

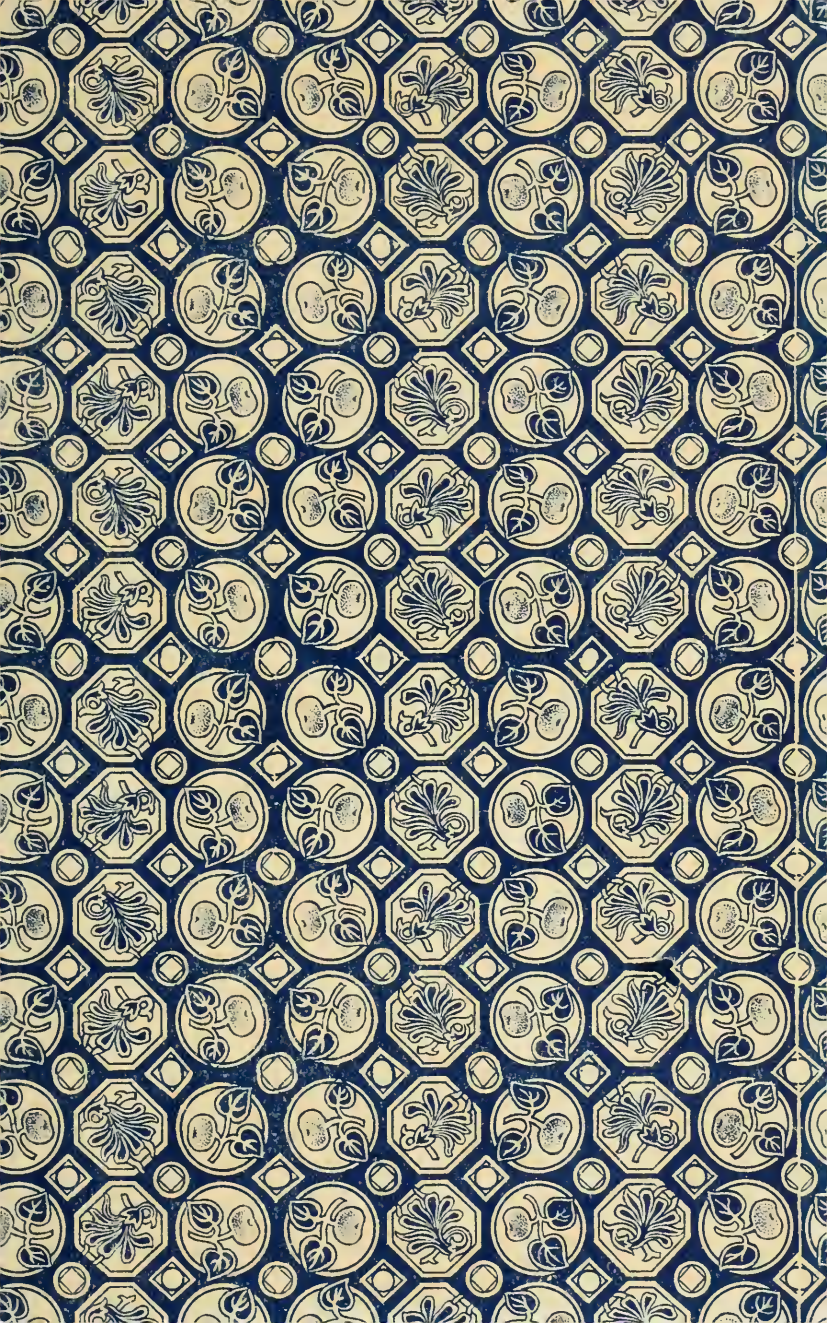
A CENTURY OF
AUSTRALIAN
SONG



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A CENTURY
OF
AUSTRALIAN SONG

EDITED BY
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CENTENARY EDITION

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1888

[This Volume is an enlarged Edition of
“Australian Ballads and Rhymes.”]

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This Volume,

INSPIRED BY LIFE IN THE GREATER BRITAIN

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS,

Is Dedicated

TO THE ENGLISH OF THREE CONTINENTS.

QUIS SEPARABIT?

*Why separate? I would that we were one—
Not we, and she, and Canada alone,
But our lost brothers of the Union.
Union is strength—Union is statecraft too;
And what are we if England be not with us,
But a few traders fringing the sea coast
Of a huge half discovered Continent—
A few backwoodsmen pushing out our bounds
A forced march further in the wilderness,
Through peril and starvation, year by year.
We have a noble future, but not yet
Have we emerged from childhood, and our bones
And sinews are not set to manhood's mould;
We are not old enough to leave our home
And launch out into life like grown-up men;
We could not by ourselves maintain the strife
In war with a great nation, disciplined.
And hardened by a thousand years of battles.
We are the picquets of an army sent
To pioneer and keep a steady watch
Against advancing foes—a vanguard sent
To carry a position and hold out
Until the reinforcement can come up.*

715967

DEDICATION.

*We have done yeoman's service for the State ;
But is it wise to call for separation
From the main force, and constitute ourselves
An independent corps, because no foe
Has fronted us, no lurid cloud of war
Darkened our fair horizon ?*

While we cling

*To our great mother we are sons and heirs
To all the heroes in her Abbey laid ;
Our fathers fought at Crecy, Agincourt,
Blenheim, Quebec, Trafalgar, Waterloo ;
Bacon's and Shakspeare's countrymen are we ;
Newton's disciples, friends of Walter Scott ;
Fellow-inventors of Watt, Stephenson,
Arkwright, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Wheatstone,
Fellow-discoverers of Drake and Cook :
Brothers-in-arms of Wellington and Nelson ;
Successors to the Lords of Runnymede,
Assigns of the Petitioners of Right,
Executors of England's Constitution,
Joint-tenants of the commerce of the world,
Joint-owners of the Empire upon which
The sun sets never, co-heirs of the Fame
Built up by valour, learning, statesmanship,
Integrity, endurance, and devotion,
O'er land and sea, in fierce and frozen climes,
Through eight bloodstained and glorious centuries.
Divide us, and we sink at once to bourgeois,
Received in the society of nations
Just for our wealth, and laughed at secretly
By the proud Governments of ancient blood
Who ever wear their rapiers at their sides
To draw for fancied insults—while poor we,
Like good plain tradesmen, have to put our pride
Into our pocket, and when one cheek's struck
Present the other meekly to the smiter.
But while we live as children in the household
Of the great Empire, let them but insult
Her honour in the poorest artisan
Who labours in our streets, and there will follow
Swift vengeance borne along in serried ranks
Of veterans, or wafted over seas,
In her triumphant Navy's iron fleets.*

DEDICATION.

*Dear land of my adoption, sever not
The right hand from thy parent, nor despoil
Thy mother of her youngest, fairest child !
But rather be united in thyself
With all thy members knit in close communion,
And strive to draw thy sisters east and west
More closely round her, till in after years
The children—older, wiser, mightier—
Shall be found worthy to assert their voice
Beside their mother in a Parliament
Replete from every corner of the realm.*

DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN,

In "A Poetry of Exiles."

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INTRODUCTION.



AUSTRALIA is the country of the future. Separated by oceans from every considerable land except impenetrable and equatorial New Guinea, blessed with an unmalarious climate more brilliant and equable than that of Italy, and peopled from the most adventurous of the colonizing Anglo-Saxon stock, this round world in the far south-eastern seas gives race development its amplest scope.

The vigorous man must be strangely constituted who does not love Australia, with its glittering air, its vast space, its infinite possibilities ; and strangely constituted the light-hearted girl who does not revel in its pleasure-days unspoiled by rain, its lustrous nights secure from chill.

Those who have contributed to this volume are for the most part people who love the free air of the mountain-top and the mysteriousness of the forest, the fierce excitement of race and chase, the honest thrill of manly sports, and the glory of nature—from the magnificent Australian sky down to the Fringed Violet or the Azure Wren. Not a few of them have, in what Gordon calls the “old colonial days,” had their lives hanging on a thread in the perilous march of exploration or guerilla warfare with bushrangers and aborigines. This volume is essentially the work of people who have meditated in the open air, and not under the lamp ; and if its contents oftentimes want the polish that comes only with

much midnight oil, they are mostly a transcript from earth and sea and sky, and not from books.

Not that Australia has lacked poets like her own child Kendall, as smooth as a pebble polished with the tireless patience of the waves. But these are the exceptions, and we confess that for the most part we hope to please the reader with what our poets have to say, rather than the way in which they say it.

What is the *raison d'être* of this book? A Scotch paper, well known for the soundness of its criticisms, in referring to it, laid down that to be of any value it must be confined to the productions of Australian natives. This, then, would be an anthology of Australian verse into which admission was denied to Adam Lindsay¹ Gordon, the poet *par excellence* of the "old colonial days," to Alfred Domett, the immortalizer of the lost Pink Terraces of New Zealand, to Brunton Stephens, to Marcus Clarke, to William Wentworth (born in Norfolk Island), and half a dozen others whose names are household words in Australia. Indeed, the only two poets popular beyond the borders of their own particular colony, who were born in Australia, are Charles Harpur and Henry Kendall.

What, then, is its *raison d'être*? To lay before the English

¹ In the first edition we wrote, "It has been customary to spell Gordon's name Lindsay; but in the Register of Cheltenham College, presumably filled in by his father, who was a master, his name is given as Adam Lindsay Gordon." Still since the poet himself wrote it Lindsay, rather than raise a controversy, we have decided to resume the familiar spelling. Not that we consider the poet's evidence infallible, since another poet quoted in this volume, a man of university education, Alexander Forbes, signed even his cheques indifferently, "Alexander Forbes," "William Forbes," and "Alexander Forres," not to mention the immortal Shakspeare, who has left us as many spellings of his name as he has signatures.

public A SELECTION OF POEMS INSPIRED BY LIFE AND SCENERY IN AUSTRALIA.

Such being the case, no further answer is necessary to the clever New Zealand writer in the *Weekly Press*, who urged that by this limitation much of the best work of many colonial writers would be excluded, and indeed, by implication, that all local poetry is a mistake. This volume is a collection of local poetry. Poems by Australasian colonists on non-Australasian subjects will find their fitting place in the Australian anthology without limitation of subject, about to be published by another firm.

There are, however, a very few poems in the volume in which our limitation has not been enforced: they have only been admitted where some one who was a pillar of literature in Australia yet wrote nothing at once Australian in colouring and sufficiently poetical. Such a man was William Forster, one of the most distinguished of Australian writers. His "Devil and the Governor," almost his only Australian piece, is of historical success, but not as a poem, and he had therefore to be represented from "Midas"—his posthumous work, finished in the rough only, but a great poem, rivalling in parts the facility and felicity of the "Ranolf and Amohia" of the New Zealand Lucretius.

The next question that may occur to the reader will perhaps be, Why have we so little of Gordon? Surely he is the poet of whom we hear most from Australians.

Messrs. Massina & Co. are responsible. The real author of a poem which has brought Gordon much popularity, "A Voice from the Bush,"¹ not only freely gave his permission

¹ In the first edition an over-careful printer assigned this poem to the editor. After the proofs had been sent back, finally corrected, in despair at finding it without an author's name, he copied the one above, which happened to be the editor's. As the editor was a child at the time it was written, any disclaimer is unnecessary.

for it to be used, but has given the correct version of the poem, which has suffered much at the hands of printers. His name is an open secret to all students of Australian poetry, but he desires that it should not be given in this volume. Messrs. Bentley, the well-known publishers, also freely gave their permission to reprint "An Exile's Farewell," sent to them by Patchett Martin. But Messrs. Massina, a Melbourne firm of printers, who have acquired the copyright of the bulk of Gordon's poems, thought it would be prejudicial to their interests to give leave for more than one of these poems to be used. For this permission the publisher and editor of this volume tender their best thanks. The public must judge if Messrs. Massina acted in their own and Gordon's interest in sending him forth equipped with only one poem to contest the place of honour with poets like Domett, Kendall, and Stephens, whose representatives had given *carte blanche*. Every one who knows anything of the man would like to pay Gordon his tribute in full, and the editor is more than most men bound to Gordon by coming from the same great school, Cheltenham College, and the same great colony, Victoria, and having a special love for all verse breathing the spirit of Anglo-Saxon manfulness. But he cannot gainsay the wishes of the owners of copyrights, and therefore he must content himself with giving as good an estimate of Gordon as he can without quotations. Gordon has one supreme merit, he is interesting to everybody—as much to the stableboy and stockman as to the scholar, as much to the schoolboy as to the sentimentalist; his poems are "ringing"; he carries one away like Lord Macaulay or Professor Aytoun in their stirring battle-pictures. He is generally rhythmical, musical, sonorous. Some of his Swinburnian verses, we feel sure, Swinburne would be proud to father. He is full of

homely sayings, that could not be put better if they had been rounded into proverbs in the mouths of millions, in the course of centuries—to speak of proverbs, he is a very Burns at begetting them—indeed, one can give strangers no better idea of his power in Victoria, than by calling him the Australian Burns; not that his poems bear the least resemblance to those of the immortal ploughman, but because he is essentially the national poet, he who dwells on the tongues of the people. He is a very manful poet—the man ready to fight any one for two straws, or to jump a horse at anything that mortal horse could jump, is reflected in his poems—but there was one element lacking in his manfulness. Accomplishment did not enter much into his life or writings. Leading a “forlorn hope,” selling one’s life dearly, succumbing desperately to hopeless odds, were familiar ideas with him, but not “enduring to the end and winning a crown of life” in their plain earthly sense. Gordon could understand a blind King of Bohemia riding forward to be killed at Crécy, but not a Horatius thinking that he might guard the bridge and yet survive the day.

He could write at least four kinds of poems excellently. His ballads, such as “Fauconshawe,” are distinguished by unusual ring, and lilt, and go. His Swinburnian poems, besides their metrical merits, are often, as in “Podas Okus” and “Doubtful Dreams,” full of solemn, dignified manfulness, and, once read, can never be wholly forgotten. His few Bush poems are written as only one who knew the “Bush” so intimately, and had such brilliant poetical gifts, could have written them; and his horse-poems are unequalled in the English language. No other Anglo-Saxon poet of anything like Gordon’s gifts has approached him in knowledge of the horse; and it is as a horse-poet that Gordon will principally be remembered. Indeed, riding and

swimming are the only branches of sport which his poems show him to have known much about. Shooting, fishing, cricket, &c., receive hardly more than bare mention; but in horse-pieces he stands alone—not, we think, good as they are, for pieces like “How we beat the Favourite,” the best description of a race ever written, but for pieces like “The Sick Stockrider” and “From the Wreck.” “The Sick Stockrider” is a poem that deserves a place in any selection in the English language, a masterpiece, and a masterpiece that no poet whom we know of but Gordon could have written. It was necessary that poetical genius, ringing, spirited, rhythmical writing, manfulness, experience of the “old colonial days,” and intimate loving acquaintance with the “Bush,” should unite in one man before a poem like “The Sick Stockrider” could be born. Gordon’s faults are want of culture and knowledge, narrowness of scope and sympathy, and perhaps a little carelessness, though very likely much that passes for the last is due to faulty printing. But within his scope and sympathies, to find his rival we must look among the masters of song, as his laurels in Australia and his increasing popularity in England would show. Compared with Australian poets he is not so musical, nothing like so poetical, as Kendall, but is very strong in Kendall’s weakest point—awaking interest in the semi-cultivated. With Brunton Stephens it is difficult to compare him. Stephens’s genius revels in the light and delicate, or light and humorous, while Gordon’s strikes strongly and vibrantly; but in their long poems, the exquisitely-finished, highly-cultured, rich, passionate, poetic “Convict Once” is far ahead of “Ashtaroth,” as is Harpur’s “Witch of Hebron,” though Harpur has written very few other poems that could be mentioned with Gordon’s. The one man who towers above him is Alfred Domett, a writer whom it is as impos-

sible to represent fairly in selections as it would be to represent the *Iliad* or the *De rerum Natura*. By far the principal achievement of Australasia in poetry is Domett's great "Ranolf and Amohia." Through six or seven hundred octavo pages it never drags. It is as full of close reasoning as Mr. Browning's masterpieces, while it is written in rhymed, rhythmical, ever-varying metres. The knowledge of books, the knowledge of human nature displayed in it is stupendous. It has embalmed the mythologies, customs, and tribe wars of the Maoris—and with a crowning piece of good fortune has immortalized, in a passage of the most delicate beauty, the famous Pink Terraces, geysers, and mountain marvels, overwhelmed in the recent earthquake. A charming love-story runs through it, and has its surprises to the end of the book; and the language of the poem is a model for describing colloquial subjects in suitable, unstilted, but thoroughly poetical expression. "Waring,"¹ as Mr. Browning fondly calls him in his poem, has many years ere this been offered his laurels at the hands of Longfellow, Browning, and other great fellow-poets. Marcus Clarke, it must be borne in mind, though he has written a few poems that will always be remembered, made his fame as a novelist (author of the famous "His Natural Life"), a journalist, and a critic.

A page back a comparison between Gordon and Kendall was given in the briefest terms—purposely—because it was necessary to make a few more comparisons; and they would

¹ "What's become of Waring
 Since he gave us all the slip,
 Chose land travel or seafaring,
 Boots and chest or staff and scrip,
 Rather than pace up and down
 Any longer London town?"

otherwise have been too far separated from the opening of the subject. Kendall is, in our opinion, unquestionably a poet of a higher order than Gordon, if being "of a higher order" may be taken to mean approaching more nearly to the level of the masters of song. It is our honest opinion that since Shelley and Keats died no one has so nearly approached them. He touched the lyre with something of the lyric musicality which made Shelley the father of the dactylic modern measures. He had somewhat of the marvellous Shelleian gift of detecting the Protean spirit of Nature in its myriad changes of form; and, like poor Keats, he could steal the loveliness of a southern summer and coin phrases whose "beauty is a joy for ever."

If one were reading Keats's sonnets and one suddenly came upon these two, given in no previous edition—

I.

I purposed once to take my pen and write,
 Not songs, like some, tormented and awry
 With passion, but a cunning harmony
 Of words and music caught from glen and height,
 And lucid colours born of woodland light,
 And shining places where the sea-streams lie;
 But this was when the heat of youth glowed white,
 And since I've put the faded purpose by.
 I have no faultless fruits to offer you
 Who read this book; but certain syllables
 Herein are borrowed from unfooted dells
 And secret hollows dear to noontide dew;
 And these at least, though far between and few,
 May catch the sense like subtle forest spells.

II.

So take these kindly, even though there be
 Some notes that unto other lyres belong,—
 Stray echoes from the elder sons of song;
 And think how from its neighbouring native sea

The pensive shell doth borrow melody.
 I would not do the lordly masters wrong
 By filching fair words from the shining throng
 Whose music haunts me as the wind a tree !
 Lo ! when a stranger, in soft Syrian glooms
 Shot through with sunset, treads the cedar dells,
 And hears the breezy ring of elfin bells
 Far down by where the white-haired cataract booms,
 He, faint with sweetness caught from forest smells,
 Bears thence, unwitting, plunder of perfumes.

would one reject them as unworthy? Can we not imagine
 Keats—

“ Longing for power and the sweetness to fashion
 Lyrics with beats like the heart-beats of passion ;
 Songs interwoven of lights and of laughters
 Borrowed from bell-birds in far forest rafters,”

and longing—

“ To steal the beauty of that brook
 And put it in a song ;”

or lost in rapture over the Australian October with her
 yellow tresses of wattle-blossom, as she appears in the
 haunts of the bell-birds by forest streams, and—

“ Loiters for love in these cool wildernesses ;
 Loiters knee-deep in the grasses to listen,
 Where dripping rocks gleam and the leafy pools glisten ;”

and might not Shelley have been proud of having written—

“ The soft white feet of afternoon
 Are on the shining meads ;
 The breeze is as a pleasant tune
 Amongst the happy reeds ;”

and—

“ One word for her beauty, and one for the grace
 She gave to the hours ;
 And then we may kiss her, and suffer her face
 To sleep with the flowers ;”

and those sad verses written "After Many Years"—

"The song that once I dreamed about,
 The tender, touching thing,
 As radiant as the rose without—
 The love of wind and wing;
 The perfect verses to the tune
 Of woodland music set,
 As beautiful as afternoon,
 Remain unwritten yet."

And are not these lines pathetic enough for Tom Hood?—

"Ah! in his life had he mother or wife
 To wait for his step on the floor?
 Did beauty wax dim while watching for him
 Who passed through the threshold no more?
 Doth it trouble his head? He is one with the dead;
 He lies by the alien streams;
 And sweeter than sleep is death that is deep
 And unvexed by the lordship of dreams."

Kendall's most notable critic in the colonies gives the palm among his works to his solemn dedication "To a Mountain," which we quote here rather than in the text, because, like the two prefatory sonnets quoted a little back, it is a preface as well as a poem of the very first order.

TO A MOUNTAIN.

To thee, O father of the stately peaks,
 Above me in the loftier light—to thee,
 Imperial brother of those awful hills
 Whose feet are set in splendid spheres of flame,
 Whose heads are where the gods are, and whose sides
 Of strength are belted round with all the zones
 Off all the world, I dedicate these songs.
 And if, within the compass of this book,
 There lives and glows *one* verse in which there beats

The pulse of wind and torrent—if *one* line
Is here that like a running water sounds,
And seems an echo from the lands of leaf,
Be sure that line is thine. Here, in this home,
Away from men and books and all the schools,
I take thee for my Teacher. In thy voice
Of deathless majesty, I, kneeling, hear
God's grand authentic gospel! Year by year,
The great sublime cantata of thy storm
Strikes through my spirit—fills it with a life
Of startling beauty! Thou my Bible art
With holy leaves of rock, and flower, and tree,
And moss, and shining runnel. From each page
That helps to make thy awful volume, I
Have learned a noble lesson. In the psalm
Of thy grave winds, and in the liturgy
Of singing waters, lo! my soul has heard
The higher worship; and from thee, indeed,
The broad foundations of a finer hope
Were gathered in; and thou hast lifted up
The blind horizon for a larger faith!
Moreover, walking in exalted woods
Of naked glory, in the green and gold
Of forest sunshine, I have paused like one
With all the life transfigured; and a flood
Of light ineffable has made me feel
As felt the grand old prophets caught away
By flames of inspiration; but the words
Sufficient for the story of my Dream
Are far too splendid for poor human lips!
But thou, to whom I turn with reverent eyes,—
O stately father, whose majestic face
Shines far above the zone of wind and cloud,
Where high dominion of the morning is—
Thou hast the Song complete of which my song
Are pallid adumbrations! Certain sounds
Of strong authentic sorrow in this book
May have the sob of upland torrents—these,
And only these, may touch the great World's hear
For lo! they are the issues of that grief

INTRODUCTION.

Which make a man more human and his life
 More like that frank exalted life of thine.
 But in these pages there are other tones
 In which thy large, superior voice is not—
 Through which no beauty that resembles thine
 Has ever shone. *These* are the broken words
 Of blind occasions, when the world has come
 Between me and my dream. No song is here
 Of mighty compass ; for my singing robes
 I've worn in stolen moments. All my days
 Have been the days of a laborious life,
 And ever on my struggling soul has burned
 The fierce heat of this hurried sphere. But thou
 To whose fair majesty I dedicate
 My book of shyness—thou hast the perfect rest
 Which makes the heaven of the highest gods !
 To thee the noises of this violent time
 Are far, faint whispers ; and, from age to age,
 Within the world and yet apart from it,
 Thou standest ! Round thy lordly capes the sea
 Rolls on with a superb indifference
 For ever : in thy deep, green, gracious glens
 The silver fountains sing for ever. Far
 Above dim ghosts of waters in the caves,
 The royal robe of morning on thy head
 Abides for ever ! evermore the wind
 Is thy august companion ; and thy peers
 Are cloud, and thunder, and the face sublime
 Of blue mid-heaven ! On thy awful brow
 Is Deity ; and in that voice of thine
 There is the great imperial utterance
 Of God for ever ; and thy feet are set
 Where evermore, through all the days and years,
 There rolls the grand hymn of the deathless wave.

These prefatory sonnets and this dedication set forth Kendall's purpose—achieved, it must be conceded, more than is the common lot of such purposes. They describe accurately Kendall's inspiration. For Kendall is essentially

a Bush poet—an Australian Bush poet—not as Gordon was, but (excluding from our consideration the white intruder into the primeval forests) more essentially than Gordon was. For he was a much closer and more reverent observer of animal and vegetable life. He was the friend of nature—with man he was less intimate. In depicting the robust, muscular, dare-devil bushman—stockman or trooper—Kendall cannot be compared with Gordon, who only had to reflect his own life, as the great Italian painters painted their own portraits from mirrors. Gordon wrote, as he lived, like a man who would “put his horse” at anything or “square up” to anybody. But as a Bush-landscape-painter Kendall has no equal in Australia.

In his admirable “Poets and Prosewriters of New South Wales,” published one-and-twenty years ago, Mr. G. P. Barton, reviewing Kendall’s first book (published when he was twenty years of age) made some remarks which have received a substantial endorsement from the Poet’s later writings. He says:—

“One striking merit in Mr. Kendall’s poetry is, that its colouring is strictly local, and that he has endeavoured to give voice to the majestic scenery of his native land. Whatever opinion may be formed of his poetry, it cannot be denied that it is distinctly Australian poetry. This is a hopeful saying, inasmuch as it speaks of a mind naturally original and averse to imitation. He has not commenced the study of his art by studying Tennyson, but by studying the wild and splendid scenery that surrounded him at his birth. His capacity in descriptive poetry is very great; in fact, it appears to be the distinctive mark of his genius. He has an artist’s eye for landscape, and if his shading is rather too dark, his outlines are none the less true. No local writer has reproduced the scenes familiar to us with so

much effect; and again he has sought inspiration in the characters and events of this country—endeavouring to paint the wild society of the interior as well as its peculiar scenery. He has chaunted the savage melodies of the aboriginals—painted the sufferings of the explorers—and given a poetic interest even to the life of the stockmen. These are facts which mark him out as an Australian poet and an original poet; for there is no writer in this field whom he could imitate. This portion at least of his writings may be pronounced perfect.”

Mr. Barton's remarks have in the main been borne out, but he claims too much. Kendall could paint loneliness admirably well. No one has drawn finer pictures of that aspect of Bush life which is peace or dreariness according as one pines for solitude or pines for society. He has written the most beautiful and the most terrible scenes we have of existence in the depths of the Bush—of the utter forsakenness of the explorer's fate. But for poems of what Mr. Barton calls the “wild society of the interior,” we should not go to Kendall. He could put himself on the standpoint of the lonely bushman, as we have said, admirably well; but he had little sympathy with the roistering side of the bushman's nature. His own nature was too delicate, too poetic, too beautiful. This side of Bush life was reserved for men of rougher fibre, more robust and dashing in their genius. In Gordon the man overshadowed the poet, in Kendall the poet the man. Gordon was a thorough bushman, though, like Kendall, by nature sad. He could appreciate the bushman's idea of “having out a spree,” utterly reckless of costs or consequences. Consequently, Gordon, in writing on such themes, used the “Bret Harte” method of looking at the debauch, the escapade, the “row,” from the point of view of the actors, while Kendall, like Calverley,

wrote from the standpoint of the amused looker-on, laughing in his sleeve. This makes his "Jim the Splitter," "Billy Vickers," and the like, unsatisfactory. Even in his own particular line of "Australianized Calverley," he is distinctly inferior to Brunton Stephens, a humorous poet of a very high order. But to catch the zest of the wild life of the Bush, one may read through all that Kendall ever wrote, and never find a page that is worthy to be mentioned beside the glorious "Sick Stockrider," or "Wolf and Hound." If one wants to see the difference between the two writers in this line, one should read the ride "From the Wreck" in conjunction with "The Song of the Cattle-Hunters" and "After the Hunt." Kendall wrote them because he was able, as well as he was able; Gordon wrote his as one bushman giving an account of the ride to another bushman, and with all the embellishment of his ringing, glowing poetry. It is the same in their racing pieces. Kendall wrote like a poet who had been to the races; Gordon like a poet who had raced. But we have no wish to decry Kendall because he could not rival Gordon in bushman's ballads and never wrote an Australian Hiawatha like George Gordon McCrae. He could unmistakably throw himself into the feelings of a dying explorer. Take, for instance, his description of the death of the two explorers immortalized in Melbourne—Burke and Wills—published when the poet was only twenty, which brings out the main idea much more forcibly than two far more beautiful pieces, "At Euroma" and "Leichhardt," in which the beauty of the poems rather cloaks the action. "The Explorers" was in that bundle of manuscripts sent by the lawyer's boy far away on the Clarence to the formidable *Athenæum*,¹ which wrote of them, "The spirit of nearly all the writings under our hand is dark and sorrowful, but of their energy and vigour there can be little doubt."

¹ *Vide* Appendix.

So far we have not been quite in accord with Mr. Barton. We know now, though he did not then, that while he was writing in New South Wales to laud Kendall as the first Station-life poet, poems that have now a world-wide celebrity were being written on the same subject in Victoria, and no one would claim that Kendall had competed with Longfellow by producing an aboriginal poem to compare with *Hiawatha*. Nor do we think that in his poems on exploration he throws up the stern realities like Gordon, whose poem on Burke and Wills our promise to his publishers precludes us from quoting, or P. J. Holdsworth and others. In his poem on Leichhardt especially it will be seen that his poetical soul loved to dwell more on the so-called poetical aspects than on the grim practical ones. For few poets have had such a delicate, tender, poetical soul as this native-born New South Welshman—who might justly be called the Australian Shelley. Indeed, as we pointed out above, in his brilliant appreciation of colour, his swift recognition of that Proteus, the spirit of Nature in all her changes of form, in the delicate music of his verse, his marvellous ease, his felicity and fecundity of expression, and his courageous assertion of opinions which men are generally unwilling to proclaim, he had much to make him remind us of the immortal author of “*Queen Mab*.”

Kendall was as bold in bringing into prominence his adherence to Romanism in a secular, or at best an un-denominational, community, as Shelley was in letting his peculiar views be known in a community which persecuted the unorthodox. But though he had so much in common with Shelley, the influence of Swinburne is much more apparent in this Australian poet's writings, than the influence of Swinburne's master. But the genius of the man is shown most, perhaps, by his handling of the language and the

metres which the polished rapier-thrusting buffoonery of Mr. Gilbert's opera-libretti has overwhelmed with ridicule, except when they are handled by true poets. Kendall can write long poems with the antepenultimate rhyme, put an utterly bald expression like "two-and-thirty years ago" into a position of emphasis and solemnity, and yet not fall from the sublime. Some of his most serious "In Memoriam" poems would be quite comic, if one did not feel the restraining power of the man's genius. He could solemnify. There is such a true breath of religiousness about his poems, though they never preach, that scoffs are disarmed; and his genius is further demonstrated by the fact that he has written one of the two or three prize poems that are worth reading after the event with which they are connected has passed. His poem for the opening of the Sydney Exhibition is magnificent—we should say, perhaps the finest prize poem written in the English language. The rest of Mr. Barton's claims we most cordially endorse, for, as a Bush landscape painter, Kendall has never had an equal, especially in the gloomier tints.

What a power of word-painting he had may be seen from his poems, "The Hut by the Black Swamp," "Cooranbean," and "The Curse of Mother Flood," especially the first of them, because it shows in contrast the quiet beauty of his landscape painting and the intenseness of his lurid compositions. "Cooranbean" is, to our mind, the weirdest and most blood-curdling, at the same time as it is the most beautiful and powerful of Kendall's lurid pieces. In fierceness of curses it is surpassed by "The Curse of Mother Flood"; but that poem always strikes us as less natural and more of a rhetorical exercise.

But Kendall is seen at his very best, not in these lurid colours, but in the delicate tints of light and shadow, the

lovely contrasts of moss and stream, the languorous shade, the sleepy perfumed air, the luxuriance and the untroddenness of his native forests. In fact, he is essentially a forest-poet: his genius did not exult upon the mountain-top, it luxuriated in the dells, as the reader will see while he himself luxuriates in those delicious pieces of the mountain-forest—"Bell-Birds," "Mooni," and "Orara"—the last-named a mint of beautiful thoughts and expressions.

Hitherto, Gordon has had very much the start of Kendall in England; and so far as the semi-cultivated portion of poetry-readers are concerned, we doubt not will continue to have. But with that cultivated class of intellect that delights to be made the confidante of Nature, as Gilbert White, Richard Jefferies, and John Burroughes, have made it, and revels in all that is genuinely redolent of a forest-life that is fresh to it, we venture to prophesy that Kendall will become a supreme favourite as soon as he is recognized. He was a child of the Australian forest, and continued such all his life. No one who did not love the forest as a mother could have written his Shelleian "September in Australia"; and the little poem entitled "The Warrigal" ("Wild Dog") will prove that he observed animal life as faithfully as still life and landscape. And we venture to think that there is nothing more Landseer-like in the whole range of Australian poetry than this brilliant lyric. We ourselves give the palm among Kendall's poems to "After Many Years." It is as pathetic as a masterpiece of Tom Hood—something to be remembered with "Fair Inez" and "The House where I was Born" for music and tenderness.

There are poems of Kendall's not quoted in this volume, such as "Coogee," which, in our opinion, are worthy to appear in any selection from Antipodean poets, but we were reluctantly compelled to omit them because we had already

given Kendall, excelling as he does, fully as much space as could be spared to one poet.

We wrote in the first edition, and we still adhere to our opinion, that Wentworth's "Australasia," published in 1823, was *the first Australian poem of note*. There has been some controversy in the columns of one of the great literary weeklies (the *Academy*) upon the subject, and it has been proved beyond doubt that George Barrington's witty "Prologue to 'The Revenge,'" recited in the temporary theatre at Sydney in 1796; Michael Robinson's "King's Birthday Odes, 1810-1821;" Mr. Justice Field's "First Fruits of Australian Poetry," and other poems preceded it in point of date. But none of them are of any real note. Field's tolerable sonnet, quoted in this volume, was published in his "New South Wales," which did not appear till 1825. Mr. Dykes Campbell's letter which opened the discussion is printed in Appendix III. with the two poems constituting Barron Field's "First Fruits," that the reader may judge for himself of their claim to being poems *of note*. Was it a flash of Charles Lamb's delicious, sly humour, which made him detect some "relish of the graceful hyperboles of our elder writers" in "The Kangaroo"? "Who," asks "Eildon Douglas," in a subsequent issue, "that is interested in the history of Australian verse will not blush to read the first few lines—

'Kangaroo! kangaroo!
Thou Spirit of Australia,
That redeems from utter failure,
From perfect desolation,
And warrants the creation
Of this fifth part of the earth?'

Now Wentworth's "Australasia" was not a poem of the calibre of Kendall's Sydney Exhibition ode, but it was as

different from "The Kangaroo" as Pope's heroics from "Piers the Plowman."

However, Australia did not begin to have a poetic literature with Barrington and Barron Field, or even with Wentworth. Charles Harpur, who did not publish his first volume until a good many years afterwards, is generally regarded as the grey forefather of Australian poets. And he may fairly claim to be, for he was the most prominent among a group of writers, all of whom have merit, and most of whom were men of mark in the State. To the honour of New South Wales be it known that in addition to that famous politician, John Dunmore Lang, no fewer than three of her premiers—William Wentworth, Sir Henry Parkes, and William Forster, and one of the most important of her permanent civil servants, Henry Halloran, are among her foremost poets; while others of her leading politicians, like her late acting-premier, William Bede Dalley and Deniehy, have written conspicuously well in prose.

The "sixties" saw the rise of both Gordon and Kendall, the former dying by his own hand in 1870, and the latter just living into the "eighties"; and it was only on the 3rd of November last that Alfred Domett died, while Brunton Stephens is still alive, and holds a government appointment in Queensland. Alfred Domett, Kendall, and George Gordon McCrae are all represented in Longfellow's "Poems of Places" in the Oceania volume.

It would not be right to proceed further without saying something of "Orion" Horne, for many years as great an authority among the *litterateurs* who met at Dwight's, in Bourke Street, as Dr. Johnson was among the frequenters of the Cock Tavern. The author of "Orion" (the poem which its author thought so unacceptable to the public that he published the first three editions at one farthing, and which

proved so acceptable that ten editions of it have been sold already) wrote very little inspired by Australia, and that little not conspicuously good. We have quoted one or two pieces, but let no one who reads them and has not read "Orion" pass a judgment on their author. Among the blank verse poems of the century, *Hyperion* is finer, much of Tennyson is finer, some of Bryant perhaps finer. But what else may we feel any certainty in preferring? Keats's sympathetic handling of Greek myths was almost rivalled by the little warden of the Australian gold-fields. He who loves "Endymion" will also love "Orion," a poem less brilliantly and exquisitely dressed, but with its goddesses and heroes as heroesque as Keats's.

Having mentioned the most widely-known Australian poets and their chronological order, before proceeding to individualize further we should wish to discuss some of the characteristics of Australian poetry.

The character of Australian poetry is now determined a good deal by the taste of the editors of the great weekly papers. These in Australia are the substitutes for magazines, and consequently, until pieces are collected into a volume, their columns afford the only medium for publicity, except the capital literary clubs like the *Yorick*. This must influence authors, and the editors, patriotically, have shown a desire to encourage an Australian School of Poetry. Most young colonial poets, therefore, except the few who have an original genius, draw their inspiration from English poets through the medium of either Gordon or Kendall, who are considered the two most standard poets of Australia. They, in turn, seem to owe most to Swinburne, Bret Harte, Edgar Allan Poe, and, perhaps, Hood. But Tennyson, Shelley, Longfellow, and Wordsworth have exercised a large influence, and Kendall and Brunton Stephens have written much

in the vein of the late C. S. Calverley, Kendall also writing a good deal that was thoroughly original. Consequently the commonest types of the Australian poems are Bushman's Ballads *à la* Gordon, often very spirited, but often also very rugged; Bush landscape-painting *à la* Kendall, in which much polish is lavished on workmanship; Swinburne Australianized *à la* Gordon, and acclimatized "Bret Harte." And from these types, notably the first and third of them, many beautiful poems have been produced. Gordon himself, for instance, and C. A. Sherard have written in these styles noble pieces that must command appreciation wherever they are read.

Blank ¹ verse has found little favour in Australia, which is not surprising, as to a great extent it is the offspring of a classical education. William Morris, quite the founder of a school in Oxford, has exercised hardly any influence in Australia, and Browning has only two prominent disciples, though it is to be owned that one of them, "Waring," wrote the greatest of Antipodean poems, and the other was the author of "Midas." And only one considerable poem has been inspired by Walt Whitman, "The Hut on the Flat." "Australian Lyrics" and "A Poetry of Exiles" are lyrics of Australian society, and Arthur Patchett Martin, Garnet Walch, and others among the younger generation of poets whose writings have been inspired by Australia, had previously written several poems of this kind. A. P. Martin and Garnet Walch are busy and successful journalists, which prevents their having more to display in the way of poetry. But both have shown brilliant capacity, and turned out work so good as, in spite of its small quantity, puts them in the front rank of Australian poets. A. P. Martin is a literary essayist

¹ "Orion" is not in any sense an Australian poem, though Horne was so long in Australia.

with a beautiful style, and Garnet Walch, who has almost regularly supplied the theatres with an extravaganza at Christmas, writes both poems and plays with a most contagious and exuberant wit and much facility. George Gordon McCrae, a poet of first-class reputation and achievements, is difficult to classify; but in his most valuable "Bush" work, his two great lays of the Aborigines, he has followed in the footsteps of Scott, and has gone into his subject with the conscientious care and research of that poet. Henry Halloran, a poet of great culture, may be judged fairly from the extracts given in the text. He has written much, and been long before the world. In fact, though still alive, like Sir Henry Parkes, he belongs to an earlier generation—the generation of which Harpur was the best. We have seen poems of Halloran's in a manuscript selection made fifty-four years ago.

James L. Michael, the solicitor on the Clarence River, N.S.W., from whose office Kendall, at the age of twenty, sent home his historic bundle of manuscripts to the *Athenæum*, is of some importance. He may fairly be called Kendall's literary father, for he treated Kendall almost like a son, was his first instructor in the "Ars Poetica," and allowed him the run of his fine library. And Kendall has adapted some of his metres from Michael's poems—the poem quoted in this volume for instance. We have Kendall's authority, given when he himself was famous, for the fact that Michael was the most accomplished man and talker of his day in New South Wales, and his poem, "John Cumberland," has passages of great power and beauty, though at times the bathos is marked and the language not chosen with sufficient care. All who enjoy Coventry Patmore's delightful "Angel in the House" will do well to read "John Cumberland," which a more rigid standard in art would have made a formidable rival. Michael

is a poet who really had something in him, and has suffered undeserved neglect in Australia of late years. So has John Dunmore Lang, who, though not a writer of striking originality, wrote some poems worthy of himself; and he was once a power in the land, a man to whom Australia is under a heavy debt of gratitude. So has Sir Henry Parkes, now, and often before, Premier of New South Wales, been much underrated as a poet. His critics have some of them been his political enemies, and have concentrated attention on the obviously weak points of his writing. But Parkes is, in his inspiration, a true poet, with the deep voice of humanity in him; he has something to say worth the hearing, and can say it emphatically. Only two of Gerald H. Supple's poems have come into our hands. The opening ballad in "The Dream of Dampier" has something of the spiritedness of Tennyson's "Revenge," and the ballad-pieces in "Ranolf and Amohia," but Supple lacks the ease of the Laureate, and Domett. There is an inevitableness in the rhythm of the great New Zealand poem. Domett had such an instinct for the fit word, the fit metrical effect; as, for instance, in "The Legend of Tawhákí" or "The Haunted Mountain." Francis W. L. Adams, a journalist well known in Australia, is also a real poet, though we cannot agree with his new methods of versification, which however we do not, with some of his critics, regard as slipshodness so much as a deliberate attempt to strike out a new metrical system between the ordinarily received one and that of Walt Whitman. We wonder what the good-natured critic in the *Globe*, who regretted that Australia had struck out no new style of expression, would have to say to Francis Adams. His book is fascinating—eminently interesting. One always feels inclined to read just one more poem before one lays it down. We have purposely selected poems with less than his usual

mannerism about them. Alexander Forbes, a brother of the famous war correspondent, was a wild fellow, who ran away to sea from college ; and at last coming to Queensland, became a "swagman," of every trade by turns—stockman, drover, butcher, miner, and what not. In all these capacities he seems to have been a prime favourite with his mates, and really was a man of very considerable powers. His rhymes have a value, because he wrote from his own experiences, and his experiences were such as do not ordinarily befall writers, so that there is very little first-hand writing about them. Here, for instance, is "No. 2 Reef," a rhyme, which was not poetical enough to be worth considering in the text, but which yet is a characteristic piece of miners' humour, and gives a fair idea of his powers in this line, though it is only just to say that he has written pieces much more graphic, such as "After Crushing" and "For Alcohol," which are too realistic to be pleasing here.

No. 2 REEF, BEFORE CRUSHING.

Now, if this claim turns out an ounce,
 Right joyful I shall be ;
 I'll walk into the Morinish,
 And have a jolly spree.

And if two ounces it should run,
 By Jove ! that would be glorious ;
 Rockhampton I'd turn upside down,
 And spend a month uproarious.

And if three ounces we should get,
 That just would suit my kidney ;
 I'd take my passage in the boat,
 And have a trip to Sydney.

If we four ounces should obtain,
 No longer here I'd tarry ;
 The steamer which takes home the mails,
 This male should also carry.

And if a duffer it should prove—
 But, Lord ! I'll say no more now ;
 I have a guardian angel,
 And he's stuck to me before now.

We are glad to be able, in this edition, to place before our readers poems by E. B. Loughran, the contributor of some of the most beautiful pieces which have appeared in the *Australasian*, (Miss) Margaret Thomas, the first Australian-bred sculptor of eminence, and others. Those of Farrell and Victor Dale, which have lately been spoken of so highly by the Australian Press, we have unfortunately been unable to procure; and the poems which have reached us from the Havilands have not come within our limitations. But the author whose absence we regret above all others is (Mrs.) Mary Hannay Foott, who wrote "Where the Pelican Builds," and who seems, from the only scrap of her poetry which we have to hand, to have more of the mantle of Gordon than any one:—

"The horses were ready, the rails were down,
 But the riders lingered still—
 One had a parting word to say,
 And one had a pipe to fill.
 Then they mounted, one with a granted prayer,
 And one with a grief unguessed :
 ' We are going,' they said, as they rode away,
 ' Where the pelican builds her nest.' "

We should rejoice to have this volume for selection on future occasions.

