest chronicle, loud Fame  
     Shall glorify thy name  
 (A shining tribute which few kings can claim !)

## VI.

Dear land, above whose hills, and vales, and streams  
 Joy swoons, delirious rapt with honeyed dreams !—  
     Thou hast no storied plains,  
 Thick-strewn with shattered palaces and fanes—

No old-world wrecks, which prate to distant times  
 Of perished pomps, and records red with crimes ;  
     And thy clear-springing waters,  
 Unbeaconed with the blood of human slaughters,  
     Haste, garrulous with glee,  
 To mix full treasures in one placid sea !  
     Nor hast thou viewed the baleful day  
     When phalanxes in mailed array,  
     Spurred by the hate that vengeance hoards,  
 Shook the sharp clamours from their clashing swords,  
     And bade the foe, with blow and thrust,  
     Bite the blind suffocating dust,  
 Till Virtue trembled from her god-like seat,  
 And, wailing, fled with faint, reluctant feet.

## VII.

For round thy broad delectable expanse  
 Soft peace broods sweetly in celestial trance ;  
     While, quiet and benign,  
 Unnumbered synods of winged joys combined  
 To guard with gracious care thy prospering state  
 From rough, rude brawls and travelling tongues of hate !

## VIII.

O Austral hills and dim delightful dells !  
 O boundless plains, made glad with fruitful things !  
 O storm-worn cliffs, whose stern, stark front repels  
 The surge that spins aloft on soft white wings !  
 O sleepless clamours of sea-thunderings !  
 Straight through your realms let one triumphal chant  
     Ring,—swift and jubilant—  
 Even from the sea, to where lone, swirling plains  
 (Remote from grovelling cits and stolid swains !)  
 Stretch for fantastic leagues their drear domains—

Lift your high anthems—till dull man confess  
 (Right volubly) my land's rare loveliness ;  
 And trump in tones that none dare controvert  
 A world's loud homage to her rich desert !

---

*AT THE VALLEY OF THE POPRAN.*

WHERE hurrying Popran slides and leaps  
 Past white, smooth sands and stubborn steep,  
 Or glides through green arcades—whose trees  
 (Branch-tangled) weave strange bowers to please  
 This traveller toward abysmal seas—  
 I loiter !—

From the grove's heart comes  
 (Grave-voiced like oceanic hums),—  
 God's mystic forest-rhyme, that dumbs  
 And drowns the blare o' the world.

Above,

The wonga, myrtle-perched, coos love,  
 And petulant red-bills, fleet-winged, free,  
 Prattle their magic minstrelsy !

Hark ! haply from yon black-butts' height,  
 Small yellow-bosomed bell-birds smite  
 Crisp air with clarions of delight !—  
 O bell-bird, happy bird ! that shrills  
 Strong trumpet-tones where tongueless rills  
 And lustrous pools, fern-nooked, perdu,  
 Lurk—hid from all—save God and you !—  
 O joyful sprite ! whose strains unbar  
 Song-treasures, filched, perchance, from far  
 Star-realms where spiritual dearth  
 And anguish vex not as on earth !—  
 Strong transport whirls me, as your grand

Hymns climb yon mountainous hills that stand  
 Like monstrous outlooks to the land !  
 Ah ! if to me your jubilant chant  
 Seem Mirth's mellifluous ministrant,—  
 What whirlwind-joys must needs seize him  
 Who, lost 'mid labyrinths dire and grim,  
 With hazards near,—with helps remote,—  
 And Hell's thirst dominant in his throat,—  
 Hears—hails,—your lyric pilot-note !  
 May God, when fowlers range your land,  
 Baffle each rough churl's murderous hand !

Thus hedged, where clustering vine-shrubs climb  
 Past storying boughs to spheres sublime,—  
 Quick drift-winds (blown through odorous plots)  
 Steal sweets from blossoming clumps and grots,  
 Till, stored with pillaged perfumes, clipt  
 From wattle, beech, and eucalypt,—  
 Their strange, fresh fragrance balms my sense  
 As though Heaven's bounteous Providence  
 Showered dribblets of Sabeian spice  
 To dower this tranquil Paradise.

Yes, canopied even here, 'mid throngs  
 Of huddling scents and passionate songs,—  
 And lulled by motherly PEACE, whose furled  
 Plumes shroud me from the turbulent world,  
 My happy soul, grown rhythmic, sings  
 These tributary anthemings :—

*Hymn to Peace.*

O gracious Peace ! whose prodigal gifts make light  
 Dead strifes and perished toils,—dear Nymph bedight  
 With maiden comeliness,—and girt with grace  
 In queen-like mien and face,—

Beneath thy sceptred sway Heaven rightly sets  
 Green shadowy groves and rippling rivulets ;  
 And pure cold breadths, where broadening lakes expand,  
     Yield fealty to thine hand,—  
 Here, where cool springs and bubbling rills rejoice  
 Like lullabies (smooth-lisped), thy slumbrous voice  
 Creeps softly through the tremulous air, replete  
 With subtle tones and semitones more sweet  
 Than woodland warblings piped by small, bright birds,  
     Or winsome low of herds—  
 More witching than the nectarous speech that slips  
     From love-enamoured lips—  
 More pure than seas whose swift stupendous shocks  
     Lash congregated rocks,—  
 More calm than moonless nights, when scarce one breath  
     Stirs from its sleep of death,—  
 As tuneable as streams, and storms, and seas,  
 Ay, tunefuller thrice, Supernal Peace, than these.

Lo ! years draw nigh, when, by thy might divine,  
 Rude wars shall cease, and ravenous fiends malign,  
 With frenzied rage and tempest-clamour start,  
     From Earth's tormented heart !—  
 Yes, years approach when man shall feel once more  
 Heaven's own miraculous impress, which of yore  
 Transformed him from a lifeless carven-clod  
     To Man,—a visible God !—  
 Then Right, not Might, shall rule through Earth's fair zones,  
 Possess proud realms, and buttress mighty thrones—  
 And cheer glad myriads 'mid the bland careers  
     Of long-predicted years,—

Then Man—new-born—shall start from tomb-like sleep  
 August, sublime, nor crouch like beasts that creep,—

Shall spring erect, and gather grace and strength,  
 While swift Time (mellowing into bliss at length)  
 Shall crown his being with thy boon, O Peace!  
 Till Death bid Life surcease!—

I pause! Day droops :—and with the Day  
 My song's strong effluence wastes away!  
 Light dwindles where far hill-peaks rise,  
 Earth's last gold torch of sunset dies,—  
 While 'mid deep glens, dun Eve's obscure  
 Hand paints Night's mimic portraiture.  
 Even yet the Alchemist Sun beguiles  
 High West with glorious cloudlet isles  
 Whose opalescent splendours gleam  
 Like Iris-hues in yon still stream.

Lo! moist glooms fold me :—as I stir,  
 Crushed rosewood-leaves ooze fumes of myrrh—  
 Exuberant fumes, that scent and cling  
 Round hands which wreak their ruining,—  
 (So Martyrs, panged with death-pains, pray,  
 God's benison on them that slay!)

Now halts my Hymn :—the stately trees,  
 (The quivering, multitudinous trees!)  
 Stirred to the roots i' the Dusk's chill breeze  
 Rustle grand twilight-liturgies,—  
 Now dies my Hymn ;—see, treading groves  
 Wherein no venomous fanged thing roves—  
 Housewards, and disenchained, I plod  
 'Neath stars that mystically nod  
 And tremble at Thy glance, O God.

---

## "THE ASTRONOMER."

HE stands aloof from grovelling souls that strain  
 With keen desires, and toilings manifold,  
 To lard their leanness with the graceless gold  
 That Greed and Avarice wring from human pain!—  
 The sensuous aims of earth's voluptuous train,  
 Whose days are days of mirth, whose nights behold  
 The poisonous stores of sin and sloth outrolled—  
 Shake not with Passion's pangs his kinglier brain!—  
 For, at his ardent glance, Night's orb'd domain  
 Unbars her marvellous wreath of stars untold  
 And hymns the splendours of their mystic mould  
 With lyric lapse of song and sweet refrain.  
 Heedful, he hears,—while, with subdued delight,  
 He tracks God's soundless steps through labyrinthine  
 Night.

## "HAST THOU FORGOTTEN ME?"

HAST thou forgotten me? The days are dark,  
 Light ebbs from Heaven, and songless soars the lark;  
 Vexed like my heart, loud moans the unquiet sea—  
 Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten me? O dead delight  
 Whose dreams and memories torture me at night—  
 O love—my life! O sweet, so fair to see!  
 Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten? Lo, if one should say—  
 Noontide were night, or night were flaming day—  
 Grief blinds mine eyes, I know not which it be!  
 Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten? Ah! if Death should come,  
 Close my sad eyes, and charm my song-bird dumb,—  
 Tired of strange woes—my fate were hailed with glee—  
     Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten me? What joy have I?  
 A dim blown bird beneath an alien sky,—  
 O that on mighty pinions I could flee—  
     Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten? Yea, Love's horoscope  
 Is blurred with tears and suffering beyond hope—  
 Ah! like dead leaves forsaken of the tree,  
     Thou hast forgotten me!

---

“*LOVE'S LAMENTATION.*”

O STEADFAST Love!—more strong than sea-girt rocks,  
 Round which the rough surge raves;—  
 That stand, triumphant 'mid the mightiest shocks  
 Of warring winds or waves,—  
 O powerful Love!—majestic as the star  
 That governs Day's bright skies,  
 And showers God's boon of prodigal light afar  
 On hungering eyes!

Thou art not symbolised by any flower  
 Or gem that man has prized:—  
 Thine own perennial splendours make thy power,  
 O Love, immortalised!  
 Thou art not emblem'd by the wide wild sea  
 That belts rich earth around!  
 What deeps or gulfs, O Love, can image thee?  
 What shores can bound?

My bliss, and bane ! when last I paced yon strand,—  
 Glad with assured delight,  
 I saw my love's light shallop leave the land  
 And, seaward, wing its flight !—  
 The great round sun loomed low ;—bedraped and pranked  
 With black fantastic clouds,  
 And ah ! the tremulous sky grew crossed and flanked  
 With mists like shrouds.

Day drooped his plumes of gold :—hoarse fiends of air  
 Sprang up with clamorous mirth,  
 Loosed the red whirlwinds from their thunder-lair  
 And ravaged sea and earth :—  
 Fear's palsyng films my dim, strained sight bedewed,  
 (Higher the bleak brine surged !)  
 For in the storm's blind march Love's sail I viewed,  
 Wind-driven, sea-scourged !

Than quick chaff, winnowed by the whirl-blast's hand,  
 Swifter the shallops pace :—  
 I saw the frail blown boat drawn near the land—  
 (Near, till I saw *his* face !)  
 The wild, wild waves raged, foaming out their strife,  
 And shrill blasts drowned his moan,—  
 O lost, lost Love ! Hell's malice crushed thy life,—  
 And marred mine own !

Ah me ! cold cradled in thine oozy home,  
 Thou grim, pernicious Deep,—  
 'Mid cerements of the grave, white-fringed with foam,  
 My perished love found sleep.  
 Thy rage set free his soul from joys and cares,—  
 One touch bade all surcease—  
 Barred out Life's raptured hopes and bleak despairs,  
 And brought him peace.

All night the storm-winds slackened not, but wailed  
 Their dirge of undelight :—  
 The surge, all night, spat flakes of froth, and railed,  
 Mocking my passionate plight :—  
 All night the rain sobbed strange weird monotonous,  
 And pounced with furious spite,—  
 As, from my shuddering soul, Hope ebbed in moans—  
 In moans—all night !

Dull eye limps heavily, as maimed with pain,  
 And hark ! with pattering feet,  
 The night creeps trammelled with the trampling rain  
 And thick with plunging sleet ;—  
 Days dawn and die :—foul nights and fair depart,  
 Nor intermit Grief's song :  
 While, like a battered bird, with bleeding heart  
 I linger, O Death, how long ?

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*QUIS SEPARABIT ?*

HEART clings to heart ! Let the strange years sever  
 The fates of two who have met to part—  
 Love's strength survives, and the harsh world never  
 Shall crush the passion of heart for heart !  
 For I know my life, though it droop and dwindle,  
 Shall leave me love, till I fade and die ;  
 And when hereafter our souls rekindle,  
 Who shall be fonder, You or I ?

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## FRANCIS R. C. HOPKINS.

[Of Errowanbang, Carcoar, New South Wales, author of the following plays :—*All for Gold, Good for Evil, Only a Fool, Russia as it is, L. S. D.*, all of which have been put on the stage.]

## TO A LITTLE FRIEND.

THE ships that meet upon a world-wide waste  
 Of waters in a peaceful summer calm,  
 And hail each other with a heart-felt joy,  
 May part, to meet no more. At eventide  
 The night-clouds gather, and the storm-wind shakes  
 Them far asunder, on their watery way.  
 So we, indeed, may never meet again,  
 Until the shelt'ring haven's reached at last.  
 But sometimes in your happy thoughts perchance  
 A memory of the bygone trails may come  
 And steal some faint remembrance from your brain.  
 May gladsome youth, that riches cannot buy,  
 Linger with joyous footsteps in your way,  
 And keep you in God's sunshine crowned with flowers!  
 May all as sweet and fair as you ne'er know  
 The marks of sorrow's rude unkindly hand,  
 While love and joy like guiding stars shine bright  
 Beyond the friendships of a callous time.  
 Ah! pure and bright as sparkling mountain-dew,  
 Unsullied by a world of care and pain,  
 Unspoiled by stage tricks of a social art,  
 The great world's flattery or its empty praises,  
 You seem the shadow of a summer dream,  
 And waft one back to better, happier hours,  
 When we, like you, were children, gathering fair  
 Sweet blossoms in the happy summer fields,  
 With care unheeded, and the past forgot.

Here, in the midst of flocks and herds alone,  
 With constant round of busy active life,  
 Romance of ev'ry kind or shape stamped out,  
 One's nature's dull and commonplace as lead.  
 That matters little if you only say,  
 With this poor paper in your dainty hands,  
 "'Twas time alone, and age, that could efface  
 The words here written by a kindly friend,  
 Whose work perchance has ceased for evermore."

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### RICHARD HENRY [HENGIST] HORNE.

[The Colonial career of this distinguished English poet is briefly told. In 1852 he went to Victoria, and was appointed to take charge of the Gold Escort between Ballarat and Melbourne; subsequently he held the office of Warden of the Blue Mountains. It was in this latter place, which he describes as "this Blue Mountain of dark forests, rains, and hurricanes," that he composed his *Prometheus the Fire-bringer*. He wrote occasional verses in Victoria, and a cantata, *The South Sea Sisters*. But he will be remembered in Australia chiefly for the influence he exercised in moulding the poetic fancies of Kendall and the then rising school of Australian poets—*vide* a sketch in the *London Academy*, March 29, 1884, entitled "'Orion' Horne in Melbourne," by Mr. Patchett Martin. R. H. Horne returned to England in 1869. He was born in 1803, and after a long and adventurous life—his youth had been spent in the Mexican navy—he died so recently as 1884 at Margate.]

#### ORION.

##### BOOK THIRD, CANTO THE FIRST.

THERE is an age of action in the world;  
 An age of thought; lastly, an age of both,  
 When thought guides action and men know themselves  
 What they would have, and how to compass it.

Yet are not these great periods so distinct  
 Each from the other,—or from all the rest  
 Of intermediate degrees and powers,  
 Cut off,—but that strong links of nature run  
 Throughout, and prove one central heart, wherein  
 Time beats twin-pulses with Humanity.  
 In every age an emblem and a type,  
 Premature, single, ending with itself,  
 Of loftier being in an after-time,  
 May germinate, develop, radiate,  
 And, like a star, go out, and leave no mark  
 Save a high memory. One such is our theme.

The wisdom of mankind creeps slowly on,  
 Subject to every doubt that can retard,  
 Or fling it back upon an earlier time ;  
 So timid are man's footsteps in the dark,  
 But blindest those who have no inward light,  
 One mind, perchance, in every age contains  
 The sum of all before, and much to come ;  
 Much that's far distant still ; but that full mind,  
 Companioned oft by others of like scope,  
 Belief, and tendency, and anxious will,  
 A circle small transpierces and illumines :  
 Expanding, soon its subtle radiance  
 Falls blunted from the mass of flesh and bone.  
 The man who for his race might supersede  
 The work of ages dies, worn out—not used,  
 And in his track disciples onward strive,  
 Some hairs'-breadths only from his starting-point :  
 Yet lives he not in vain ; for if his soul  
 Hath entered others, though imperfectly,  
 The circle widens as the world spins round,—  
 His soul works on while he sleeps 'neath the grass.  
 So, let the firm Philosopher renew

His wasted lamp—the lamp wastes not in vain,  
 Though he no mirrors for its rays may see,  
 Nor trace them through the darkness ;—let the Hand  
 Which feels primeval impulses direct  
 A forthright plough, and make his furrow broad,  
 With heart untiring, while one field remains ;  
 So, let the herald Poet shed his thoughts,  
 Like seeds that seem but lost upon the wind.  
 Work in the night, thou sage, while Mammon's brain  
 Teems with low visions on his couch of down ;—  
 Break, thou, the clods while high-throned Vanity,  
 'Midst glaring lights and trumpets, holds its courts ;—  
 Sing, thou, thy song amidst the stoning crowd,  
 Then stand apart, obscure to man, with God.  
 The Poet of the future knows his place,  
 Though in the present shady be his seat,  
 And all his laurels deepening but the shade.  
 But what is yonder vague and uncouth shape,  
 That like a burthened giant bending moves,  
 With outspread arms groping its upward way  
 Along a misty hill ? In the blear shades,  
 Sad twilight, and thiek dews darkening the paths  
 Whereon the slow dawn hath not yet advanced  
 A chilly foot, nor tinged the colourless air—  
 The labouring figure fades as it ascends.

'Twas he, the giant builder-up of things,  
 And of himself, now blind ; the worker great,  
 Who sees no more the substance near his hands,  
 Nor in them, nor the objects that his mind  
 Desires and would embody. All is dark.  
 It is Orion now bereft of sight,  
 Whose eyes aspired to luminous designs.  
 The sun, the moon, the stars are blotted out  
 With their familiar glories, which become

Henceforth like chronicles remote. The Earth  
 Forbids him to cleave deep and trace her roots,  
 And veins, and quarries : whose wide purposes  
 Are narrowed now into the safest path :  
 Whose lofty visions are all packed in his brain,  
 As though the heavens no further could unfold  
 Their wonders, but turned inward on themselves ;  
 Like a bright flower that closes in the night  
 For the last time, and dreams of bygone suns  
 Ne'er to be clasped again : thou art reduced  
 To ask for sympathy and to need help ;  
 Stooping to pluck up pity from all soils—  
 Bitterest of roots that round Pride's temple grow,—  
 Losing self-centred power, and in its place  
 Pressed with humiliation almost down :  
 Whose soul had in one passion been absorbed,  
 Which, though illimitable in itself,  
 Profound and primal, yet had wrapped him round  
 Beyond advance, or further use of hand,  
 Purpose and service to the needy Earth :  
 Whose passion, being less than his true scope,  
 Had lowered his life and quelled aspiring dreams,  
 But that it led to blindness and distress,  
 Self-pride's abasement, more extensive truth,  
 A lighter consciousness and efforts new.

In that dark hour when anguished he awoke,  
 Orion from the sea-shore made his way,  
 Feeling from cliff to cliff, from tree to tree,  
 Guided by knowledge of the varied tracks  
 Of land,—the rocks, the mounds of fern, the grass,  
 That 'neath his feet made known each spot he passed,  
 Hill, vale, and woodland ; till he reached the caves,  
 Once his rude happy dwelling. All was silent.  
 Rhexergon and Biastor were abroad,

Searching the jasper quarries for a lynx  
 That had escaped the wreck. Deeply he sighed.  
 The quiet freshness came upon his heart,  
 Not sweetly, but with aching sense of loss.  
 He felt his way, and listened at the cave  
 Of Akinetos, whom he heard within  
 Sing to himself. And Akinetos rose,—  
 Perceiving he was blind,—and with slow care  
 Rolled forth a stone, and placed him by his side.  
 Orion's tale soon closed; its outward acts  
 And sad results were all that he could speak:  
 The rest writhed inwardly, and—like the leads  
 That sink the nets and all the struggles hide,  
 Till a strong hand drags forth the prize—his words  
 Kept down the torment, uttered all within  
 In hurrying anguish. Yet the clear, cold eye,  
 Grey, deep-set, steady, of the Great Unmoved  
 Saw much of this beneath, and thus he spake:—

“ My son, why wouldst thou ever work and build,  
 And so bestir thyself, when certain grief,  
 Mischief, or error, and not seldom death,  
 Follows on all that individual will  
 Can of itself attain? I told thee this:  
 Nor for reproach repeat it, but to soothe  
 Thy mind with consciousness that not in thee  
 Was failure born. Its law preceded thine:  
 It governs every act, which needs must fail—  
 I mean, give place—to make room for the next.  
 Each thinks he fails, because he thinks himself  
 A chain and centre, not a link that runs  
 In large and complex circles, all unknown.  
 Sit still. Remain with me. No difference  
 Will in the world be found: 'twill know no change,  
 Be sure. Say that an act hath been ordained?

Some hand must do it : therefore do not move :  
 An instrument of action must be found,  
 And you escape both toil and consequence,  
 Which run their rounds with restless fools ; for ever  
 One act leads to another, and disturbs  
 Man's rest, and reason—which foresees no end."

"I feel that thou are wise," Orion said ;  
 "The worker ever comes to the east down !  
 Who with alacrity would frame, toil, build,  
 If he had wisdom in results like thee ?  
 Would strength life's soil upheave, though close it clung,  
 And heavy, like a spade that digs in clay,  
 Therein to plant roots certain not to grow ?  
 O miserable man ! O fool of hope !  
 All I have done has brought me no fresh good,  
 But grief more bitter as the bliss was sweet,  
 Because so fleeting. Why did Artemis  
 Me from my rough and useful life withdraw ?  
 O'er wood and iron I had mastery,  
 And hunted shadows knowing they were shades.  
 Since then my intellect she filled, and taught me  
 To hunt for lasting truth in the pale moon.  
 Such proved my love for her ; and such hath proved  
 My love for Meropé, to me now lost.  
 I will remain here : I will build no more."

He paused. But Akinetos was asleep,  
 Wherefore Orion at his feet sank down,  
 Tired of himself, of grief, and all the world,  
 And also slept. Ere dawn he had a dream :  
 'Twas hopeful, lovely, though of no clear sense.  
 He said, "Methinks it must betoken good ;  
 Some help from Artemis, who may relent,  
 And think of me as one she sought to lift

To her own sphere of purity : or, indeed,  
 Some God may deem me worthy of a fate  
 Better than that which locks up all design  
 In pausing night. Perchance the dream may bode  
 That Meropé shall be to me restored,  
 And I see nature through her death-deep eyes,  
 And know the glorious mysteries of the grave,  
 Which, through extremes of blissful passion's life,  
 Methought I saw. O ! wherefore am I blind ?”

“ Abandon all such hopes of Meropé,  
 Murmured the Great Unmoved : “ her truth was strong,  
 First to herself, and through herself to thee,  
 While that it lasted ; but that's done and gone.  
 How should she love a giant who is blind,  
 And sees no beauty but the secret heart  
 Panting in Darkness ? That is not her world !”  
 Orion rose erect : “ She is not false—  
 Although she may forget. I will go forth :  
 I may find aid, or cause some help to come  
 That shall restore my sight !” The Sage replied :  
 “ Thou'st seen enough already, and too much  
 For happiness. This passion prematurely  
 Endeth ; and therefore endeth as seems best,  
 Ere it wear out itself with languor and pain,  
 Or prostrate all thy mind to its small use—  
 Far worse, methinks.” “ Hast thou,” Orion cried,  
 “ No impulses—desires—no promptings kind ?”  
 The Sage his memory tasked ; then slow replied :  
 “ Once I gave water to a thirsty plant :  
 'Twas a weak moment with us both. Next morn  
 It craved the like—but I, for Nature calling,  
 Passed on. It drooped—then died, and rotted soon ;  
 And living things, more highly organised,  
 With quick eyes and fine horns, reproached my hand

Which had delayed their birth. What wrong we do  
 By interfering with life's balanced plan!  
 Do nothing—wait—and all that must come, comes!"  
 Silent awhile he stood; Orion sighed:  
 "I know thy words are wise"—and went his way.

The blindness of their leader, and his woe,  
 Now had Rhexergon and Biastor learnt,  
 And thoughts of plunder cried out for revenge,  
 Which on Oinopion they proposed to wreak,  
 And make good pastime round his ruined throne.  
 "Revenge is useless," Akinetos said:  
 "It undoes nothing, and prevents repentance  
 Which might advantage others." Both replied,  
 "Thou speakest truth and wisdom;" and at eve  
 Departed for the city, bent to choose  
 Some rebel chieftains for their aid, or slaves,  
 Or robbers who inhabited the rocks  
 North of the Isle. A great revenge they vowed.

And where was Meropé? The cruel deed,  
 Her sire had compassed for Orion's fall,  
 Smote through her full breast, and at every beat  
 Entered her heart; nor settled there, but coursed  
 Through all her veins in anguish. Her despair  
 Was boundless, many days, until her strength,  
 Worn with much misery and the need of sleep,  
 Gave way, and slumber opened 'neath her soul  
 Like an abyss. The deed, beyond recall,  
 Was done. She woke, and thought on this with grief.  
 The cruel separation, and the loss  
 Of sight, had been completed. Nothing now  
 Of passion past remained but memory,  
 Which soon grew painful; and her thoughts oft turned,  
 For some relief, to listen to the songs

That minstrels sang, sent by the youthful King  
 Of Syros, rich in pastures and in corn.  
 Beardless he was, dwarf-shaped, and delicate,  
 Freckled and moled, with saffron tresses fair ;  
 Yet were his minstrels touched with secret fires,  
 And beauty was the theme of all their lays.  
 Of her they sang—sole object of desire—  
 And with rare presents the pale King preferred  
 His suit for Meropé. Her sire approved ;—  
 Invited him ;—he came ;—and Meropé  
 With him departed in a high-beaked ship,  
 And as it sped along, she closely pressed  
 The rich globes of her bosom on the side,  
 O'er which she bent with those black eyes, and gazed  
 Into the sea, that fled beneath her face.

All this Orion heard. His blind eyes wept,  
 Now was each step a new experiment ;  
 Within him all was care ; without all chance ;  
 Dark doubts sat on his brain ; danger prowled around.  
 He wandered lost and lone, and often prayed,  
 Standing beside the tree 'neath which he slept,  
 And would have offered pious sacrifice  
 But that himself a victim blindly strayed,  
 His forehead dark with wrinkles premature  
 Of vexing action ; his cheek scored all down  
 With debts of will that never can be payed ;  
 Chagrin, pain, disappointment, and wronged heart.  
 At length, one day, some shepherd as he passed,  
 With voice that mingled with the bleat of lambs,  
 Cried, " Seek the source of light !—begin anew ! "

On went he, thinking, pausing, listening,  
 Till sounds smote on his ear, whereby he knew  
 That near the subterranean Palace gates,

Which for Hephaistos he of iron had framed,  
 His feet approached. He entered there, and found  
 Brontes, the Cyclops, whom he straight besought  
 His shoulders to ascend, and guide his course  
 Eastward to meet the morning as she rose.  
 'Twas done. Their hazy forms erewhile we saw.

Swift down the misty eastern hill, whose top  
 Through broken vapours, swooning as they creep  
 Along the edges into the wide heavens,  
 Shows morn's first ruddy gleam, a shape uncouth,  
 And lumbering forward in half-falls and bounds,  
 Comes with tossed arms! The Cyclops, hoar with rime,  
 His coarse hair flying, through the wet woods ran,  
 And in the front of Akinetos' cave,  
 Shouting the jovial thunder of his life,  
 Performed a hideous but full-hearted dance.  
 "Dance, rocks and forests! Akinetos, dance!  
 The Worker and the Builder hath his sight!  
 Ho! ho! come forth—with either eye he sees!  
 Come forth, O Akinetos! Laugh, ye rocks!"

A shadow o'er the face of him who sat  
 Within that cave passed,—wrinkling with slight grains  
 The ledge-like brow, which, though of granite, smoothed,  
 Not vexed, by ocean's tempests, now relaxed,  
 As it would say, "I pity this return  
 Of means for seeking fresh distress;"—and then  
 The broad great features their fixed calm resumed.

'Twas thus Orion fared; and this the scene  
 Fast through the clouds retiring, the pale orb  
 Of Artemis a moment seemed to hang  
 Suspended in a halo, phantom-like,  
 Over a restless sea of jasper fire,

While bending forward towards the eastern mount,  
 She gazed and hearkened. Soon the fervent voice  
 Of one who prayed beneath, amid the mist,  
 Rose thrilling on the air, and onward slow  
 Her car its voyage held, and waned more pale  
 And distant, as the prayer ascended heaven.

“Eos! blest Goddess of the morning, hear  
 The blind Orion praying on thy hill,  
 And in thine odorous breath his spirit steep,  
 That he, the soft gold of thy gleaming hand  
 Passing across his heavy lids, sealed down  
 With weight of many nights, and night-like days,  
 May feel as keenly as a new-born child,  
 And, through it, learn as purely to behold  
 The face of Nature. O, restore my sight!”

His prayer paused tremulous. O'er his brow he felt  
 A balmy beam, that with its warmth conveyed  
 Divine suffusion and deep sense of peace  
 Throughout his being; and amidst a pile  
 Far in the distance, gleaming like the bloom  
 Of almond-trees seen through long floating halls  
 Of pale ethereal blue and virgin gold,  
 A Goddess, smiling like a new-blown flower,  
 Orion saw! And as he gazed he wept.  
 The tears ran, mingling with the morning dews,  
 Down his thick locks. At length once more he spoke:—

“Blest Eos! mother of the hopeful star,  
 Which I, with sweet joy, take into my soul;  
 Star-rays that first played o'er my blinded orbs,  
 Even as they glance above the lids of sleep,  
 Who else had never known surprise, nor hope,  
 Nor useful action; Golden Visitant,

So lovely and benign, whose eyes drive home  
 Night's foulest ghosts, and men as foul; who bring'st  
 Not only my redemption, but who art  
 The intermediate beauty that unites  
 The fierce sun with the Earth, and moderates  
 His beams with dews and tenderness and smiles;  
 O bird-awakener! giver of fresh life,  
 New hopes, or to old hopes new wings,—receive  
 Within thy care one who with many things  
 Is weary, and though nought in energy  
 Abated for good work, would seek thine aid  
 To some fresh course and service for his hand;  
 Of peace, meantime, and steadfast truth, secure!"

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ORION.

CANTO THE SECOND.

LEVEL with the summit of that eastern mount,  
 By slow approach, and like a promontory  
 Which seems to glide and meet a coming ship,  
 The pale-gold platform of the morning came  
 Towards the gliding mount. Against a sky  
 Of delicate purple, snow-bright court and halls,  
 Touched with light silvery green, gleaming across,  
 Fronted by pillars vast, cloud-capitalled,  
 With shafts of changeful pearl, all reared  
 Upon an isle of clear aerial gold, came floating;  
 And in the centre, clad in fleecy white,  
 With lucid lilies in her golden hair,  
 Eos, sweet Goddess of the morning, stood.  
 From the bright peak of that surrounded mount  
 One step sufficed to gain the tremulous floor  
 Whereon the Palace of the morning shone,

Scarcely a bow-shot distant ; but that step  
 Orion's humbled and still mortal feet  
 Dared not adventure. In the Goddess' face  
 Imploringly he gazed. "Advance!" she said,  
 In tones more sweet than when some heavenly bird,  
 Hid in a rosy cloud, its morning hymn  
 Warbles unseen, wet with delicious dews,  
 And to earth's flowers, all looking up in prayer,  
 Tells of the coming bliss. "Believe—advance!—  
 Or, as the spheres move onward with their song  
 That calls me to awaken other lands,  
 That moment will escape which ne'er returns!"  
 Forward Orion stepped : the platform bright  
 Shook like the reflex of a star in water  
 Moved by the breeze, throughout its whole expanse ;  
 And even the Palace glistened fitfully,  
 As with electric shiver it sent forth  
 Odours of flowers divine and all fresh life.  
 Still stood he where he stepped, nor to return  
 Attempted. To essay one pace beyond  
 He felt no power—yet onward he advanced  
 Safe to the Goddess, who, with hand outstretched,  
 Into the Palace led him. Grace and strength,  
 With sense of happy change to finer earth,  
 Freshness of nature, and belief in God,  
 Came flowing o'er his soul, and he was blest.

'Tis always morning somewhere in the world,  
 And Eos rises, circling constantly  
 The varied regions of mankind. No pause  
 Of renovation and of freshening rays  
 She knows, but evermore her love breathes forth  
 On field and forest, as on human hope,  
 Health, beauty, power, thought, action, and advance.  
 All this Orion witnessed, and rejoiced.

The turmoil he had known, the late distress  
 By loss of passion's object, and of sight,  
 Were now exchanged for these serene delights  
 Of contemplation, as the influence  
 That Eos wrought around for ever dawned  
 Upon his vision and his inmost heart,  
 In sweetness and success. All sympathy  
 With all fair things that in her circle lay  
 She gave, and all received; nor knew of strife;  
 For from the sun her cheek its bloom withdrew,  
 And, ere intolerant noon, the floating realm  
 Of Eos—queen of the awakening earth—  
 Was brightening other lands, wherefrom black Night  
 Her faded chariot down the sky had driven  
 Behind the sea. Thus from the earth upraised,  
 And over its tumultuous breast sustained  
 In peace and tranquil glory—O blest state!—  
 Clear-browed Orion, full of thankfulness,  
 And pure devotion to the Goddess, dwelt  
 Within the glowing Palace of the Morn.

But these serene airs did not therefore bring  
 A death-sleep o'er the waves of memory,  
 • Where all its cloud and colours, specks of sails,  
 Its car-borne Gods, shipwrecks and drowning men,  
 Passed full in view; yet with a mellowing sense  
 Ideal, and from pain sublime. Thus came  
 Mirrors of nature to him, and full oft  
 Downward on Chios turned his happy eyes,  
 With grateful thoughts that o'er life's sorrows wove  
 The present texture of a sweet content,  
 Passing all wisdom, or its rarest flower.  
 He saw the woods, and blessed them for the sake  
 Of Artemis; the city, and rich gloom  
 That o'er the cedar forest ever hung,

He also blessed for Meropé; the Isle,  
 And all that dwelt there, he with smiles beheld,—  
 Nor, it may be, without prophetic thrill  
 When on Mount Epos turned his parting glance.  
 There in an after age, close at its foot,  
 In the stone level was a basin broad  
 Scooped out, and central on a low shaft sat  
 A sage with silver hair, and taught his school,  
 Where the boy Homer on the stony rim  
 Sat with the rest around. Bright were his eyes.

With reawakened love, and sight enlarged  
 For all things beautiful, and nobly true  
 To the great elements that rule the world,  
 Orion's mind, left to itself, reviewed  
 Past knowledge, and of wisdom saw the fruit  
 Far nearer than before, the path less rough,  
 The true possession not austere and cold,  
 But natural in its strength and balance just  
 Of body and of soul; each to respect,  
 And to the other minister, and both  
 Their one harmonious being to employ  
 For general happiness, and for their own.  
 Such was the lore which now his thoughts attained,  
 And he to Eos humbly would display,  
 Beseeching her response! She only gazed  
 With a benignant smile upon the earth  
 That rolled beneath, and rendered back the gleam  
 With tender radiance over many a field.

## JOHN HOWELL.

[Governor of Her Majesty's Jail in Adelaide, South Australia.  
In 1882 he published a volume of poems entitled *Rose-Leaves  
from an Australian Garden* (Carey & Page, Adelaide).]

## TWILIGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

LONE scene of wild unrest and battling strife,  
Where each torn wave that leaps upon the shore  
Speaks beauty of its parted power, and life  
Reads in its fall frail man's reflected power,  
Where love rejoins existence, and the hour  
Steals o'er the softened heart its calm repose,  
Where peace, sweet habitant of Heaven, the flower  
Fantastic fancy lifts, unfolding throws  
Oblivion round each cloud that o'er life's circle rose.

I tread the wrinkled beach and watch the slow  
Deep-heaving waters lift the wearied wave,  
The loud wash of the ceaseless billow's flow,  
That flings its tale along the listening cave,  
And o'er the dark blue deep eve meets her grave,  
Where ebbing glory heaves the wave of light,  
And the last dying sunbeams, pausing, crave  
A last long kiss of earth, ere gathering night  
Shall fold the sleeping-scene slow lessening on the sight.

I watch the wave bequeath the last of power  
In broken surges beating on the sand,  
Where conscious might rolls frowning to the shore,  
And, darkening, leaps unyielding to the land ;  
Wild waste of tempest, storm, and rage, the hand  
Of changeless beauty lines thy limpid cheek,  
Fury shrieks o'er thy waste her loud command,  
And the wild winds in frantic frenzy speak  
In laughter through the storm, and rage along the deep.

Sweet twilight! when the heart unfolds and sinks  
 In thoughts unuttered, when the tender face  
 Warms to the blush of love, and fancy links  
 To blooming youth sweet innocence and grace;  
 When on the blushing face mute feelings trace  
 The sweet reflection of the loving breast;  
 And down the tide of hope thoughts, leaping, chase  
 The waves of future bliss, and life's unrest  
 Forgets its battling strife to fold a world of rest.

The dark and lovely ocean, speaking life  
 With the low murmur of a ripple, light  
 As dew-lipped evening, lifts to brush the strife  
 From off the streamlet's cheek, has sunk; and night  
 Folds round the blue expanse and lulls the might  
 Of heaving waters, and along the beach  
 The foamless bubble breaks, and glides in bright,  
 Soft circles to the shore, and laughs to teach  
 Its murmur to the shell that lines its bubbling reach.

O lovely ocean! could thy ceaseless flow,  
 Kissing the freedom of some far-off isle,  
 But bear its mirrored image to endow  
 This scene with some sweet beauty to beguile;  
 O lovely ocean! fling the floating smile  
 That met thy gladdened waters and imbued  
 Their beauty with fresh loveliness, to wile  
 The slumbers of some far-off shore, indued  
 With life and laughing mirth, and nursed in solitude.

The cold round moon smiles from her distant throne  
 Above the zenith's blue, and pausing, gives  
 Fresh life and light along the wedded zone  
 Of cradled clouds, and on the sky revives  
 The blush of life. The silent star outlives

The shade that marred its beauty, and the glance  
 Of love breaks from its vacant stare, and drives  
 The stream of radiance, where the far sweet dance  
 Of rippling circles lines the waking wave's advance.

Farewell ! fond sister of the heart, sweet child  
 Of solitude, thy lovely waters break  
 Again in plaintive voices, and the wild,  
 Remorseless billow lifts along its cheek  
 The frown sleep kissed away, the ceaseless beat  
 Falls on the lovely shore with gurgling splash,  
 And the wild beetling crags above repeat  
 The thunder of its fall, and, trembling, dash  
 The billow's volumed sheet that hurls its eddying crash.

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*THE STARS.*

YE soft-beaming glories, wherever ye tread,  
 The pathway of heaven with lustre is spread,  
 Ye glow with a splendour that never effaces  
 The smile from your beautiful heaven-born faces ;  
 For ever ye are gilding the universe round  
 With the loveliest beams that in Nature are found :  
 No point unexplored, through the limitless skies,  
 But feels the soft glance of your beautiful eyes.

As you wander where systems in eloquence greet,  
 Unyielding, the skies kiss the soles of your feet ;  
 Like angels, ye skim the blue platforms above,  
 Hastening along on some mission of love,  
 With footstep ethereal. Your glories outvie  
 The loveliest splendours that garnish the sky :  
 The valleys, where solitude dreamlessly lingers,  
 Are touched by the print of your beautiful fingers.

Winged heralds of mercy, O, bright are your brows,  
 As you break the blue foam from your heaven-rocked  
     prows,  
 Unravelling the firmament's pavement of blue,  
 That your faces for ever with joy may look through.  
 No glories unveiled in the skies' tranquil line  
 Can beam with a splendour that's equal to thine :  
 Ye seem like a silvery rippling stream  
 Of enchantment, that flits by the soul in a dream.

The soft mellowed tints from the light of your eyes  
 Seem to paint with a halo the dome of the skies,  
 Triumphantly streaming with radiance around,  
 To the walls of eternity's uttermost bound.  
 For ever and aye, o'er the postern of night,  
 Ye march like a vision surrounded by light ;  
 And stemming the blue shoreless billows of heaven,  
 Ye sing in sweet concert your hymns to the even.

Celestial lanterns, how sweetly ye gaze !  
 The spheres, enraptured, stand mute at your lays ;  
 Twinkling, ye chant the love-psalms of the blest,  
 And, waning, hush sweetly the darkness to rest.  
 In soft, downy regions of ether ye die,  
 To stud the blue vault of some nethermost sky :  
 Immortal, ye beam like some radiant bliss,  
 Ever wooing this orb with a beautiful kiss.  
 The heart may be torn, yet with rapture it thrills,  
 When the first blush of eve paints the crest of the hills ;  
 The heart may be sad, yet its strings will essay  
 A note to the last dying beauties of day.  
 Then, O, what new rapture suffuses my breast  
 When I view the blue pillow that cradles your rest !  
 When I gaze on your beauties through cloud-riven bars,  
 I am lost to the Earth, O ye beautiful stars !

## THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATURE.

To feel that softening of the heart, the sigh  
That oft becomes a tear, when soft and low  
We watch the flame along the western sky,  
And turn to heaven to mark its beauty go ;  
To link far fancies to the lengthened flow  
Of unknown sunsets, beautiful as this :  
These, these are idle fancies, but they throw  
O'er life's rude doubts the shadow of a bliss  
We still would call a dream, yet cannot all dismiss.

When, like the last gaze of a parting eye,  
Made beautiful by tears, day, loitering, moves  
The lingering kisses of his last good-bye,  
And turns expiring from the world he loves ;  
While the blush dies away, and eve removes  
The veil from every orb which trembled there,  
And heaven grows beautiful with sounds, and moves  
The silent language of the heart to wear,  
Lips melting into words, words trembling into prayer.

For these are moments when, like love, the heart,  
Lost in the folds of beauty's sweet excess,  
Made beautiful by heaven, becomes a part  
Of that sweet heaven and all its loveliness ;  
And thoughts grown more than thoughts on lips  
that press,  
Like folded flowers, the love-made music there,  
Glide out unconscious of their sweet caress,  
And mingle with the calm that everywhere  
Floats through the troubled sense, and yet seem absent  
there.

Out with the silent night, when man seems part  
 Of all he looks upon, and lingering here,  
 The deep calm settles on the silent heart,  
 So soft, so low, so absent, yet so near.  
 Out with those laughing sentinels that peer  
 Down on the wrecks of human hope, and all  
 So like yon world that glimmers sweetly there,  
 A mimicked semblance, that would still recall  
 The loveliness of life, to hide that life's young fall

I've watched the stars until they seemed to grow  
 The mirrors of that moment when the heart  
 Forgets itself and all of life, to know  
 What seems like love, yet love cannot impart.  
 All that is beautiful, yet forms a part  
 Beyond the beautiful in life, to live  
 The shadow of a presence, that can start  
 All that we wish to say, yet cannot give,  
 Thoughts told in throbs, not words, prayer—formed for  
 heaven to breathe.

For, like this human life, each nature holds  
 A portion of that principle which moves  
 All feelings to one centre, and unfolds  
 The wordless breathings of a thousand loves.  
 Yon far-off moon, that, like a flower, dissolves  
 Itself in sweetness, mountains, waves, and skies,  
 All seem the lips where one great truth resolves  
 Its beauty for an utterance that, like eyes,  
 Breathes out the living soul from 'neath its rude disguise.

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*BESIDE THE SEA.*

DOWN beside the restless ocean and its troubled tones of  
sadness,

With my last hope left in fragments, like its surges on  
the shore,

I can watch the waters laughing, in the mimicked smile of  
gladness,

And, like them, hide all the sadness that still lingers  
in the roar.

And my thought runs back to childhood, with its sunshine  
and the gleaming

That looks brighter through the darkness that has  
gathered o'er its way ;

And the pleasant fancies weaving things that are not  
dreams, yet seeming,

Lift the phantoms of a beauty that a life has breathed  
away.

For the dead and dying fragrance of the earliest flower  
we cherished,

For the love so like the shadow of a presence now no  
more,

How each heart forgets its future, to revive the hour that  
perished,

And to ask again the solace that its beauty gave  
before !

But how ghost-like on the morrow broods the shadow  
of the sorrow,

Still reproving, never moving from the wrong it comes  
to chide !

And how oft the heart must borrow all that shame and  
all that sorrow

For the wrong that would not follow with the one who  
sinned and died !

How the secret, sad complaining of the waters ever  
gaining,

Laughing, sighing, surging, dying, with a grief so like  
our own,

Breathes a music ever framing sounds of sadness, while  
the feigning

Of a gladness still remaining, laughs above the mournful  
moan !

And whene'er the past comes stealing with its shadows,  
still concealing

All the sunshine that would linger on the hour as  
yet unknown,

I can walk the beach, appealing for the solace of that  
feeling

That the waters seem revealing in a voice half like  
my own.

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JOHN LIDDELL KELLY.

[Born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, 19th February 1850. From  
compositor rose to reporter; emigrated to New Zealand on  
account of failing health. Author of "Prize Jubilee Poem"  
in competition open to New Zealand. Now engaged as sub-  
editor of *Auckland Star*. Visited South Sea Islands two years  
ago, and got material for poems on Tahitian, Samoan, and  
Tongan life and scenery. Author of *libretto* of comic opera,  
*Pomare*; or, *Love in Topsy-Turveydom*; and *Tahiti, the Land  
of Love and Beauty*; also *Tarawera*; or, *the Curse of Tuhotu*—  
descriptive of the volcanic eruption in 1886. John Liddell

Kelly is mentioned and poems quoted in a volume published, entitled *A Hundred Scottish Poets*. Collected works not yet published. James Kelly, brother of John Liddell Kelly, who wrote the volume, *The Printers' Carnival, and other Poems*, died seven years ago. Father was also poetical. John Liddell Kelly wrote a great many humorous verses for a society journal, the *Auckland Observer*, while it was edited by W. A. T. Rathbone, now of London.]

### INTRODUCTORY.

The pivotal incidents of this poem—Tuhotu's four days' burial beneath volcanic *débris*, his rescue alive, and his denunciation by his people as a wizard,—are well-authenticated episodes of the Tarawera eruption of 10th June 1886. It is also asserted that Tuhotu had, in general terms, predicted disaster to the natives of the devastated district, whose immoralities he strongly condemned. The type of Maori character of which Tuhotu was a representative will soon be as extinct as the moa. Learned in Maori lore, as well as in the "new superstition" of Christianity, he kept up the reputation of a prophet among his people, many of whom have a lingering faith in the ancient mythology of the race. He is therefore depicted as holding a dual kind of belief in Maori superstitions and Christian doctrines, a concept whose reasonableness is proved by the adherence of many intelligent natives to the "Hauhau" religion; but towards the close of the poem Tuhotu's expression of doubt as to the reality of his "vision" indicates that the purer faith was becoming dominant.

### TARAWERA : OR, THE CURSE OF TUHOTU.

#### I.

#### TUHOTU'S RESURRECTION.

SCENES of horror, sounds of wailing,  
 Wild confusion, woe, and dread ;  
 Earth abysmal, yawning, rocking ;  
 Flames and smoke in heavens o'erhead.

Mountains reeling, thunders pealing,  
Mixed with roarings from below ;  
Lightnings flashing, tempests crashing,  
Surges dashing to o'erflow !

Tarawera's triple mountain,  
Bellowing, belching balls of fire,  
Streams of lava, showers of ashes,  
Smoke from Nature's funeral pyre !

Children, women, men in terror,  
Fleeing, shrieking, seeking aid ;  
Others stricken helpless, lifeless—  
On a fiery bier low laid ;

Starving cattle, seeking vainly  
Leaf of tree or blade of grass :—  
Such the scene at fair Wairoa  
(Fair no longer now, alas !)

When we rescued from his whare,  
Whelmed in fiery lava's tide,  
Old Tuhotu, as he crouched there,  
With his Bible at his side !—

Old Tuhotu, famed Tohunga—  
Priest and prophet—wooded, yet feared,  
With the snows of fivescore winters  
Gleaming on his head and beard !

Strangely stared he when he saw us,  
Yet not vacant was his look ;  
Words of prayer we heard him mutter,  
Firmly clasping still the book.

“Hasten !” cried we. “Fire-bolts threaten ;  
 Flee for safety while you may !”  
 “Nay,” he answered, “leave me, leave me ;  
 God is angry ; I would pray !”

Forth we dragged him, still resisting,  
 From his four days’ vigil lone—  
 Four days buried, darkling, fasting,  
 ’Neath a drift of mud and stone !

Him we bore to Rotorua—  
 Rescued from a living tomb—  
 ’Mid a rain of fiery ashes,  
 Earthquake shocks, and sounds of doom.

Tall of stature, grave of feature,—  
 Graver, sadder, seemed he now ;  
 Marks of lonely, long communing  
 Sat upon his stately brow.

Quailed the Maoris at his glances,  
 Trembling, fled they from his sight,  
 Crying, “Wizard ! wherefore come you  
 Back from realms of Death and Night ?

See your doing ! Fire and ruin,  
 Buried village, pasture burned !  
 Is your vengeance not yet sated,  
 That to curse us you’ve returned ?”

Gently tended we Tuhotu,  
 Rest and viands bade him take,  
 Then, in answer to our questions,  
 Slowly, sadly, thus he spake :—

## II.

## TUHOTU MADE A PAKEHA.

“WHY have you brought me hither? Why did ye break  
my trance,  
When I commune held with spirits on Reinga’s shadowy  
shore?  
You say ’twas the Atua led you,—there is no such thing  
as chance.  
Good! ’Tis the will of the Father; I will complain no  
more.

Sad is my heart for my people, o’ertaken by fiery fate;  
Sadder still for the living, whose souls refuse the light,  
Who curse me, revile me, disown me, and thrust me forth  
from their gate,  
As a foul and fell magician, in league with the powers of  
night.

Outcast, despised, and friendless, why should I live alone?  
Sure ’tis the curse of Knowledge;—but a wise man should  
be brave;  
And Christ, earth’s greatest Prophet, was hated and killed  
by His own.  
But He rose, like me, in triumph from darkness and the  
grave!

Yes; ’tis the curse of Knowledge!—to know of impend-  
ing wrath,  
To see o’er a sinful people uplifted the hand of God,  
To know that, despite all warning, not one will forsake  
the path  
Till all shall be crushed to powder beneath the avenging  
rod!

Wizard, the people call me ; they would kill me did they  
 dare—  
 But they said He had a devil when Love was His golden  
 rule . . .  
 Should I not deem it an honour His deep dishonour to  
 share ? . . .  
 Only the wise know wisdom, 'tis folly alone to the fool !  
 Fools ! to believe that I willed it, when I warned them  
 of coming doom !  
 'Tis well that they have disowned me ; a *Pakeha* hence-  
 forth I.  
 The *Pakeha's* God was with me as I lay in my living  
 tomb,  
 And He sent you to my rescue that I might not in darkness  
 die.

Gone are the people to judgment ; of their blood my hands  
 are clean ;  
 I will leave them to God's great mercy, and dry my useless  
 tears.  
 Let me tell you the vision I saw of the awful final scene,  
 And the warning I long since uttered in vain to idle ears.

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 III.

## THE CURSE.

“ WOE to the seekers of pleasure !  
 Woe to the Maori race !  
 Woe to this time and place !  
 For filled is the wrathful measure,  
 And vengeance cometh apace ;  
 Only a little space

And a man will give all his treasure  
 To be hid from the angry face  
 Of a justly incensed God !  
 The earth shall quake at His nod,  
 And the hills dissolve in fire  
 Before His enkindled ire !

Woe to Wairoa the gay !  
 I see her, at close of day,  
 Go, like a child, to sleep ;  
 I see her, ere morning breaks,  
 Wake, as a madman wakes  
 From a dream of the nethermost deep !

The earth is rent asunder,  
 The heavens are black as a pall ;  
 The bright flames rise and fall ;  
 Deep rumblings come from under,  
 While high in the air,  
 'Mid the lightning's glare,  
 Bellows the angry thunder !  
 Wairoa is gone—is fled—  
 The wicked ones all are dead !

Woe to Ariki the proud !  
 Humbled shall be her pride.  
 She smiles on the fair hillside ;  
 But I see the gathering cloud—  
 I hear the mutterings loud.  
 O God ! the cloud has burst !  
 In a rain of living fire  
 I see Ariki expire,  
 By sloth and sin accurst !

Woe unto Moura ! woe !  
 She is dreaming of peace and rest,  
 Like a bird in its quiet nest,

While the blue lake lies below ;  
 Her sons to folly wander ;  
     The stranger's gold they claim ;  
 To the stranger's vice they pander—  
     They sell her daughters' shame !  
 God stamps his foot in anger,  
 The earth's foundations shake ;  
     For Moura weep,  
     She lieth deep  
 In Tarawera's lake.

Waitangi, thy waters of wailing  
 Are lamenting, unavailing,  
     Too late to avert thy doom !  
 Too late doth thy conscience waken,  
 For, in sin and shame o'ertaken,  
     Thy glory shall sink in gloom !  
 Mourn, ye weeping waters,  
 The fate of your sons and daughters  
     Who sleep in a nameless tomb !

Deep and eternal shame,  
     Bitter and endless woe,  
 To each tribe of ancient name !  
 They shall perish in vengeful flame,  
     And sink to the realm of Po !  
 Weep, Ngatitōi, Tuhourangi,  
 Weep for Wairoi, Waitangi,  
     Ariki, and Moura the fair ;  
 They have drunk of the wine of pleasure,  
 And now they must drain a measure  
     Of sorrow and dire despair ;  
 They have heard with scoffs and scorning  
 The voice of solemn warning ;  
     God striketh, and will not spare !”

## IV.

## SUPERSTITION AND RELIGION.

HE ended, and sudden a murmur  
 Arose in the street without ;  
 The murmur grew to a tumult ;  
 From the tumult there came the shout  
 Of a hundred angry voices,  
 Joined in one vengeful cry—  
 “Death to the hated wizard  
 Who has made our people die !

Death to the fierce Tuhotu,  
 Who has stirred up Maui's ire,  
 And whelmed our homes and pastures  
 In a flood of sacred fire—  
 The fire from Hawaiiiki,  
 Brought to our chief of old,  
 Great Ngatoroirangi,  
 When perishing with cold !

The fire that came as a blessing,  
 Tuhotu has made a curse ;  
 He is fit to live no longer,  
 His wicked plans to nurse !  
 Many have died and suffered  
 By the spell of his evil eye ;  
 We appeal to the law of Moses,  
 Which says that he must die !