James Thomas, of whose pieces we have, to our regret, in our limited space only been able to quote one, has written many fine poems, reminding one, in their delicate appreciation of Nature, of Emerson's "Humble Bee," or Bryant's bird-life poems. Of William Sharp, a visitor "out from home," whose photographic "Transcripts from Nature" in

'Twas then you came to glad my eyes,
 A welcome gift, Geranium !
 This wilderness of foliaged skies
 You brightened with your scarlet dyes ;
 You were my first flower—you I prize
 Above all rival beauty.

So slight I thought, three years ago,
 This slip of a Geranium ;
 Above, around trees restless blow,
 Thick tangled bushes crowd below,
 Oh ! where can it in safety grow
 And best display its beauty ?

Tramped the grass-plot on the mound,
 No place for my Geranium !
 With long bark hut the summit's crowned,
 A lazy packhorse feeds around,
 And ringing axes ceaseless sound :—
 No pleasure here, but duty.

ERRATUM.

PAGE 29.—Agnes Neale's real name is not Mrs. Aherne,
 but Miss Caroline Agnes Leane.

* * * *

Those who enjoy the greatest reputation in Australia are
 —“ *Australie* ” (Mrs. Hubert Heron), (Miss) Frances Tyrrell
 Gill, Agnes Neale (Mrs. Aherne), Lindsay Duncan (Mrs. T.
 C. Cloud), (Miss) Frances Sescadarowna Lewin, and Philip

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 And ringing axes ceaseless sound :—
 No pleasure here, but duty.

Ah ! that headless trunk will hold
 You safely, sweet Geranium !
 On his broad breast some pliant mould
 Shall, 'mid the cairn, your roots enfold.
 No more I'll mourn his grandeur bold,
 His scars hid by your beauty.

* * * * *
 You have watched our homestead rise,
 Shining-eyed Geranium,
 Felt the falling forest's sighs,
 Blessed each widening glimpse of skies,
 Heard the first flock's bleating cries,
 And traced all growth of beauty !

* * * * *

Those who enjoy the greatest reputation in Australia are
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Dale (Mrs. C. Haviland) ; but Mrs. George Knox (*née* Miss Price, a Victorian), who has published but few of her poems, and those under pseudonyms, is one of the most, if not the most, rhythmical and pathetic of all. And Mrs. W. J. Anderson, who left Australia to die, when hardly out of her honeymoon, away in the Mauritius, has written very pathetically, though now, most unjustly, almost forgotten. Nearly all Antipodean poetesses are native-born. Most of them exhibit the influence of Adelaide Procter strongly. One of them, Agnes Neale, might almost be called the Australian Adelaide Procter. She is not seen to advantage in this volume, our limitation of subject excluding her best pieces. Frances Gill is a beautiful writer of what one may perhaps call the Victorian school—if one may mean thereby C. A. Sherard, E. B. Loughran, Jennings Carmichael, Thorpe Talbot, and a few other charming writers who have sprung up in the footsteps of Gordon, and developed that kind of style of their own, modelled originally on Swinburne, to which we referred above in such high terms. To this school in a way also belongs “Austral” (Mrs. J. G. Wilson), a Victorian by birth, but resident in New Zealand, who has written some of the most beautiful things which have appeared in the *Australasian*. New Zealand scenery, the most glorious blending under heaven of the sub-tropical and the Alpine, a perfect fairyland of palmy foliage and mountain waters, has not, so far, inspired many writers of more than local fame, but besides “Austral,” several of them are very high-class. Alfred Domett, as we have expressed an opinion above, towers over Antipodean poets in his achievements, and Thomas Bracken is a poet whose established reputation is well deserved. His poems are imbued with the sentiment and colouring of the land in which he lives, and the “voice of humanity” speaks in his poems with no uncertain

utterance. He is distinctly a poet with something to say, and in his shorter pieces especially he has a fine gift of expression. We have, unfortunately, had only one of his three volumes before us, but in that volume, in addition to the pieces quoted in our text, there are to be found such good poems as "Old Bendigo," "The Waterfall," "In the Temple," "Misunderstood," and "Mother's Grave." He is, moreover, a typical colonist of the "old colonial days"; one who faced the rough world of the diggings when a mere boy, and who has been everything in his time from a working miner to a member of Parliament, and from the bottom to the top of the tree in journalism. Alexander W. Bathgate has written poems of mature excellence—all the poems that he sent us being at an unusually high level in taste and workmanship. Ebenezer Storry Hay is, unhappily, dead. He had perhaps the makings of a New Zealand Shelley, and has left us some of the most exquisite little pieces in Australian literature.

The list of the front rank of New Zealand poets would not be complete without the names of J. L. Kelly, a poet with plenty of imagination, who has made a study of the customs and traditions of the natives, resulting in his noble poem, "Tarawera, or the Curse of Tuhotu," the most important New Zealand poem after "Ranolf and Amohia." Great things may be expected of him in the future, as he has something of Domett's wonderful facility of rhythm and metre, and has a fine taste in his choice of subject and appreciation of the picturesque. Two other New Zealand poets deserve mention, Sir Frederick Napier Broome, now Governor of West Australia, who, in his poems from New Zealand, published one, entitled "A Temple Service," which was astonishing for a man who could not have been more than five-and-twenty when he wrote it; and W. R. Wills,

who has published three volumes of poems with much genuine poetry in them.

Among poetesses, besides "Austral," New Zealand has Mary Colborne Veel, a promising writer, with a dry humour in some of her work ; and "The Singing Shepherd," whose little lyric of dedication, "To One in England," we believe to be one of the gems of the volume, and whose "Good night, good rest" and "Adieu," ineligible from subject, are not much inferior. She is, however, a very unequal writer, who spoils some of her best poems by lapsing from the metre. From her work we should imagine her to be quite young. If our surmise be correct, and a friendly critic helps her to notice her faults of style, we augur a bright future for her.

Tasmania is here represented by Garnet Walch, born in the island, but long resident in the other colonies ; and Caroline Leakey. Like Mrs. Hemans, *her* popularity has waned, but the time will come when the musical measures, picturesqueness, and bright motherly piety of these depreciated singers will be held once more at their true value.

We have received a good many poems from drovers, stockmen, miners, and others engaged "up the country"—the very men from whom one would have expected the kind of pieces desired for this volume—but, with a very few exceptions, they were not eligible, most of them because they were not upon the "Bush" subjects on which the writers were so well qualified to write, and others because, though they did relate to the "Bush," they were upon subjects already appropriated in the most famous Australian poems. For it has been the aim of the editor to give as much variety of subject, as many different aspects of Australian life, as he found possible. He could have formed one whole volume of the exploration-poems, another of the wild-horse and other hunts, another

of the Bush-landscape-poems *à la* Kendall, which have been submitted to him; but he has endeavoured to make the volume representative of Bush-life as well as Bush-poems.

The editor is glad to have been able to give in Appendix I. a few of the songs sung in the Bush. Poor Jack was a well-known stockman in the Monaro Mountains, and the song is variously ascribed to a station-overseer, named Townsend, and an Adelaide lady. The author of "The Bushman's Lullaby" is Tom Brown, under his synonym of Rolf Bolderwood, a "household word" in Victoria. The author of "Careless Jim" was a South Australian.

By the kindness of the editors of the great weekly papers of Australasia, the editor of this volume was able to give his invitation for contributions the widest publicity in the colonies. Those who did not contribute, therefore, he has judged to be unwilling for their poems to appear. With very few exceptions the volume is selected entirely from the contributions sent, every one of which, except those which were in undecipherable manuscript, has been read. These few exceptions consist almost entirely of writers dead and gone, or writers whose absence from the book, for literary or personal reasons, would have left a gap, such as William Wentworth, Michael, Sir Henry Parkes, Marcus Clarke, John Dunmore Lang, and Sir Frederick Broome—the last, we believe, almost the only colonist who has risen to be the Queen's Representative in an Australian colony.

The publisher and editor wish to tender their best thanks to the authors who sent contributions, the publishers who allowed their copyrights to be used, and to the editors of the great Australian papers for generously giving in their columns publicity to the scheme; also to Edward A. Petherick, the first authority on Australian Bibliography, who gave every

information in his power, and lent any book required from his unique Colonial library ; to J. Howlett Ross and the Hon. Mrs. W. E. Cavendish, who placed their collections of Australian cuttings at the editor's disposal ; and to Patchett Martin, Francis Adams, Philip J. Holdsworth, Herbert Tinker, Gleeson White, and the managers of Griffith, Farran & Co., in Sydney (Mr. Empson), and George Robertson & Co., in Melbourne (Mr. R. P. Raymond), for sending or procuring by personal application some of the most important contributions in the volume. Lastly, the editor wishes to say how much he personally is indebted to the admirable library of the Royal Colonial Institute, where he *had special facilities extended* to him by Mr. O'Halloran and Mr. Boosè.

The book could not hope to be thoroughly representative when its component parts were scattered over a whole continent. So there must infallibly be many omissions, which, however, the editor did his best to obviate by applying through the most widely circulating newspapers for material from every one who had anything to send. He hopes, therefore, that those who did not send what they knew ought to be inserted will lay the blame at their own doors. He has endeavoured to be strictly impartial, and has never laid aside a poem about which there was a doubt without reading it over two or three times carefully.

He will be glad to receive any Australian poems or volumes as they come out, and also any that are already out but have been missed in the compilation of this volume, especially "Where the Pelican Builds." For he hopes from time to time to publish appendices to keep up with the ever growing literature of Australia, and also to contribute annually to one or other of the London journals an account of the Australian publications of the year.

A CENTURY OF AUSTRALIAN SONG.

F. W. L. ADAMS.

THE SHEEP-SHEARERS.

HERE'S work for men to do and sweat,
Sweet sweat that makes them lean and strong ;
And for such work at night they get
A sleep as deep as a river's song.

* * * *

SPRING MORNING.

WHAT clearer than this earth and air ?
The birds go flying everywhere
As I ride.
See the black swans, white-vanned pair,
Soaring from the pale swamp there
Up the wide
Lower heaven, so sweet and fair.

Hark, the pulsing magpie calls
His melodious intervals

As I ride :

So my soul beyond the walls,
Where her last low fetter falls

Glorified,

Sings to God glad madrigals.

THE KANGAROO HUNT.

UP and away by the break of the day,
Over the silvery plain ;
'Squito and Wheels atrot at our heels,
Our horses all flash and fain.

Up soars the sun. Hoop ! yonder is one ;
An "old man," too ! Set on the dogs.
Off, off we go, bent down to the bow,
As we crash through the scrub-trees and logs.

Now we are clear. We have got him, no fear.
Dear horse of me, spare you no breath ;
My life's in my knees, and you bound as they squeeze,
We mean to be in at the death !

O the wild rush past grass, tree, and bush,
The whistling wind and the sun !
Where it is, if you'll tell, we'll ride into hell
And out again ere we have done !

Over the ground, fourteen feet at each bound,
The kangaroo strikes wild ahead.
O swift she sails up, the grey lightning pup !
She's turned him ; his feet are like lead.

He's round ; he's at bay. Now, 'Squito girl, stay ;
You're too pretty a damsel for him.
In she goes ! at her heels to his throat leaps old Wheels.
They're down. He's done, Seraphim ! . . .

Quite dead . . . on the plain he'll browse never again.
His mate, will she pine ? Can I know ?
I've been glad, I've been mad, and now I am sad.
"Have you done ?" I say, "Let us go."

Oh, God of our race ! hast Thou never a place
For the one we were spoiled of on earth ?
Or shall we be left of a heaven bereft,
And our death be as doomed as our birth ?

Oh, God of our tribes ! we bore the gibes
And scourge of our tyrants long—
Were hunted and slain, from forest and plain,
With never a righted wrong !

With hatchet and flame they drove the game
From our happy hunting grounds,
And ravished and slew, and merciless threw
Our babes to their savage hounds.

Thou sawest our woes, O God of our foes !
And heard'st the awful wails
Of our slaughtered ones, as the lightning guns
Swept thundering through our vales.

Oh, pitiless race of the fierce pale face !
Had'st thou a warrant from God,
In the cold grey north, to come south and drive forth
The peaceable people who trod,

By right of their birth, their own spot of earth ?
Was there not room under heaven
For thy people and mine, that my people by thine
To death and destruction were given ?

You came unsought, and the gifts you brought
As Christians from over the wave,
Were greed for land and a merciless hand,
And the fire-drink that digs the grave !

Ere came the White, time's peaceful flight
Was measured by happy years,
And we lived our life—with scarcely a strife—
'Midst friendship which knew no fears !

With never a foe, and scarcely a woe,
Except for some loved one's death,
We lived by the chase—a harmless race—
And gladsome with freedom's breath.

Oh, the happy days ! 'midst the pleasant ways
Of the wild woods and the hills,
Where the echoes rang, whilst the wild birds sang
To the music of rippling rills !

Ah ! never again, o'er hill and plain,
Shall Trucanini rove
With the swift firm tread of the wilderness bred,
Whose home is the forest grove.

By Tamar's banks, where the bearded ranks
Of the bright green rushes bend,
Shall her bark canoe the swan pursue,
Or her arm the swift spear send.

ALPHA CRUCIS.

No more, no more—ah ! never once more,
Shall the feet of my people skim
O'er the tufted grass up the mountain pass,
Or the bush tracks greenly dim.

Never, no never ! Alas ! for ever
They have faded from rivers and shore ;
Yea ! have passed like a dream or a summer-dried
stream,
And their place shall know them no more !

Lay me to rest in the silent breast
Of the solemn mountain chain,
Beyond all trace of the ruthless race
By whom my race was slain !

And have remorse on my lonely corse ;
Let ravenous science reap
Nor nerve, nor bone, but leave me alone
Unharm'd, for my last long sleep.

My days are past, and I die, tho' last
Of the tribes ! So let me rest
In my long, last home, where they loved to roam,
Where the hills face the dying west ;

And the shadows deep of the mountain sweep
O'er the lonely wandering stream ;
There lay my head, in its last cold bed,
For the sleep that has never a dream.

Whilst the high stars calm hear the night wind's psalm,
And the rivulet's rippling wave,
As Nature wild takes home her child,
And watches her lonely grave !

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 the calm hour,
All perfect in its holy loveliness,
That I have almost sighed to think in heaven
There is no night.

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL'S FAREWELL.

I'm leaving thee, my happy native land,
I'm leaving thee, for years, perhaps for ever,
But still my heart is clinging to thy strand,
And still repining—must, oh, must we sever?

What though the land I go to rises fair,
And glittering like a jewel from the sea,
I know it not ; strange scenes will meet me there—
Australia, my home, I cling to thee.

I cling to thee. Each songless bird I love
That flutters through the still and sultry air ;
Each withered leaf, that, borne by winds above,
Goes trembling up to heaven like a prayer.

Like moss upon some storm-worn rugged stone,
Australia, my spirit cleaves to thee ;
Like branches from the vine, when leaves have grown,
My heart is bleeding for its parent tree.

Yes, I am bidding thee a long good-bye,
A dearer voice than thine is calling me ;
But oft in other homes for thee I'll sigh,
Still shall my hope be, oh, to die in thee.

What though they plant some waving forest tree
Or stately palm above my last lone bed,
Methinks my sleep would yet more peaceful be,
With *thy* blue sky and guardian star o'erhead.

Adieu, my native land, mine eyes are dim,
The thought *will* come—I ne'er shall see thee more ;
Oh, for the sea-bird's power the waves to skim,
And rest its weary wing upon thy shore !

A VOICE FROM THE BUSH.

“ *O! mihi præteritos. . .* ”

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 season's 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—Gallopings 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 Barkby 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 relieves 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

In "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.

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.

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 hawker 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 trees 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 the 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.

FROM THE CLYDE TO BRAIDWOOD.

A WINTER morn, the blue Clyde river winds
'Mid sombre slopes, reflecting in clear depths
The tree-clad banks or grassy meadow flats
Now white with hoary frost, each jewell'd blade
With myriad crystals glistening in the sun.

Thus smiles the Vale of Clyde, as through the air
So keen and fresh three travellers upward ride
Toward the Braidwood heights. Quickly they pass
The rustic dwellings on the hamlet's verge,
Winding sometimes beside the glassy depths
Of Nelligen Creek, where with the murmuring bass
Of running water sounds the sighing wail
Of dark swamp-oaks that shiver on each bank ;
Then winding through a shady-bower'd lane,
With flickering streaks of sunlight beaming through
The feathery leaves and pendant tassels green
Of bright mimosa, whose wee furry balls
Promise to greet with golden glow of joy
The coming spring-tide.

Now a barren length
Of tall straight eucalyptus, till again
A babbling voice is heard, and through green banks
Of emerald fern, and mossy boulder rocks,
The Currawong dances o'er a pebbly bed,
In rippling clearness, or with cresting foam

Splashes and leaps in snowy cascade steps.
 Then every feature changes—up and down,
 O'er endless ranges like great waves of earth,
 Each weary steed must climb, e'en like a ship
 Now rising high upon some billowy ridge,
 But to plunge down to mount once more, again
 And still again.

Naught on the road to see
 Save sullen trees, white arm'd, with naked trunks,
 And hanging bark, like tatter'd clothes thrown off,
 An undergrowth of glossy zamia palms
 Bearing their winter store of coral fruit,
 And here and there some early clematis,
 Like starry jasmine, or a purple wreath
 Of dark kennedia, blooming o'er their time,
 As if in pity they would add one joy
 Unto the barren landscape.

But at last
 A clearer point is reached, and all around
 The loftier ranges loom in contour blue,
 With indigo shadows and light veiling mist
 Rising from steaming valleys. Straight in front
 Towers the Sugarloaf, pyramidal King
 Of Braidwood peaks.

Impossible it seems
 To scale that nature-rampart, but where man
 Would go he must and will : so hewn from out
 The mountain's side in gradual ascent
 Of league and half of engineering skill
 There winds the Weber Pass.

A glorious ride !
Fresher and clearer grows the breezy air,
Lighter and freer beats the quickening pulse
As each fair height is gain'd. Stern, strong, above
Rises the wall of mountain ; far beneath,
In sheer precipitancy, gullies deep
Gloom in dark shadow, on their shelter'd breast
Cherishing wealth of leafage richly dight
With tropic hues of green.

No sound is heard
Save the deep sougning of the wind amid
The swaying leaves and harp-like stems, so like
A mighty breathing of great mother earth,
That half they seem to see her bosom heave
With each pulsation as she living sleeps.
And now and then to cadence of these throbs
There drops the bell-bird's knell, the coach whip's crack
The wonga-pigeon's coo, or echoing notes
Of lyre-tail'd pheasants in their own rich tones,
Mocking the song of every forest bird.
Higher the travellers rise—at every turn
Gaining through avened vista some new glimpse
Of undulating hills, the Pigeon-house
Standing against the sky like eyrie nest
Of some great dove or eagle. On each side
Of rock-hewn road, the fern trees cluster green,
Now and then lighted by a silver star
Of white immortelle flower, or overhung
By crimson peals of bright epacris bells.
Another bend, a sheltered deepening rift,
And in the mountain's very heart they plunge—
So dark the shade, the sun is lost to view.

Great silver wattles tremble o'er the path,
Which overlooks a glen one varying mass
Of exquisite foliage, full-green sassafras,
The bright-leaf'd myrtle, dark-hued kurrajong
And lavender, musk-plant, scenting all the air,
Entwined with clematis or bignonia vines,
And raspberry tendrils hung with scarlet fruit.
The riders pause some moments, gazing down,
Then upward look. Far as the peeping sky
The dell-like gully yawns into the heights ;
A tiny cascade drips o'er mossy rocks,
And through an aisle of over-arching trees,
Whose stems are dight with lichen, creeping vines
A line of sunlight pierces lighting up
A wealth of fern trees ; filling every nook
With glorious circles of voluptuous green,
Such as, unview'd, once clothed the silent earth
Long milliards past in Carboniferous Age.
A mighty nature-rockery ! Each spot
Of fertile ground is rich with endless joys
Of leaf and fern ; now here a velvet moss,
And there a broad asplenium's shining frond
With red-black veinings or a hart's-tongue point,
Contrasting with a pale-hued tender brake
Or creeping lion's foot. See where the hand
Of ruthless man hath cleft the rock, each wound
Is hidden by thick verdure, leaving not
One unclothed spot, save on the yellow road.

Reluctant the travellers leave the luscious shade
To mount once more. But now another joy—
An open view is here ! Before them spreads
A waving field of ranges, purple grey,

In haze of distance with black lines of shade
Of ocean-blue o'er whose horizon verge
The morning mist-cloud hangs. The distant bay
Is clear defined. The headland's dark arms stretch
(Each finger-point white-lit with dashing foam)
In azure circlet, studded with rugged isles—
A picturesque trio, whose gold rock-sides glow
In noonday sunlight, and round which the surf
Gleams like a silvery girdle.

The grand Pass
Is traversed now, the inland plateau reach'd,
The last sweet glimpse of violet peaks is lost,
An upland rocky stream is pass'd, and naught
But same same gum trees vex the wearied eye
Till Braidwood plain is reached.

A township like
All others, with its houses, church, and school—
Bare, bald, prosaic—no quaint wild tower,
Nor ancient hall to add poetic touch,
As in the dear old land—no legend old
Adds softening beauty to the Buddawong Peak,
Or near-home ranges with too barbarous names.
But everything is cold, new, new, too new
To foster poesy; and famish'd thought
Looks back with longing to the mountain dream.

THE EXPLORER'S MESSAGE.

GOLDEN, crimson, glows the sunset o'er the wild Australian scene,

Gilding e'en the lonely desert with a glory-tinted sheen,
Purple, purple, gloom the mountains towering in their distant height,

And the blushing air is quivering with the joy of rosy light.
Glorious beauty!—heavenly radiance! beaming o'er the barren earth,

While the weary land is stricken with a life-destroying dearth.

But no joy that glory bringeth—ominous that sunset blaze,
Telling but of rainless sunshine, burning on through cloudless days;

Parch'd, the thirsty ground is gasping for one shower of cooling rain—

Shadeless trees stand gaunt and withering on the grassless arid plain.

Not a sound of living creature, not one blade or leaf of green!

E'en the very birds have vanish'd from the desolated scene!

Hark! what sound of coming footsteps breaks the silence of the air?

Can it be a human being all alone that rideth there?

Jaded, drooping, horse and rider slowly wend their dreary way,

Toiling on as they have toil'd through many, many a weary
day.
Wan the rider, wan and fainting—mind and body over-
wrought ;
Worn the steed, and gauntly fleshless, perishing of bitter
drought—
“Water, water ! oh, for water !” Now the horse sinks to
the ground ;
And the faithful beast here resting a last halting-place has
found ;
Now the last, last link is broken ! e'en the poor dumb friend
is gone,
And the pioneer must turn his eyes unto a heavenly bourn.

But six months a gallant band, the brave explorers had set
forth,
Resolute to pierce the mysteries of Australia's unknown
north,
Strove they nobly, daring danger, hardships cheerfully en-
dured !
Recking not of death or failure, still by patriot hopes
allured.
Onward they had pressed adventurous till by want and
sickness tried,
One by one their ranks had thinn'd, lost, or spear'd, or
famish'd, died.
Each day saw a martyr added, each night heard some dying
moan,
Till at last *one* man was left in that great wilderness—
alone—
Solitary, all untended ; none, none left behind to mourn,
Now the last of the explorers lies on dying bed forlorn.

Faint the lonely man is growing, yet before he turns to die,
With one strong expiring effort, with one long-drawn weary
sigh,
Draws he from his breast a locket—with onstalking death
he fights,
While upon a slip of paper, painfully he trembling writes—
“Mary, loved one, in the desert my last thought is still of
you.
God be with you, guard and bless you. To my memory
still be true.”
His last signature he signeth, gazing lovingly and long
On the face within that locket—tender memories o’er him
throng
As he folds the tiny letter, mournfully to parch’d lips
pressed—
Clasps it in the golden casket, lays it to his loving breast ;
Then with one deep prayer for mercy—ere the last glow
leaves the skies,
Resting on his Father’s bosom, calm the lone explorer dies.
None are near to close the eyelids—none weep o’er that
bronzèd face,
Only night is stealing softly, shrouding him with tender
grace.

Springs have fled, and summers faded, ten long years have
come and gone,—
Mary’s face still wears its sweetness, though with long, long
waiting worn ;
Many a one has sought to win her—clear her answering
words and few—
“I my love long since have plighted—to that love I will be
true.”

Brave men, searching, have gone forth upon the last explorer's track,
 Unsuccessful, disappointed, they have aye returnèd back.
 Yet, within the maiden's bosom, hope 'gainst hope will
 quenchless burn,
 Still his death is all unproven—still the wanderer may
 return
 "Let me know his fate," she prayeth, "only one small token
 send,
 Then my heart in resignation to God's holy will shall
 bend."

Ride two horsemen through the wild lands where man's foot
 scarce trod before.
 "We, the pioneers," they murmur, "we now first this land
 explore."
 Ah! but see what is it then, that on the plain is gleaming
 there?
 Hush'd and lonely is the desert—motionless the silent air,
 As with solemn pace the travellers to the hallow'd spot
 draw nigh,
 Where a famish'd lone explorer years ago lay down to
 die!
 By him close his steed is lying—skeleton with harness
 trapp'd.
 While in life's worn mouldering garments still the master is
 enwrapp'd.

Awe-struck gaze they on the ruins whence a brother's soul
 has fled;
 Then, all loth to leave a comrade nameless on his desert
 bed

Search the men for note or journal—some faint clue to
name and fate.

Not a trace or record find they—not one letter, word, or
date!

Least a grave they will make for him! Gleameth now a
yellow sheen,

And amid the quiet ashes, where the faithful breast has
been,

Shining lies a golden locket, with a simple name engraved.

Ah, that name! long mourn'd and honour'd—now from
cold oblivion saved!

Eagerly they ope the locket—in that dreary desert place

Beams there now upon these rough men, sweetest, gentlest
woman's face,

Image of some cherished loved one; *who*, perchance these
words may tell;

See! here lies a tiny letter,—the explorer's last farewell.

Anxiously, yet almost doubting, lest a sacrilege it prove,

Strangers now unfold the message from the martyr to his
love;

Trembling is the pencill'd writing, but the touching words
are clear,

Mists cloud o'er the eyes now reading, e'en the strong men
drop a tear

On that tender last love-letter—warm voice from the quiet
dead;

Reverently they gently lay it on that face he would have
wed,

And they vow to rest nor linger till that relic they have
placed
In the keeping of the maiden by such love so deeply
graced.

Autumn wanes and winter cometh ; Mary's hair is tinged
with grey ;
But her eye is beaming softly with calm resignation's ray.
Loving cares have left their traces on the peaceful gentle
face,
And youth's beauty now has softened to a sweet diviner
grace.
Still her plighted troth she keepeth, bears no ring of circling
gold,
But one ornament she weareth, of a fashion quaint and old,
For a golden locket lieth on her bosom evermore.
One alone that true heart loveth—one who long that relic
wore,
While his message in its dearness to her soul is ever new—
“God be with you, guard and bless you—to my memory
still be true.”
Ah ! that blessing seems to follow e'en where'er her foot-
steps go,
While his monument she buildeth in the homes of want and
woe.
Dedicated, all unfetter'd, ever sister, never wife—
To God's suffering poor she yieldeth the devotion of a life.
Lonely to the world she seemeth, all unknown her gentle
fame,
But in lowly homes soft blessings gather round her well-
loved name,
And the lost explorer's lone death, and the maiden's
anxious pain,

To full many a sick and sad one have proved yet a deeper
gain.

Soon shall come life's golden sunset, and the evening shall
close in,

And to heaven's distant mountains Mary then her way may
win.

There perchance, in perfect beauty, free from earthly taint
or tie,

We cannot tell, we know not how—her love may be fulfilled
on high.

MELBOURNE.

O SWEET Queen-city of the golden South,
Piercing the evening with thy star-lit spires,
Thou wert a witness when I kissed the mouth
Of her whose eyes outblazed the skyey fires.
I saw the parallels of thy long streets,
With lamps like angels shining all a-row,
While overhead the empyréan seats
Of gods were steeped in paradisiic 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.

THE TUI.

FULL in the light of morning, high upon a withered bough,
A Tui sits and calls his mate in tuneful "thee and thou,"
Methinks a bird of high degree, graceful, alert, and keen,
With dead-gold specks about his coat, and violet lights and
green.

A speckled band, a shapely ruff, about his supple throat,
As though he must be warmly kept, or would not sing a
note,
And best of beauties manifold, his crisp, white feather
"bands,"
Arranged and kept in order meet, without the use of hands.

In perfect match with his attire, his song is choice and
strange,
Now soft, now harsh, now sweet, he runs through all a
songbird's range ;
He stands on high and calls his mate, bright in the sun's
bright rays—
A type of that mysterious past, the unknown Maori days.

Days when the bold, bright Maori was free from Pakeha
rule,
When to learn to fish and fight and swim was all he knew
of school.
Looks he not back to those free days, to wish they were not
done ?
He may, for, like the birds and bush, his race is nearly
run.

PROLOGUE TO "THE REVENGE."

A TRAGEDY BY DR. YOUNG.

FROM distant climes, o'er wide-spread seas we come,
Though not with much *éclat*, or beat of drum ;
True patriots all, for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good :
No private views disgraced our generous zeal,
What urged our travels was our country's weal :
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has proved most useful to the British nation.
But you inquire, What could our breasts inflame,
With this new passion for theatric fame ;
What, in the practice of our former days,
Could shape our talents to exhibit plays ?
Your patience, sirs, some observations made,
You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.
He who to midnight ladders is no stranger,
You'll own will make an admirable Ranger.
To seek Macbeth we have not far to roam,
And sure in Filch I shall be quite at home.
Unrivalled there, none will dispute my claim,
To high pre-eminence and exalted fame.
As oft on Gad's hill we have ta'en our stand,
When 'twas so dark you could not see your hand,
Some true-bred Falstaff, we may hope to start,
Who, when well-bolstered, well will play his part.
The scene to vary, we shall try in time
To treat you with a little pantomime.

Here light and easy Columbines are found,
And well-tried Harlequins with us abound ;
From durance vile our precious selves to keep,
We often had recourse to th' flying leap,
To a black face have sometimes ow'd escape,
And Hounslow Heath has proved the worth of crape.
But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to soar
Above these scenes, and rise to tragic lore ?
Too oft, alas ! we've forced th' unwilling tear,
And petrified the heart with real fear.
Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,
For some of us, I fear, have murdered sleep ;
His lady, too, with grace will sleep and talk
Our females have been used at night to walk.
Sometimes, indeed, so various is our art,
An actor may improve and mend his part ;
"Give me a horse," bawls Richard, like a drone,
We'll find a man would help himself to one.
Grant us your favour, put us to the test,
To gain your smiles we'll do our very best ;
And without dread of future Turnkey Tockits,
Thus, in an honest way, still pick your pockets.

OUR HERITAGE.

A PERFECT peaceful stillness reigns,
Not e'en a passing playful breeze
'The sword-shaped flax-blades gently stirs :
The vale and slopes of rising hills
Are thickly clothed with yellow grass,
Whereon the sun, late risen, throws
His rays to linger listlessly.
Naught the expanse of yellow breaks,
Save where a darker spot denotes
Some straggling bush of thorny scrub ;
While from a gully down the glen,
The foliage of the dull-leaved trees
Rises to view ; and the calm air,
From stillness for a moment waked
By parakeets' harsh chattering,
Swift followed by a tiny thrill
Of bell-like notes, is hushed again.
The tiny orbs of glistening dew,
Still sparkle gem-like 'mid the grass,
While morning mist, their mother moist,
Reluctant loiters on the hill,
Whence presently she'll pass to merge
In the soft depths of the blue heav'ns.

This fertile isle to us is given
Fresh from its Maker's hand ; for here
No records of the vanished past

Tell of the times when might was right
And self-denial weakness was,
But all is peaceful, pure, and fair.
Our heritage is hope. We'll rear
A nation worthy of the land ;
And when in age we linger late,
Upon the heights above life's vale,
Before we, like the mist, shall merge
In depths of God's eternity,
We'll see, perchance our influence
Left dew-like, working for the good
Of those whose day but dawns below.

TO THE MOKO-MOKO, OR BELL-BIRD.¹

I.

MERRY chimer, merry chimer,
Oh, sing once more,
Again outpour,
Like some long-applauded mimer,
All thy vocal store.

II.

Thy short but oft-repeated song,
At early dawn,
Awakes the morn,
Telling that joys to thee belong,
Greeting day new-born.

III.

Alas! we now but seldom hear
Thy rich, full note
Around us float,
For thou seem'st doomed to disappear,
E'en from woods remote.

IV.

Some say the stranger honey-bee,
By white men brought,
This ill hath wrought;
It steals the honey from the tree
And it leaves thee naught.

¹ Now rapidly dying out of our land.

v.

The songsters of our Fatherland
We hither bring,
And here they sing,
Reminding of that distant strand,
Whence old mem'ries spring.

vi.

But as the old, we love the new ;
Fain we'd retain
Thy chiming strain,
Thy purple throat and olive hue--
Yet we wish in vain.

vii.

Thy doom is fixed by nature's law--
Why? none can tell.
Therefore, farewell,
We'll miss thy voice from leafy shaw--
Living silver bell.

viii.

Why should we ever know new joys,
If thus they pass?
Leaving, alas!
Wistful regret, which much alloys
All that man now has.

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 thy beauties fair
'Neath the dark umbrageous shade,
But still the loftiest spray to gain,
Thy weak stem its efforts made.
Now, every obstacle o'ercome,
Thou smilest from thy leafy home.

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

Fair flowers, methinks thou dost 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.

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 settlers' 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 drearish 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.

DEDICATION.

TO SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.

WITHIN a forest stood a grand old tree,
Whose head above the other plants rose high ;
He was the forest's firstborn. Sun and sky
Had known him and had smiled on him ere he
Had kinsfolk near or leafy brethren nigh ;
The wild birds brought to him their minstrelsy ;
The singers knew that, when the scene was rude,
He grew and gave a shelter to their race.
By him the wandering melodists were wooed
To trill and warble in that lonely place ;
A sanctuary in the solitude
He gave to them. In him the birds could trace
The forest's king, and so from hills and plains
They flew to him and sang their sweetest strains.

ORAKAU.

THREE hundred swarthy braves at Orakau,
Savage warriors from Uriwera,
And from the hills and gorges of Taupo,
Commanded by Rewi bold and fearless,
The haughtiest chief in all Waikato,
Lay intrenched within the Pah, surrounded
By over two thousand hardy Britons :
Carey's Royal Celts and Forest Rangers,
And Fortieth Fighters under Leslie,
Upon the second morning of April,
When the colours in Nature's dress were changing
From the brown and russet hues of Autumn
To the dark and sadder shades of Winter,
Three hundred lion-hearted warriors
Assembled with Rewi to fan the flame
Of deadly hatred to the Pakoha,
Into a vengeful blaze at Orakau.

Roaring for blood, our early gun
Rent the clouds like a thunder-clap ;
Carey cried, " There's work to be done !"
Close to the walls we pushed the sap.

" Ready, lads, with your hand-grenades ;
Ready, lads, with your rifles true ;
Ready, lads, with your trusty blades ;
Ready, lads, with your bayonets too.

“ Now for the Armstrongs, let them roar ;
 Death unto those that laugh at peace ”—
 Into their nest our volleys pour ;
 “ Steady there !—let the firing cease.”

’Tis Cameron’s voice—“ Tell the foe
 To leave the Pah ; their lives we’ll spare.
 Tell them Britons can mercy show ;
 Nothing but death awaits them there.”

Mainwaring with a flag of truce before the Maories stood,
 And said, “ Oh, friends, be warned in time, we do not seek
 your blood.
 Surrender, and your lives are safe.” Then through the
 whole redoubt
 The swarthy rebels answered, with a fierce, defiant shout,
 “ Ka Whawhai tonu ! Akè ! Akè ! Akè ! ”

Again Mainwaring spake, “ Oh, friends, you wish for blood
 and strife,
 With blind and stubborn bravery, preferring death to life ;
 But send your women and your children forth ; they shall
 be free.”
 They answered back, “ Our women brave will fight as well
 as we :
 Ka Whawhai tonu ! Akè ! Akè ! Akè ! ”

Again the fiery-throated cannon roared aloud for blood,
 Again the hungry eagle swooped and shrieked for human
 food,

Again wild spirits, soaring, saw their shattered corpses lie
In pools of gore, and still was heard the fierce, defiant cry,
'Ka Whawhai tonu ! Akè ! Akè ! Akè !'

With wild untutored chivalry the rebels scorned disgrace ;
Oh, never in the annals of the most heroic race
Was bravery recorded more noble or more high
Than that displayed in Rewi's fierce defiance and reply,
"Ka Whawhai tonu ! Akè ! Akè ! Akè !"¹

¹ We will fight for ever and ever and ever.

MCGILLVIRAY'S DREAM.

A FOREST-RANGER'S STORY.

JUST nineteen long years, Jack, have passed o'er my
shoulders,

Since close to this spot we lay waiting the foe ;
Ay, here is the mound where brave Percival moulders,
And yonder's the place where poor Norman lies low ;
'Twas only a skirmish—just eight of our number
Were stretched on the sward when the fighting was done ;
We scooped out their beds, and we left them to slumber,
The bold-hearted fellows went down with the sun.
The month was October—young Summer was peeping
Through evergreen forests where Spring, still supreme,
Spread all the rich tints that she had in her keeping
On tree, shrub, and bush, while each brooklet and stream
With babblings of joy ran along to the river.
But, hang it, old man, I am going too far ;
I talk as I used to when from Cupid's quiver
Flew darts of affection my bosom to scar.

I'm not much at poetry, Jack, though I've written
Some nonsense in verse when my heart was aglow
With what they call love—have you ever been smitten
By some artful minx who deceived you? What, no ?
By Jove, you've been lucky ; but, Jack, I'm digressing.
Our quarters were here, under Lusk, and we made
Our camp in the church without asking a blessing ;
This place is still known as the Mauku Stockade.

I'd fought with Von Tempsky along the Waikato ;
I'd seen the green banks of that fair river dyed
With British blood, red as the plumes of the rata ;
When Spring scatters scarlet drops thick in her pride.
I cared not for danger, and fighting was pleasure,
The life of a Ranger was one of romance—
A dare-devil fool, ever ready to measure
A savage's length with my rifle. 'Twas chance
That sent me among them ; I lived but for glory ;
My comrades were all of good mettle and true,
And one was a hero ; I'll tell you his story—
God rest poor McGillviray—brave-hearted Hugh !
I knew him for years, Jack, and shoulder to shoulder
He stood by me often when swift leaden hail
Whizzed close to our ears. Ah ! old man, I was
bolder

In those valiant days than I'm now. To my tale—
The morning was gloomy, and Hugh sat beside me ;
We'd chummed in together for two years or more ;
I found him a brick, and he said, when he tried me
In front of the foe, " Bill, you're true to the core !"
Enough, we were friends, and in trouble or danger
We stuck by each other in camp and in fray.
How often we find in the breast of a stranger
The heart of a kind brother throbbing away
With warmest affection, responsive and tender !
Hugh's breast had a tenant like this, and I knew
In him I'd a brother, a friend, a defender,
Prepared for whatever a brave man might do.
The morning was dark, and the outlook was dreary ;
I noticed my comrade was sitting alone,
All thoughtful, disconsolate, pallid, and weary,
" Why, where has the gladness of yesterday flown ?

“Come, tell me, Hugh, why you are gloomy this morning?
 What change has come over my light-hearted mate?
 You’ve not”—and I laughed—“had a Banshee’s death-
 warning?”

Have Brownies or Goblins been sealing your fate?”
 He turned his pale face, while his eyes, full of sorrow,
 Met mine, and it seemed like the gaze of the dead;
 I spoke once again—“Hugh, we’ll meet them to-morrow;
 Fierce Rewi is coming this way.” Then he said—

“Why am I sad? Ah! comrade kind,
 We cannot tell why shadows fall
 Across the soul and o’er the mind;
 We cannot tell why dreams recall
 Old scenes endeared by memory’s spell,
 Old haunts where love and sorrow met,
 Old spots where airy castles fell,
 And hope’s young sun for ever set;
 We cannot tell why thought should leap
 Across the ocean’s wide expanse,
 And through the telescope of sleep
 Review the dead years at a glance;
 We cannot tell——

But why should I
 Philosophize? We know we’re here,
 And for the wherefore and the why,
 That problem suits the sage and seer,
 But not the soldier. Listen, mate—
 I’m not a coward, for I’ve stood
 Full face to face with death, and fate
 Has led me safe through scenes of blood;
 But now my hour is drawing nigh,
 Life’s battle now is nearly done;
 For me to-morrow’s arching sky
 Shall canopy no rising sun.”

‘ Why, comrade, you but jest,” I said ;
 “ You shouldn’t joke with me, you know ;
 To-morrow’s sun shall shine o’erhead
 And see us watching for the foe.”

“ Nay, comrade, we must part to-day :
 A hand has beckoned through the gloom,
 And signalled me away, away,
 To brighter realms beyond the tomb—
 You smile, and count me as a slave
 Of superstition—be it so ;
 My vision stretches o’er the grave ;
 I travel where you cannot go.
 Ah ! friend, you were not nursed beneath
 The Highland hills, where every glen
 Is filled with those who’ve conquered death—
 Is tenanted with ghosts of men.
 Ah ! friend, your feet have never trod
 The mighty Bens, whose summits grim
 Approach the starry gates of God,
 Where heaven grows bright and earth gets dim.
 The legendary lore that clings
 Round Highland hearts you have not felt,
 Nor yet the weird imaginings
 Which stir the spirit of the Celt.
 Well, hear my story—listen, pray,
 And I’ll explain why I am sad
 And in a downcast mood to-day.
 You smile again, and deem me mad.
 Last night I was again a boy
 Light-hearted ’mong my native hills,
 Filled with a bright, ecstatic joy,
 And pure as my own mountain rills ;

I stood beneath old Monagh Leagh,
 Nor far from rugged Dumnaglass,
 And in the distance I could see
 Wild Farracagh's romantic Pass.

A monarch proud, a youthful king,
 Alone with nature there I stood,
 At peace with God and everything,
 For all His works seemed fair and good ;
 But best and fairest of them all
 Was she who came to meet me there,—
 I little thought dreams could recall
 Those silken waves of sunny hair,
 That tender smile, those eyes of blue ;
 The magic of whose flashing glance
 Inflamed my soul with love, and threw
 A glamour round me ; joyous trance !
 We met last night just as of old,
 And Elsie nestled by my side,
 While playing with each tress of gold
 I whispered, 'Lassie, be my bride.'
 The sweet soft answer came—Why dwell
 On that dear moment of delight ?
 Our heaven was in that Highland dell,
 Where all seemed beautiful and bright.
 We parted, and my dreaming soul
 On fancy's pinions forward flew
 O'er five short years, and reached the goal
 That love and hope had kept in view.
 Oh, joyous day ! a merry throng
 Were gathered on the Clachan green,
 The villagers, with dance and song,
 Held jubilee ; that happy scene

Is treasured in my memory still ;
 I hold again that little hand ;
 I hear the whispered word, I will !
 I lead her through the cheerful band,
 While Donald Beg, and Fergus Mohr,
 And Angus Dhu—the pipers three—
 Strike up, while marching, on before,
 The pibroch of McGillviray.
 Oh ! how the wild notes brought a flood
 Of mem'ries bright and glories gone,
 When for the royal Stuart blood
 Our chief led great Clan Chatton on
 To famed Culloden's field ;—'Tis past,
 That marriage scene, with all its charms ;
 And winter comes with freezing blast
 To find my young wife in my arms,
 And all the villagers in tears
 Assembled round us—she was gone ;
 The prize was mine a few short years,
 And I was now alone, alone.
 Oh ! what had I to live for then ?
 One clasp, one look, one fond caress,
 And flying far from each proud Ben,
 With sorrow deep as dark Loch Ness,
 I left my humble Highland home,
 To gaze on Monagh Leagh no more.
 With blighted heart I crossed the foam
 And landed on New Zealand's shore ;
 You know the rest——”

“ But what has all
 This home-sick dreaming got to do
 With death, my friend ? ”

“ I’ve got a call
To meet my Elsie.”

“ Nonsense, Hugh ! ”

I laughed, but still his brow was sad.

“ Cheer up, and chase this gloom away—
There’s pleasure yet in life, my lad.”