Give us the grey old wizard  
 Who has wrought us so much ill ;  
 No mortal man may harm him—  
 No human hand may kill ;

But we'll bear him to Tarawera ;  
 He must enter the pit of fire,  
 And appease the unquiet spirits  
 Whom he roused to vengeance dire !”

Then we heard, in gentle accents,  
 A voice persuasive speak,  
 Telling that God's was vengeance,  
 And the earth was for the meek ;  
 That One who was greater than Moses  
 A better law had given—  
 To forgive an erring brother  
 To seventy times seven.

And the Maoris, as they listened  
 To the missionary priest,  
 Were shamed from their wild intention,  
 And the angry tumult ceased. . . .  
 And Tuhotu, who ne'er had trembled,  
 Or quailed his fearless glance,  
 Told of the vision of ruin  
 He saw in his four days' trance.

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V.

TUHOTU'S VISION.

“THE night had fallen soft and calm,  
 . Wairoa lay in slumber deep,  
 I sang in peace my evening psalm,  
 But something said I must not sleep.

Wrapped in my rug, I sat and read,  
 From Jeremiah's warning page,  
 Nor knew the midnight hour had fled,  
 So closely did the theme engage.

O'er Israel's pictured woes I wept,  
And sadness o'er my soul held sway,  
And yearning feelings o'er me crept,  
For brethren in this later day ;  
I know not if I waked or slept  
If hours or moments passed away !

The spirits of the mighty dead  
Who sleep on Tarawera hill,  
Innumerable, hovered round my head ;  
I knew their presence boded ill ;  
But one was by my side who said  
To my heart-throbbings, 'Peace, be still !'

I felt this visit was the sign  
Of trouble in these sinful years ;  
But, in an ecstasy divine,  
I soon forgot earth's cares and fears.

Communing with my visitants,  
No more my fearful bosom pants ,  
My eyes are tipped with heavenly light,  
And clear as day appears the night.  
'Come forth with us,' the Spirits say,  
And in spirit with them I haste away  
Out 'neath the clear and star-lit sky,  
With the villages slumbering peacefully  
On the marge of Tarawera Lake,  
Our way through the pure mid-air we take.

With one consent we stay our flight,  
And gaze, as from a mountain height,  
Down on Mahana's steaming flood,  
Near that enchanted spot where stood

Those terraced pathways to the sky—  
 Twin stairways that the gods might mount—  
 Te Kupurangi's cloudy fount,  
 Tarata's pure white tracery !

Mahana's Lake, this night of June,  
 Lies placid 'neath the crescent moon,  
 Save in the central part, where sleeps  
 The *Taniwha*, in troubled dreams,  
 And, ever restless turning, seems  
 To agitate the boiling deeps !  
 See, how he tosses and tumbles !  
 Hark ! how he mutters and grumbles,  
 And shakes his clanking chain !  
 Wild is the dream he is dreaming,  
 For the lake is boiling and steaming,  
 And hissing and spitting amain

A fiercer struggle and stronger !  
 His bonds contain him no longer ;  
 From his dream the monster wakes—  
 Wakes with a thunderous roar,  
 Leaps with a force that shakes  
 The lake's firm bottom and shore !  
 Through the earth, quick cleft in twain,  
 He sinks to his fiery home ;  
 The water follows amain—  
 There's a rushing and gleaming of foam,  
 And Mahana's Lake so blue  
 Has vanished like morning dew !  
 Yes ; the beauteous lake has for ever fled :  
 Where its waters smiled there rise instead  
 Thick clouds of smoke, white wreaths of steam,  
 While in the midst the red flames gleam.

A moment's silence and once more  
Earth trembles to the monster's roar,  
As, bursting from his den,  
He cleaves high Tarawera Hill  
To wreak his wild and evil will  
On weak and sinful man !

Bursts Tarawera, Wahanga,  
Bursts Ruawahia's height  
Into flames that illumine the night ;  
The earth, as in fits of anger,  
Vomits, with terrible clangour,  
Mud, and lava, and rocks,  
While, answering to the shocks,  
The heavens rebellow in might.

I see men wake from their sleeping  
To praying and cursing and weeping !  
O Heaven ! the strong man falls,  
Struck down in the throes of death ;  
The child to the mother calls,—  
Poor mother ! her last faint breath  
Is spent in a fruitless prayer  
For the son of her love and care !  
The sire and the daughter he cherished,  
The chief and the crouching slave ;  
The strong and the weak have perished,  
And sleep in one common grave !

How sad was Rangiheua's fate  
(Oft did he boast, with mien elate,—  
Toll taking at the Terrace gate—  
Of all his wealth and power !)  
On Puwai's Isle I saw him sleep  
When hell broke from the placid deep ;

For Ngatitōi lament and weep!—  
 All perished in that hour,  
 When tepid bath and terraced steep  
 Were whelmed in fiery shower!

Fell ruin wraps each dwelling-place  
 Of people of my tribe and race;  
 A hundred of my kinsmen die  
 In fear and mortal agony—  
 Some gulfed in waves that boil and hiss,  
 Some slain by bolts of living fire,  
 Some plunged into a dark abyss,  
 While some of terror's pangs expire!

I gaze upon a little hut  
 Where thickest fall the mud and rocks;  
 Within is one whose eyes are shut,  
 Who takes no note of earthquake shocks,  
 Nor seems to heed the fearful rain  
 That on the groaning roof-trees beats,  
 But something to himself repeats,  
 As one who wanders in his brain!

'Tis weirdly strange; but, as I look  
 On him who sits and clasps his book,  
 My own the form and features seem:  
 The hut is mine; yet am not I  
 Out 'neath the lurid burning sky?  
 Am I awake, or do I dream?

My mind is dark; I cannot say  
 If Fact or Fantasy held sway.  
 I fain would tell the wondrous lore  
 That Arawa's grey fathers told  
 To me on Reinga's awful shore:  
 All that shall be, and was before,  
 Was to my vision clear unrolled.

I live, the last of all my tribe,  
 And must not lock within my breast  
 The things they gave me to describe.—

But leave me now, for I would rest.”

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 VI.

## THE REST IN SILENCE.

TENDERLY we nursed Tuhotu,  
 But his soul seemed far away ;  
 Earth no longer seemed to claim him,  
 Weaker grew he day by day,  
 Till his spirit bursts its prison,  
 And with features glorified,  
 As beholding some grand vision,  
 With a Christian's faith he died.  
 None of all his race or kindred  
 Raised the tangi's mournful cry ;  
 In the green churchyard we laid him,  
 And his secrets with him lie !  
 Thus the last of the Tohungas  
 Perished, with his wondrous lore—  
 Passed away to join his fathers  
 On Te Reinga's blessed shore.  
 Still, at lovely Rotorua  
 Smiles the lake and shines the sun ;  
 But from frowning Tarawera  
 Ever rise the vapours dun.  
 . . . . .  
 Towering in a cloudy pillar,  
 Bidding men their sins forsake,  
 Telling them of old Tuhotu,  
 And the fearful curse he spake.

## HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL.

[Henry Clarence Kendall, usually known simply as Henry Kendall, "the Poet of New South Wales," was born at Ulladulla, on the coast of that colony, in 1842. He is the one Australian poet known to fame, except his forerunner, Charles Harpur, who was actually born under the Southern Cross. His grandfather had been a missionary under the famous English chaplain, Samuel Marsden; and his father, Basil Kendall, who had a romantic and roving career in the "early days," finally made an attempt to settle down, and married a lady of Irish extraction, named Melinda M'Nally, whom he had seen for the first time on the preceding day. The first fruits of this strange union was a birth of twins, one of whom became the poet, Henry Kendall.

The childhood of the poet was entirely passed in the lonely bush around Ulladulla; and of methodical education he had little. Some part of his early youth was spent in a whaling-ship in the South Seas, but he made his first real start in life when he became clerk at sixteen years of age to a lawyer named Michael, a man of literary tastes, and himself a poet. It was poor Michael, who eventually drowned himself in the Clarence, who first inspired Henry Kendall "to build the lofty rhyme." His literary career began in the "Poet's Corner" of Sir Henry Parkes' journal, the *Empire*. Parkes was always a true friend to Kendall, who at this time made Charles Harpur's acquaintance. Like most Colonial rhymsters, poor Kendall was but ill appreciated by his more vigorous, less poetic fellow-colonists; so he sent a bundle of his MSS. to the London *Athenæum*, and to his own exceeding joy, and the great discomfiture of his local critics, three of the poems found a place in the columns of that acknowledged arbiter of the *belles lettres*. This encouraged him to correct his fugitive verses and publish *Songs and Poems* (1862), which he afterwards suppressed as "crude." He now found ready access to all the Colonial journals of Melbourne as well as Sydney. His subsequent volume, *Leaves from an Australian Forest*, is that on which his fame chiefly rests. To praise it afresh is superfluous, as its best pieces are already as familiar in Australia as anything of Tennyson or Wordsworth. Afterwards Kendall published *Songs from the Mountains*, which, however, showed no advance

on the earlier collection. He migrated to Melbourne, but returned to New South Wales, where he died on the 1st of August 1882, at Redfern, near Sydney. He was at the time Inspector of Forests, an official post which his friend, Sir Henry Parkes, had bestowed upon him. Henry Kendall married, in 1867, a daughter of Dr. Rutter of Woolloomooloo, Sydney, to whose affection and fidelity through a life of much hardship and sorrow he pays more than one touching poetical tribute.]

*DEDICATION.*

(TO HIS WIFE.)

To her who, cast with me in trying days,  
 Stood in the place of health and power and praise ;  
 Who, when I thought all light was out, became  
 A lamp of hope that put my fears to shame ;  
 Who faced for love's sole sake the life austere  
 That waits upon the man of letters here !  
 Who, unawares, her deep affection showed  
 By many a touching little wifely mode ;  
 Whose spirit, self-denying, dear, divine,  
 Its sorrows hid, so it might lessen mine.  
 To her, my bright, best friend, I dedicate  
 This book of songs—'twill help to compensate  
 For much neglect. The act, if not the rhyme,  
 Will touch her heart, and lead her to the time  
 Of trials past. That which is most intense  
 Within these leaves is of her influence ;  
 And if aught here is sweetened with a tone  
 Sincere, like love, it came of love alone.

---

*CLEONE.*

SING her a song of the sun :  
 Fill it with tones of the stream,—  
 Echoes of waters that run  
 Glad with the gladdening gleam.

Let it be sweeter than rain  
 Lit by a tropical moon :  
 Light in the words of the strain,  
 Love in the ways of the tune.

Softer than seasons of sleep :  
 Dearer than life at its best !  
 Give her a ballad to keep,  
 Wove of the passionate West :  
 Give it, and say of the hours—  
 “ Haunted and hallowed of thee,  
 Flower-like woman of flowers,  
 What shall the end of them be ?

You that have loved her so much,  
 Loved her asleep and awake,  
 Trembled because of her touch,  
 What have you said for her sake ?  
 Far in the falls of the day,  
 Down in the meadows of myrrh,  
 What has she left you to say,  
 Filled with the beauty of her ?

Take her the best of your thoughts,  
 Let them be gentle and grave,  
 Say, “ I have come to thy courts,  
 Maiden, with all that I have.  
 So she may turn with her sweet  
 Face to your love and to you,  
 Learning the way to repeat  
 Words that are brighter than dew.

---

## COOGEE.

SING the song of wave-worn Coogee—Coogee in the distance white,  
With its jags and points disrupted, gaps and fractures fringed with light;  
Haunt of gledes and restless plovers of the melancholy wail,  
Ever lending deeper pathos to the melancholy gale.  
There, my brothers, down the fissures, chasms deep and wan and wild,  
Grows the sea-bloom, one that blushes like a shrinking fair blind child;  
And amongst the oozing forelands many a glad green rock-vine runs,  
Getting ease on earthy ledges sheltered from December suns.

Often, when a gusty morning, rising cold and grey and strange,  
Lifts its face from watery spaces, vistas full with cloudy change,  
Bearing up the gloomy burden which anon begins to wane,  
Fading in the sudden shadow of a dark determined rain,  
Do I seek an eastern window, so to watch the breakers beat  
Round the steadfast crags of Coogee, dim with drifts of driving sleet:  
Hearing hollow mournful noises sweeping down a solemn shore,  
While the grim sea-caves are tideless, and the storm strives at their core.

Often when the floating vapours fill the silent autumn leas,  
 Dreamy memories fall like moonlight over silver sleeping  
     seas,  
 Youth and I and Love together!—other times and other  
     themes  
 Come to me unsung, unwept for, through the faded even-  
     ing gleams :  
 Come to me and touch me mutely—I that looked and  
     longed so well,  
 Shall I look and yet forget them?—who may know or  
     who foretell?  
 Though the southern wind roams, shadowed with its  
     inmemorial grief,  
 Where the frosty wings of winter leave their whiteness  
     on the leaf.

Friend of mine beyond the waters, here and here these  
     perished days  
 Haunt me with their sweet dead faces and their old  
     divided ways.  
 You that helped and you that loved me, take this song,  
     and when you read  
 Let the lost things come about you, set your thoughts  
     and hear and heed.  
 Time has laid his burden on us—we who wear our man-  
     hood now—  
 We would be the boys we have been, free of heart and  
     bright of brow—  
 Be the boys for just an hour, with the splendour and the  
     speech  
 Of thy lights and thunders, Coogee, flying up thy gleam-  
     ing beach!

Heart's desire and heart's division! who would come and  
     say to me,

With the eyes of far-off friendship, "You are as you used  
to be?"

Something glad and good has left me here with sickening  
discontent,

Tired of looking, neither knowing what it was or where  
it went.

So it is this sight of Coogee, shining in the morning dew,  
Sets me stumbling through dim summers once on fire  
with youth and you—

Summers pale as Southern evenings where the year has  
lost its power,

And the wasted face of April weeps above the withered  
flower.

Not that seasons bring no solace—not that time lacks  
light and rest—

But the old things were the dearest, and the old loves  
seem the best.

We that start at songs familiar—we that tremble at a  
tone,

Floating down the ways of music, like a sigh of sweetness  
flown,

We can never feel the freshness—never find again the  
mood

Left amongst fair-featured places brightened of our  
brotherhood.

This, and this, we have to think of, when the night is  
over all,

And the woods begin to perish, and the rain begins to  
fall.

---

## ROSE LORRAINE.

SWEET water-moons, blown into lights  
Of flying gold on pool and creek,  
And many sounds and many sights  
Of younger days are back this week.  
I cannot say I sought to face,  
Or greatly cared to cross again  
The subtle spirit of the place  
Whose life is mixed with Rose Lorraine.

What though her voice rings clearly through  
A nightly dream I gladly keep,  
No wish have I to start anew  
Heart-fountains that have ceased to leap.  
Here, face to face with different days,  
And later things that plead for love,  
It would be worse than wrong to raise  
A phantom far too fain to move.

But, Rose Lorraine—ah! Rose Lorraine,  
I'll whisper now, where no one hears—  
If you should chance to meet again  
The man you kissed in soft, dead years,  
Just say for once, "He suffered much,"  
And add to this, "His fate was worst  
Because of me, my voice, my touch"—  
There is no passion like the first!

If I, that breathe your slow sweet name  
As one breathes low notes on a flute,  
Have vexed your peace with word of blame,  
The phrase is dead—the lips are mute.  
Yet when I turn towards the wall,  
In stormy nights, in times of rain,

I often wish you could recall  
Your tender speeches, Rose Lorraine.  
Because, you see, I thought them true,  
I did not count you self-deceived,  
And gave myself in all to you,  
And looked on Love as Life achieved.  
Then came the bitter, sudden change,  
The fastened lips, the dumb despair;  
The first few weeks were very strange,  
And long, and sad, and hard to bear.  
No woman lives with power to burst  
My passion's bonds, and set me free;  
For Rose is last where Rose was first,  
And only Rose is fair to me.  
The faintest memory of her face,  
The wilful face that hurt me so,  
Is followed by a fiery trace  
That Rose Lorraine must never know.

I keep a faded ribbon-string  
You used to wear about your throat;  
And of this pale, this perished thing,  
I think I know the threads by rote.  
God help such love! To touch your hand,  
To loiter where your feet might fall,  
You marvellous girl, my soul would stand  
The worst of hell—its fires and all!

---

ON THE PAROO.

As when the strong stream of a wintering sea  
Rolls round our coast, with bodeful breaks of storm,  
And swift salt rain, and bitter wind that saith  
Wild things and woeful of the white South Land

Alone with God and Silence in the cold—  
 As when this cometh, men from dripping doors  
 Look forth, and shudder for the mariners  
 Abroad, so we for absent brothers looked  
 In days of drought, and when the flying floods  
 Swept boundless: roaring down the bald, black plains  
 Beyond the farthest spur of western hills.

For where the Barwan cuts a rotten land,  
 Or lies unshaken, like a great blind creek,  
 Between hot mouldering banks, it came to this,  
 All in a time of short and thirsty sighs,  
 That thirty rainless months had left the pools  
 And grass as dry as ashes: then it was  
 Our kinsmen started for the lone Paroo.  
 From point to point, with patient strivings, sheer  
 Across the horrors of the windless downs,  
 Blue gleaming like a sea of molten steel.

But never drought had broke them—never flood  
 Had quenched them: they with mighty youth and health,  
 And thews and sinews knotted like the trees—  
*They*, like the children of the native woods,  
 Could stem the strenuous waters, or outlive  
 The crimson days and dull, dead nights of thirst  
 Like camels. Yet of what avail was strength  
 Alone to them—though it was like the rocks  
 On stormy mountains—in the bloody time  
 When fierce sleep caught them in the camps at rest,  
 And violent darkness gripped the life in them  
 And whelmed them, as an eagle unawares  
 Is whelmed and slaughtered in a sudden snare?

All murdered by the blacks! smit while they lay,  
 In silver dreams, and with the far, faint fall

Of many waters breaking on their sleep!  
Yea, in the tracts unknown of any man  
Save savages—the dim-discovered ways  
Of footless silence or unhappy winds—  
The wild men came upon them, like a fire  
Of desert thunder; and the fine firm lips  
That touched a mother's lips a year before,  
And hands that knew a dearer hand than life,  
Were hewn like sacrifice before the stars,  
And left with hooting owls, and blowing clouds,  
And falling leaves, and solitary wings!  
Ay, you may see their graves—you who have toiled,  
And tripped, and thirsted, like these men of ours;  
For, verily, I say that *not* so deep  
Their bones are, that the scattered drift and dust  
Of gusty days will never leave them bare.  
O dear, dead, bleaching bones! I know of those  
Who have the wild strong will to go and sit  
Outside all things with you, and keep the ways  
Aloof from bats, and snakes, and tramply feet  
That smite your peace and theirs—who have the heart,  
Without the lusty limbs, to face the fire,  
And moonless midnights, and to be, indeed,  
For very sorrow, like a moaning wind  
In wintry forests with perpetual rain.

Because of this—because of sisters left  
With desperate purpose and dishevelled hair,  
And broken breath, and sweetness quenched in tears—  
Because of swifter silver for the head,  
And furrows for the face—because of these,  
That should have come with age, that come with pain,  
O Master! Father! sitting where our eyes  
Are tired of looking, say for once are we—

Are *we* to set our lips with weary smiles  
 Before the bitterness of Life and Death,  
 And call it honey, while we bear away  
 A taste like wormwood ?

Turn thyself, and sing—  
 Sing, son of Sorrow ! Is there any gain  
 For breaking of the loins, for melting eyes,  
 And knees as weak as water ?—any peace,  
 Or hope, for casual breath, and labouring lips,  
 For clapping of the palms, and sharper sighs  
 Than frost ; or any light to come for those  
 Who stand and mumble in the alien streets  
 With heads as grey as winter ?—any balm  
 For pleading women, and the love that knows  
 Of nothing left to love ?

They sleep a sleep  
 Unknown of dreams, these darling friends of ours.  
 And *we*, who taste the core of many tales  
 Of tribulation—*we*, whose lives are salt  
 With tears indeed—we therefore hide our eyes  
 And weep in secret, lest our grief should risk  
 The rest that hath no hurt from daily racks  
 Of fiery clouds and immemorial rains.

---

BEYOND KERGUELEN.

Down in the South, by the waste without sail on it—  
 Far from the zone of the blossom and tree—  
 Lieth, with winter and whirlwind and wail on it,  
 Ghost of a land by the ghost of a sea.

Weird is the mist from the summit to base of it  
 Sun of its heaven is wizened and grey ;  
 Phantom of light is the light on the face of it—  
 Never is night on it, never is day !  
 Here is the shore without flower or bird on it ;  
 Here is no litany sweet of the springs—  
 Only the haughty, harsh thunder is heard on it,  
 Only the storm, with a roar in its wings !

Shadow of moon is the moon in the sky of it,—  
 Wan as the face of a wizard, and far !  
 Never there shines from the firmament high of it,  
 Grace of the planet or glory of star.  
 All the year round, in the place of white days on it—  
 All the year round where there never is night—  
 Lies a great sinister, bitter, blind haze on it :  
 Growth that is neither of darkness nor light !  
 Wild is the cry of the sea in the caves by it—  
 Sea that is smitten by spears of the snow ;  
 Desolate songs are the songs of the waves by it—  
 Down in the South, where the ships never go.

Storm from the Pole is the singer that sings to it  
 Hymns of the land at the Planet's grey verge ;  
 Thunder discloses dark, wonderful things to it—  
 Thunder, and rain, and the dolorous surge.  
 Hills with no hope of a wing or a leaf on them,  
 Scarred with the chronicles written by flame,  
 Stare through the gloom of inscrutable grief on them,  
 Down on the horns of the gulfs without name ;  
 Cliffs with the records of fierce flying fires on them  
 Loom over perilous pits of eclipse ;  
 Alps, with anathema stamped in the spires on them—  
 Out by the wave with a curse on its lips.

Never is sign of soft, beautiful green on it—  
 Never the colour, the glory of rose!  
 Neither the fountain nor river is seen on it,  
 Naked its crags are, and barren its snows!  
 Blue as the face of the drowned is the shore of it—  
 Shore, with the capes of indefinite cave;  
 Strange is the voice of its wind, and the roar of it  
 Startles the mountain and hushes the wave.  
 Out to the south and away to the north of it,  
 Spectral and sad are the spaces untold!  
 All the year round a great cry goeth forth of it—  
 Sob of this leper of lands in the cold.

No man hath stood, all its bleak, bitter years on it—  
 Fall of a foot on its wastes is unknown:  
 Only the sound of the hurricane's spears on it  
 Breaks with the shout from the uttermost zone.  
 Blind are its bays with the shadow of bale on them;  
 Storms of the nadir their rocks have uphurled;  
 Earthquake hath registered deeply its tale on them—  
 Tale of distress from the dawn of the world!  
*There* are the gaps, with the surges that seethe in them—  
 Gaps in whose jaws is a menace that glares!  
*There* the wan reefs, with the merciless teeth in them,  
 Gleam on a chaos that startles and scares!

Back in the dawn of this beautiful sphere, on it—  
 Land of the dolorous, desolate face—  
 Beamed the blue day; and the bountiful year on it  
 Fostered the leaf and the blossom of grace.  
 Grand were the lights of its midsummer noon on it—  
 Mornings of majesty shone on its seas:  
 Glitter of star and the glory of moon on it  
 Fell, in the march of the musical breeze.  
 Valleys and hills, with the whisper of wing in them,  
 Dells of the daffodil—spaces impearled,

Flowered and flashed with the splendour of spring in them,  
Back in the morn of this wonderful world.

Soft were the words that the thunder then said to it—  
Said to this lustre of emerald plain ;  
Sun brought the yellow, the green, and the red to it—  
Sweet were the songs of its silvery rain.  
Voices of water and wind in the bays of it  
Lingered, and lulled like the psalm of a dream ;  
Fair were the nights and effulgent the days of it—  
Moon was in shadow and shade in the beam.  
Summer's chief throne was the marvellous coast of it,  
Home of the spring was its luminous lea !  
Garden of glitter ! but only the ghost of it  
Moans in the South by the ghost of a sea.

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*HY-BRASIL.*

“DAUGHTER,” said the ancient father, pausing by the  
evening sea,  
“Turn thy face towards the sunset—turn thy face and  
kneel with me !  
Prayer and praise and holy fasting, lips of love and life of  
light,  
These, and these, have made thee perfect—shining saint  
with seraph's sight !  
Look towards that flaming crescent—look beyond that  
glowing space—  
Tell me, sister of the angels, what is beaming in thy face ?”  
And the daughter who had fasted—who had spent her  
days in prayer,  
Till the glory of the Saviour touched her head and rested  
there—

Turned her eyes towards the sea-line—saw beyond the  
fiery crest,  
Floating over waves of jasper, far Hy-Brasil in the West.  
All the calmness and the colour—all the splendour and  
repose  
Flowing where the sunset flowered like a silver-hearted rose!  
There indeed was singing Eden, where the great gold river  
runs  
Past the porch and gates of crystal ringed by strong and  
shining ones!  
There indeed was God's own garden sailing down the  
sapphire sea—  
Lawnly dells and slopes of summer, dazzling stream and  
radiant tree!  
Out against the hushed horizon—out beneath the reverent  
day,  
Flamed the wonder on the waters—flamed and flashed,  
and passed away.  
And the maiden who had seen it felt a hand within her own,  
And an angel that we know not led her to the lands  
unknown.  
Never since hath eye beheld it—never since hath mortal,  
dazed  
By its strange unearthly splendour, on the floating Eden  
gazed!  
Only once since Eve went weeping through a throng of  
glittering wings  
Hath the holy seen Hy-Brasil, where the great gold river  
sings!  
Only once by quiet waters, under still resplendent skies,  
Did the sister of the Seraphs kneel in sight of Paradise!  
She, the pure, the perfect woman, sanctified by patient  
prayer,  
Hath the eyes of saints of Heaven—all their glory in her  
hair;

Therefore God the Father whispered to a radiant spirit  
near—  
“Show our daughter fair Hy-Brasil—show her this, and  
lead her here.”  
But beyond the halls of sunset—but within the wondrous  
West,  
On the rose-red seas of evening, sails the Garden of the  
Blest.  
Still the gates of glassy beauty—still the walls of glowing  
light  
Shine on waves that no man knows of, out of sound and  
out of sight.  
Yet the slopes of lawns of lustre—yet the dells of sparkling  
streams  
Dip to tranquil shores of jasper where the watching  
angel beams.  
But, behold! our eyes are human, and our way is paved  
with pain,  
We can never find Hy-Brasil—never see its hills again!  
Never look on bays of crystal—never bend the reverent  
knee  
In the sight of Eden floating—floating on the sapphire sea!

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*THE VOICE IN' THE WILD OAK.*

(WRITTEN IN THE SHADOW OF 1872.)

TWELVE years ago, when I could face  
High heaven's dome with different eyes—  
In days full-flowered with hours of grace,  
And nights not sad with sighs—  
I wrote a song in which I strove  
To shadow forth thy strain of woe,  
Dark widowed sister of the grove—  
Twelve wasted years ago.

But youth was then too young to find  
 Those high authentic syllables  
 Whose voice is like the wintering wind  
 By sunless mountain fells ;  
 Nor had I sinned and suffered then  
 To that superlative degree  
 That I would rather seek, than men,  
 Wild fellowship with thee.

But he who hears this autumn day  
 Thy more than deep autumnal rhyme,  
 Is one whose hair was shot with grey  
 By grief instead of time.  
 He has no need, like many a bard,  
 To sing imaginary pain,  
 Because he bears, and finds it hard,  
 The punishment of Cain.

No more he sees the affluence  
 Which makes the heart of Nature glad ;  
 For he has lost the fine first sense  
 Of beauty that he had.  
 The old delight God's happy breeze  
 Was wont to give, to grief has grown ;  
 And therefore, Niobe of trees,  
 His song is like thine own.

But I, who am that perished soul,  
 Have wasted so these powers of mine,  
 That I can never write that whole,  
 Pure, perfect speech of thine.  
 Some lord of words august, supreme,  
 The grave, grand melody demands ;  
 The dark translation of thy theme  
 I leave to other hands.

Yet here, where plovers nightly call  
    Across dim melancholy leas—  
Where comes by whistling fen and fall  
    The moan of far-off seas—  
A grey old Fancy often sits  
    Beneath thy shade with tired wings,  
And fills thy strong, strange rhyme by fits  
    With awful utterings.

Then times there are when all the words  
    Are like the sentences of one  
Shut in by fate from wind and birds  
    And light of stars and sun !  
No dazzling dryad, but a dark  
    Dream-haunted spirit, doomed to be  
Imprisoned, cramped in bands of bark,  
    For all eternity.

Yea, like the speech of one aghast  
    At Immortality in chains,  
What time the lordly storm rides past  
    With flames and arrowy rains :  
Some wan Tithonus of the wood,  
    White with immeasurable years—  
An awful ghost, in solitude  
    With moaning moors and meres !

And when high thunder smites the hill  
    And hunts the wild dog to his den,  
Thy cries, like maledictions, shrill  
    And shriek from glen to glen,  
As if a frightful memory whipped  
    Thy soul for some infernal crime  
That left it blasted, blind, and stript—  
    A dread to Death and Time !

But when the fair-haired August dies,  
 And flowers wax strong and beautiful,  
 Thy songs are stately harmonies  
 By wood-lights green and cool,  
 Most like the voice of one who shows  
 Through sufferings fierce, in fine relief,  
 A noble patience and repose—  
 A dignity in grief.

But, ah! conceptions fade away,  
 And still the life that lives in thee—  
 The soul of thy majestic lay—  
 Remains a mystery!  
 And he must speak the speech divine—  
 The language of the high-throned lords—  
 Who'd give that grand old theme of thine  
 Its sense in faultless words.

By hollow lands and sea-tracts harsh,  
 With ruin of the fourfold gale,  
 Where sighs the sedge and sobs the marsh,  
 Still wail thy lonely wail;  
 And, year by year, one step will break  
 The sleep of far hill-folded streams,  
 And seek, if only for thy sake,  
 Thy home of many dreams.

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NARRARA CREEK.

(WRITTEN IN THE SHADOW OF 1872.)

FROM the rainy hill-heads where, in starts and in spasms,  
 Leaps wild the white torrent from chasms to chasms—  
 From the home of bold echoes, whose voices of wonder  
 Fly out of blind caverns, struck black by high thunder—

Through gorges august in whose nether recesses  
Is heard the far psalm of unseen wildernesses—  
Like a dominant spirit, a strong-handed sharer  
Of spoil with the tempest, comes down the Narrara.

Yea, where the great sword of the hurricane cleaveth  
The forested fells that the dark never leaveth—  
By fierce-featured crags in whose evil abysses  
The clammy snake coils and the fat adder hisses—  
Past lordly rock-temples, where silence is riven  
By the anthems supreme of the four winds of heaven—  
It speeds with the cry of the streams of the fountains  
It chained to its sides and dragged down from the moun-  
tains !

But when it goes forth from the slopes with a sally—  
Being strengthened with tribute from many a valley,—  
It broadens, and brightens, and thereupon marches  
Above the stream-sapphires and under green arches  
With the rhythm of majesty—careless of cumber—  
Its might in repose, and its fierceness in slumber,—  
Till it beams on the plains where the wind is a  
bearer  
Of words from the sea to the stately Narrara !

Narrara ! grand son of the haughty hill-torrent !  
Too late in my day have I looked at thy current—  
Too late in my life to discern and inherit  
The soul of thy beauty—the joy of thy spirit !  
With the years of the youth and the hairs of the  
hoary,  
I sit like a shadow outside of thy glory ;  
Nor look with the morning-like feelings, O River,  
That illumined the boy in the days gone for ever.

Ah! sad are the sounds of old ballads which borrow  
 One-half of their grief from the listener's sorrow ;  
 And sad are the eyes of the pilgrim who traces  
 The ruins of Time in revisited places ;  
 But sadder than all is the sense of his losses  
 That cometh to one when a sudden age crosses,  
 And cripples his manhood. So stricken by fate, I  
 Felt older at thirty than some do at eighty.

Because I believe in the beautiful story—  
 The Poem of Greece in the days of her glory—  
 That the high-seated Lord of the woods and the waters  
 Has peopled His World with his deified daughters—  
 That flowerful forests and waterways streaming,  
 Are gracious with goddesses glowing and gleaming—  
 I pray that thy singing divinity, fairer  
 Than wonderful women, may listen, Narrara!

O spirit of sea-going currents—thou being  
 The child of immortals all-knowing, all-seeing—  
 Thou hast at thy heart the dark truth that I borrow  
 For the song that I sing thee, no fanciful sorrow ;  
 In the sight of thine eyes is the history written  
 Of Love smitten down as the strong leaf is smitten ;  
 And before thee there goeth a phantom beseeching  
 For faculties forfeited—hopes beyond reaching !

. . . . .

Thou knowest, O sister of deities blazing  
 With splendour ineffable—beauty amazing,  
 What life the gods gave me—what largess I tasted,  
 The youth thrown away and the faculties wasted !  
 I might, as thou seest, have stood in high places  
 Instead of in pits where the brand of disgrace is—

A by-word for scoffers—a butt, and a caution,  
 With the grave of poor Burns and Maginn for my portion.

. . . . .

But the heart of the Father Supreme is offended,  
 And my life in the light of His favour is ended :  
 And whipped by inflexible devils, I shiver,  
 With a hollow “Too late !” in my hearing for ever ;  
 But thou, being sinless, exalted, supernal,  
 The daughter of diademed gods—the eternal,  
 Shall shine in thy waters when Time and Existence  
 Have dwindled like stars in unspeakable distance !

But the face of thy river—the torrented power  
 That smites at the rock while it fosters the flower—  
 Shall gleam in my dreams with the summer-look splendid,  
 And the beauty of woodlands and waterfalls blended :  
 And often I'll think of far forested noises,  
 And the emphasis deep, of grand sea-going voices ;  
 And turn to Narrara the eyes of a lover  
 When the sorrowful days of my singing are over.

---

PERSIA.

I AM writing this song at the close  
 Of a beautiful day of the spring,  
 In a dell where the daffodil grows,  
 By a grove of the glimmering wing ;  
 From glades where a musical word  
 Comes ever from luminous fall,  
 I send you the song of a bird  
 That I wish to be dear to you all.

I have given my darling the name  
 Of a land at the gates of the day,  
 Where morning is always the same,  
 And spring never passes away ;  
 With a prayer for a lifetime of light,  
 I christened her Persia, you see ;  
 And I hope that some fathers to-night  
 Will kneel in the spirit with me.

She is only commencing to look  
 At the beauty in which she is set ;  
 And forest, and flower, and brook  
 To her are all mysteries yet.  
 I know that to many my words  
 Will seem insignificant things ;  
 But *you* who are mothers of birds  
 Will feel for the father who sings ;

For all of you doubtless have been  
 Where sorrows are many and wild ;  
 And you *know* what a beautiful scene  
 Of this world can be made by a child.  
 I am sure, if they listen to this,  
 Sweet women will quiver, and long  
 To tenderly stoop to and kiss  
 The Persia I've put in a song.

And I'm certain the critic will pause,  
 And excuse, for the sake of my bird,  
 My sins against critical laws—  
 The slips in the thought and the word.  
 And, haply, some dear little face  
 Of his own to his mind will occur—  
 Some Persia who brightens his place—  
 And I'll be forgiven for her.

A life that is turning to grey  
Has hardly been happy, you see ;  
But the rose that has dropped on my way,  
Is morning and music to me.  
Yea, she that I hold by the hand  
Is changing white winter to green,  
And making a light of the land—  
All fathers will know what I mean !

All women and men who have known  
The sickness of sorrow and sin  
Will feel—having babes of their own—  
My verse and the pathos therein.  
For that must be touching which shows  
How a life has been led from the wild  
To a garden of glitter and rose  
By the flower-like hand of a child.

She is strange to this wonderful sphere ;  
One summer and winter have set  
Since God left her radiance here—  
Her sweet second year is not yet.  
The world is so lovely and new  
To eyes full of eloquent light,  
And, sisters, I'm hoping that you  
Will pray for my Persia to-night.

For I, who have suffered so much,  
And know what the bitterness is,  
Am sad to think sorrow must touch,  
Some day, even darlings like this !  
But sorrow is part of this life,  
And, therefore, a father doth long  
For the blessing of mother and wife  
On the bird he has put in a song.

## THE AUSTRAL MONTHS.

## JANUARY.

THE first fair month! In singing Summer's sphere  
 She glows, the eldest daughter of the year.  
 All light, all warmth, all passion, breaths of myrrh,  
 And subtle hints of rose-lands, come with her.  
 She is the warm, live month of lustre—she  
 Makes glad the land and lulls the strong sad sea.  
 The highest hope comes with her. In her face  
 Of pure, clear colour lives exalted grace;  
 Her speech is beauty, and her radiant eyes  
 Are eloquent with splendid prophecies!

## FEBRUARY.

The bright-haired, blue-eyed last of Summer! Lo!  
 Her clear song lives in all the winds that blow;  
 The upland torrent and the lowland rill,  
 The stream of valley and the spring of hill,  
 The pools that slumber and the brooks that run  
 Where dense the leaves are, green the light of sun,  
 Take all her grace of voice and colour. She,  
 With rich warm vine-blood splashed from heel to knee,  
 Comes radiant through the yellow woodlands. Far  
 And near her sweet gifts shine like star by star.  
 She is the true Demeter. Life of root,  
 Glows under her in gardens flushed with fruit;  
 She fills the fields with strength and passion—makes  
 A fire of lustre of the lawn-ringed lakes;  
 Her beauty awes the great wild sea; the height  
 Of grey magnificence takes strange delight  
 And softens at her presence, at the dear  
 Sweet face whose memory beams through all the year.

## MARCH.

Clear upland voices, full of wind and stream,  
Greet March, the sister of the flying beam  
And speedy shadow. She, with rainbow crowned,  
Lives in a sphere of songs of many sound.  
The hymn of waters and the gale's high tone,  
With anthems from the thunder's mountain throne,  
Are with her ever. This, behold, is she  
Who draws its great cry from the strong sad sea ;  
She is the month of majesty. Her force  
Is power that moves along a stately course,  
Within the lines of order, like no wild  
And lawless strength of winter's fiercest child.  
About her are the wind-whipped torrents ; far  
Above her gleams and flies the stormy star,  
And round her, through the highlands and their rocks,  
Rings loud the grand speech from the equinox.

## APRIL.

The darling of Australia's Autumn—Now  
Down dewy dells the strong swift torrents flow !  
This is the month of singing waters—here  
A tender radiance fills the Southern year ;  
No bitter Winter sets on herb and root,  
Within these gracious glades, a frosty foot ;  
The spears of sleet, the arrows of the hail,  
Are here unknown. But down the dark green dale  
Of moss and myrtle, and the herby streams,  
This April wanders in a home of dreams ;  
Her flower-soft name makes language falter. All  
Her paths are soft and cool, and runnels fall  
In music round her ; and the woodlands sing,  
For evermore, with voice of wind and wing,

Because this is the month of beauty—this  
The crowning grace of all the grace that is.

## MAY.

Now sings a cool, bland wind, where falls and flows  
The runnel by the grave of last year's rose ;  
Now, underneath the strong perennial leaves,  
The first slow voice of wintering torrent grieves.  
Now in a light, like English August's day,  
Is seen the fair, sweet, chastened face of May ;  
She is the daughter of the year who stands  
With Autumn's last rich offerings in her hands ;  
Behind her gleams the ghost of April's noon,  
Before her is the far, faint dawn of June ;  
She lingers where the dells and dewy leas  
Catch stormy sayings from the great bold seas ;  
Her nightly raiment is the misty fold  
That zones her round with moonlight-coloured gold ;  
And in the day she sheds, from shining wings,  
A tender heat that keeps the life in things.

## JUNE.

Not like that month when, in imperial space,  
The high, strong sun stares at the white world's face ;  
Not like that haughty daughter of the year  
Who moves, a splendour, in a splendid sphere ;  
But rather like a nymph of afternoon,  
With cool, soft sunshine, comes Australian June :  
She is the calm, sweet lady, from whose lips  
No breath of living passion ever slips ;  
The wind that on her virgin forehead blows  
Was born too late to speak of last year's rose ;  
She never saw a blossom, but her eyes  
Of tender beauty see blue, gracious skies ;

She loves the mosses, and her feet have been  
In woodlands where the leaves are always green ;  
Her days pass on with sea-songs, and her nights  
Shine, full of stars, on lands of frosty lights.

## JULY.

High travelling winds, filled with the strong storm's soul,  
Are here, with dark, strange sayings from the Pole ;  
Now is the time when every great cave rings  
With sharp, clear echoes caught from mountain springs ;  
This is the season when all torrents run  
Beneath no bright, glad beauty of the sun.  
Here, where the trace of last year's green is lost,  
Are haughty gales, and lordships of the frost ;  
Far down, by fields forlorn, and forelands bleak  
Are wings that fly not, birds that never speak ;  
But in the deep hearts of the glens, unseen,  
Stand grave, mute forests of eternal green ;  
And here the lady, born in wind and rain,  
Comes oft to moan and clap her palms with pain ;  
This is our wild-faced July, in whose breast  
Is never faultless light or perfect rest.

## AUGUST.

Across the range, by every scarred black fell,  
Strong Winter blows his horn of wild farewell ;  
And in the glens, where yet there moves no wing,  
A slow, sweet voice is singing of the Spring.  
Yea, where the bright, quick woodland torrents run,  
A music trembles under rain and sun.  
The lips that breathe it are the lips of her  
At whose dear touch the wan world's pulses stir—  
The nymph who sets the bow of promise high,  
And fills with warm life-light the bleak grey sky,

She is the fair-haired August. Ere she leaves  
 She brings the woodbine blossom round the eaves ;  
 And where the bitter barbs of frost have been  
 She makes a beauty with her gold and green ;  
 And, while a sea-song floats from bay and beach,  
 She sheds a mist of blossoms on the peach.\*

## OCTOBER.

Where fountains sing and many waters meet  
 October comes with blossom-trammelled feet ;  
 She sheds green glory by the wayside rills,  
 And clothes with grace the haughty featured hills.  
 This is the queen of all the year. She brings  
 The pure chief beauty of our Southern Springs.  
 Fair lady of the yellow hair ! Her breath  
 Starts flowers to life, and shames the storm to death ;  
 Through tender nights and days of generous sun  
 By prospering woods her clear strong torrents run ;  
 In far deep forests, where all life is mute,  
 Of leaf and bough she makes a touching lute.  
 Her life is lovely. Stream, and wind, and bird  
 Have seen her face—her marvellous voice have heard ;  
 And, in strange tracts of wild-wood, all day long  
 They tell the story in surpassing song.

## NOVEMBER.

Now beats the first warm pulse of Summer—now  
 There shines great glory on the mountain's brow.  
 The face of heaven in the western sky,  
 When falls the sun, is filled with Deity !  
 And while the first light floods the lake and lea,  
 The morning makes a marvel of the sea ;

\* "September in Australia" is published in *Australian Ballads and Rhymes*, in the "Canterbury Poets" series.

The strong leaves sing ; and in the deep green zones  
Of rock-bound glens the streams have many tones ;  
And where the evening-coloured waters pass  
Now glides November down fair falls of grass.  
She is the wonder with the golden wings  
Who lays one hand in Summer's—one in Spring's ;  
About her hair a sunset radiance glows ;  
Her mouth is sister of the dewy rose ;  
And all the beauty of the pure blue skies  
Has lent its lustre to her soft bright eyes.

## DECEMBER.

THE month whose face is holiness ! She brings  
With her the glory of majestic things.  
What words of light—what high resplendent phrase  
Have I for all the lustre of her days ?  
She comes, and carries in her shining sphere  
August traditions of the world's great year ;  
The noble tale which lifts the human race  
Has made a morning of her sacred face.  
Now in the emerald home of flower and wing  
Clear summer streams their sweet hosannas sing ;  
The winds are full of anthems, and a lute  
Speaks in the listening hills when night is mute ;  
And through dim tracts where talks the royal tree  
There floats a grand hymn from the mighty sea ;  
And where the grey, grave, pondering mountains stand  
High music lives—the place is holy land !

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## MARGARET W. KITSON.

[Is a State-school teacher at Winton North, near Glenrowan,  
Victoria.]

*HOMEWARDS.*

FAIR Luna lifts her lovely face above the eastern hills,  
While through the miles of airy space the mopoke's wel-  
come thrills,  
    And o'er the amber western sky  
    The star of evening blazes high.

And swiftly on from hill to sea frolics the wandering  
breeze,  
With leap and bound and gambol free, among the leafy  
trees ;  
    Lift up your head and feel him now,  
    Lay his light fingers on your brow.

Long shadows on the dewy grass, all pointing to the west,  
Checker our pathway as we pass home to our quiet nest ;  
    I watch your eyes by Venus' light ;  
    Sweet eyes ! Love's reflex makes them bright.

The mopoke with his rapturous lay yet fills the fragrant  
air,  
And Venus lights our homeward way through shadowy  
woodlands fair.  
    Ah ! fear not life's declining day,  
    Though westward bound, Love lights the way.

---

## JANE DE WINTON KNOX.

## IN JEST.

I CLASPED her little hand in jest,  
I spoke the tender words in play ;  
I did not mean to steal her heart,  
Her truthful, loving heart away.  
I did not love—but only meant  
To kill the weary weeks—to flirt.  
I thought she understood it all ;  
I did not mean to wound or hurt.

And now the merry voice is hushed,  
The tender, pure, true heart at rest,  
For ever veiled the violet eyes  
And cold the hands I clasped—in jest.  
I did not mean—What need, alas !  
To say those words ?—'tis all too late.  
They will not bring the dead past back,  
Nor join the severed threads of fate.

They will not call the red warm life  
Into her marble cheek and brow,  
Nor glad with sunshine those sad hearts  
That loved her, and are lonely now.  
The dead are dead, the past is past—  
And anguish and regret are vain ;  
For ever through the world I roam,  
An outcast with the brand of Cain.

---

“UNBLESSED.”

YOU'LL say good-bye to me, that one cold word,  
 For we shall never, never meet again ;  
 I must no more gaze on your sweet fair face,  
 That were for me too great, too keen a pain.  
 A year ago I hoped to call you “ wife,”  
 I dreamt of bliss that might not ever be ;  
 And yet I dared not ask you for your love—  
 It was a blessing far too great for me.

You would have been my wife if I had asked ;  
 You thought you loved me then. Ah ! yes, I know,  
 You pitied me, and called your pity “ love.”  
 Thank God I never spoke ! 'Tis better so.  
 But do not weep, dear child ; you did no wrong ;  
 I could but hope to worship from afar ;  
 For what was I that I should dare to love,  
 And dream to win a bright—the brightest star ?

'Tis winter now, and when the spring-time comes,  
 In all the gladness of its waking life,  
 You will have left the dear Australian home—  
 Ah me ! have left it as a happy wife.  
 Last night I lingered on the theatre steps,  
 To take, in one brief look, my last farewell ;  
 O child ! what dead hours rose as you swept by  
 With the glad wooer, who had wooed so well !

The gaslight lit your glorious face, and shone  
 In the dark eyes that upward smiled on him,  
 As he bent down to hear your soft, low voice,—  
 I turned away ; my eyes with tears were dim.

What if his love was more to you than mine !  
 I could not look on him and burn with hate ;  
 I knew that he was worthier far than I,  
 And yet, perhaps, I cursed my cruel fate.

'Twas hard to see the gem I longed so for  
 Worn with such grace upon another brow ;  
 To know that he had won it with a word,  
 And all my service was as nothing now ;  
 I turned aside, how bitterly God knows !  
 And went my way amid the noisy throng ;  
 And in the crowd the vision still would rise  
 Of your sweet face, and his so proud and strong.

And then there came a wild, a mad desire,  
 To tell the love I never dared before.  
 I know 'tis vain—it always was, but yet  
 I love you, and shall love you evermore.  
 So we must part ! Then let me take your hand ;  
 'Tis the last time that it in mine may lie !  
 Only a hand-clasp and a word I ask—  
 That word so sad and cold at best—"Good-bye."

---

UNQUIET.

WHY did they bury me here,  
 'Mid the shells and weeds of the deep ?  
 Why not in the quiet earth,  
 Where I could peacefully sleep ?

The ever-unwearying waves  
 Beat, beat, beat against my breast ;  
 There is no peace for the wicked,  
 Saith the Lord, no rest, no rest.

Surely there is rest for the weary  
 In the dark, lonely grave,  
 But none in the bed of the ocean,  
 Tossed by the moaning wave.

Be still, O! be still, thou sad sea,  
 Ye waves your murmuring cease;  
 Let my tired spirit rest awhile,  
 A little while in peace.

---

REV. JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D.

[Born at Greenock, Scotland, 1799. A great factor in the early history of New South Wales, to which colony he came in 1823. The greatest Scottish Australian public man, not only in the annals of New South Wales, but of Victoria, as he may be looked on as the leader in the great movement that led to the separation of Port Phillip (now Victoria) from the mother-colony. Died in Sydney, August 8, 1878, and accorded the honours of a public funeral.]

*THE CORAL INSECT.*

FAR in the deep sea's vast abyss,  
 Where Ocean's gloomy bed  
 Is to the seaman fathomless  
 Even with the deep-sea lead,  
 The Coral insect rears an isle  
 Where man may live and summer smile.

Unseen he plies his hidden toil  
 For many a long long year;  
 While overhead fierce billows boil  
 And gallant fleets career.  
 At length the islet greets the day,  
 Rising amid the foaming spray.

## THE HEADS OF PORT JACKSON.

Lo! yonder looms the land! High o'er the deep  
 Its barrier-rocks stretch their embattled line,  
 Marshalling their front 'gainst the resistless sweep  
 Of the big ocean-wave! Australia, thine  
 Are adamantine walls; along thy steep  
 And rugged cliffs rages the ocean-brine,  
 While ever and anon the foaming spray  
 Rises heavenward and clouds the face of day.

High on the bold South Head thy Pharos stands,  
 Shedding its gladsome ray across the sea,  
 When the cold south wind whistles, and all hands  
 Are weary of their voyage. How sweet to me  
 Its midnight beam! In Afric's desert lands  
 The traveller finds a friend in each green tree:  
 So doth the sailor from far lands returning  
 When 'mid the gloom he sees some beacon burning.

---

 SONNET.

O, I could gaze the live-long summer day  
 On such a scene as fills the raptured eye  
 In this fair haven! Mountains that reach the sky  
 Rise on the right and left, shadowing the bay  
 With their huge forms, and diademed with grey  
 And castellated rocks, whose hues may vie  
 With the dark tints o' the sombre drapery  
 That waves i' the wind adown their sides for aye.

Yet all is wild and waste, save where the hand  
 Of man, with long-continued toil and care,  
 Has won a little spot of blooming land  
 From the vast cheerless forest, here and there !  
 So is the moral world—a desert drear,  
 Where but a few green spots amid the waste appear !

---

SONNET.

FEARFUL I stood on the moss-covered rock  
 Whose rugged cliffs adorn our beauteous bay :  
 The forest blazed around, volumes of smoke  
 Towering to heaven obscured the face of day ;  
 And as the red sun shot his parting ray  
 Through the dense atmosphere, the lurid sky  
 Glowed with a fiercer flame—spreading dismay,  
 As if the dreadful day of doom were nigh !  
 Alas ! where shall the fear-struck sinner flee  
 From that great day's all-devastating blaze,  
 When the earth burns, the hills melt to their base,  
 And with intensest heat boils the deep sea !  
 O then to stand upon the Rock of Ages,  
 While all around the conflagration rages !

---

AUSTRALIAN HYMN.

FATHER of all ! a youthful race,  
 Unknown to fortune and to fame,  
 Presumes to celebrate Thy praise,  
 And sing the glories of Thy name.  
 Australia's sons would mingle theirs  
 With Britain's vows and Britain's prayers.

Supreme in wisdom as in power,  
Thy throne, O God, for ever stands !  
Thy righteous sceptre stretches o'er  
The Northern and the Southern lands  
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,  
Thou rulest the harmonious whole.

Our sea-girt Isle Thy presence shares,  
And thine Omnipotence displays :  
Known unto Thee from endless years  
Were all its mountains, rivers, bays ;  
Its every shrub, its every tree,  
Was planted, mighty God, by Thee !

Fair on Creation's splendid page  
Thy pencil sketched its wondrous plan,  
Thine hand adorned it, many an age  
Ere it was known or trod by man—  
When nought but Ocean's ceaseless roar  
Was heard along its voiceless shore.

At length an occupant was given  
To traverse each untrodden wild,  
The rudest mortal under Heaven,  
Stern Nature's long-forgotten child !  
Compatriot of the tall emu,  
The wombat and the kangaroo !

Long did the savage tenant stray  
Across his forest-clad domain ;  
And every mountain, river, bay,  
Confessed his undisputed reign ;  
While his rude net and ruder spear  
Supplied him with precarious cheer.

But still no grateful song of praise  
Was heard along Australia's shore ;  
Her mountains, rivers, lakes, and bays  
Saw no fond worshipper adore.  
His devious path the savage trod,  
But still he knew not, feared not God.

God of our Isle ! a happier race  
Far o'er the wave Thine hand has brought,  
And planted in the heathen's place  
To serve Thee in the heathen's lot ;  
Grant, then, that we may all fulfil  
Thy bright designs—Thy heavenly will !

Chief over all Thy works below  
Thine eye regards the sons of men,  
Fixing their lot where'er they go  
And mingling pleasure with their pain.  
In mercy, then, good Lord, command,  
Thy blessing on our Southern land !

If the rude savage knew not Thee,  
Nor felt devotion's holy flame,  
Though every rock and every tree  
Proclaimed the glories of Thy name,  
O grant that in our Southern skies,  
The Sun of Righteousness may rise

And let his bright effulgence chase  
The shadows of the night away,  
That Australasia's sable race  
May hail the dawn of Gospel day,  
And joined, with Britain's sons, record  
The triumphs of their Heavenly Lord.

So shall Australia's deepest bays,  
And grassy vales, and mountains blue,  
Resound with the sweet song of praise  
From ransomed men of every hue ;  
While Polynesia's Isles around  
Re-echo with the joyful sound !

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## CAROLINE LEAKEY.

[This well-known Tasmanian poetess published a volume entitled  
*Lyra Australis ; or, Attempts to Sing in a Strange Land*  
(London : Bickers & Bush, 1854).]

## FINIS.

My little lamp, farewell !  
My nights have passed away  
Like a quiet day,  
And thou their gentle sun.

Farewell to midnight hours,  
Pleasant through all their pain ;  
In gladness I have lain  
Watching thy tiny ray.

Farewell, thy kindly aid !  
With thee must go along  
My time of secret song  
And tuneful solitude.

Farewell ! I'll not forget  
What once thou wert to me ;

Now thou no more may'st be  
Companion of my song.