“ I tell you we must part to-day ;
I have not told you all that passed
Before me in my dreaming hours.
This day, with you, shall be my last.
True friendship, Bill, has long been ours
And we must part in love, my friend,—
You smile again—well, time will prove
My premonition true. The end
Is drawing nigh. Behold my love,
My life, my Elsie, on yon hill,—
Ah, yonder hill is Monagh Leagh—
Just listen, friend, she’s calling still,
And still the dear one beckons me
Away—the sun upon the peaks
Is blushing crimson o’er the snow.
Behold ! how bright its rays and streaks
Are dancing on Loch Ness below ;
Rich violet and purple clouds—
A tabernacle from on high,
Behind those folds the starry crowds
Lie hidden in the silent sky.
'Tis there, 'tis there, the same fond face,
Which, but a few short hours ago,
Pressed close to mine ; just in this place
My Elsie stood, and, bending low,

She whispered in an icy breath,
 'Oh, Hugh, behold thy spirit-bride.
 I'm here for thee ; prepare for death.
 My soul to-morrow, by my side,
 Shall trace the scenes we loved of yore.
 Again, my Hugh, my husband brave,
 We'll watch the Highland eagle soar ;
 We'll see the heath and bracken wave,
 Ah ! Hugh, the spirit sight is keen ;
 We cross the ocean with a glance ;
 We know not time——' She left the scene,
 And I awakened from my trance ;
 But let us change the subject, mate ;
 Let's have a smoke !—Hark ! there's a shot—
 One, two, three, four, we mustn't wait—
 Where are our rifles ? Ah ! we've got
 The darkies now. See, see, they dance
 Before our eyes ; hear how they yell !
 There goes the order for advance—
 There's Norman out and Percival."

McGillviray ceased, and we ran to the door,
 Prepared to advance where our officers led ;
 Both Hill and O'Beirne were all well to the fore,
 While Norman and Percival rushed on ahead.
 Flash ! flash ! went our rifles ; we followed their track,
 And in through a gap in the timber we broke ;
 We fired again, and they answered us back—
 The rebels I mean—as they plunged through the smoke,
 "Now back to the camp, lads ; we've scattered the swine ;
 They've tasted enough of our metal to-day !"
 'Twas Percival spoke, and we fell into line,
 And back through the break in the bush took our
 way.

We reached but the centre, when out from the bush
That skirted each side with its branches and logs
The Maoris in crowds, with a yell and a rush,
Encompassed us—"Boys, give the treacherous dogs
A taste of our true British pluck!" A wild cry,
As a tomahawk's stroke cut the sentence in twain,
Went in through the woodlands and up to the sky,
And Percival lay in the front of the slain.
Oh God! in my ears still rings yell after yell.
I see the bright tomahawks dripping with blood;
The wild demons looked as if painted in hell;
They leaped through the thicket and burst from the
wood,
Outflanked and outnumbered, our officers dead,
A handful of men in the grasp of the foe,
What could we have done in such a stress? so we fled
When Norman and Wheeler and Hill were laid low.
We reached the old church, but the savages stayed
To butcher the wounded and mangle the slain;
They vanished ere night in the forest's dark shade,
To steer their canoes o'er Waikato again.
At daybreak we went to the scene of the fray,
To bury our comrades and bid them adieu,
And near a small mound, where five savages lay,
We found brave McGillviray sleeping there too.
Five warrior chiefs proved the work he had done;
They fell by his hand ere his soul went to God;
He smiled in the face of the bright morning sun
That shone on the purple streaks o'er the green sod,
I planted a wattle to mark where he sleeps—
I wonder where is it?—Ah! there stands the tree!
By Jove, it's in blossom too! See how it weeps
Rich tears of bright gold o'er the hillock where he

Is resting in peace. Is he dreaming there still
Of Elsie, his bride, and his dear Highland glen ?
This life is a puzzle, Jack ; fight as we will,
We're nothing at last but the shadows of men.
The substance soon blinds with the blossoms and weeds
That spring to the surface ; and as for the soul,
Perhaps it may flourish or fade in its deeds,
Or find in some other bright planet its goal.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

WHEN I am dead lay me down to rest
In some shady dell where the wild flowers spring ;
Where the golden beams shall come from the west,
And smile through the trees where the wild birds sing.
And leave me there in my lonely grave
With nought but the green turf o'er my head,
For the flowers shall bloom and the blossoms wave
To show where I sleep when I am dead.

For these are the scenes I have loved in life,
And when death comes I would lay me here,
The busy town with its noise and strife
Would break my rest if you laid me near,
And the want and woe would make me sad ;
But away in the woods I have no dread—
For there in my heart I was ever glad,
And shall sleep in peace when I am dead.

And shed no tears when you lay me there,
But weep for those who are left behind,
For they shall wake to trouble and care,
Whilst I shall sleep with a tranquil mind.
For who will speak of the evil I've done,
When you lay me down in my narrow bed ?
May the friends who have loved me, many a one,
Think of me kindly when I am dead.

Then let me rest ; I have wandered long,
And fought in the world's unequal fight,
Where the weak must ever give way to the strong,
And he who has wealth is always right.
Where the poor must stand up in the house of God,
Where the rich can sit without fear or dread.
Then lay me not 'neath the churchyard sod,
But away in the woods, when I am dead.

For why should I sleep in a pauper's grave,
When here is a tomb that is fit for a king,
Then lay me down where the blossoms wave
'Neath the shady trees where the wild birds sing,
For it seems to me as if God were near,
Nearer, here, where the wild woods spread.
In life I have felt His presence here,
And He will guard me when I am dead.

ON MY TWENTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

I LIVE with hopes a decade old,
 My years are lapsing one by one,
 My mind is hardening in its mould—
 And nothing done !

In arms, in arts, but most in song,
 I count them o'er of glorious name
 Who closed a life than mine less long—
 In deathless fame.

I feel my hopes like armour tire :
 Once had I scorned to lay them down,
 Or sheathe their sword for Shelley's lyre,
 Or Keats's crown.

Yet, loth to lose their life of rhyme,
 They drive me still to sigh or smile
 O'er tasks which ill redeem the time
 They serve to while.

World-voices slowly travel on,
 They faintly reach my distant ear,
 And deeds are done, and glory won—
 And I am here !

Poor heart and proud ! that mourn'st thy lot,
 Could altered fate thy wish allow ?
Were thy home at earth's centre spot,
 What then deem'st thou ?

Go, stop thy ear, avert thy gaze,
 Nor deem for thee the nobler strife,
But meekly walk the lowly ways
 Of daily life.

Thy boyish spirit set a sail,
 Which o'er smooth seas drave well its prow ;
'Twas well, but from Life's rising gale
 Take warning now.

TOMBOY MADGE.

O! FOR a swim thro' 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 thro' the waves in the *Black-eyed Sue*.
 Fred, you remember the great-eyed fishes
 Shining star-like thro' 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 stumpling
 Would lay the Tomboy cripple 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
 Thro' 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 hearkened—
 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 thro' the flowers and fern."

"Ten seasons turn!" One glad month of springtime
 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 thro' 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 thro' 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.

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.
Yet 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,

BESS.

EH? Why am I keeping that old crippled mare?
She ought to be shot? Come now, steady, lad, there!
I keep her because she is crippled—that's why.
Not much of a reason? Well, that I deny.

You see she was true in a test that was rough,
And did what no man could have done—that's enough!
But come down to the paddock, and let me relate
How Bess, through sheer courage, fell down at the gate.

In seventy-one—yes, sir, that was the year,
My Mary and I had selected round here;
Those farms on the flat were then sheep walks, I guess,
For we first invaded the lone wilderness.

We'd only been wed for a twelve-month or so,
Were happy and hopeful, like lovers, you know;
And then came a cherub one warm summer morn—
'Twas death or a doctor when "Stranger" was born!

I trembled with fear as I saw my love lie,
For help was away where the earth touched the sky;
Some thirty miles there and some thirty miles back,
Through swamps and through mallee, with scarcely a track.

I sprang to the back of that bonny old mare,
And felt, without uttering, a sort of a pray'r :
One look at my Mary, and off then we sped,
Straightway at a gallop—I gave Bess her head.

The sun had just reached yon northern hill's crown,
And we'd to get back before he had gone down :
A life was depending on that, maybe two,
And Bess seemed to know it as forward she flew.

Ten miles of good pacing, without a mishap,
Brought Willoughby's Bridge and Victoria Gap,
When right on ahead there I saw, to my woe,
The scrub was all smoking, the forest aglow !

'Twas straight through or round it—an hour or a day--
But time was too precious, so fear fled away ;
I spoke to Bess cheerily, called her by name,
Then started to rush through the region of flame.

We soon were amidst it—her strides never broke
Through fierce flying curtains of thick sultry smoke,
Through falling of timber and cracking of boughs,
Through showers of sparks and my mutt'ring of vows !

Bess struggled for love—aye, the noblest of strife—
While I urged her on for love and for life ;
We passed through a miracle—'tis now like a dream,
But God somehow guides when the danger's extreme.

Then two creeks we passed where the bottoms were stiff
And rose on the ranges at Robertson's cliff ;
Away on the plain where the rivers turned south,
I saw my one hope with my heart in my mouth.

Ere noon we ran into the little bush town,
And Bess was so heated, I watered her down,
Then sought out the doctor, and stammered with pain,
In telling my message—then sped off again,

He rode a stout pony—a deep iron grey,
And made a hand-gallop from first right away,
A long line of dust marked our journey behind,
As eight clattering hoof-strokes sent thuds on the wind.

Some fifteen miles racing, still Bess onward press'd,
Though snow-flakes had whitened her flanks and her breast ;
I patted and coaxed her, and told her my fears—
She galloped on gamely, and flickered her ears.

But flush as we came to the bush fire with speed,
The grey pony stopped, and declined to proceed ;
Persuasions both gentle and sterner were vain,
He wouldn't face flames, and he put it quite plain.

And then in the throes of my anxious distress,
I handed the doctor my noble mare Bess ;
Away they went, flying through danger and heat,
When reckless, though scared, the cob followed as fleet.

We got through that hell, looking burnt-up and brown,
And pulled at the gate e'er the sun had gone down ;
Well, Mary was saved, but the mare she was done,
And fell at the end of the race she had won !

We nursed her for months, and we watched her with care,
For gratitude gets to be purer than prayer :
Though paralyzed then into maimed helplessness,
We'll love her for ever, our bonny mare Bess !

Yon colt is her foal, and that lad on his back
Is "Stranger" or "Cherub"—we now call him Jack.
A beautiful pair? Well, that colt is worth ten—
sooner trust him than my own fellow-men,

CATCHING THE COACH.

AT Kangaroo Gully in "Fifty-two"
The rush and the scramble was reckless and rough ;
"Three ounces a dish and the lead running true!"
Was whispered around concerning the "stuff."

Next morning a thousand of fellows, or more,
Appeared for invasion along the brown rise—
Some Yankees, and Cockneys, and Cantabs of yore,
And B.A.'s from Oxford in blue shirt disguise.

And two mornings later the "Nugget" saloon,
With billiards and skittles, was glaring with signs,
A blind fiddler, Jim, worried out a weak tune,
Beguiling the boys and collecting the fines.

Then tents started up like the freaks of a dream,
While heaps of white pipeclay dotted the slope,
To "Dern her—a duffer!" or "Creme de la Creme!"
That settled the verdict of lagging hope.

And bustle and jollity rang 'mong the trees
In strange combination of humankind traits—
With feverish searchings and gay levities
The fires of excitement were fully ablaze.

Well, three mornings after, the stringy-bark gums
All rustled their leaves with further surprise,
They'd seen old stagers and limey new chums,
But here were galoots in peculiar guise.

With nondescript uniform, booted and spurred,
A fierce-looking strap on the underneath lip,
An ominous shooter, a dangling sword,
A grim leather pouch above the right hip !

And maybe a dozen came cantering so,
All clanking and jaunty—authority vain—
When down through the gully rang out the word “ Jo,”
And “ Jo ” was sent on with a sneering refrain.

There was hunting for “ rights,” and producing the same,
Or passing them on to a paperless mate,
Or hiding in bushes or down in the claim—
Such various expedients to baffle the State.

Then “ Who put him on ? ”—“ Twig his illigant seat ! ”
“ Cuss me, but it's purty ! ”—“ The thing on the horse ! ”
“ His first dacent clothes ! ”—“ What surprise for his feet ! ”
Such volleys as these were soon fired at the force.

But duty was duty. Just then through the scrub
A digger made off—he a culprit no doubt !
“ Dismount you then, Wilson ! ” roared Sergeant Hubbub ;
“ Quick ! follow the rascal, and ferret him out.”

The sapling cadet, with budding moustache,
Then sprang to the ground in dauntless pursuit,
And, filled with zeal and a soldier-like dash,
He felt a true hero of saddle and boot.

The gully quick echoed with taunts that were real—
Keen chaff of defiance allied to revolt—
Such sharp wordy weapons as might have been steel—
From skirmishers laughing on hillock andholt.

Away went the fugitive, spurred on by haste,
Escaping the undergrowth, leaping the logs,
Yet ne'er looking back—did he know he was chased?
Said Wilson: "He's one of the worst of the dogs!

"Some greater misdeed must have blackened his hand;
I'll have him—promotion! Stop there, or I'll shoot!"
The other ahead didn't hear the command,
But sprang on unheeding o'er dry branch and root.

The chase settled down to a heavy set to;
They ran o'er the hill and across the clear flat;
And Wilson was chuckling—the villain he knew
Was making a bee-line for gaol—Ballarat!

"I'll follow the rogue safely into the trap—
Confound him, he's speedy: I can't run him down;
But there, quite unconscious of any mishap,
I'll fix him up neatly in gay Canvas Town!"

'Then over a creek where a line of sage gums
All flourishing grew, then away to the right ;
Their loud breathings mingled with strange forest hums,
And Wallabies scampered with terror and fright.

And cockatoos screeched from the loftiest trees,
The minahs and magpies all fluttered and flew,
The drowsy old 'possums were roused from their ease,
The locusts and lizards quick stepped out of view.

But on went the pair, never noticing this,
For both had a serious business in hand :
With one there were feelings that prophesied bliss,
The other saw capture and glory so grand.

O'er hillside and creek, beyond hollow and spur,
Thro' brief strips of woodland, they hurried on still ;
The trooper lost ground, but he wasn't a cur ;
Besides, they were nearing on Bakery Hill.

Then suddenly broke on each sweltering sight
The thousand of tents in the city of gold ;
And straight to the thick of them ran with delight
The chased and the chaser—what luck for the bold !

The coach was just starting for Melbourne that day
As Wilson rushed eagerly on to his man.
"I'll put you with care where you won't be so gay,"
The trooper in triumph already began.

“ You’ve led me a dance in a lively hour’s sun ;
Now trip out your licence, or waltz off to gaol !
What ! got one ? Oh, ho ! Why the——did you run ? ”
“ To post this here letter for Nell by the mail.”

A BUSH IDYLL.

WHY, Ruby, hulloa, you are pricking your ears !
Come, what is the matter, old fellow, to-day ?
I thought at your age you had lost all your fears,
And, like my own youth, they had long passed away.
So steady, now steady ! Don't ask me to think
That you're but a colt scarce a year from your dam,
All quiv'ring and nervous, and frisky, and "pink,"—
It's only a bell on a little white lamb !

Well, how could you shrink at the melody sweet ?
There's surely no harm in the silvery sound,
Or ribbon of blue knotted' carelessly neat,
Encircling a neck in a delicate round ;
Some babe at the station just up on the rise
Hath decked out her darling in innocent play,
And, while a soft sleep hath come o'er her young eyes,
Released from caresses her lamb leapt away.

We men often grow just as weak as a child,
And, Ruby, again you are surely a foal ;
For you as a youngster were skittish and wild,
And trouble enough in those days to control.
Why now dread a bell with a rippling ring ?
'Tis music that murmurs with rhythmical spells,
For you to thus tremble 's a curious thing—
But somehow you horses don't understand bells.

Well, come, let us go—you are older, you see,
 And I, too, am older.—How memories fly
 To those golden days when we two used to be
 By day and by night 'neath the blue southern sky !
 How merry we wandered when never as yet
 That shadow of sorrow had saddened our zest—
 When all the bright world had no shade of regret,
 Before I fell weary and wishing for rest.

And O ! our grand gallops—you bore me so well
 O'er stretches of plain, up the thick-wooded slope,
 From rock-covered ridges to never-trod dell,
 With nothing to think of but roseate hope.
 You felt a brave pride then in speeding along—
 The pride of a conscious and generous pow'r,—
 While I was so happy that many a song
 I trilled in those wild woods from hour to hour.

And what was the theme ? Ah, the same olden tale ;
 But is it not good it should ever thus be ?
 You know when we haunted the wattle tree dale
 A glorious girl used to linger with me.
 The time was idyllic ! what halcyon-days
 When we in our joy went to meet her in spring !
 Then life seemed to run in most beautiful ways,
 And sorrow was merely a mythical thing

You know how we kissed 'neath the old lightwood tree,
 That bloom-budding day when the hillsides were green,
 And love was there sealed 'tween my darling and me,
 And you became glad in the gay laughing scene.

Ah ! such was my theme, and to you I would say,
That here unto man 'tis the godliest given,
For he who can love from his heart clears away
Full many a shadow that hides him from heaven.

But all that went by and my song note was changed,
For sorrow came up like the night on the day,
I know I was 'wildered, for reason estranged
Left dark grief to blind me and vanished away.
The morning they carried her down to the dell
To lie near the flowers, the ferns, and the floss :
I prayed to be laid with my heart there as well—
To sleep or to dream—'neath the delicate moss !

My prayer was in vain, yet the Lord He is good,
And after a season I bowed to His will ;
Though day unto day did I come by the wood,
To sit and to think at her grave 'neath the hill.
Ah ! love shapes our destiny sharper than fate,
Till evil or good from the issue doth spring ;
The fair buds may burst to dark petals of hate,
Or bright passion blossoms that clamber and cling.

And so, brave old horse, sped our sweet sunny days—
Our revel of galloping, rollicking prime ;
But why should I grieve that it flitted away,
And left but a dream of that golden-born time ?
For though I am tired as a weariful bird
That flutters and longs for a season of rest,
One joy is still left : when the summons is heard,
To fly to that star where my angel is blest.

Yet, Ruby, at times I could covet your lot,
 With no human dread of the leveller death—
 You'd stand coolly there to be cruelly shot
 Without the least quiver or bating of breath.
 And why should we fear? Ah! no mortal knows,
 Or ever the wonderful mystery can break;
 Perhaps 'tis a dreaming that ends with repose,
 Or maybe we slumber and never awake.

* * * * *

Away with such thoughts! So you're wanting to roll,
 Well, wait till we camp at the Warrigal Creek,
 A bright blazing fire by the old gumtree bole
 Will light up the gloom—let us spell for a week!
 You're done by our seven hours' journey to-day
 (That sweet bogie bell is some miles to the west)—
 But why am I strangely and mournfully gay
 And weary yet winged to some dreamland of rest?

* * * * *

Come, Ruby, old boy! . . . What! you tremble—I see
 Your breathing comes thicker, and faltering, and fast,
 Your strong muscles fail you—Oh God! can it be
 That Ruby, brave Ruby—is going at last?
 And now I'm alone, for my one faithful friend
 Has left me to battle an innermost pain—
 To wander all lonely, awaiting the end
 When death bids me tryst with my darling again.

* * * * *

But there 'neath the starlight the tired bushman dreamed
Such beautiful dreams in which mingled a moan,
But ere the pale dawn o'er the dusky hill gleamed
His spirit had passed to the silent unknown !
And down by the creek the rough station hands found
Dead rider and horse as they peacefully lay—
A verdict laconic—a lonely bush mound—
Tell not of the sorrow that bore him away !

"IN A LADY'S ALBUM."

(Written in the Album of Mrs. H. G. Turner, of Melbourne.)

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 chorused 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 thro' 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.

GIPPSLAND SPRING SONG.

“I AM coming, I am coming,”
Spring is whispering to the trees ;
Welcome me with buds unfolding,
Young leaves bending to the breeze !
Rosy stems and dainty pink tips
Smooth and cool as maiden’s hand
Ere she feels her lover’s ardour
Her own wondering heart expand.

Let your ribbon-leaves all plume-like,
Flutter gay at my approach,
Brightly twinkle in my sunbeams,
Wilfully elude my touch ;
Coily shrink, like maiden’s fingers ;
Droop, love pitying as her eyes ;
Pause, as she, half melting, lingers,
Glance defiant as she flies.

Then with tender, calm, repentant,
Yield to my reproachful prayer ;
Let me feel your soft-breathed kisses,
Revel in your waving hair ;
Cast your wintry bark-dress downward,
Stand revealed in stately grace ;
Let your fair round limbs enfold me,
Warm they glow in Spring’s embrace.

Call the birds ! the merry whistlers ;
Magpie, robin, thrush, and jay,
Gaudy parrot, mimic lyre-bird,
All shall celebrate this day.
Spring is mated, spring is mated,
To the forest even young,
Happy union ! winter hated,
Rain-drenched, lonely, get you gone !

Deck the buds with pale gum blossom,
Robe in clinging clematis,
Bring the perfumed, golden wattle,
Twine a crown for love like this ;
Mosses green, and lichens silvery,
Weave a carpet soft and sweet,
Ferns, caress her ; sword-grass, guard her ;
Rouse, ye snakes ! protect her feet.

Spring is mated ! fair example !
All things living seek your loves—
Satin-birds of varying plumage,
Tiny wrens, and meek grey doves,
Flitting, darting, twittering wagtail,
Friendliest minstrel of the grove,
All things living, without number,
Ere the sun set choose your love !

Now, bold bird of echoing laughter,
Hail the waning of the light !
And grim mope-hawk, as shades deepen,
Mark the watches of the night !

Bears, grotesque, for ever climbing,
 Shriek and groan, and shriek again ;
Flying squirrels, nimble wallabies,
 Clucking 'possums join the strain.

Praise the triumph of the bridegroom !
 Praise the beauties of the bride !
And that homage, heart proceeding,
 Your discordant voice shall hide.
Praise the promise of the future !
 Loves, and joys, and sunny days,
Golden berries, fruits, and flowers ;
 Let all nature join your praise !

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 banks 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's 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.

A FULFILLED PROPHECY,

(From a Broadside, dated 1789.)

WHERE Sydney Cove her lucid bosom swells,
 Courts her young navies and the storm repels ;
 High on a rock amid the troubled air
 Hope stood sublime, and waved her golden hair ;
 Calm'd with her rosy smile the tossing deep,
 And with sweet accents charm'd the winds to sleep ;
 To each wild plain she stretch'd her snowy hand,
 High-waving wood and sea-encircled strand,
 "Hear me," she cried, "ye rising Realms ! record
 Time's opening scenes, and Truth's unerring word—
There shall broad streets their stately walls extend,
 The circus widen, and the crescent bend ;
There, ray'd from cities o'er the cultur'd land,
 Shall bright canals, and solid roads expand—
There the proud arch, Colossus-like, bestride
 Yon glittering streams, and bound the chafing tide :
 Embellish'd villas crown the landscape-scene,
 Farms wave with gold and orchards blush between—
There shall tall spires and dome-capt towers ascend,
 And piers and quays their massy structures blend ;
 While with each breeze approaching vessels glide,
 And Northern treasures dance on every tide !"
 Then ceased the Nymph—tumultuous echoes roar,
 And Joy's loud voice was heard from shore to shore—
 Her graceful steps descending, press'd the plain,
 And Peace and Art and Labour join'd her train.

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 work-a-day 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 Raphael, 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 aureolar 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 !

THE LEGEND OF TAWHAKI.

THEN Amohia, tapping Ranolf's arm,
 Said, "Listen, *Pakeha!*" and with lifted hand,
 Rounding—enchantress-wise
 When double soul she throws into a charm—
 The solemn archness of her great black eyes,
 Deep lighted like a well,
 An ancient legend she began to tell
 Of one God hero of the land,
 Of which our faithful lay presents
 Precisely the main incidents,
 Adorning freely everywhere
 The better its intents to reach,
 The language so condensed and bare,
 Those clotted rudiments of speech.

"Once a race, the Pona-turi, in the oozy depth of ocean,
 Fierce, uncouth, in gloomy glory, lived where light is none,
 nor motion,
 More than anything created, Light, their bane, their death,
 they hated ;
 So for night they ever waited ere ashore they seal-like
 clambered ;
 To their house Manāwa-tanē—their great mansion, lofty-
 chambered,
 Whence, if e'er a windy moon had caught them, you would
 see them hieing

Homeward, sable shapes beneath the crisping silver floating,
flying,
Swift as scattered clouds on high their snowy courses gaily
plying.

“ Young Tawháki, well he knew them—did they not his
father mangle?
Hang’ his fleshless bones, a scarecrow, ghastly from their
roof to dangle?
Keep his mother too, a slave, each day to give them timely
warning
Ere dark sky from earth uplifting left the first gold gap of
morning?

“ Vengeance with his mother then he plotted. So by day-
light hiding
In their house-roof thatch he couched, his slimy foes’ arrival
biding.
Darkness comes; they land in swarms; their spacious house
they crowd and cumber;
Revel through the midnight reckless; drop at last in weary
slumber.
Like the distant ocean’s roaring, sinks and swells the mighty
snoring.—
Out then steals Tawháki, chuckling; long ere day begins to
brighten,
Stops up every chink in doorway, window, that could let the
light in.
And the snoring goes on roaring; or if any sleeper yawning
Turned him restless, thinking ‘ Surely it must now be near
the dawning,’

Growling, 'Slave, is daylight breaking? are you watching?
are you waiting?'

Still the mother answered blandly, 'Fear not, I will give you
warning—

Sleep, O sleep, my Pona-turi, there are yet no streaks of
morning.'

"So the snoring goes on roaring. Now above the moun-
tains dewy,

High the splendour-God careers it—great Te Ra, the
Tama Nui.

Sudden cries Tawhāki's mother, 'Open doors and windows
quickly ;

Every stop-gap tear out, clear out! On them pour the sun-
beams thickly!'

Through the darksome mansion—through and through those
sons of darkness streaming,

Flash the spear-flights of the Day-God—deadly-silent—
golden-gleaming!

Down they go, the Pona-turi! vain their struggles, yells and
fury!

Like dead heaps of fishes, stranded by the storm's spray,
gaping, staring—

Stiffened so, astonished, helpless, lay they in the sunbeams
glaring ;

Fast as shrink upon the shelly beach, those tide-left discs of
jelly ;

Fast as leathery fungus balls, in yellow dust clouds funning
fly off,

So they shrink, they fade, they wither, so those imps of
darkness die off."

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" Now, of heavenly birth to cheer him, beauteous from those
 blue dominions,
 Hapae came, divine, a damsel, floating down on steady
 pinions ;
 Came, a moving moonbeam, nightly lit with love his chamber
 brightly,
 Till that spring-time of her bosom flushed out in a baby
 blossom.
 Infant, it had infant failings. Once the dirt-delighted
 bantling,
 Scornfully Tawháki jeered at. Straightway all the mother
 mantling
 In her heart, her treasure Hapae caught up ; to her plummy
 vesture
 Pressed it, nestling ; then upspringing with reproachful look
 and gesture,
 Sailed off to her skyey mansion, vanished in the blue
 expansion,
 Like an Albatross that slides into the sunset,—whitely
 fading
 With its fixed rare-winking vans, away into the crimson
 shading.
 Only, ere she parted, while the lagging west wind she
 invited—
 Flapping her broad wings, a tip-toe on the mannikin
 alighted
 (Red—its arms on knees akimbo—squat—the gabel apex
 crowning)
 One advice she waved Tawháki, more with grief than anger
 frowning ;
 ' If you ever feel the child and mother, to your heart grow
 dearer,
 Ever wish to follow and to find us, O unkindly sneerer,

And would climb by tree-dropt trailers, to the sky a little
nearer,
O remember, leave the loose ones, only take and trust to
surely
Such as hung from loftiest tree-tops, root themselves in
earth securely !'

“Many a moon he mourned—Tawhāki. Then he started
to discover
Where they grew, those happy creepers, that could help a
hapless lover.
Many a moon he roamed—Tawhāki. And his heart was
sore and weary
When he found himself despondent in a forest grand and
dreary
(Ah, that wildering wild wood—who can tell how dense it
was and tangled),
Where in wanton woody ringlets many a rope of trailers
dangled.
Rapt, absorbed in her pursuit, a blind old crone those
creepers tended ;
Caught at, groped and felt for any that within her reach
descended.
He, an ancestress discerning, ere for counsel he implored
her,
Touched her eyes, a charm repeating, and to sight at once
restored her.
Then they found a creeper rooted, finely for his purpose
suited.
Up he went exultingly, bold-hearted, joyous-eyed, firm-
footed.
At the tree-top, see ! a tiny spider-thread upshooting shiny,

Wavering, viewless half, yet ever held aloft by mere
endeavour.

With a beating heart, Tawhákí, muttering many an incanta-
tion—

Wild with hope so high it takes the very hue of despera-
tion,

Clasps the clue so evanescent; then with yearnings deep,
incessant,

Seeing in the vault above him only Hapae's eyes that love
him,

Up and up, for ever upwards mounts he dauntless, nothing
scares him,

Up through azure bright abysses still that thread in triumph
bears him.

Suddenly a sunny grove is round him—cheery people
working

At a great canoe, appear. All day he keeps the thicket,
lurking,

Till when balmy shadow veils them, and serenest sleep
assails them,

Stripping off his youthful glory, out he steals, an old man
hoary;

Strikes a few swift strokes, and magic-like the work is
ended.

Graceful with its lofty stern, with open-circled fret-work
splendid,

Lo! the great canoe completed! To his copse he then
retreated.

On another hollowed trunk next night the wonder-work
repeated—

Those Celestials marvelled greatly; yet reflecting in their
pleasure

Such a worker were a treasure as a slave beyond all
measure,
Watched and clutched that old man wilful—so decrepit, yet
so skilful,
And to their great ruler bore him.—O delight ! who sits
before him ?
'Tis his beautiful benign one, 'tis his downy-plumed divine
one,
Hapae ! will he now deride her, or the subtle Elf beside
her !
Kindly greeted, with caresses he the child allures and
presses
To his heart, no more to sever. Then as he flings off for
ever
That disguise's dim defilement, Hapae smiles sweet recon-
cilement ;
Swift the child they bathe, baptize it, lustral waters o'er it
dashing ;
And Tawháki — breast and brow sublime insufferably
flashing,
Hid in lightnings, as he looks out from the thunder-cloven
portals
Of the sky—stands forth confest—a God and one of the
Immortals ! ”

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 o'er 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 hints of love convey ;
And I shall blush with happy pride to hear them, I daresay,
 And quite forget this feeling—O, this sad, sweet pain ! ”

TANĒ, THE TREE GOD.

I.

"I am *TanĒ*, 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 room and range is ;
 Shadowy aisle and avenue ;
 Creeper-girdled columns 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 moon 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 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 ever more 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 downhung,
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-tip-toe 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 skyey 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 sapphirine 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 is 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 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 yon 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 chatter,
 Or the genuine fruit to belie ;
 These cheats will I shiver and shatter,
 And their fragments scornfully scatter :
 Oh, 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 Tanë (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.”

IV.

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
 That 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 murd’rous 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 lovely vegetable life
 Leaves startling models of unnatural strife.”

THE PINK TERRACES, N.Z.

I.

" *How beautiful ! how wonderful ! how strange !*"
 Such words, less thought than mere emotion, well
 Might Ranolf with abated breath, in tone
 That wonder-stricken to a whisper fell,
 For Amo's looks of triumph now exchange :
 So fair a vision charmed our loiterers lone,
 As at the closing of a sultry day,
 In search of some good camping ground
 They paddled up Mahánas Lake,
 Where they a small canoe had found
 (Which Amo settled they might take),
 With little care half hid in sedge,
 Flax-fastened to the water's edge—
 Its owners clearly far away.
 From the low sky line of the hilly range
 Before them, sweeping down its dark-green face
 Into the lake that slumbered at its base,
 A mighty cataract—so it seemed—
 Over a hundred steps of marble streamed
 And gushed, or fell in dripping overflow !
 Flat steps, in flights half-circled—row o'er row,
 Irregularly mingling side by side ;
 They and the torrent-curtain wide,
 All rosy-hued, it seemed, with sunsets glow.
 But what is this !—no roar, no sound,
 Disturbs that torrent's hush profound !

The wanderers near and nearer come—
 Still is the mighty cataract dumb !
 A thousand fairy lights may shimmer
 With tender sheen, with glossy glimmer,
 O'er curve advanced and salient edge
 Of many a luminous water ledge ;
 A thousand slanting shadows pale
 May fling their thin transparent veil
 O'er deep recess and shallow dent
 In many a watery stair's descent ;
 Yet, mellow bright, or mildly dim
 Both lights and shades—both dent and rim—
 Each wavy streak—each warm snow tress—
 Stand rigid, mute, and motionless !
 No faintest murmur—not a sound—
 Relieves that cataract's hush profound ;
 No tiniest bubble, not a flake
 Of floating foam is seen to break
 The smoothness where it meets the lake ;
 Along that shining surface move
 No ripples ; not the slightest swell
 Rolls o'er the mirror darkly green,
 Where, every feature limned so well—
 Pale, silent, and serene as death—
 The cataract's image hangs beneath
 The cataracts—but not more serene,
 More phantom-silent than is seen
 The white rose-hued reality above.

11.

They paddle past—for on the right,
 Another cataract comes in sight,

Another, broader, grander flight
 Of steps all stainless, snowy bright !
 They land—their curious way they track,
 Near thickets made by contrast black ;
 And then that wonder seems to be
 A cataract carved in Parian stone,
 Or any purer substance known—
 Agate or milk-chalcedony !
 Its showering snow cascades appear
 Long ranges bright of stalactite,
 And sparry frets and fringes white,
 Thick-falling, plenteous, tier o'er tier ;
 Its crowding stairs in bold ascent,
 Piled up that silvery glimmering height
 Are layers, they know, accretions slow
 Of hard silicious sediment.
 For as they gain a rugged road,
 And cautious climb the solid rime,
 Each step becomes a terrace broad—
 Each terrace a wide basin brimmed
 With water, brilliant yet in hue
 The tenderest delicate harebell-blue
 Deepening to violet !

Slowly climb

The twain, and turn from time to time
 To mark the hundred paths in view—
 Crystalline azure, snowy rimmed—
 The marge of every beauteous pond,
 Curve after curve—each lower beyond
 The higher—outsweeping white and wide,
 Like snowy lines of foam that glide

O'er level sea-sands lightly skimmed
By thin sheets of the glistening tide.
They climb those milk-white flats incrusted
And netted o'er with wavy ropes
Of wrinkled silica. At last—
Each basin's heat increasing fast—
The topmost step the pair surmount,
And lo, the cause of all! Around,
Half-circling cliffs a crater bound;
Cliffs damp with dark green moss—their slopes
All crimson stained with blots and streaks—
White-mottled and vermilion-rusted.
And in the midst, beneath a cloud
That ever upward rolls and reeks
And hides the sky with its dim shroud,
Look where upshoots a fuming fount—
Up through a blue and boiling pool
Perennial—a great sapphire streaming,
In that coralline crater gleaming.
Upwelling ever, amethystal,
Ebullient comes the bubbling crystal
Still growing cooler and more cool
As down the porcelain stairway slips
The fluid flint, and slowly drips,
And hangs each basin's curling lips
With crusted fringe, each year increases,
Thicker than shear-forgotten fleeces;
More close and regular than rows,
Long rows of snowy trumpet-flowers
Some day to hang in garden-bowers,
When strangers shall these wilds enclose.

III.

But see! in all that lively spread
Of blue and white and vermeil red,
How, dark with growths of greenest gloss
Just at the edge of that first ledge,
Calcareous string to cliff-formed bow
(O'er which the hot pool trickles slow)
A little rocky islet peeps
Into the crater-caldron's deeps.
Along the ledge they lightly cross,
And from its midway islet gaze
O'er all the scene, and every phase
The current takes as down it strays.
They note where'er, by step or stair,
By brimming bath, on hollow reef,
Or hoary plain, its magic rain
Can reach a branch, a flower, a leaf.
The branching spray, leaf, blossom gay
Are blanched and stiffened into stone!
So round about lurks tracery strewn
Of daintiest moulded porcelain ware,
Or coral wreaths and clusters rare,
A white flint foliage rather say
Such fairy work as frost alone
Were equal to, could it o'erlay
With tender crust of crystals fair,
Fine spikes so delicately piled—
Not wintry trees, leaf-stripped and bare,
But summer's vegetation, rich and wild.

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
crag,
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 vanish 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 bedimmed and now bedazzling, 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 shade it
 screens,
 That as rugged as the rocks are, winds along the close
 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!”

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

“THE loneliest night of all the lonely year !”
The sick man murmured with a weary moan ;
“ And I shall spend, without a creature near,
Another dreary Christmas-tide alone ! ”

A wooden shanty, common, rough, and bare,
Rude shelter offered to a suff'ring man ;
Its door flung open to the warm night air,
Courting, in vain, a breeze his cheek to fan.

A man well on in years ; deep-lined and grey
His brow, and those scant locks which o'er it hung ;
One who had lost, he had been heard to say,
All that he lived for while he still was young.

A world-worn wand'rer on the face of earth,
Whom Death and Sorrow, in an evil time,
Had driven from the country of his birth
To lonely labour in an Austral clime.

Where, toiling without heart, to keep alive
A life he did not cherish, he had failed,
As hopeless toilers fail 'mid those who strive ;
For sorry life alone his gains availed.

Half-dressed, and flung upon his restless bed,
 He, burning-eyed, gazed out upon the night—
 Gazed from the glowing darkness overhead
 To where the distant township's lamps shone bright.

“Full many kindly souls,” he muttered low,
 “Feasting and laughing on this Christmas Eve,
 Did they my dire extremity but know
 Would gladly seek my suff'rings to relieve.

“And who am I, to wrap me in my pride,
 Scorning to ask what would be freely given?
 Yet, no! I *cannot* beg!” he feebly cried,
 “Help, to be help for me, must come from Heav'n!”

E'en as he spoke, high in the vast dark blue,
 A meteor, loosened from its viewless ties,
 Across the star-flow'ed fields of ether flew,
 Like some grand fire-winged bird of paradise.

Its trailing lustre shed a transient gleam
 Upon two figures at the open door,
 Whose faces brightened with a tender beam
 The lonely hut that was so dim before.

A woman and a child! Was he distraught,
 That neither fear nor wonder held him bound
 To welcome beings who, his reason taught,
 Had slept for twenty years in English ground?

Why should he fear them? Were they not his own—
The wife, the child—with whom his heart had died?
What wonder if, when he was sick and lone,
They left their Heaven for service at his side?

Hand clasped in hand, they crossed his threshold now,
Smiling upon their loved one as they came;
They spoke no word, but kissed his pain-dewed brow,
And coolness fell upon his fevered frame.

How 'twas he knew not—but within a space
That seemed no longer than a moment's flight—
A happy change had come upon the place,
And all around him streamed a soft, clear light.

The child was hanging garlands ev'rywhere,
Familiar wreaths of holly's glossy green,
Of laurel and of bay; while here and there
Gleam'd marv'llous unknown blooms of snowy sheen.

The mother spread the table for a feast,
As though resuming old sweet household care;
And he, in whom all sense of pain had ceas'd,
Was gently led this wondrous meal to share.

What was his fare, that Eve of Christmas morn?
He cannot tell us, and he only could;
But, if 'twere not a dream of weakness born,
He, for the first time, tasted angels' food!

Then, smiling still, they held his feeble hands,
 And sweetly raised that old, old hymn of praise,
 That echoes on through widest-sundered lands,
 In Christian hearts all earthly Christmas days—

“Come all ye faithful!” Were they calling him?
 Bidding him seek a heavenly Bethlehem?
 He smiled in answer as his eyes grew dim,
 And strove to rise that he might follow them.

“Joyful and triumphant!” Ah! such harmonies
 Thrilled through the humble hut, as human ear,
 Unhelp’d by angel-teachers from the skies,
 Has never heard, may never hope to hear.

Grandly it rose and swelled, that Christmas song!
 Surely all choirs of Heaven joined the strain—
 That mighty stream of praise that bore along
 Upon its flood a being freed from pain!

* * * * *

When his next neighbours, on the Christmas Day,
 Some friendly impulse to his shanty led,
 Calm, placid, still, upon his bed he lay,
 A smile was on his face—and he was dead!

THE UPPER DARLING.

WHERE, like an oven in the sky,
Australia's sun is blazing high,
And from its distant inland source
The Darling winds its sinuous course,
'Mid dreary regions, parched and dry,
Whose sameness palls the wearied eye ;
With sandy scrubs and salt-bush plains,
That scant reward the shepherd's pains ;
And timber belts of straggling growth,
All stunted with the summer's drouth ;
Where dusty clouds and teasing flies
Afflict the sight and bung the eyes :
While panting nature faints beneath
The hot sirocco's stifling breath ;
Where, proper to that region rude,
Appears the Aborigine nude,
With agile form, and eye of fear,
Equipped with boomerang and spear ;
A simple race, devoid of cares,
Who herd in camps, like beasts in lairs,
Exhibiting in their outlines—
As things grow coarse at their confines—
God's image's remotest trace,
The selvedge of the human race.

SONNET.

(On visiting the spot where Capt. 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 *commelineæ* Banks first found;
But where's the tree, with the ship's wood-carved fame?
Fix then the Ephesian brass—'tis classic ground.

THE SHEPHERD'S NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The shepherd was out in his hut alone,
 On his pallet hard reclining,
 Not a sound was heard but the night wind's moan,
 Or the mope-hawk hooting with solemn tone
 To the stars which were brightly shining.

The fire had gone down to a single spark,
 Which glowed in the smouldering ember,
 But little he cared that the place was dark,
 For he had no timepiece by which to mark
 The last fleeting hours of December.

And his thoughts went back to his native land,
 Where the sweet church bells were ringing ;
 Where his kindred have met in a happy band,
 And at twelve o'clock, joined hand in hand,
 Dear "Auld Lang Syne" are singing.

* * * * * *

Ah ! woe is me for those glorious days,
 Alas for the youth-time squandered !
 When I roved upon Scotia's snow-clad bras,
 Or when the lark's sweet song of praise
 O'er the verdant meadows wandered.

* * * * * *

And the shepherd knelt down by his lonely bed,
In the heart of the Queensland wild-wood ;
And a fervent prayer to his Maker said,
His blessings to share on each dear one's head,
Whom he loved in his happy childhood.

And hope came down from his Father's throne ;
No longer his thoughts had a mournful tone,
As in solitude he was lying.
He was hushed to sleep by the night wind's moan,
And the creaking gum-tree's hollow groan,
For the old year that was dying.

FROM MIDAS.

THEN are there Gods indeed?
Or was it a fantastic creed
Dreamed of our dotting fathers long ago,—
Which peopled the blue space
With an immortal race,
Who mixed their thoughts with things below
And recked of human weal and human woe?
Was it a poet's dream
That power and will supreme
Possess the thrones above?
That infinite wisdom, strength, and love
Fulfil themselves in days and years
And motions of the spheres?
That from the central core
To the uttermost outward rim
Of this round sea without a shore,
Which men with senses weak and dim
Pretentiously explore,
And through disastrous ages puzzle o'er,
This multiform mysterious shell
And curtain of material seeming
Which nature, like a conscious maiden innocently
teeming
With many a thought she loathes yet longs to tell,
Before her secret wonders coyly holds,
And save to those who love her well
Or win her by transcendent dreaming,
Or painful study of her laws,

Never unfolds,
Or loosely lifts, or amorously withdraws—
That through creation's cosmic course,
Through first effect and final cause,
Through fashioning Will and plastic Force,
Through molecules made warm
With harmony of growth and form,
When pulse of mystic motion first
The shell of Chaos burst,
Through germs of birth and breath,
Through life and death,
One universal soul
Informs and fills the whole—
That still through water, earth, and air
God lives and flows, and Heaven is everywhere?
If such a Heaven there be,
If earth, and air, and sea,
If all around, beneath us, and above,
Thrill with the eternal pulse of Love;
If universal life,
With Godhead and with Gods be rife,
Why mock they man's persistent prayer,
Why groan and fret we thus for ever and in vain,
Why find our woes no echo there,
And our tremendous pain
Awaken but indifference and disdain?
The race of beasts I reckon blest:
Their dream of life, though passing brief,
The labour and alternate rest
Is yet their own for joy or grief;
Their own, and naught beyond, they know;
They revel in the right possessed;
They taste the pleasures undepressed

By shadows of impending woe ;
No spirit shocks their tranquil moods molest,
Nor phantom fears infest,
Nor spectral memories haunt their happy hours
Amid the ephemeral flowers
That on their pathway grow ;
No black foreboding rears its serpent crest ;
Unconscious to their goal they go.
What ills they suffer in their meek estate,
Exhaust the rage of fate.
The torture swift or slow,
The burden and the blow,
The heat, the cold, the hunger, and the thirst —
These ills are in their suffering all,
And suffered, then have done their worst.
But whether great or small,
They bring no rankling sore,
They leave no sting behind,
They cast no shade before.
Man, man alone, whose conscious mind
The eternal doubt devours,
With all his boasted knowledge blind,
The creature of contrarious powers,
Ever from his birth oppressed
By the accumulating hours,
With the inherited unrest,
Like a baleful shadow cast
From the dimness of the past,
Which above the future towers,
Breathing on the life to come
Presages of poison-bloom,
And for ages yet unfurled
Fatally foredooms the world,

And through each succeeding morrow
Piles up sorrow upon sorrow.
We dig, we delve, we crush, we tear,
We ransack ocean, earth, and air—
All forms of ill, all shapes of suffering brave,
To build fresh heaps for those who have
Already in excess, yet dare
Still more to covet, more to crave,
Wherewith to swell the unearned superfluous share,
Who have not borne what we must bear,
Nor owned their wealth by toil, and misery, and despair.