Farewell ! thy friendly ray  
Shall linger round my heart ;  
And oft a fond thought start  
Of scenes together shared.

Farewell ! my joy in grief ;  
Thy light shall ever be  
A voice to tell to me—  
“ No pang without relief.

Farewell, my little lamp !  
I wake this parting strain  
To hours of pleasant pain,  
And thee, their gentle sun !

---

*THE HOMEWARD BOUND.*

Ho ! a sail in sight—there's a ship in sight,  
And she is homeward bound ;  
With a fairy breeze, from the Southern seas,  
She seeketh English ground.

There's a ship in sight,—on her wings of light,  
She skims the ocean's face ;  
She leaves us behind, like the forest hind  
That mocks the huntsman's chase.

She is scarce in sight, we have tracked her flight,—  
She fadeth quick from view ;  
She's a speck of light in the sunshine bright,  
On the far horizon's blue.

She is out of sight, we have lost her quite,—  
 She seeketh English ground ;  
 With many a prayer we'll follow her there,  
 For she is homeward bound !

---

*THE FIRST OF MAY.*

SCARCE had the dewy lips of morn  
 Breathed incense on sweet May, new-born,  
 Than from a thousand fragrant bowers  
 Slyly peeped forth the long-pent flowers,  
 And from a thousand trees along  
 Gushed out a stream of liquid song,  
 To welcome in the fairest day  
 Of joyous Nature's holiday ;  
 And in the fields and lanes around,  
 A pleasant tramp and cheering sound  
 Of little feet and voices free,  
 Of children, in their hottest glee ;  
 Of dark-eyed boy and tiny lass,  
 So early on the spangled grass,  
 And shouting, each one with his might.  
 Why feeling such a strange delight,  
 If you should ask, not one could say,  
 Save, "O, it is the first of May !"

---

*THE CRISIS.*

WITH what an anguished sufferance I watch,—  
 O God, if he should wake to sleep no more !—  
 O God, if he should sleep to wake no more !—  
 Striving his faint heart's slowest throb to catch,  
 Mine own hath ceased to beat.

My child, what, at the hour,  
 If thou shouldst wake—but not for *my* caress,  
 And unto Death shouldst breathe thyself away,  
 As the frail flutter of a summer day,  
 That we scarce feel, for very languidness,  
     That stirred not a flower,

Nor drooping leaf?  
 Not so the flutter of thy passing soul,  
 Though fainter than the summer breath, which stirs  
 Never the nest-strayed feather caught on burrs,  
 For it would in me rouse a tempest-roll  
     Of never-ceasing grief!

He stirs! Lie still, my heart!  
 Thou who through these long hours hast quiet lain,  
 Till I did think the fate that for this child  
 Is feared had passed on thee—why now be wild,  
 Leaping within my breast, as thou wert fain  
     From thy pained sleep to start?

Hagar, poor weeping one!  
 How many hearts like thee have turned away  
 From where some treasured hope doth fading lie,  
 And breathed thy prayer,—“Let me not see him die!”  
 He now may hear my voice, who heard thee pray,  
     And gave thee back thy son.

He wakes—my blessed boy!—  
 And turns his eye inquiring on me.  
 Life is within in that gaze! and from that look  
 I read, as from an eloquent writ book  
 My bliss restored—and fold it silently  
     Unto my breast for joy.

Twice-loved, twice-given child !  
How shall I take thee from thy Father's hands ?  
When as a weeping babe I pressed thee first,  
Thou wert a cooling stream to my soul's thirst,  
That sank as rain unto its hot dry sands  
Until the desert smiled.

But now I take thee back,  
A pledge renewed, a link more firmly driven  
Of the eternal world, and of His love,  
Who took thee gently from my arms to prove  
That thou wert not *all* mine, nor only given  
To fill my soul's deep lack.

For this re-granted bliss  
Is not a sacrifice to God meet now ?  
What shall it be, my heart—thy first, best gift ?  
Ah ! now thou shrink'st for God a hand to lift  
On thine own Isaac, and to plight the vow  
Which seals him ever His,

And thy faith-trial completes.  
But rear thine altar, and thy lamb lay there ;  
Uplift thy slaying arm—when, lo ! behold  
Thy God, heard in that angel-voice of old,  
Directs thine eye unto the thicket where  
Thine Isaac's ransom bleats.

It would be ever thus  
If we, O God, our heart-wills unto Thine  
Could learn, ungrudgingly, to bring ; the deed  
Might then be spared which makes us so to bleed :  
Love is the priest that standeth at Thy shrine  
To intercede for us.

## SLEEP AND DEATH.

THEY tell me of a pleasant thing,  
 Which cometh on a silent wing,  
 And flappeth o'er the weary,  
 Till it fanneth them to sleep,—  
 I am, O, how weary ! but it passeth o'er my head.

They tell me of a gentle one,  
 That cometh when the day is done,  
 And singeth by the weary,  
 Till she singeth them to sleep,—  
 I am, O, how weary ! but she will not sing to me.

And they tell me of a finger,  
 Which doth o'er walls of darkness linger,  
 Pressing down the heavy eye,  
 Till it falleth off to sleep,—  
 Mine eye is, O, how heavy ! but no finger scaleth it.

They tell me of a cup so cool,  
 With water from a slumbrous pool,  
 Right pleasant to the thirsty,  
 For it lulleth them to sleep,—  
 I am, O, how thirsty ! but that cup is drainèd dry.

They tell me of another thing,  
 Which hath a still more silent wing,  
 And it flappeth o'er the weary,  
 Till it fans away their breath ;  
 Its shadows are upon me,—I feel that fluttering  
 wing.

They tell me of another One,  
 That cometh when the day is done,

And singeth by the weary ;  
But He singeth them to death !  
Ah ! He hath mercy on me,—hark ! He singeth by  
me now.

They tell me of another finger,  
Which o'er darker walls doth linger,  
Pressing down the heavy eye,  
But sealing it for ever !  
Mine eye is, O, how heavy ! that touch will seal it  
soon.

They tell me of a cup so cool,  
With water from a slumbrous pool,  
Unpleasant to the thirsty,  
For it chills them unto death,—  
I am so very thirsty, I will drink of even it !

---

*QUEEN INA.*

Not here ; far away,  
Where the dolphins play,  
She sitteth alone,  
On a coral throne,  
With string of pearls  
Her golden curls  
Adorning ;  
And she gaily sings,  
And her voice hath wings,  
And flieth away,  
On the pearly spray,  
To rosy morning.

She loveth to dress  
 Her sunlit tress  
 With flowers of ocean-birth,  
 From a briny bed,  
 By salt spray fed—  
 She scorneth flowers of earth !  
 Rare jewels she finds,  
     And of dripping gems,  
 For her hair, she binds  
     Bright diadems.  
 O royal and rare,  
 Queen Ina fair,  
 The Mermaid of the South !

She chaseth away  
 The dolphin gay  
 From his weedy lair  
 By her liquid stair.  
 She loveth to ride,  
 By the nautilus' side,  
 When his graceful boat  
 On the wave doth float ;  
 And she sings him a song  
     As they sail along ;  
     And as she sings,  
     Her hair she flings,  
 Spreading a golden sail,  
     To catch the gale.  
 Queen Ina, she  
     A life of glee  
 Leads on the Southern sea.

Not here ; far away,  
 Where the dolphins play,

Beneath the wave,  
In a crystal cave,  
In the coral land,  
By her mermaid band,  
Doth Queen Ina rest.  
She lieth in state,  
And the mermaids wait  
    All silently ;  
She lieth alone  
By her empty throne,  
    All silently.

And the mermaids weep—  
    They a vigil keep.  
Hark ! now they sing,  
And their voices ring  
    A solemn dirge.  
It soundeth below,  
And riseth above,  
    On a gentle surge ;  
Wave after wave  
Doth onward lave ;—  
A tuneful sweep  
O'er the mighty deep :  
In storm or in calm,  
Like a voice of love  
That weepeth a woe,  
It soundeth below,  
And riseth above.  
And the sailors know,  
'Neath that tuneful wave,  
In a crystal cave,  
In her ocean land,  
By her mermaid band,  
Queen Ina is laid to rest.

## FRANCES SESCADAROWNA LEWIN.

[Of Egerton, St. Mary's, South Australia. Has published a volume entitled *Songs of the South* (Adelaide: Scrymgeour and Sons).]

*THE STORY OF ABEL TASMAN.*

BOLD and brave, and strong and stalwart,  
 Captain of a ship was he ;  
 And his heart was proudly thrilling  
 With the dreams of chivalry.  
 One fair maiden, sweet though stately,  
 Lingered in his every dream,  
 Touching all his hopes of glory  
 With a brighter, nobler gleam.

Daughter of a haughty father,  
 Daughter of an ancient race,  
 Yet her wilful heart surrendered,  
 Conquered by his handsome face ;  
 And she spent her days in looking  
 Out across the Southern seas,  
 Picturing how his bark was carried  
 Onward by the favouring breeze.

Little wonder that she loved him,  
 Abel Tasman, brave and tall ;  
 Though the wealthy planters sought her,  
 He was dearer than them all.  
 Dearer still because her father  
 Said to him, with distant pride,  
 "Darest thou, a simple captain,  
 Seek my daughter for thy bride?"

But at length the gallant seaman  
    Won himself an honoured name ;  
When again he met the maiden,  
    At her feet he laid his fame :  
Said to her, " My country sends me,  
    Trusted with a high command,  
With the *Zeehan* and the *Heemskirk*,  
    To explore the Southern strand.

I must claim it for my country,  
    Plant her flag upon its shore ;  
But I hope to win you, darling,  
    When the dangerous cruise is o'er."  
And her haughty sire, relenting,  
    Did not care to say him nay :  
Flushing high with love and valour,  
    Sailed the gallant far away.

And the captain, Abel Tasman,  
    Sailing under Southern skies,  
Mingled with his hopes of glory  
    Thoughts of one with starlike eyes.  
Onward sailed he, where the crested  
    White waves broke around his ship,  
With the love-light in his true eyes,  
    And the song upon his lip.

Onward sailed he, ever onward,  
    Faithful as the stars above ;  
Many a cape and headland pointing  
    Tells the legend of his love :  
For he linked their names together,  
    Speeding swiftly o'er the wave—  
Tasman's Isle and Cape Maria,  
    Still they bear the names he gave.

Toil and tempest soon were over,  
 And he turned him home again,  
 Seeking her who was his guiding  
 Star across the trackless main.  
 Strange it seems the eager captain  
 Thus should hurry from his prize,  
 When a thousand scenes of wonder  
 Stood revealed before his eyes.

But those eyes were always looking  
 Out towards the Java seas,  
 Where the maid he loved was waiting,  
 Dearer prize to him than these.  
 But his mission was accomplished,  
 And a new and added gem  
 Sparkling with a wondrous lustre  
 In the Dutch king's diadem.

Little did the gallant seaman  
 Think that, in the days to be,  
 England's hand should proudly wrest it  
 From his land's supremacy.

---

ONLY.

ONLY a lovers' meeting  
 Under the chestnut-trees,  
 Yet two fond hearts are beating  
 With passionate sympathies.  
 Only a whispered word,  
 Breathed low in the summer-time,  
 Yet a woman's heart is stirred  
 To its depths by the passionate rhyme.

Only a tiny ring  
    Clasped on a finger fair,  
Yet her heart has passed for ever  
    Into another's care.  
Only a single kiss  
    Pressed on her pure white brow,  
Yet a maiden's heart is happy  
    In the knowledge of Love's vow.

Only a letter from India  
    Calling him to its shore ;  
Only a moonlight parting,  
    Yet " Love's young dream " is o'er.  
Only a year since sailing  
    When a lapse in his letters came ;  
Only a sweet face paling,  
    Whenever they mention his name.

Only a letter at last—  
    Cold and haughtily stern—  
Will she try to forget the past,  
    And all his letters burn ?  
He feels that they would not be happy,  
    So he frees her from her troth ;  
He hopes she will not mourn him,  
    " 'Twill be better for them both."

Only a silent grief  
    When in her room alone ;  
But tears bring no relief  
    When every hope is flown.  
Only the constant memory  
    Of their meetings 'neath the trees,  
Yet a girl's true heart is breaking  
    Over trifles such as these.

Only a silent drooping  
 Surely day by day,  
 Only a young life ebbing  
 Swift to its close away.

Only a letter sent  
 To him when life had flown :  
 "She had loved him, she forgave him,  
 But she could not live alone.  
 She did not blame him now,  
 She freed him from his troth ;  
 Though it broke her heart to do it,  
 It was better for them both."

Only a luckless marriage  
 On India's coral shore ;  
 Only two hearts unsuited,  
 And quarrels—nothing more.

Only a little grave,  
 Where the grass is scarcely green,  
 Only a man beside it  
 With sad and thoughtful mien ;  
 Only a bitter moan  
 Rising up from a quivering heart,  
 As he kneels beside that mound,  
 Where the violets freshly start.

Only a knowledge he loved her  
 Far better than his life,  
 Only the knowledge he hated  
 The Circe he called his wife ;

Only the knowledge he'd wrecked  
Both her life and his own ;  
Only a bitter regret  
As he kneels beside the stone ;  
Only the constant memory  
Of their meetings 'neath the trees,  
Yet a man's proud heart is breaking  
Over trifles such as these.

---

E. B. LOUGHRAN.

*RE-MEETINGS.*

WHEN first I saw thee, something in thine eyes  
Thrilled me with rapture never felt before ;  
My soul seemed suddenly to recognise  
A beauty known in lovely days long o'er.  
And in thine eyes was recognition too,  
And a mute troubled wonder in thy glance,  
And a vain backward sweep through memory.  
We met as travellers who have wandered through  
Some dim-lit land, the home of dream and trance,  
And can recall not its deep mystery.

O yet, my love, though at that moment alone  
The currents of our lives seemed to unite,  
I know that in some time and clime unknown,  
In days that lie beyond faint memory's flight,  
Our souls together winged their airy way,  
And knew the rich joy in communion lies,  
Roaming the vistas of the Infinite.  
The flower of our love that blooms to-day  
Hath a deep root that strikes beyond the skies,  
And Death is impotent to wither it.

Meseems I see two spirits hand in hand  
 Down-gazing on the star-ensudded vault,  
 Watching the wondrous worlds at God's command  
 Fulfil their orbits without stay or fault.  
 Though the empyrean holds brighter spheres,  
 Upon one silver speck their glances rest,  
 Forebodingful ; and one, thine is the voice,  
 Says, " Though we separate, yet have no fears,  
 No spirit suffers obeying His behest,  
 And in reunion shall we yet rejoice."

Have years or ages passed away since then ?  
 We know not, dearest. This alone we know,  
 That, soul to soul, we twain are one again,  
 And shall be, while life's stream for both doth flow ;  
 And though once more will severing come with death,  
 'Twill be a parting but to reunite.  
 Unto the second death, death will be birth,  
 When, once again gazing from Heaven beneath,  
 Two souls will say, " More than the lost delight  
 Is ours, that once we knew on yon dear earth."

---

*THE ABANDONED SHAFT.*

A DANGER to unwary feet  
 (But few feet travel hither)  
 It lies, a rifled treasure-house,  
 The treasures vanished—whither ?  
 Dark spreads below its yawning depth,  
 By plank or fence unguarded ;  
 How easy access to it now,  
 That once so well was warded !

With heaps of dirt cast all about,  
 'Tis no inviting spectacle ;  
 Yet once it was of well-based hopes  
 The highly-prized receptacle !  
 How eagerly Jim worked below,  
 To bare its close-hid treasure,  
 While at the windlass laboured Joe—  
 A toil assuaged by pleasure !

And here the windlass broken lies—  
 Could ever sight be sadder ?—  
 But those who rise to wealth, we know,  
*Of course* kick down the ladder.  
 (And sure a windlass scarce expect  
 To share a fate less dire would ?  
 It really shows some gratitude  
 It was not burned for firewood !)

I trace their pathway to the creek—  
 Ah ! theirs were “pleasant ways” then !  
 When once a pair had bottomed rich,  
 How swiftly sped the days then !  
 The creek the shaft’s sad lot has shared,  
 Now flowing dull and solus,  
 That once was thronged with anxious men,  
 And yielded like Pactolus.

Where now are Jim and Joe and all—  
 The thriftless and the thrifty—  
 Who filled the long-forgotten rush  
 In stirring three-and-fifty ?  
 Their latest “claim” have most “pegged out !”  
 Some, poor and old, still linger ;  
 Some, old and rich, drive “Rotten Row”  
 And court the public finger.

And one of these I yesterday  
 Saw in his "crested" carriage:  
 A fair young girl beside him sat,  
 His own by purch—h'm!—marriage.  
 Lord! how patrician he did look!  
 How high his head did carry!  
 Could he have been that raw-boned lad  
 Who hailed from wild Glengarry?

Could *he* have e'er fought Yankee Bill,  
 The Camp's sarcastic joker?  
 Could *he* have lost his six months' pile  
 In one brief night at poker?  
 Now he's a pillar of the Kirk,  
 Has built an institution,  
 Swears "Liberal" spells "Communist,"  
 "Reform" "red Revolution."

Ah! *Tempora mutantur; et*  
*Mutamur nos in illis!*

How the erst rushing current creeps  
 When gruesome age doth chill us!  
 The poker of wild fifty-three  
 Is now mild "speculation;"  
 Our golden claims, suburban lots,  
 In some desired location!

Deserted shaft, who wert my theme,  
 I fear I'm from thee wandering,  
 And lose the parallels I'd draw,  
 O'er old times vainly pondering.  
 No doubt, if thou couldst speak, thou'dst say,  
 How base it was to leave thee,  
 When Jim and Joe had gathered all  
 Of which they could bereave thee.

But know, my friend, thou only shar'st  
 The fate of all creation  
 (Though this, 'tis true, at best is but  
 A sorry consolation);  
 The bees buzz round about the flowers,  
 Till they've got all the honey,  
 And Jim and Joe are flush of friends  
 But while they're flush of money.

And just like thine (proud cavity!)  
 The lot of poets, sages,  
 Since our old earth began to turn  
 And measure out the ages.  
 The "many-headed" swallows all  
 Their music or their learning—  
 Nought more to gain—its idols leaves,  
 With no thoughts of returning.

But though they may neglected die,  
 The years of triumph ended,  
 Their thoughts and words still light the world  
 As with a sunrise splendid.  
 And *thou*, take comfort that thy gifts,  
 O'er earth and ocean flying,  
 Fill commerce' sails, turn trade's loud wheels,  
 Though thou'rt deserted lying!

---

DEAD LEAVES: A SONG.

WHEN these dead leaves were green, love,  
 November's skies were blue,  
 And summer came with lips aflame  
 The gentle spring to woo;

And to us, wandering hand in hand,  
 Life was a fairy scene,  
 That golden morning in the woods  
 When these dead leaves were green

How dream-like now that dewy morn,  
 Sweet with the wattle's flowers,  
 When love, love, love was all our theme,  
 And youth and hope were ours !  
 Two happier hearts in all the land  
 There were not then, I ween,  
 Than those young lovers'—yours and mine—  
 When these dead leaves were green.

How gaily did you pluck these leaves  
 From the acacia bough,  
 To mark the lyric we had read—  
 I can repeat it now !  
 While came the words, like music sweet,  
 Your smiling lips between—  
 "So fold my love within your heart"—  
 When these dead leaves were green !

How many springs have passed since then  
 Ah, wherefore should we count ?  
 The years have sped, like waters fled,  
 From Time's unceasing fount.  
 We've had our share of happiness,  
 Our share of care have seen ;  
 But love alone has never flown  
 Since these dead leaves were green.

Your heart is kind and loving still,  
 Your face to me as fair  
 As when, that morn, the sunshine played  
 Amid your golden hair.

So, dearest, sweethearts still we'll be,  
 As we have ever been,  
 And keep our love as fresh and true  
 As when these leaves were green.

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## GEORGE GORDON M'CRAE.

[This well-known Victorian poet and *litterateur* was born in Scotland.

He has been for many years before the Australian public as the poet of the now fast-fleeting race we have displaced at the antipodes. M'Crae's *Māmba* and *Balladéadro* are really beautiful attempts to infuse poetry into the legends of the Aborigines. Mr. M'Crae has contributed much excellent "occasional" verses to the Melbourne weekly newspapers and reviews, which it is to be hoped will be collected into a compendious volume. He is married, and has held for many years an official appointment in the Victorian Civil Service. Mr. M'Crae is a man of singular taste and culture, and also no mean artist, and on one occasion cleverly illustrated a comic annual for Mr. Garnet Walch.]

## RICHARD HENGIST HORNE.\*

Two centuries by Time's glass he came too late  
 (The statelier muse entranced him by the way),  
 And when he woke it was to find all state,  
 And church, and king-craft changed,  
     Romaunt and play.

Still would his muse the stern-browed gods invoke  
 In vigorous numbers worthy of the Greek,  
 Which, rolling down the æons, grandly broke  
 On modern ears, in melody antique—  
 Or, flinging far the lute, he'd deftly fit

\* This poem was printed from a very careless manuscript, the only copy the editor could procure.

The syrinx to his lips, breathing therein such soft  
 And gentle cadence as belongs to it,  
 To rouse the fauns and dryads of the grove,  
 The mischief-loving satyrs, and such life  
 As was, when man with giants chiefly strove.

Caviare, like Shelley, to the general, he  
 Yet lives, or rather now begins to live,  
 When what most men call dead ; right solitary  
 'Neath that brave soil from whence he sprang and grew  
 Lies Richard Hengist Horne, or what was he,  
 Brave singer of blue skies and bluer sea,  
 That in their noble ever-wedded blue  
 Prefigure in their shapes Eternity.

With Spencer or with Shakespeare he had graced  
 A court of sages and heroic souls ;  
 And then our grand Elizabeth had placed  
 The laurel on his brows 'mid thund'rous skies.  
 Hail ! brave Orion, girt about with stars,  
 The deathless calm of ages in his eyes,  
 With lion-skin on arm, which fitly bars  
 The idler from Elysium ; now we hear  
 With knowledge, arts, all excellence of life  
 And comfort, while the Proto-Martyr lay  
 'Neath the fierce eagle 'mid Caucasian snows.

But here, beneath the Cross, we do not mete  
 Our guerdon to the poet—we forget  
 The virile genius and the song health-sweet,  
 Twin gems in one brave antique scrollwork set.

Alas for us ! Alas ! the times, that he,  
 Our chiefest, noblest singer thus should die.  
 All undistinguished—not a “C. M. G.”—  
 To lay upon his coffin reverently.

The glorious epic of the age again  
 Rings through the vaulted heav'n ; behold the seer  
 Who sang Orion's labours, showed to men  
 Him whom we gaze on, 'mid the stars unfurled,  
 And mapped in silver splendour on the night,  
 With feet upon a subjugated world.

In after-echoes clear, not less intense,  
 We trace the legend of the Friend of Man,  
 Prometheus ! by whose skill and shrewd pretence  
 Fire, brought from Heaven, upon our hearths began.  
 Yet more distinguished thus, beyond the blue  
 That fences us from other, stranger lands  
 Is the grand name he bears—a poet true,  
 The singer of brave work and helping hands.

---

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE COOK CENTENARY.

SUGGESTED BY A RELIC IN THE FORM OF A PAPER-WEIGHT  
 MADE FROM ONE OF THE TIMBERS OF  
 H.M.S. "ENDEAVOUR."

"*Ex pede Herculem !*—Behold !  
 A chip from Britain's block of old,  
 A Heart of Oak from Chips's mould  
     Aboard the brave "Endeavour !"  
 Methinks my life's begun again,  
 I view anew each rope and chain  
 That swung or creaked in wind and rain,  
     Or rattled all together.

In days when "tails" were all the vogue,  
 And every handsome sleek-limbed rogue,  
 From John O'Groat's to Cape La Hogue,  
     Wore stockings, pumps, and breeches,

With gold-laced coat and huge-flapped vest,  
 Plum-blue ; maroon for Sunday-best,  
 Three-cornered hat, and all the rest  
     (Tedious to reckon which is)  
 When Mister Dally, the marine,  
 At every-day parade was seen  
 In belted, buckled, buttoned sheen,  
     With gorget at his throat,  
 Tight breeches white, and gaiters black,  
 Long cartridge-box behind his back,  
 From pipeclayed belt all hanging slack  
     Against his scarlet coat.

While mincing with a cat-like gait,  
 On shoes and buckles walked the mate  
 ("This watch," sole arbiter of Fate),  
     With glass beneath his arm ;  
 As snowy deck and towering mast  
 And canvas spread to catch the blast,  
 His roving eyes approved, when cast  
     On such a nautic charm.  
 I see our stalwart boatswain too,  
 In formal coat of naval blue,  
 With well-soaped long, portentous queue  
     That dangled from his head ;  
 And all our quid-weaned foremast hands,  
 Bronzed, cruising oft to many lands,  
 Whereof they only knew the strands,  
     Excepting such as read.

And our young "middies" full of fun  
 (Their sailor-lives but half begun),  
 Straggling across some spar or gun  
     Or scrambling in a race.

And last, our grey-haired old Commander,  
 The floating empire's Alexander,  
 Who walked the deck with sage Solander  
     At sober pace.

I mind him still ! his figure spare,  
 His twinkling eyes, his powdered hair,  
 His face well mapped with lines of care,  
     But always pleasant.

Wrath, when 'twas his, was like the wind,  
 Blown over soon ; and, out of mind,  
 His manner debonnair and kind,  
     The same to peer and peasant.

One hundred years ago to-day  
 Our anchors bit in Botany Bay,  
 On whose cool waters blue we lay  
     One week . . . (the fleetest !)  
 Our red-crossed " Ancient " brave was flying,  
 Sublime ! o'er clothes and hammocks drying,  
 Earth, air, and sea, and sky all vying

    Which should be sweetest. . . .

That day we viewed a silent shore,  
 How lone the loveliness of yore !  
 Soft hills behind, the sea before,  
     Both calmly blue.

Those headlands pearly chaplets wore,  
     All wet with dew.

The beach, a broken quoit of gold,  
 Rimmed in the liquid sapphire cold,  
 The bay that held like lamb in fold

    Our weary ark ;

While round and round beyond the sand  
 Outstretched the pristine forest grand,  
 That clouded all the dreary land  
     With shadows dark.

Beneath a sturdy underwood,  
 Midway 'tween sand and forest stood,  
 Whence peeped strange flowers as from a hood  
     Of coolest green ;  
 While birds of brightest colours vied  
 With floral tints in summer pride  
     As on some painted screen.

Beyond all these were mounts and hills  
 With gold mayhap among the rills  
 That trickled o'er their wave-worn sills  
     Of jasper and chalcedony.

. . . . .

To-day the golden quoit is here,  
 The belt of grass seems dry and sere,  
 The forest sombre, swart, severe,  
     And few the flowerets gay.  
 Hark ! whence that loudly clamouring bell ?  
 Mercy ! what's this ?—a huge hotel,  
 Some change in all save thee ! Ah ! well,  
     Sweet sapphire bay !  
 Change speeds along the purple coast  
 To Sydney, where our fame they boast,  
 Drinking our memory in the toast  
     Of Captain Cook.

Now have ye towns and ships and lights,  
 With gardens, theatres, and sights,  
 Good look-outs on your craggy heights  
     To bring to book  
 Approaching enemies or storms  
 In warring elemental forms,  
     Thank Captain Cook !

You've forts and tow'rs and guns and boats,  
 A starry flag that o'er you floats,  
 A Senate you create by votes :  
     Cannon and limbers. . . .  
 But, an ye spurn these antique notes,  
     "Shiver my timbers !"

---

FORBY SUTHERLAND.

A STORY OF BOTANY BAY.

A. D. 1770.

A LANE of elms in June ;—the air  
 Of eve is cool and calm and sweet.  
 See ! straying here a youthful pair,  
     With sad and slowly moving feet,

On hand in hand to yon grey gate,  
     O'er which the rosy apples swing ;  
 And there they vow a mingled fate,  
     One day when George the Third is king.

The ring scarce clasped her finger fair,  
     When, tossing in their ivied tow'r,  
 The distant bells made all the air  
     Melodious with that golden hour.

Then sank the sun out o'er the sea,  
     Sweet day of courtship fond, . . . the last !  
 The holy hours of twilight flee  
     And speed to join the Sacred Past.

The house-dove on the moss-grown thatch  
Is murm'ring love-songs to his mate,  
As lovely Nell now lifts the latch  
Beneath the apples at the gate.

A plighted maid she nears her home,  
Those gentle eyes with weeping red ;  
Too soon her swain must breast the foam,  
Alas ! with that last hour he fled.

And, ah ! that dust-cloud on the road,  
Yon heartless coach-guard's blaring horn ;  
But nought beside, that spoke or showed  
Her sailor to poor Nell forlorn.

She dreams ; and lo ! a ship that ploughs  
A foamy furrow through the seas,  
As, plunging gaily, from her bows  
She scatters diamonds on the breeze.

Swift, homeward bound, with flags displayed  
In pennoned pomp, with drum and fife,  
And all the proud old-world parade  
That marks the man-o'-war man's life.

She dreams and dreams ; her heart's at sea,  
Dreams while she wears the golden ring ;  
Her spirit follows lovingly  
One humble servant of the king.

And thus for years, since Hope survives  
To cheer the maid and nerve the youth,  
"Forget-me-not !"—how fair it thrives  
Where planted in the soil of Truth !

The skies are changed ; and o'er the sea,  
Within a calm, sequestered nook,  
Rests at her anchor thankfully  
The tall-sterned ship of gallant Cook.

The emerald shores ablaze with flow'rs,  
The sea reflects the smiling sky,  
Soft breathes the air of perfumed bow'rs—  
How sad to leave it all, and die !

To die, when all around is fair  
And steeped in beauty ;—ah ! 'tis hard  
When ease and joy succeed to care  
And rest, to “ watch ” and “ mounted guard.”

But harder still, when one dear plan,  
The end of all his life and cares,  
Hangs by a thread ; the dying man  
Most needs our sympathy and pray'rs !

'Twas thus with Forby as he lay  
Wan in his narrow canvas cot ;  
Sole tenant of the lone “ sick bay,”  
Though “ mates ” came round, he heard them not.

For days his spirit strove and fought,  
But, ah ! the frame was all too weak.  
Some phantom strange, it seemed he sought,  
And vainly tried to rise and speak.

At last he smiled and brightened up,  
The noonday bugle went ; and he  
Drained ('twas his last) the cooling cup  
A messmate offered helpfully.

His tongue was loosed—"I hear the horn!  
 Ah, Nell! *my number's flying*. See!—  
 The horses too;—they've had their corn.  
 Alas! dear love! . . . I part from thee!"

He waved his wasted hand, and cried,  
 "Sweet Nell! Dear maid! My own true Nell!  
 The coach won't wait for me!" . . . and died—  
 And this was Forby's strange farewell.

Next morn the barge, with muffled oars,  
 Pulls slowly forth, and leaves the slip  
 With flags half-mast, and gains the shores,  
 While silence seals each comrade's lip.

They bury him beneath a tree,  
 His treasure in his bosom hid.  
 What was that treasure? Go and see!  
 Long since it burst his coffin-lid!

Nell gave to Forby, once in play,  
 Some hips of roses, with the seeds  
 Of hedgerow plants, and flow'rets gay  
 (In England such might count for weeds).

"Take these," cries smiling Nell, "to sow  
 In foreign lands; and when folk see  
 The English roses bloom and grow,  
 Some one may bless an unknown me."

The turf lies green on Forby's bed,  
 A hundred years have passed, and more,  
 But twining over Forby's head  
 Are Nell's sweet roses on that shore.

The violet and the eglantine,  
 With sweet-breathed cowslips, deck the spot,  
 And nestling 'mid them in the shine,  
 The meek, blue-eyed "Forget-me-not!"\*

---

*ILMA DE MURSKA.*

HER "PASTORAL SONG" (SANS WORDS), AS HEARD BY A  
 HUNGARIAN PATRIOT AT THE MELBOURNE  
 TOWN HALL, AUGUST 1875.

'Twas close on midnight when we met ;  
 The scene, a wine-shop clean and neat,  
 With benches white, and tables set,  
 A counter . . . shall I name the street ?  
 But, no ! that matters nought to you,  
 The man I met is far at sea,  
 And now out-gazing o'er the blue,  
 Dreams his dear land may yet be free.  
 I spoke. . . . He raised his glass on high,  
 The flaring jet of gaslight lit  
 The generous vintage gloriously,  
 Like molten carbuncle was it.  
 "I've seen," quoth he, with tear in eye,  
 (Would this grand beaker were Tokay !)

\* Forby Sutherland, one of the sailors of Captain Cook's Expedition, was the first Englishman that died in Australia, and the first buried under Australian soil. A packet of wild-flower seed given to him by his sweetheart on leaving England was placed in the coffin along with him. These seeds (or some of them) grew and flourished on the grave in after-time. The roses were there, Henry Kendall has told me, even in his day.

The plains, the hills of Hungary.  
 And show me who'll unsay my say?  
 SHE sang, the street is crowded yet,  
 The clock still counts the waning night  
 By minutes from the tow'r, where set  
 She beams like moon in harvest bright.  
 And each takes home, his own to keep,  
 Sweet echoes that must haunt his sleep.

. . . . .

SHE sings,—and like a falcon, I  
 Sail, wings on edge, against the wind,  
 Across the Puszta bare and dry,  
 Brown, boundless heath (not *all* unkind),  
 And as I sail, beneath my glance  
 The farmer's cot and stacks swim past,  
 The growing crops all wave and dance  
 And rustle in the whistling blast;  
 White meek-eyed oxen at the plough  
 Strain shoulder-forward 'gainst the yoke:  
 The rosy milkmaid seeks her cow  
 With warbled song—while round the oak  
 Are swine, 'mid leaves and "mast" nose-deep:  
 And stretched, supine and lazily,  
 The swarthy swineherd sound asleep.  
 A shepherd there in sheepskin cloak,  
 With pipe aglow, behind a rock,  
 And watching through the wreathèd smoke  
 The gentle movements of the flock—  
 On! on! o'er moorland and morass.  
 (SHE sings!)—I pass where sombre trees  
 Spread robes of shadow on the grass,  
 Or wave grave welcome to the breeze—  
 Now 'tis a pond—a tiny lake  
 Wherein some moss-grown thatch is glassed,

Beside whose marge, a bowery brake  
 With flow'rs afire, and foliage massed.  
 There!—perched aloft, the stork behold!  
 Upon the chimney black and bare,  
 Cut sharply out against the gold  
 Of Magyar sunset “past compare,”  
 And round him, see the gem-necked doves  
 That coo and sob, and wheel and light,  
 Vexing the sweet air with their loves  
 Proclaimed from rustic roof-trees' height.  
 And out beyond view miles of vine  
 In marshalled ranks; and here the press  
 Whence pours the flood of Magyar wine,  
 All night!—and *this*—but nothingness!  
 SHE sings!—I see the Danube glance  
 'Tween fields of crimson-tasselled maize.  
 SHE sings!—For me the maidens dance  
 'Neath the dear trees of olden days.  
 Ah! Spring!—'tis Magyar spring-tide here!  
 With opening flowers and hum of bee.  
 The stork stands knee-deep in the mere,  
 The air is faint with melody.  
 O Spring! thou'rt full of nightingales;  
 The breeze a tremble, as each note,  
 Fraught with sad sweetness, sweeps the sails  
 Where lovers down the Danube float;  
 The faithful stork returns with Spring,  
 Silent . . . he is our sentinel . . .  
 All night the nightingale doth sing,  
 While joyous pæans her bosom swell,  
 Or 'mid the gentle forest-glooms,  
 By twilight near the rippling tide,  
 Or 'mid the moonlit grove's perfumes,  
 She sings alike for maid and bride.  
 Yes! yes! to-night I've heard her voice,—

Lain 'tween the olive and the vine,  
 Danced a wild measure. Soul, rejoice,  
 Thou'rt drunk with true Hungarian wine!  
 Rich fragrance from the fields she brought  
 The rustling of the river-reeds,  
 The smiling maid I madly sought,  
 The land of Heroes and their deeds!  
 Yes! SHE, another Hebe, poured  
 For me (the while), another dove,  
 The wine of song!—and, swift up-soared  
 My soul to brighter skies above.  
 Fresh colour to a faded life  
 That old-world song of hers has given;  
 The pain, the care, the bootless strife  
 Forgotten straight—and all is Heaven.

---

FROM "MÂMBA THE BRIGHT-EYED."

MÂMBA remote and silent sate,  
 Secluded like the youths who wait  
 The bidding of the tribal sires  
 To join them by the myst'ry fires.  
 Not ours the wisdom nor the light  
 To shadow forth that solemn rite;  
 Nor what the word, nor what the way,  
 That moulds a man from boyish clay.

Let it suffice—the rite was o'er;  
 They led him to the river-shore,  
 Whose grassy curves wound in and out  
 Between the tree-trunks, tall and stout.  
 Headlong he plunged, came out again,  
 Shook from his locks the river-rain,

And stood between his guard and guide  
 A new-made man, in all his pride.  
 Flowers on his brow, a golden wreath,  
 They placed : his bright eyes beamed beneath ;  
 And thus, with nodding blossoms crowned,  
 They homewards led the "newly found."

Terillin rose—the grave, the grey—  
 And met the comers on their way ;  
 Advancing, took the crowned one's hand,  
 And led him tow'rds the snow-capped band.  
 "Fathers !" he cried, "I bring with me  
 One passed the ancient mystery,  
 That ye and I, and all the old,  
 Have known, but ne'er to stranger told.  
 He comes, a man amongst our men—  
 Heaven send us such a one again !  
 What though no father's name he bears,  
 Nor badge of father's bravery wears ?  
 Shall he be less among his peers  
 Because as yet unfleshed his spears ?  
 Did Burtaleang, who bears no yoke,  
 E'er face the dreaded Ghim-boboke ?  
 Or Pahmeel, whose wild laughter rings  
 Through all the camp, e'er trim the wings  
 Of flying foes, that fell before  
 His spear-shaft stained with traitor's gore ?  
 Ninghim, or Bângau, can they say  
 Mâmba's without a sire to-day ?  
 His sire behold ! Am I not he—  
 His father in the mystery ?

Nameless should be the silent dead \*  
 (And here Terillin bowed his head) ;

\* In allusion to the aboriginal custom, which forbids all mention of the name of the dead.

But though all nameless in the dust,  
 To nameless memory be just.  
 His father was the gallant son  
 Whom glory from affection won.  
 When, waking once from dreams of joy,  
 They told me I had lost my boy,  
 Red was my spear, and red my hand—  
 I raised the camp with fiery brand ;  
 But all the blood was spilt in vain,  
 I could not bring him back again.  
 Childless for long, I see my son,  
 His life as 'twere again begun.  
 But I am old, unnerved, and grey,  
 And half my strength is snatched away.  
 Thus to Nernepten I bequeath  
 The boy who wears the golden wreath.  
 Behold in me thy sire's proud sire ;  
 Embrace me, boy !—join fire to fire.”  
 This to young Mâmba, as he flew  
 Into the arms of grandsire true.  
 Pahmeel and Ninghim hung the head ;  
 The history round the camp-fire spread ;  
 And Bângan bold and Burtalcaang  
 Each felt of burning shame the pang.

“'Twas glorious—yes ! but was it well,”  
 Cried Taalar, “of the dead to tell ?  
 To raise again from where it rests  
 The secret buried in our breasts—  
 The woe felt when our hero slain  
 Victorious fell on Ryndia's plain ?  
 O ! Death may chance to be forespoke  
 E'en at our solemn Ghim-bobokey .  
 And though, methinks, a brave grandsire  
 Sits next him by the mystery fire ;

And though his sire at last is known—  
 Albeit his burning soul is flown—  
 Mâmba may never live to mourn  
 Terillin from his children torn.”  
 This, hoarsely whispered by Taalar,  
 All silent else both near and far ;  
 And Mâmba, 'mid the elders placed,  
 Sate while his face with lines they traced.\*

The day had fled, the moon arose,  
 Night straight began with evening's close—  
 A night whose calm and silvery sheen  
 Befitted well the wild yapeen.  
 Within the circle of the camp  
 Blazed the clear fire, while measured tramp  
 Of dancing warriors shook the ground,  
 To song and time-sticks' throbbing sound.  
 There twice two hundred feet advanced  
 There twice a hundred malkas glanced  
 Bright in the moon, that silvered o'er  
 The arms that all those malkas bore.  
 Wild the device, and strange the sign  
 That stared in many a snowy line  
 From beaming face and heaving breast,  
 And limbs that seldom paused to rest ;  
 Whilst all the rib-like lines laid on  
 Made each man seem a skeleton.  
 Nodded the feathers from the red  
 And netted band that bound each head,  
 And hoarsely rustling leaves of trees  
 Shook round dark ankles in the breeze.  
 The singers with their time-sticks rang  
 The cadence of the song they sang ;  
 And every face and limb below,  
 And tree above them, caught the glow

\* The adornment for the “yapeen” or corroboree.

That spread from camp-fire's rising blaze,  
 Lighting the yapeen's wondrous maze  
 Of feet and ankles in the dance  
 With fitful gleam or twinkling glance.

Conspicuous 'mid the dancing crowd,  
 Whose ranks alternate swayed and bowed.  
 Shone Mâmba, tricked with wild design,  
 And symbol traced in waving line ;  
 No limbs more active wore the green  
 At yon great Ghim-bobokeyapeen ;  
 And no two arms more graceful there  
 In circling motion cleft the air  
 Than his—and his the eagle-eye  
 Inspiring all the minstrelsy.  
 The young and old in groups around,  
 Drank in the sight, the joy, the sound.  
 And Mâmba's form throughout the dance  
 Attracted every wondering glance.  
 Borote ! she viewed him, and she wept—  
 Proud of her son ; and then she crept  
 Alone into the darkness wild,  
 And there bewailed her Sundered child.  
 Out far beyond the camp leant she  
 Her aching head against a tree ;  
 The fires behind her brightly burned,  
 The turf the dancers lightly spurned ;  
 And through the forest laughter rang,  
 As all the sitting matrons sang  
 To time-stick cadence by the fire  
 The joy of him “ that lacked a sire.”  
 “ Ah me ! ” groaned Borote, “ is it well  
 That I should live the tale to tell  
 Of love bestowed and love returned,  
 Love lost again, or all unlearned ?

That I—the only joy he knew—  
False to myself, to him still true,  
Should here alone, with salt tears' flow,  
Weep o'er his joy and call it woe?"  
She sobbed; the tears ran down apace—  
Blent in each other on her face,  
Like sorrows such as seldom come  
Alone—but join and make the sum  
Of one vast melting, burning grief,  
That ever brings its own relief.  
She wept, and found her heart's distress  
Worthless and worse than nothingness;  
Reproached herself, and yet she sighed,  
As her sweet streaming face she dried;  
And passing to her bower alone,  
With dragging foot and fitful moan,  
Paused sadly by the ashes there,  
For the dark hearth was cold and bare;  
Then laid her down all lost in woe,  
Her lullaby the river's flow.  
Grief brought its balm—now past the worst,  
And all the river murmurs nurst  
Her soul to sleep, nor sent a dream,  
Nor yet of joy nor hope a gleam.

Suns set, and many a changing moon  
Shone on the sad one all too soon;  
Though Mâmba still increased in grace,  
Whilst the bright radiance of his face  
Was foremost theme with young and old—  
His port the envy of the bold;  
A mighty, stalwart hunter he,  
Fit hero for camp minstrelsy.

## THE AUBERGE :

A SOUVENIR OF NORMANDY.

## I.

I LOVE a Tavern old, wherein  
 To pass a night or so—no sin,  
     Although 'tis pleasant—  
 And drink (enjoying well-earned ease),  
 Before I taste my Switzer cheese,  
     Maçon with pheasant—  
 For me the brilliant *bougies* burn,  
 To me the omelette comes in turn,  
     With brandy blazing,  
 Whilst on the hearth 'tween iron dogs  
 Roars up the ruddy fire of logs  
     With glow amazing.

In such a cosy nook can I  
 The world, and time, and care defy,  
     And eat my pear  
 And quaff my *chablis*, while I think  
 Of Austral vintages, and drink  
     My *petit verre*.  
 The softest, blandest *eau de vie*,  
 Whose warmth soon enters into me,  
     My heart to soften ;  
 And *café noir* in tiny sips,  
 As the cigar forsakes my lips,  
     Slow and not often. . . .

## II.

Another Tavern now I haunt,  
 O'er which two tattered banners flaunt,

One red—one lettered.  
 The last with misspelt legend, "BEDDS."  
 And "BILLYARDS" on its waving shreds,  
     That might be bettered.  
 But here there's company galore  
 Of those that mine or keep the store,  
     Who'd else live dully;  
 Who here knock down the blessed tin  
 They found so hard to gather in  
     From yonder gully.

Here "rough and ready" is the fare,  
 And, ah! I miss my mellow pear;  
     Yet ne'ertheless,  
 Beneath the uncouth, country sign,  
 I drink my sound Australian wine,  
     The vintner bless,  
 And only wish 'twere mine to change  
 This weary, stunted "box-tree" range  
     For grey Rouen!  
 With all its picturesque details,  
 The Seine with all its tiny sails,  
     And Saint-Ouen!

To tall Saint-Maclon and the rest—  
 Cathedral, churches great and blest—  
     The Pale Pucelle!  
 Whose statue in the market stands,  
 Wrought by a royal Princess's hands;  
     The Silver Bell!

. . . . .

But were it mine to make the change,  
 And clothe this stunted box-tree range  
     With church and shrine,

I would not alter (as I think)  
 My daily draught of wholesome drink—  
 Australian wine !

---

ANNE PATCHETT MARTIN.

[Daughter of the late Dr. Cookesley, of London and Boulogne-sur-Mer ; born in England, but educated in France. Lived three years in Queensland. Mrs. Martin's command of French is that of a cultured and highly educated native of the country, and she has for some time been engaged on a translation of the entire works of Alfred de Musset. The following is a sample of one of the minor poems, and is in the metre of the original.]

*SUR UNE MORTE.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

LOVELY she was, if midnight gloom  
 Be lovely where the silent shade  
 Of Michael Angelo hath made,  
 'Neath vaulted chapel roof, his tomb.

Kind she might be, if this the sign,  
 A careless alms to give unsought,  
 Without a single hallowing thought  
 Of charity, or love divine.

She may have thought, if brooks run deep,  
 Or if the measured cadence slow  
 Of accents ever calm and low  
 Could stir to joy or make one weep.

She may have prayed, if glances rare  
 Of eyes awhile cast to the ground,  
 Then raised to heaven without a sound  
 Of thankful praise, if this be prayer.

She might have charmed, if such a flower,  
That ne'er diffused a fragrance kind,  
Could ever hope to hold or bind  
The fragrant breeze in summer hour.

She might have wept, if e'er the dew  
Of heaven's pity softened clay,  
As hard bound as the heart that lay  
'Neath folded hands, so coldly true.

She might have loved, but that her heart  
Was barren, save of empty pride  
Which, like a lamp by coffin's side,  
Kept watch, and played as vain a part.

She never lived, who now is dead,  
Such life was but a bare pretence,  
Its book, to her devoid of sense,  
Has fallen from her hands unread.

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TRANSFORMATION.

WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S  
ROMANCE, WHICH SUGGESTED THE LINES.

THE school breaks up : slim maidens in their teens  
Are wild with eager glee  
At thoughts of the gay world, and ways and means  
By which they will be free  
To work their wayward wills, and shape their fate ;  
Each maid, of course, in hope to meet her mate.

Helen, the beauty of the band, had said,

“To see me is a joy !

I am so tall and fair, with golden head,

Like my namesake of Troy ;

I'll take her as my model—like her too,  
Compelling men my charms and love to rue."

Then quiet Hilda said, " My cue I'll take  
From that sweet one of Rome  
Who did the lofty, lonely watch-tower make  
Her peaceful maiden home ;  
Because to God it seemed to bring her near :  
So there her doves she fed, with conscience clear."

" Whence is this myth, and from what classic page ?'  
The girlish graduates cry.  
" From that Romance which shines from out our age  
Like the great sun on high,"  
Spake Hilda with her lily-face aflame :  
" And *Transformation* is its mystic name."

But no fair dream, or spoken or untold,  
Did these twain realise,  
Though each on her own altar laid the gold  
And myrrh of sacrifice ;  
For Helen's life was spent in cloister cell,  
And Hilda loved unwisely—and she fell.

---

"ROMOLA.

BEHOLD the scholar-maiden as she stands  
Tall as a lily, and as pale and fair—  
Grand-limbed and stately, with long slender hands,  
Nobly-poised head, and rippling red-gold hair :  
Each curve of lip and nostril, cheek and chin,  
Telling of passion, pride, and power within.

In her clear tones a gentle weariness,  
 As steadfastly she reads the classic page,  
 Until her sire's impatient, blind distress  
 Of blank affliction she would fain assuage,  
 Brings tend'rest pity to the noble face,  
 Which needed only such a soft'ning grace.

Later, transfigured by Love's lambent flame,  
 That should have glowed all through her wedded life :  
 But paled to ashes in a livid shame  
 Of scorn and of contempt too deep for strife.—  
 Beliefs so high as hers break when they fall,  
 And faith and trust abused brook no recall.

Not that he wronged *her* most, she thought him worst :  
 In her great soul no petty self had place—  
 But that he was a traitor from the first,  
 Ingrate and false to all, was the disgrace.  
 Her large heart took his base-born children in,  
 And deemed her peasant rival free from sin !

---

*DAME AND DANSEUSE.*

HALF by crimson curtain hidden,  
 Lady Di sits at the play,  
 With the lover she has bidden  
 Come while her old lord's away.

Bare her bust and snowy shoulders,  
 Her white length of arm all bare :  
 Little recks she that beholders  
 Whisper as they smile and stare,

How she sold her youthful beauty  
For the rank that was her pride ;  
How she forfeited her duty  
For the love to rank denied.

Scorn sits on her faultless features  
As her glance just sweeps the stage,  
And she wonders how "*such* creatures  
Ever can become the rage !"

While poor Dot, "Miss Doris Dorsay,"  
Shows her shapely limbs in tights,  
And with footsteps fleet and saucy  
Frolics down to the footlights,

Smiling as she seems to levy  
Tribute on her loveliness,  
Though her heart is sad and heavy  
'Neath the burlesque prince's dress.

Her young husband sick is lying,  
Fain would she be by his bed :  
She must dance while he is dying,  
For her sobs—give smiles instead.

Dancer Dot and Dame Diana !  
When Life's last awards ye reap,  
Which of you shall sing Hosanna ?  
Which shall smile, and which shall weep ?

---

## ARTHUR PATCHETT MARTIN.

[Born near Woolwich in 1851, in what was then rural Kent. Family settled in Kent and Surrey for some time, but Scottish by descent on both sides. On the maternal side he claims kinship with the once famous Francis Horner, the friend and colleague of Brougham, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith in establishing the *Edinburgh Review*; through his father, with the Elliotts of the Scottish Borders. Entirely Australian by training and education, as he was taken out to Melbourne by his parents when under two years of age, arriving at Christmas 1852. Education chiefly at the Church of England school of St. Mark's, Fitzroy, under an exiled German officer of rare ability named Leopold Von Stack, and at the Melbourne University. Having passed Civil Service and matriculation examinations, entered Civil Service of Victoria. Founded, in conjunction with Henry Giles Turner, Arthur Manning Topp, and others, *The Melbourne Review*, the first number of which appeared in January 1876; under his editorship for six years; the most successful and most ambitious of Australian periodicals. Published from time to time *Sweet Girl Graduate*, a Christmas story, and an *Easter Omelette*, both of which contained original poems; in 1878, *Lays of To-day*; or, *Verses in Jest and Earnest* (published by George Robertson); in 1881, *Fernshawe: Sketches in Prose and Verse* (George Robertson, Melbourne; republished in London by Griffith & Farran, 1885, and most favourably received by London and provincial press). Returned, or rather came, for the first time in his knowledge, to England in 1882, and practically introduced Adam Lindsay Gordon to the English reader by an article in *Temple Bar*, February 1884, entitled "An Australian Poet." Married, 1885, Harriet Anne Bullen, widow of Lientenant Bullen of Boulogne-sur-Mer, and daughter of Dr. Cookesley—the authoress of poems quoted on previous pages.]

## ON AN EARLY SONNET.

"We deem this life too narrow for our needs,  
 And so demand Heaven's high felicity;  
 Yet of an after-life what sign have we?  
 In vain man prays and tells his futile beads."

In my wild youth I rashly penned  
A Sonnet of the after-life,  
It was the time of stress and strife  
Through which the ardent soul must wend.

It was the spring-time of my days,  
When Doubt, like an inspired sage,  
With creeds did eager warfare wage,  
And looked with scorn on ancient ways.

But, peering back across the years  
That separate my youth from me,  
These words and thoughts now seem to be  
All dim as through a mist of tears.

For then I saw with fresh young eyes  
A coming world, where joy would reign,  
And evil pass away, and pain,  
When man was rid of priestly ties.

But now, I turn a *backward* gaze  
On visions fled and vanished hours,  
On dead dry leaves and perished flow'rs  
That make the story of my days.

And 'midst that sad and dreary track  
I see the gravestone standing white,  
Far off, I see it in the night,  
It says, "Thy mother comes not back."

We brought her from the Southern-land,  
To this the land that gave her birth;  
We laid her cold in English earth,  
My sire and I—and now we stand

Like aliens on a dreary shore,  
 Though once we fondly called it "Home,"  
 Now, old and mateless, he would roam  
 Back to the Southern-land once more.

For there her spirit seems to be,  
 There lie her babes, beneath the sod,  
 And there, but for the hand of God,  
 Her grand-babes would have climbed her knee.

. . . . .

Those verses of the heedless Past,  
 They echo not my saddened thought ;  
 I held that after death came nought,  
 The earth was not then on *her* cast.

Denial now is dumb within,  
 Without I can but grope my way,  
 Nor tell if in some brighter day  
 Man's soul shall live, absolved of sin.

---

*OLD COMRADES.*

DEAR old comrades, gone for ever,  
 With your wealth of brilliant fun,  
 All of you so bright and clever,  
 How I loved you every one !

Here are two remembered faces,  
 In my album, old and worn ;  
 As I gaze fond memory paces  
 Over life's bright early morn.

This one with his chin all hairless,  
 That with quite a Rabbi's growth ;  
 Such companions, cheerful, careless,  
 How I dearly loved them both !

O ! those pleasant days long vanished,  
 Passed away I know not how !  
 Like an exile I am banished  
 To the gloomy land called "Now."

Then with mirth our eyes would glisten  
 As the chimes at midnight rang ;  
 Now I often toss, and listen  
 To those chimes with many a pang.

We were very far from wealthy,  
 Save in song and fancies bright ;  
 What cared we—young, hopeful, healthy—  
 That our purses might be light ?

Maidens then smiled sweetly on us,  
 Kissed us—what divinest bliss !  
 Is there aught in wealth and honours  
 Equal to a woman's kiss ?

On my head the grey is scattered—  
 Once an auburn richly deep—  
 And my smooth face worn and battered,  
 And my friends gone—I could weep.

Well ! 'tis useless this repining,  
 Baneful all this weight of thought ;  
 Now, as 'tis the hour of dining,  
 Let me broach the crusted port.

Almost run the weary race is,  
 Dim and dimmer grows the light,  
 Close the album with those faces,  
*Fare thee well, old friends—Good-night!*

---

### REFLECTIONS OF A REVOLUTIONARY POET.

[Leigh Hunt, in an account of his visit to Italy, where he met Shelley for the first time for some years, describes the poet as prematurely aged in appearance, and as being far less confident than formerly of the effect of his revolutionary doctrines in renovating the world. I regret that I am now unable to lay my hand upon this singularly suggestive passage, which gave rise to the following poem.]

STANDING alone upon this distant shore,  
 Where break the white-foamed billows on the rocks,  
 Beneath the calm of fair Italian skies,  
 I see the dead years of my vanished life  
 File past in sad array, bearing aloft  
 Utopian schemes, like frail distorted imps.  
 Are these the dreams that filled my waking life,  
 When, as a youth, I strove to stir the world—  
 Cursing its kings and priests with frenzied words  
 And with the rapture of a prophet's tone,  
 Hailed the bright advent of the coming day?  
 Has my poor life been but a player's mask,  
 A thing of emptiness and vulgar show?  
 And these my hopes, my vain delusive dreams,  
 Were they but children of a fierce self-love?  
 See how they wane, and flicker and die out!  
 I know by sad experience that my strength  
 Is all unfit to stop the rolling world.

My hair is blanched, the lines are on my face,  
But kings still sway the nations, and sleek priests  
Repeat old fables to believing ears.  
Still the base peasant drags his weary load  
Unmurmuring in the presence of his lord.  
All things remain unchanged, save my weak self.  
It may be I was wrong, that what I deemed  
As foul obstructions to man's onward march  
Are but as stones to ford a rushing stream.  
The iron sway of kings, the power of priests,  
May help to crush the brutish part in us  
And fit us for the freèr days to come.  
But can it be that all my hopes were vain?  
Surely I caught a fleeting glimpse of Truth,  
And shaped it into verse that cannot die.  
It must be so. I feel my faith revive.  
A time shall come, though generations hence,  
When men will live the grander, freèr life  
That I foretold, and my impulsive verse  
Will linger in the minds of future bards.  
Throughout the ages lowly, toil-worn men  
Shall think of me as of a trusty friend  
Who sang their bitter woes in burning words.  
My life is ebbing fast; my task is done;  
And I but wait upon this silent shore  
Like one who feels the solemn mystery  
Of fleeting days, and looks with earnest eyes  
While the great world moves on, bearing its freight  
Of dead and living souls, none knoweth where.

---

## AN AGNOSTIC'S ANSWER.

You boast of the wonders of Science, and are waiting an era when

Religions shall pass like the morning mists, and no more be seen of men.

The creed that we held in childhood is dying, you say, or dead ;

No more can we pray with the saints, or believe what the prophets said.

And you wish, above all, that the Many—not the chosen and cultured few,

As in former years, shall cease to bend at the shrine of the Blessed Jew.

The fruits of the Tree of Knowledge should be given to all men now,

And the ploughman must learn to doubt of God, as he whistles beside his plough.

Too long have we parleyed with falsehood, or spoken in riddle and hint—

The battle is nigh, and our weapons are freedom of speech and print.

. . . . .

O Friend, are we ripe for revolt, for this freer and godless day ?

Is it better that man should doubt, or kneel in the darkness and pray ?

You answer " Yes ; " but I falter—I cannot for certain tell  
If the world would be better, should all men say there is  
neither heaven nor hell—

No home that the homeless may wait for, no rest for the weary head,

And no place that the low-browed ruffian may think of with terrible dread.

Nor do I marvel that man, in his anguish, should lift up  
cries,  
And turn from this poor uncertain life to a world beyond  
the skies.  
What is this fleeting life of ours, with its burden of three-  
score years,  
But a tale of infinite sorrow, a source of manifold tears ;  
Where love is consumed in passion, and passion may  
change to hate ;  
Where the vilest too often is honoured, and the basest is  
called the great ;  
And where, should there chance to be one noble and  
faithful soul,  
It soon runneth its little course, if the grave be its final  
goal !  
I marvel not, in a world like this, at man's tenacious  
grasp  
Of tales divine, re-told by men whom Christ's dear hands  
did clasp.  
You will say, we must battle for Truth ; but what, may I  
ask, *is* Truth ?  
To me she wears not the face I thought was hers in my  
youth ;  
And this I know, though the saying may sound in your  
ears as odd,  
There is many a blatant bigot who scorns to believe in a  
God.  
I know you will judge me harshly, as one who stands  
idly by,  
While his fellows are rushing onward to vanquish the foe  
or die.  
I cannot but think you wrong me—I am all unfit for the  
strife,  
Not believing, like you, I have mastered the uttermost  
problems of life.

I know that our creeds spring from fable, I know they  
have palpable flaws ;  
But are they not, as are all things else, resultants of  
nature's laws ?  
They, too, must have served a purpose, have answered  
some human needs ;  
Besides, could imperfect creatures be nurtured on perfect  
creeds ?  
And often I ask, Am I happier now, am I free from strife  
and care,  
Than when I bended my childish knees, and prattled a  
childish prayer ?  
Is it any solace to me to have found that my prayers were  
in vain ?  
Or are there not times when I wish I could pray as of old  
again ?  
Yet smile not, I know full well that this is a futile plaint ;  
As clearly as you, do I see the delusions of prophet and  
saint ;  
But I cannot, with these misgivings, these doubts that  
you never feel,  
Go forth by your side to destroy the shrine where I used  
to kneel.

---

*THE WITHERED JESTER.*

A DREAM.

THE night was drear, the angry wind blew keen,  
And sent the scattered clouds across the sky ;  
The moon's dim light and the few straggling stars  
Served but to show the blackness all around.  
The streets were empty of their usual crowds—  
I seemed in that vast city all alone,

And wandered forth, full of despairing thoughts ;  
For she that I had deemed so wondrous fair,  
So worthy to be worshipped all my days,  
Had shown herself a petty, small-souled thing ;  
What matters how ? I wandered wildly on  
Till, on a distant hill, I reached an inn.  
The door was open, and a flickering light  
Showed a cold, cheerless room, with low, bare walls ;  
The light was from the embers in the grate,  
And left the room half black. There I espied  
A grey and withered man by that lone hearth,  
Who, as I entered, gravely rose and bowed.  
I looked at him, and on my startled ear  
The sound of hollow laughter harshly struck ;  
Then that grey, withered man said, " Welcome here ;  
This is the resting-place of broken hopes.  
Thy face is like an open book ; so young  
Thou art, and yet so sad.—Some woman's work."  
Again his laughter echoed through the room ;  
Then, gliding softly to my side, he spake—  
" Be merry, man, and let her freely go !  
'Tis better she should wed some other fool—  
The altar only turns men's love to hate ;  
So let her freely go ! " He gazed at me,  
Till I cried out, " How can you speak of Love,  
Who never knew Love's witchery and might ? "  
He laughed, and said, " Ho ! not so fast, my guest—  
I too have loved, but have forgot their names ; "  
And then it seemed he placed a hand in mine,  
Saying, " We're comrades : listen to my tale.  
I have not always been a withered wretch  
In this dull house ; I, too, have lived and loved,  
And have had fulsome flatterers, miscalled friends,  
Who left me when their friendship was of use.  
I have sat up o' nights in lighted rooms,

And played the jester at the festive board."  
 I smiled to hear that grey and withered man  
 Speak of his past life as a merry one ;  
 Whereat he frowned, and forthwith ceased his tale,  
 And chanted, in discordant tones, this song :—

THE JESTER'S GIBE.

I have met with men who mix  
 In the highest social set,  
 Boors at heart, with just the tricks  
 Of a shallow etiquette.

I have met the kindly rich,  
 And the envious, hateful poor ;  
 Men I've known in Fame's bright niche  
 Far less proud than the obscure.

Many men there are, who join  
 In the Church's prayers and psalms,  
 Who will give their hoarded coin  
 For a painted woman's charms.

There are learned men, I ween,  
 Sitting on the judge's bench,  
 Who, when thinking they're unseen,  
 Toy with any buxom wench.

You, O smooth face ! you can tell  
 Of a woman's love, may be ;  
 Does she love you half as well  
 As the lap-dog on her knee ?

I have known—and found them dull—  
 Men of philosophic views,  
 And would rather have the fool  
 As companion, could I choose.

Start not, if I raise the veil ;  
 You are right, I am uncouth.  
 Well ! I'll cease to jeer and rail  
 If you own I speak the truth.

Truth ! why, what does that denote  
 In a world where all's a sham ?  
 E'en despite my motley coat,  
 Who can tell how sad I am ?

Here the chant ceased. The place seemed strangely  
 changed.

I started up : the withered man had gone,  
 While round my neck I felt encircling arms,  
 And on my fevered brow sweet kisses fell.  
 " My love, my life ! I care not what they say :  
 I will be true." The sun shone bravely out,  
 Flooding the room with warm and rosy light,—  
 I had but slept five minutes in my chair.

---

LOVE AND WAR.

THE Chancellor mused as he nibbled his pen  
 (Sure no Minister ever looked wiser),  
 And said, " I can summon a million of men  
 To fight for their country and Kaiser ;

While that shallow charlatan ruling o'er France,  
 Who deems himself deeper than Merlin,  
 Thinks he and his soldiers have only to dance  
 To the tune of the *Can-can* to Berlin.

But as soon as he gets to the bank of the Rhine,  
 He'll be met by the great German army."

Then the Chancellor laughed, and he said, "I will dine,  
For I see nothing much to alarm me."

Yet still as he went out he paused by the door  
(For his mind was in truth heavy laden),  
And he saw a stout fellow, equipped for the war,  
Embracing a fair-haired young maiden.

"Ho! ho!" said the Chancellor, "This will not do,  
For Mars to be toying with Venus,  
When these Frenchmen are coming—a rascally crew!—  
And the Rhine only flowing between us."

So the wary old fox, just in order to hear,  
Strode one or two huge paces nearer;  
And he heard the youth say, "More than life art thou  
dear;  
But, O loved one, the Fatherland's dearer."

Then the maid dried her tears and looked up in his eyes,  
And she said, "Thou of loving art worthy:  
When all are in danger no brave man e'er flies,  
And thy love should spur on—not deter thee."

The Chancellor took a cigar, which he lit,  
And he muttered, "Here's naught to alarm me;  
By Heaven! I swear they are both of them fit  
To march with the great German army."

---

*SUCH IS LIFE.*

WE meet how many curious folks  
Upon life's strangely chequered ways—  
Some dignified, some fond of jokes,  
And, more or less, all fond of praise;—

A few who climb the mountain's height,  
While many love the peaceful valley ;  
And some in heavenly dreams delight,  
And others much prefer the ballet.

Perchance we meet a youth who sings  
Of some fair maiden's peerless charms,  
While others dote on higher things—  
On philosophic truths, or psalms.

One takes unto himself a wife,  
And perpetrates a lowly marriage ;  
Another clings to single life,  
The club, an opera-box, and carriage.

To some there dwells the sweetest bliss  
Beneath the pure domestic roof,  
While others feel they'd rather kiss  
A reigning queen of opera-bouffe.

The worldly-wise employ their hours  
In various ways for filthy lucre,  
While poets pipe in fairy bowers,  
Or play in hostelries at euchre.

But this is true of every one—  
Howe'er he pass his brief existence,  
Whatever thing he seek or shun,  
He takes the line of least resistance.

---

*A FOREBODING.*

Down the stream as we gaily glide,  
Carried along with its restless tide,  
Dost ever think, my bonny young bride,  
Of the harbour whither we're drifting ?

Light is the heart at twenty years,  
 Many the smiles and few the tears ;  
 But, at times, I am filled with anxious fears  
     Of the harbour whither we're drifting.

The little prattler beside my knee  
 Oft whispers, in artless words, to me,  
 Of tempests wild and a stormy sea,  
     Ere the harbour's gained where we're drifting.

And I think when I hear that childish tone,  
 Shall we pass by, in tears, a small gravestone—  
 Shall the little voyager find alone  
     The harbour whither we're drifting ?

---

*DEATH.*

I FEAR not Death, the grim and ghastly shade.  
 He steals this way, the sexton plies his spade,  
 Throws up the earth, and clearly I can trace  
 The worms that will ere long crawl o'er my face,  
 And dwell within the chamber of my brain.  
 Why should I care, who then will feel no pain ?  
 I see the mound that will be rudely prest  
 In spadefuls on my cold, insensate breast ;  
 While all around my dead-mates calmly lie,  
 No sound of strife is heard, no tear, no sigh.  
 All is quite still, save that unmannered knave  
 Who whistles gaily as he digs my grave.  
 I too am calm—Why should I idly weep  
 At the cold thought of endless, tranquil sleep ?  
 The world grows dim. Where is my narrow cell ?  
 Is this the brink ? Good-night, sweet friends, farewell !

## THE STORM.

AY, not a doubt, 'twas dark without,  
Dark and drear, and bitterly cold ;  
But we, within that quaint old inn,  
Were out of the blast like sheep in the fold.  
There sat we, old comrades three,  
Telling our stories and singing our staves ;  
Little we recked that the sky was flecked  
With the lightning's fury—light-hearted knaves !

It was not far to the harbour bar,  
Where groaned in anguish a noble ship,  
And a lady there, of beauty rare,  
Gazed into the blackness with quivering lip.  
In sight of the town the ship went down—  
Went down, though they lifted up praying hands,  
And at break of day all stark they lay,  
Those storm-tossed ones, on the glittering sands.

While there sat we, old comrades three,  
Till one, with the love-light fresh in his eyes,  
Sang, "The morning breaks, and each bird wakes,  
And to-day my bird to my bosom flies."  
But the townsmen pale spake of wreck and gale,  
As we sauntered out of the tavern-door,  
And the ebbing tide showed his fair young bride,  
And he swooned on her breast by the hard, bleak  
shore.

*Hobart.*

---

*THE CYNIC OF THE WOODS.*

COME from busy haunts of men,  
With nature to commune,  
Which you, it seems, observe, and then  
Laugh out, like some buffoon.

You cease, and through the forest drear  
I pace, with sense of awe ;  
When once again upon my ear  
Breaks in your harsh guffaw.

I look aloft to yonder place,  
Where placidly you sit,  
And tell you to your very face,  
I do not like your wit.

I'm in no mood for blatant jest,  
I hate your mocking song,  
My weary soul demands the rest  
Denied to it so long.

Besides, there passes through my brain  
The poet's love of fame—  
Why should not an Australian strain  
Immortalise my name ?

And so I pace the forest drear,  
Filled with a sense of awe,  
When louder still upon my ear  
Breaks in your harsh guffaw.

Yet truly, Jackass, it may be,  
My words are all unjust :  
You laugh at what you hear and see,  
And laugh because you must.

You've seen Man civilised and rude,  
Of varying race and creed,  
The black-skinned savage almost nude,  
The Englishman in tweed.

And here the lubra oft has strayed,  
To rest beneath the boughs,  
Where now, perchance, some fair-haired maid  
May hear her lover's vows.

While you from yonder lofty height  
Have studied human ways,  
And with a satirist's delight,  
Dissected hidden traits.

Laugh on, laugh on! Your rapturous shout  
Again on me intrudes;  
But I have found your secret out,  
O cynic of the woods.

Well! I confess, grim mocking elf,  
Howe'er I rhapsodise,  
That I am more in love with self  
Than with the earth or skies.

So I will lay the epic by,  
That I had just begun;  
Why should I scribble? Let me lie  
And bask here in the sun.

And let me own, were I endowed  
With your fine humorous sense,  
I, too, should laugh—ay, quite as loud,  
At all Man's vain pretence.

*Fernshawe, Victoria.*

## JAMES L. MICHAEL.

[Was a solicitor. Published *Songs without Music* (Sydney : Cox and Co.) ; *John Cumberland : a Poem* (Sydney : J. R. Clarke & Co.), and other volumes. According to Kendall, the most brilliant conversationalist of his time in New South Wales. He will be honoured for his kindly patronage of Kendall while a clerk in his office on the Clarence River. In fact, Kendall may almost be called his literary son, for he was lent stimulating books and instructed by Michael, and adopted some of his metres.]

## FROM "JOHN CUMBERLAND."

I CHOSE not ill—a quiet nook,  
 Just in a sharp turn of the river,  
 Where a great willow bent and shook  
 Her tresses o'er the eddy's shiver.  
 The river came down like a V,  
 So that I used to lie and dream  
 Right in the fork, where I could see  
 Up both the branches of the stream ;  
 Could watch the heavy barges pass,  
 The red sails flaming in the sun,  
 And put my face into the grass,  
 And dream away till day was done.  
 By me the gentle waters swept  
 In the still majesty of power,  
 And the small silent ripple crept  
 Among the reed-banks of my bower ;  
 And the bush foliage of the shore  
 Made pictures where the waters rolled  
 Till a light breeze came dancing o'er,  
 And broke them into green and gold ;  
 And fragrances came sweeping by  
 From the wide clover-fields behind,  
 And the wild skylark, up on high,  
 Flung out his music on the wind.

I knew the shadows of the morn,  
     I knew the shallow sandy bar,  
 I watched the waves upon the corn,  
     I watched the ripple gleam afar,  
 I watched the heron plume his wing  
     In the long rushes coarse and rank,  
 And heard the sedge-bird sit and sing  
     All day and night upon the bank :  
 Till all about my heart there wound  
     The gentle sentiment of rest,  
 As I looked out on peace, and found  
     That God made all things to be blest :  
 The living sunshine was delight,  
     On living stream, and living tree ;  
 All life that glittered on my sight  
     Rolled in embodied harmony.

. . . . .  
 When scattered to its pristine dust,  
     How should the body rise again ?  
 What was the semblance of the just ?  
     What of the angel of the rain ?  
 Whence came the fingers of the hand  
     That wrote upon the palace wall ?  
 What was the tree of life, to stand  
     In Paradise before the fall ?

---

FROM "JOHN CUMBERLAND."

THERE are times one cannot sleep,  
     Times when the blood is astir,  
 Though the night be calm and deep,  
 And the rustling branches keep

A steady swing in their sweep,  
And the starbeam sleeps on the fir,  
And the hour of rest is come,  
And the face of Nature lies  
Wrapped in a silence dumb,  
Dumb under the starlit skies ;  
    When the soul is awake  
    And will not take  
    Its rest in the midnight hour ;  
When the flashes of Fancy shake  
The secrets of life, and make  
    The heart confess her power ;  
When the stir of vague unrest,  
Fitful and wilful and wild,  
Wakes up a storm in the breast,  
And the soul like a wayward child,  
    That will not sleep  
    For the lullaby song,  
    That will not sleep  
    The whole night long,  
Tosses, and tumbles, and burns,  
Startled, and eager, and flushed,  
Fearing and hoping by turns,  
    While all around it is hushed ;  
Rises and looks out and pants,  
    Looks for a signal, a token,  
Flaming with infinite wants,  
    Wants that can never be spoken ;  
Cries to the deep ear of night,  
Looks for a formless delight ;  
Cries to the cold ear of night,  
    Passionless, solemn, unbroken,  
Surging and seething in vain,  
    Looking for something unknown,

Ignorant whence comes its pain,  
Standing in darkness alone,  
Sighs to be blest,  
Finding no rest,  
No voice that answers its own.

---

FROM "JOHN CUMBERLAND."

THROUGH pleasant paths, through dainty ways,  
Love leads my feet ;  
Where beauty shines with living rays,  
Soft, gentle, sweet :  
The placid heart at random strays,  
And sings and smiles, and laughs and plays,  
And gathers from the summer days  
Their light and heat,  
That in its chambers burn and blaze  
And beam and beat.  
The wind that whispers in the night,  
Subtle and free,  
The gorgeous noonday's blinding light,  
On hill and tree ;  
All lovely things that meet my sight  
All shifting lovelinesses bright,  
Speak to my heart with calm delight,  
Seeming to be  
Clothed with enchantment, robed in white,  
To sing of thee.

---

## FROM "JOHN CUMBERLAND."

THE little little bird peeps out of her nest  
At the first faint sparkle in the east,  
Leaps out to meet the daylight with a flutter in her breast,  
Breaks in music, tender music, breaks in music from her  
rest,  
At the first faint sparkle in the east.

The willing willing heart wakes up from its calm,  
At the first faint whisper of Love's song,  
Wakes up to meet the passion with a flutter and a qualm,  
All its voices multitudinously echoing the psalm,  
The first faint whisper of Love's song.

The weary weary bird flies back to her sleep,  
As the long day dies behind the leaves ;  
The day of love, too, passes, and the dews of evening weep,  
But the ancient quiet slumber comes no more to passion  
deep,  
As the long day dies behind the leaves.

## FROM "JOHN CUMBERLAND."

THE moon is in the sky, dear,  
The stars are bright and keen ;  
The fainting breezes, die, dear,  
The tender boughs between.  
The little streamlet yonder  
Gleams like a silver line :  
Come out, come out, and wander—  
Under the moonbeams' shine.

The May-flower clothes the hedge, dear,  
 With a rich robe of white ;  
 The sedge-bird in the sedge, dear,  
 Is singing all the night ;  
 The nightingale out yonder  
 Is singing songs divine :  
 Come out, come out, and wauder—  
 Under the moonbeams' shine.

It is the time of love, dear,  
 Under the soft May moon,  
 That listens from above, dear,  
 To hear the song-birds' tune :  
 The scene invites us yonder ;  
 O ! chosen love of mine,  
 Come out, come out, and wander—  
 Under the moonbeams' shine.

---

J. SHERIDAN MOORE.

[Author of *Spring Songs, Lyrics and Australian Melodies* (Sydney : Cole). The poem quoted is a song set to music by Mr. W. J. MacDougall.]

*THE BEAUTY THAT BLOOMS IN AUSTRALIA.*

RICH as the rose-light which dapples the dawn,  
 And soft as the shadows of eve ;  
 Tender and true as the midnight blue—  
 Too tender and true to deceive—  
 Is the beauty that blooms in Australia !  
 Is the beauty that glows in Australia !  
 Is the beauty we prize in Australia !

Shy as the lyre-bird hidden away,  
 A glittering waif in the wild,  
 Coy as the flowers in Nature's own bowers,  
 But fresh as a golden-haired child,  
 Is the love that peeps out in Australia !  
 Is the love that allures in Australia !  
 Is the love we pursue in Australia !

And O, when that beauty, so soft and so bright,  
 Doth gladden our hearts with its smile ;  
 And O, when that Love, like a breeze in the light,  
 Glides out of its silence the while,  
 Joy beams like the moon in Australia !  
 We thrill with delight in Australia !  
 Life resteth complete in Australia !

---

AGNES NEALE.

[(Miss) Caroline Agnes Leane. A South Australian poetess. Has contributed many pieces of great beauty to the Australian press, though she has published no volume.]

*GOOD-NIGHT !*

GOOD-NIGHT ! good-night ! the summer day is dying,  
 From the dim east the long grey shadows creep ;  
 The breezes whisper low among the tree-tops,  
 In the long grass the flowers have gone to sleep.

Good-night ! good-night ! the sky is gold and crimson,  
 A royal couch for the fair dying day ;  
 Its fringes sweep the earth in rainbow glory,  
 And tinge with light the tall hills far away.

Good-night ! good-night ! The evening star is lying  
 A liquid diamond on the field of night,  
 Melting and flashing in the rosy splendour,  
 Trembling like dew-drops tremble in the light.

Good-night ! good-night ! The stars are out in myriads,  
 White points of light along the wide black sky ;  
 The earth is wrapped in darkness as a mantle,  
 And sad and slow the whispering winds sweep by.

Good-night ! good-night ! The morn that wakes to-morrow  
 May dawn upon a brighter world than this,  
 May shine upon a land that knows no night-time,—  
 Bend down, and give me, love, your good-night kiss ;

One kiss before I close my eyes in slumber,  
 Tired eyes, already longing for the light ;  
 Perhaps—who knows ?—my dreams may be the brighter,  
 So, one last kiss ! Good-night, my love, good-night !

---

*I DID NOT KNOW THAT SPRING HAD COME.*

I DID not know that spring had come,  
 I did not know the hills were green ;  
 I did not know the sun's warm smile  
 Lay on the grass in golden sheen.

But now I see the sky is blue,  
 The fresh spring grass is thick and soft,  
 And through the slender she-oak leaves  
 The winds are sighing high aloft.

The air is balmy, warm, and mild,  
 And faint sweet wafts of perfume pass,

Breathed from the shower of golden balls,  
Thick carpeting the emerald grass.

Far up in yon green dome of leaves  
The magpies warble loud and sweet ;  
With every breath that shakes the trees  
A golden rain falls at my feet.

O clear blue skies, O emerald earth,  
O golden balls of wattle-bloom  
Falling around so silently,  
How well I love your faint perfume !

How well I love to hear those notes  
Poured forth with such glad ecstasy !  
My heart responds to every burst  
Of rich full-throated melody.

O song of bird, O sky and earth,  
O golden balls of wattle-bloom,  
Ye will be beautiful as now  
When I am silent in the tomb.

And I should like, when I am laid  
Within the soft warm earth at rest,  
To know the magpies warble near,  
And wattle-bloom showers on my breast.

---

GOD KNOWS.

LOVE, I have something brought to you to-night,  
Some thought of consolation for the past ;  
A ray of golden glory, charged with light,  
A flask of oil on life's rough waters cast.

Nay, turn not from me with those mournful eyes ;  
Nay, never let your tears fall down like rain ;  
Believe me, love, the sun is in the skies,  
His glory some day will appear again.

I saw a sunrise, fair, and sweet, and calm,  
The blue sky blushed from palest rose to red ;  
The morning breezes blew like living balm,  
Rich stores of health from their soft wings were shed.

I saw a gorgeous sunset. Yellow gold  
And flaming crimson in rich contrast lay—  
Banners of splendour, lying fold on fold ;  
I watched them burn and blaze and die away—

Away into the twilight cool and soft,  
That fell like peace on some tired human heart ;  
And then, from you bright arch outspread aloft,  
I watched the stars, celestial dew-drops, start.

I saw the moonlight stream along the hill,  
And flood with yellow glory all the plain,  
When every breath of wind fell calm and still,  
Not even rustling through the fields of grain.

I saw a flower lift up its gentle head,  
A sweet wee flower, first messenger of spring ;  
A tender loveliness, a saintly grace,  
Around that fragile blossom seemed to cling.

And I bent down to hear the words it said,  
For well I knew some word should come to me ;  
For all the earth, with beauty garlanded,  
Is but a lesson-book for you and me.

I heard the word, I learned the lesson well,  
From dawn and sunset, moonlight and fair flower ;  
And then I sought you, love, that I might tell  
The blessed thought that reached me in that hour.

Love, though our skies are dark and light is gone,  
Though faded lies our summer's latest rose ;  
Yet, though we seem so, we are not alone ;  
A thought has touched our thought, for, love, "God  
knows !"

A care that we can never comprehend  
Lies round about our footstep, like the light ;  
Love that has no beginning and no end  
Walks close beside us through life's darkest night.

Look up, dear love, the sun will shine again !  
God knows the clouds that press in heavy folds ;  
He feels with us each poisoned sting of pain,  
And weighs the anguish that each moment holds.

Look up, dear love, God counts the tears that fall.  
"God knows !"—will He not wipe away those tears ?  
God knows how painfully our burdens gall ;  
"God knows !" so we may lay aside our fears.

"God knows !" and some time He will gently bend  
From that fair land of light where angels dwell,  
And His sweet messenger of love shall send  
To whisper to our soul that all is well !

All will be well when we have reached that land  
Where the bright stream of life eternal flows ;  
When on the golden streets we two shall stand,  
Glad, with a boundless gladness, that "God knows !"

## IN THE MIDNIGHT.

I LAY in the gloom of the midnight,  
There was darkness behind and before ;  
And I felt as if thrust in a dungeon—  
A dungeon with never a door.

There was pain in the past that had left me,  
There was pain in the time that should be ;  
And the worst of all pain was the present,  
The moment the point I could see.

I felt not the pain of the future,  
And the pain of the past it was past ;  
But the pain that each moment I lived in  
Was the pain that for ever would last.

O ! where was the use of our fighting,  
And where was the use of our strength,  
If the struggle and strength were but weakness,  
And we must be vanquished at length ?

So I yielded, o'erwrought by my anguish,  
I felt I could struggle no more ;  
Though the hopes, it may be, of a lifetime,  
And its beauty and glory, were o'er.

And I thought that all hope was abandoned,  
And that I was but doomed to despair ;  
And I would not look out on the future,  
For nothing of promise lay there.

But all in a moment flashed round me  
A blaze of ineffable love,  
And there burst on my eyesight a vision—  
A vision of light from above.

And I saw through the past and the future,  
I read all the secrets of pain ;  
And I saw what to me had seemed losing  
Was a wealth of unspeakable gain.

For the secret of pain was but mercy,  
And love was the hand that opprest ;  
And pain was but one of God's angels,  
To guide where our souls might find rest.

And I saw all the mystery of living,  
The deep things unuttered of God ;  
And marvels of beauty were shown me,  
Where I had unthinkingly trod.

And I knew why we love and we suffer,  
I saw through what white lakes of fire  
The souls of some mortals must tremble  
Before they are fit for the higher.

And the secret of living was loving,  
And loving must ever be pain,  
Till He, by whose word came our being,  
Shall summon that being again.

So I lay there quite still on my pillow,  
In the weakness of pain that has fled ;  
And in spite—ay, in spite of my sorrow,  
I would live my life over, I said.

For it surely was worth all the suffering  
To taste of that exquisite bliss—  
Ay, it surely was worth even dying  
To be kissed with life's beautiful kiss ;

To know myself born for a future,  
With God for its centre and sun,  
Whose cycles, all golden with glory,  
For ever and ever shall run.

---

*THEY NEVER COME BACK.*

THEY never come back, though our hearts may be breaking  
To live through some moments they gave us, again ;  
The years that we loved, they have vanished for ever,  
And we stretch out our longing hands for them in vain.

They never come back, for eternity holds them,  
Sunk deep from our sight in a soundless abyss,  
O ! gladly, sometimes, would we live their days over,  
And drink deeper draughts from their fountains of bliss.

There were moments supreme, when the glory of heaven  
Lay round us in rainbow-hued torrents of light,  
When the glow of the universe seemed to enfold us  
And life was all stainless and lovely and bright.

We loved in the years that are dead, and we trusted ;  
Such love and such trust will be ours never more ;  
The bloom from life's fruitage is gone, and love's blossom  
Lies trampled and crushed, with dead leaves buried o'er.

We had hopes, in the golden-fringed years of life's morning,  
That day ere the dew-drops had vanished away,  
When we thought every sparkle a pearl, or a diamond,  
And nothing but beauty could lie on our way.

O ! sorely we miss them, those moments of gladness,  
And fain would recall them, if only we could,

When crowned with hope's garland and glad with life's  
brightness,  
All glowing and fresh at life's threshold we stood.

The years have gone over ; life's brightness has vanished,  
Hope's garland of glory lies colourless now :  
And life that we thought was so full of life's promise  
Has woven a thorn-crown to lay on each brow.

But the years that have gone have borne with them their  
sorrows ;

We would not recall those again, if we might.  
Thank God that the dead-griefs are dead, as the joys are !  
Thank God that each cloud has its lining of light !

They are dead, they are dead, and are buried for ever ;  
The shadows they left have grown dim to our eyes ;  
We see but the glorious sun in his splendour,  
We see but the light, if we look to the skies.

The life that is coming is glad and unending,  
And nothing of love or of joy shall it lack ;  
Thank God that Time's chains cannot hold us for ever !  
Thank God that the dead years can never come back !

---

SIR HENRY PARKES, G.C.M.G.

[Prime Minister of New South Wales. Born at Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, 1815. Migrated to Australia in 1839. His political career, which is one of almost unparalleled activity and vigour, does not concern the present purpose. But, in addition to his published poems, Sir Henry has always shown himself a lover of literature and the friend and patron of Colonial poets. His kindness to Kendall was life-long, and his appreciation of any form of literary merit gives him an honoured place in the annals of Australia. It is doubtless true that had he

devoted his great ability to literature purely, he would have achieved a high place. It was under his *régime* that the *Empire* newspaper was the means of bringing into public notice Charles Harpur and Henry Kendall, the two most distinguished poets of New South Wales. Sir Henry Parkes' own poems should be regarded and criticised as *juvenilia*, his vigorous manhood having been devoted to politics; but there are lines and verses among these *Murmurs of the Stream* of the highest merit. Few English statesmen of eminence have produced a set of verses equal to the lines on "Solitude," which so charmed the late Alfred Domett.

News has just been received in London of the death of Lady Parkes. Mr. Varney Parkes, a rising M.P., is Sir Henry's son.]

### MY BIRTHDAY.

'Tis come, and almost gone, ere I had thought  
 The day was more than other joyless days:  
 And can it be that I am really brought  
 O'er all this waste of time, by Misery's way's?  
 A quarter of a century! I gaze  
 Upon the words I've written, with a grief  
 Which might atone for Pleasure's idle blaze—  
 Alas! with ample bitterness, even if  
 My path had flowery been, my sorrows few and brief.

A quarter of a century is lost:  
 All hath been built upon the sand to fall!  
 I've dreamt away my life at mighty cost;  
 Nor mine the dreams of happiness withal.  
 Well, Time may have his laugh out! I would call  
 Not ev'n the sunny moments back again;  
 Remembrance holds one joy at least, nor small  
 Its blessed influence o'er my heart and brain—  
 Man never knew me stoop to seek unworthy gain.

— My birthday! And in England there are some  
 Will hail to-day with blessings for my sake,

Distrusting the felicity of home,  
 Because my absence will its sunshine make  
 An evanescent shadow, which shall wake  
 Many emotions' of the dreamy heart.  
 Companions of my childhood ! angels take  
 Charge of your being ; though we're torn apart,  
 If my fond prayers be heard, ne'er will your bosoms  
 smart.

Time leaves the world with a destructive speed,  
 Breaking young hearts before they should have wept ;  
 As such were wisely disinherited  
 Of life's realities, one grief except.  
 And it may be in mercy they are swept  
 From earth so early, with the beautiful,  
 The treasured sweets which cannot here be kept,  
 The fragile flowers of spring which rude hands cull,  
 Since mortal worth and weal seem incompatible.

But whence these musings ? My heart hardened is  
 By what had haply broken it, if one  
 It had been, so susceptible of this  
 World's crushing evils ; and I struggle on.  
 It may come mine, when future years are gone,  
 Yet in beloved England to possess  
 A home of peace, and think of all I've done,  
 Even with a keener tranquil happiness  
 Than if I could have passed through life with suffering  
 less.

I know the vanity of hope. The same  
 False light may lure me on from year to year  
 Which led me from my childhood, till I came  
 O'er half the world, to be an outcast here,  
 Hurlled, worm-like, on the Antarctic hemisphere,

Perchance, to die, cut off from man's esteem :  
 Yet turn I to this hope the oftener  
 For consolation, when they little deem -  
 I, with my present lot, am happier than I seem.

---

SONNET.

WHO would not be a poet—to seclude  
 Himself in a bright starry solitude,  
 Away from earthly wretchedness at will ;  
 Where no unlovely thing might present be,  
 To dim the light of ideality,  
 And Nature's glories might surround him still ?  
 WHO would not be a poet—to be blest  
 With the rich thoughts which they in words have drest ;  
 To feel the fire of their undying hopes,  
 To see all beauty with their gifted sight,  
 To hang o'er Byron's, Campbell's, Milton's, Pope's,  
 And Spencer's page, with their divine delight ?  
 WHO would not even a poet's loves possess,  
 To inherit that wild power which beautifies distress ?

---

SONNET.

ESCAPED from shipwreck, on a South Sea isle,  
 Where grew the bread-tree, a poor Briton dwelt ;  
 Living on pity which the savage felt,  
 And hope which pictured still his loved one's smile.  
 A chief-boy chanced that pale one first to meet,  
 Who brought him food prepared from choicest fruits ;  
 And led him forth to fountains cool and sweet,  
 And showed him all the islesmen's rude pursuits.

He grew half happy with his uncouth friends,—  
 For many friends 'mong the dusk tribes he won :  
 And still some gentle boy his wants attends,  
 Seeking for him all treasures of the sun.  
 Tears rolled away even so ; yet would he weep  
 Wildly for his lost love beyond the stormy deep.

---

SEVENTY.

THREESCORE and ten,—the weight of years  
 Scarce seems to touch the tireless brain ;  
 How bright the future still appears !  
 How dim the past of toil and pain !

In that fair time when all was new,  
 Who thought of threescore years and ten ?  
 Of those who shared the race, how few  
 Are numbered now with living men !

Some fell upon the right, and some  
 Upon the left, as, year by year,  
 The chain kept length'ning nearer home—  
 Yet home e'en now may not be near.

But yesterday I chanced to meet  
 A man whose years were ninety-three ;  
 He walked alone the crowded street—  
 His eye was bright, his step was free.

And well I knew a worthy who,  
 Dying in harness, as men say,  
 Had lived a hundred years and two,  
 Not halting on his toilsome way !

How much of action undesigned  
 Will modify to-morrow's plan !  
 The gleams of foresight leave us blind  
 When we the far-off path would scan.

What task of glorious toil for good,  
 What service, what achievement high,  
 May nerve the will, refire the blood,  
 Who knows, ere strikes the hour to die !

The next decade of time and fate  
 The mighty changes manifold,  
 The grander growth of Rule and State,  
 Perchance these eyes may yet behold !

But be it late, or be it soon,  
 If, striving hard, we give our best,  
 Why need we sigh for other boon ?—  
 Our title will be good for rest.

---

*THE FLAG.*

FLING out the flag—our virgin flag,  
 Which foeman's shot has never rent,  
 And plant it high on mount and crag,  
 O'er busy town and lonely tent ;—

Where Commerce rears her stately halls,  
 And where the miner rends the rock,  
 Where the sweet rain on cornfield falls,  
 Where pastures feed the herd and flock.

Still let it float o'er homes of peace,  
 Our starry cross—our glorious sign !

While Nature's bounteous gifts increase,  
And Freedom's glories brighter shine !

Brave hearts may beat in Labour's strife,  
They need no spur of martial pride ;  
High deeds may crown a gentle life,  
And spread their radiance far and wide.

Fling out the flag, and guard it well !  
Our pleasant fields the foe ne'er trod ;  
Long may our guardian heroes dwell  
In league with truth, in camp with God !

In other lands the patriot boasts  
His standard borne through slaughter's flood,  
Which, waving o'er infuriate hosts,  
Was consecrate in fire and blood.

A truer charm our flag endears ;  
Where'er it waves, on land or sea,  
It bears no stain of blood and tears—  
Its glory is its purity.

God girdled our majestic isle  
With seas far-reaching east and west,  
That man might live beneath His smile,  
In peace and freedom ever blest.

---

*BOUNDING O'ER THE SUMMER SEA.*

BOUNDING o'er the summer sea,  
Breezes blow, breezes blow !  
Happy thoughts and fancies free  
Come and go, come and go !

Happy thoughts of Love's surprise,  
 Breezes blow, breezes blow !  
 Fancies of the loved one's eyes,  
 Beaming so, beaming so !

Bounding like a joyous sprite,  
 Through the foam, through the foam !  
 Like a bird before the night,  
 Winging home, winging home !

Will they meet us, child and wife,  
 Bud and rose, bud and rose ?  
 He who counts the sands of life  
 Only knows, only knows !

---

BISMARCK.

WHAT all-consuming love of fatherland  
 Inflamed his heart and nerved his tireless hand,  
 As day by day he drew, in conscious pride,  
 Light from all sources, strength from every side ;  
 While yet he urged his silent quest of power,  
 Foreseeing, 'midst the blind, the crowning hour !  
 How in his giant's work he planned and built,  
 Unswayed by fear and undismayed by guilt,  
 Proud Austria curbing by Italia's blow,  
 And striking down the open Gallic foe ;  
 Appraising at low cost the "iron and blood;"  
 So the strong ramparts stay the surging flood,  
 While foams the wild democracy all round,  
 And the new Empire rises armed and crowned !  
 Yet O how little all which men call great  
 Has blessed men's homes, or formed a happy State !

In what faint letters on the scroll of Fame  
 Will be inscribed the world-resounding name !  
 How far from those who hold the highest place,—  
 The benefactors of the human race !

---

*THE STRONG MAN.*

LIKE a rock that breasts the sea,  
 Firm he stood, in front of foes ;  
 To his friends a sheltering tree  
 That in changeless beauty grows.

Firm alike to friend and foe,  
 Firm in gentleness and faith,  
 Firm in "yes," and firm in "no,"  
 Firm through life and firm in death.

---

*TO INEZ.*

O ! 'TIS not that thy form is fair,  
 Thy every motion light and grace ;  
 'Tis not the glory of thy hair—  
 'Tis not the sunshine of thy face.

The spell that holds me, fond and true,  
 Is that dear self unspeakable—  
 That something which is always you—  
 In simplest acts most beautiful.

What is it, love ?—I cannot tell !  
 Those honeyed lips, those passion'd eyes,  
 I kiss because I know so well  
 The heart that to my heart replies.

With thee I walk the crowded street,  
 With thee I roam the travelled sea ;  
 A thousand lovely forms I meet,  
 But never, never one like thee.

The burden of my future years—  
 It may be more than I can bear ;  
 But where the darkest cloud appears,  
 Thy love will beam the brightest there.

---

JOHN PLUMMER.

[For twenty years London correspondent to the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Has for eight years been engaged on the Australian press. Is now in the office of the other great Sydney paper, *The Town and Country Journal*.]

ONLY A FLOWER.

ONLY a flower, yet whispering fond  
 The tidings glad from realms above,  
 Bidding our hearts with joy respond  
 To God the Father's boundless love—  
 Guiding our souls, when tempest-driven  
 Across Life's dark and angry main,  
 To where the beacon-lights of Heaven  
 Bring rest from earthly care and pain.

Only a flower, yet it may teach,  
 In all its simple loveliness,  
 Mightier truths than sage can preach,  
 How faith sublime the world can bless,  
 Forming the bright and welcome token—  
 E'en as the stars at night that shine,  
 Gemming the azure arch unbroken—  
 Of wondrous love and pow'r divine.

Only a flower, yet He whose hand  
 Hath bade each bud with beauty bloom,  
 O'er earth and sea hath stern command,  
 O'er summer's joy and winter's gloom ;  
 Yet, in His mercy, stoops to listen  
 To sorrow's wail, to suff'ring's prayer,  
 And bids the tear no longer glisten,  
 The heart no more of peace despair.

---

## W. N. PRATT.

[Of the Engineer-in-Chief's Department in South Australia. The following poem was published in the *Christian Colonist*, in Adelaide, South Australia. Its full force will be appreciated when one calls to mind the extreme dryness from which South Australia suffers.]

## R A I N.

HARK to the rain ! its cooling drops are falling  
 On failing stream, on thirsty field and plain ;  
 Hark to the birds ! how each sweet voice is calling  
 A happy blessing on the gentle rain !  
 And as it falls there wakes the glad refrain  
 From every pattering rain-drop—Hark to the rain !

Hark to the rain ! its strange and welcome beating  
 Makes music on the roof and window-pane ;  
 And each glad heart the music keeps repeating  
 Till all the notes are blended, and the strain  
 From home and altar, church and holy fane,  
 Re-echoes up to Heaven—Hark to the rain !

Hark to the rain ! Beneath the bare earth, sleeping,  
 The flowers will waken at the sound again,

And swelling buds and grass come shyly peeping  
And smile to see the long-lost, welcome rain ;  
And flocks and herds, that thirsted long in vain,  
Will join the joyous chorus—Hark to the rain !

Hark to the rain ! All ye that trust in Science,  
And boldly say that Law alone can reign,  
Hearken, and learn that only in compliance  
With Love, and Law, and Prayer God giveth rain ;  
And, as ye hearken, humbly join the strain,  
Confess that God is Power—Hark to the rain !

Hark to the rain ! as though from Heaven were falling  
God's pitying tear-drops, earthwards borne as rain ;  
But not to stay. On the dry earth they're calling,  
"I've blessed you ; wake to life, and bless again ;  
Bring forth your fruits, your wealth of golden grain,  
That all may eat and live—Hark to the rain !"

Hark to the rain ! with praise the earth is ringing,  
No voice of hers can silent now remain ;  
The fields grow green, the birds for joy are singing,  
Full flow the brooks, the flowers fresh perfume gain ;  
Earth's voices call—shall man his voice restrain ?  
No ! we with them are singing—Hark to the rain !

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## RICHARDSON RAE.

[Treasurer of the Westland County Council, Hohitika, New Zealand.  
Has published a volume entitled *Pencilings by Land and Sea*,  
from which the poem quoted is taken.]

## F A I L E D.

O how the summers roll away !  
This day full thirty years ago  
I left the lane, then deep in snow,  
For clearer sky and brighter day.

I left the lane, the hedge-bound lane,  
The poplar-skirted lane at Home ;  
I said, " In new lands I will roam—  
In sunny climes, across the main."

The winter wind, through many a tree  
Blew poplar-leaves deep brown and red  
(For nature then was cold and dead)  
Around the village, drearily.

The yellow leaves, the leaves deep brown,  
Fell, with each gust, on roof and pane—  
Fell on the snow, and strewed the lane  
That wended through our rustic town.

Bare and black branches, here and there,  
Shot up against a leaden sky ;  
The angry gale went wailing by,  
Strewing the dead leaves everywhere.

" Farewell, old Home and friends," I said ;  
" To distant golden shores I go  
Which know not winter, know not snow,  
Nor leaves thick falling, red and dead."

My life was all before me then,  
 With all its hopes, and trust, and youth ;  
 With all its dreams of good and truth,  
 And faith in self and fellow-men.

Great Lord ! it seems but yesterday !  
 And yet those thirty years have fled  
 Like withered leaves, deep brown and dead,  
 That morning stamped into the clay.

Like winter leaves the years have gone ;  
 Like withered leaves, deep brown and red,  
 All hopes and dreams of Home are dead,  
 And scattered, broadcast, every one !

---

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

[Formerly of West Australia, now residing at Boston, U.S. Has published several volumes of poetry.]

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

O BEAUTEOUS South-land ! land of yellow air,  
 That hangeth o'er thee slumbering, and doth hold  
 The moveless foliage of thy valley fair  
 And wooded hills, like aureole of gold.

O thou, discovered ere the fitting time,  
 Ere Nature in completion turned thee forth !  
 Ere aught was finished but thy peerless clime,  
 Thy virgin breath allured the amorous North.

O land, God made thee wondrous to the eye !  
 But His sweet singers thou hast never heard ;  
 He left thee, meaning to come by-and-by,  
 And give rich voice to every bright-winged bird.

He painted with fresh hues thy myriad flowers,  
 But left them scentless: ah! their woeful dole,  
 Like sad reproach of their Creator's powers,—  
 To make so sweet fair bodies, void of soul.

He gave thee trees of odorous precious wood;  
 But 'midst them all bloomed not one tree of fruit.  
 He looked, but said not that His work was good,  
 When leaving thee all perfumeless and mute.

He blessed thy flowers with honey: every bell  
 Looks earthward, sunward, with a yearning wist;  
 But no bee-lover ever notes the swell  
 Of hearts, like lips, a-hungering to be kist.

O stranger land, thou art virgin! thou art more  
 Than fig-tree barren! Would that I could paint  
 For others' eyes the glory of the shore  
 Where last I saw thee! But the senses faint

In soft delicious dreaming when they drain  
 Thy wine of colour. Virgin fair thou art,  
 All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain  
 The spouse who comes to wake the sleeping heart.

---

“*THE LAST TALK.*”

[The author of the following poem desires to remain incognito.]

COME out in the garden and walk with me,  
 While the dancers whirl to that dreary tune;  
 See! the moonlight silvers the sleeping sea,  
 And the world is fair as a night in June.  
 Let me hold your hand as I used to do—  
 This is the last, last time, you know,  
 For to-morrow a wooer comes to woo  
 And to win you, though I love you so.

You are pale—or is it the moonlight's gleam  
That gives to your face that sorrowful look?  
We must wake at last from our summer dream,  
We have come to the end of our tender book.  
Love, the poet, has written well;  
He has won our hearts by his poem sweet;  
And now, at the end, we must say farewell—  
Ah! but the summer was fair and fleet.

Do you remember the night we met?  
You wore a rose in your yellow hair;  
Closing my eyes I can see you yet,  
Just as you stood on the topmost stair,  
A flutter of white from head to feet,  
A cluster of buds on your breast. Ah me!  
But the vision was never half so sweet  
As it is to-night on my memory.

Hear the viol's cry, and the deep bassoon  
Seems sobbing out, in its undertone,  
Some sorrowful memory. The tune  
Is the saddest one I have ever known.  
Or is it because we must part to-night  
That the music seems so sad? Ah me!  
You are weeping, love, and your lips are white—  
The ways of life are a mystery.

I love you, love, with a love so true  
That in coming years I shall not forget  
The beautiful face and the dream I knew,  
And memory always will hold regret.  
I shall stand by the seas as I stand to-night,  
And think of the summer whose blossoms died  
When the frosts of fate fell chill and white  
On the fairest flower of the summer-tide.

They are calling you—must I let you go ?  
Must I say good-bye and go my way ?  
If we must part, it is better so—  
Good-bye's such a sorrowful word to say !  
Give me, my darling, one last sweet kiss,—  
So we kiss our dear ones and see them die ;  
But death holds no parting so sad as this ;—  
God bless you, and keep you, and so—good-bye.

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## CATHERINE RICHARDSON.

[Of Dunedin, New Zealand. Has published a volume entitled *Gabrielle, and other Poems* (Dunedin, New Zealand : Beith and Wilkie), from which this poem is quoted.]

*BEAUTIFUL FERNS.*

BEAUTIFUL, delicate, fairy-like things !  
Ye bend where the forest its deep shadow flings—  
Where the long dank weeds weep their dews all day,  
And there falls not a sunbeam to chase them away.  
As the pale calm nuns, with their heads bowed low,  
In the long procession move sad and slow,  
While ever the low and quick-chanted hymn,  
Floats through the long aisle strange and dim ;  
So seem ye to bow by the rivulet's banks,  
While its soft murmurs float through your solemn ranks  
In the forest's dim twilight, cold and grey,  
Like a chanted hymn to the dying day.  
Above, like a canopy, silvered and green,  
Wave the feathery plumes of your graceful Queen ;  
And frail dark fronds with their netted roots,  
And the ring-like curl of their delicate shoots,

O'erwrought as with many a fairy-like gem,  
 As drapery hang round her fibrous stem.  
 Ye bear the faint perfume of dying leaves  
 That fall around ye from branching eaves  
 As your long, brown roots, with their knotted knees,  
 Clasp the dead trunks of the mouldering trees ;  
 Your green pall covering the mournful dead,  
 As memory hallows the days long fled :  
 So drooping, so lovely ! frail, delicate things,  
 Ye are emblems of thought, when its folding wings  
 Droop earthward, and mourn o'er the cold, dead past ;  
 And the sin-burdened soul, with her eyes downcast,  
 Pondering o'er things that shall be no more,  
 Weeps penitent tears for the days of yore.

---

ROBERT RICHARDSON.

[An Australian native, son of the Hon. — Richardson, the oldest politician but one in the Australian colonies ; an old Sydney Grammar-School captain, and a graduate of Sydney University ; is the “ Roving Australian ” familiar to all readers of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and has published many books. The first Australian-born writer who made his mark in England.]

ANNETTE.

AND they say, Annette, that you  
 Broke a foolish heart or two ;  
 Can I wonder were this true ?  
 For I will admit, Annette,  
 That you were a sad coquette—  
 Fain of praise, and fain of kisses,  
 Fond of all the farthing blisses  
 That for fallen man unmeet are,  
 So they tell us, yet so sweet are ;

Fond of your glad world, and this is  
All the blame I can recall,  
That on your light head should fall—  
And I knew you best of all.

Little thought and little care  
Than to braid your rippled hair,  
Ribbon blue, or crimson, wear—  
Who in all the giddy fair,  
Who so bright and debonnair?  
Yet, indeed, Annette, you were ;  
Just a little tired sometimes  
Of the sound of the midnight chimes ;  
Weary of the gaudy show,  
Tired of rout and Park and Row,  
Longing for the night's retreat—  
Tired little heart—and feet.  
Dancing days are quickly run,—  
Dead, and only twenty-one.

Ne'er so glad as when you had  
Twenty lovers, man and lad,  
Round you waiting for a glance  
From your radiant *beaux yeux*,  
(Certes, they were very blue) ;  
Twenty lovers in a row,  
Callow gallants, faded beaux,  
I have seen them come and go,  
Waiting patient for the chance  
Of a single fleeting dance ;  
Mayfair's youth and chivalry  
Bent to you their gartered knee.

Never more shall feet of yours  
Lightly lead the laughing hours,

Lead the waltz's dreamy dance,  
 To the "fair old tunes of France."  
 Dancing days are fleetly run,  
 Dead, and only twenty-one.

If that ancient psychic view  
 Of Pythagoras be true,  
 Your light soul is surely now  
 In that bird upon the bough,  
 Singing with soft-swelling throat  
 To the wind that heeds it not ;  
 Or in that blue butterfly  
 Flitting like a jewel by,  
 Flashing azure to the sun ;  
 Soon, like yours, its day is run,—  
 Dead, and only twenty-one.

Dead a week, and not already  
 Quite forgotten—nay, what right have  
 I to doubt it? Sure we might have  
 Easier missed a wiser lady.  
 Over you the grass will blow,  
 Springs will come and autumns go.  
 Will, you, Annette, ever know  
 There remain here one or two  
 Who will still remember you ;  
 O'er whose mem'ry now and then,  
 With a thought of loss and pain,  
 There will cross your fair flower-face,  
 And the bright coquettish grace,  
 With the memory of old days?

Somewhere, then, beyond the blue,  
 In the mansions that so many  
 Are, they say, is there not any  
 One of all, Annette, for you—

You, whose only trespass this is  
That you loved the farthing blisses—  
Broke a foolish heart in twain,  
That would lightly mend again.  
Warm summer sun, shine friendly here,  
Warm western wind, blow kindly here,  
Green sod above, rest light, rest light—  
Good-night, Annette! sweetheart, good-night!

---

*A HAY-CART IN THE CITY.*

Not a breath was stirring  
In the narrow street,  
Hot on wall and pavement  
Fell the sultry heat.  
Sudden comes a hay-cart  
Piled up wide and high,  
Blocking up the causeway,  
Shutting out the sky.