For them, not for ourselves, we toil.
Like forked fires that desolate the plain,
Their tyrant tongues lick up the spoil
We gather with our sweat and labour's bloody pain.
For them we strive, for them we pine,
For them from forest, field, and mine,
We wring the golden grain.
For them, with life and strength accursed,
Through heat and cold, through drought and rain,
Through hunger and through thirst,
We perish piecemeal to sustain
Their lives which out of ours like parasites are nursed.
To give them strength we drain
And empty heart and brain ;
We bleed to give them blood
From every quivering vein ;
Our very flesh, unnatural food,
A horrid hunger draws
To their insatiate jaws.
And this, even this, we seem to give,
Whereby the old saying is made good,

However little understood,
The many perish that the few may thrive,
And thus from age to age the labourer's lot,
While all around him changes, changes not ;
And griefs that were the burden of old chimes,
The pangs our fathers felt, the wrongs they bore,
Like an eternal sore,
Eat fostering to the heart of our familiar times.

THE WIND IN THE SHE-OAK TREE.

O, WOULD that I could translate
Each untranslateable tone
Of the wind in the she-oak's leaves,
As it maketh its plaintive moan.

Nor only moan doth it make ;
It knoweth the subtlest speech
To waft the attuned soul afar
'Yond mortal things and their reach.

And, oh mournful and dark-hued tree,
With thy myriad pendant leaves,
That like slender reeds make the strings
For those airs that the wind-soul weaves.

Thou fittest of instruments art
For the pathos that lies in the strain !
For knowest thou not all that mystery dark
Whose haunts are the bush and the plain ?

And the wind stealing over the grass,
With a sound like soft rustling of sheaves,
Brought ye not sighs, from the dying lips
Of some traveller lost, to these leaves,

For see, as your fingers touch,
Tho' e'er so lightly the strings,
There ariseth the look of the burning day,
And the sound of the whirr of wings.

The steep range stands in the blaze
Of the noon ; and the dry creek-bed
Is panting and white 'neath the pitiless sky
The birds are awatch for the dead.

And this dying note is the hush
Of the night's swift fall—of the awe
Of the man's spent soul as he sinks to the grass,
Whence he knows he shall rise no more.

And this other sound like a sob,
Fell perchance on the ear of the night,
While the speechless stars looked down
On the solemn and woful sight.

Wild longings and memories fond,
And anon most passionate pain,
The calm of despair and the sense of the dark,
All mingle and speak in the strain.

For the loving, a world away,
Who watch for the wanderer's face,
Thro' the mystic thrill of the spirit bond
Are troubled in soul in their place.

For nature doth speak thro' the air,
Thro' the flowers, the fields, and the sea,
And her wind is composer and player both
In the leaves of the she-oak tree.

BENEATH THE WATTLE BOUGHS.

THE wattles were sweet with September's rain,
He drank in their breath and the breath of the spring,
"Our pulses are strong with the tide of life,"
I said, "and one year is so swift a thing!"

The land all around was yellow with bloom ;
The birds in the branches sang joyous and shrill ;
The blue range rose 'gainst the blue of the sky ;
Yet she sighed, "But death may be stronger still!"

Then I reached and gathered a blossomy bough,
And divided its clustering sprays in twain,
"As a token for each" (I closed one in her hand)
"Till we come to the end of the year again!"

Then the years sped on, strung high with life ;
And laughter and gold were the gifts they gave,
Till I chanced one day on some pale dead flowers,
And spake, shaking and white, "One more gift I crave."
"Nay," a shadow voice in the air replied,
"'Neath the blossoming wattles you'll find a grave!"

LOVE'S LOYALTY.

DAY.

With the magpie for the nightingale,
The wattle for the beech,
And for the woodland warbler's notes
The wild bush-parrot's screech—

With unknown range and gorge to scan,
Unbounded land to roam,
And for the changeful English seas,
The long Australian foam !

For afternoons of dreaming fond,
In old leaf-hidden lanes,
Is the long sure stride of my swift-limbed horse
Across the short-grassed plains.

I drink the golden morning air,
And, as the returnèd tide
Of full life bounds along my veins,
I crave for naught beside !

I hear the loud creek plunging down,
The slope just freshed with flood—
Its wild song keeps triumphant time
With the rapture of my blood.

“ This sense of new untrammelled life,
This sense,” I cry, “ of space,
Hath cured me of the fever wrought
By one enchanting face ! ”

NIGHT.

Now evening falls upon the land,
The magpie's parting strain
Dies out along the ti-tree marge ;
My tired horse crops the plain.

Half dreamily the faint blue line,
That marks the farthest range,
Takes in the hill's familiar form
That rose behind the grange.

The English scents steal in the air ;
A rush of liquid notes
Fills all the leafy copse—poured forth
Unnumbered feathered throats.

Those lovely hazel eyes again !
With their old haunting look—
That lithe light form—one dainty foot,
Drawn backward from the brook !

The raging pain swirls thro' my soul ;
In fierce resolve and dire,
I shake me from the glamour free
Beside the red camp fire.

My comrade's laughter fills the hours,
Night claims her toll of sleep,
The large soft southern stars gaze on,
The hush is close and deep.

From dreams I wake to find my soul
A captive to the past.
Tho' all the seas are wide between,
My freedom could not last !

Oh love ! Love-loyal I remain !
For tho' some spirit bar
Constrained thy soul, thy face for aye
Lives on—my guiding star !

WHILE THE BILLY BOILS.

WHILE the ruby coals in the dull grey dust
Shine bright as the daylight dies ;
When into our mouths our pipes are thrust,
And we watch the moon arise ;
While the leaves, that crackle and hiss and sigh,
Feed the flames with their scented oils,
In a calm content by the fire we lie,
And watch while the billy boils.

A desire for rest, a wash in the creek,
And a seasoned bit of clay,
With a chum who knoweth the time to speak,
And who singeth a jovial lay,
Though our pants are moles and apparently made
With the aid of a tomahawk,
Though we are not in fashion's garb arrayed,
We can revel in tea and talk.

Old Toucher, look up at those gum trees old —
They're not lovely, but will be soon ;
They are ugly enough in the sunlight bold,
But look well by the silver moon.
The light in which life is viewed on earth
Makes it better or greatly worse ;
And hardship is often but food for mirth,
And trial a boon or curse.

Just now the sun in its glory sank
At the back of the slow creek's fringe,
On a sapphire, ruby, and crimson bank—
Even now there is left a tinge—
Just a tinge to soften the sombre hue,
'Till the banners of night unfurl,
'Till the flowers shall be drenched with silver dew,
And the moon mount the path of pearl.

They can't bottle the sunset up, old boy,
And cart it away to town—
Yes, even their gold has some alloy—
It won't buy the desert's crown.
Though the rich lie soft, yet we sleep well
On our bed of the fragrant leaves ;
And we're better than those who in mansions dwell,
In this—that we fear no thieves.

We have no turtle in grand tureens,
But, with hunger to serve as sauce,
We can relish the bacon and wholesome beans,
The damper and salted horse.
One thing we have which is always good—
Which poverty can't destroy—
Though our meals be made of the coarsest food,
Through hunger we still enjoy.

Some look on our lives as wasted, true,
And our views are the same as theirs—
At present we've scarcely enough to do,
They are worried with business cares,

We have elegant leisure and time for thought—
Had we something to think about—
They have lots of wealth, and business fraught
With a constant care and doubt.

Not all the good things are reserved for one
In this wonderful world of ours—
We each have our share of the shade and sun,
We must each take the thorns with the flowers ;
To make the best of the hardest fate,
Is a maxim that cannot be wrong ;
So, Fred, as for tea we have got to wait—
Suppose you attempt a song.

ANGEL-BECKONED.

A MONOLOGUE.

(Written in the Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne.)

No past—it hath no past, this place—
Nothing to chronicle a race
 Which here hath loved and died ;—
No memories ; no romance to stir
Its solitudes ; no voice to spur
 Ambition's brooding pride.

Naught but the present—yet it looks
Like a thought stol'n from story-books,
 And charms like some old ditty ;
And sometimes, as in peace it lay,
At sunrise (here, with new-mown hay—
There, stretching through soft shades, away)--
 A leaf-formed fairy city.

I've watched it from its smiling dream
Awaking, in the golden gleam,
 To breezes sweet, that shook
Its feathered choir to early praise,
And could have lingered all my days
 Upon its charms to look.

I've seen how, here, the noon hath sent
The sick and weary-hearted—bent
 On shade and solitude—
To smile and dream—in some green nook,
Half-hidden, p'rhaps—o'er Nature's book
 Of universal good.

The gay come here to greet the flowers—
The grave to lengthen out the hours
 Ambition makes too fleet.
The aged the little ones to bring,
And feel the greensward once more spring,
 Like youth, beneath their feet.

The Sabbath groups with pleasure throng—
Glad music of the matin-song
 Remembering—to its bowers—
At e'entide leave its balmy air,
And carry to the House of Prayer
 The scent of summer flowers.

But most of all its peace I feel
When sounds upon the air reveal
 The city's sultry strife,
Reminding me how wide's the wave
That sweep ambitions t'ward the grave
 Along the sea of life.

Hark ! from the temple, on the hill
Rich strains, that through the memory thrill,
 Are stealing down the slope,

Filling the sun-striped glades with sounds
At which the fainting spirit bounds
 To life again, and hope !

And that meek maid—who'll lay her head
Beneath the turf she now doth tread,
 Ere the next snowdrops peep—
Pauses to listen—with her soul
More softened to the beautiful
 As nearer to—*HER SLEEP* :—

Then, as the music ceases, seeks
A seat where, through the sunny weeks,
 She daily hath reclined,
And sits her down with tottering care,
And turns her hectic cheek so fair,
 Unto the cooling wind.

Hid by yon branch which spans the path
Comes one, grown old, who also hath
 A feeble step and slow ;—
Unto this avenue he wound
From where the wattle-glooms abound
 A little way below.

And, now we see him, halting half
His time, as often, with his staff,
 He turns aside the grass
Where peeps the flowers he scarce can bend
To pluck to carry to his friend—
 A daughter's little lass.

Grey is his head and fresh his face,
And glad his eye and soft the grace
 Which goodness gives his age,—
A cheerful man, who reads aright,
At length, by some imparted light,
 On life's bewildering page.

Look! through the underwood he breaks,
His seat beside the maiden takes,
 And, with a freedom sage,
By some kind commonplace dispels
The silence that in strangeness dwells,
 Her gossip to engage.

* * * * *

THE SICK STOCK-RIDER.

HOLD hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay me in
the shade.

Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I swayed,
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.
The dawn at "Moorabinda" was a mist rack dull and
dense,

The sun-rise was a sullen, sluggish lamp;
I was dozing in the gateway at Arbuthnot's bound'ry fence,
I was dreaming on the Limestone cattle camp.
We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply through
the haze,

And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth;
To southward lay "Katâwa," with the sand peaks all ablaze,
And the flushed fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.
Now westward winds the bridle-path that leads to Lindis-
farm,

And yonder looms the double-headed Bluff;
From the far side of the first hill, when the skies are clear
and calm,

You can see Sylvester's woolshed fair enough.
Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to the
place

Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch;
'Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such a chase
Eight years ago—or was it nine?—last March.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white
wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station
roofs
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stock whips and a fiery run of hoofs ;
Oh ! the hardest day was never then too hard !

Aye ! we had a glorious gallop after "Starlight" and his
gang,
When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat ;
How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-strewn
ranges rang,
To the strokes of "Mountaineer" and "Acrobat,"
Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the
heath,
Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub we dash'd ;
And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled under-
neath :
And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crash'd.
We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut and the
grey,
And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,
While we emptied our six-shooters on the bush-rangers at
bay,
In the creek with stunted box-trees for a blind !
There you grappled with the leader, man to man, and horse
to horse,
And you roll'd together when the chestnut rear'd.

He blazed away and missed you in that shallow water-
course—

A narrow shave—his powder singed your beard !

In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days when life
was young

Come back to us ; how clearly I recall

Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem
Roper sung ;

And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall ?

Aye ! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,

Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone ;

Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as a rule,

It seems that you and I are left alone.

There was Hughes, who got in trouble through that business
with the cards,

It matters little what became of him ;

But a steer ripp'd up Macpherson in the Cooraminta yards,

And Sullivan was drown'd at Sink-or-swim ;

And Mostyn—poor Frank Mostyn—died at last, a fearful
wreck,

In the “ horrors ” at the Upper Wandinong,

And Carisbrooke, the rider, at the Horsefall broke his neck.

Faith ! the wonder was he saved his neck so long !

Ah ! those days and nights we squandered at the Logans'
in the glen—

The Logans, man and wife, have long been dead.

Elsie's tallest girl seems taller than your little Elsie then ;

And Ethel is a woman grown and wed.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of
toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span ;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for wine that maketh glad the heart of man.
For good undone, and gifts misspent, and resolutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again ;
And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green trees
grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall ;
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight
swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.
Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms
wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed ;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush-flowers on
my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

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 ?
Oh ! 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.

ODE.

(In commemoration of the anniversary of the birthday of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, May 24, 1887.)

I.

Now, once again the month returns,
And once again the day ;
And through our golden autumn burns
The glorious sun of May ;
And to our hearts again returns
A blessing on the day.

II.

Let all who feel no shame in faith,
No scorn for loyal truth,
Stand firm, whoever else betrayeth
The lessons of his youth ;
And bless her name,
And shield her fame :
Unswerving in their truth.

III.

Victoria ! sovereign of the seas !
Queen of the many isles ;
Whose glory fills the vagrant breeze
Wherever ocean smiles.

Wherever ocean bears afar
 Thy ships of commerce and of war,
 Men who are *men* thy name repeat
 With old regards and reverence sweet.

IV.

Keep, Britons, in the sun's bold light,
 That none may challenge, or obstruct thy path,
 That two-edged sword, the Fleet, its name and might,
 Its power of succour, and its power of wrath !
 Thine ocean's roadways safe from shore to shore—
 From Dover's cliffs to distant Albany ;
 From sweet Pacific Isles that slumbering lie,
 To where the vast Atlantic's billows roar ;
 Keep whatsoever it cost without a stain,
 That broke the banded might of France and Spain ;
 Thy bulwarks and thy legions, sword and shield,
 Live in thy monarchs of the ocean field !

* * * * *

V.

Voices speak out even from the buried past ;
 'They tell of States' decay,
 Of Nations passed away—
 Even Rome herself, tho' great, succumbed at last.
 However proud they be, however vast ;—
 We but an acorn seem
 Planted beside a stream,
 The stream of Time which swiftly hurries by ;
 But soon its rising form and spreading boughs,—
 And leaves innumerable as when spring endows
 With vernal wealth the forests quick with praise,
 Filling the world's broad gaze,

Shall gather o'er our heads beneath our sky ;—
We see, as in a dream,
The cities raised on high ;
The gathering millions where we stragglers are ;
Fate in their word ;
Their navies floating on our waters wide ;
The potence of control hanging on their sword
Beneath the Austral star.

THE CLOUD.

ONE summer morn, out of the sea-waves wild,
A speck-like Cloud, the season's fated child,
Came slowly 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 oh !” 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,
Greatened 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 remem'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; 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.
Oh, 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 agonizing sweat,
Flashed seething out of rents amid her heaps
Of lowering gloom, and thence with arrowy leaps
Hissed jaggling downward, 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.

THE CREEK OF THE FOUR GRAVES.

A SETTLER in the olden times went forth
With four of his most bold and trusted men
Into the wilderness—went forth to seek
New streams and wider pastures for his fast
Increasing flocks and herds. O'er mountain routes,
And over wild wolds clouded up with brush,
And cut with marshes perilously deep,—
So went they forth at dawn ; at eve the sun,
That rose behind them as they journeyed out,
Was firing with his nether rim a range
Of unknown mountains, that like ramparts towered
Full in their front ; and his last glances fell
Into the gloomy forest's eastern glades
In golden gleams, like to the angel's sword,
And flashed upon the windings of a creek
That noiseless ran betwixt the pioneers
And those new Apennines—ran, shaded o'er
With boughs of the wild willow, hanging mixed
From either bank, or duskily befringed
With upward tapering feathery swamp-oaks,
The sylvan eyelash always of remote
Australian waters, whether gleaming still
In lake or pool, or bickering along
Between the marges of some eager stream.

Before them, thus extended, wilder grew
The scene each moment and more beautiful ;

For when the sun was all but sunk below
Those barrier mountains, in the breeze that o'er
Their rough enormous backs deep-fleeced with wood
Came whispering down, the wide up-slanting sea
Of fanning leaves in the descending rays
Danced dazzlingly, tingling as if the trees
Thrilled to the roots for very happiness.
But when the sun had wholly disappeared
Behind those mountains—O, what words, what hues,
Might paint the wild magnificence of view
That opened westward! Out extending, lo!
The heights rose crowding, with their summits all
Dissolving as it seemed, and partly lost
In the exceeding radiancy aloft;
And thus transfigured, for awhile they stood
Like a great company of archaeons, crowned
With burning diadems, and tented o'er
With canopies of purple and of gold.

Here halting wearied now the sun was set,
Our travellers kindled for their first night's camp
A brisk and crackling fire, which seemed to them
A wilder creature than 'twas elsewhere wont,
Because of the surrounding savageness.
And as they supped, birds of new shape and plume
And wild strange voice came by; and up the steep
Between the climbing forest growths they saw,
Perched on the bare abutments of the hills,
Where haply yet some lingering gleam fell through,
The wallaroo look forth. Eastward at last
The glow was wasted into formless gloom,
Night's front; then westward the high massing woods

Steeped in a swart but mellow Indian hue,
A deep dusk loveliness, lay ridged and heaped,
Only the more distinctly for their shade,
Against the twilight heaven—a cloudless depth,
Yet luminous with sunset's fading glow ;
And thus awhile in the lit dusk they seemed
To hang like mighty pictures of themselves
In the still chambers of some vaster world.
At last, the business of the supper done,
The echoes of the solitary place
Came as in sylvan wonder wide about
To hear and imitate the voices strange,
Within the pleasant purlieus of the fire
Lifted in glee, but to be hushed ere long,
As with the darkness of the night there came
O'er the adventurers, each and all, some sense
Of danger lurking in its forest lairs.

But, nerved by habit, they all gathered round
About the well-built fire, whose nimble tongues
Sent up continually a strenuous roar
Of fierce delight, and from their fuming pipes
Drawing rude comfort, round the pleasant light
With grave discourse they planned the next day's deeds.
Wearied at length, their couches they prepared
Of rushes, and the long green tresses pulled
From the bent boughs of the wild willows near ;
Then the four men stretched out their tired limbs
Under the dark arms of the forest trees
That mixed aloft, high in the starry air,
In arcs and leafy domes whose crossing curves,
Blended with denser intergrowth of sprays,

Were seen in mass traced out against the clear
Wide gaze of heaven ; and trustful of the watch
Kept near them by their master, soon they slept,
Forgetful of the perilous wilderness
That lay around them like a spectral world ;
And all things slept ; the circling forest trees,
Their foremost boles carved from a crowded mass,
Less visible by the watch-fire's bladed gleams
That ran far out in the umbrageous dark
Beyond the broad red ring of constant light ;
And even the shaded mountains darkly seen,
Their bluff brows looming through the stirless air,
Looked in their stillness solemnly asleep ;
Yea, thence surveyed—the universe might have seemed
Coiled in vast rest ; only that one dark cloud,
Diffused and shapen like a spider huge,
Crept as with crawling legs along the sky,
And that the stars in their bright orders, still
Cluster by cluster glowingly revealed,
As this slow cloud moved on, high over all,
Peaceful and wakeful, watched the world below.

PART II.

Meanwhile the cloudless eastern heaven had grown
More luminous, and now the moon arose
Above the hill, when lo ! that giant cone
Erewhile so dark, seemed inwardly aglow
With her instilled irradiance, while the trees
That fringed its outline, their huge statures dwarfed
By distance into brambles, and yet all
Clearly defined against her ample orb,
Out of its very disc appeared to swell

In shadowy relief, as they had been
All sculptured from its surface as she rose.
Then her full light in silvery sequence still
Cascading forth from ridgy slope to slope,
Chased mass by mass the broken darkness down
Into the dense-brushed valleys, where it crouched,
And shrank, and struggled, like a dragon-doubt
Glooming a lonely spirit.

His lone watch
The master kept, and wakeful looked abroad
On all the solemn beauty of the world ;
And by some sweet and subtle tie that joins
The loved and cherished, absent from our side,
With all that is serene and beautiful
In nature, thoughts of home began to steal
Into his musings—when, on a sudden, hark !
A bough cracks loudly in a neighbouring brake !
Against the shade-side of a bending gum.
With a strange horror gathering to his heart,
As if his blood were charged with insect life
And writhed along in clots, he stilled himself
And listened heedfully, till his held breath
Became a pang. Nought heard he : silence there
Had recomposed her ruffled wings, and now
Deep brooded in the darkness ; so that he
Again mused on, quiet and reassured.
But there again—crack upon crack ! Awake !
O heaven ! have hell's worst fiends burst howling up
Into the death-doomed world ? Or whence, if not
From diabolic rage could surge a yell
So horrible as that which now affrights

The shuddering dark ! Beings as fell are near !
Yea, beings in their dread inherited hate
Awful, vengeful as hell's worst fiends, are come
In vengeance ! For behold from the long grass
And nearer brakes arise the bounding forms
Of painted savages, full in the light
Thrown outward by the fire, that roused and lapped
The rounding darkness with its ruddy tongues
More fiercely than before, as though even it
Had felt the sudden shock the air received
From those terrific cries.

On then they came
And rushed upon the sleepers, three of whom
But started, and then weltered prone beneath
The first fell blow dealt down on each by three
Of the most stalwart of their pitiless foes ;
But one again, and yet again, rose up,
Rose to his knees, under the crushing strokes
Of huge clubbed nulla-nullas, till his own
Warm blood was blinding him. For he was one
Who had with misery nearly all his days
Lived lonely, and who therefore in his soul
Did hunger after hope, and thirst for what
Hope still had promised him, some taste at least
Of human good however long deferred ;
And now he could not, even in dying, loose
His hold on life's poor chances still to come,
Could not but so dispute the terrible fact
Of death, e'en in death's presence. Strange it is,
Yet oft 'tis seen, that fortune's pampered child
Consents to death's untimely power with less

Reluctance, less despair, than does the wretch
 Who hath been ever blown about the world,
 The straw-like sport of fate's most bitter blasts ;
 So though the shadows of untimely death,
 Inevitably under every stroke
 But thickened more and more, against them still
 The poor wretch struggled, nor would cease until
 One last great blow, dealt down upon his head
 As if in mercy, gave him to the dust,
 With all his many woes and frustrate hopes.

The master, chilled with horror, saw it all ;
 From instinct more than conscious thought he raised
 His death-charged tube, and at that murderous crew
 Firing, saw one fall ox-like to the earth,
 Then turned and fled. Fast fled he, but as fast
 His deadly foes went thronging on his track.
 Fast ! for in full pursuit behind him yelled
 Men whose wild speech no word for mercy hath !
 And as he fled the forest beasts as well
 In general terror through the brakes ahead
 Crashed scattering, or with maddening speed athwart
 His course came frequent. On, still on, he flies ;
 Flies for dear life, and still behind him hears,
 Nearer and nearer, the light rapid dig
 Of many feet, nearer and nearer still.

PART III.

So went the chase. Now at a sudden turn
 Before him lay the steep-banked mountain creak ;
 Still on he kept perforce, and from a rock
 That beaked the bank, a promontory bare,

Plunging right forth and shooting feet-first down,
Sunk to his middle in the flashing stream,
In which the imaged stars seemed all at once
To burst like rockets into one wide blaze.
Then wading through the ruffled waters, forth
He sprang, and seized a snake-like root that from
The opponent bank protruded, clenching there
His cold hand like a clamp of steel ; and thence
He swung his dripping form aloft, the blind
And breathless haste of one who flies for life
Urging him on : up the dark ledge he climbed
When in his face—O verily our God
Hath those in His peculiar care, for whom
The daily prayers of spotless womanhood
And helpless infancy are offered up !—
There in its face a cavity he felt,
The upper earth of which in one rude mass
Was held fast bound by the enwoven roots
Of two old trees, and which, beneath the mound,
Over the dark and clammy cave below,
Twisted like knotted snakes. 'Neath these he crept,
Just as the dark forms of his hunters thronged
The steep bold rock whence he before had plunged.
Duskily visible beneath the moon
They paused a space, to mark what bent his course
Might take beyond the stream. But now no form
Amongst the moveless fringe of fern was seen
To shoot up from its outline, 'mid the boles
And mixing shadows of the taller trees,
All standing now in the keen radiance there
So ghostly still as in a solemn trance ;
But nothing in the silent prospect stirred ;
Therefore they augured that their prey was yet

Within the nearer distance, and they all
Plunged forward till the fretted current boiled
Amongst their crowding forms from bank to bank ;
And searching thus the stream across, and then
Along the ledges, combing down each clump
Of long flagged swamp grass where it flourished high,
The whole dark line passed slowly, man by man,
Athwart the cave !

Keen was their search but vain ;
There grouped in dark knots standing in the stream
That glimmered past them moaning as it went,
They marvelled ; passing strange to them it seemed ;
Some old mysterious fable of their race,
That brooded o'er the valley and the creek,
Returned upon their minds, and fear-struck all
And silent, they withdrew. And when the sound
Of their retreating steps had died away,
As back they hurried to despoil the dead
In the stormed camp, then rose the fugitive,
Renewed his flight, nor rested from it, till
He gained the shelter of his longed-for home.
And in that glade, far in the doomful wild,
In sorrowing record of an awful hour
Of human agony and loss extreme,
Untimely spousals with a desert death,
Four grassy mounds are there beside the creek,
Bestrewn with sprays and leaves from the old trees
Which moan the ancient dirges that have caught
The heed of dying ages, and for long
The traveller passing then in safety there
Would call the place—The Creek of the Four Graves.

A STORM ON THE MOUNTAINS.

A LONELY boy, far venturing from home
Out on the half-wild herd's faint tracks I roam ;
'Mid rock-browed mountains, which with stony frown
Glare into haggard chasms deep adown ;
A rude and craggy world, the prospect lies
Bounded in circuit by the bending skies.
Now at some clear pool scooped out by the shocks
Of rain-floods plunging from the upper rocks
Whose liquid disc in its undimpled rest
Glow like a mighty gem brooching the mountain's breast,
I drink and muse, or mark the wide-spread herd,
Or list the tinkling of the dingle-bird ;
And now towards some wild-hanging shade I stray,
To shun the bright oppression of the day ;
For round each crag, and o'er each bosky swell,
The fierce refracted heat flares visible,
Lambently restless, like the dazzling hem
Of some else viewless veil held trembling over them.
Why congregate the swallows in the air,
And northward then in rapid flight repair ?
With sudden swelling din, remote but harsh,
Why roar the bull-frogs in the tea-tree marsh ?
Why cease the locusts to throng up in flight
And clap their gay wings in the fervent light ?

Why climb they, bodingly demure, instead
The tallest spear-grass to the bending head ?

Instinctively, along the sultry sky,
I turn a listless, yet inquiring, eye ;
And mark that now with a slow gradual pace
A solemn trance creams northward o'er its face ;
Yon clouds that late were labouring past the sun,
Reached by its sure arrest, one after one,
Come to a heavy halt ; the airs that played
About the rugged mountains all are laid :
While drawing nearer far-off heights appear,
As in a dream's wild prospect, strangely near !
Till into wood resolves their robe of blue,
And the grey crags rise bluffly on the view.
Such are the signs and tokens that presage
A summer hurricane's forthcoming rage.

At length the south sends out her cloudy heaps,
And up the glens at noontide dimness creeps ;
The birds, late warbling in the hanging green
Of steep-set brakes, seek now some safer screen ;
The herd, in doubt, no longer wanders wide,
But fast on gathering throngs yon mountain's side,
Whose echoes, surging to its tramp, might seem
The mutter'd troubles of some Titan's dream.
Fast the dim legions of the muttering storm
Throng denser, or protruding columns form ;
While splashing forward from their cloudy lair,
Convolving flames, like scouting dragons, glare :
Low thunders follow, labouring up the sky,
And as fore-running blasts go blaring by,
At once the forest, with a mighty stir,
Bows, as in homage to the thunderer !

Hark ! from the dingoes' blood-polluted dens,
In the gloom-hidden chasms of the glens,
Long fitful howls wail up ; and in the blast
Strange hissing whispers seem to huddle past ;
As if the dread stir had aroused from sleep,
Weird spirits, cloistered in yon cavy steep,
(On which, in the grim past, some Cain's offence
Hath haply outraged heaven !) who rising thence
Wrapped in the boding vapours, laughed again
'To wanton in the wild-willed hurricane.
See in the storm's front, sailing dark and dread,
A wide-winged eagle like a black flag spread !
The clouds aloft flash doom ! short stops his flight !
He seems to shrivel in the blasting light !
The air is shattered with a crashing sound,
And he falls, stonelike, lifeless, to the ground.
Now, like a shadow at great nature's heart,
The turmoil grows. No wonder, with a start,
Marks where right overhead the storm careers,
Girt with black horrors and wide-flaming fears !
Arriving thunders, mustering on his path,
Swell more and more the roarings of his wrath,
As out in widening circles they extend,
And then—at once—in utter silence end.

Portentous silence ! Time keeps breathing past,
Yet it continues ! May this marvel last ?
This wild weird silence in the midst of gloom
So manifestly big with coming doom ?
'Tingles the boding ear ; and up the glens
Instinctive dread comes howling from the wild-dog's dens.

Terrific vision ! Heaven's great ceiling splits,
And a vast globe of withering fire emits,
Which, pouring down in one continuous stream,
Spans the black concave like a burning beam,
A moment ;—then from end to end it shakes
With a quick motion—and in thunder breaks !
Peal rolled on peal ! while heralding the sound,
As each concussion thrills the solid ground,
Fierce glares coil, snake-like, round the rocky wens
Of the red hills, or hiss into the glens,
Or thiek through heaven like flaming falchions swarm,
Cleaving the teeming cisterns of the storm,
From which rain-torrents, searching every gash,
Split by the blast, come sheeting with a dash.

On yon grey peak, from rock-encrusted roots,
The mighty patriarch of the wood upshoots,
In those proud-spreading tops' imperial height
The mountain eagle loveth most to light ;
Now dimly seen through tempestuous air,
His form seems harrowed by a mad despair,
As with his ponderous arms uplifted high,
He wrestles with the storm and threshes at the sky !
A swift bolt hurtles through the lurid air,
Another thundering crash ! the peak is bare !
Huge hurrying fragments all around are cast,
The wild-winged, mad-limbed monsters of the blast.

The darkness thickens ! With despairing cry
From shattering boughs the rain-drenched parrots fly ;
Loose rocks roll rumbling from the mountains round,
And half the forest strews the smoking ground ;

To the bared crags the blasts now wilder moan,
 And the caves labour with a ghostlier groan.
 Wide ranging torrents down the gorges flow
 Swift bearing with them to the vale below
 Those sylvan wrecks that littered late the path
 Of the loud hurricane's all-trampling wrath.

The storm is past. Yet booming on afar
 Is heard the rattling of the thunder-car,
 And that low muffled moaning, as of grief,
 Which follows with a wood-sigh wide and brief.
 The clouds break up ; the sun's forth-bursting rays
 Clothe the wet landscape with a dazzling blaze ;
 The birds begin to sing a lively strain,
 And merry echoes ring it o'er again ;
 The clustered herd is spreading out to graze,
 Though lessening torrents still a hundred ways
 Flash downward, and from many a rocky ledge
 A mantling gust comes quick and shining o'er the edge.

'Tis evening ; and the torrent's furious flow
 Runs gentler now into the lake below.
 O'er all the freshened scene no sound is heard,
 Save the short twitter of some busied bird,
 Or a faint rustle made amongst the trees
 By wasting fragments of a broken breeze.
 Along the wild and wreck-strewed paths I wind,
 Watching earth's happiness with a quiet mind,
 And see a beauty all unmarked till now,
 Flushing each flowery nook and sunny brow ;
 Wished peace returning like a bird of calm,
 Brings to the wounded world its blessed healing balm.

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On nerveless, tuneless lines how sadly
Ringing rhymes may wasted be,
While blank verse oft is mere prose madly
Striving to be poetry :
While prose that's craggy as a mountain
May Apollo's sun-robe don,
Or hold the well-spring of a fountain
Bright as that in Helicon,

AN ABORIGINAL MOTHER'S LAMENT.

STILL farther would I fly, my child,
To make thee safer yet,
From the unsparing white man,
With his dread hand murder-wet !
I'll bear thee on as I have borne
With stealthy steps wind-fleet,
But the dark night shrouds the forest,
And thorns are in my feet.
O moan not ! I would give this braid—
Thy father's gift to me—
For but a single palmful
Of water now for thee.

Ah ! spring not to his name—no more
To glad us may he come !
He is smouldering into ashes
Beneath the blasted gum !
All charred and blasted by the fire
The white man kindled there,
And fed with our slaughtered kindred
Till heaven-high went its glare !
O moan not ! I would give this braid—
Thy father's gift to me—
For but a single palmful
Of water now for thee.

And but for thee, I would their fire
 Had eaten me as fast !
 Hark ! hark ! I hear his death-cry
 Yet lengthening up the blast !
 But no—when his bound hands had signed
 The way that we should fly,
 On the roaring pyre flung bleeding—
 I saw thy father die !
 O moan not ! I would give this braid—
 Thy father's gift to me—
 For but a single palmful
 Of water now for thee.

No more shall his loud tomahawk
 Be plied to win our cheer,
 Or the shining fish pools darken
 Beneath his shadowing spear ;
 The fading tracks of his fleet foot
 Shall guide not as before,
 And the mountain-spirits mimic
 His hunting call no more !
 O moan not ! I would give this braid—
 Thy father's gift to me—
 For but a single palmful
 Of water now for thee.

ISABEL.

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—
Oh, 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.

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—
Oh ! 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 ;
Oh ! 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 all idle dream—
A dream too sweet to last.
And I through life must feel
Love's blighting, lightning blast.

IDEAL BEAUTY.

ABSOLVE me for a while, undo
The links that bind me as your thrall,
So I be more myself, more worthy you ;

Let me forget you too in dreams,
Your lang'rous waist and musical
Soft ways, like cadences of streams
Unlooked for, strange, but sweetly rhythmical ;

The morning freshness of the rose,
The suave strong motion of the sea,
The strenuous splendour and repose
Of marble, and the lily's purity ;

All these are types that symbolize
The secret charm, the subtle grace,
The music as of paradise
That plays about your lissom limbs and face

Let me forget all these and be
Once more self-centred, circumspect,
And of dædalian longings free,
Let me a fuller, stronger life elect ;

So may I on a windy shore
See screaming seagulls flying near,
And hear the hollow channels roar,
Nor seek in every breeze your voice to hear ;

Or where the glints of sunshine steal
Through clust'ring clematis and fern,
There let me roam alone and feel
The simple joys of sense for which I yearn ;

The lights and shadows of the bush,
The prattling music of the creek,
The stir of insects and the hush
Of solitude—these are the joys I seek.

Oh idle words ! since Marsyas died,
How many has Apollo slain ?
And ah ! how many too have tried
To win you, or to shun you—but in vain.

THE HUT ON THE FLAT.

“YOU’VE heard of Warradgery Run, he said, where old
Morris
Died a while back ; I was stockman there, years ago now.
Morris had an old shepherd up there, God knows his name,
I don’t.
There’s many a man in these parts whose right name no-
body knows.
We called him old Jack ; he wasn’t so old, but quiet and
queer in his ways,
And for a station hand uncommonly steady. You know
If we work hard in the bush, when we get a chance of
enjoyment,
We take our pleasure like work, as much as we can at a
spell ;
Perhaps we’d do better to take our sport as I’ve heard
some do with their wine,
Drinking to taste and not to be drunk. Well, it’s our way.

Jack had little to say, the same as most of the shepherds.
Often I’ve thought when a man has no one to talk to,
Nothing but sheep and his dogs around him day after day
and for ever ;
Silence becomes so familiar at last, that his voice is strange
to himself.
You may think he is shy, but his silence is ignorance and
habit,

All he learns is the news of the run in a yarn with a stock-
man or rider,
And nought of the world 'inside' he knows, save when he
gets from a shearer
Or some of the station hands a newspaper, months after
date.
He doesn't dislike a yarn, but he must do most of the
listening,
That is the way with the most, but Jack liked to keep to
himself.
If he noticed you coming his way, he would drive off the
sheep if he could ;
But if he must stay, he would merely answer your ques-
tions.
'Going wild,' they said on the run, and he was left to him-
self.
His hut was out on Dingo Flat, three miles or more from
the station—
A lonely place ; between the hut and the station lived no
one.
A gunyah of slab the hut, bark-roofed ; the walls within
lined with sacking,
Only one room it had, and the fireplace took up a side.
Opposite, raised on short posts and built in the slabs of the
wall,
Was a bunk for his bed, planked up at the head and the foot.
From the top of the bunk to the wall a part of the hut had
been ceiled,
And in the loft thus made he kept his bridle and saddle.
The floor was the earth flattened well by tramping and
beating.
Under the window, unglazed and closed with a strong
wooden shutter,

Stood his table, uneven and rudely made of deal casing
Supported on saplings short that sunk in the earth of the
floor ;

He had made it himself ; between table and fireplace a
campstool.

Beside the window his cupboard was placed, a gin case
nailed to the wall ;

On it rested some pipes, and a bushman's various trifles,
Scattered about the hut were his simple household utensils,
And save himself and his dogs, in the place was never a
living creature.

This hut stood down at the end of the Flat ; behind it a
pen for the sheep.

A hundred yards from the door ran a little creek, and
about it,

Here and there, grew a she-oak, tall and sombre of foliage.
Black and green wattles and pines and gum trees covered
a hillock

With a thick scrub to the summit. This in the front to the
east.

Behind the gunyah were flats with low bare hills alternated,
Bare were both flats and hills save for here and there a huge
gum.

Riding one day by Warraman Creek, amongst the scrub on
the hillside

And over the flats by the water, I saw Jack's sheep were
astray.

Neither Jack nor his dog responded when loudly I
cooeyed,

So I rode on to his hut. The door was closed ; not dis-
mounting,

I struck on the door with my stockwhip handle and
listened—no answer.

Again I struck, and a faint voice said, 'For God's sake,
come in.'

The door was locked, and I broke the hasp with repeated
blows of a log,

Entered, and saw in the twilight Jack lying still in his bunk
So like a dead man that at first I scarcely believed he was
living.

Shrunken and ghastly pale was his face, unmoving among
the blue blankets.

He had not the strength to rise, but when he saw who it
was entered

A change came on his face as he found relief from some
terror ;

And when I stood at his side he stretched forth weakly yet
eager

His wasted hands to grasp mine, and strove, though they
could not, to hold me,

And sitting beside him he told me the tale I will tell you.

It was long hearing for me ; though he seemed impatient to
tell it ;

His strength would fail, and long he would lie unwillingly
silent ;

When he spoke 'twas with many a groan and pause between
the words that he gasped.

'Stay by me, Jim, for the time is not long to my death.

A week have I lain, and the sickness threatened before
that.

As I grew feeble and worse, fearing my strength would utterly
fail me,

I turned the sheep loose ; better lost than starved in the
yard.

And never the face of one living I saw, but only a face that
I wished not ;
For whether I slept or whether I waked, or opened mine
eyes were or closèd,
Ever a dreadful vision burned through my sense to my soul—
Eyes with a terrible threat and reproach in their passionless
sameness—
Living eyes in a dead wan face that was gapped with a ruin-
ous blow.
And I thought it the judgment of God, the face of my
victim should haunt me,
And the eyes of him whom I slew should witness my doom
without pity.
Three years ago it is now, one wild night a man, weak and
ailing,
Wandered up to the hut and asked shelter ! O, God ! that
he had not !
But this is hell—to do crime and gain not, yet never
undo it.
He entered and lay that night in a bed I made on the
hearthplace,
He was worse in the morning, and wandered much in his
mind,
And in his madness he talked of his money, and bade me
Open his swag to be sure it was there ; from that day I
wished for his death,
But I thought not yet of a crime, expecting he would not
recover,
When the delirium passed he lay so feeble and helpless,
I thought some day to return and find he had died in his
sleep ;
Then I might hide his swag, and give them word at the
station

A sick man came to the hut and after a day or two died.
But one day he rose by himself and thenceforth grew
stronger.
He knew it as well, and said that I would find he was
grateful,
“You will not lose by me,” he declared, “I am not so poor
as I look.”
Forgetting—how should he remember?—when mad alike we
gazed on his wealth.
And daily I brooded about the chance of his money
escaping.
Though I tried not to show my desire he might have per-
ceived it,
For I was afraid he might leave some time and find his way
to the station.
Nightly I brought back the sheep, and while I penned them,
our ration
He cooked and laid out our meal ; in silence we ate it.
Then he would sit at one side of the fire, I at the other,
nor speak,
For I was never a talker, and he got tired of everything
soon.
If he began to talk I'd say, “aye ” or “no,” and all the
while I was thinking
Of the notes in his swag I had seen when first he came to
the hut.
When the fire burnt down he went to the bunk, while my
bed I made on the hearth.
One night, coming back, I got tired of it all ; shall I wait,
I said to myself,
Till he gets strong and goes off, and all his money goes
with him ?
You have a right to it, too ; but for you he had died on
the flat,

So the mischief had worked, while I knew not whither my
thoughts were leading,
And the deed I must do to possess his wealth then first
arose in my mind ;
For a moment I shrank, then my purpose was deadlier
strengthened.
When he turned in, I listened till I heard his steady, low
breathing,
Then rose, took the axe, gently felt in the dark for his face,
Struck once, and he loudly groaned, shuddered, and then he
lay still.
Mad to conceal him, then with the axe I hewed a grave
under the bunk,
And wrapping his body, yet warm, in the bedclothes he
lay in,
Hurried it into the hole, threw the earth back, and placed
the box over.
I burnt the swag, and his money you'll find it all in the box.'
When he began, I thought him by sickness and loneliness
maddened,
And the story some dream of his fever ; but as he pro-
ceeded
Without a pause, save that which his illness commanded,
In spite of myself I believed. When he ceased, he lay
silent ;
Almost I feared to stay there ; the murdered man lying
beneath us,
Above him his murderer dying at night in that hut on the
flat.
He asked me for water at length, and I went for it down to
the creek ;
Never did night seem more lovely to me, every star stood out
from the blue,

There was no wind, and the air was cool and fresh, and the scene most silent—

Perfectly silent, but for the distant wailing of curlews.

The very trees seemed asleep, and my steps broke harsh on the quiet.

The water was calm as the air, and when I disturbed it, Danced in the ripples the shimmering stars as if delighted with motion.

There was no moon, and the starlight showed no horizon ; And the world stretched out to the stars in that shadowless landscape of twilight.

Back I turned to the hut. I gave the man drink and sat by his bedside,

And waited there through the dreary hours knowing him past any help.

Uneasily slept he a while with many a shudder and groan, Sometimes sobbing, then delirious waked, and towards the morning he died,

All his face working and shrieking : ' I didn't do anything with it.'

Suddenly broke his shriek to a groan, and passed through his limbs a strong shudder,

Then like a blow from a hand unseen the death change smote all his face.

So he died, and at once I rode back to the station.

Morris was down in Melbourne, and I told the manager Benson.

At daylight he sent off a man to round up the sheep, and later

He and I rode down and fastened the hut till a magistrate came.