Sitting at my window—  
Idle pen and brain—  
Full into my vision  
Comes the rustling wain,  
And a balmy fragrance—  
All the summer's breath—  
Suddenly is wafted  
From the street beneath.

Quick from lane and alley,  
With a joyful shout,  
Troops of pallid children  
Scurrying, scrambling out!

All to see that hay-cart  
Swaying slowly by—  
Like a yellow mountain  
'Gainst the dusty sky.

And my thoughts go speeding  
To the woods away,  
Where the hawthorn hedges  
Scent the summer day,  
Where in beechen bowers  
Lights fall dim and cool,  
And the weeping-willows  
Stoop to kiss the pool.

Far away to uplands,  
Where the long day through  
Sings the happy skylark,  
Floating in the blue.  
In the river meadows—  
Ankle-deep in clover—  
Fleeting clear and mellow,  
Blackbirds hover over.

Who can tell the magic  
Might of little things?  
Now my dusky room is  
Full of glancing wings.  
Breath of blowing woodlands  
Floats along the lane—  
Woodland whispers, soothing  
Tired heart and brain.

Wood, and singing river,  
Bird and rustling tree—  
All the green world seemeth  
Present now with me.

From that fragrant hay-cart  
 May the same thoughts flow  
 To the tired children  
 In the street below !

---

J. STEELE ROBERTSON.

[Of the Melbourne University; a frequent contributor to the Melbourne University Magazine, usually under the *nom-de-plume* of "Jayessar."]

MUSK GULLY, DROMANA.

FAR o'er the mountain summit lies  
 A vale of gladness, ever green,  
 Where feathery ferns and moss have been  
 From long-forgotten centuries.  
 There Beauty lives, nor ever dies ;  
 But summer after summer comes,  
 And clothes again the mountain domes  
 With sweetness ; and a soft wind sighs,  
 While down the valley runs a rill  
 Of pearly water, leaping, falling,  
 O'er rocks and stones, and singing, calling,  
 To ferns and wild-musk of the hill.  
 Unto the gentle voice they bow,  
 Saying for ever, saying now,  
 " Behold us ! here is Nature still ! "

Here Nature singeth, loud and strong,  
 A strain begot of lovely places ;  
 And woodland elves show laughing faces—  
 To them the place doth still belong.

It knows not right, it knows not wrong,  
 But singeth, aye, a song of gladness ;  
 To it there cometh one in sadness,  
 And sadness flieth at the song.  
 He sees, and straight of Eden thinks ;  
 His woes are lost in woodland runes ;  
 His soul with Nature's soul communes ;  
 His mind the draught of Lethé drinks.  
 He thanks the Power who reigns above,  
 Who left to join us, in his love,  
 To Heaven, spots like this as links.

---

J. HOWLETT ROSS.

[A Victorian by birth, though now in London, in the office of Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, the Australian publishers ; is also an elocutionist and journalist.]

*BOURKE-STREET.*

(FROM A BALCONY.)

I.

Out of the crush of it,  
 Every one hurrying—  
 Viewing the rush of it,  
 Working and worrying,  
 All looking well-dressed,  
 Wealth there and labour—  
 Loving the world best—  
 Self than the neighbour.

Thoughtless and reckless  
 Up rings the laughter  
 From lives that are fleckless—  
 God guide their hereafter.  
 All there seems joyance—  
 Young man and maiden,  
 With feeling whose buoyance  
 No care has made raid in.

'Tis well, that light-hearted,  
 Adolescence discovers  
 The sweet joy imparted  
 In embraces of lovers ;  
 They wot not the years bring  
 New ties, and new faces—  
 That, too often, repenting  
 Rejoicing replaces.

Joy in the youth of it !  
 Build in profusion  
 Hopes, till the truth of it  
 Dispels the illusion !  
 Life's as it seemeth—  
 A garden and river,  
 Where the soul dreameth,  
 Enraptured for ever.

Still the crowd is accrescent  
 From widths of the city,  
 And the laughter incessant  
 Ascends, like a ditty  
 Some bird in his rapture  
 And worshipping, singeth,  
 Till the horrors of capture  
 His music outwringeth.

## II.

Look closer, look deeper,  
 Soul mine, be discerning—  
 Behold there the weeper  
 All woefully yearning  
 For the peace that was sifted  
 In sieve-net of sorrow,  
 And left the life rifted  
 And strengthless to borrow

Surcease of affliction,  
 Destroying, devouring,  
 Defying eviction  
 From stricken hearts cow'ring  
 In anguish, unnoted  
 By a world self-admiring—  
 Too deeply devoted  
 To lucre acquiring.

Thus has the world wagged  
 For ages and ages,  
 Careless its knife jagged  
 The wisdom of sages.  
 Thus is the life of it  
 Man's own evolving—  
 The peace and the strife of it  
 In succession dissolving.

Necessity ruleth—  
 Who bows to it gaineth—  
 Who murmurs, befooleth  
 His wit, and complaineth

In vain, for its might  
 (Co-eterne with creation),  
 Ever wins in the fight  
 Of this life of probation.

Out are the lights all—  
 The hurrying ceaseth,  
 Mystery bedights all—  
 Silence increaseth.  
 Hush'd is the clamour  
 Of buying and selling.  
 Wisely the hammer  
 Of Time is compelling  
 From labour desistance,  
 And clangeth the warning—  
 The strife for existence  
 Must cease till the morning.

—From the *Australasian*.

---

SPARE THE PIGEONS.

SPARE the pigeons, sportsman clever !  
 'Tis but meanness  
 That such keenness  
 Should be spent on flattering meekness,  
 On the birds whose utter weakness  
 Should but render  
 Hearts more tender,  
 More determined to endeavour  
 Out to crush the brutal practice  
 Of decoying  
 And destroying  
 God's sweet birds, that in their cooing

By their soft melodious wooing  
 In the steeples  
 Tell the peoples  
 Love a great and glorious fact is.

On the housetops see them billing—  
 Emblems ever.  
 Man should never  
 Foul his life with harsh uncouthness,  
 But impart a pleasant smoothness  
 To his life-deeds—  
 Rooting strife-weeds,

That his better thoughts are killing.  
 Mighty Lord of all creation,  
 Spare the pigeons!  
 Your religions  
 Boast a canon of behaviour  
 That a wise, omniscient Saviour  
 (God's anointed)  
 Hath appointed

For the guidance of the nation.  
 He hath taught that life is holy—  
 Not the smallest  
 Wing that fallest  
 To the earth remains unnoted,  
 For He loves the tuneful-throated  
 Birds, whose singing  
 Ever ringing  
 Heavenwards, do His bidding solely.

Man, the marvel of our latest  
 Wondrous history,  
 'Tis a mystery  
 You have stooped to sport so savage,

Do no fiercer monsters ravage,  
 Earth's expanses,  
 Giving chances  
 To display thee at thy greatest ?

Hast thou no profound ambition  
 Inly burning,  
 Vainly yearning,  
 Life's great riddle to unravel ?  
 Dost thou, heedless, onward travel,  
 Never heeding  
 What is leading  
 All things upward to fruition ?

Spare the pigeons ! Spare the singers,  
 Whose sweet ditties  
 Fill the cities  
 With a joy, a grace elysian,  
 Seeming but a fleeting vision  
 Born of fancy—  
 Necromancy—  
 Tinting all with magic fingers.

---

RICHARD ROWE.

[Better known in Australia under his pen-name of "Peter Possum ;" was a great favourite with the Australian public, more, however, as a journalist than as a poet. "His humour," says D. H. Deniehy, "broke fresh and glittering in a thousand atoms, as the phosphorescent wave of these southern waters at the stroke of the midnight oar." Of Peter's poetical work his translations have been the most successful, and eminent critics have declared that his version of the ode to Cyrrha, and the duct, "Horace and Lydia," have never been surpassed. The author was born in Wales, but educated at Colchester and Bath. In early man-

hood he emigrated to Australia, and after a laborious life he succumbed to that most terrible of all diseases, cancer, and was buried on the 9th December 1879 in the Highgate Cemetery. The following poem was written at the time of the Crimean War.]

*WHAT WILL THE NEXT NEWS BE?*

FOR a while there is a hush,  
 Silent roll the thunder-clouds,  
 On they come in frowning crowds.  
 Night black with a sulph'ry flush—  
 There is silence deep as death,  
 England sternly holds her breath ;  
 England's heart is beating fast,  
 For the hour is come at last !

Long the storm was working up,  
 Now its levin-bolts shall drop.  
 Yonder thunder-clouds that loom  
 With an ever-thickening gloom,  
 Hold within their awful womb  
 England's victory—or doom.

There is pride in her dark eye—  
 As she looks upon her sons ;  
 There is shame, too, to espy  
 Who they be that guard their guns :  
 There would be a fear for those  
 Who have sunk beneath their woes,—  
 Shrouded in Crimean snows—  
 But the Spartan mother knows  
 She is close-watched by her foes.  
 This is not the time to weep,  
 Their fate is a grief too deep

For the idle balm of tears ;  
 The lioness hath missed her young—  
 Yea, and the lioness hath sprung  
 Full on the dastard robbers' spears !

Hark ! what means that dreadful boom ?  
 Men start as at the Day of Doom ?  
 It *is* the Day of Doom

For the Fated City there.  
 Moira's hand is on the plough,  
 Onward comes the unerring share,  
 For the guns, so still but now,  
 Belch destruction through the air.  
 The hour hath come, the destined hour—  
 The hard earth quakes,  
 The granite shakes,  
 And wall, and battlement, and tower  
 Fall, crushed beneath the hurtling shower.

Shrill scream the fifes, loud beat the drums,  
 Yonder the assailing army comes !  
 Fierce as a wave of Phlegethon,  
 That many-nationed band rolls on.  
 But few shall see the set of sun—  
 What reck they, so their work be done ?

Who first shall reach  
 The yawning breach,  
 The one desire  
 That blends those thousands into one—  
 Brethren by baptism of fire !  
 Who are the first to mount the wall ?  
 Who are those spectres grim and tall,  
 That struggle through the hail of ball,  
 The flash of lance and sword ?  
 Our brethren these—the lonely ones,—

The remnant of proud England's sons ;  
 The shadows whom Want, Pest, and War  
 Have spared of all who left her shore.  
 Sworn a libation stern to pour  
     Upon the Russian sward !  
 On rush the Avengers of the Dead,  
 Whose gallant blood in vain was shed—  
     They bear a requiem in that tread,  
     For we despise the paltry lie  
     That Englishmen will e'er stand by  
     When glory calls on them to die.  
 No, as of old, foremost of all ;  
     Onward shall press the "thin red line,"  
     St. George's banner first shall shine  
 Above the leaguered wall.

---

JACK RUGBY.

*OLD ARCHIE'S LAST CAMP.*

THE silence is brooding, and solemn and still :  
 Twin-born of the darkness that fetters the will ;  
 A silence unbroken by aught save the sound  
 Of the weary-drawn sighs of a form on the ground ;  
 The long-looked-for dawn blushes crimson and grey,  
 And the heart that is hopeless would fain it could pray.  
 The sands of the desert flush orange and gold,  
 And the sun in his glory has heavenward rolled ;  
 All dewless the gum-boughs hang parched from the trees,  
 Unvisited e'en by the breathe of a breeze ;  
 Hills upon hills of the loose drifting sands  
 Lie stretching for miles in a dreary expanse,

Hungry, and thirsty, and footsore, and old,  
 O! sad are the years that his grey hairs have told ;  
 All trackless the desert lies stretching before  
 The eyes of "old Archie" grown blighted and sore ;  
 He drags his tired feet through the hot burning sand  
 With a swag on his back and a stick in his hand.  
 The bottle he carries is drainless and dry,  
 And all he can do is to lie down and die ;  
 No parrot's shrill whistle, no magpie's gay song,  
 As weary and heartsore he staggers along—  
 Naught there but solitude rises to view,  
 Not even the glimpse of a stray kangaroo !  
 But slowly before his mind's thoughtful eye  
 The follies of youth he can clearly descry,—  
 The gold he has squandered, the years he has spent,  
 Bring in his sorrow no gleam of content.  
 Of the wild drunken revels, what a harvest each bears,  
 And the garnering yields to him—nothing but tares !  
 He pants through the sand in the hot glaring sun,  
 "Would to God! would to God! that life's journey  
     were done !

But dire is the reckoning that speaks of the cost  
 And shows by its total whose soul will be lost !  
 God knows I've had lessons!—where's the man that has  
     not ?

And this is the end which the teaching has brought !  
 Ah well ! may be yet I'm as good as the best  
 Who make of religion a fine parlour guest  
 And turn to the devil what's left of the jest !  
 We all have to die, and perhaps in the end  
 I'll stand just as high with our Father and Friend !  
 I've been ' Archie the Wanderer,' and ' Archie the Tramp,'  
 And ' Archie the drunken old worthless old scamp ;'  
 And now I'll lie down here and take my *last* camp."

. . . . .

The low desert hills, with the short stunted scrub,  
 Unrelieved by the beauty of one flowering shrub—  
 Are molten and red with the light from the west,  
 Where the sun like a fire-ball is sinking to rest.  
 Heartsore and weary he drops from his back  
 His supperless swag on the dusty track ;  
 The brown withered hands from the wrinkled brow  
 Wipe the beads of death and starvation now.  
 "Water!" he craves, and the glistening eye  
 Betrays the fierce struggle before he can die ;  
 "Water!" he moans. Ah! never a drop  
 Lies within miles of that arid spot ;  
 The blighting wind from the fiery north  
 Waves in its furnace his hair back and forth ;  
 The sun sets at last in a blood-red sea,  
 And the old tramp dreams of Eternity.  
 The night closes round him all dismal and dark,  
 The wind from the northward is veering—and hark !  
 'Tis the song of the curlew, wild, piercing, and shrill,  
 Foretelling the storm from his post on the hill.

. . . . .

All bravely belted, and clad in gold,  
 Swathed and swaddled rich fold on fold,  
 The sun from his sheathing has heavenward rolled.  
 Bright tear-drops of rain in rivulets run,  
 And glisten like pearls in the rising sun ;  
 They gleam on the hair of the silent tramp,  
 And moisten the sand in his last long camp ;  
 They fall in a shower from the dirty swag,  
 And lie in the folds of an empty bag ;  
 They roll from the arms to the finger-tips,  
 And in mockery lie on the parted lips.  
 O! sear old age, with the grace gone by,  
 'Tis a sad, sad death for a man to die,

Unshrouded, uncoffined, unprayed for, unwept,  
Not the first lost dust which the desert has kept.

---

### J. SADLER.

[Of the Savings Bank of South Australia, Adelaide, South Australia. The poem quoted, describing the great event of South Australia, appeared in the *Adelaide Observer* under the *nom-de-plume* of "Ab. Original." He has been a frequent contributor to Australian periodicals.]

#### THE PROCLAMATION TREE.

[The colony of South Australia was proclaimed on December 28, 1836, by Captain Hindmarsh, R.N, the first Governor, under the shadow of a gum-tree. Of the identity of this tree there appears to be some doubt.]

"LONG years ago, in that Gum-tree's shade,  
I stood when the famous speech was made;  
Still to my memory strong it sticks,  
Though that was in eighteen thirty-six;  
I'm certain of its identity—  
I swear it's the Proclamation Tree!

And grieved I am that in slow decay  
The people allow it to fall away;  
Soon not a wrack of it will remain  
To mark the spot on that sandy plain.  
Relics like these should protected be—  
You can't *make* a Proclamation Tree."

Some correspondents thus write, when, lo!  
Another, who also "ought to know,"

Informs the Editor he was there,  
 And the right Gum wasn't old and bare ;  
 "And was it likely they'd choose," says he,  
 "A shadeless Proclamation Tree !"

"I remember well on that summer's day  
 The sun beat down with a blazing ray,  
 And the *real* tree's drooping foliage green  
 Threw a grateful shade o'er the pleasant scene.  
 From those who've written I disagree,  
*This* isn't the Proclamation Tree !"

But now to the rescue another comes  
 To settle the claims of the rival gums.  
 He's certain the tree was old and bent,  
 For it partly upheld Mr. Gouger's\* tent,  
 And he had a little refreshment free  
 Under the same Proclamation Tree.

Another, the son of a pioneer,  
 Wishes to make the matter clear.  
 Says he, "My father was also there,  
 And I'm certain he told me the Gum was bare ;  
 And often he's taken me down to see  
 The original Proclamation Tree."

Ah ! Memory's played a good many tricks  
 Since eighteen hundred and thirty-six.  
 Some cases, likely, have gone to rust,  
 And it's very certain that some one must  
 Get lavishing sentimentality  
 Over the wrong Proclamation Tree !

\* The first Colonial Secretary.

And Death's cold finger has beckoned away  
 Nearly all who stood on the spot that day.  
 They've left their hardships and weary toil—  
 Gone to "select" on a richer soil ;  
 Their tenure will there have a fixity,  
 Those knights of the Proclamation Tree !

No Ridley reaper nor double plough  
 They need to work on the holding now,  
 No Goyder's line \* can their course debar,  
 But they settle wherever the angels are ;  
 A harvest that lasts through eternity  
 For the boys who stood under the Old Gumtree !

But never, O never, shall be forgot  
 Those pioneers, though their bones shall rot!  
 Grand old boys ! Though the tree may fall,  
 And the relic-hunters take root and all,  
 They shall live as long as the colony,  
 Those knights of the Proclamation Tree !

When before the Great White Throne there stand  
 The Sheep and the Goats on either hand,  
 And the Shepherd's Proclamation's read  
 Before the millions of risen dead,  
 His "Come, ye blessed !" we trust shall be  
 For those knights of the Proclamation Tree !

---

\* The limit of the agricultural area, north of which the rainfall is small and uncertain.

## ROBERT SEALY.

[According to Mr. Barton, born in Ireland 1831; went out to New South Wales in 1852; became one of the first "scholars" of the Sydney University; went into the Civil Service; became a clerk in the Colonial Secretary's office; died in 1862.

In 1859 published a small volume entitled "Scraps"—a collection of miscellaneous pieces, principally in verse, nearly all humorous.]

*A CABMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.*

TELL me, Cabman—thou hast studied  
 Human nature on thy stand—  
 Is there any truth in woman,  
 Any faith in plighted hand?

Slowly putting down his pewter,  
 Thus that cabman spoke his mind,—  
 "Gammon, if you trust such cattle,  
 That they're bolters, you'll soon find."

Cabman mine, your words are bitter,  
 Haply wronged in love you speak,  
 You have trusted— "Not I, blow me!  
 Trust a woman? trust a beak!"

Bitter fruit of observation,  
 Sad experience sours your heart,  
 But thy words are words of wisdom,  
 Prythee all thy lore impart.

"Draw it mild," replied the Cabby,  
 "And I'll tell yer wot I think,  
 If yer wants my conversation,  
 Why, you'd better stand my drink."

Then he dipped his nose in porter,  
 Sighed, and wiped it on his cuff,  
 And expressed a firm conviction,  
 That that 'ere was just the stuff.

“Keep gals well in hand,” he added,  
 “Touch 'em gently on the raw,—  
 Don't be gammoned by their sawder,  
 Nor be bullied by their jaw.”



*THE PUBLICAN'S DAUGHTER.*

THAN the beer which she served,  
 Her complexion was clearer ;  
 Than the price which she charged  
 For that beer, she was dearer.  
 And stronger than spirits  
 (For spirits they water),  
 Was my love for fair Ellen,  
 The Publican's Daughter.

Oh, why did she add  
 To my score on the shutter,  
 And tell me to pay  
 And be—something'd or other ?  
 I saw at a glance  
 She was not what I thought her,  
 For falser than fair  
 Was the Publican's Daughter.

Alas ! that another  
 My pewter is filling !  
 That she charged one-and-fourpence  
 Instead of a shilling !

Alas, that she cheated !  
 Alas, that I caught her !  
 And alas, for my love  
 For the Publican's Daughter !

---

TO W. M.

You should have lived in olden time—  
 The golden time of chivalry—  
 When knights to beauty bent the knee,  
 And for the guerdon of a glance  
 Did battle with the sword and lance.

Methinks it would have liked you well,  
 Sitting among your maidens there,  
 To work a scarf of quaint device,  
 To flash in many a foughten field,  
 Upon the breast of that true knight  
 Who held you fairest of the fair.

And, had he fallen on distant plain,  
 Crying your name with latest breath,  
 You would have said, "He met his death  
 In harness, as became a knight  
 Doing devoir for ladye bright."

I trow you would not shed a tear,  
 But, sitting in your castle bower,  
 With steadfast, haughty face would sing  
 An ancient lay of troubadour,  
 Of Lancelot and Bedivere,  
 King Arthur and Queen Guinevere,  
 Of Knight and Squire, of helm and spear.

The bower maidens would wonder all,  
 Up-gazing from their tapestrie,  
 At your set lip and tearless eye :  
 But in your turret chamber high,  
 For him who fell I wis you'd sigh,  
 And break your heart, unseen, and die.

---

 SEDLEY.

[Desires to maintain the incognito.]

## SILENCE.

WHAT can we say when the heart is stirred  
 To its deepest depths? Ah, never a word  
 Can our lips then frame, although before  
 They had ready a thousand words, and more!

What can we say when with grief and woe  
 Our bosom throbs, and our eyes o'erflow?  
 We know that words which we then might speak  
 Would only mock us, because so weak.

What can we say when purest joy  
 And happiness keen, without alloy,  
 Are filling our souls with their music sweet,  
 And our pulses bound with the heart's quick beat?

What can we say, Ah, what indeed?  
 Do thoughts at such times our voices need?  
 For silence interprets our hearts so well  
 That speech is not needed our thoughts to tell.

## PATRICK SHANAHAN.

[Has published a paper volume, *The Exile: A Poem* (Melbourne: H. T. Dwight).]

## ACACIA CREEK.

“Remembrance sheds around her genial power,  
Calls back the vanished days to rapture given,  
When love was bliss, and beauty formed our heaven.”  
—*Byron.*

HAUNTS of youth, the loved, the cherished, let me look on  
ye once more!  
Look on ye and feel your freshness, as I felt in days of  
yore—  
In days of youth and gladness, when my raptured spirit  
first  
Learnt the lore of wild and woodland, here amidst your  
beauties nursed;  
For my soul is sad with longing—sad with dreaming of  
those days,  
Bright with fleeting gleams of beauty, sweet with tones  
of forest lays—  
Days of unforgotten pleasure, nights replete with magic lore,  
Learnt of moonlight and of starlight, and the freshness  
nature wore—  
Days of beauty, nights of grandeur, when my spirit fain  
would pierce  
Mystic regions following fancy wildly o'er the universe—  
Joys, gathered as flowers are gathered by the pilgrims of  
the woods,  
Here amidst your gay recesses, here amongst your  
solitudes—  
Have sped away, and left me mourning for a past that  
threw  
The freshness of September over me and over you.

Yonder, where the uplands, rising through the cold grey  
mists of morn,  
Look along the barren moorlands, brown, and damp, and  
winter-worn,  
There, where flying sleet winds muster; there, where  
vapours, blue and strange,  
Sleep for ever in the hollows of the pine-wood by the  
grange,  
You can hear this creek's tone murmur, see it winding sad  
and slow  
Through the vestas of the woodland that leans o'er the  
dell below;  
Till it stop awhile and slumbers, like a sleepy, wayworn  
child,  
In the sedgy hollow yonder, where a rocky cairn is  
piled.  
Ah! oft there when night-time gathered all its gloom from  
forest heights,  
I have sat me down to ponder, staring at the village  
lights  
Gleaming in the hazy distance—while my fancy painted  
fair  
Vision of a future greatness—lofty castles in the air!  
And I rose as one who slumbers later through the morning  
hours,  
Grappling for the moments wasted idly plucking fancy  
flowers,  
Then, when winter's tempest gathers o'er the mountain  
peaks beyond,  
And the bull-frog's croak—storm-boding—echoes from  
the meadow pond,  
I have watched the storm-clouds muster, and a speechless,  
rare delight,  
Thrilled my bosom as they thundered through the  
straitened ways of night!

Often, too, in summer evenings, when the sun was  
sinking low,  
I have loitered by yon bridge-side, watching shadows come  
and go  
On the wavy grass before me, when the light breeze sadly  
played,  
Sighing like a passing spirit as it swept along the glade  
There's beauty in the seasons, in the changing works of  
God,  
Beauty in each scene of Nature howe'er terrible or  
wild,  
First formed of all Creation she is Nature's eldest  
child!  
Beauty! child of light and shadow! spirit nor of earth  
nor air,  
Prized, and yet how desecrated—spurned, yet sought for  
everywhere,  
I have loved thee fondly ever, worshipped every scene  
of thine,  
Till the soul of thy existence grew to be a part of mine  
In the wilds and wastes of Nature, in the sky with  
tempest trackt,  
In the roar of wind and water, in the booming cataract;  
In the dead wan leaf that lieth, faltering by the brawling  
brook  
(Torn by the hand of Autumn from Nature's universal  
book),  
In the dark and wrath of thunders, in the roaring of the  
storm  
We behold and feel the grandeur of thy far pervading  
form;  
Even though betimes we see thee, clouded with the look  
of grief—  
Yet read we not a moral lesson in the falling of the  
leaf?

In the hidden works of Nature where Night walked with  
step serene)  
O'er the lonely widths of forest where man's foot hath  
seldom been ;  
In the haunts of wind and water—here and there amongst  
the woods,  
Thus, and thus, I've looked upon thee, in the fulness of  
my soul,  
Thus, and thus, I've looked upon thee, when a host of  
stars shone bright,  
And the earth beneath me slumbered in the dark embrace  
of Night !  
And, as the weary Arab faltering in the burning desert,  
turns  
His fainting soul to Mecca, thinks of home, and yearning  
mourns,  
So I, who totter sadly, grieving thus unsatisfied,  
Turn me to the Creek out yonder, with a soul recurring  
pride,  
Thinking of those days—far vanished—dreaming of the  
perished past,  
Whose remembrance, like an echo, haunts me closely to  
the last,  
When I shared a youth of pleasure, born of bliss that  
evermore  
Flings a halo of remembrance round the bright blest days  
of yore !  
Thoughts, like flashes from a torchlight, straying here and  
there through the gloom,  
Come to me and seems to whisper—like a voice from out  
the tomb—  
Memories of a sacred boyhood, when my soul was full  
of fire,  
And the form of Nature's beauty taught my senses to  
admire

When my faith was stronger, and my hope in love was  
 great,  
 Ere my soul to sorrow yielding sunk at last beneath its  
 weight.

· · · · ·  
 Ah ! but now when darkness gathers, and I sit beside the  
 hearth  
 Lacking all the soul of boyhood, wanting all its bliss and  
 mirth,  
 Saddening memories crowd upon me like some spirit's  
 sigh of pain,  
 Breathed in the windy moments 'mid the pauses of the  
 rain !  
 And I fain would soar in spirit to some far-off scene of  
 joy,  
 That touched me with its beauty, or thrilled my senses  
 when a boy ;  
 And for ever feel the freshness which I shared again this  
 week  
 As I roamed alone at even out along Acacia Creek.

---

WILLIAM SHARP.

[As poet, essayist, critic, and journalist, one of the most prominent figures in literary London. The poem quoted, though not by an Australian, was written in Australia ; and except Gordon's, and "A Voice from the Bush," no poem written in Australia has achieved such a wide popularity in England.]

*THE LAST ABORIGINAL.*

I SEE him sit, wild-eyed, alone,  
 Amidst gaunt, spectral, moonlit gums—  
 He waits for death : not once a moan  
 From out his rigid, fixt lips comes ;

His lank hair falls adown a face  
Haggard as any wave-worn stone,  
And in his eyes I dimly trace  
The memory of a vanished race.

The lofty ancient gum-trees stand,  
Each grey and ghostly in the moon,  
The giants of an old strange land  
That was exultant in its noon  
When all our Europe was o'erturned  
With deluge and with shifting sand,  
With earthquakes that the hills inurned  
And central fires that fused and burned.

The moon moves slowly through the vast  
And solemn skies; the night is still,  
Save when a warrigal springs past  
With dismal howl, or when the shrill  
Scream of a parrot rings which feels  
A twining serpent's fangs fixed fast,  
Or when a grey opossum squeals,  
Or long iguana, as it steals

From bole to bole, disturbs the leaves:  
But hushed and still he sits—who knows  
That all is o'er for him who weaves  
With inner speech, malign, morose,  
A curse upon the whites who came  
And gathered up his race like sheaves  
Of thin wheat, fit but for the flame—  
Who shot or spurned them without shame.

He knows he shall not see again  
The creeks whereby the lyre-birds sing—  
He shall no more upon the plain,  
Sun-scorched, and void of water-spring,

Watch the dark cassowaries sweep,  
 In startled flight, or, with spear lain  
 In ready poise, glide, twist, and creep  
 Where the brown kangaroo doth leap.

No more in silent dawns he'll wait  
 By still lagoons, and mark the flight  
 Of black swans near : no more elate  
 Whirl high the boomerang aright  
 Upon some foe : he knows that now  
 He too must share his race's night—  
 He scarce can know the white man's plough  
 Will one day pass above his brow.

Last remnant of the Austral race  
 He sits and stares, with failing breath :  
 The shadow deepens on his face,  
 For midst the spectral gums waits death :  
 A dingo's sudden howl swells near—  
 He stares once with a startled gaze,  
 As half in wonder, half in fear,  
 Then sinks back on his unknown bier.

---

## THE SINGING SHEPHERD.

### TO ONE IN ENGLAND.

“ I SEND to you ”  
 Songs of a Southern Isle,  
 Isle like a flower  
 In warm seas low lying :  
 Songs to beguile  
 Some wearisome hour,  
 When Time's tired of flying.

Songs which were sung,  
 To a rapt listener lying  
 In sweet lazy hours,  
 Where wild-birds' nests swung,  
 And winds came a-sighing  
 In Nature's own bowers.

Songs which trees sung,  
 By summer winds swayed  
 Into rhythmical sound ;  
 Sweet soul-bells sung  
 Through the Ngaio's green shade,  
 Unto one on the ground.

Songs from an island  
 Just waking from sleeping  
 In history's morning ;  
 Songs from a land  
 Where night shadows creep  
 When your day is dawning.

. . . . .

O songs, go your way,  
 Over seas, over lands,  
 Though friendless sometimes,  
 Fear not, comes a day  
 When the world will clasp hands  
 With my wandering rhymes.



“GOOD-NIGHT—GOOD-REST.”

GOOD-NIGHT ! Good-rest !  
 My pretty, pretty flower,  
 Too late's confest  
 You held the power

For bliss or woe in hands to dust fast turning ;  
 Heedless you lie indifferent to the burning,  
 Of this crushed heart you're silently inurning,  
 This bitter hour.

Good-night ! Good-rest !  
 Dream happy dreams  
 In visions blest,  
 Lit by celestial beams.

But from the trackless way which you now go  
 Look back to those, whom once you cared to know,  
 And watch how fare those grieving friends below,  
 Your soul esteems.

Dear wandering soul,  
 Impatient of delay,  
 You gently stole  
 From out warm life away,  
 The unknown held for you, my own, more charms  
 Than the warm shelter of these human arms,  
 While I, who cannot shield you now from harms,  
 Break down—this way.

Pale flower, are you aware,  
 While here you lie,  
 That I could dare  
 This hour to die ?  
 And in your wandering follow you,  
 Your future home of bliss to view,  
 Though Lucifer himself soon drew  
 Me from on high.

To win such perfect sleep,  
 Why, one must die—  
 Mortality sings deep  
 Her lullaby.

Though this crushed flower must now be downward thrust,  
Away from dews and sun in earth to rust,  
Spirit, whose home was once this precious dust,  
Pass me not by.

---

“ADIEU.”

O SHEPHERDS! take my crook from me,  
For I no longer here can stay!  
There comes a whisper from the sea,  
Calling my soul from you away;  
Friends of my heart! long tried and true,  
O let me leave my crook with you.  
An idle shepherd have I lain,  
Dreaming while sheep-dogs bark in vain,  
Or chasing rhymes to wreath the strain  
Which from sweet musing grew.

Above the stars I drift in thought,  
Melodious murmurings in my ears,  
As though the upborne spirit caught  
Soft echoes from the higher spheres.  
But see! Far up the azure height,  
Bright Sirius hails me with his light!  
My soul, impatient of delay,  
Rides on the wings of thought away,  
My heart alone with you can stay—  
My Shepherds dear—good-night!

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## CHARLES ALLAN SHERARD.

[A solicitor at Charlton, Victoria. Has not yet published a volume, but has contributed some of the very best poems which have appeared in Australian periodicals.]

*ANGÉLIQUE.*

O'ER a broad low brow of a type Ionian,  
 Rippled tresses, dark as the Doré-drawn  
 Weird waves of the night on Poe's Shore Plutonian ;  
 But a light, like the first faint flash of dawn,  
 From the far sea-depths of her eyes arisen,  
 Set the sunbeams free from their azure prison,  
 To dance in the dimples her laughter drilled ;  
 As though time were harmless her cheeks to wizen,  
 And the warmth of her youth could ne'er be chilled.

With her lifted lashes of dusk, unveiling  
 The blue and the beauty that shone below ;  
 With her lips in their deep rich crimson paling,  
 Her clear skin flushed with a faint pink glow ;  
 And her face unfurrowed by pride or passion,  
 And figure unfettered by fear of fashion,  
 She made such a picture, in life portrayed,  
 As the sun of the south most loves to flash on—  
 A lovely and lovable Austral maid.

By the bending boughs, where the ripe fruit glistened  
 In royal purple on a leafy throne,  
 Where the song-birds lingered awhile and listened  
 To her sweet voice echoing back their own,  
 From the heat of the day she found a haven,  
 Where the branches shade on the grass was graven,  
 And the fallen mulberry monarchs lay,

Blood-staining the green of the turf close-shaven,  
As many have done of the kings of clay.

And the snatches of song she trilled and carolled  
Cleft their tuneful way through the drowsy air,  
To the stuffy room where her brothers quarrelled,  
Like rival dealers at a cattle fair ;  
And the bird-like notes even stilled their clamour,  
While the tutor dozed o'er the open grammar,  
And filled them with hatred of most things Greek—  
Dreaming may be, of the grace and the glamour  
Of the form and the face of Angélique.

. . . . .  
Where the hounds threw off, as the last cigar, lit  
By the cheery master, was tossed away—  
The dark habit glanced through the ranks of scarlet,  
And well to the front, on her gallant grey,  
Rode the stranger maid of the beauty peerless,  
With a seat as sure and a heart as fearless  
As aught in the mould of a sportsman cast,  
To the merry music of Scamp and Cheerless,  
And the pack that followed the leaders fast.

And her blue eyes danced with the fun and pleasure,  
And her cheeks grew warm in the tingling breeze :  
While her brothers trembled, to see the treasure  
To their care confided play pranks like these ;  
But as neither the knock-kneed gelding bony  
Nor his fat companion—the Shetland pony,  
Could gallop or jump ; from her escorts' sight  
She passed o'er a rise somewhat steep and stony,  
Not more than a chain to the master's right.

Though the run was long and the falls were many,  
And a few rode round to a friendly gate,

And steeds that had cost them a pretty penny,  
 Failed sadly to carry their rider straight ;  
 Yet the good old grey showed no sign of failing,  
 When the scarlet coats in the rear were tailing,  
 And leap after leap in his stride was ta'en,  
 Till the finish came by the deer-park paling—  
 And the girl was there and the fox was slain.

With the "brush" that the master gave, she bought her  
 Father's forgiveness—'twas easily done—  
 "On a son of 'Panic' how could your daughter  
 Do anything else?"—and his grace was won ;  
 And his frown fled fast, and his kiss came faster ;  
 And he as a sportswoman thenceforth classed her.  
 And thrice at the hunt-club dinner that week,  
 This toast in silence was drunk by the master—  
 "To the bonny blue eyes of Angélique."

. . . . .  
 In the lofty hall was the lamplight streaming  
 O'er the walls, bedizened with flags and flowers,  
 And the spray of the gold and jewels gleaming  
 On the dance-sea, surging for hours and hours ;  
 And, midst waltz-waves, rolling in rhythmic motion,  
 She swept with the grace of the bird of ocean ;  
 And many an eye in the ball-room chose  
 To follow naught else with the same devotion,  
 As the dark head crowned with the one red rose.

But her father's eyes spake of sorrow deathless,  
 In spite of the glow of a father's pride,  
 As she stayed by his chair one minute breathless,  
 To rest from the rush of the headlong tide ;

For memories rose that he could not smother ;  
 And the joy in her eyes recalled another  
     From the ghostly days of his dancing age,  
 And the girl for a moment seemed her mother,  
     And his life-book baek-turned many a page.

And a tutor, scorning his varied learning,  
     Vowed the fruits of knowledge were far from sweet,  
 As he sat in his lonely corner yearning  
     For a dancer's ear and a dancer's feet,  
 As more precious gifts than Minerva showered  
 On the favoured ones with her wisdom dowered,  
     And a master of foxhounds played at "loo"  
 With a glance at the ballroom somewhat soured,  
     As the whirling forms past the doorway flew.

And ever she danced, while the crowd diminished,  
     And the cabs and carriages rolled away ;  
 Her spirit ne'er flagged till the fun was finished  
     And the band from weariness ceased to play.  
 And the men who met in the club-room later  
 To the sore distress of the sleepy waiter,  
     Seemed with single voice from one heart to speak,  
 When they vowed through the smoke-rings growing  
     greater  
     The belle of the season was Angélique.

. . . . .  
 While the surgeons worked midst the soldiers stricken  
     With the deadly shot or the cruel steel ;  
 And hearts of the stoutest were fain to sicken,  
     And the heads of the coolest were wont to reel  
 At the sounds they heard, and the sights that lit on  
 Their eyes, in the halls where the strong lay smitten.  
     With an angel-pity a woman came

Unto Austral's sons and the sons of Britain,  
 Who had fought together and fared the same.

And many a pang for the time was banished  
 'Neath the tender touch of her soothing hand :  
 And the dying prayed, ere their spirits vanished  
 To a rest where no warring armies stand,  
 With a fervour greater than priest or preacher,  
 That never an ill upon earth might reach her,  
 Nor storms ever break o'er the cherished head  
 Of the kindest nurse and the gentlest teacher  
 That ever yet sat by a sick man's bed.

And many a man who was weak grew stronger  
 In the light that shone from her watchful eyes ;  
 And longed for release from his pain no longer,  
 But looked upon life as a thing to prize  
 For the sake of her who with death had striven,  
 Till the grim foe far from his prey was driven,  
 And 'midst Austral's wounded chivalry lay  
 A master of hounds, to whom she had given  
 A promise—redeemed at a later day.

And a soldier brave who had shed a lustre  
 O'er the Southern Cross, to a comrade said :  
 " Though the Gaul may sneer, or the Russian bluster,  
 The breed of the Briton is not yet dead ;  
 For on either side of the ocean water,  
 She has sons in plenty like those we have brought  
 her ;  
 And should they for mothers of heroes seek,  
 Austral and Briton boast many a daughter  
 As true to her colours as Angélique."

## HER KNIGHT.

FROM the cottage girt with the garden gay,  
And garbed with the ivy-green,  
As the dawn beguiled the sober grey  
Of the early morn with its shining ray,  
Through the purple vineyard she made her way—  
A sorrowful way, I ween !

For her brow was clouded, her soft cheeks white,  
And her dark eyes seemed to blaze,  
Through the tremulous tears, like islets of light  
On silvery lakes—and no smile sun-bright  
Round her lips rippled, the birds to incite  
To warble their sweetest lays.

She heeded them not ; though she loved to hear  
Their chirruping, yestermorn :  
For the hour of parting was drawing near,  
From one she had loved for many a year ;  
And the sad heart hearkened, with thankless ear,  
To the songs of the glad heart born.

And the shapely figure enriched with grace  
That never a grief could steal,  
Through the gateway strolled to the trysting-place,  
Where kisses were rained on her girlish face,  
Till the fallen tears left ne'er a trace  
Where his lips had set their seal.

“ From houses and lands I am doomed to part ;  
But both may be won again ;  
For fortune and fame, in the world's wide mart,  
May be bought by work ; and if brave thou art,  
Who vows thou shalt never be mine, dear heart,  
Will find that his vows are vain.

My fathers were knights in the olden time,  
 And fought for their ladies fair ;  
 And though birth be holden almost a crime  
 By the worldlings here, when the church-bells chime  
 And the only God is Mammon sublime—  
 His prophet, the millionaire—

Yet the blood of my race runs faster when  
 Defeat hath such bitter cost.  
 I must hie me out to the haunts of men  
 To struggle, though not as my sires did then  
 With the trusty sword, but with brain and pen,  
 Ere ever thy love be lost.”

So quoth he, folding her unto his breast  
 To read in her soulful eyes,  
 That the maiden's doubtings were stilled to rest,  
 And the brave little heart feared not the test  
 Of the courage of him she loved best  
 Of all men under the skies.

She kissed him thrice on his sunburnt brow,  
 And thrice on his lips firm-set ;  
 And whispered, “ I'll never forswear my vow ;  
 To my uncle's will I shall never bow ;  
 For a brave true Knight is my master now :  
 Fear naught, I shall never forget.”

“ Good-bye,” she faltered—and turning aside,  
 Drew forth, from her heaving breast,  
 The tress she had severed last night to hide  
 For the man who might now have claimed his bride  
 Save for friendship closely to fraud allied  
 By her uncle past-professed.

“God speed thee, my darling!”—what words can tell  
When soul unto soul cleaves fast,  
The anguish of heart bidding heart farewell,  
And of lips for the last time linked?—Short spell  
Of a glimpse of heaven, and taste of hell,  
Too sweet, to bitter to last!

Like a fairy-queen, with the flowers around,  
In her cool white morning gown,  
Enthroned on the garden-seat that crowned  
The grassiest knoll in the pleasure-ground,  
She eagerly listened to hear the sound  
Of galloping from the town.

By the rose-bed yellow, and white, and red,  
The prize of her tender care,  
With a gold-straw hat on her golden head,  
And bunches of blossoms her lap o'erspread,  
She smiled to herself at the awful dread  
She felt in the days that were.

For the lonely years were ended at last.  
At the altar of success  
Her uncle had worshipped: his vows were cast  
To the winds: and his breath had ceased to blast  
The heart-planted love of the dim dead past,  
That flourished nevertheless.

And her Knight had been brave as knights of yore,  
And carved his fortune and fame  
From the world-strife, holden in scorn before,  
For the sake of the hand for which he swore  
To win back his houses and lands once more,  
The light of his life to claim.

The birds more sweetly than ever that morn,  
 Sang lightsome lyrics of love !  
 And the rarest scents through the air were borne  
 From garden, and vineyard, and fields of corn,  
 Where the gold sheaves glittered to greet the dawn  
 That blushed in the blue above.

And the roses rustled, and green leaves swayed  
 To the soft wind's whispered word—  
 As it seemed to her—how happy a maid  
 Was blest with a love that never would fade  
 In life or death, in sunshine or shade—  
 But, what were those sounds she heard ?

Echoes of galloping hoofs on the ground—  
 Her dusky eyes gleamed with light :  
 And the tell-tale blood through the fair skin flowed :  
 And he leapt from his horse, and onward strode,  
 Till the old caresses anew bestowed  
 Made welcome her loyal Knight.

---

*FINIS CORONAT OPUS.*

WHEN a man, whether master or menial,  
 Of his talents hath given the best  
 To the task, to the taste uncongenial,  
 Can the worth of his work be assessed  
 Ere he reaches his ultimate rest ?

Of all animals most to be pitied  
 Are the biped possessors of souls  
 To their trades or professions misfitted,  
 Fate-turned from their natural goals,  
 Square pegs thrust in circular holes.

Oft the parsons who preach from the pulpit,  
And the lawyers who wrangle in court,  
And the mimes who make merry the full pit,  
Their gowns or their motley have bought  
With hearts by old yearning distraught.

Though the clapping and cheering be frantic,  
Yet the heart of the actor may ache,  
(While the gods are applauding each antic)  
At the law-fount his life-thirst to slake,  
And the stage for the forum forsake.

So the preacher who praises the glory  
Of peace may be martially souled,  
And have dreamt of the battle-field gory,  
And have yearned for the battle-cry bold,  
Where the gun-smoke the squadrons enfold.

And the lawyer, while he's conning over  
The straws to be split for his fees,  
Maybe longs for the life of a rover,  
Far away from such studies as these,  
On the breast of the storm-ridden seas.

But the end crowns the work of poor preachers,  
And of lawyers and players in shoals,  
Whether round pegs or square pegs, most creatures  
Find their rest in more close-fitting holes,  
When the death-bell its melody tolls.

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## HER MOTHER'S GLASS.

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime."

—SHAKESPEARE: *Sonnet*.

SHE'S in her grave, and I am grey ;  
And yet it seems but yesterday  
That Adela and I  
Through flower-crowned meads together passed,  
To where the willow-tears were cast,  
From drooping boughs of golden green,  
On waters silver-grey between  
The river banks of crumbling clay—  
Since then 'tis twenty years, they say ;  
How time has galloped by !

I mind me how she told the tale,  
Whose telling made my cheeks grow pale  
Despite my stubborn pride,  
How one afar had right to claim  
What I had yearned for more than fame,  
Than power or wisdom, gold or land,  
Her little fragile blue-veiled hand.  
'Twas not for me to rant and rail ;  
I vowed my friendship ne'er should fail,  
Whatever may betide.

Mine was the fault, if fault there be,  
In loving one not fancy free ;  
For she was no coquette—  
She never knew, unless she guessed,  
The secret that I ne'er confessed ;  
And I *had* known, though she knew not,  
I knew before she told me, what

She spake of 'neath the willow tree—  
 May be, from kindly thought for me—  
 I like to think so yet.

A score of years has taken flight  
 Since then, and I shall greet to-night  
 The child she never clasped—  
 The Adela who never knew  
 The loving soul that upward flew,  
 When life was yielded up for life,  
 And husband mourned for loss of wife;  
 And she, his first-born, saw the light,  
 A robber in her father's sight  
 Of treasures unsurpassed.

They say she's like her mother, too,  
 With deep-brown eyes—but not so true  
 And tender, I apprise ;  
 And gold-brown hair—with less of gold  
 And more of brown I have foretold ;  
 Like, yet unlike, more self-possessed ;  
 More worldly-wise, more richly dressed,  
 My fancy pictures her ; while you,  
 Who've seen her, smile—well, I shall view  
 The girl with kindly eyes.

“With less of gold and more of brown,”  
 One surmise, shattered, stumbles down ;  
 She has her mother's hair  
 Knotted and wreathed the self-same way,  
 As golden-tinged as mine is grey ;  
 Her mother's smile shines on her lips  
 Like sun escaping from eclipse,

Her pale, pure loveliness to crown.  
 "More richly drest," forsooth—her gown  
 Is plain as she is fair.

"More worldly wise, more self-possessed,"  
 Fade, foolish fancies, with the rest !  
 Despite her father's pelf,  
 As artless in her maiden youth,  
 As fearless, frank, and filled with truth,  
 And hatred for the mean and false,  
 As rich in virtues, poor in faults,  
 As was her mother, I attest,  
 Is Adela, my honoured guest—  
 She seems her mother's self.

Fool ! to have deemed her otherwise—  
 Methinks she is as worthy prize  
 As knights did e'er believe  
 Worth fighting for, when men *did* fight,  
 When mettle and not wealth was right,  
 And knightly spurs and knightly lance  
 Were not the guerdon of finance.  
 Can the dead unto life arise ?  
 Her mother's soul seemed, through her eyes,  
 To welcome mine this eve.

"Less tender eyes," I said this morn ;  
 It must be, when the child was born,  
 The mother-soul was caught,  
 Once more upon the earth to dwell,  
 Cased in a perfect outward shell ;  
 For Adela the child yet seems  
 The Adela of all my dreams,  
 As though the love for whom I mourn,  
 And twenty years be naught.

. . . . .

"Yes! yes! yes!" is the bell's refrain,  
 From days beyond long years of pain,  
     My youth returns to-day;  
 And, though a score of lovers rave,  
 Adela gives me all I crave,  
 Adela's self my home to bless,  
 Freely given with whispered "yes"—  
 All the love the mother had slain,  
 Is, by the child, revived again,  
     What will her father say?

---

PERCY F. SINNETT.

[This promising young Australian was born at Norwood, South Australia, lived chiefly near Melbourne, and died at North Adelaide, South Australia, at the early age of twenty-two years nine months. A cold settled on his lungs and the cough brought on hemorrhage, which proved fatal. The following poem is interesting, as having been written when the author was only eighteen, on the loss of the ill-fated *Tararua*, and as coming from a pen that is now still. He was a well-known writer of political poems.]

*THE SONG OF THE WILD STORM-WAVES.*

OII, ye wild waves, shoreward dashing,  
     What is your tale to-day?  
 O'er the rocks your white foam splashing,  
     While the moaning wind your spray  
     Whirls heavenwards away  
         In the mist?

Have ye heard the timbers crashing  
 Of the good ship out at sea ?  
 Seen the masts the dank ropes lashing,  
 While the sailors bend the knee  
 And vainly call on Heaven  
 To assist ?

Oh, ay ! we've seen and heard—  
 Oh, ay ! we've heard and seen  
 More than ever you could gather—  
 More than ever you could glean  
 From our tale.

We have seen, and heard, and laughed,  
 As we tossed the shattered craft,  
 While those on board, aghast,  
 Every moment thought their last,  
 In the gale.

We tossed them like a plaything,  
 And rent their riven sail ;  
 And we laughed our loud Ha ! ha !  
 With the demons of the gale  
 In their ears.

We have laughed, and heard, and seen,  
 In the lightning's lurid sheen,  
 And the growling thunder's blast ;  
 And we drowned them all at last  
 For their fears.

There were mothers there on board  
 With their little ones in arms ;  
 There were maidens there on board  
 More lovely in their charms  
 Than the day ;

And again we heard, and laughed  
As we dashed across the craft ;  
    While our master shrieked and roared,  
    As we swept them overboard,  
        And away.

And they battled all in vain,  
    With their puny human strength.  
In our grasp they were as nothing ;  
    Down, down, they sank at length  
        In the sea ;  
And still again we screamed,  
As the lurid flashes gleamed,  
    And o'er their heads we swept,  
    And for joy we danced and leapt  
        In our glee.

This, this, now is the tale  
    We have to tell to-day,  
And now to you we've sung it  
    In our merry, mocking way.  
        Do you hear ?  
How our havoc we have wrought,  
And to destruction brought  
    The treasures of the Earth,  
    Held by man in price, and worth,  
        Very dear ?

Oh ! ye cruel waves up-dashing,  
    Why rejoice you so to-day ?  
As shoreward ye come crashing  
    From your cruel, cruel play ;  
    Why fling ye up your spray  
        On the shore ?

The sand your salt spume splashing,  
 As ye frolic in your glee ;  
 As the iron rocks ye're lashing  
 Ye scourges of the sea,  
 Will ye never then be gluttoned  
 Any more ?

---

DOUGLAS BROOKE WHEELTON SLADEN,  
 B.A., LL.B.

[The editor of this book, and therefore can give nothing about himself beyond a summary. Educated at Cheltenham College, Trinity College, Oxford, and Melbourne University ; took open classical scholarships at Cheltenham and Trinity, and graduated B.A. at Oxford, with a first class in Modern History. Emigrated to Melbourne, where he graduated B.A. and LL.B. at the University, and in 1882 was appointed to the newly-founded chair of history in the University of Sydney, which he resigned in 1884, to pursue his historical studies at "Home." Has published the following volumes: *Frithjof and Ingebjorg* (Kegan Paul, 1881); *Australian Lyrics*, first edition (Geo. Robertson, Melbourne, 1882); *A Poetry of Exiles*, first edition (C. E. Fuller, Sydney, 1883); *A Summer Christmas* (Griffith, Farran & Co., 1884); *In Cornwall and Across the Sea* (Griffith, Farran & Co., 1885); *Australian Lyrics*, second edition (Griffith, Farran & Co., 1885); *A Poetry of Exiles*, second edition (Griffith, Farran & Co., 1886); *Edward the Black Prince*, first edition (Florence, 1886); second edition (Griffith, Farran & Co., 1887); and has in preparation the second volume of *A Poetry of Exiles*. He has published two novels under assumed names, *Dick Stalwart, an Oxonian*, by O. C. (in the *Queenslander*), and *Seized by a Shadow*, by Rose Mullion (Griffith, Farran & Co., 1885). He has also edited for Walter Scott's "Canterbury Poets Series," a volume of selections from Australian poetry entitled *Australian Ballads and Rhymes*, and for his "Windsor Series" *A Century of Australian Song*: and is at present editing

the Australian part of a Slang Dictionary for an eminent firm of London publishers. He has been a constant contributor to English and Australian periodicals.

WATERLOO.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18TH, 1815.

“WHAT struck?”

“Half-past ten o'clock.”

As over his saddlebow he bent,  
He thought of a village church in Kent,  
And said, “She'll be kneeling soon to pray—  
Perhaps for me—on this Sabbath-day.”

Ping! ping!

Hark the bullets wing!

Their cuirassiers sweep across the plain.

“Charge them, our Life Guards!”—They turn again;

While English beauty is on its knees

For English valour across the seas.

There goes

The vanguard of the foes!

They've taken the wood by Hougoumont!

“Coldstreams and Fusiliers to the front!”

Taken again, lads! that's not amiss,

Your sweethearts at home will boast of this.

Pell-mell,

Bullet, shot, and shell

Rain on our infantry thick and fast,

Many a stout heart will beat its last;

Blue eyes will moisten many a day

For good lives lightly given away.

Crash, clash,  
Like a torrent's dash,  
Lancer and cuirassier leap on the square,  
Scarcely a third of the bayonets there.  
Ye, who would look on old England again,  
Now must ye prove yourselves Englishmen.

Stamp, stamp,  
With its even tramp,  
Rolls uphill the invincible Guard :  
Falters it at the fiftieth yard ?  
Weak, worn, and oft assaulted the foe,  
Yet never its heart misgave it so.

On, on,  
And the fight is won !  
Shot-stricken linesman and thrice-charged Guard  
Glares at them lion-like, hungry and hard ;  
His waiting is done—his hour has come ;  
Pent-up fierceness drives bayonets home.

On, on,  
Life Guard and Dragoon !  
An English charge and a red right hand  
Will bring fair years to your fair old land.  
With riven corslet, and shivered lance,  
Is reft and shivered the pride of France.

Still, still,  
In the moonlight chill,  
A dying Dragoon looks up to a friend :  
"Tell her I did my part to the end—  
Tell her I died as an Englishman should—  
And give her—her handkerchief—it is my blood."

There went,  
From a church in Kent,  
An eager and anxious prayer to God  
For lovers, brothers, and sons abroad :  
The fairest and noblest prayed for one—  
Neither lover, nor brother, nor son.

A calm  
After hymn and psalm :—  
The preacher in silent thought is bowed,  
Ere he gives out the bidding prayer aloud.  
Mark ! what can that long, dull booming be,  
Swept by the east wind across the sea ?