Then I went over to Wirra, and Jackson and his overseer

Came the same day to Warradgery. The hut never saw
such a muster,
For the story had spread and every one wished to attend.
Below the bunk the floor was dug up; not four feet under
the surface
We found what had been a man, with rotting blue blankets
about it.
And when all proceedings were over, no shepherd could be
persuaded
To live near the spot. A stranger soon heard of the story.
A new hut was built farther on, and the old one abandoned
left standing.
So little by little the place went all to destruction,
The shutter was torn away, and the door fell, hung by one
hinge,
The sacking got torn away down within, and the rain beat
in through the cracks,
Fallen wholly, one slab left a ruinous gap in the front,
The roof was loosed by the wind, and the bark frayed out
into ribbons.
So looked the hut on that desolate flat the last time I
saw it,
Late in a stormy day in August; the sun was not sunken,
Yet was the landscape darkened by cloud; the creek was
swollen by rains;
Over the flat a heavy wind blew and whistled among the she-
oaks,
Bringing now and again a shower of thick stinging sleet.
While my mare stopped for a drink, I turned in my saddle
and gazed
Up to Jack's gunyah standing desolate there as I tell you.
I have seen some places unholy in different parts of the
country,

But the God-forsakenest spot that ever mine eyes were
set on
Was the scene of Jack's crime, that stormy evening in
August—
Blasted as if the place shared in the curse on a pitiless
murder."
Soon after the coach came up, and we set off again on our
journey ;
Neither spoke to the other, each in a corner sat down
silent ;
We two the passengers only ; what my comrade was think-
ing I know not ;
But the damp wind, blowing hard through the trees by the
roadside,
Was ever in my sad thoughts as the moaning wind in the
she-oaks,
And the driver's song, and the rhythmic fall of horse's feet
on the highway,
The ring of the wheels, and the clash of harness, and sound
of the threatening whip,
Made an accompaniment to "I didn't do anything
with it,"
To the shriek of a deathful voice, "I didn't do anything
with it."

THE FLOWER EVERLASTING.

SHV 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.

MY QUEEN OF DREAMS.

In the warm-flushed heart of the rose-red West,
When the great sun quivered and died to-day,
You pulsed, O star, by yon pine-clad crest,
And throbbed till the bright eve ashened grey.

Then I saw you swim
By the shadowy rim
Where the great gum dips to the western plain,
And you rayed delight
As you winged your flight
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign !

O star, did you see her—my queen of dreams ?
Was it you that glimmered the night we strayed
A month ago by these scented streams,
Half-checked by the litter the musk-buds made ?
Did you sleep or wake ?—
Ah, for love's sweet sake,
(Though the world should fail, and the soft stars wane !)
I shall dream delight
Till our souls take flight
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign !

STATION HUNTING ON THE WARREGO.

AN EPISODE OF AUSTRALIAN FRONTIER LIFE.

*(Just what the bushmen told, while raging rains
Whirled tempests round our hut at Stockyard Flat,—
Just what he told that night—the self-same tale,
Yet not the self-same words—I tell to-day.
I change his rough to smooth, and simply touch
His bare blunt speech with certain chimes of verse.)*

Hedge round the fire (he said), and while yon blasts
Blow out their gusty summons, friends, give heed !
I speak of griefs and perils felt and faced
While station-hunting on the Warrego.

* * * *

Two seasons had been parched, sirs, and a third
Flamed, droughtier than its fellows, till the grass,
The green, lush grass, grew spoilt by baneful days
And nights that came uncoupled with cool dews.
And musing much on decimated flocks,
And gaunt herds thinned by dearth of sustenance,
Paul cried, one day, to Oscar : “ Are we men ?
Ay, men, I say, or marble ? Plagues and droughts
Smite the sick land with horrors,—yet we stand
Slave-like, and smile at buffets ! Comrade, rouse !
And, ere some wide-mouthed ruin swallow all,
Let’s seek, far west, some richer pasturing ground !

* * * *

So—spurred by strong compulsive need—they went.

* * * *

Five days the comrades, journeying horse by horse,
 Passed herbless plains, and clay-flats cracked with heat ;
 And crossed dry blackened beds, where twisting creeks
 And runnels once had brawled. But loath (stout hearts !)
 To leave that waste with failure in their hands,
 They slacked no rein, till, checked by hostile ground,
 Their maimed steeds fell,—disabled utterly !

Now, 'mid those sterile tracts unhorsed, and vexed
 With leagues of drought and travail, toiled the friends,
 Till Oscar, though the brawnier-limbed, laid hands
 (Weak, feverish hands) on Paul, and groaned,—“Enough !
 Slow torpor numbs my strength, and arduous hours
 Seem changes rung on one perpetual pain.
 Were Heaven's pearly gates in sight, I can no more !”
 “Nay, nay,” said Paul, “take heart ! To-day, I slew
 A sulphur-coloured snake that doubtless slid
 Due west, toward water-shallows ! Courage, friend.”

Courage ? The phrase fell profitless as grief ;
 Lost, like a stream, sand-swallowed ; vain as tears
 That waste, in sleep, when sharp dreams dominate.
 Courage the man possessed, but supple thews
 And sinewy limbs, he lacked. And so, perforce,
 They camped beside some samphire-covered hills
 That reddened with the sunset.

All that night

Strong fever marshalled hosts of pains, and plagued
 The sick man's flesh ; and when next dawn rayed out
 God's liberal light, Paul strode where lines of scrub
 Buttressed with brushwood-yellow mounds of sand—

And roughly reared a screen of boughs, to foil
Noon's fiery edge, and shield his anguished friend.
Six days Paul watched, slow days that lagged to nights,
And loitered into morns ; and, on the seventh,
When gathering glooms had sucked light's last faint flakes,
And keen white stars crept, palpitatingly,
Amid unfolding skies, the sick man moaned :—
“ Comrade ! On, on to safety ! I am doomed,
Doomed utterly ! Forsake me, Paul, and fly ! ”

“ May God forsake me, if I do ! ” said Paul ;
“ Though thirst and famine come, and sweeping storms
Clamour and brawl, and shake the world's four walls,
Paul shall not blench or budge ! Here lies my part,
Whatever be the issue ! ”

But again,
Slowly the faint voice murmured :—“ Death draws nigh !
Yea,—knells his certain summons, for my veins
Burn, and grow sapless as the dead loose leaves
That clog the forest aisles in bleak July !
Heed dying lips ! turn, Paul ! O turn and fly ! ”

“ Nay, turn and sleep ! ” Paul answered, “ twice accursed
By Heaven and Earth are cowards. Sleep ! I say,
May God forsake me if I faint and fly ! ”

Thus spoke a brave heart's friendship : yet, once more,
With passionate persistence wailed the voice :—
“ 'Mid prosperous realms, and cities thronged with life,
Where millions toil and grovel (soul and flesh
Bond-slaves to Belial and the Hunger-God),

While Fortune's favourites heap red gold like mire,—
 There too, again, 'mid plains that stretch and show
 Illimitable tracts, whose furnaced sands
 Gasp languidly, and mock the day!—alas,
 'These have I paced, a mateless, childless man;
 A solitary soul. For me, no wife,
 (When dry December scorched, or Augusts wept
 Their windy way through ranks of rain-black clouds)
 Cheered, like a seraph, life's vicissitudes:
 For me no babes, with glib bewitching speech,
 Lisped the sweet prate that charms the silent sire
 As bird-psalms charm the bard. O Paul, O Paul,
 On me these heaven-gleams glint not, but on you!
 Close-barred from me, God's largess showers on you!
 Spare, spare the guiltless far ones: pause and fly!"

Here first the stout heart faltered: for the thin
 Strained voice had struck one master chord of life,
 Man's vehement love of quiet household joys,
 His heart aches for the witching charms of home:
 But Paul, perplexed and tearful, cried, "Forbear,
 Forbear, Heaven frowns when cravens faint and fly!"
 Now darkness circled round them like a spell:
 And Oscar drowsed, while Paul yearned, moodily,
 To pierce the vast void stillness. Fitful winds,
 Like melancholy night-gasps, waxed, and then
 Waned noiselessly, and timorous brush birds wailed
 From out the mallee-scrub and salt-bush clumps
 That flanked the dun base of the sand-ridge near.
 At times, far dolefuller sounds vexed Paul, for lo,
 Sonorous curlews scudded past, with shrieks
 And dismal lamentations, wofuller

Than those dread groans which daunt the woodman's heart,
When strong north-easters sweep through swamp-oak groves.
Forlornly shrilled these wasteland cries, while Paul
Sat, hour by hour, and marvelled if God's Hand,
Past the fierce limits of that wild lone land,
Would guide them to a havened peace again.

So passed the night, that long and desolate night!—
Throned 'mid its infinite retinues of stars,
It passed, and gradual day, with stealthy strides,
Stalked slowly, broadly on.

Now drifts of cloud
Showed dawn's soft rose-prints deepening in the east,
And melting mists made visible far hills.
Huge battlemented crags were they, whose fronts
And fractured summits, grappled by ruthless time,
And scarred by rains and tempests, frowned on Paul,
Like hell's grim cliffs, and rocks unscalable.
Keen anguish pierced his soul, that brave strong soul,
With toils sore spent, and vexing vigils wrung ;
And, glancing where his friend supinely lay,
Paul saw the languid eyes grow luminous
With strange mysterious light, and soon the voice
Spake hollowly :—

(As when, mid cavernous chasms,
Some lost foot-wanderer wails for succouring aid,
Distinct at first, his shrill voice volleying flies,
Till, checked where wide rifts gape, and huge rocks jut,
It wanes and wastes, and echoes hopelessness ;
Meanwhile, high up (a-drowsing mid their flocks),

Dull hinds catch hints of deep sepulchral cries
 That surge like death-sighs from a world of graves :
 So thin, so worn, so hollow, ached that voice :—)

“Midway ’twixt dusk and dawn,” it wailed, “I heard
 The cry of crested pigeons, wheeling low,
 And thrice the air grew black with clanging wings,
 And hoarse with marsh-fowls’ clamours ; (Peace ! I know
 When famished spoonbills, shrieking, scent lagoons !)
 Moreover, at that hour, when conquered night
 Shrinks shuddering from the dawn, cold winds arose,
 And breathed soft benedictions, soothing me
 With sounds like babbling brooks ; and then my pangs
 Ceased, for I heard far torrents ! Paul, be urged !
 Strike south, and seek assistance for us both !”
 So moaned the dying Oscar.

Paul took up
 These last weak words, and thus considered them :—

“Cooped here, man’s bones might bleach till Doom’s dead
 trump
 Thundered confusion on all flesh that lives !
 Christian, or Christless, what man treads these wastes ?
 Here no oases bloom : no springs outgush :
 Some curse mars all, and battles with mankind !”
 So muttering, he unslung the water-flask,
 And drew with niggard hand their daily dole.

*(Ah God ! what fierce extremes encompass life !
 Note you plump Sybarite, whose noons are feasts,
 Whose midnights dainty banquets ! Hedged with gold,*

*He sucks abundance from earth's shores and seas ;
He drains the wine of life from jewelled cups,
And fattens well for grave-worms !*

Different fares

*You child of pain that treads dry, furnaced tracts !
Above, stretch skies of fire : around him, plains,
Bare, moistureless : beneath him, earth—his grave !
For him no rich looms play with curious skill ;
No menials crook and cringe ; no tempting cates,
Nor rare wines glisten ; at Fate's Sibyl-hands
He plucks desire, mistrust, hope, fear, and death !
Ah God ! what fierce extremes encompass life !)*

Now thirst, that deadly desert-foe, stalked near ;
For, nestling in their flasks, alas, remained
Scarce three days' water for the body's need :
And Paul, though staid, and nowise fooled by dreams,
Sat piecing Oscar's talk. He knew, right well,
That dying eyes have strength to see and pierce
Those dim, dark realms, which border Death, and knew
That hands, just loosening from the world, may gain
Their firmest, godliest, grasp of things Divine ;
And thus, perturbed and vexed with hopes and fears,
He mused, well-nigh to madness.

Soon he cried,

“Turn, or turn not, Destruction dogs my heels !
Slow Death confronts, and Famine follows me,
Till, like some snared wild beast, bound limb and limb,
I fall—ignobly trapped ! Nay, better, I say,
To face my fate with sinews braced and set

And make a manlike end! Ay, nobler far!
 God help us: I must seek these water springs!"

With that, Paul's heart seemed some whit comforted;
 For wise resolve both sanctifies and saves;
 Nor do the clefts and caves of legioned hell
 Hold souls more surely damned than wavering men,
 Who, like light leaves 'mid windy buffetings,
 Whirl restlessly, corrupting day by day!

Here, gathering up what strength lay still unspent
 In nerve and thew, Paul sought the patch of scrub,
 And, hewing down broad boughs of close-leaved box,
 Sped straightway back:—"Because," said he, "rough winds
 May rave and fret the self-same hour I go,
 And rains, perchance, may pelt persistently
 That white wan face (ah, horrible rains!) and so
 To match these possibilities, my hand
 Must weatherfend the wurley!"

This he did.

He bound the thick boughs close with bushman's skill,
 Till not a gap was left where raging showers
 Or gusts might riot. Over all he stretched
 Strong bands of cane-grass, plaited cunningly.

By this high noon had passed, and eve's slant sun
 With weak and yellowing gleam just topped the west.

Now stayed Paul's hand till dark;—for restful night,
 In arid regions makes cool journeyings,
 While day's bewildering heats baulk man and beast.

He loitered, then, till dusk, and paced the camp,
 With faint but kindling hope, in search of stores
 For necessary travel.

As he turned,
 The sick man thrilled convulsively, and lo,
 Half rose, stretched forward, clutched the flagon, poured
 Their scant supply in Paul's own travelling-flask,
 And swooning, reeled and fell.

But Paul beheld!

That small sublime deceit Paul saw, unseen ;
 Tears sluiced his eyes, while, grasping Oscar's flask
 He ran the liquid back, and scarcely kept
 (To tread that trackless wilderness) as much
 As, at a gulp, might ridge the smooth, soft, throat
 Of some grey-breasted plover parched with thirst.

Then, striding where the man lay, motionless,
 He sobbed:—"If God's grace guide me—O my friend—
 In yon great range may huddle billabongs ;
 If not,—thy mightier need confutes mine own !"

Therewith he placed the flask by Oscar,—aye,—
 And kissed his white wan brows with that strained kiss,
 His bloodless brows with that strained passionate kiss,—
 Which strong men, in a lifetime moved, kiss once :
 And, shouldering back the fringe of leaves, again
 He gazed at Oscar ; then heart-agonized,
 Crossed the green threshold.

Thus went Paul his way !

*(O Sovereign Love! sublime 'twixt man and maid,—
 But Christlike, more august, 'twixt man and man !
 O Power that rules broad realms, and clans, and creeds,*

*And makes the world's heart jubilant ! O Love,
Majestic Love,—man's noblest attribute,—
In poor or rich, how beautiful art thou !
In hind or king how comely ! Yea, from Him
(The sinless, slain, miraculous Nazarene)
Whose red blood ransomed Man, to yon sad wretch,
Who, scorned and squalid, starved and desolate,
Feels, yet, compassionate pangs,—most beautiful !
O pure, O mystic Love, that thrives and spreads
Like some strange tree, whose far roots wrap Man's soul ;
On whose vast boughs crowned Seraphs sit ; whose top
Thrones the veiled splendours of Omnipotence !—
How wonderful art thou ! How wonderful !)*

Through night's long hours Paul trod that hopeless land,
Nor neared the peaks till dawn. Grim hills were they
Whose huge piled blocks seemed poised by giant hands
In high perpetual menace of mankind !

Athwart their base rough gorges stretched, and past
Precipitous steeps, one large dry gum-creek, paved
With smooth round boulders, and worn gravel-stones.
Its banks were loose and blistered. Noon's strong heats
Had sucked the streams that once hummed hereabout
True desert music. So Paul drooped, forlorn
(Prone on a sandstone block) with head that bent
As bends some battered bulrush, maimed by rains,
And sapped by sudden storms.

But what boots Grief
When Life craves action ! Therefore Paul arose,
And searched those stubborn sands with hot, keen eyes,
For some small glimpse of help.

At length he scanned
 A faint old sheep-trail, trending northwardly ;—
 And as a cave-lost man, mid murk and gloom,
 Grows wild with hope, and hails some distant gleam,
 So Paul exulted then ! With frenzied eyes,
 That often lost, but swiftness found, the tracks
 And feet that faltered rarely, on he pressed,
 Till daylight waxed and waned, and dusk warned “ *Hold.*”

With night came coupled Dread.

For merciless thirst

Nipt the worn wanderer, till he drained the flask,
 And hurled the shell afar. Then Sleep,—soft Sleep,—
 Kind, pitiful Sleep—crept drowsily, and wrapt
 The tough, racked body in dreamless rest.

Next morn,

Fierce rose the sun, and smote him,—smote him, sirs,—
 Till pains and throbbings roused him, whereupon
 Up gathering to his feet, he searched anew.
 By noon, the sandwaste altered,—for the ground
 Grew strewn with splintered, flint-like stones that took
 A dull and tawny hue i' the strong sun's glare.

To plod long leagues of sand seemed hard ; but now,
 More terrible toils were Paul's, his wayworn feet
 Fared bitterly on sharp, unstable flints,
 And slipped, and stumbled, till by prints of blood,
 His limping way was land-marked.

Still brave heart,
 His strong will urged him onward ; for he deemed
 That flints might form that grinding stony zone,

Which oft in sterile regions belts the plain ;
 (Sand flanked on either side). He therefore aimed
 To cross that strip with speed, and haply reach
 More promising plains beyond.

But hope unhelped

Soon famishes man's flesh,—and, when Fatigue
 Strangled the Trust that homed within his heart
 Like some supernal guardian, Paul's faint strength
 Waned with the westering sun, whose nether rim
 Low-poised and luminous, reddened on the verge
 Of sands far reaching westward. As it sank,
 Prone, on the plain, he swooned without a cry,
 And lay, outstretched, till dawn.

Throughout that night,

Cool dews came sallying on that rain-starved land,
 And drenched the thick rough tufts of bristly grass,
 Which stemmed like quills (and thence termed porcupine)
 Thrust hardily thin shoots amid the flints
 And sharp-edged stones.

Soon fan-shaped spread the dawn :

And kinglike, pranked with pomps of ushering clouds,
 The crimson cruel sun arose, and trailed
 Swift through that sterile plain red skirts of fire !
 Hell's grip was on his heart again !—Paul stirred—
 Cried muttered cries, and woke right wearily,
 And seeing those coarse stalks diamonded with dew,
 Yea, webbed and wet with bearded filaments,
 He grovelled low, and scooped his black burnt mouth
 To suck the dwindling drops, whereat, in truth,
 One small wood-swallow scarce could sip.

Driven wild,

And desperate in his life's supremest need,
Once more he staggered on.

And now the sun
Climbed to the topmost heaven, and steadfastly
Shone with consuming strength, until the air
Glowed like a thing incorporate with the flames
That scorched and stung Paul's brain. I tell you, sirs,
Through all earth's myriad tribes, God saw that day
No mournfuller sight than him ! At length, alas,
Both plain and sky seemed suddenly to swirl
And plunge down dreamless deeps where Famine, Thirst,
And Anguish sank from sight,—far under worlds
Where death and silence reigned Lords Paramount.

Even that swoon passed ; for life was strong :—and then
Trooped dead delights which perished days had known !
For dreamscapes came and went of years when life
Was like some scroll, fast-shut, of wizard-lore
Mysterious and unknown, in dim vague dreams,
He roamed, once more, through haunts of innocent youth.
He saw Monaro's peaks whose kingly crests
Bulk skyward from the vales to glance at God :—
Hills robed in light, august, majestic,—
And fruitful vales, whose breadths of delicate green
Are dear to nibbling flocks, and herds that browse.
In visioned vista, too, its broad rich plains
And loamy meadows stretched,—and, chiefest one
(By Love, that subtle sleuth-hound, tracked) wherein
His father's homestead stood, like some fair Ark
'Mid seas of billowing grain.

Beguiled he wept.

Anon, with sleep and memory, strode his sire,—
 A gracious man, grave-browed with care, and crowned
 With meditative age's concomitant,
 Experience ripely-garnered. By his side,
 Girt with serenest grace, the mother gazed
 Regardfully. Her eyes (two mournful moons
 Made glorious with the love-light shrined in them)
 Babbled tenderly from fond clear depths life's first
 Unfathomable boon,—maternal love :—
 That old perennial spell which still outcharms
 The spurious lesser loves that fret mankind.

Again came mortal pangs.

Home's golden dreams

And pageants bulked once more to things of dread
 That nightmared Paul. Myriads of monstrous hands,
 Gaunt, claw-tipped, seemed to writhe out from fierce skies,
 And pluck him back to life and agony ;—
 At which, with terrible cries, the swooner woke.
 He lay upon the plain, with limbs diffused ;—
 Half-tombed by drifting sands. One down-stretched hand
 Had delved a hollowed place some four spans deep,
 Athirst, perchance, to grasp beneath parched plains,
 Coolness, denied above. Or, haply else
 As though the soul's continual aches had warned
 The weak, faint frame, to scoop its grassless grave
 Past reach of kites and prowling warrigals.

His bare right arm was flesh-torn to the bone,
 As if by wild beasts' teeth ; and, on the wounds
 Swarmed crawling crowds of small black ants, that cleansed
 The thick and oozing blood-clots. Aye, amid

Delirious hours, self-lacerating teeth
 Had gnawed Paul's own shrunk limb ; and famished lips
 Had fastened on impoverished veins and drawn
 The oil that fuelled life's spasmodic flame.
 (Though wrought in madness, this was horrible !)
 And, weakening fast, Paul feebly cloaked his face
 And waited for the end !

He felt that soon
 His white and graveless bones would front the sun
 In gleaming accusation of day's wrath :
 That soon his dust would whirl unsepulchred
 Nor requiemed, save by wails from those quick winds
 That sink and swell about the night's mid-heart :
 And, crushed by stress of suffering, he prayed
 The hand of death—of dumb relentless death—
 Might free his soul.

Even this the enemy neared :
 A ravenous presence—vague, intangible—
 That blindly sucked his life. Its clammy breath
 (Like dews that reek and drip from charnel vaults)
 Froze anguish into stupor ; and sharp films
 Bleared his faint, heavy eyelids as he gasped—
 “ Mother,—farewell,—farewell,—wife,—children,”—

* * * * *

“ Hold !

Quick—quick—my man ! just tilt that water flask !
 Leftwards : now drench him !—so ; he's coming to !”
 And Paul strained up ;—beheld strong, bearded men,
 Heard helpful words, and swooned to nothingness !

* * * * *

Of Oscar, Friends, I kept my tale's straight march,
 And so spared speech of Oscar, yet when Paul
 Plucked, from a three months' fever, what remained
 Of pristine health and strength,—he told at large,
 Of desperate perils, faced where seldom rain
 Cheers the baked earth ;—told, too, of wastelands strewn
 With keen-edged shards, and fragmentary flints,
 Till rude, rough, bush-hands wept compassionate tears.
 Ranging, he spoke of Oscar ; hunger clung
 Beneath the bough-piled gunyah. But, at this,
 The plain rough listeners shook half-doubtful heads
 And shrugged incredulous shoulder-shrugs and saying—
 " Wild fever's seeds yet linger in the man ! "
 Put forth no hand to help.

Yet, sirs, they lie,
 Who say Paul closed with such cold counsellings ;
 I say they lie ! Through hazardous months of pain,
 Paul sought his comrade's deathplace night and day—
 But where these naked bones blanch, God, who knows
 Has kept from friend and kin.

Sirs, I AM PAUL !

Abrupt, he ceased :—and grave thoughts chained us all
 Till Reed cried, " Boys ! bestir, the tempest's past."
 Whereat each slipped to saddle, and was gone.

So ran that tale of risks and jeopardies
 Which menace man amid our inland wilds ;—
 And though Regret feigns hopefuller things and sighs
 " 'Twas well with Oscar's soul," I know (âlas)

Earth's banefullest pains and plagues rain thick on men
That waste amid untravelled tracts, consumed
By pestilent Thirst, and past-cure maladies.

From which dire straits protect us, O our Lord,
Who perished crosswise on the tree accursed !

FROM THE SOUTH SEA SISTERS—A LYRIC
MASQUE.

AN ABORIGINAL SONG-DANCE.

FROM creek of Worooboomi—boo !
And sheep-run Woolagoola—goo !
Come Dibble-fellow dancing in fog !
All over mount Wooloola—yah !
And earth-holes of Worondi—wah !
Till he vanish in the yellow Wog-wog !

Old chief of Woolonara—nah !
From the Great River banks, far, far !
Hasten here with spear and boomerang—
Thus to snowy Woologoomerang—
For White Fellow comes to make war !

* * * * *

A sultry haze broods o'er the silent bush,
And horse and ox move slow through streaming dust ;
In each man's face is seen the feverish flush
Of hope, or of success ; the ceaseless thirst
For gold, which pile on pile no more allays
Than cravings of the gourd are quelled by desert rays.

Our shining ore
To England's wondering shore
Deep-laden ships in safety bore ;
And ships and men and gold each day were more and more.

Ah, many a varied song had they,
As Fortune bless'd or blank'd their way.

* * * * * *

Ye South Sea Sisters! circling east, west, north!

Unite in Federal bonds for one fixt power,
So shall ye find no sudden evil hour
Darken your future—check your prosperous growth.
Time at your roots hath not one gnawing tooth,
Then wisely cherish each first fruit and flower;
And, all unlike the common slow degrees
Whereby men build an empire's central tower,
Ye may fresh models give for histories—
Spreading o'er half this Globe of lands and seas,
New trades, new facts, new hopes, new Nationalities.

FROM THE CANTATA.

A FEW short rolling years have fled
Down time's abysmal track,
Since o'er this pleasant land was spread
The wild uncultured black.
Now far beyond fair Torren's stream,
Mid spires and gilded domes,
Like the sweet visions of a dream
Bursts on the raptured light the gleam
Of myriad happy homes.

The shades where earth's primeval cloak
Hung round the native's lair,
Have vanished neath the woodman's stroke
Bloomed neath the ploughman's share,
Approving Heaven our efforts crowned ;
Hope pointed to the goal ;
In faith a trusty friend we found ;
Prudence with soft endearment wound
Contentment round the soul,

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 I haste with them away !
Out 'neath the clear and starlit sky,
With the villages slumbering peacefully
On the marge of Tarawera Lake,
Our way through the pure midnight 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—
To Kūpuarangi's cloudy fount,
Tarata's pure white tracery !

Mahana's Lake this night of June,
Lies placid beneath 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 in his 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 the morning dew !

Yes, the beautiful 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 men !

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 re-bellow 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 hill broke from the placid deep ;
 For Ngatitoui 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-tree 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.

THE MUSE OF AUSTRALIA.

WHERE the pines with the eagles are nestled in rifts,
And the torrent leaps down to the surges,
I have followed her, clambering over the cliffs,
By the chasms and moon-haunted verges.
I know she is fair as the angels are fair,
For have I not caught a faint glimpse of her there,
A glimpse of her face and her glittering hair,
And a hand with the Harp of Australia?
I never can reach you to hear the sweet voice
So full with the music of fountains!
Oh, when will you meet with that soul of your choice
Who will lead you down here from the mountains?
A lyre-bird lit on a shimmering space,¹
It dazzled mine eyes, and I turned from the place
And wept in the dark for a glorious face
And a hand with the Harp of Australia.

MOUNTAINS.

RIFTED mountains, clad with forests, girded round by
gleaming pines,
Where the morning, like an angel, robed in golden
splendour shines ;
Shimmering mountains, throwing downward on the slopes a
mazy glare,
Where the noonday glory sails through gulfs of calm and
glittering air ;
Stately mountains, high and hoary, piled with blocks of
amber cloud,
Where the fading twilight lingers when the winds are
wailing loud ;
Grand old mountains, overbeetling brawling brooks and
deep ravines,
Where the moonshine, pale und mournful, flows on rocks
and evergreens.
Underneath these regal ridges,—underneath the gnarly
trees,
I am sitting, lonely-hearted, listening to a lonely breeze !
Sitting by an ancient casement, casting many a longing
look
Out across the hazy gloaming—out beyond the brawling
brook ;
Over pathways leading skyward—over crag and swelling
cone,
Past long hillocks looking like to waves of ocean turned to
stone ;

Yearning for a bliss unworldly, yearning for a brighter
change,
Yearning for the mystic Aidenn built beyond this mountain
range.

Happy years, amongst these valleys, happy years have come
and gone,
And my youthful hopes and friendships withered with them
one by one ;
Days and moments bearing onward many a bright and
beauteous dream—
All have passed me like to sunstreaks flying down a distant
stream.
Oh, the love returned by loved ones ! Oh, the faces that I
knew !
Oh, the wrecks of fond affection ! Oh, the hearts so warm
and true !
But their voices I remember, and a something lingers still,
Like a dying echo roaming sadly round a far-off hill.

I would sojourn here contented, tranquil as I was of yore,
And would never wish to clamber, seeking for an unknown
shore ;
I have dwelt within this cottage twenty summers, and mine
eyes
Never wandered erewhile round in search of undiscovered
skies ;
But a Spirit sits beside me, veiled in robes of dazzling
white,
And a dear one's whisper wakens with the symphonics of
night ;

And a low sad music cometh, borne along on windy wings,
Like a strain familiar rising from a maze of slumbering
springs.

And the Spirit, by my window, speaketh to my restless soul,
Telling of the clime she came from, where the silent
moments roll ;
Telling of the bourn mysterious, where the sunny summers
flee,
Cliffs and coasts, by man untrodden, ridging round a ship-
less sea.
There the years of yore are blooming, there departed life-
dreams dwell ;
There the faces beam with gladness that I loved in youth
so well ;
There the songs of childhood travel over wave-worn steep
and strand,
Over dale and upland stretching out behind this mountain
land.

Lovely Being, can a mortal, weary of this changeless scene,
Cross these cloudy summits to the land where man hath
never been ?
Can he find a pathway leading through that wildering mass
of pines,
So that he shall reach the country where ethereal glory
shines ;
So that he may glance at waters never dark with coming
ships ;
Hearing round him gentle language floating from angelic
lips ;

Casting off his earthly fetters, living there for evermore ;
All the blooms of beauty near him, gleaming on that quiet
shore ?

“ Ere you quit this ancient casement, tell me, is it well to
yearn

For the evanescent visions vanished never to return ?

Is it well that I should wish to leave this dreary world
behind,

Seeking for your fair Utopia, which perchance I may not
find ?

Passing through a gloomy forest, scaling steeps like prison
walls,

Where the scanty sunshine wavers, and the moonlight seldom
falls ?

Oh, the feelings reawakened ! Oh, the hopes of loftier
range !

Is it well, thou friendly Being, well to wish for such a
change ? ”

But the Spirit answers nothing ! And the dazzling mantle
fades,

And a wailing whisper wanders out from dismal sea-side
shades !

“ Lo the trees are moaning loudly, underneath their hood-like
shrouds,

And the arch above us darkens, scarred with ragged
thunder-clouds ! ”

But the Spirit answers nothing ! And I linger all alone,
Gazing through the moony vapours where the lovely Dream
has flown ;

And my heart is beating sadly, and the music waxeth
faint,

Sailing up to holy heaven, like the anthems of a saint.

THE RAIN COMES SOBBING TO THE DOOR.

THE night grows dark, and weird, and cold ; and thick drops
patter on the pane ;
There comes a wailing from the sea ; the wind is weary of
the rain.
The red coals click beneath the flame ; and see, with slow
and silent feet,
The hooded shadows cross the woods to where the twilight
waters beat !
Now fanwise from the ruddy fire, a brilliance sweeps
athwart the floor,
As, streaming down the lattices, the rain comes sobbing to
door :

As, streaming down the lattices,
The rain comes sobbing to the door.

Dull echoes round the casement fall, and through the empty
chambers go,
Like forms unseen whom we can hear on tip-toe stealing to
and fro ;
But fill your glasses to the brim, and, through a mist of
smiles and tears,
Our eyes shall tell how much we love to toast the shades of
other years !
And hither they will flock again, the ghosts of things that
are no more,

While, streaming down the lattices, the rain comes sobbing
to the door :

While, streaming down the lattices,
'The rain comes sobbing to the door.

The tempest-trodden wastelands moan, the trees are thresh-
ing at the blast,
And now they come, the pallid shapes of dreams that
perished in the past ;
And, when we lift the windows up, a smothered whisper
round us strays,
Like some lone wandering voice from graves that hold the
wrecks of bygone days.

I tell you that I *love* the storm, for think we not of *thoughts*
of yore,

When, streaming down the lattices, the rain comes sobbing
to the door ?

When, streaming down the lattices,
'The rain comes sobbing to the door ?

We'll drink to those we sadly miss, and sing some mournful
song we know,

Since they may chance to hear it all, and muse on friends
they've left below.

Who knows—if souls in bliss can leave the borders of their
Eden-home—

But that some loving one may now about the ancient
threshold roam ?

Oh ! like an exile, he would hail a glimpse of the familiar floor,
Though, streaming down the lattices, the rain comes sobbing
to the door.

Though, streaming down the lattices,
'The rain comes sobbing to the door.

PREFATORY SONNETS.

I.

I PURPOSED once to take my pen and write,
 Not songs, like some, tormented and awry
 With passion, but a cunning harmony
 Of words and music caught from glen and height,
 And lucid colours born of woodland light,
 And shining places where the sea-streams lie ;
 But this was when the heat of youth glowed white,
 And since I've put the faded purpose by.
 I have no faultless fruits to offer you
 Who read this book ; but certain syllables
 Hercin are borrowed from unfooted dells
 And secret hollows dear to noontide dew ;
 And these at least, though far between and few,
 May catch the sense like subtle forest spells.

II.

So take these kindly, even though there be
 Some notes that unto other lyres belong,
 Stray echoes from the elder sons of song ;
 And think how from its neighbouring native sea
 The pensive shell doth borrow melody.
 I would not do the lordly masters wrong
 By filching fair words from the shining throng
 Whose music haunts me as the wind a tree !

Lo, when a stranger, in soft Syrian glooms
Shot through with sunset, treads the cedar dells,
And hears the breezy ring of elfin bells
Far down by where the white-haired cataract booms,
He, faint with sweetness caught from forest smells,
Bears thence, unwitting, plunder of perfumes.

SITTING BY THE FIRE.

AH ! the solace in the sitting,
 Sitting by the fire,
 When the wind without is calling,
 And the fourfold clouds are falling,
 With the rain-racks intermitting
 Over slope and spire.
 Ah ! the solace in the sitting,
 Sitting by the fire.

Then, and then, a man may ponder,
 Sitting by the fire,
 Over fair far days, and faces
 Shining in sweet-coloured places
 Ere the thunder broke asunder
 Life and dear Desire.
 Thus, and thus, a man may ponder,
 Sitting by the fire.

Waifs of song pursue, perplex me,
 Sitting by the fire :
 Just a note, and lo, the change then !
 Like a child, I turn and range then,
 Till a shadow starts to vex me—
 Passion's wasted pyre.
 So do songs pursue, perplex me,
 Sitting by the fire.

Night by night, the old, old story,
 Sitting by the fire ;
Night by night the dead leaves grieve me ;
Ah ! the touch when youth shall leave me,
Like my fathers, shrunken, hoary,
 With the years that tire.
Night by night, that old, old story,
 Sitting by the fire.

Sing for slumber, sister Clara,
 Sitting by the fire.
I could hide my head and sleep now,
Far from those who laugh and weep now,
Like a trammelled, faint wayfarer,
 'Neath yon mountain-spire.
Sing for slumber, sister Clara,
 Sitting by the fire.

"THE WARRIGAL" (WILD DOG).

THROUGH forest boles the storm-wind rolls,
Vext of the sea-driven rain,
And up in the clift, through many a rift,
The voices of torrents complain.
The sad marsh-fowl and the lonely owl
Are heard in the fog-wreaths grey,
When the Warrigal wakes, and listens, and takes
To the woods that shelter the prey.

In the gully-deeps the blind creek sleeps,
And the silver, showery moon
Glides over the hills and floats and fills,
And dreams in the dark lagoon ;
While halting hard by the station yard,
Aghast at the hut-flame nigh,
The Warrigal yells, and the flats and fells
Are loud with his dismal cry.

On the topmost peak of mountains bleak
The south wind sobs, and strays
Through moaning pine and turpentine
And the rippling runnel ways ;
And strong streams flow, and great mists go,
Where the Warrigal starts to hear
The watchdog's bark break sharp in the dark,
And flees like a phantom of Fear !

The swift rains beat, and the thunders fleet
On the wings of the fiery gale,
And down in the glen of pool and fen
The wild gums whistle and wail,
As over the plains, and past the chains
Of waterholes glimmering deep,
The Warrigal flies from the shepherd's cries
And the clamour of dogs and sheep.

The Warrigal's lair is pent in bare
Black rocks at the gorge's mouth ;
It is set in ways where Summer strays
With the sprites of flame and drouth ;
But when the heights are touched with lights
Of hoarfrost, sleet, and shine,
His bed is made of the dead grass-blade
And the leaves of the windy pine.

He roves through the lands of sultry sands,
He hunts in the iron range,
Untamed as the surge of the far sea verge,
And fierce and fickle and strange.
The white man's track and the haunts of the black
He shuns, and shudders to see ;
For his joy he tastes in lonely wastes,
Where his mates are torrent and tree.

BELL-BIRDS.

By the channels of coolness the echoes are calling,
And down the dim gorges I hear the creek falling ;
It lives in the mountain where moss and the sedges
Touch with their beauty the banks and the ledges.
Through breaks of the cedar and sycamore bowers
Struggles the light that is love to the flowers ;
And, softer than slumber, and sweeter than singing,
The notes of the bell-birds are running and ringing.

The silver-voiced bell-birds, the darlings of day-time,
They sing in September their songs of the May-time ;
When shadows wax strong, and thunder-bolts hurtle,
They hide with their fear in the leaves of the myrtle ;
When rain and the sunbeams shine mingled together,
They start up like fairies that follow fair weather ;
And straightway, the hues of their feathers, unfolden
Are the green and the purple, the blue and the golden.

October, the maiden of bright yellow tresses,
Loiters for love in these cool wildernesses ;
Loiters, knee-deep, in the grasses to listen,
Where dripping rocks gleam and the leafy pools glisten :
Then is the time when the water-moons splendid
Break with their gold, and are scattered or blended
Over the creeks, till the woodlands have warning
Of songs of the bell-bird and wings of the morning,

Welcome as waters unkissed by the summers
Are the voices of bell-birds to thirsty far-comers.
When fiery December sets foot in the forest,
And the need of the wayfarer presses the sorest,
Pent in the ridges for ever and ever,
The bell-birds direct him to spring and to river,
With ring and with ripple, like runnels whose torrents
Are toned by the pebbles and leaves in the currents.

Often I sit, looking back to a childhood
Mixt with the sights and the sounds of the wildwood,
Longing for power and the sweetness to fashion
Lyrics with beats like the heart-beats of passion ;—
Songs interwoven of lights and of laughters
Borrowed from bell-birds in far forest rafters ;
So I might keep in the city and alleys
The beauty and strength of the deep mountain valleys,
Charming to slumber the pain of my losses
With glimpses of creeks and a vision of mosses.

AT EUROMA.

THEY built his mound in the rough red ground
By the dip of a desert dell,
Where all things sweet are killed by the heat,
And scattered o'er flat and fell.
In a burning zone they left him alone,
Past the uttermost western plain ;
And the nightfall dim heard his funeral hymn
In the voices of wind and rain.

The songs austere of the forests drear,
And the echoes of clift and cave,
When the dark is keen where the storm hath been,
Fleet over the far-away grave.
And through the days when the torrid rays
Strike down in a coppery gloom,
Some spirit grieves in the perished leaves
Whose theme is that desolate tomb.

No human foot or paw of brute
Halts now where the stranger sleeps ;
But cloud and star his fellows are,
And the rain that sobs and weeps.
The dingo yells by the far iron fells,
The plover is loud in the range,
But they never come near the slumberer here,
Whose rest is a rest without change.

Ah ! in his life had he mother or wife
To wait for his steps on the floor ?
Did beauty wax dim while watching for him
Who passed through the threshold no more ?
Doth it trouble his head ? He is one with the dead ;
He lies by the alien streams ;
And sweeter than sleep is death that is deep
And unvexed by the lordship of dreams.

SEPTEMBER IN AUSTRALIA.

GREY winter hath gone like a wearisome guest,
And, behold, for repayment,
September comes in with the wind of the west,
And the spring in her raiment !
The ways of the frost have been filled of the flowers,
While the forest discovers
Wild wings, with the halo of hyaline hours,
And the music of lovers.

September, the maid with the swift, silver feet,
She glides, and she graces
The valleys of coolness, the slopes of the heat,
With her blossomy traces.
Sweet month, with a mouth that is made of a rose,
She lightens and lingers
In spots where the harp of the evening glows,
Attuned by her fingers.

The stream from its home in the hollow hill slips
In a darling old fashion ;
And the day goeth down with a song on its lips
Whose key-note is passion.
Far out in the fierce, bitter front of the sea
I stand, and remember
Dead things that were brothers and sisters of thee,
Resplendent September,

The west, when it blows at the fall of the noon,
And beats on the beaches,
Is filled with a tender and tremulous tune
That touches and teaches ;
The stories of Youth, of the burden of Time,
And the death of devotion,
Come back with the wind, and are themes of the rhyme
In the waves of the ocean.

We, having a secret to others unknown
In the cool mountain mosses,
May whisper together, September, alone
Of our loves and our losses.
One word for her beauty, and one for the grace
She gave to the hours ;
And then we may kiss her, and suffer her face
To sleep with the flowers.

High places that knew of the gold and the white
On the forehead of morning,
Now darken and quake, and the steps of the Night
Are heavy with warning !
Her voice in the distance is lofty and loud,
Through its echoing gorges ;
She hath hidden her eyes in a mantle of cloud,
And her feet in the surges !

On the top of the hills, on the turreted cones—
Chief temples of thunder—
The gale, like a ghost in the middle watch moans,
Gliding over and under.

The sea, flying white through the rack and the rain,
Leapeth wild to the forelands ;
And the plover, whose cry is like passion with pain,
Complains in the moorlands.

Oh, season of changes, of shadow and shine,
September the splendid !
My song hath no music to mingle with thine,
And its burden is ended ;
But thou, being born of the winds and the sun,
By mountain, by river,
May lighten and listen, and loiter and run,
With thy voices for ever.

MOONI.

(Written in the shadow of 1872.)

AH, to be by Mooni now !
Where the great dark hills of wonder,
Scarred with storm and cleft asunder
By the strong sword of the thunder,
 Make a night on morning's brow !
Just to stand where Nature's face is
Flushed with power in forest places—
Where of God authentic trace is—
 Ah, to be by Mooni now !

Just to be by Mooni's springs !
There to stand, the shining sharer
Of that larger life, and rarer
Beauty, caught from beauty fairer
 Than the human face of things !
Soul of mine, from sin abhorrent,
Fain would hide by flashing current,
Like a sister of the torrent,
 Far away by Mooni's springs.

He that is by Mooni now
Sees the water sapphires gleaming
Where the river spirit, dreaming,
Sleeps by fall and fountain streaming,
 Under lute of leaf and bough !

Hears, where stamp of storm with stress is,
Psalms from unseen wildernesses,
Deep amongst far hill-recesses—
 He that is by Mooni now.

Yea, for him by Mooni's marge
Sings the yellow-haired September,
With the face the gods remember
When the ridge is burnt to ember,
 And the dumb sea chains the barge !
Where the mount like molten brass is,
Down beneath fern-feathered passes,
Noonday dew in cool green grasses
 Gleams on him by Mooni's marge.

Who that dwells by Mooni yet
Feels, in flowerful forest arches
Smiting wings and breath that parches
Where strong summer's path of march is,
 And the suns in thunder set?
Housed beneath the gracious kirtle
Of the shadowy water-myrtle,
Winds may hiss with heat, and hurtle—
 He is safe by Mooni yet !

Days there were when he who sings
(Dumb so long through passion's losses)
Stood where Mooni's water crosses
Shining tracts of green-haired mosses,
 Like a soul with radiant wings ;

Then the psalm the wind rehearses—
Then the song the stream disperses
Lent a beauty to his verses
Who to-night of Mooni sings.

Ah, the theme—the sad, gray theme !
Certain days are not above me,
Certain hearts have ceased to love me,
Certain fancies fail to move me
Like the affluent morning dream.
Head whereon the white is stealing,
Heart, whose hurts are past all healing,
Where is now the first pure feeling ?
Ah, the theme—the sad, gray theme !

Sin and shame have left their trace !
He who mocks the mighty, gracious
Love of Christ, with eyes audacious,
Hunting after fires fallacious,
Wears the issue in his face.
Soul that flouted gift and giver,
Like the broken Persian river,
Thou hast lost thy strength for ever !
Sin and shame have left their trace.

In the years that used to be
When the large, supreme occasion
Brought the life of inspiration
Like a God's transfiguration,
Was the shining change in me.

Then, where Mooni's glory glances
 Clear, diviner countenances
 Beamed on me like blessed chances
 In the years that used to be.

Ah, the beauty of old ways !
 Then the man who so resembled
 Lords of light unstained, unhumbled,
 Touched the skirts of Christ, nor trembled
 At the grand benignant gaze !
 Now he shrinks before the splendid
 Face of Deity offended ;
 All the loveliness is ended !
 All the beauty of old ways !

Still to be by Mooni cool—
 Where the water-blossoms glisten,
 And by gleaming vale and vista,
 Sits the English April's sister,
 Soft and sweet and wonderful !
 Just to rest beyond the burning
 Outer world—its sneers and spurning—
 Ah, my heart—my heart is yearning
 Still to be by Mooni cool !

Now, by Mooni's fair hill heads,
 Lo, the gold green lights are glowing
 Where, because no wind is blowing,
 Fancy hears the flowers growing
 In the herby watersheds !
 Faint it is—the sound of thunder
 From the torrents far thereunder,

Where the meeting mountains ponder—
Now, by Mooni's fair hill heads.

Just to be where Mooni is !
Even where the fierce fall races
Down august unfathomed places,
Where of sun or moon no trace is,
And the streams of shadow kiss !
Have I not an ample reason
So to long for—sick of treason—
Something of the grand old season ?
Just to be where Mooni is ?

FROM COORANBEAN.

YEARS fifty, and seven to boot, have smitten the children of
men

Since sound of a voice or a foot came out of the head of
that glen.

The brand of black devil is there—an evil wind moaneth
around—

There is doom, there is death in the air; a curse groweth
up from the ground!

No noise of the axe or the saw in that hollow unholy is
heard,

No fall of the hoof or the paw—no whirr of the wing of the
bird;

But a gray mother down by the sea, as wan as the foam of
the strait,

Has counted the beads on her knee, these forty-nine winters
and eight.

Whenever the elder is asked—a white-headed man of the
woods—

Of the terrible mystery masked where the dark everlastingly
broods,

Be sure he will turn to the bay, with his back to the glen
in the range,

And glide like a phantom away, with a countenance pallid
with change.

From the line of dead timber that lies supine at the foot of
 the glade,
 The fierce-featured eagle-hawk flies—afraid as a dove is
 afraid ;
 But black in that wilderness dread are a fall and the forks of
 a ford—

*Ah ! pray and uncover your head, and lean like a child on the
 Lord.*

A sinister fog at the wane—at the change of the noon
 cometh forth,
 Like an ominous ghost in the train of a bitter, black storm
 of the North !

At the head of the gully unknown, it hangs like a spirit of bale,
 And the noise of a shriek and a groan strikes up in the gusts
 of the gale.

In the throat of a feculent pit is the beard of a bloody-red
 sedge ;
 And a foam like the foam of a fit sweats out of the lips of
 the ledge.

But down in the water of death, in the livid, dead pool at the
 base—

*Bow low, with inaudible breath : beseech with the hands to the
 face !*

A furlong of fetid, black fen, with gilded green patches of
 pond,

Lies dumb by the horns of the glen—at the gates of the
 horror beyond ;

And those who have looked on it, tell of the terrible growths
 that are there—

The flowerage fostered by Hell—the blossoms that startle
 and scare ;

If ever a wandering bird should light on Gehennas like this,
Be sure that a cry will be heard, and the sound of the flat
adder's hiss.

But hard by the jaws of the bend is a ghastly Thing matted
with moss—

*Ah, Lord! be a father, a friend, for the sake of the Christ
on the cross.*

Black Tom, with the sinews of five—that never a hangman
could hang—

In the days of the shackle and gyve, broke loose from the
guards of the gang.

Thereafter, for seasons a score, this devil prowled under the
ban :

A mate of red talon and paw—a wolf in the shape of a
man.

But, ringed by ineffable fire, in a thunder and wind of the
North,

The sword of Omnipotent ire—the bolt of high heaven went
forth !

But, wan as the sorrowful foam, a gray mother waits by the sea
For the boys that have never come home these fifty-four
winters and three.

From the folds of the forested hills there are ravelled and
roundabout tracks,

Because of the terror that fills the strong-handed men of the
axe !

Of the workers away in the range, there is none that will
wait for the night,

When the storm-stricken moon is in change, and the sinister
fog is in sight.

And later and deep in the dark, when the bitter wind
whistles about,
There is never a howl or a bark from the dog in the kennel
without,
But the white fathers fasten the door, and often and often
they start
At a sound, like a foot on the floor, and a touch like a hand
on the heart.

ORARA.

A TRIBUTARY OF THE CLARENCE RIVER.

THE strong sob of the chafing stream,
That seaward fights its way
Down crags of glitter, dells of gleam,
Is in the hills to-day.

But far and faint, a grey-winged form
Hangs where the wild lights wane—
The phantom of a bye-gone storm,
A ghost of wind and rain.

The soft white feet of afternoon
Are on the shining meads ;
The breeze is as a pleasant tune
Amongst the happy reeds.

The fierce, disastrous, flying fire,
That made the great caves ring,
And scarred the slope, and broke the spire,
Is a forgotten thing.

The air is full of mellow sounds ;
The wet hill-heads are bright ;
And, down the fall of fragrant grounds,
The deep ways flame with light.

A rose-red space of stream I see,
Past banks of tender fern ;
A radiant brook, unknown to me,
Beyond its upper turn.

The singing silver life I hear,
Whose home is in the green,
Far-folded woods of fountains clear,
Where I have never been.

Ah, brook above the upper band,
I often long to stand,
Where you in soft, cool shades descend
From the untrodden land.

Ah, folded woods, that hide the grace
Of moss and torrents strong,
I often wish to know the face
Of that which sings your song !

But I may linger long, and look,
Till night is over all ;
My eyes will never see the brook,
Or strange, sweet waterfall.

The world is round me with its heat,
And toil, and cares that tire ;
I cannot with my feeble feet
Climb after my desire.

But, on the lap of lands unseen,
Within a secret zone,
There shine diviner gold and green
Than man has ever known.

And where the silver waters sing,
Down hushed and holy dells,
The flower of a celestial spring—
A tenfold splendour dwells.

Yea, in my dream of fall and brook
By far sweet forests furled,
I see that light for which I look
In vain through all the world.

The glory of a larger sky,
On slopes of hills sublime,
That speak with God and Morning, high
Above the ways of Time !

Ah ! haply, in this sphere of change,
Where shadows spoil the beam,
It would not do to climb the range,
And test my radiant Dream.

The slightest glimpse of yonder place,
Untrodden and alone,
Might wholly kill that nameless grace,
The charm of the Unknown.

And therefore, though I look and long,
Perhaps the lot is bright,
Which keeps the river of the song
A beauty out of sight.

LEICHHARDT.

LORDLY harp, by lordly masters wakened from majestic
sleep,
Yet shall speak and yet shall sing the words which make
the fathers weep—
Voice surpassing human voices—high unearthly harmony—
Yet shall tell the tale of hero, in exalted years to be !
In the ranges, by the rivers, on the uplands, down the dells,
Where the sound of wind and wave is, where the mountain
anthem swells,
Yet shall float the song of lustre, sweet with tears and fair
with flame,
Shining with a theme of beauty—holy with our Leichhardt's
name !
Name of him who faced for Science thirsty tracts of bitter
glow—
Lurid lands that no one knows of—two and thirty years
ago.

Born by hills of hard grey weather, far beyond the northern
seas,
German mountains were his "sponsors," and his mates were
German trees.
Grandeur of the old-world forests passed into his radiant
soul,
With the song of stormy crescents, where the mighty waters
roll.

Thus he came to be a brother of the river and the
wood—
Thus the leaf, the bird, the blossom, grew a gracious sister-
hood ;
Nature led him to her children, in a space of light
divine—
Kneeling down, he said—" My mother, let me be as one of
thine !"
So she took him—thence she loved him—lodged him in
her home of dreams—
Taught him what the trees were saying, schooled him in the
speech of streams.

For her sake he crossed the waters—loving her, he left the
place
Hallowed by his father's ashes and his human mother's
face ;
Passed the seas and entered temples domed by skies of
deathless beam—
Walled about by hills majestic—stately spires and peaks
supreme !
Here he found a larger beauty—here the lovely lights were
new,
On the slopes of many flowers, down the gold green dells of
dew.
In the great august cathedral of his holy Lady he
Daily worshipped at her altars, nightly bent the reverent
knee—
Heard the hymns of night and morning, learned the psalm
of solitudes ;
Knew that God was very near him—felt His presence in the
woods,

But the starry angel, Science, from the home of glittering wings,

Came one day and talked to Nature by melodious mountain springs :

“ Let thy son be mine,” she pleaded; “ lend him for a space,” she said,

“ So that he may earn the laurels, I have woven for his head !”

And the Lady, Nature, listened ; and she took her loyal son
From the banks of moss and myrtle—led him to the shining

One,

Filled his lordly soul with gladness—told him of a spacious zone

Eye of man had never looked at—human foot had never known.

Then the angel, Science, beckoned, and he knelt and whispered low—

“ I will follow where you lead me ”—two and thirty years ago.

On the tracts of thirst and furnace—on the dumb, blind,
burning plain,

Where the red earth gapes for moisture, and the wan leaves
hiss for rain,

In a land of dry fierce thunder, did he ever pause and dream

Of the cool green German valley, and the singing German stream ?

Where the sun was as a menace, glaring from a sky of brass,

Did he ever rest in visions, on a lap of German grass ?

Past the waste of thorny terrors, did he reach a sphere of rills,

In a region yet untravelled, ringed by fair untrodden hills ?

Was the spot where last he rested pleasant as an old-world
lea?

Did the sweet winds come and lull him with the music of
the sea?

Let us dream—let us hope so! Haply, in a cool green
glade,

Far beyond the zone of furnace, Leichhardt's sacred shell was
laid!

Haply in some leafy valley, underneath blue gracious skies,
In the sound of mountain water, the heroic traveller lies!

Down a dell of dewy myrtle, where the light is soft and
green,

And a month, like English April, sits—an immemorial
queen.

Let us think that he is resting—think that by a radiant
grave

Ever come the songs of forest and the voices of the wave!

Thus we want our sons to find him—find him under floral
bowers,

Sleeping by the trees he loved so—covered with his darling
flowers!

"AFTER MANY YEARS."

THE song that once I dreamed about,
The tender, touching thing,
As radiant as the rose without—
The love of wind and wing ;
The perfect verses to the tune
Of woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon,
Remain unwritten yet.

It is too late to write them now—
The ancient fire is cold ;
No ardent lights illumine the brow,
As in the days of old.
I cannot dream the dream again ;
But, when the happy birds
Are singing in the sunny rain,
I think I hear its words.

I think I hear the echo still
Of long forgotten tones,
When evening winds are on the hill,
And sunset fires the cones.
But only in the hours supreme,
With songs of land and sea,
The lyrics of the leaf and stream
This echo comes to me.

No longer doth the earth reveal
Her gracious green and gold ;
I sit where youth was once, and feel
That I am growing old.
The lustre from the face of things
Is wearing all away ;
Like one who halts with tired wings,
I rest and muse to-day.

There is a river in the range
I love to think about ;
Perhaps the searching feet of change
Have never found it out.
Ah ! oftentimes I used to look
Upon its banks, and long
To steal the beauty of that brook
And put it in a song.

I wonder if the slopes of moss,
In dreams so dear to me—
The falls of flower and flower-like floss—
Are as they used to be !
I wonder if the waterfalls,
The singers far and fair,
That gleamed between the wet, green walls,
Are still the marvels there !

Ah ! let me hope that in that place
The old familiar things
To which I turn a wistful face
Have never taken wings.

Let me retain the fancy still,
That, past the lordly range,
There always shines, in folds of hill,
One spot secure from change !

I trust that yet the tender screen
That shades a certain nook
Remains, with all its gold and green,
The glory of the brook.
It hides a secret to the birds
And waters only known—
The letters of two lovely words—
A poem on a stone.

Perhaps the lady of the past
Upon these lines may light,
The purest verses and the last
That I may ever write.
She need not fear a word of blame ;
Her tale the flowers keep ;—
The wind that heard me breathe her name
Has been for years asleep.

But in the night, and when the rain
The troubled torrents fills,
I often think I see again
The river in the hills :
And when the day is very near,
And birds are on the wing,
My spirit fancies it can hear
The song I cannot sing.

THE OLD LOVE.

YOUR hand is cold and your lips are white,
You shrink from my touch with cruel pain ;
What love you gave me has died to-night,
And the old love lives in your heart again.

Dear, when you met her to-night, I knew
That your old love for her had but slept, not died,
Tho' she had been false, you still were true,
For love is not always killed by pride.

She stood before you queenly fair,
In shimmering satin and soft white lace,
With the light of opals amid her hair,
And the light of love on her pale, proud face.

She spoke : and her voice was faint with tears,
And your eyes grew dark with the passionate pain
That came with the thought of the vanished years,
Which the sound of her voice had recalled again.

She spoke : and the present was but a dream,
You were again in the dear old land ;
It was spring-time, by a shaded stream,
Where you and she wandered hand in hand.

You heard the far ocean's softened roar,
And the voice of the bell-bird among the trees,
And the scent of the wattle-flower once more
Came to you borne on the summer breeze.

You saw your love as she used to be,
Dressed in her girlish muslin dress ;
Her sun-kissed brown hair floating free
Round a face so bright one could not but bless.

You woke : she was standing before you there
In her shimmering satin and soft white lace,
With the light of opals amid her hair,
And the light of love in her pale, proud face.

She had been false, and you thought love dead,
Dead long years ere you called me wife,
But at the very first word she said,
The sleeping love awoke to life--

You forgave the past, what did it ween
That she had bartered her love for gold,
For the glitter of gems and satin's sheen,
She loved you now as in days of old !

D'ENTRECASTEAUX' CHANNEL, VAN
DIEMAN'S LAND.

SEE ! D'Entrecasteaux' Channel opens fair,
 And Tasman's Head lies on the starboard bow.
 High rocks and stunted trees meet you where'er
 You look around, 'tis a bold coast enow.
 With foul wind and crank ship 'twere hard to wear ;
 A reef of rocks lies westward, long and low.
 At ebb tide you may see th' Actaeon lie
 A sheer hulk o'er the breakers high and dry.

'Tis a most beauteous strait ! The great South Sea's
 Proud waves keep holiday along its shore ;
 And as the good ship glides before the breeze,
 Broad bays and aisles appear and steep cliffs hoar,
 With groves on either hand of ancient trees,
 Planted by Nature in the days of yore ;
 Van Dieman's on the left, and Bruny's Isle
 Forming the starboard shore for many a mile.

But all is still as death ! Nor voice of man
 Is heard, nor forest warbler's tuneful song ;
 It seems as if this beauteous world began
 To be but yesterday, and th' earth still young
 And unpossessed. For tho' the tall black swan
 Sits on her nest and sails stately along,
 And the green wild-doves their fleet pinions ply,
 And the grey eagle tempts the azure sky ;

Yet all is still as death ! Wild solitude
Reigns undisturbed along the voiceless shore,
And every tree seems standing as it stood
Five thousand years ago. The loud wave's roar
Were music in these wilds ! The wise and good
That wont of old as hermits to adore
The God of nature in the desert drear,
Might sure have found a fit sojourning here !

ENGLISH WILD FLOWERS.

I.

YE may tell me of flowers bright and gay,
Blooming in Eastern lands away,
And of climes beyond the beautiful sea,
Where all fair things and glad may be ;
Where the tropical sun shines ever light,
And flowers seem born to dazzle the sight.
Ye may boast of beauties across the main,
But give, oh ! give me, from England again,
The wild red rose, as it used to bloom
Round my father's door, with its sweet perfume.

II.

YE may tell me of flowers of crimson hue,
And glorious tints of gold and blue,
That sunnier heavens have brought to birth,
And strewed like gems o'er thankless earth ;
Where the sevenfold dye of the rainbow rests
On starried crowns and glowing crests.
But oh ! for the meadows of England's green,
Set thick with the golden kingcup's sheen ;
That the grass might seem a hidden deep,
Where the gods of Nature their treasure keep.

III.

BUT oh ! for the daisy of English ground,
That loves to grow on churchyard mound ;

For the primrose that looks up everywhere,
From bowery lanes to the scented air ;
For the flower that hangeth so wavily
Its own soft silver tracery,
And calleth the bee from afar to sip
Nectar which hangs on its delicate lip ;
And bring me the bright-berried eglantine
To weave me the wreath that I used to twine.

IV.

Oh ! dearer to me are the sweet wild flowers,
A hand unseen on England showers ;
That are born unknown, and all unknown fade,
Far and away in woodland shade ;
And dearer to me are those lesser gems,
Peeping from earth on tiny stems,
Than the vaunting glow of rare Eastern lands,
And the gorgeous show which in proud pomp stands ;
For they have a voice, and they speak to me,
With their eyes so full of Love's mystery !

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 lovelight 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 toward 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
Sparkled 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.

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 love 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's 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 breast,”
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.

THE ABANDONED SHAFT.

A DANGER to unwary feet
 (But few feet travel hither)
 It lies, a rifled treasure house,
 The treasure 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 burnt 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 had 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 this 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—hum—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; nos
 Mutamur et 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,
 Or lose the parallels I'd draw
 O'er old times vainly pondering.
 No doubt, if thou could'st speak, thou'd'st 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.

FROM THE STORY OF BALLADEÁDRO.

KOLORKOR (HOT BLOOD).

KOLORKOR rose, Mirbango's king—
 And thus address'd the listening ring :—
 "Sirs ! Warriors ! Children ! hearken well
 To all your king has come to tell.
 Our fathers' spirits, ill at rest,
 Flit nightly o'er the mountain's breast ;
 Yon stream is troubled, and the flood
 'Neath last night's moon seem'd curdling blood,
 Birds of ill omen croaked on high,
 The eagle swooning fled the sky.
 Oh, would the oracles withheld
 The meaning sought by seers of eld,
 Strange portents dire of varied mien
 Presage such ill as ne'er hath been.
 Last night there crept athwart my frame
 A shuddering sense of woe and shame ;
 Something—oh, would it were forgot—
 'Tis day, and yet it leaves me not.
 I sprang from out the evil dream,
 And saw—extended through the beam,
 The red moon cast upon the coals—
 Consuming slow their burning souls—
 Two giant hands—one dark as night,
 The other, "stained with blood," was white ;

Opposed as 'twere in equal strife,
 And nerved to struggle for the life.
 The dark hand hovered o'er my head,
 And all my trembling fears lay dead,
 When sudden came within my clasp,
 The spear you now behold me grasp.
 I poised the reed ; but ere I hurled,
 The white hand vanished from the world ;
 And I, without the slumbering camp,
 Shook from my brow big drops of damp.
 Then, as morn's blossom burst the bud,
 I saw, oh horror !—gouts of blood—
 Blood on my hands, and woman's hair,
 Blood fastened to my trusty spear.”
 He sate, and seemed beside the fire
 Some victim of supernal ire ;
 But ghostly terror had not quenched
 His soul, nor yet his visage blenched.

WADARO.

Wadaro rose, “of rugged face,”
 Chief of the tall Darakong race ;
 And gathering on his arm his cloak,
 To King Kolorkor fiercely spoke :—
 “ You marked, Kolorkor, ere was hurled
 The spear sent from the spirit world,
 The hand had vanished ; but the blood—
 'Twas ours—'twill surely swell the flood
 That yet must with its darkening stain
 Our greenest forest glades engrain.
 Pour, mingled tide, thy kindred flood,
 Darakong and Mirbango blood !

Join the hot flow, red Tapook rill!
 And drink, war demon, drink thy fill!
 Haste, twin-born tribes!—yon king, and I,
 Across the hills must quickly fly;
 And o'er our heads the darker hand
 Shall point the way to Tapook land.
 We'll send the war-sign through their camp,
 And flat their turf with dancing tramp.
 Speed thee, Ganook, with these swift spears—
 This fire-brand weeping fiery tears;
 And take this quandang's double plum,
 'Twill speak alliance tho' 'tis dumb.

GANOOK (OR THE SWIFT MESSENGER).

The Ganook danced o'er hill and plain,
 Ascending, toiled, "ran down like rain,"
 Nor paused till at the Tapook's feet
 He laid the brand aglow with heat.
 So swept across yon purple plains,
 At night o'erspread with starry chains,
 Karakorok, the sacred crow,
 That first brought fire to realms below,
 And carried blazing in his bill
 The brand that lights our camp fires still.

THE TAPOOK'S RECEPTION OF THE MESSENGER.

The lazy Tapook raised his head,
 Regarding, as he gazed, the red,
 Whose warlike flash suffused each limb,
 That flamed like fiery Seraphim

The tinge of war, the tinct of blood
Figured the tide of ruby flood,
And called as loud as symbol might,
For helping hand in heady fight.
Alas! ere this the white man's dole,
Had bought the slavish Tapook's soul,
Who lost the dotted plains that spread
From Wando's mouth to fountain-head—
From those stern crags whence springs Matar
To ocean's tumbling waves afar,
Which, lost in distance, sun, and spray,
Melt mist-like into heaven away!
The pale face brought his bartering bread,
The Tapook gave him land instead;
Green hills, and hunting grounds, and vales,
Lakes virgin yet from ships and sails,
Were his for robing, raiment, food,
And axe of steel that felled the wood.
The faithful harbinger fell back,
But king Kolorkor on the track
Not far behind, with flaming brand,
And polished lance in either hand,
Came stalking tow'rds the royal Tapook,
As erst the swift but mute Ganook :—
“Tried ally (he began) of ours,
'Mid crash of clubs and spear-shafts showers—
Our stout and brave would join thy bold,
And mass their ranks on this green wold.
See! stout Wadaro's warriors near,
Me and my brave Mirbangos here,
Be 't thine to lead thy stalwart clan—
A thousand, numbered man for man.”
To him the Tapook, turning, sighed,
And with but half his soul replied,

“What need of all these marshall’d ranks?
Our nation owes the stranger thanks.
Our food, our shelter, is prepared,
His very blanket robes are shared
With us; and as for roots, instead
He sows broad-cast among us bread.
But tarry, brother king, awhile,
And rest, for many a weary mile
Hath plucked the sinews from thy heel,
And stiffened all thy nerves of steel.”

THE TARRYING IN THE TAPOOK’S LAND.

Moons waned, and suns successive steered
Their course toward west horizon weird,
Yet no alliance made nor planned
Against the white aggressive hand.
No warriors fought—the sport and hunt,
Made all their battle weapons blunt;
And each returning from the chase,
With slower and spoil-burdened pace,
Cast longing eyes on Tapook maids,
That lay beneath the lengthening shades;
And many a brave transgressed the rule,
Framed in their twin-blood-allied school,
And, mating with the maid he chose,
Sought her green roof to find repose.
Kolorkor, one of these the first,
A fiercely-burning passion nurst;—
Balladeãdro fired his brain—
Balladeãdro with a chain
Unconscious bound his bursting heart,
And barred his wishes to depart.

KOLORKOR'S WOOING.

To her it seemed an easy thing—
Herself the daughter of a king—
To dally with Tangola's guest ;
But when his suit with warmth he pressed,
She turned her laughing face away,
Heedless of all his love could say.
Then would Kolorkor's anger rise,
And flash like lightning from his eyes ;
But, past the pang of wounded pride,
He sate him silent by her side,
Like some huge thunder-cloud expended,
The calmer when the storm is ended.
'Twas thus for days and afternoons,
For many waxing, waning moons,
Half trusted hope his only wage,
Neglect still spurred him on to rage ;
And so the monarch's wooing sped,
With giddy brain and heart like lead.

WADARO'S COUNSEL.

One day it chanced, in pensive mood,
He sought Wadaro in the wood ;
And finding him, his counsel sought,
With heart, and brain, and soul distraught.
"Kolorkor," thundered forth the king,
"You make yourself a little thing ;
And me, your friend, a thing still less ;
In counsel grave on nothingness.
Remember, who our tribes would rule,
Can never mate him with a fool !

Are not our maidens fair as they ?
 And formed from quite as pure a clay ?
 Their eyes, their hair, their winning looks,
 Are more than match for these Tapooks.
 Besides our wise ancestral laws
 Bid all our manlier ones to pause,
 Ere stepping o'er the sacred bounds
 That mark our ancient hunting grounds ;
 And seek amid our virgins fair,
 The solace sent to soothe our care."
 To him Kolorkor thus replied,
 In phrase that reason's front defied :—
 "Wadaro, what I've said, I've said ;
 The rest—be that upon my head."

* * * * *

Time with his train rolled on, and all
 That paved the way towards his fall,
 His warrior ways were all forgot,
 His weapons now he heeded not.
 Laid by some reedy river's brink,
 Musing, he'd watch the bell-bird drink ;
 Thence rising, pace the pebbly marge,
 Till dying day had dropped his targe,
 And sinking with his latest blood
 He reddened all the trembling flood ;
 'Till night drew near and closed his eye,
 And spread her mantle tenderly
 Across his darkening rayless face,
 And hid him in his resting-place,
 Whilst wind-waved reeds his requiem sighed,
 In wailing accents o'er the tide.

* * * * *

Time's waters rolled towards the sea
 (Dim ocean of eternity),
 And hurried with the current all
 That presaged proud Kolorkor's fall ;
 Each pebble banded by the stream,
 That caught betimes a golden gleam,
 Seem'd some event by prescience willed—
 Some ancient prophecy fulfilled.
 Straight through his breast a sadness crept,
 And as he mused Kolorkor wept ;
 He saw in every sinking targe,
 That lit the river's shimmering marge,
 The funeral of his hopes and fears—
 The grave of unrewarded years.

TANGOLA'S REFUSAL.

At sunset sad, at dawning wild,
 His brain with failing plans he piled,
 Till, tired with unavailing care,
 He sought the father of the fair—
 Sought him, who sold his birth-right land,
 And sued him for his daughter's hand.
 He paused :—Tangola silence broke,
 And to the suitor thus he spoke :—
 "Seest thou above with silvery sheen,
 The evening star, pale MIRGABEEN ?
 She looks with saddening eye towards earth,
 Which holds the secret of her birth.
 Couldst thou from heaven pluck out yon star,
 That shines upon us from afar,
 And lay her in her beauty's pride
 Between me and my own fire-side—

I'd not yield up my daughter fair,
With flashing eyes and raven hair.
And know, proud king, that threats are vain—
Tho' spears should fall like summer rain,
Deem not Balladeãdro's sire
Yet wanting all his ancient fire.
Up, go thy way, hot-blooded chief,
And seek at other hands relief.
Go get some mild Mirbango mate
To rear an heir to rule thy state ;
As for Balladeãdro rare,
No stranger may that jewel wear ;
A father's joy, a camp-fire's pride,
To alien ne'er can be allied."

MURDER OF TANGOLA.

Short time for parley now remained,
The madden'd chief his feet regained,
Fierce hate from both his eyeballs gleamed,
A fiend in all his wrath he seemed,
"Take this," he hissed, and raising high
The spear to his unerring eye
He hurled, and all his muscles shook,
As pierced his lance the tall Tapook ;
Who, bowing sudden to his fate,
Fell forward on his grizzled pate.
No time was lost—as quick as thought
The virgin to his arms he caught ;
Then dragged her to Trelinnay's bower,
And charged him with the new-plucked flower.
Fit gaoler ! less of man than creature,
And hard as flint in face and feature.

BALLADEÁDRO IN CAPTIVITY.

There flitted o'er the luckless maid
 Th' uncertain wav'ring dappled shade,
 As toyed the breeze with every flower
 And leaf that decked the captive's bower,
 With sad tho' joyous-seeming face,
 And artless art dissembling grace,
 She wrought in silence blues with greens,
 And scarlet in her gilburneens ;
 Thus would she sit, and work and muse,
 From morning's dawn till evening dews,
 While singing ever by her side,
 Sat grim Trelinnay's ancient bride.
 She weaved, and weaving trolled her song,
 Sang on and weaved the rushes long,
 And cast at times a furtive glance
 From eyes that pierced like pointed lance ;
 Outwards and toward where stranger's tread
 Was heard, she raised her grisly head.
 O, tyrant sex ! to thine the same
 'Neath tropic sunbeam's burning flame,
 As where the arctic ice and snow
 Baulk the swift river in its flow.
 Give ye to guard a sister charge,
 And say :—Who'll overstep the marge ?

MORA-MORA (SURNAMED THE GANOOK OR SWIFT
 MESSENGER).

Hard by the bower that held the maid,
 Beneath the same dark forest's shade,
 Through which the slanting sunbeam shot,

Stood Mora-Mora's sylvan cot.
This youth, whose skill with axe of stone
Had made his father's badge his own,
Sate there amid the hunting gear
Repairing broken net and spear.
Oft passing westward to the chase
The captive maiden's sadden'd face
Would haunt the hunter as he walked,
And trip him while his game he stalked.
His hand had lost (so many deemed)
Its cunning since those eyes had beamed
Their first bright rays into his own,
And taught him that he dwelt alone.
Henceforth, with throbbing heart on fire,
Possession was his sole desire ;
And if love's eyes a language speak
The same to Roman, Celt, or Greek—
The same in France, or sunny Spain,
On Tartar steppes or Afric's plain—
Such flashed from captive maid to man,
And thus their burning loves began.
But still the king with stately 'tread,
And heron feathers in his head,
Approached at noon with presents rare,
To woo his drooping prisoner fair.
Kind his entreaty—half forlorn—
His only meed was smiling scorn.
Thus hours of unavailing praise,
With prayers, made up the sum of days,
And still nor hope nor joy beguiled
The suitor of the orphaned child.
She, when her tongue the silence broke,
These burning words in anguish spoke :—

“Strike, murd’rer, home ! she fears no pain
Whose father throbs in every vein !
What ! crouched at thy false feet to lie
Thy wife !—thy prisoner first she’d die !
Avaunt ! begone ! away, away—
With words that lie, and hands that slay.”
Kolorkor’s brow a cloud o’ercast,
His breath was coming “thick and fast,”
And fanned his anger-burning cheek,
As thus the chief essayed to speak :

KOLORKOR’S THREAT.

“Not by this spear, that lately stood
A sapling in Tor’s sacred wood,
But by the keener point unseen
Of shaft whose bark ne’er budded green,
Hurl’d by the might of wizard spell,
With force resistless, fierce and fell—
Mine now the lock you lost when fright
Had mastered all your senses quite.
’Tis mine ! but Kolpo’s be the charge
To weave the spell, and grave the targe,
To symbol forth those pliant limbs,
Depict each orb in tears that swims,
And trace the darkly flowing hair,
Forced gage to passion from despair !
Such be his play at dead of night
When the fair figure, fixed upright,
Shall fade and wither ’fore the fire,
While Kolpo sings Kolorkor’s ire ;
And in the weird night-air shall wave
Thy hair from poison-dripping stave.

Nor dream, fond maid, of hope, escape,
 Nor aid nor help in any shape.
 Kolorkor swears ! His heart is steeled !
 And thou, thine awful doom is sealed.
 Pity—forgiveness—hence !—remorse,
 Farewell !—until thy withered corpse
 Shall rot upon the arid plain,
 And whiten in the sun and rain.
 There never shall the Raven stoop
 With shifting eye and quivering swoop ;
 The birds, the very beasts of prey,
 Awestruck, shall shivering turn away ;
 And grass beneath and leaves above,
 Shall wither with Kolorkor's love."
 He turned, and turning, swiftly fled
 Into the gloom the forest shed,
 Nor paused till well beneath the roof
 Whence all the tribe most held aloof,
 And sought the ghoul whose peering eye
 Seemed tracing out some mystery.

INCANTATION OF KOLPO THE WIZARD.

Within the wood, by weird fire-light
 The Wizard plied his art at night ;
 And sitting with his palms outspread,
 And palsied, forward-bending head,
 Sang to the flames a dreamy stave,
 That sounded like a half-spent wave.
 "Lambent tongues of sacred fire,
 That own the burning sun as sire ;
 And thou, O sun ! whose kindling ray,
 Drives forth the night, begets the day ;

Whose red and ever-glowing hearth,
 Plundered for shivering suns of earth,
 Conceived the heat that warms our hands
 With blazing heav'n-enraptured brands —
 Assist our spell—our incantation,
 Nor heed a lover's lamentation.

Bat and Bird,
 Lizard, Owl,
 Crow and Snake
 With hooded cowl,

Cast with me malignant eyes
 On Kolpo's symbol'd sacrifice ;
 Circle, flit about the flames ;
 Fan the fire that aids our aims.
 Night-jar, owl, and fluttering bat
 Sail ye round and round. That fat
 Came from a warrior's cloven side,
 Grim trophy of a victor's pride :
 This, and poison from the snake,
 With juice of deadly herb, I take,
 And, breathing wizard's withering curse,
 Anoint the targe and work for worse.
 Eat her, ' Pudgill,'—gnaw her frame :
 Burn her, leprous tongues of flame ;
 Wrinkle all of her that's round,
 Nor leave a single sinew sound ;
 So shall each supple limb give way,
 And shrink into a shrivelled spray ;
 So shall dull death, by slow degrees,
 Her heart's swift-bounding current freeze.
 Blast the twin blossoms of her breast,
 Burn and gnaw—'tis our behest.
 Quench yon two stars—our sacrifice

Demands the light of beauty's eyes."

* * * * *

'Twas thus the palsied wizard sang,
As Mora-Mora on him sprang.
All that long night he'd watched the ghoul,
The lizard, bat, and large-eyed owl :
Had seen the raven fan the flame
That flickered, leapt, and went and came :
Had marked, with swift-increasing ire,
The loathsome hell-craft by the fire.
No longer to be held, he swung
His club aloft ; it hissed and sung,
As falling on the wizard's pate,
It turned the wavering scale of fate.

THE BROKEN SPELL.

Thus the destroying Kolpo fell,
As all the camp traditions tell ;
And Mora-Mora stooped to stretch
Across the quivering prostrate wretch,
And snatched, with all a lover's care,
The streaming lock—the maiden's hair ;
O'erturned the targe and quenched the fire,
And 'venged the maid, though not the sire.

THE RETURN, AND THE FULL-MOON DANCE.

To gain the camp, one day and night,
He westward sped on limbs of might ;
And found the tribes with spear and lance
Preparing for the "full-moon" dance :

And tho' half-weary from the race,
He painted o'er his anxious face,
And joined the dancing joyous throng,
With mazy tread and sounding song.
The crowd advanced, the crowd retired,
In martial rank by music fired ;
Anon sank softly, as the strain
Subsiding like the slumbrous main
Which, murmuring gently on the beach,
Breathes to the sky its failing speech.

THE TIDINGS OF REVENGE.

When all was still—and man and maid
Well wearied, wandered through the glade,
Or sought the hut and warm fireside
To rest awhile in painted pride—
Then Mora-Mora found the cot,
Seeming as tho' he sought it not,
The one that held his maiden's charms,
All trembling there with love's alarms ;
And clasping her with wild embrace
He kissed the big tears from her face.
Short were their whispered words and few,
Beneath the bower-leaves wet with dew.
Swift he restored the ravished lock,
And 'gan the wizard's art to mock :
“ Our tribe, my girl—will arm anon,
And thou must all thy bravery don,
To fly with me when all is won,
Or see me die ere next the sun
Shall crown yon mountain's sombre brow,
And seal or loose our plighted vow.”

THE BATTLE BY MOONLIGHT.

The song waxed loud—the dancers flew,
 As Mora-Mora backwards drew,
 Stealing towards the rocky ledge,
 That fenced the towering plateau's edge ;
 Thence beckoning to his trusty clan,
 He posted warriors, man by man.
 " I go," he cried, " to join the king,
 But when you hear my war-club ring
 Against his shield, rush every man
 Into the battle's bristling van,
 And where you note the curlew's cry,
 Press forward to the fray !—'tis I !"

* * * * *

The shield was struck ! The king amazed,
 Upon the painted stripling gazed,
 Then rushed upon him with the spear,
 But found the foe devoid of fear ;
 Raised his stout arm, and thundered, " Die !"
 When rose to heaven the curlew's cry,
 And braves in masses forward press'd
 With levelled spear and fluttering crest ;
 And lo ! aloft, a giant arm,
 Whose mail'd might with starry charm,
 Was studded o'er at every joint,
 That blazed with many a rivet point.
 It held the moon ! a silver shield
 Outstretched above their battle-field,
 And legioned stars in bright array,
 Seem'd waiting for the coming fray ;

Thence glanced the star-shaft launched in vain,
 Thence it reeled wildering o'er the plain,
 As point from boss was harmless turned,
 And death impending swiftly spurned.

* * * * *

The heavens knelled back the shouts and cries
 Of warriors in their agonies ;
 And through the star-lit blue vault rang
 The din of arms—the battle clang.
 Host forth to host defiance hurled,
 As the stern conflict shook the world ;
 The hissing spears sped on like levin,
 Obscuring in their flight the heaven ;
 While circling thro' the air there sang,
 The swift careering boomerang.

THE DEATH OF MORA-MORA.

The victors left the mangled dead,
 Unburied, as they onward sped
 To gain, ere earliest matin ray,
 The track that marked their homeward way.
 But ere the braves had cleared the wood,
 Or made their victor footing good,
 The king stole round, and blocked the pass,
 Where, hid behind the tufted grass,
 He rallied soon a faithful few,
 To charge the foe that rose to view.
 Onward in warlike rank they came,
 With arms and limbs of symbolled flame ;
 But ah ! too soon that marching throng,
 Disordered, changed their triumph song

To one of wailing, woe, and grief,
 When spear-transfixed their gallant chief,
 Fell to the turf with heavy sound,
 And all his blood bedewed the ground.

DEATH OF BALLADEÂDRO.

Kolorkor's vengeance nigh complete,
 He hurled again, and at the feet
 Of bleeding Mora-Mora fell
 The maiden both had loved so well.
 The shaft he urged, by fury prest,
 Had pierced the virgin's yielding breast ;
 There the reed, blood-stained, trembling hung
 As died these last words on her tongue :—
 " Alas ! I die ! and well 'tis so,
 Since blood and love commingled flow !
 Smile, Father ! on this marriage-bed,
 And bless the pair that death has wed.
 Ah ! happier thus by spearman's point
 To fall, than wither root and joint,
 A victim to the wizard's spell,
 Insidious, cruel, dark, and fell !"
 She folded in her last embrace
 Her lord, and laid her dying face
 Against his cheek, with eyes upcast,
 And thus two loving spirits passed.

* * * *

She fell ! Another spear in rest
 Wrought the avenger's stern behest ;
 But whether this were deed of chance,
 Or of some destined, chosen lance,

None knows, or no one cares to tell,
Save that the proud Kolorkor fell.
This much is known :—'tis breathed by night,
By many a dying camp-fire's light,
By watchers as they while away
The hours that usher in the day,
Or tell the children round the fires—
How trembled once their stalwart sires,
To find no kingly corpse next day,
Among the common warrior clay.
How from on high a bleeding owl,
With glaring eyes and snowy cowl,
Gazed on that field with fixed despair,
Shrieked, and so vanished into air !
But when the child makes bold to ask
Some crone the mystery to unmask,
She only answers—"Trim the fire,
Or, pile the sticks a little higher,
And cuddle closer while we sing
A story of some other king."

THE AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANT'S SONG.

LET us haste in the prime of our youth,
 To the land that is fairest on earth ;
 There establish our altar and hearth,
And an empire build in the south.
But it is not that Albion we fly ;
 For our country, wherever we rove,
 In our hearts we will carry, as Love
Bore his Psyche aloft to the sky.

Like the Trojan, to found a new home,
 When called by command of his god,
 Deserted his native abode,
And raised in the wilderness Rome :
So impelled by the fiat of fate,
 And led by a sure guiding hand,
 We abandon, like him, our own land,
To establish a nation as great.

But more happy than he was, a state
 We'll erect, where never the free,
 If wealthy, oppressors can be,
Or if poor, can be slaves to the great ;
Where Liberty monarch shall reign,
 But her minister, Justice, shall rule ;
 Where no tyrants can lord o'er the fool,
Nor men inflict wrongs upon men,

It is not misfortune compels,
Nor oppression, nor insult incites,
But a voice in the breeze that invites
Our departure, and destiny tells ;
And it whispers while filling the sails
Of our joy-bounding ship on its way,
As it ploughs without furrow the spray,
To our fancy delighted strange tales.

It whispers, 'twill lead us to shores,
Where the vine and the pomegranate bloom,
And censers of frankincense fume
From the sandalwood trees in the moors ;
Where the wattle the precipice crowns,
And her fountain the fat olive yields,
Where sleek herds crop the flesh of the fields,
And silken-wooled flocks graze the downs.

Where the emu stalks over the lea,
And the kangaroo bounds through the dale ;
Where rich harvests o'er mountain and vale
Extend, like a topaz-gemmed sea ;
And where Nature has sown all the soil,
Like a husbandman, broadcast with gold ;
Still teeming with treasures untold,
To reward our adventurous toil.

Though the springs of the clouds be all dry,
And the earth be baked to a clod,
We will trust in a merciful God,
Who will open the flood-gates on high,
And answer our fever-struck cry :
" O ye of faint heart and weak faith,
Walk safe through the shadows of death !
Hark the rush of the rain in the sky."

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

IN the mother-country, hoary and old,
With its snowy cliffs and its misty sky,
The heart beats slow, and the blood runs cold,
And it does not seem so hard to die.

There the chill rain drips on the chill grey stones,
In the damp churchyards where the dead men lie ;
Till it soaks through the sod to the bleaching bones,
While "Dust to dust !" is the preacher's cry.

But here, in the glow of the tropic sun,
"Here lies Barbara, aged sixteen ;"
And I stand by the grave of this unknown one,
And sadly muse on the "might have been."

A fair young life in a fair young land,
I had sighed for oft in that northern clime,
Where the pale cliffs girdle the wave-worn strand
Of the old-world island grown grey with time.

And this was the greeting that met mine eyes,
As they opened wide on the glad new scene,
But to read with a shock of sad surprise,
"Here lies Barbara, aged sixteen !"

In vain did the feathery wattles wave,
And the gum-tree scatter its rich perfume ;
Nought could I heed but that girlish grave,
With its pitiful legend of early doom.

Till my heart was heavy and sore the while,
Like a weary bird with a wounded wing ;
And I grew to long for the grey old isle,
Where death and decay seemed a fitting thing.

I had forgotten that rest remains
After the tomb to the seekers for Truth,
In that distant country where ever reigns
Eternal summer, eternal youth.

Where we sicken no more with our discontent
Of the years too short, or the days too long,
And the mournful minor of Earth's lament,
Merges into the key-note of Heaven's song !

THE CYNIC OF THE WOODS.

I 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
Immortalize 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, civilized and rude,
Of varying race and creed,
The black-skinned savage, almost nude,
The Englishman in tweed.

And here the lubra oft has stayed
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 rhapsodize,
That I am more in love with self
Than with the earth and 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 endow'd
With your fine humorous sense,
I, too, should laugh—aye, quite as loud,
At all Man's vain pretence.

A ROMANCE IN THE ROUGH.

A STURDY fellow, with a sunburnt face,
And thews and sinews of a giant mould ;
A genial mind, that harboured nothing base,—
A pocket void of gold.

The rival's years were fifty at the least—
Withered his skin, and wrinkled as a crone ;
But day by day his worldly goods increased,
Till great his wealth had grown.

And she, the lady of this simple tale,
Was tall and straight, and beautiful to view ;
Even a poet's burning words would fail
To paint her roseate hue.

The suitors came, the old one and the young,
Each with fond words her fancy to allure.
For which of them should marriage bells be rung,
The rich one or the poor ?

She liked the young one with his winning ways,
He seemed designed to be her future mate—
Besides, in novels and romantic plays
Love has a youthful gait,

But well she knew that poverty was hard,
And humble household cares not meant for her ;
Nor cared she what the sentimental bard
Might warble or infer.

She made her choice, the wedding bells rang clear ;
The aged bridegroom figured in the *Times*.
The young man, after some superfluous beer,
Went forth to foreign climes.

And this is all I ever chanced to know,
Told by my mate while digging on the Creek,
Who ended with his handsome face aglow,
And with a verse in Greek.

A BUSH STUDY, *A LA WATTEAU.*

HE.

SEE the smoke-wreaths how they curl so lightly skyward
 From the ivied cottage nestled in the trees :
 Such a lovely spot—I really feel that I would
 Be happy there with children on my knees.

SHE.

No, you wouldn't. These are merely idle fancies
 Of a gentleman much given to day-dreams.
 These chimneys always smoke, and, then the chance is
 You would have a scolding wife and babe that screams.

HE.

Ah ! but look ! just there, above that lowly cottage,
 Birds are flitting in the sunlight clear and pure ;
 And the three-score years and ten—man's poor allotage—
 Might be passed away with pleasure there, I'm sure.

SHE.