Boom, boom,  
Like the voice of doom !  
The preacher has fought, and knows full well  
The message that booming has to tell,  
And gives out his text, "Let God arise,  
And He shall scatter our enemies."

One night  
In two memories bright ;  
One golden hour unwatched at a ball,  
A kerchief taken or given was all.  
"Off to the war to-morrow—good-bye—  
I'll carry it with me until I die !"

"He is dead !  
You have come," she said,  
"To bring me tidings of him I loved ?  
Your face has told me your tale—he proved  
Worthy the name that I did not know,  
The man that I thought him a year ago."

“He died  
 With stern English pride ;  
 But lived to fight the great battle through ;  
 His last words were of England and you ;  
 He died as an English gentleman should,  
 And sent you — your handkerchief — rich with his  
 blood.”

“Ah me !  
 Life is sad,” moaned she,  
 “When all the sun in its sky hath flown ;”  
 And “one loving bosom is very lone ;”  
 And, “Oh ! if I might but lie by you,  
 In your soldier grave at Waterloo.”

—*From the Australasian.*

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### THE MAN WITH A HISTORY.

In one of our ominous Arab wars,  
 We read of a regiment lured astray,  
 Surrounded, its men shot down in scores,  
 In the path of a whirlwind of foes all day,  
 And faint with the heat of the Red Sea's shores.

The sword that shone in each captain's hand,  
 And the sergeants' uniforms caught the eye  
 Of the lynx foe crouched in the desert sand,  
 And singled the officers out to die,  
 As though they were stamped with a curse's brand.

The last to fall was in school-boy youth,  
 And yet the soldiery broke and fled

When he fell, as though he had been in sooth  
A hero and veteran, who had bled  
Long ere the Russians crossed the Pruth.

They broke and fled, and from every side,  
Like vultures from far at the scent of gore,  
Fresh Bedouins hitherto unespied,  
Wheeled down to finish the work of war,  
And gloat o'er their victims before they died.

The soldiers—half boys—had forsaken their ranks,  
And huddled like sheep to escape the foe,  
Who leapt, like lions upon the flanks  
Of a herd of terrified buffalo—  
Caught—careless with thirst—on a river's banks

And all to a man must have perished there,  
When out of the ranks stepped forth a pace;  
One with a look of the devil-may-care  
In his blood shot eyes and his vice-worn face,  
Who flashed the dead officer's sword in the air,  
And thundered his orders to form a square.

The men, when they heard the familiar word,  
And saw the familiar signal flash,  
Fell into their places with one accord,  
Defiant alike of the dervish dash,  
And the hail of lead from the ridges poured.

Till a spy made his way from the foe, and led  
Swift to the rescue their host, in force,  
And the savages reeled away in dread,  
Before the charge of avenging horse,  
Leaving the man who had foiled them dead,

[Pierced through the heart, when the fight was fought,  
 By a ball, which an Arab in headlong flight,  
 Fired at a venture, though fate-befraught.]  
 With the sword of the dead boy still in his right,  
 And the colours fast in his left hand caught.

The Brigadier leapt from his horse in haste,  
 When he heard the story the saved men told,  
 And, while his Hussars the foemen chased,  
 Stooped down to loosen a chain of gold,  
 A slender chain round the swart neck laced.

Unbuttoned the dead man's stock and shirt,  
 And drew, from its hiding against his breast,  
 A wallet of leather engrained with dirt,  
 Close to his heart for safe keeping pressed,  
 And wet with the blood of his heart's death hurt.

Then, with dew in his eyes which the men could see,  
 Discovered—only the miniature  
 Of a beautiful maiden of high degree,  
 Womanly-passioned and angel-pure,  
 And a letter written, while tears fell free.

On paper gilt with the lordly crest,  
 Borne by her sires in the battles of aye,  
 In an envelope, worn with the pocket, addressed,  
 "Captain, the Hon'able Charles Le Grey,  
 No. 1000, Cromwell Road West."

—*From the Town and Country Journal.*

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AN OLD ROMANCE.

A BAR of an old-fashioned waltz !  
A glance at a faded dress !  
What is it that wakes in my heart  
These echoes of tenderness ?

When that was the waltz of the hour,  
That dress in its pride and glow  
Of shimmering azure and pearl  
A seven of summers ago,

Sweet eyes used to gaze in my eyes,  
Light fingers to clasp my own,  
And a soft voice fell on my ears  
In a tremulous undertone.

The face and the fingers I touch ;  
The voice in its music is here ;  
But Romance is a delicate moth  
That lives—just the sweet of a year.

—*From the Adelaide Observer.*

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BROKEN GODS.

JUST another idol  
Fallen from its place,—  
One more hollow found behind  
An old familiar face !  
Comrade mine, I thought to twine  
Our hearts for evermore,  
And lo ! another idol  
Broken on the floor.

Kinsfolk reared from childhood  
 In one mother's ways,  
 School friends more than brothers loved  
 In heart-open days,  
 Lovers dear as kinsfolk ne'er  
 Are themselves no more :  
 What ! must all the idols  
 Shatter on the floor ?

Idols loved from childhood,  
 Idols shrined on high,  
 With an altar of their own  
 In your memory,  
 Ah ! to say, will lie some day  
 Like puppets of an hour,  
 Only in utter fragments  
 To prove their downfall's power.

Lo ! another idol !  
 Set it up on high !  
 Never heed the broken gods,  
 Leave them where they lie !  
 On it shower love's every flower,  
 Make it all—your all,  
 Feed it with your heart's blood  
 And—some day it will fall.

“Loved you not these false gods  
 Broken on the floor ?”  
 “I would fain have worshipped them  
 All for evermore.  
 I loved well—'twas they who fell”  
 “Comrade, let them lie,  
 And when you love another,  
 Shrine it high of high.”

*DRAKE AND RALEGH.*

Two born in Devon, of world-renown,  
One a Carew and a Champernowne,  
The other bred in a humble cottage  
Of Crowndale, hard by Tavistock town.

Both in their manhood the Spaniards' bane,  
Swept o'er and harried the Spanish main :  
One at Cadiz, and one in the Channel  
Shivered the mightiest fleets of Spain.

Hayes Barton and Crowndale ! here are shrined  
Two sons of Devon in story twined.  
Where shall we look, to what age and country,  
Such in one province at once to find ?

Hayes Barton and Crowndale ! narrow lands  
To breed for our England two right hands  
In her hour of closest and direst peril,  
From Philip's Armada and Alva's bands !

One, after sailing the wide world round  
First of all sailors, his long rest found  
Where he had weathered his storms and battles,  
Ere Gloriana was Death-discrowned.

The other laid down a head, grown grey  
In England's service—in council and fray,  
When all his glorious generation,  
The Knights of Queen Bess, had passed away.

Under the Court's malignant power  
His "Tree" died off like a frozen flower ;  
But lives—like the yews of Buckland Abbey—  
In Devon the "Tree" of Drake this hour.

The block—though hero by land and sea,  
 Though poet, statesman, and sage was he,  
 Father of Englands beyond the ocean,  
 Great father of Empires yet to be !

Aye—and well for Raleigh that he was slain,  
 And well that his House so soon should wane.  
 If it made him immortal to England sooner,  
 Were his head and his seed cut off in vain ?

Aye, James, thou couldst lop her noblest head,  
 To cringe to the Spain that feared the dead ;  
 But axe could not slay the truth undying—  
 'Twas in all mens' hearts—why Raleigh bled.

Had Raleigh not lost his head, thy son,  
 Methinks, might never have lost his own.  
 The head of a hero sold to foemen  
 Sheathed many a sword round the Stuart's throne.

When Raleigh—and Strafford after—fell  
 [Who could have shielded a cause so well ?—  
 He only borrows who buys off danger.]  
 The death-bells sounded King Charles's knell.

Not one of her greatest in Devon sleeps ;  
 Drake rests afar in the South Sea deeps ;  
 Dick Grenville lies where the Spaniards laid him ;  
 And the headless corse St. Margaret keeps.

Nor need they. So much of her life they fill  
 That they seem to be walking about her still,  
 Sir Richard, Sir Francis, Sir Walter, Sir Humphrey,  
 Sir John, and Sir Martin, and aye they will,  
 While England is England, and Devon Devon,  
 And Earth under Heaven.

—From the *Sydney Echo*.



'Tis the King who quarrels, the poor who bleed,  
 Who are slain by the sword and stamped by the steed :  
 But that Kings of the poor and their wrongs should  
 heed—

Gobin Agace !

King and baron and belted earl  
 Care they for slaughtered or captive churl ?  
 War is a game which the seigneurs play,  
 With honours and gold if they win the day,  
 And if they yield, with their lieges to pay,

Gobin Agace.

II.

Thou art a captive and all thy kin,

Gobin Agace !

And how shall a poor man his freedom win,

Gobin Agace ?

The haughtiest monarch of Christentie,

Gobin Agace,

Shall he hear of a beggarly slave like thee,

And save thee out of thy jeopardie,

Gobin Agace ?

King Edward of England, what sayeth he ?

Whosoever bewrayeth a ford to me—

Gobin Agace—

Freedom to all in his companie.

And what is King Philip of France to thee

When thou art in bondage beyond the sea,

Gobin Agace ?

The best of monarchs is he, I ween,

Who least by the like of thee is seen.

Where the King's foot treadeth no grass is green.

Gobin Agace, here is gold for thee,

And freedom for all in thy companie,

Gobin Agace !

III.

Oh, thou hast sold the fortunes of France,  
Gobin Agace !  
And eleven princes of high puissance,  
Gobin Agace,  
And fourscore barons had shrift full short,  
Gobin Agace,  
With knights twelve hundred of good report,  
And thousands thirty of baser sort,  
Gobin Agace !  
For thy caitiff freedom and hundred crowns  
There are fallen princes and burning towns,  
Gobin Agace.  
For thirty Pieces Lord Christ was sold,  
And thou for thy Pieces of Judas-gold  
The Lilies of France in the mire hast rolled,  
Gobin Agace.  
“Oh, the Ford of White Stones may be blood-stained  
red,  
And Creçy made welter with princely dead ;  
They would none of them deign one thought for me  
Were I thralled in their quarrel beyond the sea.  
I care not for England or France,” sang he,  
“So that I have my gold, and my limbs be free”—  
Gobin Agace.

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Did some black Dido, flying from her lovers,  
Found a new kingdom, happy in thy covers,  
Until a Maori Æneas came  
And lit the cursed flame ?

Or a dark Robin Hood devote his leisure  
To stealing skulls, and take a savage pleasure  
In making, what blacks have by way of, priests,  
Uneasy at their feasts ?

Or saw you earlier and gentler races,  
Of nobler instincts and with fairer faces,  
Die out before the circling boomerang  
And the black serpent's fang ?

You look like a great chip of the creation,  
A relic of the former Dispensation,  
When men were forced to spend nine hundred years  
Here in this vale of tears.

Yet to us, creatures of a day, it's soothing  
To know that, as trees go, your years are nothing :  
There's little in Australia but rocks  
Of old age orthodox.

Lie there in fallen majesty, I love you !  
May you lie there till the last trump shall move you,  
Magnificent as Cheops in his crypt,  
You dead king Eucalypt !  
*-From the Victorian Review.*

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## THE SQUIRE'S BROTHER.

## I.

“You, sitting in your ancient hall, before a beech-log  
 fire,  
 Think that the elder should have all—of course you do—  
 you're squire ;  
 I, sitting on a three-rail fence, beneath a Queensland sun,  
 Think that the law shows little sense to give the  
 younger none.

Nell wouldn't know me, I suppose, were she to see me  
 now,  
 A Bushman to the very toes and bearded to the brow ;  
 I didn't wear a flannel shirt when I was courting her,  
 Or moleskin pants engrained with dirt and shiny as a  
 spur.

I daresay that she pictures me in patent leather boots,  
 A tall white hat (an L. and B.), and one of Milton's  
 suits—  
 That was the Charlie whom she knew before the old man  
 died ;  
 I wonder if she'd take this view if she were by my side.

How beautiful she was that night!—she seldom looked  
 so fair ;  
 And how the soft wax-candle light showed up her auburn  
 hair !  
 She was a bit inclined to tease, to stand on P's and Q's,  
 To “Keep your distance, if you please,” until I told my  
 news.

Then she rose up and took my hand and looked me in  
the face,  
And when in turn her face I scanned, I saw a tell-tale  
trace  
Of dewdrops from the brave blue eyes along the dimpled  
cheek,  
The while she told in simple sighs the tale she would not  
speak.

She never let me kiss before, but now she gave her  
mouth  
So frankly, that I almost swore I would forswear the  
South—  
The sunny South of prospect vast—and hug the barren  
North,  
Had not she held me to it fast, and, weeping, sent me  
forth.

So here I am—a pioneer, and work with my own hands  
Harder than any labourer upon my brother's lands,  
Far from the haunts of gentlemen in this outlandish  
place ;  
I wonder if I e'er again shall see a woman's face.

I couldn't stand it, but for this, that, when I first came  
out,  
I used to see the carriages in which men drove about,  
Who'd tended sheep themselves of old 'mid Highland  
moors and rocks,  
And now were lords of wealth untold, and half a hundred  
flocks.

I laid this unction to my heart, that, if a Scottish herd  
Could play so manfully his part, I should not be deterred :

And so I slave and stay and save, and squander nought  
 but youth :  
 Nell sometimes writes and calls me brave, and knows but  
 half the truth.

Do you suppose that old Sir Hugh, who won your lands  
 in mail,  
 Showed half the valour that I do in sitting on this rail ?  
 He tilted in his lordly way, and stoutly, I confess ;  
 But I stand sentry all the day against the wilderness.

There isn't much poetical about an old tweed suit,  
 And nothing chivalrous at all about a cowhide boot ;  
 Yet oft beneath a bushman's breast there lurks a knightly  
 soul,  
 And bushman's feet have often pressed towards a gallant  
 goal.

So here I am, and, spite of all, I hope in long years more  
 To stand within my brother's hall, my quest of fortune  
 o'er.  
 And so I slave and stay and save, and squander nought  
 but youth ;  
 And if Nell said that I was brave she only told the  
 truth."

## II.

"And is it true, or do I dream ? is this the dear old hall ?  
 These the old pictures ? Yes ! I seem to recognise them  
 all ;  
 That is my father in his pink upon his favourite hack,  
 I wonder what would Nellie think knew she that I were  
 back !

That is my brother—he is changed, and heavier than he  
was

When years ago the park he ranged with me on 'Phiz'  
and 'Boz ;'

His figure is a trifle full, his whiskers edged with grey ;  
And yet at Oxford he could pull a good oar in his day.

The portrait in that frame is Nell—why, *I* gave Dick  
that frame,

And doesn't the old pet look well ? I swear she's just the  
same

As when I left her years ago to cross the southern foam ;—  
I wonder if they've let her know that I'm expected home.

How well the artist coloured it ; he caught the sunny  
shades

That ever and anon would flit across her auburn braids ;  
But no !—that isn't quite the blue that shone in Nellie's  
eyes ;

Their light was nearer in its hue to our Australian skies.

White suits her best—she wore a white of some soft silky  
weft

Upon that memorable night, the night before I left ;  
Just such a graceful flowing train then rippled as she  
moved ;

I'd like to see her once again, the lady that I loved.

I wonder what I'm staring at ; this is a real dress-coat ;  
A veritable white cravat is tied about my throat ;  
I've had a dress-suit on before, and yet, I'm sure, I feel  
Just like an awkward country boor asked to a Sunday  
meal.

I can't bear sitting here alone, it seems so strange and sad,  
 Now that my father there is gone, and I'm no more a lad.  
 'Twas here he nursed me on his knee in that old high-  
     backed chair ;  
 I'd give ten thousand down to see the old man sitting  
     there.

What was that footstep?—not old John's? his boots have  
     such a creak ;  
 I'd almost swear I knew the tones, and heard a woman  
     speak ;  
 The steps come nearer, and the door—what is it stirs my  
     heart ?  
 Why should a footstep on the floor cause every nerve to  
     start ?

A lady scans with tear-bright eye a letter in her hand,  
 And bends her way unconsciously almost to where I stand:  
 I think I know that writing well: of course—for it's my  
     own,  
 And she who reads it thus is Nell.—Together and alone !”

## III.

A lady in her boudoir stands before a faded carte,  
 Wistfully folding her white hands, her sweet lips just  
     apart ;  
 “Yes, he is back,” she said at last, “I thought he'd  
     never come ;  
 Yet now when all these years are past since first he left  
     his home,

It seems as if 'twas yesterday on which I bade him go.  
 He never would have gone away if I had borne his ‘No.’

And yet eleven years have flown :—I did not hear him  
come,  
And went to read his note alone unvexed by gossip's hum.

I wonder if I laughed or cried, my eyes were full of tears,  
To find my lover by my side and past the lonely years :  
He took my hands, we dared not speak for full a minute's  
space ;  
I could not be the first to break the silence of the place.

Charlie is altered : he was once a *blasé*—little more—  
Who thought it fine to be a dunce, and everything a bore ;  
Who wore the closest-fitting coats of any in 'The Row,'  
And patent-leather buttoned boots—a kind of Bond Street  
beau ;

Yet capable of better things when out of Fashion's swim,  
Or I, who scorn mere tailorlings, should not have borne  
with him :  
But Charlie's heart was of good stuff, and of the proper  
grit ;  
Men always found it true enough when they had tested it.

He is much altered ;—when I saw his dignified dark face,  
I knew that changes had come o'er his life in that wild  
place :  
I read the story in his eyes, I heard it in his voice,  
The glad news that she ought to prize, the lady of his  
choice.

He must be more than dull of soul who in the open West  
Sees leagues on leagues of prairie roll, and is not soul im-  
pressed ;  
Who knows that he may hold for his as far as he can see  
Into the untamed wilderness from top of highest tree ;

Who feels that he is all alone, without a white man near  
 To share or to dispute his throne o'er forest, plain, and  
     mere ;  
 With nought but Nature to behold, no confidante but  
     her :  
 He must be of the baser mould or feel his spirit stir.

I'd rather marry him than Dick, though Dick is an 'M.P.'  
 Lord of the manor of High Wick, a 'D.L.' and 'P.C.'  
 'Right Hon.' before your name, I know, is coveted by all,  
 And one needs courage to forego a gabled Tudor hall.

But then I wish Dick would not seem so like a well-fed  
     dog,  
 And on his life's unruffled stream float so much like a log ;  
 The world has been so good to him that he has never  
     known  
 How hard it sometimes is to swim when shipwrecked and  
     alone.

Now Charlie's very different, he's seen the real world,  
 And where no white man ever went his lonely flag un-  
     furled ;  
 He went to slave and stay and save, and squander nought  
     but youth ;  
 And when I said that he was brave I knew but half the  
     truth ;

For there in intermittent strife, with hostile 'natives'  
     waged,  
 He spent the early noon of life in hum-drum toil engaged ;  
 Or galloping the livelong day under a Queensland sun,  
 To head the bullocks gone astray or stolen off the run.

He's handsomer, I think, to-day, although he is so  
brown,  
And though his hair is tinged with grey, and thin upon  
his crown,  
Than in the days when he was known at 'White's' as  
'Cupid' Forte,  
And in good looks could hold his own with any man at  
Court.

Well, he has come and asked again that which he came  
to ask  
The night before he crossed the main upon his uphill  
task :  
I answered as I answered then, but with a lighter  
heart ;—  
Who knew if we should meet again the day we had to  
part ?”

IV.

“'Neath a verandah in Toorak I sit this summer morn,  
While from the garden at the back, upon the breezes  
borne,  
There floats a subtle, faint perfume of oleander bow'rs,  
And broad magnolias in bloom, and opening orange  
flow'rs.

A lady picking flowers I see draw near with footsteps  
light,  
And when she stoops she shows to me a slipper slim and  
bright,  
An ankle stockinged in black silk, and rounded as a  
palm,  
Her dress is of the hue of milk, and making of Madame.

I wonder is that garden hat intended to conceal  
 All but that heavy auburn plait, or merely to reveal  
 Enough to make one long to catch a glimpse of what is  
     there,  
 To see if eye and feature match the glory of the hair?

That is my Nellie—she is here and Mrs. 'Cupid' Forte :  
 We came to Melbourne late last year ; I hate to be the  
     sport  
 Of snow, and sleet, and slush, and rain, and yellow  
     London fogs :  
 An English winter, I maintain, is only fit for frogs.

The night when first again we met—alone, by some good  
     luck—  
 I asked if she repented yet the bargain we had struck ?  
 She answered that she was too old, that what few charms  
     she'd had  
 Had faded in the years that rolled since we were girl and  
     lad.

And all the while she was as fair as ever she had been ;  
 Years had not triumphed to impair the beauties of eighteen ;  
 The same slight figure as of yore, the same elastic gait  
 I prized in her ten years before, were hers at twenty-  
     eight.

And had her girlish loveliness lost aught of its old grace,  
 And had there been one shade the less of *esprit* in her  
     face,  
 I had no calling to upbraid, and tell the bitter truth,  
 For whom she let her beauty fade and sacrificed her  
     youth.

Look at her as she stoops to pull that rosebud off its  
 briar ;  
 Do you not think her beautiful as lover could desire ?  
 Heard you that laughter light and sweet, that little snatch  
 she sung ?  
 Are they the tinkling counterfeit of one no longer  
 young ?

Here 'neath the clear Australian sky I lead the life of  
 kings,  
 'Mid everything that tempts the eye or soothes the  
 sufferings,—  
 Wealth and a woman kind and fair, fine horses and fine  
 trees,  
 Children, choice fruits and flowers rare, and health and  
 hope and ease.

—*From the Victorian Review.*

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A. C. SMITH.

[Was a Presbyterian minister in Victoria, but went up to Queens-  
 land, where he has been a pretty constant contributor to the  
 Press under the initials A. C. S.]

*THE WAIF.*

HE went into the bush, and passed  
 Out of the sight of living men,  
 None knows the nook that held him last,  
 None ever saw his face again.

It may be, in the wildering wood  
 He wandered, weary, spent of breath,  
 Till the all-mastering solitude  
 Sank to the deeper hush of death.

Perchance he crawled where the low bush,  
More verdant, whispered streams were nigh,  
Hopeful, but desperate, made a rush,  
And found, O God! the bed was dry!

He was a waif, and friends had none,  
Who knows but in some distant land  
A mother mourns her errant son,  
A sister longs to clasp his hand?

He was a waif, but with him died  
A world of yearnings deep within—  
Yearnings to loftiest things allied,  
But wrecked by cruel fate, or sin.

None heard the lone one's dying prayer  
Save Infinite Pity bending o'er,  
Who, haply, bore him quietly where  
They hunger and they thirst no more.

O ye vast woods! what fond life-dreams  
Ye close! what broken lives ye hide!  
Darkly absorbed, like hopeful streams,  
That in dry desert lands subside.

Stranger the tales ye could unfold  
Than wild romancist ever penned,  
Remaining buried in the mould  
Till time shall cease, and mystery end!

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## WALTER SMITH.

[Better known to Colonial readers as Old Saltbush.]

*DESPAIR.*

To feel the heart-beat brimming full of love,  
And know another brims as full for you ;  
Yet know that Fate as ruled by powers above,  
Has placed a barrier not to be passed through ;  
A dreary barrier which ever parts  
Two faithful, tender, trusting, loving hearts.

This is the lot which makes sweet life a blank,  
Which renders bright days cheerless, dull ones black ;  
Which sows the weeds of sorrow thick and rank,  
And keeps the tortured bosom on the rack  
Till e'en the careworn brow and haggard eye,  
Tells of the cankerworm, which will not die.

Tells of long midnight hours in musing spent  
O'er which should have been born the brightest flowers !  
Tells of that wearing, settled, discontent  
Which turns from all the mirth of pleasure's bowers,  
And on his own heart feeding, feels that woe  
Is all his gladness, all that we can know.

Should the loved one be snatched away by death,  
The worshipped form of beauty gone to clay ;  
The loveliest blossom plucked from out the wreath  
And lowly laid beneath a tombstone grey ;  
Cold as that tombstone is his aching heart,  
From which that cherished form will scarcely part.

Yet the bereaved one knows Jehovah gave  
 The spirit to the body to recall ;  
 That 'tis the lot of all to fill a grave,  
 And that the best and brightest earliest fall :  
 Sadly he moans above the faded one,  
 Yet murmurs in his grief, " God's will be done ! "

But when two hearts are severed by the blast,  
 By stern misfortune or by envious wrong ;  
 Yet loving still and cherishing the past,  
 Feeling the tie which binds them still as strong  
 As when beneath some well-remembered tree,  
 They pledged their faith for life,—eternity.

'Tis this that makes a pang which will not sleep,  
 A fire which feeds upon the mortal frame,  
 A gloom unbroken which o'er all will creep,  
 And render day and night alike the same—  
 Bleak as the grave, which only brings redress,  
 Sad as a knell, and full of bitterness.

Sad as the feeling which on Peter stole  
 When the cock crew, the herald of his shame ;  
 Dark as the cloud which fell on Brutus' soul  
 When Cæsar to his tent at midnight came ;  
 Or on the heart of Adam when he knew  
 His Abel dead, and whose the hand which slew.

O, weight of woe the heart cannot unfold !  
 O, sorrow that the tongue cannot explain !  
 Thy pain more grievous is because untold,  
 Thy grasp is firmer on the heart and brain  
 Than any sorrow to which man is heir,  
 Though marked by hollow cheeks, and eyes which look  
 despair.

## R. SPENCER-BROWNE.

[Is a Queensland journalist of repute, and a well-known verse writer. He was encouraged to pursue literature by the poet Gordon, who expressed himself as highly pleased with "young Browne's" poetical efforts. He has edited the *Townsville Herald*, the *Cooktown Herald*, and the *Brisbane Daily Observer*. Mr. Browne has strong military leanings, and he received a commission in the Queensland Defence Force (Moreton Mounted Infantry). In order to perfect himself in this work, he visited England and studied at Aldershot. While in England he did some successful journalistic work, and was appointed special correspondent for the *Daily Chronicle* at the Melbourne Exhibition.]

## A SEA-GULL IN SHORE.

("A white sea-gull was seen yesterday by a party of drovers on the Flinders River. How the bird managed to wander so far inland is difficult of explanation, seeing that we have not recently had any bad weather on the coast."—*Queensland Paper*.)

WHAT are the tidings you bring to me,  
 O white-winged messenger of the sea?  
 The desert air by your flight is stirred,  
 Your mystic cry through the night is heard,  
 And where are you drifting, stranger bird?  
     In grief or glee?

Why have you left the ocean fair,  
 That pure sweet life in its soft salt air?  
 To wander here, where the days are drear,  
 Where faith lies dead, and where year by year  
 We see all good things disappear  
     Through strife and care.

Why have you left, O stranger tell,  
 The sound of the sea with its fall and swell?

On land you will hear the stifled cry  
 Of breaking hearts, as you pass them by ;  
 And *Gold* the god you will see raised high,  
     And earth as hell.

O say, fair bird, with breast of snow,  
 Why do you roam where the dry winds blow ?  
 The sea is free, but here on the land  
 The white slaves toil in a hopeless band,  
 And crime and cant go hand in hand,  
     And all is woe.

Then fly, white friend, back, back to sea,  
 For sad is my heart as I look on thee ;  
 Let swift wings bear thee back from shore,  
 Let thy return be no more—no more,  
 But as the water thou roamest o'er,  
     Be thou as free.

Rude be thy waking, man, to-night,  
 Sad be thy greeting to morning light !  
 No bearer to thee of peace am I,  
 Far from the crimes of the sea I fly,  
 Away from the anguish that far and high  
     Breaks on the sight.

“Out on the sea”—say, stranger, here,  
 What do you know of its waters drear ?  
 Where rotten wrecks away on the wave  
 Bear brave men down to a great green grave,  
 And he who would venture a word to save  
     Is mutineer.

What do you know of the dark'ning day  
 When out from the port she sails away ?

A coffin for many a man is she,  
A wasted hulk unfit for sea,  
But "passed" by one whose cursèd fee  
    Has paved the way.

What do you know of the toil and strife,  
The prayer for death—the curse for life ?  
The wail of the widow, the orphan's cry—  
When with well-lined purse the owners sigh  
As they count the gain, from a purchased lie,  
    Ah, "death is rife."

What do you know of the fœtid hold,  
Of nights aloft in the chilling cold,  
The days of danger, and hail, and sleet,  
The master's curse for each man he meet,  
And food unfit for a dog to eat,  
    And dread untold ?

No more—no more, O white-winged one,  
On land and sea, we must wander on,  
The meadow fair and the soft green tree,  
The raging tempest, and placid sea—  
All, all are cursed, and where shall we  
    Find peace alone ?

Ah, fellow wanderer here on earth,  
Or spirit sweet from a fairer birth,  
What are the toil and the strife and woe ?  
What is the ending of all below ?  
Where ends the struggle that all men know ?  
    What is it worth ?

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## JAMES BRUNTON STEPHENS.

[The "Poet of Queensland" was born at Barrowstowness, Linlithgowshire, Scotland, in 1835, emigrating to Queensland, where he has resided ever since, in 1866. He has chiefly been engaged in tuition, having been head-master of a State school near Brisbane. Brunton Stephens is by far the most varied and witty of Australian poets. His chief work, "Convict Once," was published by Messrs. Macmillan; but all other volumes have emanated from the local press. His range of subject is very wide, from the Bappo-like brilliancy of the "Godolphin Arabian," to the metaphysical subtlety of "Mute Discourse." No more entertaining volume of verse can be found than Brunton Stephens' *Miscellaneous Poems*, originally published by Watson, Ferguson, & Co., of Brisbane. Stephens is a thoroughly clever, well-informed man, and his sketchy writings in the *Queenslander* secured a wide circle of admirers. He married some few years ago, and still, despite the literary attractions of Melbourne and Sydney, clings to Queensland, which colony is justly proud of possessing a poet whose fame is already Australasian, if not European.]

## "UNIVERSALLY RESPECTED."

## I.

Biggs was missing : Biggs had vanished ; all the town  
was in a ferment ;

For if ever man was looked to for an edifying end,  
With due mortuary outfit, and a popular interment,  
It was Biggs, the universal guide, philosopher, and  
friend.

But the man had simply vanished : speculation wove no  
tissue

That would hold a drop of water ; each new theory fell  
flat.

It was most unsatisfactory, and hanging on the issue  
Were a thousand wagers ranging from a pony to a hat.

Not a trace could search discover in the township or  
without it,  
And the river had been dragged from morn till night  
with no avail.

His continuity had ceased, and that was all about it,  
And there wasn't ev'n a grease-spot left behind to tell  
the tale.

That so staid a man as Biggs was should be swallowed up  
in mystery  
Lent an increment to wonder—he who trod no doubtful  
paths,  
But stood square to his surroundings, with no cloud upon  
his history,  
As the much respected lessee of the Corporation Baths.

His affairs were all in order ; since the year the alligator  
With a startled river bather made attempt to coalesce,  
The resulting wave of decency had greater grown and  
greater,  
And the Corporation Baths had been a marvellous  
success.

Nor could trouble in the household solve the riddle of his  
clearance,  
For his bride was now in heaven, and the issue of the  
match  
Was a patient drudge whose virtues were as plain as her  
appearance—  
Just the sort whereto no scandal could conceivably  
attach.

So the whither and the why alike mysterious were  
 counted ;  
 And as faith steps in to aid where baffled reason must  
 retire,  
 There were those averred so good a man as Biggs might  
 well have mounted  
 Up to glory like Elijah in a chariot of fire !

For indeed he was a good man ; when he sat beside the  
 portal  
 Of the Bath-house at his pigeon-hole, a saint within a  
 frame,  
 We used to think his face was as the face of an im-  
 mortal,  
 As he handed us our tickets, and took payment for the  
 same.

And, oh, the sweet advice with which he made of such  
 occasion,  
 A duplicate detergent for our morals and our limbs—  
 For he taught us that decorum was the essence of sal-  
 vation,  
 And that cleanliness and godliness were merely  
 synonyms.

But that open-air ablution in the river was a treason  
 To the purer instincts, fit for dogs and aborigines,  
 And that wrath at such misconduct was the providential  
 reason  
 For the jaws of alligators and the tails of stingarees.

But, alas, our friend was gone, our guide, philosopher,  
 and tutor,  
 And we doubled our potations, just to clear the inner  
 view,

But we only saw the darklier through the bottom of the  
pewter,  
And the mystery seemed likewise to be multiplied by  
two.

And the worst was that our failure to unriddle the enigma  
In the "rags" of rival towns was made a byword and  
a scoff,  
Till each soul in the community felt branded with the  
stigma  
Of the unexplained damnation of poor Biggs's taking off.

So a dozen of us rose and swore this thing should be no  
longer,  
Though the means that Nature furnished had been  
tried without result;  
There were forces supersensual that higher were and  
stronger,  
And with consentaneous clamour we pronounced for  
the occult.

Then Joe Thomson slung a tenner, and Jack Robinson a  
tanner,  
And each according to his means respectively dis-  
bursed;  
And a letter in your humble servant's most seductive  
manner,  
Was despatched to Sludge the Medium, recently of  
Darlinghurst.

## II.

"I am Biggs," the spirit said ('twas through the Medium's  
lips he said it;  
But the voice that spoke, the accent too, were Biggs's  
very own,

Be it, therefore, not set down to our unmerited discredit  
That collectively we sickened as we recognised the  
tone).

“From a saurian interior, Christian friends, I now address  
you”—

(And “O heaven!” or its correlative, groaned shud-  
deringly we)—

“Which there yet remains a scrap of my identity, for,  
bless you,  
This ungodly alligator’s fast assimilating me.

“For although through nine abysmal days I’ve fought  
with his digestion,

Being hostile to his processes and loth to pulpify,  
It is rapidly becoming a most complicated question,  
How much of me is crocodile, how much of him is I.

“And oh, my friends, ’tis sorrow’s crown of sorrow to  
remember

That this sacrilegious reptile owed me nought but  
gratitude,  
For I bought him from a showman twenty years since  
come November,  
And I dropped him in the river for his own and others  
good.

“It had grieved me that the spouses of our townsmen,  
and their daughters,

Should be shocked by river bathers and their indecorous  
ways,  
So I cast my bread, that is my alligator, on the waters,  
And I found it, in a credit balance, after many days.

“Years I waited, but at last came the rumour long expected,

And the out-of-door ablutionists forsook their wicked paths,

And the issues of my handiwork divinely were directed  
In a constant flow of custom to the Corporation Baths.

“’Twas a weakling when I bought it; ’twas so young that you could pet it;

But with all its disadvantages I reckoned it would do;  
And it did: oh, lay the moral well to heart, and don’t forget it—

Put decorum first, and all things shall be added unto you.

“Lies! all lies! I’ve done with virtue. Why should I be interested

In the cause of moral progress that I served so long in vain,

When the fifteen hundred odd I’ve so judiciously invested

Will but go to pay the debts of some young rip who marries Jane?

“But the reptile overcomes me; my identity is sinking;  
Let me hasten to the finish; let my words be few and fit.

I was walking by the river in the starry silence, thinking

Of what Providence had done for me, and I had done for it.

“I had reached the saurian’s rumoured haunt, where oft in fatal folly

I had dropped garroted dogs to keep his carnal craving up”—

(Said Joe Thomson in a whisper, "That explains my Highland colley!")

Said Bob Williams, *sotto voce*, "That explains my Dandy pup.")

"I had passed to moral questions, and found comfort in the notion,  
That fools are none the worse for things not being what they seem,  
When, behold! a seeming log became instinct with life and motion,  
And with sudden curvature of tail upset me in the stream.

"Then my leg, as in a vice"—but here the revelation faltered,  
And the Medium rose and shook himself, remarking with a smile,  
That the requisite conditions were irrevocably altered,  
For the personality of Biggs was lost in crocodile.

. . . . .

Now, whether Sludge's story would succeed in holding water,  
Is more, perhaps, than one has any business to expect;  
But I know that on the strength of it I married Biggs's daughter,  
And I found a certain portion of the narrative correct.



## A BRISBANE REVERIE.

As I sit beside my little study window, looking down  
From the heights of contemplation (attic front) upon the  
town—

(Attic front, per week—with board, of course—a sov'reign  
and a crown);—

As I sit—(these sad digressions, though, are much to be  
deplored),—

In my lonely little attic—(it is all I can afford;  
And I should have mentioned, washing *not* included in  
the board);—

As I sit—(these wild parentheses my very soul abhors)—  
High above the ills of life, its petty rumours, paltry wars  
(The attic back is cheaper, but it wants a chest of  
drawers);—

In the purpling light of half-past six before the stars are  
met,

While the stricken sun clings fondly to his royal mantle yet,  
Dying glorious on the hill-tops in reluctant violet,—

Just the time that favours visions, blissful moments that  
unbar

The inner sight (assisted by a very mild cigar),  
To behold the things that are not, side by side with those  
that are,—

Just the very light and very time to suit the bard's com-  
plaint,

When through present, past, and future roams his soul  
without restraint—

When no clearer are the things that are than are the  
things that ain't;—

With a dual apperception, metaphysical, profound,  
 Past and present running parallel, I scan the scene around  
 (Were there two of us the attic front would only be a  
 pound).—

Beneath mine eyes the buried past arises from the tomb,  
 Not cadaverous or ghostly, but in all its living bloom—  
 (I would rather pay the odds than have a partner in my  
 room).

How the complex *now* contrasteth with the elemental  
*then!*  
 Tide of change, outflowing flow of ink, outstripping stride  
 of pen!  
 (Unless it were . . . but no . . . they only take in  
*single* men.)

Where trackless wilderness lay wide, a hundred ages  
 through—  
 I can see a man with papers, from my attic point of view,  
 Who for gath'ring house assessments gets a very decent  
 screw.

Where forest-contiguity assuaged the summer heats,  
 It is now an argued question, when the city Council  
 meets,  
 If we mightn't buy a tree or two to shade the glaring  
 streets.

Where no sound announced the flight of time, not even  
 crow of cock,  
 I can see the gun that stuns the town with monitory  
 shock,  
 And a son of that same weapon hired to shoot at one  
 o'clock.

Where the kangaroo gave hops, the "old man" fleetest  
of the fleet,

Mrs. Pursy gives a "hop" to-night to all the town's *élite*,  
But her "old man" cannot hop because of bunions on his  
feet.

Where the emu, "at its own sweet will," went wandering  
all the day,

And left its bill-prints on whate'er came handy in its  
way,  
There are printed bills that advertise "The Emu of the  
Bay."

Where of old with awful mysteries and diabolic din,  
They "kippered" adolescents in the presence of their kin,  
There's a grocer selling *herrings* kippered, half-a-crown  
per tin.

Where the savage only used his club to supplement his  
fist,

The white man uses his for friendly intercourse and  
whist,  
Not to mention sherry, port, bordeaux, et cetera—see list.

Where dress was at a discount, or at most a modest "fall,"  
Rise "Criterion," "Cosmopolitan," and "City Clothing  
Hall,"

And neither men nor women count for much—the dress  
is all.

Where a bride's trousseau consisted of an extra coat of  
grease,

And Nature gave the pair a suit of glossy black apiece,  
Now the matrimonial outfit is a perfect golden fleece.

Where lorn widows wore the knee-joints of the late  
 lamented dead,  
 We have dashing wives who wear their living husband's  
 joints instead—  
 Yea, their vitals, for embellishment of bosom, neck, and  
 head.

Where the blacks, ignoring livers, lived according to their  
 wills,  
 Nor knew that flesh is heir to quite a lexicon of ills,  
 Five white chemists in one street grow rich through anti-  
 bilious pills.

Where the only bell was the bell-bird's note, now many  
 mingling bells  
 "Make Catholic the trembling air," as famed George  
 Elliot tells  
 Of another town somewhere between more northern  
 parallels.

(But in case the name of Catholic offend protesting ear,  
 Let Wesleyan or Baptist be interpolated here,  
 Or that bells make Presbyterian the trembling atmosphere.)

Where the savage learned no love from earth, nor from  
 the "shining frame,"  
 And merely feared the devil under some outlandish name,  
 There are heaps of Britishers whose creed is—very much  
 the same!

Where the gin was black—(methinks 'tis time the bard  
 was shutting up:  
 The bell is ringing for the non-inebriating cup,  
 And even attic bards must have their little "bite and  
 sup.")

## TO A BLACK GIN.

DAUGHTER of Eve, draw near, I would behold thee.  
Good Heavens! Could ever arm of man enfold thee?  
Did the same Nature, that made Phryne, mould thee?

Come thou to leeward; for thy balmy presence  
Savoureth not a whit of *mille-fleurescence*;—  
My nose is no insentient excrescence.

Thou art not beautiful, I tell thee plainly,  
Oh! thou ungainliest of things ungainly;  
Who thinks thee less than hideous doats insanely.

Most unæsthetical of things terrestrial,  
Hadst thou indeed an origin celestial?  
Thy lineaments are positively bestial.

Yet thou my sister art, the clergy tell me;  
Though, truth to state, thy brutish looks compel me  
To hope these parsons merely want to *sell* me.

A hundred times and more I've heard and read it;  
But if Saint Paul himself came down and said it,  
Upon my soul I could not give it credit.

“God's image eut in ebony,” says some one;  
'Tis to be hoped some day thou may'st become one;  
Thy present image is a very rum one.

“*Thy* face the human face divine!” . . . O Moses!  
Whatever trait divine thy face discloses,  
Some vile Olympian cross-play presupposes.

Thy nose appeareth but a transverse section :  
 Thy mouth hath no particular direction,—  
 A flabby-rimmed abyss of imperfection.

Thy skull development mine eye displeases ;  
 Thou wilt not suffer much from brain diseases ;  
 Thy facial angle forty-five degrees is.

The coarseness of thy tresses is distressing,  
 With grease and raddle firmly coalescing,  
 I cannot laud thy system of "top-dressing."

Thy dress is somewhat scant for proper feeling ;  
 As is thy flesh, too,—scarce thy bones concealing ;  
 Thy calves unquestionably want *revealing*.

Thy rugged skin is hideous with tattooing,  
 And legible with hieroglyphic wooing—  
 Sweet things in art of some fierce lover's doing.

For thou some lover hast, I bet a guinea,  
 Some partner in thy fetid ignominy,  
 The *raison d'être* of this piccaninny.

What must *he* be whose eye thou hast delighted ?  
 His sense of beauty hopelessly benighted !  
 The canons of his taste how badly sighted !

What must his gauge be, if thy features pleased him ?  
 If lordship of such limbs as thine appeased him,  
 It was not "*calf* love" certainly that seized him.

And is he amorously sympathetic ?  
 And doth he kiss thee ? . . . Oh my soul prophetic !  
 The very notion is a strong emetic !

And doth he smooth thine hours with oily talking ?  
 And take thee conjugally out-a-walking ?  
 And crown thy transports with a tom-a-hawking ?

I guess his love and anger are combined so ;  
 His passions on thy shoulders are defined so ;  
 " His passages of love " are *underlined* so.

Tell me thy name. What ? . . . Helen ? . . . (O, CEnone,  
 That name bequeathed to one so foul and bony,  
 Avengeth well thy ruptured matrimony !)

Eve's daughter ! with that skull ! and that complexion ?  
 What principle of " Natural Selection " ?  
 Gave thee with Eve the most remote connection ?

Sister of L. E. L. . . . of Mrs. Stowe, too !  
 Of E. B. Browning ! Harriet Martineau, too !  
 Do theologians know where fibbers go to ?

Of dear George Elliot, whom I worship daily !  
 Of Charlotte Brontë, and Joanna Baillie !—  
 Methinks that theory is rather " scaly."

Thy primal parents came a period later—  
 The handiwork of some vile imitator ;  
 I fear they had the devil's imprimatur.

This in the retrospect.—Now, what's before thee ?  
 The white man's heaven, I fear, would simply bore thee ;  
 Ten minutes of doxology would floor thee.

Thy Paradise should be some land of Goshen,  
 Where appetite would be thy sole devotion,  
 And surfeit be the climax of emotion ;—

A land of Bunya-bunyas towering splendid—  
 Of honey bags on every tree suspended,—  
 A Paradise of sleep and riot blended ;—

Of tons of 'bacey, and tons more to follow,—  
 Of Wallaby as much as thou couldst swallow,—  
 Of hollow trees with possums in the hollow ;—

There, undismayed by frost or flood, or thunder,  
 As joyous as the skies thou roamest under,  
 There shouldst thou . . . Cooeey ! . . Stop ! She's off . . .  
 No wonder.

---

*QUART POT CREEK.*

ON an evening ramble lately, as I wandered on sedately,  
 Linking curious fancies, modern, mediæval, and antique,—  
 Suddenly the sun descended, and a radiance ruby-  
     splendid,  
 With the gleam of water blended, thrilled my sensitive  
     physique—  
 Thrilled me, filled me with emotion to the tips of my  
     physique,  
 Fired my eye and flushed my cheek.

Heeding not where I was going, I had wandered, all un-  
     knowing  
 Where a river gently flowing caught the radiant ruby-  
     streak ;  
 And this new-found stream beguiling my sedateness into  
     smiling,

Set me classically styling it with Latin names and Greek—  
Names Idalian and Castalian, such as lovers of the Greek  
Roll like quids within their cheek.

On its marge was many a burrow, many a mound, and  
many a furrow,  
Where the fossickers of fortune play at Nature's hide-and-  
seek ;  
And instead of bridge to span it, there were stepping-  
stones of granite,  
And where'er the river ran, it seemed of hidden wealth  
to speak.  
Presently my soul grew stronger, and I, too, was fain to  
speak :—  
I assumed a pose plastique.

“Stream,” said I, “I'll celebrate thee !  
Rhymes and rhythms galore await thee !  
In the weekly ‘Poet's Corner’ I'll a niche for thee be-  
speak :  
But, to aid my lucubration, thou must let thine appella-  
tion,  
Tell thy Naiad-designation—for the journal of next  
week—  
Give thy sweet Pactolian title to my poem of next  
week.  
Whisper, whisper it—in Greek !”

But the river gave no token, and the name remained  
unspoken,  
Though I kept apostrophising till my voice became a  
shriek ;—  
When there hove in sight the figure of a homeward veer-  
ing digger,

Looming big, and looming bigger, and ejecting clouds of  
reek—

In fuliginous advance emitting clouds of noisome reek  
From a tube beneath his beak.

“Neighbour mine,” said I, “and miner,”—here I showed  
a silver shiner—

“For a moment, and for sixpence, take thy pipe from  
out thy cheek.

This the guerdon of thy fame is; very cheap indeed the  
same is;

Tell me only what the name is—(’tis the stream whereof  
I speak)—

Name the Naiad-name Pactolian! Digger, I adjure thee  
speak!”

Quoth the digger, “Quart Pot Creek.”

O Pol! Edepol! Mecastor! O most luckless poetaster!  
I went home a triple faster in a twitter of a pique;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living rhyming being  
Ever yet was cursed with seeing, in his poem for the  
week,

Brook or river made immortal in his poem for the week,  
With such name as “Quart Pot Creek!”

But the river, never minding, still is winding, still is  
winding,

By the gardens where the Mongol tends the cabbage and  
the leek;

And the ruby’s radiance nightly touches it with farewell  
lightly,

But the name sticks to it tightly,—and this sensitive  
physique,

The already-mentioned (*vide supra*) sensitive physique  
Shudders still at “Quart Pot Creek!”

## THE POWER OF SCIENCE.

“ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,”  
Are but the legacies of apes,  
With interest on the same.

How oft in studious hour do I  
Recall those moments, gone too soon,  
When midway in the hall I stood,  
Beside the Dichobune.

Through the Museum-windows played  
The light on fossil, cast, and chart ;  
And she was there, my Gwendoline,  
The mammal of my heart !

She leaned against the glyptodon,  
The monster of the sculptured tooth ;  
She looked a fossil specimen  
Herself, to tell the truth.

She leaned against the glyptodon,  
She fixed her glasses on her nose ;  
One Pallas-foot drawn back displayed  
The azure of her hose.

Few virtues had she of her own—  
She borrowed them from time and space ;  
Her age was eocene, although  
Post-tertiary her place.

The Irish elk that near us stood  
(*Megaceros Hibernicus*),

Scarce dwarfed her ; while I bowed beneath  
Her stately overplus.

I prized her prediluvian height,  
Her palæozoic date of birth,  
For these to a scientific eye  
Had scientific worth.

She had some crotchets of her own,  
My sweet viviparous Gwendoline,  
She loved me best when I would sing  
Her ape-descent and mine.

I raised a wild pansophic lay ;  
(The public fled the dismal tones) ;—  
I struck a chord that suited well  
That *entourage* of bones.

I sang the very dawn of life,  
Cleared at a bound the infinite chasm  
That sunders inorganic dust  
From sky-borne protoplasm.

I smote the stiffest chords of song,  
I showed her in a glorious burst  
How universal unity  
Was dual from the first.

How primal germs contained in one  
The beau-ideal and the belle ;  
And how the "mystery of life"  
Is just a perfect cell.

I showed how sense itself began  
In senseless gropings after sense ;—

(She seemed to find it so herself  
Her gaze was so intense).

And how the very need of light  
Conceived and visual organs bore ;  
Until an optic want evolved  
The spectacles she wore.

How headless molluscs making head  
Against the fashions of their line,  
On pulpy maxims turned their backs  
And specialised a spine.

How landward longings seized on fish,  
Fretted the type within their eggs,  
And in amphibian issue dif-  
Ferentiated legs.

I hopped the quaint marsupials  
And into higher mammals ran,  
And through a subtle fugue I stole  
From Lemurs up to Man.

How tails were lost—but when I reached  
This saddest part of all my lay,  
She dropped the corners of her mouth  
And turned her face away.

And proud to see my lofty love  
So sweetly wince, so coyly shrink,  
I woke a moving threnody—  
I sang the missing link.

And when I spake of vanished kin,  
Of Simian races dead and gone,

The wave of sorrow from her eyes  
Half-drowned the glyptodon.

I turned to other, brighter themes,  
And glancing at our different scales,  
I showed how lady beetles are  
Robuster than the males.

I sang the Hymenoptera,  
How insect brides are sought and got ;  
How stridulation of the male  
First hinted what was what.

And when—perchance too fervently—  
I smote upon the chord of sex,  
I saw the tardy spark of love  
Blaze up behind her specs.

She listened with a heightened grace,  
She blushed a blush like ruby wine,  
Then bent her stately head, and clinked  
Her spectacles on mine,

A mighty impulse rattled through  
Her well-articulated frame ;  
And into one delighted ear  
She breathed my Christian name,

And whispered that my song had given  
Her secret thought substantial shape,  
For she had long considered me  
The offshoot of an ape.

She raised me from the enchanted floor,  
And as my lips her shoulder met,  
Between two asthmas of embrace  
She called me marmosette.

I strove to calm her down ; she grew  
Serener and serener,  
And so I won my Gwendoline,  
My vertebrate congener.

---

ONCE MORE.

“INTERMISSA DIU BELLA.”

I HAD not thought again to be  
A dreamer of such dreams as these ;  
The springtime is no more for me ;  
My summer died beyond the seas.  
From what untimely source begin  
These stirrings of the life within ?

I had not thought again to taste  
The bitter sweet, the joyous pain,  
I dreamed that I had trodden waste,  
Beyond the power of sun or rain,  
The soil that grew the passion fruit ;  
Then, whence this blossom underfoot ?

I had not thought again to see  
Beyond the homely pale of truth ;  
The lights and shapes of witchery,  
That glorify the skies of youth,  
I only knew as perished things ;  
Whence, then, this flash of angel wings ?

How spend the day, yet save the hours ?

I had my day ; the hours are fled.

How eat the fruit, yet hold the flowers ?

I ate the fruit ; the flowers are dead.

O, what divine or fiendish art

Hath twined fresh tendrils round my heart ?

I said, 'tis good to be alone,

No alien hand to urge or check.

I said, my spirit is my own,

To loose or bind, to save or wreck.

I trod on Love, called Reason lord ;—

Lo, whence this subtle silken chord ?

O, who shall tell if this be strength

Re-risen, or ghost of old defect ?

The truth of manhood come at length,

Or weakness born of purpose wrecked ?

I only know it is the whole

Arch-craving of a hungry soul.

I only know that all the hordes

Of buried hopes and jealousies

Are risen again and crossing swords,

And that 'twas but an armistice,

A breathing time 'twixt strife and strife,

Which I had deemed a peace for life.

O, who shall tell where duty lies

To urge, repress, advance, or stay ;

To grasp at good in Beauty's guise,

Or brush the pretty lure away,

Ere doubtful war of hopes and fears

Consume the hoarded strength of years ?

*AUSTRALIAN ANTHEM.*

MAKER of earth and sea,  
What shall we render Thee?  
    All ours is Thine:—  
All that our land doth hold,  
Increase of field and fold,  
Rich ores and virgin gold  
    Thine—Thine—all Thine!

What can Thy children bring?  
What save the voice to sing,  
    “ All things are Thine?”—  
What to Thy throne convey?  
What save the voice to pray,  
“ God bless our land alway,  
    This land of Thine?”

O! with Thy mighty hand  
Guard Thou the motherland,  
    She, too, is Thine.  
Lead her where honour lies,  
We beneath other skies  
Still clinging daughterwise,  
    Hers, yet all Thine.

Britons of ev'ry creed,  
Teuton and Celt agreed,  
    Let us be Thine.  
One in all noble fame,  
Still be our path the same,  
Onward in Freedom's name,  
    Upward in Thine!

*THE DOMINION OF AUSTRALIA.*

(A FORECAST.)

SHE is not yet, but he whose ear  
 Thrills to that finer atmosphere  
 Where footfalls of appointed things,  
     Reverberant of days to be,  
 Are heard in forecast echoings,  
     Like wave-beats from a viewless sea—  
 Hears in the voiceful tremors of the sky  
 Auroral heralds whispering "She is nigh."

She is not yet ; but he whose sight  
 Foreknows the advent of the light,  
 Whose soul to morning radiance turns  
     Ere night her curtain hath withdrawn,  
 And in its quivering folds discerns  
     The mute monitions of the dawn,  
 With urgent sense strained onward to descry  
 Her distant tokens, starts to find her nigh.

Not yet her day. How long "not yet?"  
 There comes the flush of violet !  
 And heavenward faces, all aflame  
     With sanguine imminence of morn,  
 Wait but the sun-kiss to proclaim  
     The Day of the Dominion born.  
 Prelusive baptism !—ere the natal hour  
 Named with the name and prophecy of power.