Now, pray listen, oh, vain wanderer from the city,
 And look bravely up and meet my searching eyes :
 Would you give up all your town life, bright and witty,
 Just because the cottage smoke curls to the skies ?

HE.

I regret to find you're one of those young ladies—
 Pet productions of this artificial age :
 Rural solitude to you is simply Hades,
 And your paradise the ballroom or the stage.

SHE.

Yes, forsooth ! and why ? Because, my airy dreamer,
I can use my eyes as well as gaily dance—
See the Husband, Wife, the Lover, Dupe and Schemer,
All whirling past and weaving a romance.

HE.

You think, then, Miss, such dreadful social questions
Are like cards, designed to pass away the time ;
Do you not perceive that all these pseudo-Christians
Are but moths that flutter round the candle Crime ?

SHE.

At the play, too, where I oft with dear mamma go,
There's the drama being acted on the boards ;
And Othello, Desdemona, and Iago
In the boxes, p'raps, without the paint and swords.

HE.

Well, that may be, but the life of show and fashion
You so prize above the simple joys around,
Is all false ; more noble manhood and true passion
In the daily lives of rustics may be found.

SHE.

Think you then that those who dwell in rural places
Are quite free from every evil thought and deed ?
Pray speak unto the swain who hither paces
With slow steps, as though in pain, across the mead.

HE.

If you will not sneer, I'll ask him for his story ;
But expect not that his daily life shall be
Full of famous deeds ; he careth not for glory,
But lives by honest labour, pure and free.

SHE.

Speak on ; speak ! and let me hear this modern idyll
 From the lips of yonder heavy-footed swain ;—
 By-the-bye, his wild, erratic sort of sidle
 Seems to indicate that he the bowl doth drain.

HE.

Hush—he'll overhear. . . . O tell me, gentle cottar,
 Dwellest thou here remote from carking care and strife ?

SUNDOWNER.

What's that to you ? Are you a bloated squatter ?
 Better clear, old man [hic] 'companied by your wife.

HE.

Thou mistakest me, thou toil-worn man and humble ;
 I own no lands where graze the peaceful sheep.
 Thou art stirred with deep emotion, and dost mumble—
 Speak up bravely, brother man, and do not weep.

SUNDOWNER.

Hot to-day, guv'nor ; let's go and have a liquor ;
 Lady take anything ?—Bless you I can pay—
 Haven't had one yet, and nothing makes me sicker
 Than abstaining altogether such a day.

Sings.

Shearing sheep is dry work,
 Kissing girls is sly work ;
 But drinking deep is my work ;
 So, let's drink, boys, drink !

HE.

Come, Mabel, come. He is worse than Turk or Bulgar,
And his presence doth the very air pollute.

SHE.

Well, I must confess he is a trifle vulgar ;
But what say you now, my dreamer ?

HE.

I am mute.

THE STORM.

AYE, 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 darkness 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.

MY COUSIN FROM PALL MALL.

THERE'S nothing that exasperates a true Australian youth,
Whatever be his rank in life, be he cultured or uncouth,
As the manner of a London swell. Now it chanced, the
other day,
That one came out, consigned to me—a cousin, by the way.

As he landed from the steamer at the somewhat dirty pier,
He took my hand ; and lispingly remarked, "How very
queer !
I'm glad, of course, to see you—but you must admit this
place,
With all its mixed surroundings, is a national disgrace."

I defended not that dirty pier, not a word escaped my lips ;
I pointed not—though well I might—to the huge three-
masted ships ;
For, although with patriotic pride my soul was all aglow,
I remembered Trollope's parting words, "Victorians do not
blow."

On the morrow through the city we sauntered, arm in
arm ;
I strove to do the cicerone—my style was grand and calm.
I showed him all the lions—but I noted with despair
His smile, his drawl, his eye-glass, and his supercilious air.

As we strolled along that crowded street, where Fashion
holds proud sway,
He deigned to glance at everything, but not one word did say ;
I really thought he was impressed by its well-deserved
renown
Till he drawled, " Not bad—not bad at all—for a provincial
town."

Just as he spoke there chanced to pass a most bewitching
girl,
And I said, " Dear cousin, is she not fit bride for any earl?"
He glanced, with upraised eyebrows and a patronizing
smile,
Then lisped, " She's pretty, not a doubt, but what a want
of style !"

We paused a moment just before a spacious House of
Prayer ;
Said he, " Dear me ! Good gracious ! What's this ugly
brick affair—
A second-rate gin-palace ?" " Cease, cease," I said ; " you
must—
O spare me,"—here my sobs burst forth. I was humbled
to the dust.

But, unmindful of my agonies, in the slowest of slow
drawls,
He lisped away for hours of the Abbey and St. Paul's,
Till those grand historic names had for me a hateful sound,
And I wished the noble piles themselves were levelled to
the ground.

My young bright life seemed blasted, my hopes were dead
and gone,
No blighted lover ever felt so gloomy and forlorn ;
I'd reached the suicidal stage—and the reason of it all,
This supercilious London swell, his eye-glass and his drawl.

But, though hidden, still there's present, in our darkest hour
of woe,
A sense of respite and relief, although we may not know
The way that gracious Providence will choose to right the
wrong,
So I forthwith ceased my bitter tears—I suffered and was
strong.

Then we strolled into the Club, where he again commenced
to speak,
But I interrupted, saying, " Let us leave town for a week,
I see that Melbourne bores you—nay, nay, I know it's
true ;
Let us wander 'midst the gum-trees, and observe the kan-
garoo."

My words were soft and gentle, and none could have
discerned
How, beneath my calm demeanour, volcanic fury burned.
And my cousin straight consented, as his wine he slowly
sipped,
To see the gay Marsupial and the gloomy Eucalypt.

Ah ! who has ever journeyed on a glorious summer night
Through the weird Australian bush-land without feeling of
delight ?

The dense untrodden forest, in the moonlight coldly pale,
Brings before our wondering eyes again the scenes of fairy
tale,

No sound is heard, save where one treads upon the lonely
track ;
We lose our dull grey manhood, and to early youth go
back—
To scenes and days long passed away, and seem again to
greet
Our youthful dreams, so rudely crushed like the grass
beneath our feet,

'Twas such a night we wandered forth ; we never spoke a
word
(I was too full of thought for speech—to him no thought
occurred)
When, gazing from the silent earth to the star-lit silent sky,
My cousin in amazement dropped his eye-glass from his eye.

At last, I thought his soul was moved by the grandeur of the
scene
(As the most prosaic Colonist's I'm certain would have
been),
Till he replaced his eye-glass, and remarked—"This may
be well,
But one who's civilized prefers the pavement of Pall Mall."

* * * * *

I swerved not from that moment from my purpose foul and
grim ;
I never deigned to speak one word, nor even glanced at
him ;
But suddenly I seized his throat, . . . he gave one dreadful
groan,
And I, who had gone forth with him, that night returned
alone.

FROM "JOHN CUMBERLAND."

OH! the gentle moonlight shining on the branches inter-
twining!

Oh, the lovely moonlight sleeping in the hollows of the
hill!

On the river silver-crested, on the mountain purple-breasted,
With the midnight stillness echoing the murmur of the
rill;

And the sedge-bird in the marshes, and the rustling in the
larches,

And the dark tips looking frosted on the edges of the
pine,

And the ripple on the rivers, where the moonlight shakes
and shivers,

To the nightingale's clear music, and the housedog's
distant whine.

Oh! the soft night breezes creeping, and the dreary moon-
beam sleeping,

And the stars like jewels glittering in the water's quiet
breast,

And the distant echo dying, and the distant hills replying;

And oh! the heart grows placid with the sentiment of
rest.

God imposed it as a duty, when He bathed the world in
beauty,

That *we* should learn to love Him through the glory of
His works;

Make the moonbeam calm and tender, rolled the sun in
light and splendour,
That we might read the lesson in all loveliness that lurks ;
That mankind might know the story of His goodness and
His glory,
Set before them, plainly written, in all places, in all
time ;
In the spirit and the letter telling this world of a better,
Free from death and from temptation, free from wretched-
ness and crime ;
Peace beyond all earthly measure, riches past all earthly
treasure—
If God hath made this world so fair for Adam's fallen
race,
What shall be the joy up-springing, when the seraph hosts
bow singing,
And the suns are sickly tapers to the glory of His face ?
There are tones the heart will hush to ; there are sounds the
cheek will flush to ;
There are little lovely glimpses that speak strangely to
the soul ;
When the arching boughs meet o'er us, and the landscape
breaks before us—
Revelation speaks in flashes, and a part declares the
whole.
Underneath the lightning flashing, underneath the thunder
crashing,
Or the cataract that tumbles white with wild and stream-
ing hair,
In the strong wind's day of battle, in the tempest's scream
and rattle,
Goaded thought leaps up in sparkles that we seek in vain
elsewhere ;

To all ages hath He spoken, lest the burdened back be
broken,
So that sight and sound may take away the pressure of
the years :
And almighty to deliver, hath set free our souls for ever,
When the darkness set on Calvary, and veiled immortal
tears.
Shall He not of right be jealous, as He bade His prophets
tell us,
Lest His creatures offer elsewhere the praise that is His
own ?
When He wrote on all creation His great mandate—
adoration ;
That all peoples and all languages might bow before His
throne ;
In bereavement and in sorrow tells the heart of a to-morrow,
That we walk together comforted through trouble and
through pain ;
Gave His word to priest and poet, that the listening world
might know it,
And purge itself of folly and return to Him again.
Such the thoughts that we four pondered, in the moonlight
as we wandered ;
And peace rose out of loveliness and slept upon my
breast ;
And love rose out of the heather, as we wended home
together,
And bound us four in unity—and all my heart had rest.

HOW WE RAN IN THE BLACK WARRIGAL
HORSE, "THE PET OF THE PRAIRIES."

You must let me have Topsail to-day, boss,
If we're going for that Warrigal mob,
And let Edwin ride Bunyip, the bay 'oss,
And put Miller on Rory the cob.
Poor old Zillah's as stiff as a poker,
Or we'd give her a bit of a show ;
So let Arthur ride steady old Stoker,
Who can last tho' he is a bit slow.
You've got Mischief in very good fettle,
And, by Jove, he'll be tried well to-day,
For them flyers will sound all our mettle,
And we shan't have it all our own way.
Last night I was bilin' the billy
When I see the whole lot sailing past ;
In the lead was that mealy-nosed filly,
And, by gosh, boss, that filly is fast !
The " Pet of the Prairies " looked awfully grand
Spieling well out on the wing,
With five mares without ever a brand
Loping in to the " Warrigal Spring."
Next morning was plenty of bustle,
And tackling was carefully placed
On beauties with bone and with muscle,
Whose sires and whose dams had all raced.
We soon sighted " The spring," and the pipe
Was by one and by all being lit,

When M'Dermott (of bushman a type)
Said he'd ride up the rise just a bit.
From a shout he could scarcely refrain,
Then slipped off as though he'd been shot,
And whispered, "They're on the big plain,
And, by Jingo, we'll bag the whole lot!"
"Now, boys, are you ready? keep cool and ride steady,
The beggars don't dream we have found 'em.
Boss and Ned to the right, keep well out of sight—
We'll make a big try to get round 'em.
And, Arthur and Miller, you see that big willer
In the gorge by the Currajong-hill?
To make that is your dart—sneak round and look smart,
Till I signal you, keep there quite still,
And I'll make a sweep until I can creep
To 'The Spring' right round the outside;
Then, when you see smoke by the forky she-oak,
You can ride as you never did ride."

We put back our pipes in their cases,
And paired off, as old Jack had said,
With the fire of the sport in our faces,
For we all were colonial bred.
And now we have all reached our cover,
We can see the black horse sniff the breeze;
No maiden e'er looked for her lover
More than we for that smoke by the trees.
See at last the smoke curls up—hurrah!
They see it as soon as we do;
Jack's close on their heels with "houp-la!"
And we echo his rally-cry, too;
Straight down the big plain all together,
Then their necks are craned straight for the hills.
Now, Bunyip, just let us see whether

You can come in a pace which kills.
Yes! Edwin has turned them—cleverly done;
Once more towards the station we hit,
The mob shows distress, five miles have we run,
And they're trying their hardest to split.
Now we streak through a forest of box,
Leaving shreds of our shirts in our train;
Now flounder o'er smooth granite rocks,
Now o'er fissures cut deep by the rain.
Poor old Stoker goes straight at a whopper,
But the old horse is killed by the pace,
And Arthur comes down such a cropper
That he is put out of the race.
And Miller on Rory is tailing;
This game is too fast for a hack,
Even Bunyip's endurance is failing,
So it's left to the boss and old Jack.
They tackle the "Pet of the Prairies,"
They must have him dead or alive;
They rally him right down the level
That leads to the Warrigal "drive."
How he rushes and dodges and twists,
How vainly he tries to clear out;
But behind him are muscles and wrists,
And men who know what they're about.
See at last he grows blinded and fagged,
They hustle him down the home track,
So the "Pet of the Prairies" is bagged,
And is now Elliot's favourite hack.
And on grog nights we yarn of that run,
As we sit by the old fireside,
And talk tall of the deeds that were done
In that wonderful Warrigal ride.

AUSTRALIA.

ALL the things that have been done, and all the things that
are to be ;
All the wonders wrought on land, and all the wonders on
the sea ;
All the victories of nations, all the triumphs of mankind ;
All the grand and bold achievements over matter won by
mind ;
That which stirs and thrills our spirits in the closings of to-
day ;
Words that sweep the world like fire, acts that all the nations
sway,
When to-morrow's sun has risen, smiling from the glittering
sea,
All are with the dead past ages, parts of life's long history ;
Wrought into the grand mosaic lying down the course of
Time ;
Bits caught up from all the nations, lights and shades from
every clime.
Rise and fall of every nation, origin of empires vast,
Trace we back through creeping decades to the dim and
shadowy past ;
Every great majestic river flowing on to meet the sea,
Bearing on its stately bosom many a gallant argosy,
Owes its proud, resistless volume to ten thousand tiny rills,
Takes its rise in some low wood-spring hidden in the quiet
hills ;
So through dimness and through darkness rose our infant
colony
On a continent of beauty, sleeping on a southern sea,

Lying all at rest and silent, never dreaming what should be,
Never looking through the future to the wonders that we
see.

Many a battle has been fought, and many a victory has been
won,

Since first the sable warrior drew the blood of England's
gallant son ;

Many a deed of blood has reddened, many a cry gone up
to God,

Since first this southern land of light was by the foot of
white man trod,

Still through all, through fights and bloodshed, inward
strife and inward fear,

Through the wearying disappointments always coming year
by year ;

Through it all with dauntless courage, inborn power and
inbred might,

Like the grass in spring-time pushes through the earth's
crust into light,

Through intrigues of legislators, faction fight and party
strife,

Bravely did the nation struggle, upward, onward, into life,
Bravely fought and fairly conquered till to-day we see her
stand,

Not a tiny scarce-known handful, but a rich and mighty
land ;

Strong, with all the strength that youth has Time's unending
war to wage,

Mighty with the might of ages, hers by right of heritage,
Rich with stores of mineral wealth, and flocks and herds by
land and sea,

Lo ! her white-winged messengers are sweeping over every
sea.

Lo ! a young world, lo ! a strong world, rises in this distant
clime,
Destined to increase and strengthen to the very end of
time.
Here through veins with young life swelling, rolls the blood
that rules the world ;
Here as hers, and dear as honour, England's banner floats
unfurled.
Oh, Australia ! fair and lovely, empress of the southern sea,
What a glorious fame awaits thee in the future's history.
Land of wealth, and land of beauty, tropic suns and arctic
snows,
Where the splendid noontide blazes, where the raging
storm-wind blows ;
Be thou proud, and be thou daring, ever true to God and
man ;
In all evil be to rearward, in all good take thou the van !
Only let thy hands be stainless, let thy life be pure and
true,
And a destiny awaits thee such as nations never knew !

THE BLUE LAKE—MOUNT GAMBIER.

LYING asleep in the golden light
Fringed with a setting of emerald green,
Crowned with a majesty peerless and grand,
Nature has surely made thee her queen.
The clouds that gathered above in the air
Mirror themselves in thy sparkling eye,
Sending their beauty to swell thy store,
Till we scarce can tell the lake from the sky.

Lying asleep in the shining light ;
Silent and calm as befits a queen ;
Like a giant sapphire, limpid and pure,
Set in a border of golden green ;
How wondrous calm and fair it must be
Here when the glorious moonbeams lie
In silver floods on thy shining face
And the soft winds wander in whispers by—

When the long fantastic shadows creep out
And wander about in their silent way,
Giving a beauty weird and strange
That will fade in the sober light of day.
And then in the solemn stillness of night,
When the white stars burn from their thrones on high,
Does ever a moan steal up from thy heart
To the far-off arch of the listening sky ?

Down in that wonderful heart of thine,
Does some awful secret of suffering lie—
Some tale of a dreadful tragedy,
Wrought in the years that have long gone by?
O, beautiful picture of calmness and peace,
I can see in fancy a terrible day,
When the very fiend of the bottomless pit
In thy quiet nest held riotous sway.

When a bubbling cauldron of molten fire
Seethed where thou sleepest in beauty now,
And a storm-cloud blacker than midnight dark
Hung low on the shuddering mountain's brow ;
When the lurid glare of destruction's light
Flared red and wild in the face of heaven,
And the trembling earth in her agony
By mighty earthquakes was rocked and riven

When here, where the grass is velvet now,
And the radiant golden sunlight lies,
A torrent of living fire swept down,
And darkened the face of the noontide skies,
And the mountain reeled in the demon's clutch
As he belched forth scorching fire for breath,
And wherever his scathing footsteps trod
There fell the shadow of darkness and death.
And when the rage of the fiend was spent,
And the awful work of the day was done,
I can see the blackened and blasted land
Lie stricken and dead in the light of the sun.

The land is smiling and emerald now,
And the glorious sunlight's golden gleam
Lies warm on the stern old mountain's side,
And the past seems only a hideous dream.
But that vision of horror is real and true—
As real as this lovely summer scene—
Real as this mount with its sapphire heart,
And its delicate border of golden green.

But why art thou lying there, O gem—
Lying so solemn, and calm, and still?
Dost thou hold in thy beautiful azure bonds
The strength of the raging fire-fiend's will?
No hand but the hand of the Lord of Heaven
Could have laid thee here in thy quiet nest,
Could have cradled thee deep in a mountain's heart,
With the sunlight kissing thy radiant breast.

Was it for this that He set thee here,
To work out in silence His mighty will?
So that the earth from her trouble should rest,
And the seething tempest of fire lie still?
Was it for this thou art cradled here?
Or art thou the wonderful well of truth,
Or the fabled fountain whose waters hold
The priceless treasure of fadeless youth?

Art thou only the work of enchantment? Say,
Has thy beauty been wrought by some magic spell?
Will this wonderful vision vanish and fade,
Leaving nothing behind but this empty well?

Or a grand old mountain, proud and high,
Crowned to the summit in living green,
Bathed by the sunlight, and drenched by the rain,
Just in the way that it often has been ?

No answer comes up from thy silent lips,
Thou holdest thy secret closely and well,
And whatever the future, no whisper will breathe
From the azure depths of that rock-bound cell.
Farewell to thee, glorious mountain gem,
Though thy beauty I never again may see,
Yet often in fancy I'll wander back
To sit in the sunlight and dream of thee.

THE PROSPECTOR.

ALONG the mountain's pathway, across the Alpine steep,
Through scrub and gloomy forest, and rugged gorges bleak ;
Onward, earnest, onward, in heat, in rain, in cold,
Patient and enduring, he roams in search of gold.

Hoping fondly ever, sanguine day by day,
Braving hardships often, he plods his toilsome way ;
His bed the withered fern leaves, 'neath tent or frail "mi-mi ;"
Alone with God and nature—no human being nigh.

His "blaze" upon the gum-tree far in the bush is seen ;
His "prospect-hole" is met with on almost every stream.
Where torrents foam and tumble down ravines deep and
dark,
You'll trace the digger's footsteps, you'll see the digger's
mark.

Here a worn-out "sluice-trough" with its "paddle" thrown
away,
Or remnants of an old log hut now going to decay,
Or "dam," or "rase," or "tailings," or mounds of peaty
mould,
Tell plainly where his claim has been, where he has sought
for gold,

He gathers it in particles, yet see how great and strong
His findings make Victoria the nations rank among ;
He leads the way for others who clear and till the land ;
And where there was a wilderness a town is seen to stand.

There surely is a Providence whose guiding hand is seen
Thus daily working out a plan—a vast and mighty scheme ;
Thus giving homes to thousands, and food, and ease, and
wealth,
In this land of boundless riches, fertility, and health.

THE DUKITE SNAKE.

A WEST AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN'S STORY.

WELL, mate, you've asked me about a fellow
You met to-day, in a black-and-yellow
Chain-gang suit, with a pedler's pack,
Or with some such burden, strapped to his back.
Did you meet him square? No, he passed you by?
Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye,
You'd have felt for your irons then and there,
For the light in his eye is a madman's glare.
Ay, mad, poor fellow! I know him well,
And if you're not sleepy just yet, I'll tell
His story—a strange one as ever you heard
Or read; but I'll vouch for it, every word.

You just wait a minute, mate; I must see
How that damper 's doing, and make some tea.
You smoke? That's good; for there's plenty of weed
In that wallaby skin. Does your horse feed
In the hobbles? Well, he's got good feed here,
And my own old bush-mare won't interfere.
Done with that meal? Throw it there to the dogs,
And fling on a couple of banksia logs.

And now for the story. That man who goes
Through the bush with the pack and the convict's clothes
Has been mad for years; but he does no harm,

And our lonely settlers feel no alarm
 When they see or meet him. Poor Dave Sloane
 Was a settler once, and a friend of my own.
 Some eight years back, in the spring of the year,
 Dave came from Scotland and settled here.
 A splendid young fellow he was just then,
 And one of the bravest and truest men
 That I ever met : he was kind as a woman
 To all who needed a friend, and no man—
 Not even a convict—met with his scorn,
 For David Sloane was a gentleman born.
 Ay, friend, a gentleman, though it sounds queer,
 There's plenty of blue blood flowing out here,
 And some younger sons of your "upper ten"
 Can be met with here, first-rate bushmen.
 Why, friend, I——

Bah ! curse that dog ! you see
 This talking so much has affected me.

Well, Sloane came here with an axe and a gun ;
 He bought four miles of a sandal-wood run.
 This bush at that time was a lonesome place ;
 So lonesome, the sight of a white man's face
 Was a blessing, unless it came at night,
 And peered in your hut with the cunning fright
 Of a runaway convict ; and even they
 Were welcome, for talk's sake, while they could stay.
 Dave lived with me here for a while, and learned
 The tricks of the bush—how the snare was laid
 In the wallaby track, how traps were made,
 How 'possums and kangaroo rats were killed ;
 And when that was learned, I helped him to build

From mahogany slabs a good bush hut,
And showed him how sandal-wood logs were cut.
I lived up there with him days and days,
For I loved the lad for his honest ways.
I had only one fault to find : at first
Dave worked too hard ; for a lad who was nursed,
As he was, in idleness, it was strange
How he cleared that sandal-wood off his range.
From the morning light till the light expired
He was always working, he never tired ;
'Till at length I began to think his will
Was too much settled on wealth, and still
When I looked at the lad's brown face, and eye
Clear, open, my heart gave such thought the lie.
But one day—for he read my mind—he laid
His hand on my shoulder. " Don't be afraid,"
Said he, " that I'm seeking alone for pelf,
I work hard, friend ; but 'tis not for myself."
And he told me then in his quiet tone
Of a girl in Scotland who was his own,—
His wife,—'twas for her ; 'twas all he could say,
And his clear eye brimmed as he turned away.
After that he told me the simple tale :
They had married for love, and she was to sail
For Australia, when he wrote home and told
The oft-watched-for story of finding gold,

In a year he wrote, and his news was good :
He had bought some cattle and sold his wood.
He said, " Darling, I've only a hut,—but come,"
Friend, a husband's heart is a true wife's home ;
And he knew she'd come. Then he turned his hand

To make neat the house, and prepare the land
For his crops and vines ; and he made that place
Put on such a smiling and homelike face,
That when she came, and he showed her round
His sandal-wood and his crops in the ground,
And spoke of the future, they cried for joy,
The husband's arm clasping his wife and boy.

Well, friend, if a little of heaven's best bliss
Ever comes from the upper world to this,
It came into that manly bushman's life,
And circled him round with the arms of his wife.
God bless that bright memory ! Even to me,
A rough, lonely man, did she seem to be,
While living, an angel of God's pure love,
And now I could pray to her face above.
And David, he loved her as only a man,
With a heart as large as his is, can.
I wondered how they could have lived apart,
For he was her idol, and she his heart.

Friend, there isn't much more of the tale to tell :
I was talking of angels awhile since. Well,
Now I'll change to a devil,—ay, to a devil !
You needn't start ; if a spirit of evil
Ever came to this world its hate to slake
On mankind, it came as a Dukite Snake.

Like ? Like the pictures you've seen of sin,
A long red snake,—as if what was within
Was fire that gleamed through his glistening skin.
And his eyes—if you could go down to hell,

And come back to your fellows here and tell
What the fire was like, you could find no thing,
Here below on the earth, or up in the sky,
To compare it to but a Dukite's eye !

Now, mark you, these Dukites don't go alone :
'There's another near when you see but one ;
And beware you of killing that one you see
Without finding the other ; for you may be
More than twenty miles from the spot that night,
When camped, but you're tracked by the lone Dukite ;
'That will follow your trail like Death or Fate,
And kill you as sure as you killed its mate !

Well, poor Dave Sloane has his young wife here
Three months,—'Twas just this time of the year ;
He had teamed some sandal-wood to the Lasse,
And was homeward bound, when he saw in the grass
A long red snake ; he had never been told
Of the Dukite's way,—he jumped to the road
And smashed its flat head with the bullock-goad !
He was proud of the red skin, so he tied
Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed
The bush on the path he followed that night.

He was early home, and the dead Dukite
Was flung at the door to be skinned next day.
At sunrise next morning he started away
To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride
Brought him back ; he gazed on his home with pride
And joy in his heart ; he jumped from his horse
And entered—to look on his young wife's corse,

And his dead child clutching its mother's clothes
As in fright ; and there, as he gazed, arose
From her breast, where 'twas resting, the gleaming head
Of the terrible Dukite, as if it said,
" I've had vengeance, my foe ; you took all I had."
And so had the snake—David Sloane was mad !
I rode to his hut just by chance that night,
And there on the threshold the clear moonlight
Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door
With an awful feeling of coming woe :
The dead were stretched on the moonlit floor,
The man held the hand of his wife—his pride,
His poor life's treasure,—and crouched by her side.
O God !—I sank with the weight of the blow.
I touched and called him ; he heeded me not,
So I dug her grave in a quiet spot,
And lifted them both,—her boy on her breast,—
And laid them down in the shade to rest.
Then I tried to take my poor friend away,
But he cried so woefully, " Let me stay
Till she comes again !" that I had no heart
To try to persuade him then to part
From all that was left to him here—her grave ;
So I stayed by his side that night, and, save
One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound,—
O God ! that wail—like the wail of a hound !
'Tis six long years since I heard that cry,
But 'twill ring in my ears till the day I die.
Since that fearful night no one has heard
Poor David Sloane utter sound or word.
You have seen to-day how he always goes :
He's been given that suit of convict's clothes
By some prison-officer. On his back

You noticed a load like a pedler's pack?
Well, that's what he lives for ; when reason went
Still memory lived, for his days are spent
In searching for Dukites ; and year by year
'That bundle of skins is growing. 'Tis clear
'That the Lord out of evil some good still takes,
For he's clearing the bush of the Dukite snakes.

SOLITUDE.

WHERE the mocking lyre-bird calls
To its mate among the falls
Of the mountain streams that play,
Each adown its tortuous way ;
When the dewy-fingered even
Veils the narrowed glimpse of heaven,
Where the morning re-illumes
Gullies full of ferny plumes,
And the roof of radiance weaves
Through high-hanging vault of leaves ;
There 'mid giant turpentine,
Groups of climbing, clustering vines,
Rocks that stand like sentinels
Guarding native citadels,
Lowly flowering shrubs that grace
With their beauty all the place,
There I love to wander lonely
With my dog companion only ;
There, indulge unworldly moods
In the mountain solitudes ;
Far from all the gilded strife
Of our boasted "social life,"
Contemplating, spirit-free,
The majestic company,
Grandly marching through the ages—
Heroes, martyrs, bards, and sages—

They who bravely suffered long,
By their struggles waxing strong,
For the freedom of the mind,
For the rights of humankind.
Oh, for some awakening cause,
Where we face eternal laws,
Where we dare not turn aside,
Where the souls of men are tried—
Something of a nobler strife,
Which consumes the dross of life,
To unite to truer aim,
To exalt to loftier fame,
Leave behind the bats and balls,
Leave the racers in the stalls,
Leave the cards for ever shuffled,
Leave the yacht on seas unruffled,
Leave the haunts of pampered ease,
Leave your dull festivities—
Better far the savage glen,
Fitter school for earnest men.

SEVENTY.

THREE score 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 three score 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 lengthening nearer home,
Yet home ev'n 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 talk of glorious toil for good,
What service, what achievement high,
May nerve the will, re-fire 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 MOUNTAIN GRAVE.

THE railway's heavy-freighted trains
Go by, like giant things of life,
First from the fields of human strife ;
But there the wilderness remains.

The free, wild creatures of the wood
Scarce heed the trains that past them glide,
The trains that never turn aside
To break their peaceful solitude—

All wild beyond the one dear spot,
Where loving hands, for his dear sake,
A garden for the dead will make—
For Death himself a garden plot.

The lyre-bird from the ferny glen,
At morn and evening softly calls ;
The rains but bring the waterfalls ;
And never comes the noise of men.

They rent the mountain's rocky breast,
Still toiling through the silent hours,
To make a bed for forest flowers—
A bed for his unbroken rest.

All night they toiled to make his grave,
With pick and spade, all through the night ;
They made it by the fitful light
The clouded moon in pity gave.

A lonely spot we chose for him—
Along the lonely path that led
Our footsteps to his lonely bed,
His corse we bore, with eyes all dim.

With tear-dimmed eyes, and hearts like lead,
We gently laid him down to sleep—
We left him for the grave to keep,
Until the grave gives up its dead.

Fit resting-place for him whose soul
Was gentleness itself, who trod
His humble path in fear of God,
And sought no higher earthly goal.

ON THE MOUNTAINS.

LISTEN to the blustering rain
Beating on the window-pane ;
Stamping with hobgoblin tread
On the iron roof o'erhead ;
Coursing through the forest wild,
Through the trees in gloom up-piled ;
Dashing, splashing, down the gully
Bent on desolation fully !
How it drenches, drives, and pours !
What a night for out-of-doors !
Is not this, my princess, grand—
Cottage-life on mountain-land ?
Yet the situation, dearie,
Might be far less snug and cheery.
See before the blazing logs
How untroubled sleep the dogs
And how happy pussy purs,
Sitting in her queenly furs !
What care they for wind or rain,
While the hearthrug's their domain ?
And, with fancy-lighted look,
You are bending o'er your book,
Only raising those soft eyes
When you deign to drop replies—
Contradictions, phrased so mildly,
To my comments, scattered wildly,

Fairer picture who could paint
Than my little household saint ?
Let the tempest rage outside,
You and I are satisfied
To be safely housed together,
Independent of the weather,—
Independent of the haughty,
Hectoring world that is so naughty ;
And have we no visions pleasant
Of the playful lyre-tailed pheasant,
As some neighbour's bird he mocks
Down among the gully rocks,
In the evenings cool and grateful,
When the storm and all its hateful
Gusts of fury are forgotten ?
And of rambles where the rotten
'Trees of ancient giant mould,
Fell'd by ruthless storms of old,
In their robes of golden moss,
Stretch their shattered limbs across
Runlets of sweet water purling
Through four hundred feet or more,
From our mountain cottage door ?
And of rambles on the ranges
Where wild Nature's aspect changes,
Every step we onward take
Through the tangled flowery brake ;
Every step we press the sweet
Woof of flowers beneath our feet,
Shapes dissolve and colours mingle—
Wooded slope or rocky dingle ;
Trees by tempests toss'd and torn,
Long ere living man was born,

Standing still on steadfast root ;
Currant-bushes gemmed with fruit ;
Soft clematis forming bowers,
With its wreaths of pearly flowers ;
And the waratahs in state,
With their queenly heads elate,
And their flamy blood-red crowns,
And their stiff-frilled emerald gowns ;
And Australia's Christmas-trees,
Budding to the wooing breeze ;
And the robins and the thrushes,
Flitting through the fragrant bushes ?
And as still we ramble onward,
Where the forest opens sunward,
Where the mountain grasses spread
Carpet fit for queen to tread ;
And the mountain stream for ever
Runs impatient for the river,
With the brightest of bright faces,
Unto bowery hiding places ;
Out again like child that knows
He is loved where'er he goes ;
In cascades of crystal leaping,
Ever still its glad course keeping—
What a world of joyous life !
You remember (don't you, wife ?)
Scenes of beauty, peace, and love,
With the blue, still heaven above ;
Pleasant rambles, days of light ?
" Yes ; but how it rains to-night

DEAD IN THE QUEENSLAND BUSH.

WHERE the trailing boughs of the tea-trees droop,
 Where the vines hang festooned in curve and loop,
 Where lilies float, and the tall reeds stoop
 'Neath the tread of the lonely crane,
 There's a human form on the bare, hot sand,
 That the sun in its fury has scorched and tanned,
 That a pitying zephyr at times has fanned—
 It feels neither pleasure nor pain.

Poor, lost, and forgotten ! No mourner's wail
 Was heard when you parted, no face grew pale
 With weeping and watching. To tell the tale
 But a festering body lies there.
 Those rotting lips—did they ever press
 A mother's lip? Did a kind caress
 From a woman's hand ever smooth a tress
 Of that bleached and tangled hair?

* * * * *

To flee from Death had he vainly tried,
 Across the broad plains, ever side by side,
 They had walked together, and stride for stride
 Death kept up with him still.
 He drank of the water he so had craved,
 He dipped his hands in the stream and laved
 His heated face ; and he shouted, " Saved !"
 Death sate there waiting to kill.

Down on the sand in a careless heap,
He cast himself for a welcome sleep,
Not thinking the unseen presence did keep

Its watch beside him there.

Strange tender dreams of his boyhood's days
Shone brightly and clearly thro' Memory's haze—
His face—as he slumbered beneath Death's gaze—
It grew almost young and fair.

Then Death had great pity. Thought he, "It were sweet,
If, instead of awaking, once more to meet

Fresh toil to-morrow, on aching feet,

He should slumber all care away!"

He arose—and his face was an angel's face ;

He bent his head—in an instant's space

The soul of that sleeper had passed to grace ;

Death kissed him there where he lay.

THE GRAVE OF THE LAST KING OF
WALLERAWANG.

TREAD lightly on that little heap of earth,
For it is sacred—there is dust beneath
That from a royal chieftain drew its birth :
What though no diadem or jewelled wreath
Did sire to son of that dark line bequeath ;
Full many a tribe their sway bowed down before ;
All owned the power of one man's little breath ;
And of each son succeeding would implore
His wisdom, in their wild debate on peace or war.

Far as thine eye across the hills can range,
And all between that's hidden from thy gaze,
O'er wondrous piles of rock, time cannot change,
To where each crest is wrapt in milky haze ;
Through gullies whose deep gloom the burning rays
Of summer's sun, e'en in his proudest hour,
Had never pierced—they never felt his blaze :
O'er all this once that mouldering dust had power,
His palace was the ferny dells, the rocks his tower.

Each generation to the next had left
The woods unchanged, unchanged their hunting-ground ;
Nor was the next of animal bereft,
Or fish, or bird, the last one there had found,
From immemorial time the same wild sound

Had pierced the solitude as fell the night,
 And startled echo, as with sudden bound
 Gave answer to each shriek of wild delight,
 That closed the labours of the day, the chase, or fight.

They all have passed—the pale-face conqueror came,
 He slew them not, nor challenged them to fight ;
 That they are gone, then can he be to blame ?
 If more his energy, and more his might ;
 The fields he has obtained were his by right :
 The grain of Wheat is better than Nardoo,

* * * * *

And should their oxen starve to feed the kangaroo ?

As wreath of snow before the morning sun
 Would shrink and melt to nothingness away,
 Ere any recognized the thaw begun
 Amid the early labours of the day,
 The tribes have vanished, sunk into decay,
 The kindly earth that unto them had been
 A fruitful field, requiring toil nor pay,
 Had sheltered them in forests, evergreen,
 Now in her bosom hides them from life's busy scene.

What king defeated have his conquerors praised ?
 Or who remembered where his dust was laid ?
 Or unto him what monument was raised ?
 Unto his memory what respect was paid ?
 Do roses grow above his mouldering shade ?—
 Beside the black man's grave yon tall tree lone,
 With carvings rude, will doubtless soon be laid,
 With all the rest—that last mark overthrown,
 The king has not a foot, of miles that were his own.

ON THE RIVER.

OUR boat and we drift down the stream—
Down the stream :
My love is seated facing me,
With blue eyes that welling beam,
Lustrously as in a dream,
Full and shadowy.

Sultry grows the tropic sun,
But we two
Feel no whit the summer heat,
Floating where the shade is sweet,
Down the river's rippling flow,
Where the red-brown rushes grow,
Nodding in their cool retreat—

Floating in our fairy skiff,
Where we list,
All in the hot Australian noon,
What time we see a dim white moon
And languid nature sinks to rest,
Slumbering with unruffled breast
In a death-like swoon.

Down the river's curving reaches
Drifting slow,
Underneath a fragrant shade
By low-drooping she-oaks made ;

While in the purple tide below
Chequered shadows come and go—
Flush and flit and fade.

Oh ! the warm Australian day—
Golden fair !
Blue, stainless skies ! and over all
A drowsy stillness seems to fall,
A perfect hush is everywhere,
And the waveless charmèd air
Is held in dreamy thrall.

May, with flitting summer smiles
On her lips,
Rows one hand, all lily white,
Through the waters blue and bright,
And from her rosy finger tips
The crystal water sparkling drips
In liquid gems of light.

Deftly, my love, you touch the helm,
Clever May !
And on my lazy oars I bide,
While all unhelped of sail we slide
Adown the river's peaceful tide,
Like that maid of olden day,
Pictured in the poet's lay,
Whom the stream bore far away
By Camelot's rocky side.

Your broad-brimmed hat too jealously
Hides, in good sooth,

All the sweet beauty of your eyes
Where the melting lustre lies,
And the laughter lives and dies ;
While on your cheek and on your mouth
Flushes the red blood of the South,
And the warmth of Austral skies.

As on we glide come liquid strains
Our ears to greet ;
Sweet chords from many a hidden throat
On the drowsy stillness float.
The fluting magpie, clear and sweet,
And the purple lorikeet,
A sharp, fantastic note.

But mute for very happiness
You and I
Watch the braided ripples run
On and on, on and on,
Or follow with a lazy eye
The circles of the dragon-fly,
Now darting with a glitter by,
Now poising bright against the sky,
Blazing golden in the sun.

O that we may thus for ever
And for ever
While a changeless life away
In an endless summer day,
Where the world's rude shock could neve
Come between our loves to sever
Floating down the dreaming river
On from aye to aye.

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.

IN MEMORIAM: HENRY KENDALL.

THE singer is dead. But his mystical song
Echoes back from the gloom of the tombs,
With words for the weak, and the wise, and the strong,
And the light of a love that illumines
The darkest of days,
In the wearisome maze
Of a world, that with Death as a goal,
Yet may garner relief
For its harrowing grief
In the song of the poet's soul,
In the love that is life to his soul.

The singer is dead. And a requiem song
Is heard in the wail of the wind,
In the croon of the creek as it creepeth along,
A dirge of the dead we may find,
For a poet whose rhymes
In these practical times,
Of a world with a cyphering brain,
Are consumed in the fire
Of a grasping desire,
That jeeringly gibes at the pain—
At the poet's most passionate pain.

The singer is dead. Whose notes were as sweet
And as pure as the masters of song ;
Who sang of the pangs of the hope incomplete
That must ever and ever belong

To the wanderers born,
 For the alien scorn
 Of a world that doth ruthlessly roll
 The Juggernaut weight
 Of a pitiless fate
 On the hopes of a poet's soul,
 On the strength of his exquisite soul.

But out of the crush and the wreck of the life
 Of the poet comes incense sublime ;
 A sweet-smelling savour that softens the strife
 A lofty and redolent rhyme,
 Echoing back from the surges
 And wind-haunted verges,
 Of this world of the Antarctic pole,
 Strange words of the waves
 And the voices of caves,
 Written deep on the poet's soul—
 On the pathos and ruth of his soul.

Our Kendall is dead, but his song shall remain
 Though the singer for ever is mute,
 And the world shall yet honour the marvellous strain
 That flowed from his laureate lute.
 And though wings of the years
 With their burden of tears
 Hurry earth to its ultimate goal,
 Pray the evergreen hours
 With their guerdon of flowers,
 Bring peace to the poet's soul—
 A merciful rest to his soul.

THE BIRTH OF AUSTRALIA.

Not 'mid the thunder of the battle guns,
Not on the red field of an Empire's wrath,
Rose to a nation Australasia's sons ;
Who tread to greatness Industry's pure path.
Behold a people, thro' whose annals runs
No damning stain of falsehood, force, or fraud ;
Whose sceptre is the ploughshare—not the sword—
Whose glory lives in harvest-ripening suns !
Where, 'mid the records of old Rome or Greece
Glow such a tale? Thou canst not answer, Time.
With shield, unsullied by a single crime,
With wealth of gold, and still more golden fleece,
Forth stands Australia, in her birth sublime,
The only nation from the womb of Peace !

THE PROCLAMATION TREE.

(The Colony of South Australia was proclaimed on December 28th, 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 it’s 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 !

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 ;
There's a harvest that lasts through eternity
For the boys who stood under the old Gum-tree !

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 is read
Before the millions of risen dead,
His "Come, ye blessed !" we trust shall be
For those knights of the Proclamation Tree !

THE BELL-BIRDS.

MID-NOON IN AN AUSTRALIAN FOREST. FROM "THE
HUMAN INHERITANCE."

A LYRE-BIRD sang a low melodious song
Far off, then ceased : a soft wind swept along
The lofty gums and breathless died away :
And Silence woke and knew her dream was day.

* * * * *

Hush, from the trackless depths comes what sweet sound
Ineffable? Do spirits underground
In hollow caverns ring phantasmal chimes
For elfin deaths in faery sunless climes—
Or does some sad aërial spirit high
In serene air suspend the listening sky
With sweet remember'd music of joy-bells
Changing for death? Hush, how it swells and swells
Still sweet and low and sad,—as tho' the peal
Were chimed in forest-depths where never steal
Sounds from the world beyond, and where no noise
Breaks ever the long dream. It is the voice
Of the mysterious bird whose bell-like note
Chimes thro' the Austral noon as church-bells float
O'er lonely slopes and pastures far at home.

* * * * *

Sometimes but once it sang, as when the foam
On northern seas sleeps on the ebbing tide

And scarcely stirs the Inchcape's sounding side
To one faint clang ; then ceased : then once again
Tolled out with silver sweetness its part pain,
Part reverie over some beloved thing.
At last it too was still, recovering
Some dream to brood upon with voiceless peace.

THE STOCK DRIVER'S RIDE.

O'ER the range and down the gully, across the river bed,
 We are riding an the tracks of the cattle that have fled :
 The mopokes all are laughing and the cockatoos are
 screaming,
 And bright amidst the stringy-barks the parrakeets are
 gleaming.

The wattle-blooms are fragrant, and the great magnolias fair
 Make a heavy, sleepy sweetness in the hazy morning air,
 But the rattle and the crashing of our horses' hoofs ring
 out,
 And the cheery sound we answer with our long repeated
 shout,—

Coo-ee-coo-ee-eee ! Coo-ee-coo-eee—Coo-ee—Coo-ee !
 "Damnation Dick" he hears us, and he shrills back
 whoo-ee-ee !
 "Damnation Dick" the prince of native trackers thus we
 call,
 From the way he swigs his liquor, and the oaths that he can
 squall.

Thro' more ranges, thro' more gullies, down sun-scorched
 granite ways
 We go crashing, slipping, thundering in our joyous morning
 race—

And the drowsy 'possums shriek, and o'er each dried-up
creek

The wallabies run scuttling as if playing hide-and-seek :

And like iron striking iron do our horses' hoofs loud ring
As down the barren granite slopes we leap, and slide, and
spring ;

Then one range further only, and we each a moment rein
Our steaming steeds as wide before us stretches out the
grassy plain !