Already here to hearts intense  
 A spirit force, transcending sense,  
 In heights unscaled, in deeps unstirred,  
     Beneath the calm, above the storm,

She waits the incorporating word  
To bid her tremble into form,  
Already, like divining-rods, men's souls  
Bend down to where the unseen river rolls ;—

For even as, from sight concealed,  
By never flush of dawn revealed,  
Nor e'er illumed by golden noon,  
Nor sunset-streaked with crimson bar,  
Nor silver-spanned by wake of moon,  
Nor visited of any star,  
Beneath these lands a river waits to bless  
(So men divine) our utmost wilderness,—

Rolls dark, but yet shall know our skies,  
Soon as the wisdom of the wise  
Conspires with nature to disclose  
The blessing prisoned and unseen,  
Till round our lessening wastes there glows  
A perfect zone of broadening green,—  
Till all our land, Australia Felix called,  
Become one Continent-Isle of Emerald ;—

So flows beneath our good and ill  
A viewless stream of common will,  
A gathering force, a present might,  
That from its silent depths of gloom  
At Wisdom's voice shall leap to light,  
And hide our barren fields in bloom,  
Till, all our sundering lines with love o'ergrown,  
Our bounds shall be the girdling seas alone.

---

## THE BOY CRUSADER.

- “O FATHER! is that Jerusalem—  
Those walls and towers so strong?”
- “Ho, boy, we are yet in our own fair France,  
That is only Avignon.”
- . . . . .
- “O father! are these the Jordan’s banks?  
Let us rest in those vineyards fair.”
- “Ho, boy, these are only the banks of the Rhone,  
And we may not linger there.”
- . . . . .
- “O father! I fear them—the waves! the waves!  
Is Jerusalem over the sea?”
- “Ay, over the sea and then over the hills—  
But cling, my boy, to me.”
- . . . . .
- “O father! is that Jerusalem  
Like a shell of gold in the bay?”
- “Nay, it is only Palermo, boy,  
And this is Saint Rosalie’s day.”
- . . . . .
- “O father! I feared the sea, but more  
I fear this burning sand.”
- “Good cheer, my boy, take heart of grace;  
We tread upon Holy Land.”
- . . . . .
- “O father! can it be Holy Land,  
With all this blood and death?”

“That was Acre we stormed, my boy,  
Now let us to Nazareth.”

. . . . .

“O father! the hills are so high—so high!  
Is Jerusalem very far?”

“Hush, hush, my boy, and I’ll tell you the tale  
Of the kings who followed the Star.”

. . . . .

“O father! the hills are so steep—so steep!  
Will Jerusalem soon be near?”

“Boy, what had it been had you carried the cross  
Instead of your father’s spear!”

. . . . .

“O father! I am weary and faint,  
This must be Calvary!”

“Good cheer, my boy, but one hill more,  
Jerusalem is nigh.

. . . . .

“The men-at-arms have passed the ridge,  
Hark, boy, how the warriors sing!”

“I only hear the sound of harps  
And waters murmuring.”

. . . . .

“Wake, boy, this is no time to fail!  
O best of happy hours!

Behold at length Jerusalem—  
Its gates, and domes, and towers!”

. . . . .

“Father, I see Jerusalem,  
 Ah, nearer than you deem!”  
 “Your eyes are closed, you see it not,  
 Or see it in a dream!

. . . . .  
 “Your eyes are closed, my boy, my boy!  
 Your face is to the west!”

“Father, I see it overhead,  
 And, oh, so full of rest!

. . . . .  
 “There are little children clothed in white,  
 And angels leading them;  
 There are streets of gold and gates of pearl!  
 At last Jerusalem!

. . . . .  
 “And our little Marie is beckoning me,  
 In her hand a diadem.  
 Father, I must go on before:  
 We’ll meet in Jerusalem.”

---

*THE ANGEL OF THE DOVES.*

THE angels stood in the court of the King,  
 And into the midst, through the open door,  
 Weeping came one whose broken wing  
 Piteously trailed on the golden floor.

Angel was she, and woman, and dove:  
 Dove and angel all womanly blent  
 With the virginal charm that is worshipped of love,  
 On the hither side of the firmament.

Where a rainbow hideth the holiest place,  
Thither she moved, and there she kneeled ;  
And fain with her wings would have veiled her face,  
Ere the bow should be lifted, and God revealed.

'Tis the angels' wont, and afresh she wept,  
As with maimed pinion she strove in vain,  
And tremor on tremor convulsively swept  
O'er her plumes in a shuddering iris of pain.

And the angels who dwell from sorrow remote  
Gazed on her woe as a marvellous thing :  
For they wist but of pain from its echoes that float  
In the strange new songs that the ransomed sing.

"Sister," at length said a shining one,  
"To whom earth's doves for a care were given,  
What hast thou done, or left undone,  
That grief through thee should be known in heaven ?

"When together for joy the angels sang,  
Calling the new-made world to rejoice ;  
Sweeter than all hosannas that rang  
Was the trembling rapture that thrilled thy voice.

"For thine was the grace to minister there—  
O favoured child of the heavenly host !—  
To the sacred and lovely lives that wear  
The mystic shape of the Holy Ghost.

"And we marked thy flight as the flight of a dove,  
Till the luminous vapours around thee curled,  
And we said, 'She is glad in her errand of love,  
To the happy glades of the new-born world.'

“And now thou returnest woe-stricken as one  
That hath fallen from grace and is unforgiven.  
What hast thou done, or left undone,  
That grief through thee should be known in heaven?”

Faint was her voice as an echo heard  
From the past by the soul in dreamful mood,  
Sweet and sad as the plaint of a bird  
Moaning forlorn in solitude.

“I tended my doves,” she said through her tears,  
“By day and by night, in storm and calm.  
Happily flew the uncounted years  
In bowers of myrtle and groves of palm.

“Many, alas, were the beautiful dead,  
But the life of the race was always new,  
For, ever ere one generation fled,  
Out of its love another grew.

“And many a dove for man’s sake died,  
Noted in heaven with none offence,  
Save when the heart of the cruel took pride  
In slaying the witness of innocence.

“When countless seasons had come and gone,  
Come and gone as a happy dream,  
One noon of summer I lingered upon  
The eastward marge of a sacred stream.

“And lo, ’mid a crowd on the further side,  
That stood in the stream or knelt on the sod,  
I saw—though a veil of flesh did hide  
The splendour of Godhead—the Son of God.

And even as I gazed, the azure above  
Burst into glory that dimmed the sun ;  
And the Spirit of God in the form of a dove  
I saw descend on the Holy One.

“ I deemed that my task was over then ;  
‘ ’Tis the dawn,’ I said, ‘ of the reign of love ;  
Henceforth my doves will be safe with men,  
Since God hath hallowed the form of the dove.’

“ Then I soared aloft, but again returned ;  
For I said in my heart, ‘ I will not cease  
From my care, till man from His lips hath learned  
That the birds have a share in the Gospel of Peace.’

“ And it chanced on a day in the soft springtide,  
When birds were joyous and love was sweet,  
I saw the Lord on a mountain side,  
And with Him were twelve, who sat at His feet.

“ And I heard Him say, ‘ Not a sparrow doth fall  
To the ground but your Father taketh note,’  
Then all the air grew musical,  
And song awoke in each warbling throat.

“ For into bird-music the message passed  
And from choir to choir in melody ran ;  
And I said, ‘ My mission is over at last.  
Farewell, my doves. Ye are safe with men.’

“ Weeping, yet gladsome, I soared aloft,  
Being fain of the glories of other spheres,  
Whose beckoning lustre had lured me oft  
In starry midnights of bygone years.

“ And on seas of ether and isles of light  
Through ages of joy I floated or trod,  
Till I chanced on an angel in upward flight,  
Bearing an infant home to God.

“ And a waft of earth from the flowers that lay  
On the young dead breast came sweet and faint ;  
And again, dream-echoed from far away,  
I heard in the woodlands the turtle’s plaint.

“ For memory woke at the flower’s sweet breath,  
And my spirit yearned to the earth again,  
And I cried, ‘ Canst thou tell, O angel of death,  
How fare my doves at the hands of men ?’

“ ‘ Sad is their lot,’ the angel sighed ;  
‘ For the pleasure of man they suffer pain ;  
And the heart of the cruel taketh pride  
To slay thy doves and to number the slain.

“ I knew no more till the vapours of earth  
Clung to my wings, and a pealing sound  
Smote on mine ear, and voices of mirth ;  
And beneath me a dove fell dead to the ground.

“ Leave me with God ; for ye cannot know  
How death takes shape in the human hand,  
Nor the subtle devices that work for woe ;  
But the Lord will hear and will understand.

“ And if, as I clove my unseen way  
Between my doves and the deadly rain,  
It was given unto me to become as they,  
To share their wounds and to know their pain—

“Surely the rather will God give ear  
 To one who knoweth what He hath known ;  
 Surely the rather will Jesus hear,  
 Who suffered as I, for love of His own.

“Can it be that the great Lord doth not know  
 How Christ is needed on earth again ?  
 Rise, lingering curtain ! that I may show  
 The wounds of my doves and may pray for men.”

Slowly the rainbow rose, parting in twain ;  
 And, lo, in the midst of the throne of love  
 There stood a Lamb as it had been slain ;  
 And over the throne there brooded a Dove.

---

GERALD H. SUPPLE.

[A Victorian, now living at Auckland, New Zealand. His *magnum opus*, the “Dream of Dampier,” appeared in the *Melbourne Review*, whose proprietors, through one of their number, Patchett Martin, have courteously allowed it to appear here.]

THE DREAM OF DAMPIER.

AN AUSTRALIAN FORESHADOWING—A. D. 1686.

I.

DAMPIER, the buccaneer ! His swift ship sailed the  
 Eastern seas—  
 Where night seems spectral noon, and tropic moon and  
 Pleiades

Like lamps of silver showed with ghostly charm each  
 island shore  
     What time bay-broken Celebes  
 Arose to him in shadows dim beneath the vesper star—  
     Where Javas' peaks in forest soar,  
     At day-break seen afar—  
 When the land-breeze odorous blows at eve from Ter-  
 nate's groves of balm—  
 Where the graceful cocoa crowns the towering cliffs of  
 wild Ceram,  
 And New Guinea's purple mountains fringe the noon-  
 tide's golden calm—  
 Thro' myriad groups where ocean in an endless sylvan  
 maze  
 Winds loitering in a thousand straits, a thousand clasping  
 bays,  
 And every change with lovelier scene the gazer's eye be-  
 guiles—  
 Of cape and coast, a fairy realm!—a rainbow arch of isles!—  
 In whose glades the rosy hours 'mid the wood's green  
 twilight peep  
 Islets each an aphrodite risen bright-haired from the  
 deep!  
     So pure of earth and air the sheen—  
     So azure clear the waves between  
 That the dark boatman from his prow sees fathoms down  
 below,  
 The fishes palely-sparkling glide, the coral redly  
 glow;  
 While birds o'erhead of plumage in all hues of radiance  
 spun,  
 Dart from the trees like gorgeous clouds betwixt him and  
 the sun!

## II.

Dampier, those beauteous straits and seas, he sailed them  
 all observantly ;  
 No seaman rude, he viewed with thoughtful brain, with  
 keen, discerning eye ;  
 The first of mariners was he to note the winds and  
 tides,  
 In many a chart and scroll, for long the shipman's surest  
 guides ;  
 The first of Englishmen was he to touch this mainland's  
 shore—  
 The Terra Australis. 'Tis by-past some nine score years  
 or more  
     Since he came in that martial companie,  
     Singing their sea-songs carelessly—  
     Wild carols, half Spanish or Caribbee !  
 Little wot they—little recked they of the future here in  
 store,  
 Aye a rugged crew, and staunch I wis, as any that in those  
 times  
 Had changed for the music of gale and gun, Bow-bells or  
 the Bristol chimes—  
     One of those bands from many lands  
 Who, friends as "Brethren of the Coast"—their foe the  
 flag of Spain,  
 Still lived that mad West Indian life of the old Tortuga  
 strain,  
 Rude revels in Port Royal, wild war on the Spanish  
 Main !  
 Oft would he read when the day was done, while others  
 the bowl would quaff,  
 And, pondering over some brass-bound tome, he'd hear  
 them slyly laugh—

"An Oxford clerk, I trow, our bookish messmate should  
 have been!"  
 Did he sling his hammock in Gray's Inn, or a roystering  
 brigantine?  
 So would they jest, but time would be when the lightest  
 forgot to sneer,  
 And hailed *bon camarado* in a blither Will Dampier!  
 If in the offing they spied a sail and the Spaniard hove  
 in sight,  
 Out-pealing thro' her range of teeth sharp challenge to the  
 fight,  
 Then, prompt and steady, his hand was ready, his cutlass  
 bare and bright;  
 And boarding the foe when the bristling pikes thro' cannon  
 smoke appear.  
 The studious seaman—aye!—again was the headlong buc-  
 caneer,  
 A sea-dog proved for bite and breed! Nathless, he  
 loved his books,  
 Like his Sheffield sword, or Spanish gold, or a winsome  
 woman's looks.

## III.

Calm was the night—a midnight in the Arafura Sea;  
 The sea to windward—wooded land unknown and wild  
 alee.  
 Beneath a headland, forest crowned—athwart an open  
 bay;  
 Half in shadow, half in moonshine white, the anchored  
 vessel lay.  
 A single seaman kept the watch, gazing in thoughtful  
 mood;  
 No marvel in the sailor's brain the vagrant fancies brood—  
 Hushed musings seem the leaves, the stars, in that fair  
 solitude.

He had read that day old Homer's tale in quaint Chap-  
 man's English verse,  
 And half aloud the sounding rhymes his tongue would  
 still rehearse ;  
 With Odysseus, ancient sea-king, he roams those times  
 again,  
 When goddesses and ocean-fays would converse hold with  
 men.  
 Anon those reveries change. Grand was the tropic scene  
 that day ;  
     And grand the midnight now to view  
     O'er woodland dark and ocean blue.  
 But no tropic scene he looks on now, his heart is far  
 away,  
 No tropic scene his fancy sees, but gentle English  
 June ;  
 Bright early days rise like some sweet, too long un-  
 summoned tune,  
 Glad youth comes back, with truant pranks, by orchard,  
 stream, or tarn ;  
 From the hedge sounds the bittern's hollow boom, the  
 fox barks in the fern ;  
 The low of cows, the milkmaid's song, by daisied banks  
 and dells,  
 The hum of cheery toil above the scented hay-fields  
 swells ;  
     " Forget not God—come kneel and pray"—  
     In solemn chimes, melodious, say  
     The distant village bells.

He hears the linnet on the bough, the mavis on the  
 thorn ;  
 He sees soar from the meadow-grass the blithesome bard  
 of morn,  
 .

And at merry eve he's chasing, with a boyish lover's  
pains,

A laughing Atalanta thro' Somerset's green lanes !

Aye, war-scarred, sea-worn mariner—thou man of storm  
and strife,

'Tis passed long years, that hope from thee, that lit thy  
wandering life.

No more when fall the leaves, she'll sigh,

To breeze that idlyth lightly by—

“ Ah ! south wind blow, and bring me true

Some news from where my wild bird flew ! ”

He came at last, but flowers will fade—could she the  
fairest stay ?

Sweet with her blush of girlhood's love—young, blue-  
eyed Margery Gray !

IV.

The seaman slept—all nature sleeps ; a sacred stillness  
there

Is on the wood—is on the waves—is in the silver  
air.

The sky above—the silent sea—with stars were all  
aglow ;

There shone Orion and his belt — Arcturus and his  
bow !

The seaman slept—or does he sleep ?—What chorus greets  
him now ?—

Wild music breaking from the deep around the vessel's  
bow ?

He starts, he looks, he sees rise shadowy—can he only  
dream ?

A sovereign form, wrathful, yet beauteous—in the moon's  
cold beam !

. . . . .

“Mortal, hath fallen my star in the hour  
Of the dread eclipse, that thou scornest my  
power?

Herald thus soon of that mystic race  
Fated to reign in my people's place,  
Bringing arts of might — working wondrous  
spells

Where now but the simple savage dwells;  
Before whom my children shall pass away,  
As the morntide passes before the day.

The time is not yet, why dost thou come,  
The bale of thy presence to cast o'er my home?

Its shadow of doom is on air and waves—

E'en the still soft gloom of my deep sea-caves,  
A shudder has reached; over shore and bay,  
Bodiful the shivering moonbeams play!

The spirit of this zone am I—

Mine are the isles and yon mainlands nigh;  
And roused from my rest by the wood-wraith's sigh,  
And the sea maid's moan on the coral reef—  
Voices never till now foreboding grief—

Hither I fly—

Here at the gate of my South Sea realm  
To bid thee put back thy fateful helm!  
Not yet is the hour, why art thou here  
Presaging dole, and scaith, and fear?”

v.

“Not yet is the time—

Woe-bringer, go back to thy cloud-wrapped clime!  
Meeter for thee the drear Northern sky,  
And where wintry breakers ceaseless roar,  
And strew with wrecks a dusky shore;  
Where the iceberg rears its awful form,  
Where along the billows the petrels cry—

For, like thee, that dark bird loves the storm !  
 Thou child of the clime of the vikings wild—  
 Who wert nursed upon the tempest's wing,  
 A boy on the wind-beaten mast to cling—  
 Whose quest is prey, who hailest the day  
 When gleam the red swords and the death-bolts ring !  
 Thy joy is with restless men and seas,  
 What dost thou in scenes as soft as these ?”

## VI.

“ The hour is not yet, but the doom appears  
 As I gaze thro' the haze of long-distant years.  
 A mighty people speaking thy tongue,  
 Sea-borne from their far, dark strands  
 Shall spread abroad over all these lands  
 Where man now lives as when time was young.  
 I see their stately cities rise  
 Thro' the clouds where the future's horizon lies ;  
 Thro' the purple mists shrouding river and plain,  
 Where the white-foaming bay marks the hidden main ;  
 And clearer now—I behold more clear  
 Great ships—sails swelling to the breeze,  
 Their keels break all the virgin seas ;  
 Vast white-winged squadrons, they come and go  
 Where only has skimmed the light canoe !  
 Yes, the seats and the paths of empire veer,  
 A highway of nations will yet be here !  
 As Tyre was in an ancient age ;  
 As Venice of palaces, strong and sage ;  
 As the haughty ports of your native shore  
 Whose fleets override the waters' rage,  
     So shall the pride of yon cities soar.  
     From the frigid Pole to the torrid Line,  
     Their sway shall stretch—their standards shine !

Pillared temples—towering domes—  
 Men, bee-like, busy by field-girt homes ;  
 The wharf—the mine—the hurrying crowds—  
 All—all I beheld thro' yon breaking clouds !  
 A people of marvellous arts—in sooth  
 The wisdom of Eld—the strength of youth !  
 Many a weird and wondrous thing, now undreamt of—  
     that will spring  
 Like the north winds from black broodings and white  
 silence—they will bring !

The Fire-fiend and the Water-sprite—  
 Foes, ever foes, since primal night—  
 The sorcerer of the sea-borne race  
 Will bind together, and from their strife  
 Evoke a giant power to life ;  
 Will couple them like harnessed steeds,  
 Chained to his chariot and wizard-needs,  
 O'er earth and ocean his will to trace !  
 E'en the lightning-elf who rives the oak  
 And bars the tempest shall bow to that yoke,  
 And be its messenger to run  
 With flashing foot in the round of the sun,  
 And thro' sullen depths of the rude mid-sea—  
 Unclosed to his course by that gramarye !”

## VII.

Who conquers nature can conquer man—  
 A law since Time's long course began.  
 With the hue of his pale skies on his face  
 The Strong One will come ; and the dusk-browed  
     race  
 Who coast these bright isles and that mainland vast  
 In the skiff of the mat-sail, and cane-wood mast,

Will glide away in shadowy hosts  
Down the dim waves to the haven of ghosts,  
And leave but their names on the hills and streams.  
With their sports the arch of the woods no more  
Shall ring. No more like glancing dreams  
Shall the island maidens dance at eves  
When the sea-breeze curls the palm-tree leaves,  
Or gaze on their charms in the sheen of the brooks  
When the sunbeam's entangled in forest nooks.  
My gentle reign will then be o'er—  
The happy life without care or toil ;  
The life of ease on a bounteous soil  
Where the hand that feeds the beast and bird  
As freely to man unlocks its hoard  
From the root-strewn lawns—the nut-crowned trees—  
On the fruitful earth—the fishful seas !  
This simple age shall flit away,  
For a life of wider wants to sway—  
But in thy kindred's empire fair,  
Deem not it is thy lot to share.  
Not for thee the gold of the Austral mine,  
For thee no bright home where the South Seas  
shine !

Thou hast seen in the far Antilles' glades  
How the native before the stranger fades,  
And with heart of greed and hand of crime,  
Would'st thou hasten here that fatal time ?  
But know 'tis not yet—thou hast come too soon  
In the rays of yon omen-pointing moon  
With that rudder hewn from a witch-wood tree—  
My malison rests on thy barque and thee !  
I hear the angry waters roar  
That will rend their prey by an Indian shore.  
Tho' o'er some sheltering strand  
Thou mayest escape the wrath of the sea,

Bold wanderer, thou art banned  
 For many a lawless and ruthless deed,  
 And rapine and carnage will bring their meed.  
 Morgan—Mansvelt—L'Olonnais !  
 Dark spirits of evil, where are they ?  
     Too long by sea and land  
 In their steps hast thou followed—for gold—renown !  
 But Fate shall bear thy hard heart down,  
 And mar the schemes thou hast planned.  
 Proud dreams forsooth ! the world will sneer  
 At the claim of the darksome buccaneer !  
 The baffled hope of wealth or fame—  
 A homeless life—half pirate name  
 Are for thee—with foe when thou needest friend,  
 In a weary future at last thou'lt bend,  
 And unknown and unnoted shall be thy end !

. . . . .

Where she vanished, grey gathered the mists like a  
 shroud—  
 Then to darkness of doom fell the shining air ;  
 The stars went out in swirling cloud  
 Where the moonbeams played the lightning's flare,  
 And a whirlpool seized on the sleeping sea,  
 That yawned in black gulfs and seethed, uphurled  
 As if from the depths of a nether world ;  
     While hideously  
     The meteor's glare  
 Showed the billows bestridden by ghostly shapes,  
 Half skeletons—half mowing apes—  
 Mocking phantoms, that beckoned and grinned—  
 “Come be with us, blithe brother, for we too like thee  
 have sinned !”

## VIII.

"What ho! Dampier—ho! messmate Will—wert sleeping  
 on thy watch!  
 Zounds! had the skipper come on deck, a coil 'twould be  
 to catch!  
 Why starest thou?—what's happ'd?—how now?  
 Hast seen the Kraken?—heard belike some cacique's  
 ghostly tunes?  
 I would not Jack Swan had spied thee for my pouchful of  
 doubloons.  
 I've known him maroon for a careless watch—  
 Aye, just before that day  
 We fought the *Guardo Costa* there in old Honduras  
 Bay—  
 When, too, we careened the *Betsey* down by the Bahama  
 Keys  
 (A craft that has to cut a feather on a ten-knot breeze!  
 Ah, main-sheet free, a saucy thing as ever tripped the  
 seas!)—  
 Art dumb? Art dazed? I tell thee, Will, I do not like  
 thy looks:  
 'Twill moor thee fast in Bedlam yet, this plaguey trick of  
 books!  
 But rouse thee—to the galley come, we'll brew a can of  
 flip;  
 Then go below and turn in—I'll stay and mind the ship."

---

## MARGARET THOMAS.

[The well-known painter and sculptor, the first Australian-taught artist, was born in Croydon, Surrey, and brought out to Australia in infancy. Studied sculpture under Charles Summers, and went to England to complete her studies in 1867. After a residence of three years in Rome, she obtained a studentship in the Royal Academy, London, and a first silver medal there in 1872. Began painting portraits, and exhibited at the Academy Exhibitions—one year having six pictures hung. Her best-known work is a marble bust of Fielding in the Shire Hall, Taunton, where are three other works from her chisel. Miss Thomas has for many years been contributing poems to periodicals. A volume of her poetry is in course of preparation. Was at one time a frequent contributor to the *Australasian*.]

## IN MEMORIAM.

ALICE RICHMAN,

*Died at Poonah, January 14th, 1882.*

Out of life's dusty tomb-o'ershadowed way,  
 Out of its struggling anxious crowd I turn,  
 One moment, Alice, that I too may lay  
 A fading flow'r upon thy distant urn.

Silent amid the throng of those who weep,  
 I come, a shadow pale with grief repress,  
 Where now thou sleepest calmly thy last sleep,  
 Closing unwearied eyes in unwished rest.

For now, O Alice, if we seek thy face,  
 We look on darkness ; if we call thy name,  
 Nothing but solemn silence thro' far space,  
 Darkness and silence evermore the same.

And there is now one friendship less on earth,  
 In heaven another angel's face ; and thus  
 We pass through life 'mid evergrowing dearth,  
 Of all like thee, most fair, most dear to us.

But not so thou, gone before thou could'st know,  
 The suff'ring and the mock'ry 'tis to live ;  
 Thy few fair years undimmed for thee by woe,  
 Years such as life to youth alone will give.

We will remember thee a ray of light,  
 Upon the world's dark, ever-stormy sea,  
 Which made the heaving waves one moment bright,  
 Then faded into immortality.

---

*APOLOGY FOR AN IN MEMORIAM POEM.*

STRANGER ! who asks a song for thee  
 Now thou art laid amid the dead ?  
 She who in all thy youth and strength  
 Bent on thy breast her golden head ?

And with sweet words of jest and love,  
 Lured thee to festive hall and dance,  
 And shared with thee the glowing joys  
 Which in youth's brightest days entrance ?

Ah, no ! but she who in the years  
 Of infancy thy footsteps led ;  
 And through long nights of childish pain,  
 Watched ever sleepless o'er thy head :—

Who, when that other passed away  
Fickle, to fresher fields and flowers,  
Came faithful round thy bed of death,  
And soothed with love thy parting hours.

Mother! for such a love as thine,  
The poet vainly seeks a song;  
Earth's music is unworthy thee,  
To angel choirs such themes belong.

---

*ABSENT FRIENDS.*

To absent friends I drain this glass!  
First, those who sleep beneath the grass  
And taste the peace death only lends  
And slumber quiet—Absent Friends!

And next I pour rich wine to those  
Who dwell beyond where ocean flows;  
In hopeless toil which never ends,  
Alone, uncared-for—Absent Friends!

I drain the ruby wine to all  
Who weep and toil on earth's dark ball!  
To all whom poverty attends!  
Whom love cheers never!—Absent Friends!

---

## SONNET.

STAY thou on foreign shores, my love, my love,  
 And drink the perfumed breezes of the south ;  
 Catch for thine eyes the sun's bright beams above,  
 And place its roses on thy cheeks and mouth.  
 Lie thou unheeding by the summer sea,  
 Washing the silver sand beneath thy feet,  
 And let its echoing wavelets whisper thee  
 Of all thy soul believes most fair and sweet.  
 Have not one dream of care ; and when the night  
 Hangs her bright lamplets in the ebon dome  
 Remember those who love thee as the light,  
 And wait to welcome thy dear presence home.  
 So gather health and joy ; then come to me  
 Safe and unchanged across the friendly sea.

---

 IDLENESS.

O MISERY of idleness and rest !  
 O dreadful agony of dull repose !  
 He knoweth pain and weariness the best  
 Who best your fruit of venomous ashes knows !  
 O ye who labour when the mornings break,  
 Till night's pale stars keep vigils in the sky,  
 Be thankful tho' your limbs with work grow weak,  
 Although with toil oppressed ye almost die—  
 Glad that ye have a purpose in the land,  
 Glad that ye shall not pass unmissed from hence,  
 Glad that the labour of your strong right hand  
 Shall for your toils win noble recompense.  
 Let none so bitterly deplore his birth  
 As he who finds no labour on the earth.

## GRIEF.

GRIEF is not kind enough to kill. We pour  
 Our blood and tears before its lash, and sigh  
 That we can bear the crimson stripes no more.  
 But tho' we pray for death we do not die,  
 And as blows follow on the quivering flesh  
 We still live on, for Time's officious skill  
 Heals the red wounds: yet while the scar is fresh  
 Another blow succeeds, but does not kill.  
 O were the first blow death our fates were blest!  
 It is not thus, and we must bear—still bear  
 Till the worn spirit flies into its rest  
 At last, and leaves the frame to moulder here.  
 Silence and patience! life will pass away  
 As surely as the night succeeds to-day.

---

 PICTOR IGNOTUS.

RAPT, awe-inspired, as one who sudden sees  
 The sable Heavens cleft with sword-like fire,  
 The Artist gazed upon the Altarpiece.  
 As when He took our fragile human form  
 The Christ was pictured there. His limpid eyes  
 Looked with the anguish which is born of love,  
 And lit His sorrow-shadowed lineaments.  
 His placid forehead beamed with noblest thought,  
 Soft pity lingered round the gentle lips.  
 And who could blame the ardent soul which bowed  
 Even to worship such a god-like face,  
 Pictured by living genius such as this?  
 Awaking as it were from some deep trance  
 The Artist cried aloud, "Where is the Prior?"

Speak, holy Father! give his glorious name  
To fame eternal who has painted this!"  
The Prior was a bent and grey-haired man  
Worn with long fasting, prayer, and vigilance;  
And yet his lustrous eyes in caverns set  
Beneath his brows like planets in dark night  
Gleamed restlessly with radiance not of earth.  
In hollow accents slowly he replied,  
"No longer to this vain and sinful world  
The author of our Altarpiece belongs."  
"Dead!" cried the Artist, "dead! unknown to me,  
His glorious name before whose fame my own  
Would fade! yet I am Rubens!" Suddenly  
O'er the pale face of that calm silent man  
Stole a slight flush, as when the first faint beam  
Of morning creeps upon the cold grey sky.  
'Twas but a moment. Then he crossed his arms,  
And gazing sadly downward to the earth  
Echoed the words, "He is not of this world!"  
"His name, my Father! oh, pronounce his name!  
Tell me that I may let the wide world know  
How great a glory once illumined it,  
And point a pathway for its pilgrim feet!  
Ah! let me render honour unto him,  
Tho' highest honour falls below his meed.  
Even tho' cruel death has stayed for ever  
The skilful hand, sealed the once-piercing eyes,  
And loosed the Heaven-lent spirit to its home,  
His name must live while this sad earth endures.  
And if perchance all traces of my work  
Fade like the visions of a sleep-sealed night,  
The name of Rubens linked with his may claim  
At least the gratitude of future years."

Paler the Prior grew; his feeble limbs  
Trembled; and down his seared and hollow cheeks

The cold drops thickly ran : his bloodless lips,  
 Locked fast as when convulsion strains the form,  
 Uttered no sound. As at the fatal stake  
 The iron-bound martyr stands in fervent pray'r  
 When leaping flames, and smoke-wreaths, serpent-like  
 Coil round his feet, the pallid Prior stood.

The impetuous Artist cried again "His name!"  
 As watch the eager eyes, as strain the ears  
 Of those who watch the death of the beloved  
 For earth's last looks and words, so Rubens gazed.

But thro' those cold sealed lips no murmur ran.  
 "His name, my Father! oh, the Artist's name!"

Then spoke the monk in lower accents yet.  
 "My brother, thou hast understood me not.  
 I said not that the Artist yet was dead.  
 He lives!" "I thank Thee, God, who grantest me  
 To pay in part the debt which mankind owes!  
 Tell me his name! the place of his abode!"

As ermine when contrasted with the snow  
 Grows dark, so the pale Monk grew paler.  
 He raised his eyeballs starting from their spheres,  
 "Brother, the Artist has renounced the world  
 And all its vanity. He is a Monk!"  
 "A Monk!" cried Rubens, "Father, he a Monk!  
 Tell me the cloister where he hides away  
 Such genius as the world has never known.  
 God gave that man a rich and holy gift  
 With which to go among his fellow-men,  
 Scattering its lessons and its wealth on all.  
 His is the highest destiny ordained  
 To fall'n humanity. Shall he then refuse  
 The work sublime? Be traitor to his God?  
 Tell me that cloister. I will go to him  
 And tell him of the everlasting fame  
 Awaiting him; and of the noble life

His genius marks him out and seals him for.  
 And if misled by some religious zeal  
 (Religious falsely called) he shall refuse,  
 The Pope who loves me will obtain my prayer  
 Absolving him from all his monkish vows.  
 Not for a genius matchless as is his  
 The bell, the missal, and the cloister cell,  
 He shall retake the brushes used by him  
 As none on earth beside has ever used.

Firmly with hollow voice the Monk replied—  
 “I will not give his name, nor tell the fane  
 In whose calm hallowed peace he sought and found  
 Rest from the troubles of this weary world.”  
 “The Pope will see to it! O Father, hear!  
 You all are monks and many such as ye  
 Can mutter chants and prayers. God has given  
 But one such genius to illumine the world.  
 Should the bright sun rest ever 'neath a cloud?  
 And should the perfumed flowers of radiant spring  
 Hide always in the cold sepulchral earth  
 Or should the sable veil of silent night  
 Be to the stars a hiding-place for ever?  
 No, Father, no! Tell me at last his name,  
 Let him resume once more his God-sent work.”  
 “Listen,” replied the Monk, “in God's high name!  
 Thinkest thou then, my brother, that this man,  
 Before he left the world, renouncing thus  
 Honour and riches, ay, and all that seems  
 Most dear, most precious to the soul of man,  
 Thought not on his most bitter sacrifice?  
 Spent no long hours of unsoothed agony  
 In midnight prayer before Almighty God  
 In strife unutterable? Thinkest thou  
 He bled not 'neath the lash of galling wrong?  
 He felt not all the pangs of cold deceit?”

He wept not wounded lives to bitter tears ?  
 Felt not the sting of disappointed hope ?  
 Knew not the grovelling vice and vanity,  
 The heartless mockery, the joyless toil  
 Of all that makes the sum of human life ?  
 My brother, yes ! Ah, if thou lovest him  
 Leave him the peace bought with his heart's best blood—  
 Leave him to die in that quiet sheltered spot  
 Where he has found a refuge from the world ;—  
 Where shadow of ambition never falls—  
 Nor venom'd shafts of envy penetrate—  
 Nor sounds of earth's loud surge offend his ear,—  
 Leave him, beseech thee, his last resting-place !  
 And should'st thou know his name he would reject,  
 Triumphant as before, your flattering hopes—  
 Spurn yet again the allurements of the world,  
 And die alone in peace before his God !”

Rubens replied, “ He knows not what he does,  
 For he renounces Immortality !”  
 Making with his attenuated hand  
 The cross's sign, the pale Monk sighing said :  
 “ In awful presence of Eternity  
 All earthly immortality is vain !  
 Tempt me no more ! the bell for prayers resound.  
 My brother, now farewell for evermore.”

Silent and thoughtful Rubens went his way.  
 But that stern Monk entering his dismal cell  
 Prayed as the death-struck sinner only prays  
 When hope is past. Hour after hour he prayed  
 And tottered to and fro as in the storm  
 The sapling sways. Then trembling he arose  
 And gathered easel, palette, colours, all  
 The instruments of art. He gazed on them  
 As looks a mother on the pale cold corpse  
 Of her one child, and with an effort such

As nerves despair in need's oppressive hour  
 He hurled them from the window of his cell  
 Into the wide and rushing tide beneath.  
 He saw them mingle in the roaring flood,  
 Borne swiftly even from his tearless eyes.  
 And as the shipwrecked mariner beholds  
 His fragile raft swept plank by plank away  
 So gazed the Monk. Then kneeling down again  
 He prayed the prayer of those who hope no more.

---

JAMES THOMAS.

[A native of New South Wales, born in 1861, educated at "the Premier School of Australia," the old "King's School," Parramatta, founded fifty years ago. Has published no volume, though he has written many fine poems.]

*TO A SILVER-EYE.*

THOU merry little silver-eye!  
 In yonder trailing vine,  
 I, passing by this morning, spied  
 That ivy-built nest of thine.  
 O'erhung with starry virgin-bower,  
 As white as ocean foam,  
 A fairy might have hidden there,  
 Nor wished a lovelier home.

Of twigs and softest fibres formed,  
 Bedecked with woodland moss,  
 In all my walks a fairer thing  
 I never came across;  
 The dewy leaves I pushed aside,  
 And bowed the branches frail,  
 And, glancing in the casket, saw  
 Three tiny emeralds pale.

O happy bird! with such a home,  
 Here in the Bush so still;  
 Companion of the butterflies,  
 Rocked at the zephyrs will—  
 How sweetly these glad vernal days  
 For you the moments fly,  
 Then gales blow soft, and earth is green,  
 And deeply blue the sky.

When over russet plains and hills  
 Fierce January glows,  
 Thou seekest cool and shady bowers  
 Among our vineyard rows;  
 And though the purple clustering grape  
 Thou stab'st with slender bill,  
 We grudge thee not the luscious feast,  
 Thou art welcome to thy fill.

Who hath not seen thy darling form,  
 Thy glancing eye so gay,  
 Thy wings and crest of faintest green,  
 Thy vest of ashen grey?  
 No golden melody hast thou  
 To charm the listening ear,  
 No brilliant plumage—yet wee bird,  
 To all thou'rt known and dear.

---

*MAY O' THE SOUTH.\**

LOVELY, laughing May is here!  
 May o' the South with blue eyes clear,  
 Winsome smile, and balmy breath,  
 Round her brows a blooming wreath

\* The Australian winter begins in June.

Of epacris bells, entwined  
 With mimosa, she doth bind.  
 Wouldst thou view her graces rare ?  
 To the lonesome Bush repair.

Slumbering in the ferny dells,  
 Basking on the sunny fells,  
 Tripping in her woodland trim,  
 By some lone creek's myrtled brim,  
 Or beside the furrowed rows,  
 Watching while the farmer sows—  
 Thus this merry careless May  
 Whiles the happy hours away.

Children at her rustic shrine  
 Love their garlands gay to twine ;  
 Many a steep they ramble o'er,  
 Many a flowery dale explore ;  
 Till the quickly-fading gloaming  
 Calls them homeward from their roaming,  
 Wearied with their pleasant toil,  
 Burdened with their sylvan spoil.

Fields are green and fair to see ;  
 Streamlets gurgle tunefully ;  
 Merrily the wagtail now  
 Chatters on the ti-tree bough ;  
 While the crested coachman bird  
 Midst the underwood is heard.  
 One could dream the sweet spring-time  
 Was anear—not winter's rime.

Gone are the days of golden boon ;  
 Frosts and chilling winds will soon  
 Change to russet all the green ;  
 Beauteous May just stands between—

And she singeth soft and low  
 "Pleasant was the summer's glow,  
 Joys to winter too belong,"  
 Come and hearken to her song!

---

ON REVISITING THE KING'S SCHOOL,  
 PARRAMATTA.

BENEATH thy porch of stone once more,  
 Old school, I stand and fondly gaze  
 On scenes that back to memory bring  
 These bright-hued, joyous, bygone days  
 When we the rolling football chased  
 Across these grounds with ringing cheers,  
 Or manned the cricket-field—how swift  
 Since then have sped the changeful years.

But these to me seem all unchanged—  
 The one-arched bridge; the quiet town;  
 The pleasant park, whose broad oaks now  
 In June's cold winds are sere and brown;  
 The placid river winding by;  
 The well-known isle, upon its breast  
 The bulrushes that grace the stream,  
 And hide the warbling redbreast's nest.

And then o'er orange orchards fair,  
 And paddocks green, my fancy strays  
 To old Toongabbies' sylvan scenes,  
 Where oft on Saturdays  
 We lit our camp-fires, bushman-like,  
 And built our gunyahs in the wood;  
 Or rambling, sought the wild-birds' nest  
 Or sported in the limpid flood.

Ah me ! the wide world we may roam,  
 And pleasure seek in many a clime—  
 Nought can the magic charm restore,  
 That hung about our schoolboy time.  
 But though in youth's sweet vale ye lie,  
 Blest days your memory still doth shed  
 A cheery radiance round my path,  
 As up life's mountain slopes I tread.

An honoured name, old school, is thine,  
 Australia owns thy sons with pride,  
 Who from these walls have gone to spread  
 Her commerce, or her councils guide,  
 Or win her pastures from the wild ;  
 And from thee yet, with patriot fire  
 And wisdom filled, will statesmen spring ;  
 And bards to wake their country's lyre.

Dear spot, my heart is bound to thee  
 By many a firm and tender tie  
 Time cannot loosen ; here were formed  
 Sweet friendships that will never die ;  
 Here knowledge first her varied stores  
 Displayed to charm our thoughtless youth ;  
 And here we learnt to love the paths  
 Of honour, manliness, and truth.

---

MRS. ELIZA. T. THORROWGOOD.

*WHAT HAVE THE YEARS BROUGHT ?*

WHAT have the years brought ? Empty places  
 Filled with the ghosts of long ago ;  
 Hopes dispelled and vanished faces,  
 Passions fierce whose fires burned low ;

Many fair projects that end in nought  
The years have brought, the years have brought.

Shadows of scenes and dreams of youth,  
Friends that were false, smiles that were bright,  
Ashes of love, and sparks of the truth,  
Fading away as the day into night ;  
Many denials of that we sought  
The years have brought, the years have brought.

---

JOHN OWEN TUCKER.

[Has published a volume entitled *The Mute, a Poem of Victoria, and other Poems*, dedicated to Mr. James Smith, the well-known author and journalist of Melbourne. The poems quoted are from this volume.]

IN MEMORIAM.

GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE.

(The actor who perished in the wreck of the *London* in the Bay of Biscay, on his way to Australia. His last words addressed to those in the boats were "Give my kind farewell to the people of Melbourne.")

THERE breathed a strain of beauty through his soul  
From nature caught :  
A dazzling night-star of the mind—'twould roll  
And chain the thought.  
He was of those who followed up a deed  
Of high intent ;  
Or failing so, could feel the bosom bleed,  
So well he meant.

Prevention's bar that ever chokes the way  
     Of humble birth \*  
 Was broke, and genius mounted to the fray  
     In conscious worth ;  
 And grew a light that fired a nation's youth  
     To emulate  
 As friend or brother in the paths of truth  
     Or actor's state.  
 In marble characters shall live thy name—  
     A people's pride—  
 Not so much for the thrilling player's fame  
     As how he died.  
 A noble vessel battling with the foam  
     Rode merrily,  
 The morrow clasped within its hidden tomb  
     Dark destiny,  
 And spirits high looked to the Jordan shore  
     Thro' Hope's bright eye,  
 When Fate spoke in the tempest's fiercest roar  
     That shook the sky.  
 And the echo rose from the swelling deep  
     With anger black,  
 As its cataracts rushed with awful sweep  
     On the doomed ship's track,  
 They threw despair from each charging crest  
     Along the deck.  
 Soon the maddening shriek proclaims the rest,  
     She sinks, a wreck.  
 Unwearied effort made its wild essay  
     For dearest life,

\* This is a mistake—Brooke was a man of good Anglo-Irish family ; born in Dublin 1818, and originally educated for the Bar. His marble bust adorns the Hall of the splendid Public Library of Melbourne.

But few that strive escape from death to say  
     How fared the strife.  
*They* tell how, erect in prayerful mood,  
     With soul serene,  
 The mighty charmer of the passions stood  
     In his last scene.  
 How his farewell words o'er his boundless grave  
     Were cherished far—  
 To tell the stage how the "drop" of the wave  
     Rolled o'er its star.

---

TO SIR WILLIAM FOSTER STAWELL.

THEN CHIEF JUSTICE; NOW LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR  
 OF VICTORIA.

FORGIVE the verse which strives awhile to draw  
 Thy mind aside from avenues of law,  
 Whose maze demands each studious mote of time  
 To shield the guiltless or to punish crime;  
 Not that upon thy generous worth I try  
 To thrust my couplets with a pleading eye,  
 Or mean-born utterance, craving favour's rod—  
 No! free as air—no master but my God.  
 Yet thankful still to Him who watched my good,  
 And turned my steps half fearful to intrude  
 On thy stern presence in my simple mood.  
 Oh! wisdom's kindness hath a magic power  
 I never knew till that one joyous hour!  
 Though oft before across my spirits creep  
 I've felt its want and woman-like would weep.  
 The bitter pang I could not help but own  
 That left me thus untutored and alone:

A virgin soil that only asked the care  
 And culture of the skilful hand to bear.  
 Oft when along Australian paths I've been  
 On mountain's tops, in sweet vale's shady scene,  
 When Nature woke and all her rich perfume  
 Breathed softly through the immensity of room,  
 And every leaf upon her bosom fair  
 Has gently trembled while I nestled there—  
 My wild desires lived but to save a shore  
 Spurned by the world, yet loved by me the more,  
 And bade me strive with all a minstrel's fire  
 To strike in song my rude unpolished lyre,  
 And lift my thoughts linked with the sweet essay  
 To something higher than earth's common clay.  
 The voice of learning came—and thine was ta'en,  
 The first that had not learned to mock my strain,  
 No glance deriding did thy soul betray,  
 For justice marked what truth preferred to say—  
 That truth which rose, despite a people's grudge,  
 To mould a statesman, orator, and judge—  
 'Tis godlike to be generously wise—  
 The truly noble knows not to despise.

. . . . .  
 Then let me feel the worst of bitter scorn  
 From narrow minds to meanest actions born;  
 So I beneath the noble voice may soar  
 To win a name to grace my native shore—  
 But such a name as only can belong  
 To those who struggle in the path of song.  
 That when I die my latest thinkings can  
 Claim sweet acquaintance with a righteous man  
 Whose soul could still to noblest promptings bend  
 Yet be the judge with honour o'er the friend.

## CHARLES UMBERS.

[Of the Telegraph Department, Dunedin, New Zealand. Son of an officer in the English army—a frequent contributor to the New Zealand journals.]

*THE FIREMAN.*

HARK, 'tis the clang of the bell !  
And the fireman springs to his feet  
(Like a faithful hound at his master's word)  
At the very second is the bell heard,  
In jacket and belt complete.

And away, like the rush of the wind,  
With ladder and rope and reel,  
'Mid the shriek of the whistle and hurrying beat  
Of sparkling hoofs through the ruddy street,  
And the ring of brass and steel.

Up, now, through the raging fire  
He clambers with panting breath—  
Through the shifting smoke and the furnace glow,  
And falters his foot for a moment?—ho !  
What terror has he of death ?

Flashes the axe in his hand,  
And his blows fall fast and true ;  
In a second the shattered wall gives way,  
And quick as a tiger after his prey  
With a bound he dashes through.

And here and there, with drooping forms,  
From the tottering rooms he flies ;  
But if in vain is a last retreat,  
And he comes no more from the ruthless heat,  
Like a fireman here he dies.

And down in the clamouring crowd  
 A wife may shriek at his doom,  
 As he falls mid the horrid crackle and glare,  
 And the gasping cries of the victims there  
 That share his fiery tomb.

Fireman, give me your hand!  
 You with the iron breast,  
 With the iron arm and the sinews of steel,  
 And the big bold heart the world shall feel,  
 Its manliest heart and best!

For out of the deeds of men,  
 The valour of human strife,  
 Where is the hand with a prouder claim  
 To the grasp of a king, and the kiss of fame,  
 Than the hand that saves a life!

---

*THE MARRIAGE BELLS OF AVALEIGH.*

I.

RING on for ever,  
 Ye marriage bells that break my reverie!  
 Sweet bells of Avaleigh,  
 Ring on for ever!

Ye tell again the lovers' simple story  
 Of heart that cleaves to heart, whate'er betide—  
 Before the good old parson, bent and hoary,  
 I see them side by side.

The solemn words, scarce audible, are spoken,  
 And softly on her trembling finger now  
 The golden circlet slips—the sacred token  
 That seals their sacred vow.

“Sweet love! sweet wife!” he whispers as they’re leaving,  
 While on her wreathed brow he imprints a kiss ;  
 And she, with faltering lips and bosom heaving,  
 Can only *look* her bliss.

Go, happy bride, fair as your wedding flowers !  
 Go, happy bridegroom—happy ever be  
 To your young hearts the swiftly fleeting hours—  
 To weep is but for me !

Ring on for ever,  
 Ye marriage bells ! how joyous and how free !  
 Sweet bells of Avaleigh,  
 Ring on for ever !

## II.

Ring on for ever,  
 Ye marriage bells that ne’er shall ring for me !  
 Sweet bells of Avaleigh,  
 Ring on for ever !

There was a day (that oft sweet thought has given)  
 For which I longed to clasp her as my bride ;  
 But when the morning dawned my breast was riven—  
 My lovely flow’r had died !

She sleeps within her favourite forest bower,—  
 Sweet bower of love !—our dear old trysting-place,  
 Where, clasping her soft hand, from hour to hour,  
 I watched her pensive face.

’Twas there, when autumn’s leafy wealth was falling,  
 Blithe as a bird, her guileless heart she gave  
 Ah ! little knew my mind the thought appalling—  
 That she sat by her grave !

Sleep, darling, sleep ! my lonely life is fleeting—  
 Drear as the tomb, for joy has fled with you —

Drear till my drooping heart has stilled its beating,  
And lies beneath the dew.

Ring on for ever,  
Ye marriage bells that ne'er shall ring for me  
Sweet bells of Avaleigh,  
Ring on for ever!

---

GORDON'S DEATH.

“So good, so just, so great,  
That at his birth the Heavenly Council paused,  
And then at last cried out—‘This is a man!’”

—*Dryden.*

GORDON is dead!  
Bid revelry be still, hush the light song  
And softly pass the dismal word along—  
Gordon is dead!  
The glorious star is out, and night has come,  
Comrade with the dim eye and drooping head;  
Comrade with the low beat of muffled drum;  
I pluck the cypress branch, and mourn with you,  
The noble heart—the man—the soldier true!  
O bells, ring out a dreary knell;  
O martial music, sadly play;  
O voices, with a requiem, swell  
The dirges of this mournful day!

Gordon, adieu!  
Darling of England's breast—her modest son—  
First on the scroll of fame for duty done—  
Warrior, adieu!  
Rest comes at last, good night to sword and plume;  
But the world weeps, and evermore will rue  
The foulest treachery of dark Khartoum.

Carry low the Union Jack, far let it wave ;  
 Gordon is gone—gone to a hero's grave !  
     O bells, ring out a dreary knell ;  
     O martial music, sadly play ;  
 O voices, with a requiem, swell  
     The dirges of this mournful day !

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MARY COLBORNE VEEL.

[Of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. A young New Zealand native, who has contributed capital poems to the New Zealand papers, though she has published no volume as yet. Her writing is very bright and full of observation.]

SATURDAY NIGHT,

SATURDAY night in the crowded town ;  
 Pleasure and pain going up and down,  
 Murmuring low on the ear their beat,  
 Echoes unceasing of voice and feet.  
 Withered age with its load of care  
 Come in this tumult of life to share,  
 Childhood glad in its radiance brief,  
 Happiest-hearted or bowed with grief,  
 Meet alike, as the stars look down,  
 Week by week on the crowded town.

*And, in a kingdom of mystery,  
 Rapt from this weariful world to see,  
 Magic sights in the yellow glare,  
 Breathing delight in the gas-lit air,  
 Careless of sorrow, of grief, or pain,  
 Two by two, again and again,  
 Strephon and Chloe together move,  
 Walking in Arcady, land of love.*

What are the meanings that burden all  
 These murmuring voices that rise and fall?  
 Tragedies whispered or secrets told,  
 Over the baskets of bought and sold,  
 Joyous speech of the lately wed :  
 Broken lamentings that name the dead :  
 Endless runes of the gossips rede,  
 And gathered home with the weekly need,  
 Kindly greetings as neighbours meet  
 There in the stir of the busy street.

There in the glare of the gaslight ray,  
 Gifted with potency strange to-day,  
 Records of time-written history  
 Flash into light as each face goes by.  
 There, as the hundreds slow moving go,  
 Each with his burden of joy or woe,  
 Souls in the meeting of stranger's eyes,  
 Startled this kinship to recognise,—  
 Meet and part, as the stars look down,  
 Week by week on the crowded town.

*And still in the midst of the busy hum,  
 Rapt in their dream of delight they come,  
 Heedless of sorrow, of grief, or care,  
 Wandering on in enchanted air,  
 Far from the haunting shadow of pain.  
 Two by two, again and again,  
 Strephon and Chloe together move,  
 Walking in Arcady, land of love.*

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## GARNET WALCH.

[Son of Major Walch, 54th Regiment, born Tasmania 1843. Educated partly in England, partly at Heidelberg, Germany. Returning to Tasmania, first joined his brothers in firm of Walch Bros., publishers and booksellers; went to New South Wales and edited a local paper at Parramatta, his rival being Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P. Began independent literary life at Sydney; then went to Melbourne, where for six years he was Secretary of the local Athenæum. Published a succession of Christmas annuals, a slight volume of verses (*The Little Tin Plate*), and an important and interesting work entitled *Victoria in 1880*. Has almost regularly supplied the theatres with an extravaganza at Christmas.]

## A LITTLE TIN PLATE.

AMIDST the massive sideboard's burnished wealth—  
 Rich flagons, loving cups, and wassail bowls,  
 Brave trophies of the river and the hunt,  
 And old-world tankards bossed with pictured tale—  
 Fair in the centre, as a place of pride,  
 On special pedestal, there rests a plate,  
 An old tin plate—a battered, dented plate,  
 With alphabet for legend round its marge  
 Encircling Wellington in bold relief,  
 His cocked hat glory vying with his nose  
 To vouch the portrait true past breath of doubt—  
 A shabby, sorry plate—a dingy plate—  
 A Pariah of plates, yet still a plate  
 That has its story, and the story thus :—

. . . . .

That plate there was bought by Jack Hill,  
 'Bout the time of the rush to Split Creek,  
 For to give to his kid, little Bill.  
 I remember it, same as last week.  
 Little Bill was a bright four-year-old,  
 Could toddle an' talk with the best—

Blue eyes, an' his curly hair gold,  
 An' such limbs—you should see him undressed !  
 Most kids has some ways of their own,  
 An' Bill's was the takingest out.  
 To watch that there infant alone  
 Was as good any day as a shout.  
 Jack Hill—which the name was a blind—  
 Was as fond of the child as could be ;  
 That loving, an' tender, an' kind,  
 You'd have thought he was three parts a she.  
 It was all he had left of his luck  
 Since his wife, poor young creatur', had died ;  
 But though "patches" was not to be struck,  
 He was happy with Bill by his side.  
 Most days Bill to lessons was sent,  
 While his father worked eighty foot down,  
 But at night the boy slep' in the tent,  
 In a crib like the smartest in town ;  
 An' on Sundays no shaft an' no school,  
 But a regular treat for the pair,  
 With a stroll in the bush, as a rule,  
 An' a extra bit lisp of a prayer.  
 Jack was never a psalm-singing one,  
 There wasn't much snuffle in him,  
 But what the young mother begun  
 He wouldn't allow to go dim.  
 An' he used to tell yarns to that kid,  
 Me being his mate—do you "take" ?—  
 For to put Bill to sleep, an' they did,  
 But they'd keep *me* all night wide awake—  
 Such twisters of fairies with wings  
 As lived in each flower, on each bough,  
 An' of all sorts of fanciful things,  
 Which theirnames, though, has slipped me just now ;  
 But never no bogeyfied rot  
 That them nurses prefer, as it seems,

And that proved Jack to know what was what,  
For the boy always smiled in his dreams.  
Times kep' quisby, for when we were through,  
An' had bottomed clean on to the lead,  
The wash-dirt turned out a dead slew ;  
'Twas enough to make any heart bleed—  
Not a speck ! not a load for an ant,  
Not as much as would fill a fly's eye,  
We hadn't a show for a slant,  
It was plain that our luck was sky-high.  
Says I, " Let's jack up, man alive,  
An' try further down on the Creek ! "  
" All right ! " says my mate, " but we'll drive  
Right and left to the end of this week."  
So we drove for a couple of days,  
An' still we was out in the cold,  
When, sudden as straw in a blaze,  
I'm blamed, if we didn't strike gold !  
Such gold, too, the nuggety kind ;  
Like plums stuck in duff, they was thick,  
With a prospect of plenty behind,  
For it bettered each stroke of the pick.  
At first we was quite took aback—  
Luck like this ! when we thought luck was spent.  
Then I touched flesh in silence with Jack,  
An' at it, like tigers we went.  
We'd got it, at last—the right sort !  
But we didn't say one single word,  
For, whatever the pair of us thought,  
'Twas our picks, not our tongues, as we stirred.  
At night, when snug fixed in our beds,  
There'd be plenty of time to rejoice—  
With that, man, right over our heads,  
We was scared by the sound of a voice !—  
'Twas the schoolmaster come to report  
As poor little Bill was took bad.

Jack downs with his pick quick as thought,  
 And ups to the surface like mad !  
 When I follows—I waited to get  
 A bag of them plums, if you please—  
 There was Jack, like a statter he set,  
 With Bill, half asleep, on his knees.  
 Says I, thinking 'twould take off the rough  
 (For I see that the kid was real bad),  
 “Here’s a sack full of comfortin’ stuff!”—  
 “Speak soft,” hisses Jack ; “are you mad ?  
 Chuck that muck in the corner—an’ start  
 For the township—an’ rouse up old Heard,  
 An’ tell him to come an’ look smart !”  
 I was off like a redshank, my word !  
 Old Heard was a doctorin’ bloke,  
 Knew as much as most “medical men,”  
 Which ain’t lashings—a beggar to soak,  
 But sober enough now and then.  
 He was right, for a wonder, this day,  
 An’ as wise as a mopoke with that ;  
 So we into his visitin’-shay,  
 An’ along the back track at a bat !—  
 Heard hauls out a watch from his kick,  
 Feels Bill’s pulse, as it seemed, half an hour :  
 Next he has a long suck at his stick  
 (Which, to judge by his look, tasted sour) ;  
 Then he shakes his old chump to and fro,  
 At a dignified pendulum pace,  
 An’ he mutters, half ’loud and half low,  
 “Bad case—ah ! a very bad case.”  
 Says Jack, “So I thought : now, fair’s fair—  
 You’ve to save him, that’s *what* you’ve to do.  
 For a week or so, Heard, you keep square ;  
 An’ if, by God’s grace, he pulls through,  
 D’ye see that bag there ? *half* is mine ;  
 You shall have it—ah ! handle the weight.

Says I, "Come, our forces we'll jine,  
 For I goes the other half, mate."  
 Well, old Heard did his best for that fee,  
 Kep' as straight as a clear splitting pine,  
 But no use, for it wasn't to be,  
 Not for all the gold south of the line.  
 When He says that the flower must fade,  
 The gardeners may watch and may tend,  
 But His is the will that's obeyed—  
 I suppose it's all right in the end.  
 "Water—water!"—that hoarse little cry  
 Grew weaker and weaker, until  
 For hours that there darlin' would lie  
 Like a pretty wax figure—so still.  
 Don't you snuff? no, quite right—as you say,  
 It's a habit that's best left alone;  
 It makes one's eyes water, too—hey!  
 But it comforts me sometimes, I own.  
 Well, an hour before little Bill died,  
 He picked up that 'dential plate  
 Which had been his partickilar pride,  
 An' he holds it out straight to my mate  
 (It caught one big tear as it fell).  
 Says he, "Pa, dear, you gave this to Bill  
 For learning his letters so well.  
 Will you keep it, an' think of me still?  
 Mamma will be glad that I've come,  
 And for you we will both of us wait  
 Up there in that beautiful home,  
 An' mind, pa! you bring me my plate!"  
 'Twas a mere childish fancy at best,  
 More like to cause laughter than tears,  
 But it shows how that innocent blest  
 Of the death we so dread had no fears—  
 Then he turns to a blubb'ring old fool,  
 An', says he, "Stupid Bob, don't you cry;

Little Bill isn't going to school,  
 He's going to heaven—good-bye!"  
 He laid his sweet head on Jack's arm,  
 With the other hand tight in his own,  
 An' he passed away smilin' an' calm,  
 An' Jack, poor old Jack, was alone!

At first he was stunned-like, was Jack,  
 But none the less ready for work.  
 My word! he did more than his whack;  
 He was never a cove as would shirk—  
 An' as if to make up for our loss  
 That there claim kep' on, plum after plum;  
 Every day we were droppin' across  
 Half-a-dozen as big as your thumb.  
 But Jack—and I think I'd a share  
 In them feelin's—thought more of one curled  
 Golden lock of his dead darlin's hair  
 Than of all the blamed gold in the world.

It spread round the camp like a shot  
 That Jack Hill an' Bob Smith were in luck,  
 But none of our neighbours had got  
 A slice of the plum-duff *we'd* struck—  
 Just tucker was all they could raise,  
 An' some of 'em not even that;  
 Such is Fortune's cantankerous ways,  
 All purr, or all claw, the old cat.  
 Well, one night—you're not tired? no—all right;  
 There isn't much more to be told.  
 One dark, bitter cold August night  
 We've turned in dead beat, an' the gold  
 Is under Jack's head—both asleep—  
 When two beggars crawl into the tent;  
 They had watched right enough—an' they creep,  
 Like a couple of hounds on the scent,

One towards me—an' the other, by Jack,  
 Slips a hand where the shammy is stowed ;  
 T'other fist, for safe, silent attack,  
 Grips a sharp butcher's knife—well, I'm blowed,  
 Jack wakes—but too late ; through the air,  
 Quick as lightning, sir, down comes the knife  
 Dead straight for his heart—an'—well, there,  
 That little tin plate saves his life.

We'd a tuzzle, of course—twig this scar ?  
 But we nobbled 'em both—one I shot,  
 And the other's in Pentridge, Black Parr ;  
 I think it was ten years he got.  
 Jack settled in Melbourne long since,  
 No cause for to fossick or roam,  
 An' them cups an' things, fit for a prince,  
 Come out with a fortune from Home ;  
 Which his name isn't Jack—no—nor Hill,  
 I told you, you'll mind, at the start—  
 Oh, yes, he's a widower still,  
 Though South Yarra tries hard for his heart.  
 I fancy that plate is the charm  
 As drives Cupid's arrows back bent,  
 An' who knows but it shields him from harm  
 As it did that dark night in the tent ?  
 But though Jack is well bred, an' I ain't,  
 Though he's reckoned a "man of much weight,"  
 He's neither a prig nor a saint,  
 An' he never goes back on his mate.  
 He'd relations afloat on the Flood—  
 He's the boss of this elegant place—  
 Here he comes !—it's my nevvvy, my lud,  
 Charles Smith—hem ! Sir Bayard Fitz-Sayce.

## GOOD NEWS.

MOOSTARCHERS and hair black as jet,  
 Tall and thin, with a sad kind of smile ;  
 Soft-handed, soft-voiced, but well set—  
 A new chum in manners and style.  
 That's him, sir—that's him ; he's been here  
 A matter of nigh fourteen weeks,  
 Which I know by the rent in arrear ;  
 Though a gent—you can tell when he speaks—  
 Came one night about eight, hired a room  
 Without board—it's four shillings, and cheap,  
 Though I say it, and me and the broom,  
 And good yaller soap for its keep ;  
 And a widow with nine, which the twins—  
 Bless their 'arts—are that sturdy and bold,  
 At their tricks soon as daylight begins,  
 Even now when it's perishing cold  
 O' mornings ; and Betsy, my girl,  
 As answered the door, sir, for you,  
 She's so slow, for her age, though a pearl  
 When there's any long job to get through ;  
 And Bobby—but there, I forgot ;  
 You'll pardon a mother, I know.  
 Well, for six weeks he paid up his shot,  
 And then I could see funds was low.  
 He dressed just as neat, but his coat  
 Got buttoned up nigher his chin,  
 And the scarf twisted round his poor throat  
 Missed a friend in the shape of a pin.  
 So the rent it run on, for, says I,  
 He's out of his luck, I can see,  
 And wants all his money to buy  
 His wittles (you brat, let that be).  
 Where he works I can't tell, but he's out  
 Every morning at nine from the house,

And he comes back at six or about,  
 And up to his room like a mouse.  
 On Sundays the same, though I s'pose  
 He visits his friends on that day,  
 But where it may be that he goes  
 It's not in my knowledge to say.  
 He ain't well, I can tell by his walk ;  
 He's as thin as a lath, and *that* pale ;  
 But I never could get him to talk,  
 So I can't rightly guess what may ail.  
 He never sends out for no beer,  
 He don't smoke, and as far as I see,  
 Beyond the few clothes he brought here,  
 And a desk, he's as hard up as me.  
 What ! you bring him good news ; I *am* glad !  
 A fortune ! Ten thousand ! Oh, la !  
 That's the physic for *you*, my poor lad.  
 This way, sir ; it's not very far.  
 Mind that stair, please—the banister's broke.  
 Here's his door ; hush, I'll knock. Ah ! asleep.  
 Can't help it—you'd better be woke ;  
 The news is too pretty to keep.  
 Ain't he sound, eh ? Poor fellow, he's rocked  
 To rest in the kingdom of Nod.  
 We'd better go in. It's not locked.  
 Follow me, sir. All dark. Oh ! my God !

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A SPRAY OF AMARANTH.

A MOUNTAIN brook, that nigh its fount of birth,  
 Leaps the sheer cliff in brave bright arch unbroken,  
 Then sinks into the bosom of kind Earth  
 In rainbowed spray, a Heaven-promise token.

Such was thy life, sweet Kate—an impulse dream,  
 Nature and Fancy mingling to excel ;  
 Thy being gushed in one pure generous stream,  
 Then leapt to rest in rainbow-hued farewell.

Is it not better that the brooklet sped  
 In crystal beauty to its maiden grave,  
 Than deepened into dulness as it spread  
 With rocks and shoals to fret its widening wave ?

We'll deem it so ; for while we mourn our loss,  
 And miss the radiant maiden of our love,  
 Lo ! in the very shadow of the Cross  
 Hope stands serene, and, smiling, points above.

---

DRIFTING.

DRIFTING, drifting, onward drifting !  
 Love, upon thy stream we glide,  
 'Midst the roseate glorious shifting  
 Of the eventide.

Balmy zephyrs close pursuing  
 Whisper words our hearts translate ;  
 When the very winds are wooing,  
 Shall we hesitate ?

Ripples round our galley pressing  
 Coyly kiss, then kiss again ;  
 If the waves are so caressing,  
 Why should *we* refrain ?

Here are none to check or chide us,  
 None to caution or divide ;  
 Love alone to guard and guide us,  
 Drifting with the tide.

Drifting, drifting—whither drifting,  
 Oh, carissima, with thee!  
 To the radiant skies uplifting,  
 Or a storm-swept sea.

---

*BRAVA, TASMANIA!*

REMOVE yon mutton from my sight,  
 Yon pallid loaf and sordid pickles,  
 I've supped on melody to-night—  
 No grosser food my palate tickles.

HAVE I not sat entranced, bewitched  
 By her, our new-found primadonna;  
 Then hurled her blessings, likewise pitched,  
 My partner's bouquet down upon her.

(Excuse the rhyme. I own it crude;  
 But cannot wait to seek a neater;  
 When with one's subject one's imbued,  
 What matter rhyme, or sense, or metre?)

A voice that thrilled, a voice that stilled  
 The very hearts of all who listened,  
 And called up happy tears that filled  
 The eyes wherein they welled and glistened.

The voice of warbling Philomel,  
 Lulling to rest the fair Titania.  
 It ceases—hark! the plaudits swell,  
 Cheer upon cheer—Brava, Tasmania!

I always liked good singing; yes,  
 Since I was quite a tiny shaver,  
 Though I don't know, I must confess,  
 A crochet from a semiquaver.

I haven't the remotest ken  
 Of scales chromatic, diatonic!  
 (And yet I meet no end of men,  
 All members of the Philharmonic).

But I am strangely moved to-night,  
 I can't be calm and analytic,  
 Nor vivisect my warm delight  
 With cold-nibbed steel like yonder critic.

Her "D below the treble stave,"  
 Her "F" that soars so far above it—  
 Of these let wiseheads prate and rave,  
 They *sift* her voice, I simply love it.

Who says we have no birds of song  
 Save those from other lands imported,  
 Does us, *pardi*, a grievous wrong,  
 The statement of a mind distorted.

We *have* sweet birds, whose native notes  
 The public praise without demur win;  
 And latest, best, the rhymester quotes  
 His countrywoman—Amy Sherwin.

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MARCUS CLARKE.

LINES SPOKEN AT THE MEMORIAL BENEFIT.

A TEARDROP fell upon a poet's grave  
 From eyes that welled their sweet oblation forth  
 Yet owned no kinship to the happy dead—  
 And he who wept was only rich in tears;  
 Gave them as sorrow's tribute and his all.  
 A passing angel saw the radiant flash  
 Marking the sunlit transit of that tear;

And when the widow came to mourn her lot  
 She found a diamond of priceless worth,  
 All hope's bright hues reflected in its depths,  
 In rainbow-promise of still happy days.

So runs a legend I have somewhere read  
 Or dreamed about—it matters little which,  
 The *moral* of the fable is my theme—  
 Heaven makes true pity practical.  
 We with our grief can act that angel's part,  
 And, aided by the Alchemy of Love,  
 Transmute our friendly tears to solid gold  
 Stamped with the hall-mark of a human heart.

The brightest genius that our land could boast,  
 Whose gifts outweighed the gathered golden ore  
 Of thrice ten years—is dead at half life's span.  
 Dead! when coy August-buds are whisp'ring "spring,"  
 And nature wakes to trill her native song.  
 Asleep! asleep too soon! For thee, dear friend,  
 No golden harvest, and no after death;  
 No ripened vintage of the full-globed grape;  
 No luscious Wine of Life—no fruited Fame,  
 No flowers save those pale blooms that deck thy grave.  
 O! cruel blast—O! keen-eyed, callous frost,  
 Killing the tree that blossomed earliest, best—  
 The one brave tree whose growth we watched with pride.

But stay thy stroke! The tender ivy-vines  
 That lack the lord they loved, and lie along,  
 Frailing in tear-dew—widowed—fatherless—  
 Shall feel fresh warmth—the warmth of beating hearts,  
 Nor fear thy further spite—the self-same hand  
 That scattered gold when India's millions starved  
 And drew the purse-strings wide at Erin's call

Will surely help their own, their best beloved,  
 Who sit at Home, beside the joyless hearth  
 Aye! even so! Behold the answer *here*,  
 Sleep! Marcus, sleep! thy dear ones are *our* care.

*Theatre Royal, Melbourne,*  
*Aug. 18, 1881.*

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### SANS SOUCI.

#### I.

WHAT a love, what a duck of a place! was Maria's remark,  
 After viewing the house we had bought—Eden Row,  
 Albert Park—

What a love, what a duck of a place! and I echoed the words,  
 It was really an elegant nest—fit for two loving birds—  
 Known till then as "Old Muggleton's Spec," but as soon  
 as we came

'Twas resolved at a family council to better that name.  
 I suggested the Roost or the Den, but Maria said  
 "Goosey,  
 It will sound far more knowing and nice if we call it  
 'SANS SOUCI.'"

Idea parenthesis crops up here, and, in my opinion,  
 'Tis a matter deserving research, of a nature Darwinian,  
 Why our women, regardless of sex, from drudge Sal to  
 Amanda,

Should address the male human as "goosey" and never  
 as "gander."

We adopted "Sans Souci" forthwith, and the painter  
 next day

Inscribed on our outposts the charm that would keep care  
 away.

Now I never believed much in omens and stuff of that sort,  
 But something occurred which, since then, has occasioned  
 me thought.

When that painter had barely concluded, a van at the gate  
Delivered betwixt those twin columns a package of  
weight ;

'Twas a gift from an Albury uncle, a vigneron there—  
And that hamper of wine of the country was branded  
“ WITH CARE.”

## II.

By the time that our note-paper came with the Sans  
Souci stamp,

We had subtle suggestions of drains and faint frescoes of  
damp,

Not improved by a shower or two, for the weather was  
juicy,

And the rain had a way of its own through the roof at  
Sans Souci.

The cockroach encroached on our rights in vast squadrons  
by night,

Battalions of ants were deployed at the first dawn of light,  
Slugs sought out the cosiest corners, and wallowed in  
slime,

And death-watches puzzled our clock till it ticked out of  
time ;

That furtive old rodent the rat, with its ally the mouse,  
Made dozens of tiny Thames tunnels all over the house.

Moths, mosquitoes, and fleas, and fleas' cousins of flatter  
proportions

Throve gaily, and centipedes crawled round in horrid con-  
tortions.

Flies darkened the air as in Egypt, a black buzzing  
stream,

And the song of the blowfly was heard like the roaring of  
steam,

While larrikin spiders aloft, like youths trammelled in sin,  
Exhausted their vital resources to keep on the spin.

You'd have thought Messrs. Noah & Sons had announced  
a fresh trip,  
And that all the small fry of the show just to fill up the  
ship  
Had been ordered aboard, but alas, had gone wide of their  
mark  
And mistaken San Souci the moist for that clipper, the  
Ark.  
Then the gaspipes had odorous leaks, and the water-pipes  
burst,  
While the draughts grew to hurricane strength that were  
zephyrs at first ;  
There wasn't a chimney but smoked or a window but  
squeaked,  
And the doors, though anointed each day, still defiantly  
shrieked,  
And the garden was not a success, for we planted sweet  
pea  
And it came up "old man," mixed with weeds of the  
rankest degree.  
What we sowed that by no chance we reaped, though in  
search after cures  
I wasted my substance in bones and less cheerful manures.  
Then the neighbours deputed a body who, noses hard held,  
Obtained by politeness relief which they might have com-  
pelled.  
Thus matters progressed day by day in gradations of worse,  
And the clouds that o'ershadowed our house still refused  
to disperse,  
Till at last when the cat died of cramps, and the twins  
caught the croup,  
And the cook in an aguey fit, fell into the soup,  
We gave ourselves notice to quit, and Maria and Goosey  
Fled far from that home of Black Care which we  
christened "Sans Souci."

*A DRUG IN THE MARKET.*

I stood in the street in the noontide, precisely at midday  
time,  
For the loud-mouthed bells of the G. P. O. had that  
moment ceased to chime  
(I trust to the public dial, since the lever I used to  
wear,  
The one Cousin Amy gave, my uncle has—to repair).

Well, I stood in the street in the noontide, a breakfastless,  
lunchless wight,  
No prospect of dinner before me, no hope of a bed for the  
night,  
And I railed in good Anglo-Saxon at the luck which had  
brought me out  
To seek that Australian fortune I'd dreamed so often  
about.

Thus I stood in the street in the noontide, heart, stomach,  
and pocket void,  
A seedy but well-dressed loafer, respectably unemployed ;  
And I heard what was meant for music, and the rhythmical  
tramp of the feet,  
And many a blazoned banner I saw far down the street.

And up the street in the noontide with the painfully solemn  
air  
Which your Briton in full enjoyment is proverbially known  
to wear,  
There trooped in the glory of broadcloth some hundreds  
of well-fed men,  
With a score of aforesaid banners, and bands—well, I  
counted ten.

Up, up the streets in the noontide, like ants on their  
 native hill,  
 These sorrowful revellers swarmed along at a pace that  
 could hardly kill ;  
 And their banners swayed in the sunshine as their bearers  
 staggered beneath,  
 And the whole ten bands played different tunes, till I  
 thought I should shed my teeth.

Then I said to my next hand neighbour, a citizen hale and  
 stout,  
 "Pray pardon a new chum's wonder, but what is this all  
 about ?  
 Whose obsequies do we assist at ; whom, whom do we  
 follow round,  
 And oh ! why are these mixed harmonies, these gordian-  
 knots of sound.

Unto which I received as answer, "A funeral ! that be—  
 well !  
 It's the Height-hour Demonstration, as any but fools  
 could tell.  
 It's the workmen of Melbourne city, they're a-marching  
 'and in 'and,  
 All joining for self-protection, in one united band."

Then the band that is so united, though severed by ten  
 bands more,  
 Passes out of my sight and hearing as it turns by the  
 White Hart door ;  
 And my scornful neighbour in going, of his own free will  
 exclaims,  
 "They're off to the S'cieties' Gardens, t' enjoy their sports  
 and games."

But I stand at the corner-kerbing, as loafers are wont  
 to do,  
 And chew the cud of reflection, which is all I have to  
 chew ;  
 And I used some more Anglo-Saxon, of the strongest  
 kind that's made,  
 The burden being translated, "Why wasn't *I* taught a  
 trade ?"

For these cornumanous parties, these eight-hour working  
 bees  
 Make honey (for "h" read "m" there), and sip it sweet  
 at ease ;  
 And with *them* the ancient adage acquires this reading  
 new,  
 That "Jack's as good as his master, and *a great deal better*  
*too !*"

Ah yes ! they are truly blessèd, these octohoral gents,  
 Though their tipple is hardly Moët, and their ball-rooms  
 are but tents ;  
 They can pay their way if they're careful, and free from  
 trouble and debt,  
 Can pity their worse off betters, fast trammelled by clique  
 and set.

'Tis sweeter to spend a shilling that can purchase one  
 homely smile  
 Than to buy up the sneers of the many by paying for  
 spurious style,  
 As is done by those tinselled tilters who so often salute  
 the ground  
 From a stride of their counterfeit chargers in society's  
 merry-go-round.

*Pour moi*—self imported, unordered, my chances must  
needs be small—  
I'm too heavily advalorem'd to find a market at all.  
Education and English polish are very unsaleable stuff—  
The men that are wanted in Melbourne must be sent out  
here in the rough.

Perhaps if I gained experience of the sort that's colonial-  
made,  
I might worship the charms of protection, and learn to  
abhor Free Trade ;  
But, *ad interim*, comes starvation and I feel I am hardly  
fit  
To study political problems, while in want of a three-  
penny bit.

As thus I was standing a-musing, on aught but amusing  
themes,  
The chimes called the faithful to luncheon and rudely  
dispelled my dreams ;  
And my irrepressible stomach reasserted its right to yearn,  
So I started off at a tangent, for my thoughts took a  
practical turn.

I followed the Austral workman through the "golden  
afternoon,"  
To the scene of his innocent revels, where his bands  
played out of tune ;  
And I promised a Celtic contractor to carry him bricks in  
a hod,  
For a note a week and my tucker and a *half-a-crown*  
*down*—thank God !

## SARAH WELCH.

[Of Adelaide, South Australia, has published a little paper booklet entitled *The Dying Chorister and the Chorister's Funeral*. Is a hospital nurse by profession.]

*THE DIGGER'S GRAVE.*

HE sought Australia's far-famed isle,  
 Hoping that Fortune on his lot would smile,  
 In search for gold ; when one short year had flown,  
 He wrote the welcome tidings to his own  
 Betrothed ; told how months of toiling vain,  
 Made ten-fold sweeter to him sudden gain ;  
 With sanguine words, traced with love's eager hand,  
 He bade her join him in this bright south land.  
 Oft as he sat, his long day's labour o'er,  
 In his bush hut, he dreamed of home once more ;  
 His thoughts to the old country home in Kent  
 Returned. 'Twas Christmas-day, and they two went  
 O'er frost and snow ; the Christmas anthem rang  
 Through the old church, which echoed as they sang.

That day had Philip courage gained to tell  
 His tale of love to pretty Christabel ;  
 And she, on her part, with ingenuous grace,  
 Endorsed the tell-tale of her blushing face.  
 Dream on, true lover, never, never thou  
 Shalt press the kiss of welcome on her brow.  
 E'en now a comrade, eager for thy gold,  
 Above thy fond true heart the knife doth hold—  
 One stroke, the weapon's plunged into his breast ;  
 So sure the aim, that like a child at rest,  
 The murdered digger lies, a happy smile  
 Parts the full manly bearded lips the while.

Next day they found him. In his death-cold hand,  
 He held his last home letter, lately scanned  
 With love-lit eyes ; and next his heart they found  
 A woman's kerchief, which, when they unwound,  
 Disclosed a lock of silken auburn hair  
 And portrait of a girl's face, fresh and fair,  
 Dyed with the life-blood of his faithful heart.  
 To more than one eye, tears unbidden start ;  
 With reverent hands, and rough, unconscious grace,  
 They laid him in his lonely resting-place.  
 The bright-hued birds, true nature's requiem gave,  
 And wattle-bloom bestrews the digger's grave.

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### WILLIAM CHARLES WENTWORTH.

[“The great Australian Statesman,” founder of the Sydney University, born Norfolk Island, 1791. Son of D’Arcy Wentworth. Educated in England, first under Dr. Alexander Crombie at Greenwich, afterwards at the University of Cambridge, where he unsuccessfully competed against Mackworth Praed for the Chancellor’s medal 1823.

The subject was “Australasia,” and though Praed secured the prize, Wentworth’s is much the more meritorious performance ; ranking as a “prize poem” very high indeed.

Wentworth had but little time to cultivate the muses. He finally returned to England in 1862, and died in his 81st year, at Wimborne, Dorsetshire. His remains were taken to Sydney, where they were honoured with a public funeral.]

### AUSTRALASIA.

CELESTIAL poesy ! whose genial sway  
 Earth’s furthest habitable shores obey ;  
 Whose inspirations shed their sacred light,  
 Far as the regions of the arctic night,

And to the Laplander his Boreal gleam  
Endear not less than Phœbus' brighter beam,—  
Descend thou also on my native land,  
And on some mountain-summit take thy stand ;  
Thence issuing soon a purer font be seen  
Than charmed Castalia or famed Hippocrene ;  
And there a richer, nobler fame arise,  
Than on Parnassus met the adoring eyes.  
And tho', bright goddess, on those far blue hills,  
That pour their thousand swift pellucid rills,  
Where Warragumba's rage has rent in twain  
Opposing mountains, thundering to the plain,  
No child of song has yet invoked thy aid,  
'Neath their primeval solitary shade,—  
Still, gracious powers, some kindly soul inspire,  
To wake to life my country's unknown lyre,  
That from creation's date has slumbering lain,  
Or only breathed some savage uncouth strain ;—  
And grant that yet an Austral Milton's song  
Pactolus-like flow deep and rich along ;—  
An Austral Shakespeare rise, whose living page  
To nature true may charm in every age ;—  
And that an Austral Pindar daring soar,  
Where not the Theban eagle reached before.

---

## CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

[Born 1804, died 1862 ; poet, novelist, dramatist ; a native of London ; began as clerk in a commercial house ; in 1831 published *The Solitary*, a poem, and seems shortly afterwards to have become an author by profession ; in 1834 published anonymously the *Autobiography of Jack Ketch*—entirely fiction ; asked by Chapman & Hall to associate himself with Seymour in producing the book afterwards famous as *The Pickwick Papers* ; declined, declaring himself unequal to the task of

producing the copy with sufficient regularity, and recommended in his place the young author of *Sketches by Boz*; in 1842 Mr. Bentley published the novel *Richard Savage*, by which Whitehead will principally be remembered. Of this work Dickens often spoke "with great admiration," while Dante Rossetti writes of it as "very remarkable—a real character really worked out;" wrote also *The Cavalier*, a poetic drama, the *Earl of Essex*, an historical romance, *Smiles and Tears*, a collection of stories and essays, and a *Life of Raleigh*; also contributed largely to magazines and journals. His talents were great, and *Richard Savage* gave him a brilliant start; unhappily fell into habits of intemperance; to make a fresh start accepted a journalistic appointment in Melbourne in 1857, but his fatal propensity remained. He sank lower and lower, and in 1862 died in Melbourne of destitution. *The Spanish Marriage*, the fragment of a poetic drama from which our extract is taken, was published in a Melbourne magazine, and contains fine passages. A most interesting and highly reviewed study of the poet, *Charles Whitehead, a Monograph with Extracts from his Works*, has been published by Mr. H. T. Mackenzie Bell (T. Fisher, Unwin & Co.), which has gone into a second edition. Our biography is an abridgment of Mr. Mackenzie Bell's in *Celebrities of the Century*, p. 1045.

### THE SPANISH MARRIAGE.

#### SCENE I

*The exterior of a cathedral at the back of the stage. Enter from the door CHARLES and POSA, who descend the steps and advance hurriedly to the front of the stage.*

*Charles.* These impious marriage rites! O, holy nature,

How are thou now profaned!

*Posa.* But yet, my lord,  
Permit the friend who ventured to dissuade you  
From being present at this ceremony,  
To urge the danger of a seeming scorn

Cast on the king by your abrupt departure,  
Before the benediction had been given.

*Charles.* The benediction ! frightful mockery !  
Had I stayed longer, Henry, I had rushed  
To the high altar, and in tones to thrill  
The ashes of the dead beneath my feet,  
Proclaimed the scene a most unrighteous lie.

*Posa.* Let me implore, be calm.

*Charles.* Be calm ! and love ?  
You know she was affianced unto me ;  
She knows it too, letters have passed between us,  
Our portraits been exchanged.—You know the King  
Made overtures to Elizabeth, Queen of England,  
Who said her hand was otherwise engaged  
In grasping tight the sceptre. Thwarted there,  
This father casts his eye tow'ards France, and sees  
His son's betrothed—thence, and now, weds her. Shame  
On royal contract oaths ! I am a slave,  
A thing for men to whet their wits upon,  
To have suffered this.

*Posa.* I grieve for all the wrongs,  
Scorns, and indignities which—

*Charles.* From my birth,  
Forget not that !—

*Posa.* The King has heaped upon you.  
But he is absolute, and waves his will  
O'er every head at pleasure. Hear me now :  
There is no being on the earth so helpless  
As a king's son and heir ; he's sought and flattered,  
And loved for that which may be, not which is ;  
All in expectancy, and meanwhile nothing—  
(*Aside.*) He does not listen.

Stay, they are about  
To leave the church ; the sacrifice is ended :  
Stand close : you shall see pomp and majesty,

A king and queen pass by—a stately sight!  
 You would not think, sir, that the king bears with him  
 A perjured heart—the queen a blighted one.

*The doors of the cathedral are thrown open, and a marriage procession comes forth and passes out.*

Didst thou behold? all is accomplished now,  
 And nought remains for me but to begone.  
 After to-day I must not see her more.  
 Must not? who shall prevent me but the king,  
 Who knows not what a heaven shines through her eyes  
 Into my soul? O thou hast triumphed o'er me,  
 Thou ruthless father, and I must submit,  
 In meek endurance of thy sharpest taunts,  
 So I may live here in her presence.

---

W. R. WILLS.

[Of Otahuhu, Auckland, New Zealand, born at Bath, England, January 21st, 1837. Emigrated to New Zealand about 1875. Has published three volumes—*Blossoms of Early Life, Songs by the Way, A Bunch of Wild Pansies* (Auckland, H. Brett, 1885). Has also written many songs which have been set to music and published, and has other volumes in preparation.]

*THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.*

THE spirit of love  
 Went wandering  
 Over the desert's burning sand;  
 She tapped a tiny silver spring,  
 Unfolded her wings and was off again.  
 But, oh! the loving deep remains,

A living stream o'er the parched sod,  
 The burning sand  
 And desert land  
 Smile with the rippling rills of God.

The spirit of love  
 Went wandering  
 Over the city's darkest lair,  
 She bent her low where a child of woe  
 Drank in the deadly atmosphere.  
 She fanned him gently with her wings,  
 Cooled his brow with her lovèd breath ;  
 Like winnowing wings  
 Of the seraphim,  
 She snatched him from the grasp of death.

O spirit of love !  
 Sweet child of heaven,  
 Where sorrow dwells outspread thy wings,  
 Give the parchèd gems of the desert wild  
 The early dew and the silver springs ;  
 And stand thou by when death is nigh,  
 And hearts are faint and eyes grow dim ;  
 Give the weary love,  
 And sing, sweet dove,  
 Of the glory-realms of the cherubim.

---

*FOR EVER A CROWN OF THORNS.*

THERE came a messenger of God  
 Unto this world of ours.  
 'TWAS but a bud of purple may  
 With green leaves round its tiny spray,  
 Smiling in sunny bowers,—

A maiden, with the health of June  
 And sunshine round her way,  
 Kissed the sweet bud—when lo! there lay  
 A tiny thorn!—Ah! gentle maid,  
     Cast not the gem away!  
 Dost thou expect all sunrays,  
 And never a cloud to frown?  
 Dost think the flowers have never a thorn  
 Or the east winds beat not  
     The lamb new shorn?  
     Or a saint shall not faint  
 Till she reaches the crown  
 And near the throne she nestles down?

There came a messenger of God  
 With flowers around his way,  
 The birds sang love and the stars above  
 Smiled fairer for him alway,  
 And he loved the world, and he kissed its flowers,  
 And he roamed by the shore for days and hours,  
 And he sang of freedom, and brotherhood,  
 The weal of man, and his brother's good;  
 But woe to him, poor poet of love,  
 The clouds hid all fair stars above,  
 And the world grew cold, and jealousy  
 Threw o'er his path its irony!  
 And his harp grew silent, oh! foolish bard,  
 Strike sweeter notes, when hearts are hard  
 And when clouds are black—and the world is cold,  
 Tell the critics of hate—they are tinged with gold.

Then sing, still sing of the days to be,  
 When stars shall beam again above,  
 Sing freedom's lays of the brighter days  
 When song shall rule each heart of love.

Dost think each heart is like thy own,  
 Clinging for love near the Father's throne?  
 Dost think to escape the viper's sting?  
 It biteth the slave—shall it spare the king?  
 Dost hope to escape the critic's sneer  
 When the spirit of hate is everywhere?

Ah! no—poor bard, and maiden sweet,  
 Still bless the daisies 'neath your feet,  
 Kiss God's fair flowers—sing of worlds afar,  
 Where love is King o'er each smiling star!  
 And press, sweet maid, thy ruby lips  
 To the fragrant rose, the thorny may!  
 Tho' they pierce the heart, or the lip to-day,  
 They shall smile in love, when the thorns decay.

Yet the singers of God shall be crowned with thorns,  
 And amid the frosted leaves,  
 They shall groan and cry for freedom's sake,  
 Like Christ between the thieves!  
 The world shall nail them on the cross,  
 And pierce each loving side—  
 Till giants of love shall groan and cry,  
 "O Father! with us abide."  
 And the Father, tho' far, shall be near at hand,  
 He shall smite with a whirlwind's rod,  
 And clasp the crucified Sons of Song  
 To the bosom of their God.

---

## APOLLO AND MARSYAS.

APOLLO sang a master song  
 And lightly touched his lyre,  
 A bowed heart leapt for very joy  
 At its inspiring fire—  
 The weary ones forgot their care,  
 The evil ones their crime,  
 The passions of a cruel world  
 Were hushed with song divine.

Marsyas frowned, and mocking words  
 And ireful sneer he threw ;  
 His little mind has little scope  
 For love songs of the true—  
 "Others have sung the self-same song  
 With master-hand of yore,  
 But this boy mars the name of song  
 As ne'er was marred before."

Apollo smiled, and sadly said—  
 "No evil passions lie,  
 No vengeful ire is in the fire  
 That flashes from my eye ;  
 But I must teach an evil tongue,  
 A traitor heart this day,  
 'Tis death to sneer—let critics fear  
 When master-hands do play."

Marsyas died, and yet their lives  
 Marsyas here to-day !  
 One who mocks but cannot sing,  
 Who sneers but cannot play ;

Whose evil heart and venom'd tongue  
 But poisons what it stings,  
 Who throws contempt on songs or lays  
 A humble poet sings.

I still sing on and half forgive  
 The venom and the gall,  
 For birds join chorus in my song,  
 The sun shines over all.  
 And loving hearts will beat with pride,  
 And gentle eyes will beam,  
 When love shall strike this harp of mine,  
 And honour be the theme.

---

FREDERICK SYDNEY WILSON.

[Of Sydney, New South Wales, author of *Australian Songs and Poems* (Gibbs, Shallard & Co., Sydney, 1870).]

WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

BREAKS a sun-streak through the casement—streams its  
 glory on the floor,  
 And the crisp and matted leafage rustles round the  
 cottage door;  
     Where the truant birds are climbing,  
     Tapping on the glass and chiming  
 With the sounding burst of billows breaking on the  
 shingly shore!  
 Watching by the open casement where the starry blossoms  
 cling,  
 Listening to the weary song the weeping waters ever  
 sing—  
     Sad and thoughtful sits a maiden,  
     For her peaceful breast is laden

With the wish for news of one whose memory makes the  
teardrops spring.  
So she watches where the sun is fading on a distant sail—  
Where the scattered sea-spray drifts and tosses in the  
summer gale,  
    And her girlish heart is throbbing,  
    Like the cold wave's ceaseless sobbing,  
O for the weary youth and beauty—waiting—waiting  
for the mail!  
Let us track the steps so longed for o'er the parched  
Australian plain—  
Mark the spot that heard the raving death-call of his  
thirsty pain!  
    See the iron-bark, unaltered,  
    Sheds its leaves where footsteps faltered—  
Footfalls that shall never greet the watchful glance of  
love again!  
When wild dreams of brattling creeks thrust in his ears  
their phantom tones,  
Here he fell, and clutched for water at the burning sand  
and stones  
    Till the tortured spirit wrestled  
    Forth its flight—then possums nestled  
In the branches, shyly wondering at the heap of  
brightening bones!  
There he sleeps—and mouldering rags are wasting in the  
heated gale—  
Peering from the drifting sand, they flutter forth a  
fearful tale,  
    Love may watch and wait for ever,  
    But the wished-for voice will never  
Tremble in the ear of her who watches—waiting for the  
mail!

---

## TWO AUSTRALIAN PICTURES.

## SCENE I.

*The landing of Captain Cook, 1770.*

FIERCELY sang the white-lipped surges, and the echoes of  
their thunder

Fled among the ragged caverns glaring on the restless  
main,

And the craggy headlands, by the jealous waves, were  
kept asunder,

Like the gulf which parts for ever friends who may not  
meet again.

But the quiet bay those cliffs defended, sparkled in its  
splendour,

And the surf-drops spread their silvery network o'er  
the dazzling sand—

Where, like loving speeches, formed of accents, oh so  
sweetly tender!

Came the pleasant sound of waters meeting with the  
willing land.

Shone the sun in noonday glory, while the white clouds  
hung between it

And the earth, where light and shade in fond embraces  
seemed to cling;

And a pleasing darkness fell athwart the scene, as if to  
screen it

With a chastened beauty—like the shadow of an  
angel's wing.

From the gunyahs 'neath the headland curled the smoke,  
in circles drifting

Round the branches, where the gum-trees ghastly  
shadows downward threw

On the water's glassy bosom, where the idle sun-streaks  
shifting,  
Mirrored forth the dark-skinned native fishing in his  
bark canoe.

Scarce a sound disturbed the silence—only when the  
wild-dog creeping  
Through the tangled thicket, roused the parrots' harsh  
discordant scream ;  
For the bay and beaches, in each other's arms were fondly  
sleeping,  
And the pure Australian sky bent o'er the landscape's  
lovely dream.

Came a battered vessel thro' the harbour-portal, and the  
rattle  
Of her web-like cordage mingled with the murmurs of  
the breeze ;  
While her strained and creaking timbers told of many a  
hard-fought battle  
With the wild and warring tempests, wandering over  
weary seas.

And her crew gazed from the bulwarks—but no hand in  
love extended,  
Sought to give the grasp of friendship to the toiling  
wayworn hand,  
No dear voice, in pleasant whispers, spoke of pain and  
peril ended  
As the rusty cable grated, and the anchor pierced the  
sand.

No fond mother's grateful blessing hailed this "wanderer  
of the Ocean"—  
No responsive feeling heightened beauty on a fair one's  
cheek ;

And the land contained no manly heart that throbbed with  
wild emotion,  
At the sight of dear Old England's standard floating at  
her peak.

But the jealous natives fled, their bosoms filled with fear  
and wonder—

Only two, with patriotic love, remained to guard the  
strand ;  
And their fierce dissonant yells came wafted with the wild  
wave's thunder,  
As the gallant leader placed his foot upon the unknown  
land.

## SCENE II.

*Botany Bay, 1870.*

A century has passed—and merry footsteps twinkle on  
the sod ;  
But that hardy band of voyagers down a stranger path  
hath trod—  
Down a path whose mystic windings cross the future's  
viewless plain,  
On whose waste the foot once planted never may return  
again.

True, the spot is little altered—Nature wears the look of  
yore,  
But the savage yell no longer echoes round the quiet shore.  
Where the wild man loved to urge his bark canoe amid  
the spray,  
Now a cloud of white-winged skiffs are darting o'er the  
placid bay—  
And the eager heart beats swifter as some loved one  
draweth near.

O the tinted wings of Fancy!—how they bear us to the  
 skies,  
 As we read our happy fate in glances shot from beaming  
 eyes!  
 Whilst the youthful laugh re-echoes, as we wander hand  
 in hand—  
 Full of music as the deep-toned fall of waves upon the  
 sand!  
 But while Pleasure flies before us, let our thoughts be  
 backward cast,  
 Let our grateful memories turn the glorious pages of the  
 Past;  
 Where the annals of our country to admiring eyes unfold  
 All the simple faith and courage of those gallant men of  
 old!

---

THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A.

[This famous sculptor and poet went out to Australia and lived there for several years. There are many works from his chisel in the colonies besides his famous statue of Cook. We learn from him that the passage italicised in our quotation from his exquisite *My Beautiful Lady* is an Australian reminiscence.]

FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO "MY BEAUTIFUL LADY."

OUR lives are mysteries, and rarely scanned  
 As we read stories writ by mortal pen.  
 We can perchance but catch a straying weft  
 And trace the hinted texture here or there,  
 Of that stupendous loom weaving our fates.  
 Two parents, late in life, are haply blessed  
 With one bright child, a wonder in his years,  
 For loveliness and genius versatile;

Some common ill destroys him ; parents both,  
Until their death, are left but living tombs  
That hold the one dead image of their joy.  
A man, the flower of honour, who has found  
His well-beloved young daughter fled from home,  
Fallen from her maidenhood, a nameless thing  
Tainting his blood. *A youth who throws the strength  
Of his whole being into love for one  
Answering him honeyed smiles, and leaves his land  
For some far country, seeking wealth he hopes  
Will grace her daintily with choice delights,  
And on returning sees the honeyed smiles  
Are sweetening other lips.* A husband who  
Has found that household curse, a faithless wife.  
A thinker whose far-piercing care perceives  
His nation goes the road that ends in shame.  
A gracious woman whose reserve denies  
The power to utter what consumes her heart.  
Such instances (and some a loss to know,  
Which steadfast reticence will shield from those,  
Debased or garrulous, whose hearts corrupt,  
But learn the gloomy secrets of their kind  
To poison-tip their wit, or grope and grin  
With pharisaic laughter at disgrace)—  
Such instances as these demand no guide  
To thrid the dismal issues from their source !  
But others are there, lying fast concealed,  
Dark, hopeless, and unutterably sad,  
Which have not been, and never may be known.

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## APPENDIX.

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### OMITTED IN THE COLLECTED EDITION.

GEORGE GORDON M'CRAE, himself one of the most delightful Australian poets, writes :

“I send you a verse I got from my friend John Shillinglaw, who, like myself, was a friend of Gordon.

“I cannot conceive why Gordon should have cut out this concluding verse, as it seems to my mind to confer a completeness upon the whole that would be wanting without. The poem, it will be remembered, ends in the volume of his works with—

“‘I may chance to hear them romping overhead.’

It originally ended thus—

“‘I don't suppose I shall, though, for I feel like sleeping sound,  
That sleep they say is doubtful. True ; but yet  
At least it makes no difference to the dead man underground  
What the living men remember or forget.

Enigmas that perplex us in the world's unequal strife,  
The future may ignore or may reveal.

*Yet SOME, as weak as water, Ned! to make the best of life,  
Have been, TO FACE THE WORST, AS TRUE AS STEEL.’”*

---

## GORDON'S VALEDICTORY POEM.

LAY me low, my work is done,  
I am weary. Lay me low,  
Where the wild flowers woo the sun,  
Where the balmy breezes blow,  
Where the butterfly takes wing,  
Where the aspens, drooping, grow,  
Where the young birds chirp and sing—  
I am weary, let me go.

I have striven hard and long  
In the world's unequal fight,  
Always to resist the wrong,  
Always to maintain the right.  
Always with a stubborn heart,  
Taking, giving blow for blow ;  
Brother, I have played my part,  
And am weary, let me go.

Stern the world and bitter cold,  
Irksome, painful to endure ;  
Everywhere a love of gold,  
Nowhere pity for the poor.  
Everywhere mistrust, disguise,  
Pride, hypocrisy, and show,  
Draw the curtain, close mine eyes,  
I am weary, let me go.

Other chance when I am gone  
May restore the battle-call,  
Bravely lead the good cause on  
Fighting in the which I fall.

God may quicken some true soul  
 Here to take my place below  
 In the heroes' muster roll—  
 I am weary, let me go.

Shield and buckler, hang them up,  
 Drape the standards on the wall,  
 I have drained the mortal cup  
 To the finish, dregs and all;  
 When our work is done, 'tis best,  
 Brother, best that we should go—  
 I am weary, let me rest,  
 I am weary, lay me low.

---

John Hood has published a volume entitled *The Land of the Fern*—a collection of Australian ballads and poems (Melbourne: Barton, Dunn, & Wilkinson, 1885).

#### THOSE YEARS.

SING on, sweet zephyr, sing thy lay,  
 Sing to the white waves' ebb and flow,  
 Say'st thou how like our hopes are they  
     That come and go?  
 Say'st thou our hopes are like the waves  
 That toss upon life's fitful sea,  
 Still tending onward to thy shore,  
     Eternity?  
 Sing on! what secrets lie below  
 The restless ocean's heaving breast  
 Sing on, ye waves, that ebb and flow  
     And know no rest.

Say'st thou what feelings dwell within  
 Each mortal pulsing human heart?  
 What stories, would'st thou enter in,  
     Thou could'st impart.

. . . . .

While musing thus, there came along  
 A wandering form, across the reach—  
 Mute, listening to the ocean's song  
     Upon the beach.

The fisher's voice from off the pier  
 Came softened on the breezy air,  
 And fell with sadness on her ear  
     And lingered there.

Aye! lingered there to speak serene,  
 To waft her memory back to years  
 Fraught with dear visions dimly seen  
     Through blinding tears.

Visions of faces came and went,  
 But one dear face she loved to trace  
 There—with the others strangely blent,  
     A dear kind face.

Ah! loving heart, oh how she longed  
 To lean upon that heart again,  
 And tell how deeply she had wronged  
     And caused it pain.

Back thro' the dark clouds of the Past  
 The light'ning of her memory darts,  
 A maiden's love—then Pride—at last  
     Two alien hearts.

Back! to the pleasures of her youth  
 Swift, through the years that intervene,  
 He lives! redeemed by light of truth  
     Now plainly seen.

The impulse of thy woman's mind,  
 So quick ! so ready to condemn  
 A little while ; O heart so kind !

O best of men !

The soft-voiced breeze, that to the shore  
 Whispers its love-song day by day,  
 Spoke through the waves this magic lore,

And seemed to say—

“ Dear Elsie ! dost thou see afar  
 That golden track upon the sea ? ”

“ Ah me ! I see a waning star

Whose beams to me

Are like those failing hopes of mine,  
 Weak hopes that end in nothingness.”

“ Ah ! sad indeed that life of thine

Hope may not bless ”—

“ Nay ! rather say, that golden path

Ends in the star's celestial light,

And brightest when the darkness hath

Possessed the night.”

. . . . .  
 She starts ! What is there in that tone,  
 Then trembling sinks 'mid hopes and fears.  
 She looks—she clings—she gasps : “ My own,  
 Those weary years ! ” . . .

Those years will never come again,  
 Yet in the after glow thou'lt find,  
 Though youthful years be fled—yet peace  
 Is left behind.

Then sing, sweet zephyr, sing thy lay ;  
 Sing to the white waves' ebb and flow,  
 And tell how like our hopes are they  
 That come and go.

## TASMA.

[(Mme. Creuvreur, *née* Huybers), is the most popular of living colonial novelists in the colonies, and has a story running in the *Australasian*. She is also a brilliant essayist, and has published poems of great beauty in the Australian journals. The editor has unfortunately only been able to lay his hands on two of them.]

## A DIRGE.

FROM THE "AUSTRALASIAN" OF THE 21ST AUGUST 1886.

AY, dead! And all the wealth of golden hair,  
Smoothed for the last time from the fair young brow;  
Ah God! to look upon her lying there,  
To think of six short months ago, and now!

And now! Whom the Gods love die young, they say,  
And she was young, and all that youth can give  
Of flowerlike sweetness, scent of blooms in May,  
Was hers, and in her presence seemed to live.

And fair as young! alas, those radiant eyes,  
Blue as the night-sky in the month of June,  
That shone on life, as though in sweet surprise,  
To find their cup of joy thus filled so soon.

Those soft and starlike eyes! The lashes rest  
On cheeks as pale as monumental stone;  
The small deft hands lie crossed upon the breast  
In chill quiescence. All death's very own.

Poor child! poor wife! poor mother! torn away  
From all she loved, and flung to the unknown  
Heaven or Nirvana. Be it what it may  
Matters not much; her home was with her own.

Her home was here. The bliss of saints on high,  
And white-robed angels bearing wreaths of palms,—  
What answer makes it to the mother's cry  
Who yearns to hold her children in her arms ?

What answer makes it to the husband's heart ?  
Nay—rather death with no awakening,  
Than change so awful as that *she* should part  
From him, content to soar on angel's wing,

To separate spheres of being, separate bliss—  
O mystery of life, and love, and death !  
Souls blended to be riven. Lips to kiss,  
Hearts unto hearts to grow, and all for this.

Here where the gentlest soul that ere drew breath,  
Lies heedless of the bitter grief around,  
Wrapped in the cold indifference of death,  
What answer to our helpless wail is found ?

Nay, for an answer look not here ! But wait !  
Nor beg, nor curse ! for still the end must come,  
And still the end may prove that God or Fate  
Is fain through blood and tears to lead us home.

## ADDENDA.



WILLIAM J. STEWARD, M.H.R.

[Of Ashburton, New Zealand. A true poet. Author of "Carmina Varia," by Justin Aubrey (Dunedin, New Zealand: Ferguson & Mitchell). Poems came too late to insert biographical details.]

### *THE DYING OF THE DAY.*

UPON a couch, with gorgeous splendour drest,  
Day lay a-dying in the amber west,  
Silent and sad, for since his race begun  
He had known much of sorrow 'neath the sun.

Bereft of all his children, the fair hours,  
That bloomed and faded like the summer flowers,  
Save one, the last, of all-surpassing charms,  
That lay a-dying with him, in his arms.

And sorrowful the royal couch beside,  
Sat pale-browed Evening, the old monarch's bride,  
Lonely in grief, as tearfully she smiled  
Upon her hoary spouse and sunny child.

Silence reigned all around, for Nature's choir  
Had hushed their songs to view the God expire;  
And she stood tiptoe, and with bated breath  
Watched, through the casement, the old monarch's death.

And soon it came, the life-light left his eye,  
 And through the palace-windows came a sigh,  
 Deep-drawn, and faint, from out the distant west,  
 As of one weary, sinking into rest.

The Hour was gone, and with it died the Day,  
 And o'er them Evening threw a pall of gray,  
 Then kissed the placid features of the dead,  
 And drew her dusky curtains round the bed ;

Then lighting up a star she hung it high,  
 For a pale corpse-light, in the fading sky,  
 And as from out their lairs began to creep  
 The sombre shadows she went forth to weep ;

And up and down the garden Earth she passed,  
 And as she walked her tears fell thick and fast ;  
 And then returning with a solemn tread,  
 She robed herself in mourning for the dead,  
 And clothed in black, and crowned with jewels bright  
 Went forth to watch until the morning light.

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### ROBERT LOWE, VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE.

[All the world knows his career as first a Sydney and afterwards an Imperial politician. Has published a small volume "Poems of a Life" (London : Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1855), which contains his celebrated "Songs of the Squatters," one of which is quoted below. The Editor has to thank Patchett Martin for reminding him of the omission.]

#### *SONGS OF THE SQUATTERS* (No. 2).

THE commissioner bet me a pony—I won,  
 So he cut off exactly two-thirds of my run ;  
 For he said I was making a fortune too fast,  
 And profit gained slower the longer would last.

He remarked, as devouring my mutton he sat,  
That I suffered my sheep to grow sadly too fat ;  
That they wasted waste land, did prerogative brown,  
And rebelliously nibbled the droits of the Crown ;—

That the creek that divided my station in two  
Showed that Nature designed that two fees should be due.  
Mr. Riddle assured me 'twas paid but for show,  
But he kept it and spent it, that's all that I know.

The commissioner fined me because I forgot  
To return an old ewe that was ill of the rot,  
And a poor wry-necked lamb that we kept for a pet ;  
And he said it was treason such things to forget.

The commissioner pounded my cattle because  
They had mumbled the scrub with their famishing jaws  
On the part of the run he had taken away,  
And he sold them by auction the costs to defray.

The border police they were out all the day  
To look for some thieves who had ransacked my dray ;  
But the thieves they continued in quiet and peace,  
For they'd robbed it themselves had the border police !

When the white thieves had left me the black thieves  
appeared,  
My shepherds they waddied, my cattle they speared ;  
But from fear of my licence I said not a word,  
For I knew it was gone if the Government heard.

The commissioner's bosom with anger was filled  
Against me because my poor shepherd was killed ;  
So he straight took away the last third of my run,  
And got it transferred to the name of his son.

The son had from Cambridge been lately expelled,  
And his licence for preaching most justly withheld !  
But this is no cause, the commissioner says,  
Why he should not be fit for my licence to graze.

The cattle that had not been sold at the pound,  
He took with the run at five shillings all round ;  
And the sheep the blacks left me at sixpence a head ;—  
A very good price, the commissioner said.

The Governor told me I justly was served,  
That commissioners never from duty had swerved ;  
But that if I'd a fancy for any more land  
For one pound an acre he'd plenty on hand.

I'm not very proud ! I can dig in a bog,  
Feed pigs, or for firewood can split up a log,  
Clean shoes, riddle cinders, or help to boil down—  
Anything that you please, but graze lands of the Crown !

THE END.







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