And "Damnation Dick" comes running like a human
Kangaroo,

And he cries the herd have bolted to the creek of Waharoo !
So we swing across the desert and for miles and miles we
go

Till men and horses pant athirst i' the fierce sun's fiery
glow.

And at last across the plains, where the Kangaroos fly
leaping,

And the startled emus in their flight go circularly sweeping,
We see the trees that hide the spring of Waharoo, and
there

The cattle all are standing still—the bulls with a fierce
stare !

Then off to right goes Harry on his sorrel "Pretty Jane,"
And to the left on "Thunderbolt" Tom scours across the
plain,

And Jim and I well mounted, and on foot "Damnation
Dick,"

Go straight for Waharoo and our stockwhips fling and flick !

Ho! there goes old "Blackbeetle," the patriarch of the
herd,
His doughty courage vanish'd when Tom's long leash
cracked and whirred,
And after him the whole lot flee, and homeward headlong
dash—
What bellowing flight and thunder of hoofs as thro' the
scrub we crash!

Back through the gum-tree gullies, and over the river-bed,
And past the Sassafras Ranges whereover at dawn we sped,
With thunderous noise and shouting the drivers and driven
flee—
And this was the race that was raced by Tom, Jim, Harry,
and me!

IN THE RANGES.

THROUGH a dark cleft between two hills
A narrow passage leads the way
Close by a lonely lake ; two rills,
Its children sing the livelong day,
And from the water's lapping edge
The low tones of the long reeds come—
No other sound, save in the sedge
A black swan crooning ; all the heights are dumb.

This cleft leads to an open space
Where arching tree-ferns grow around,
A still and solitary place :
Long waving grass grows from the ground,
And great green lizards half awake
Lie silent hours, and in the light
The fiery glances of a stealthy snake
Keep glinting, glinting, like twin stars at night.

Beyond, a wooded gully lies—
A greenstone on the topaz plain ;
In its deep shade no glaring skies
E'er shine, so thick are overlain
The branches of the ancient trees ;
Within its depths the lyre-bird hides,
And, save at mid-noon, never cease
The bell-birds singing where the streamlet glides.

Far off on higher uplands grow
The spicy gum and hardy box,
The delicate acacias throw
Their feather-leafings o'er the rocks,
And grey-green mistletoe doth creep
Till tree by tree is overlaid—
While in the noonday stillness sleep
The bright rosellas 'mid the wild vine's shade.

AUSTRALIAN TRANSCRIPTS.

I.—AN ORANGE GROVE (*VICTORIA*).

THE short sweet purple twilight dreams
 Of vanished day, of coming night ;
 And like gold moons in the soft light,
 Each scented drooping orange gleams
 From out the glossy leaves black-green
 That make through noon a cool dark screen.
 The dusk is silence, save the thrill
 That stirs it from cicalas shrill.

II.—BLACK SWANS ON THE MURRAY LAGOONS.

THE long lagoons lie white and still
 Beneath the great round Austral moon ;
 The sudden dawn will waken soon
 With many a delicious thrill :
 Between this death and life the cries
 Of black swans ring through silent skies—
 And the long wash of the slow stream
 Moves as in sleep some bodeful dream.

III.—BREAKING BILLOWS AT SORRENTO (*VICTORIA*).

A SKY of whirling flakes of foam,
 A rushing world of dazzling blue :
 One moment, the sky looms in view—
 The next, a crash in its curv'd dome,

A tumult indescribable,
 And eyes dazed with the miracle.
 Here breaks by circling day and night
 In thunder the sea's boundless might.

IV.—SHEA-OAK TREES ON A STORMY DAY
 (S.E. VICTORIA).

O'ER sandy tracts the shea-oak trees
 Droop their long wavy grey-green trails :
 And inland wandering moans and wails
 The long blast of the ocean-breeze :
 Like loose strings of a viol or harp
 These answering sound—now low, now sharp
 And keen, a melancholy strain :
 A death-song o'er the mournful plain.

V.—MID-NOON IN JANUARY.

UPON a fibry fern-tree bough
 A huge iguana lies alow,
 Bright yellow in the noonday glow,
 With bars of black,—it watcheth now
 A gorgeous insect hover high
 Till suddenly its lance doth fly
 And catch the prey—but still no sound
 Breathes 'mid the green fern-spaces round.

VI.—IN THE FERN (GIPPSLAND).

THE feathery fern-trees make a screen,
 Wherethrough the sun-glare cannot pass—
 Fern, gum, and lofty sassafras :
 The fronds sweep over, palely green,

And underneath are orchids curl'd
 Adream through this cool shadow-world ;
 A fragrant greenness—like the noon
 Of lime-trees in an English June.

VII.—SUNSET AMID THE BUFFALO MOUNTAINS
 (*N.E. VICTORIA*).

ACROSS the boulder'd majesty
 Of the great hills the passing day
 Drifts like a wind-borne cloud away
 Far off beyond the western sky :
 And while a purple glory spreads,
 With straits of gold and brilliant reds,
 An azure veil, translucent, strange,
 Dreamlike steals over each dim range.

VIII.—THE FLYING MOUSE—NEW SOUTH WALES
 (*MOONLIGHT*).

THE eucalyptus-blooms are sweet
 With honey, and the birds all day
 Sip the clear juices forth : brown-grey,
 A bird-like thing with tiny feet
 Cleaves to the boughs, or with small wings
 Amidst the leafy spaces springs,
 And in the moonshine with shrill cries
 Flits batlike where the white gums rise.

IX.—THE WOOD-SWALLOWS (*SUNRISE*).

THE lightning-stricken giant gum
 Stands leafless, dead—a giant still,
 But heedless of this sunrise-thrill :
 What stir was this where all was dumb?—

What seem like old dead leaves break swift
 And lo, a hundred wings uplift
 A cloud of birds that to and fro
 Dart joyous 'midst the sunrise glow.

X.—THE BELL-BIRD.

THE stillness of the Austral noon
 Is broken by no single sound—
 No lizards even on the ground
 Rustle amongst dry leaves—no tune
 The lyre-bird sings—yet hush! I hear
 A soft bell tolling, silvery clear!
 Low soft aërial chimes, unknown
 Save 'mid those silences alone.

XI.—THE ROCK-LILY (*NEW SOUTH WALES*).

THE amber-tinted level sands
 Unbroken stretch for leagues away
 Beyond those granite slabs, dull grey
 And lifeless, herbless—save where stands
 'The mighty rock-flow'r towering high
 With carmine blooms crowned gloriously:
 A giant amongst flowers it reigns,
 The glory of these Austral plains.

XII.—THE FLAME TREE (*NEW SOUTH WALES*).

FOR miles the Illawarra range
 Runs level with Pacific seas:
 What glory when the morning breeze
 Upon its slopes doth shift and change

Deep pink and crimson hues, till all
 The leagues-long distance seems a wall
 Of swift uncurling flames of fire
 That wander not nor reach up higher.

XIII.—MORNING IN THE BUSH (*DECEMBER*).

THE magpie 'midst the wattle-blooms
 Is singing loud and long :
 What fragrance in the scatter'd scent,
 What magic in the song !
 On yonder gum a mopoke's throat
 Out-gurgles laughter grim,
 And far within the fern-tree scrub
 A lyre-bird sings his hymn.
 Amongst the stringy-barks a crowd
 Of dazzling parrakeets—
 But high o'er all the magpie loud
 His joyous song repeats.

XIV.—JUSTICE (*UNCIVILIZED AND CIVILIZED*).

LING-TSO AH SIN, on Murderer's Flat,
 One morning caught an old grey rat :
 " Ah, white man, I have got you now !
 But no—dust be upon my brow
 If needless blood I cause to fall—
 So go, there's world-room for us all ! "

That night Ah Sin was somehow shot—
By accident ! For he had got
 From earth a little gold—black sin
 For *thee*, though not for us, Ah Sin !

SHEA-OAKS (*NEAR THE SEA*).

THROUGH the trailing wailing branches there goes a sound
of pain,
As though the ghosts of bygone winds were murmuring
again,
As though wild sea-blown echoings once more wailed up
the strand,
Or once more swept past heavily the cold tears of the rain.

Within those shea-oaks are bound old voices of the land,
O yes before the white man came with swift transmuting
hand ;
Listen, and you shall hear them sing their solitary strain,
Sad as the sea-surge beating on the loneliest waste of sand.

Dead races sing they—races of the mystic long ago,
While still the unformed occident was in its birth-tide throe,
Long, dreary, weary centuries that uneventful passed,
While all Earth's other continents to a fresher age did
grow.

Like waves upon a barren shore the long slow æons are
cast,
That shore this ancient, ancient land, primeval, solemn
vast :
And ever more, like viol strings o'er which the wind doth
blow,
The branches of the shea-oaks wail with the wailing blast.

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 rung
Through the Ngaio's green shade
Unto one on the ground.

Songs from an Island
Just waking from sleep,
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.

"WENTWOOD'S FARM."

"HULLO! Some one's knocking at the door
 Open it quick, Ned—here, man, take the light;
 Whoever it is 'twill make one more
 To help us to pass this blustering night;
 I'd think it was Brown on his way from town,
 But a minute ago I heard the dogs bark—
 Come in, whoever you are, and sit down!
 Ned, don't keep him yarning out there in the dark."

"The night is so black I lost the track
 Which leads near here, up to Burton's farm,
 It was your light which guided me back,
 On a horse too good to come to harm;
 If to lend, you are able, a nook in your stable
 To a son of Traducer, and Kildare's Pride—
 If to save from a soaking, this jewel you're able,
 You may count me in as a friend on your side."

"Come in! Come in! Why, man, who'd refuse
 To shelter a dog on such a night?
 Turn in with us here, and give us the news.
 On with the logs, Ned; keep the fire bright:
 But my first duty's to stable this beauty,
 Whoa, pet! Lord! how he shies at the light!
 Whoa! now, my beauty, so satin and sooty;
 I'll soon make you snug for the night."

“Who owns this place—Eh? is that what you say?
Well! I act as boss here now, backed up by Ned;
Young Wentwood’s the owner—he lives away
From the country, in which he was born and bred,
Preferring the din of Homburg and Berlin;
This is the stable—bear more to the right,
There’s oats in the box, here; I’ll unsaddle him—
There, my young hot-blood, you’re snug for the night.

“You’re not a farmer? a lawyer! I saw
You were something like that by your cut.
You can keep secrets, you men of the law,
So, perhaps you will crack a hard nut
For me this same night—and just put me right
In a matter which hangs on my mind:
Hullo! here’s the rain—we’re in for a night
Of a ‘Southerly Buster’ you’ll find.

“Well, Ned, we’re in here just in time, you see,
You have managed something like a blaze;
Just trot out, old fellow, some scones and tea—
What! you’re not hungry? A lawyer’s ways
Are as profound as a mole’s underground.
Well then, sit down in this carpet chair;
It has an old knack of sending one sound
To sleep before he’s aware.

“And when you’ve rested yourself a bit
I’ll have your advice—What, you’ll give it now!
Well, you see this place where to-night you’ve lit
Belonged to George Wentwood—he was, I vow,

The finest man since the world began—
And Ned, there, will back me in what I have said ;
He brought through fever a homeless man,
Whose mates, through fear of infection, had fled.

"And many a year I lived with him,
Out here with him and his only son—
I taught the boy how to shoot and swim,
And how command of a horse is won.
And Wentwood's boy was his father's joy,
He made him a scholar—for Wentwood knew
More than most men—and so the boy
Grew up handy and bright, between us two.

"But when he was nineteen a shadow fell
On his young life—George Wentwood died ;
Yes ; the man who had nursed me once so well
I could not save—hard as I tried.
'Ben, see that the farm comes to no harm
While the lad is in England,' to me he said,
'And bury me down near the Nikau Palm,
The wattles in spring will bloom over my head.'

"And then, after a while, when we could look round,
And the lad was getting more used to his trouble,
I started him off in a ship homeward bound—
All the old happy life had burst like a bubble.
'Though time seemed to fly over Ned and I,
There was so much backwork to be done on the farm,
And early and late, come wet or come dry,
We were working like two niggers under a charm.

" For I could see bad times coming ahead ;
In '79 stock began to go down,
And croakers kept saying that sheep pure-bred
Very soon would be going at half-a-crown ;
But I always felt better when I got a letter
From him in England : at first I got one
By every mail almost, and he sent me this letter,
Then he seemed to forget the old sheep-run!

" And after he had been home two years—he wrote,
' I've done with books for the rest of my days,
And if stock is down to the prices you quote,
Sheep farming can't be the game now which pays ;
But I'm off with a chum for a six months' run
Over old Europe—one must have a spell
Of idleness once in his life—and you're one
Who'll see that the Farm is going on well.'

" But the six months passed, and never a word
' To say he was coming back to the ' Run,'
And after awhile I but seldom heard
A word from him—a stray paper, or some
Other slight sign from odd time to time,
Just to show he was living ; so two years more
Slipped over our heads—if I got a line
'Twas asking for money, and wool going lower!

" Wool going lower—and stock going down,
While fencing and dipping sucked me like a leech,
The last lot of sheep I took into town
(Some of our best ewes) went at nine shillings each,

And George Wentwood's son away from the 'Run
In the very time he is needed the most :
'I'm off to Berlin—your croaking's but fun,'
That's all the answer I got by the post,

"There's the Parson's Wood—the boy called it so
Because of the white Tuis which build
Their nests in the trees. The best wood I know—
I could make three hundred now if I willed
Out of that wood—but I must hold good
To a promise to which the boy made me swear,
That never axe should go near that wood
Which forms a refuge to the birds of the air.

"I own I was vexed when I got that last letter,
So I just walked down where the wattle trees grow,
And there waited a bit until I felt better.
There I told him my crosses, and troubles, and losses,
Where the broad-leaf its green arms out to the wind
tosses :
But the only reply which came was the sound
Of the wind as it whistled among the trees :
And the blue-gum's seeds which were dropping around,
Or a stray wooden treading the fallen leaves.

"For when once a man's hidden beneath the clover,
He'll let no one disturb his lying in state—
Advise me now, Lawyer, to bring this young rover
Back here to New Zealand before it's too late—

For Satan's the master to answer us faster
Than any other we call to our aid :
How to save Wentwood's Farm from coming disaster,
Answer me, you of the Devil's Brigade ?”

* * * * *

The Lawyer laughed, ere he made reply,
Stroked his brown beard, looked at silent Ned :
Looked at the Manager's anxious eye,
Noticed how each had that droop of the head
Which comes at length from overtaxed strength ;
And watched the looks of surprise and fear
In Ben's big dog-like eyes when at length
He spoke in a voice which caressed the ear.

“ Carry your memory now back to a day
When we reined our horses by Parson's Wood,
You cheering the lad who was going away,
And striving to put him in better mood :
‘ Now Dad is laid in the wattle's shade
I'll hunt for comfort across the sea ;
The wattle will bloom, the wattle will fade,
Many a year now unseen by me !

“ ‘ But see that never in Parson's Wood
An axe shall come near one precious tree ! ’
And you, Ben, to humour my bitter mood,
Swore that the wood should sacred be ;
And that there every bird should undisturbed
Sing a requiem for one lost to sight—
Aha ! is a chord in your memory stirred !
Can you trace that boy in my face to-night ?

"Though my beard is grown, look, you still can see
The old cut on my ear my first stock whip made.
Ben, you know surely whose ring this must be,
With the motto, 'Ne cede malis,' engraved?
Forgive a rover, whose wanderings over
While you were slaving, for taking his ease :
A selfish young brute, for rolling in clover
While others were 'hard-up' across the seas.

"I swear, Ben, I never knew how things were going
Out here in New Zealand—till the letter I got
Two months since from Burton, the truth plainly showing ;
I can tell you he gave it to me pretty hot
For leaving you here, Ben, year after year—
Foolish old fellow ! to send me your share
Of the farm's profits, and you slaving here
With hardly a decent coat to wear.

"Forgive me, Ben, that I came here to-night
As a wandering man in search of a bed ;
I think we can manage to bring things right,
What do *you* say now, my wise old Ned ?
The storm's at its height, it seems to-night
As if the thunder, and hail, and rain
Are holding their revels in high delight—
To welcome a Wentwood home again."

SOLACED.

THE river banks glitter with white wild flower
 And feathery grasses wild,
While spring woos the wattle from hour to hour,
In the gleaming guise of a golden shower—
As Jove woo'd, in spite of her brazen tower,
 Eurydice's lovely child.

And fairy-like flow'rets, of azure and pink,
 And amber and scarlet, glow
Through the green and white on the river's brink,
Above where the cattle come down to drink—
But laughing jackasses laugh to think—
 Of only a year ago.

Twelve months have passed since a man and a maid
 Walked over the fallen tree,
That bridged the stream, where of old they strayed,
When the game of love was the game they played,
And when he of the future was little afraid,
 And sanguine of heart was she.

They loved in the spring when the wattles bloomed,
 And the river banks gleamed white ;—
With the birth of summer she slept entombed
In the darksome grave, to which all are doomed,
And the spring-day visions that brightly loomed,
 Grew black in the murky night.

In the autumn days he had wandered there,
Alone with his lonely heart,
When the banks of the stream were brown and bare,
After months of scorching summer air—
And dreamt of the days when his fate seemed fair,
Ere death had bidden them part.

In the winter time, when the floods were high,
And watered the arid plain,
Less often he came, and the banks grew dry,
While the face of a new love caught his eye,
And the heart that was weary ceased to sigh
When the grass took heart again.

The spring is as bright and the sky as clear
As though she had never died,
Who gathered the blossoms and flowers last year,
And playfully tickled her lover's ear
With the feathery grasses : and he is here,
Alone on the river side.

The kingfisher sits with his folded wing
And eyes him strangely, as though
Little birds could tell of the last year's spring
To the bride, that the morrow's sun will bring,
And jackasses' laughter seem to ring
With, "Only a year ago."

He seeks for the flowers that she loved of old,
And plucks them with gentle hands,
And weaves them deftly with blossoms of gold

Into a wreath that is fair to behold—
A wreath, to be lain on the grass-grown mould,
Where the dead love's head-stone stands.

The bells have rung out, and the sound of glee
Has echoed where wild flowers grow,
The love of last year must forgotten be,
For this year's love has been wedded—and she
Ne'er dreams the laughter of birds in a tree
Means, "Only a year ago."

LOST IN THE MALLEE.

FRAUGHT with flame, and clad in crimson, ride the heralds
of the morn ;
While the sun-god jousts with darkness, at the tournament
of dawn ;
And gleams of gauntlets glittering through lists of azure
glance ;
And the golden armoured champion showers sunbeams from
his lance ;
Till some starry queen of beauty bids night's vanquisher
advance.
A glorious golden glamour through the gloomy wild-wood
glints
Till the sombre scrub is sparkling in a galaxy of tints ;
And the morning in the Mallee, is suffused with genial glow ;
While the dying hound is watching o'er the sleeper lying
low,
Who is dreaming at the day-birth of the days of long ago,
Of the days of deep desire and dreams of doing doughty
deeds ;
Ere the flowers of hope were strangled with a multitude of
weeds—
Of the morning of his springtime when his fancy-teeming
brain
To the field of his ambition promised crops of golden
grain ;
Ere he planted seeds of folly for a harvesting of pain.

Of the days when gallant comrades shared the glory of his
youth,
And his bright ideal of woman seemed a warm and living
truth—
Ah! that one love ne'er forgotten through the good days or
the ill!
On his earth-bed in the Mallee he is dreaming of her still;
Though what-might-have-been was never, and what-might-
be never will.
And his sleeping fancy mocks him with the vision of a
bride,
Tall and slender, golden-headed, snowy-browed, and violet
eyed,
Robed in white and orange blossoms—as he saw her in the
aisle
That day he sent his papers in, with a curse for woman's
guile
And the Jews who long lamented his departure for the Nile.
Not a murmur breaks the silence in the solitude of scrub,
Where lies the whilom favourite of the messroom and the
club,
With a ragged blanket round him, and the earth his only
bed—
Not a murmur breaks the silence as he lifts his weary head,
To find his dumb companion on the ground beside him—
dead.

* * * * * *

Through the madding maze of Mallee, while the sun is at
its worst,
Slowly staggers in a circle one whose throat is parched with
thirst—
Miles and miles he wanders onward, hearing nothing but
the sound

Of the crackling of the deadwood on the broiled and burning ground,
And the dusk beholds him dying, where the dawn beheld the hound.
Had the Russian spilt his life-blood in the fury of the fight—
Had the savage sepoy shot him on that dark and deadly night,
When, as moment followed moment, came the whistling past his ears
Of the leaden rain that rattled from the murderous mutineers—
He had fallen as a hero, and been requiemed with tears.
Did the Angel of Destruction pass him by with dour disdain,
As unworthy of his sickle, when the bright and brave were slain,
So the voiceless bush might fold him in her arms of gruesome gloom?
Ah! a still small voice is asking, as the Stygian waters loom,
“Have you lived the life heroic that deserves the hero’s doom?
Was the faith, or was the falsehood of a callous, cold coquette
Worth the mad trust of your manhood, or the years of long regret?
Was the world without her worthless, that you travelled down the hill?”
In his death-throes, in the Mallee, he is raving of her still,
Though what-might-have-been was never, and what-might-be never will.

Cloud-shed tears in silver torrents, wash the sombre stunted
shrub
That sepulchres the stranger in the solitude of scrub—
Long-forgotten by his comrades in the charge or in the
camp,
He has dreed his doom in darkness, dreary, desolate, and
damp—
Who twice 'scaped dying a hero, ere he perished as a
tramp.

SATAN'S GANYMEDE.

ROUGHLY clad, yet picturesquely
Through the woodland, where grotesquely
Sombre shadows fall,
Rides a bushman, mighty chested,
Strong with strength by trials tested,
Bearded, bronzed, and tall.

From the forest-land he passes
Over fields, where yellow grasses
Shrivel in the sun ;
Past the prison'd river, yearning
For the winter's floods returning
With its freedom won ;

Past where plundered wattles cluster
Bathed no longer in the lustre
Of their golden rain ;
Past the homestead garden, flowerless
In the wrath of summer showerless
When all glories wane.

Backward looks he once and lingers,
As his swarthy sun-burnt fingers
Ope the station gate,
Then, o'er dusty roads and gritty
Southward rides he to the city—
Southward to his fate.

Cities swallow many strangers,
Beaten tracks are strewn with dangers
 Howsoever wide,
Whether 'tis for worse or better
Little knows he, doubly debtor
 To the country side.

Health and strength the bush has guerdoned
To the exile, long unburdened
 From the drink-disease ;
Seldom can the city render,
In its many-tower'd splendour,
 Richer gifts than these.

Prizes won by years of labour,
With the wild-dog for a neighbour,
 Solitary time !
Days of toiling, nights of dreaming
Of the past with pleasures teeming
 In a cooler clime—

Saving stock from drought and looting,
Water-storing, dingo-shooting—
 Twice, a grim exchange,
Lead for lead in deadly battle
With the reivers of the cattle
 In the mountain range.

Work-achieving, danger-scorning—
Prompt to greet the birth of morning
 By the sun caressed—

When the dusk the sky was cloaking,
 Musing in his hut, and smoking,
 With the world at rest—

Years of honest service-giving,
 Sanctified by manly living
 And by healthful thought,
 Reft of reveries resentful,
 Howsoever uneventful,
 Are not lived for naught.

Better such an isolation
 Than his early dissipation
 Or his later gloom.
 Seven years of life unspotted,
 Many sins, perchance, have blotted
 From his book of doom.

* * * * *

Hoof strokes on the roadway clatter,
 Back-flung dust-clouds rise and scatter
 In the bushman's wake.
 Thirsty throats have wisdom scanty ;
 Speeds he onward to the shanty
 Olden vows to break.

Travel-stained and tired and dusty,
 What are man and charger trusty
 To the landlord's eyes !
 Wearied steed and foolish rider
 Views he as the bloated spider
 Looks upon the flies.

Though both head and heart be steady
He has drugged the drink already
 For the shameful deed.
Such the welcome that he offers,
Poison taints the cup he proffers,
 Satan's Ganymede !

Little time in talk is wasted ;
Once the tiger blood has tasted
 He must have his fill.
Flesh is weak and skin is porous :
Midnight hears a drunken chorus,
 Daylight hears it still.

To a lower depth yet sinking
Days and nights of deadly drinking
 Leave the man of toil
Racked with fire and senses deadened,
Nerves unstrung and eyelids reddened,
 Soaked with fusel-oil.

Days and nights of poisoned madness
Honest grief and lying gladness
 Alternating fast.
With the senseless, shameless revel
Comes the old deluding devil
 Back to him at last.

Comes he with his curst suggestions,
Wrapped in soul-destroying questions,
 Feebly answered now ;

Comes he with his mocking laughter
At the struggle followed after
By the broken vow.

Greedy poison-vendor, leering
At your work ! The end is nearing—
Drive him from your door ;
Though your parrot, not as stingy,
Screeches in your parlour dingy,
“ Only one drink more ! ”

Though your victim sink yet deeper,
“ You are not your brother’s keeper ! ”
Mouth your hateful creed.
Cain, than you, was fairer fighter ;
Do you dream your guilt is lighter,
Satan’s Ganymede ?

All is squandered, all is ended ;
From a leafless tree suspended
Rots a wasted frame.
For that sudden deed of evil
Neither suicide nor devil
May be most to blame.

THE SQUIRE'S BROTHER.

1.

“ 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 mole-skin 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 dew-drops 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 recognize 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 ask’d 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 button'd 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 unfurled ;
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 suffer-
ings,—
Wealth, and a woman kind and fair, fine horses and fine
trees,
Children, choice fruits and flowers rare, and health and hope
and ease.”

THE ORANGE TREE.

Is there tree to match with thee,
Flower-foisoned orange-tree,
Gleaming with the snowy splendour
Of thy blossom-bells, which render
Such an incense offering
As her priests might never bring
In the shrines of ancient Hellas
To the altars of Queen Pallas ?

Is there tree to match with thee,
Orange-laden orange tree,
With thy golden harvest cleaving
The green shimmer of thy leaving,
Leaving such as Daphne took
When she fled the amorous look
Of the summer-God Apollo
In the famed Thessalian hollow ?

Verily, O Orange tree,
Tree is none to match with thee,
Leaved in chill and sultry weather,
Hung with flowers and fruit together,
Well-proportioned, smooth of bole,
Doubly perfect as a whole,
And with trunk, leaf, fruit and flower,
Each most perfect of its hour.

But it once was mine to see
Maiden meet to match with thee,
With the pure heart in her bosom
Sweet as is thine open blossom,
With her mien and household ways
Smooth as are thy leaves, her days
Well-proportioned and fruit laden
As thy branches—a fair maiden.

Listen, too, O Orange tree,
She, whom I would match with thee
For the graces to her given
'Neath a soft blue southern heaven
As thou wast, was born to cheer
All men who should look on her ;
And like thee, God did not stint her
With a fruitless, leafless winter.

This is why, O Orange tree,
I would match this maid with thee,
When her mind fruits not, it flowers,
And in sombre winter hours,
When to fruit or flower loth
All things are, it teems with both,
Shady, fragrant, nurture-giving
When they show scant signs of living.

TO A FAIR AUSTRALIAN.

I WONDER what home folks would think, who saw you
sitting there
In that delightful maze of pink by French costumière,
Toying a slender foot, size two, in broïdered silk encased,
Half out, half in, the last court shoe that took Parisian
taste.

The moment they shot eyes at you they'd note the union
rare,
Complexion of the warmer hue with crown of pale gold
hair ;—
'Twas this Italian masters loved on canvas to pourtray,
And some such witchery which moved the king Cophetua.

While the refinement of your face and the unconscious
knack,
The careless, captivating grace with which you're leaning
back,
Could not be truer, if you were the daughter of a peer,
Or long-descended commoner in the same social sphere.

There's not a fairer in Mayfair or better bred and drest,
In all the garland gathered there from England's loveliest,
You look so dainty, so complete, so far from common folk,
As if you'd never crossed the street without a Raleigh's
cloak.

And yet I've seen you—often too—upon half-broken horse,
Press hard an old man kangaroo o'er fence and water
course,
Gallop wild-fire 'twixt low-branch'd trees, 'mid burrow, and
ant heap,
And pull the colt up from his knees, when stumbling from a
leap.

And if they knew the simple things with which you're
gratified,
And saw your hearty welcomings and freedom from false
pride,
They'd never dream that you command all money can
acquire,
And occupy a block of land as large as Lincolnshire.

I wish I'd Millais' art to trace you as you're sitting there,
With your bright summer-tinted face and golden crown of
hair,—
To catch the sweet simplicity and gallant confidence,
'That mingle in your frank blue eye and augur innocence.

Innocence need not be uncouth, and Nature's not ill-drest,
Nor is it any crime for youth to try and look her best ;
And all delight when wealth and grace accomplished and
ornate,
Seek not with coldness to efface the pleasure they create.

THE TWO BIRTHDAYS.

My birthday has come round again—the sun is heaven
high,
As suns in February are in our Australian sky ;
The north-wind lays the waves to sleep upon Port Philip's
breast,
And Nature, wearied with the heat, apes the uneasy rest
That sick folk have—too tired to move, yet not with slumber
blest.

It was not thus five years ago to man's estate I came,
The scene, the seasons, and the sights, the sounds were not
the same,
For crisp against the frosty sky stood out the rugged stones
Of Oxford's gray old colleges and shrines of founders'
bones,
While half a hundred towers swung sweet chimes of ancient
tones.

This morning at the pitch of noon, as I was leaning back
On a cane lounge some trader bought while lying at Cuttack,
The glare and heat that filtered through the greenness of
the blind
Laid a soft soporific spell of languor on my mind,
And nod by nod, against my will, to slumber I declined.

Forthwith before my eyes were drawn vistas of Oxford
days,
My panelled room, with ceiling low and cushioned window-
bays,
The great hall with its ancient glass and giant fireplaces,
And wainscot walls with portraits hung of notabilities,
Who had their share of glory in the dead old centuries.

And then the arching limewalk, with its summer coat of
green,
And the broad lawns of levelled turf, with gravelled walks
between.
'Twas 'mid the limes one day in June that Rosy first I met,
Dressed in a wilderness of lace and creamy sarcenet,
And with a saucy Gainsborough on her bright tresses set.

Sweet Rosy, she had eyes that danced to match her fitful
moods,
Now they shot broadsides from their ports, now swam with
swelling floods,
Now laughed, now sympathized—she'd change a dozen
times a day,
And every change was chronicled in some mercurial way,
By the swift orbs that stood alert, as the red stag at bay.

Rosy and I had many a tiff, sped many hours together
In that delightful avenue, in June and joyous weather ;
Now we were friends, and hovering most perilously near
To that sweet state when clasped hands cling, and mothers
look severe,
Proportionately as one has or hasn't much a year.

Now we were foes at daggers drawn, and Rosy's eyes flashed
ire—

A grim blue light, as when Yule folk fling salt upon the
fire,—

The while she fingered savagely the coil of gleaming hair,
That lay against her slender neck as beautifully fair
As were the locks, in story famed, of Arthur's Guinevere.

It was a dream : my studious feet tread Oxford stones no
more ;

This many a day I've stood upon a far-off southern shore,
Where frosts in June strike down the leaves from off the
yellowing[†] trees,

And February reigns in blue o'er all the heavens and seas,
And breathes the North a burning breath, the South a
cooling breeze.

Here daily ladies meet my gaze fairer than Rosy far,
And full of smiles as southern skies of cloudless mornings
are—

Ladies whose free and daring life has bred a free brave
grace,

Such as our ancestresses had—blue-eyed and fair of face,
Ere yet our Viking sires had left the cradle of our race.

Yet, somehow, none of them can claim the empire over me
That Rosy with her pouts and frowns wielded so royally :
A spring has dried up in my heart—the sun has left the
skies

That tinged with magic hues whate'er she set before my
eyes,

And since the old tune died away I cannot harmonize.

[†] Australian trees are evergreen, but all great Australian towns are full of imported deciduous trees.

ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!

(Written when the Australians volunteered for the Soudan.)

I.

A SOUND from the shimmering towns
 On Australia's strand!
 A sound from the sheep-studded downs
 In the heart of the land!
 'Tis a sound they have heard not before,—
 'Tis the voice of the Spirit of War.

To hardship and peril inured
 Is the bush-pioneer,
 Who thirst at its worst hath endured,
 And who dreads not the spear
 Of the native, that lurks in the pass,
 Or the fang of the snake in the grass.

Enamoured of pleasure and ease
 Is the dweller in town,
 Of sports in the sun and the breeze
 Till the darkness comes down,
 Of dances and dreamy delight
 In the balmy air of the night.

But no bushman will stay with his sheep
 On the far away downs,
 And his pleasure no longer shall keep
 In the shimmering towns,

Whom Australia has summoned to go
To the war on her Motherland's foe.

O land of the vine-hidden hill
And the wide-growing wheat,
Where only Peace lingereth still
In the track of our feet,
We rejoice that the Spirit of Pride
In caresses of Peace hath not died.

O land of the gold-garnished reef
And the sheep-studded plain,
Thou dost not forget us in grief
Or forsake us in pain :
O land of the wool and the wine
And the corn and the gold, we are thine.

II.

An evil more deadly than war,
For the free to deplore,
Is loss of the spirit, which fills
Wild morasses and hills
With that feeling of home that made bold
The Scot and the Switzer of old.

The mother of nations is she
And the friend of the free ;
Till free men have fought for one cause,
Not a legion of laws
Can an Athens or England create,
Though its rulers declare it a state.

III.

Go forth, O our children, and prove
That the peace of the skies,
Which shine on the land of your love,
Hath not weakened your eyes
For the glare of the lightning which plays
Where the soldier must gather his bays.

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

AN INVITATION.

O HASTE to the Mountains, Blue Mountains, Blue Mountains,
O haste to the Mountains—the spring is to-day—
To see the crisp runnels from bright little fountains
That bubble and gush and then ripple away.

O haste to the Mountains, to see the spring flowering,
The wattle, the tea-tree, the heathbells in bloom :
To scent the fresh breezes that blow through their bowring
With promise of health and a breath of perfume !

O haste to the Mountains—gaze down on the forest
Spread out, a vast cushion of leaves, at your feet !
Gaze up at the crags and the peaks—where thou soarest,
O eagle, the picture of awe to complete !

O haste ye, and peer from the brows of the gorges—
Huge bays with their sealess expanses tree-lined,
To learn how each torrent that over them surges,
Must drift into spray at the will of the wind !

O haste to the Mountains, to come on a valley
Deep down in the breast of a rift in the hill,
Under canopy woven of tree tops, to dally
On carpet of mosses kept fresh with a rill !

O haste to the heralds of spring in the Mountains—
Blue Mountains they are to the eye far away—
If it is but to list to our careless fountains,
O ye who are pent in the city all day.

THE FIRST ZIGZAG.

ON THE RAILWAY UP THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW
SOUTH WALES.

O MASTERPIECE of genius—as fit
As any piled at Rameses' command,
To lead up to the triumphs of God's hand,
Where they upon the heights in glory sit,
Great Nature might have piled thee to admit
To those arch-wonders of this wondrous land,
Those sealess bays with forest-waves and strand
Of ranges, to their heart's core, earthquake-split.
He was a pioneer, whose bold design
Framed such a stairway to the skies as *thee*,
Full rival of the memorable three,
Whose names as heroes of the pass we shrine ;
For millions mount at ease the zagging line,
Where *they* could only crawl so painfully.

THE WENTWORTH FALLS.

A WALK, beneath an Austral sun's clear blaze,
Through poor, thin scrub, 'mid charred and ring-barked
trees

Almost too bare to rustle in the breeze,
Which over mountain-tops untiring plays !
And then there bursts upon mine awe-chained gaze
The mighty valley bathed in sleeping seas
Of forest, with vast Caryatides
Of rugged sandstone frowning on its bays.

Lo, too, a crystal, drowsy heat-mist spreads,
Faint-blue as distant reek from Highland cot,
And light airs meet me from the valley's heads,
Until I dream that where I stand is not
Above a mountain-gorge, but on a bight
With capes like billows rolling into sight.

Well might the "Naturalist of Man" exclaim
That this was "Sydney harbour moved inland,"
When he beheld the giant gorge expand
With promontory-cliffs, and spurs to frame
The nestling coves in treey banks—the same
As our sea-Eden—given but a strand,
'Twixt wind and wave, of silvery, shimmering sand,
And deep blue water, where the forest came.

What stranger freak hath Nature played than this,
To mould two masterpieces on one plan,
And raise the one among the fastnesses
Of mountains, scarce accessible to man,
But leave the other where the sea-breeze brings
The commerce of the nations on its wings?

I stand where once a Prince of England stood,
And gaze across the chasm at the fall,
Which leaps not to the ground with Naiad brawl,
But melts transmuted to a sisterhood
Of earthborn rain, that oft in wanton mood
Is swept out southwards by a windy squall
Betwixt the sunshafts and the red-cliff wall,
In every waft with rainbow tints imbrued.
Down in the vale, a thousand feet below,
The gleam of brighter 'mid the darker green
Marks where the giants of the tree-ferns grow,
Their shape lost in the depths of the ravine.
How painful here the littleness of men,
Where giants thus are merged to human ken!

GOVETT'S LEAP.

SURELY unutterable majesty,
Monarch of gorges, is thine attribute !
Who is he, whom thy vastness strikes not mute ?
Who, when the trance of summer is on thee,
But doubts if it be not in reverie,
He sees thy cliff-walls stretching from his foot
Down to the sleeping forest at thy root,
Like some enchanted castle, haughtily
Brooding on wooded crags ?
Thou wouldest make
A cyclopean amphitheatre,
A mystic and unfathomable lake
To guard the island of a sorcerer,
A depth where Hope, the last friend, would forsake,
After his fall, a captive Lucifer.

WINDSOR (NEW SOUTH WALES) IN WINTER.

THE sky shines blue, because the Austral sky
Shines ever, and a broadening bank of sand,
Hung twixt the river water and the land
Like a white baldrick, gleams to mark how high
The last flood reached ; but the fresh luxury
Of springing leaves is absent, and, close-scanned,
The undulating plain on either hand
Has naught but dull, dead maize-stalks for the eye.
Dull, dead ! although, when faggoted in fires,
A fair blue reek will rise from them :—the time
Is type of the old town, that rears its spires
'Mid fine old mansions crumbling from their prime :
Not that it has not sunny prospects yet—
But that its springtide has for ever set.

UNDER THE WATTLE.

A RONDEL.

“ WHY should not wattle do
For mistletoe ? ”
Asked one—they were but two—
Where wattles grow.

He was her lover, too,
Who urged her so—
“ Why should not wattle do
For mistletoe ? ”

A rose-cheek rosier grew ;
Rose-lips breathed low ;
“ Since it is here, and *you*,
I hardly know
Why wattle should not do.”

THE BUSHMAN.

HERE am I stretched, in careless ease,
Outside my tent in this strange old wood ;
The magpie chatters somewhere in the trees,
And the curlew pipes in its dreariest mood ;
The passion-flower's clinging leaves interlace,
As a screen from the glare of the setting sun,
While phantoms of eld flit past my face
With the old year's hours dying out one by one.

Wattle-tree perfumes fall thick on the sense,
And acacia blossoms whiten the ground,
While the silence around me, growing intense,
Would lap my soul in a languor profound,
Save for the mosquitoes' unwelcome hum,
Fanning their fires as the day grows cool,
Or "the muffled monotones" that come
From a haunt of frogs in a neighbouring pool.

The forest is peopled with stiff, stark forms
That stare me like sentries in the face—
Not men, but grim weird trees the storms
Have thrown together devoid of grace—
And parasites climb the bald smooth sides,
Hanging their tendrils from every bough,
Like my present life, that scantily hides
The ghosts of hope that are ended now.

“Friends?” I had troops in my younger days—
At least they appeared to be so to me—
They augured my future with smiles and praise,
Faithful and steadfast they promised to be—
But now, like a withered leaf lightly whirled
By the wind from some far-off flourishing stem,
I am blotted wholly out of their world,
My very name is forgotten by them.

“Books?” Ah, well! I am not the dunce
You may think me now, prosaic and slow—
Grave or gay, I loved them once,
And they quickened my pulses long, long ago—
But useless now as these ringed old gums,
To cheer or shade they have lost the art—
As vinegar upon nitre comes
The singer of songs to a worn-out heart.

I was one time tempted to drown in drink
The regrets that haunted me from the past—
But the fiend was conquered—I could not link
Remorse to the shadows around me cast—
Hardly dealt with I think at times,
I’ll keep the innermost shrine unstained,
Hoping still that more generous climes
May in God’s universe yet be gained.

Aims, that formed the romance of youth—
Hopes, that stirred me in earlier life—
The yearnings for undiscovered truth,
With which my boyish days were rife—

The thirst to rise, excel, command—
Seem only now to provoke a smile,
As I take my felling-axe in my hand,
And hack at the forest with ceaseless toil.

Now for my pipe. The dying sun
Darts its last rays through yon old she-oak ;
And the phantoms vanish, one by one,
Before the ascending wreaths of smoke.
I have done an honest days' work, God knows—
And when I turn in, and go to sleep,
All I ask for is deep repose
In dreamless slumbers my soul to keep.

DROUGHT.

(Written in 1877, when the Drought was at its worst.)

THE days are hot, the nights are warm,
The grass is parch'd and dry,
And when the clouds portend a storm,
They pass unfruitful by ;
They threateningly obscure the sky
Before the sun has set,
But ere the night has well begun,
The stars in heaven are met.

All calm and bright in azure fields,
No sign of moisture there,
Each passing day successive yields
A tribute to despair ;
The earth is shrunken by the heat,
Great cracks run through the plain
Like open mouths agape with thirst,
The thirst which calls for rain.

Dense clouds of smoke come sweeping by
From tracts by fire laid bare,
And the great sun's red fiery eye
Sends forth a sickly glare ;
Day follows day with heat intense,
And when a storm sweeps o'er,
'Tis but a rush of smoke and dust,
Some rain spits, nothing more.

In the great stream beds, muddy holes,
Where once was water deep,
Are filled with rotting carcasses
Of cattle and of sheep ;
Along the banks in ghastly groups
(Full half their number gone)
The starving stock all feebly crawl,
Poor wrecks of skin and bone.

Their ribs are bare, their hips project,
Their eyes are sunk and glazed ;
Their bones will shortly whiten on
The meadow where they grazed.
And down the dusty, grassless roads,
Come travelling thousands more,
To help to swell the dismal wreck,
'Twas bad enough before.

Poor helpless muttons—jaded beeves,
That faintly tottering pass ;
Your luckless fellows, like the leaves,
Are gone, but not to grass.

Where the grass is not there they lie,
Too thin to cause much smell ;
Their sun-dried hides where they did die
Have marked their route full well.

Oh ! many men who, but last year,
Counted their stock with pride,
With pockets bare, through empty runs,
Will now be doomed to ride.

O Demon Drought ! that sweeps away
The hard-earned wealth of years.
Too late ! too late ! the rain has come ;
It now seems nought but tears.

O'er blighted hopes, o'er herds destroyed,
O'er vacant hill and glen,
O'er ruined hearths and households void,
And grey and broken men.

THE MIDNIGHT AXE.

THE red day sank as the Sergeant rode
Through the woods grown dim and brown,
One farewell flush on his carbine glowed,
And the veil of the dusk drew down.

No sound of life save the hoof-beats broke
The hush of the lonely place,
Or the short, sharp words that the Sergeant spoke
When his good horse slackened pace,

Or hungrily caught at the ti-tree shoots,
Or in tangled brushwood tripped,
Faltered amidst disrupted roots,
Or on porphyry outcrop slipped.

The woods closed in ; through the vaulted dark
No ray of starlight shone,
But still o'er the crashing litter of bark
Trooper and steed tore on.

Night in the bush, and the bearings lost ;
But the Sergeant took no heed,
For fate that morn his will had crossed,
And his wrath was hot indeed.

The captured prey that his hands had gripped,
Ere the dawn in his lone bush lair,
The bonds from his pinioned wrists had slipped,
And was gone he knew not where,

Therefore the wrath of Sergeant Hume
Burned fiercely as on he fared,
And whither he rode through the perilous gloom
He neither knew nor cared,

But still, as the dense brush checked the pace,
Would drive the sharp spurs in,
Though the pendant parasites smote his face,
Or caught him beneath the chin,

The woodland dipped, or upward bent,
But he recked not of hollow or hill,
Till right on the brink of a sheer descent
His trembling horse stood still.

And when, in despite of word and oath,
He swerved from the darksome edge,
The unconscious man, dismounting loath,
Set foot on a yielding ledge.

A sudden strain on a treacherous rein,
And a clutch on the empty air,
A cry in the dark, with no ear to mark
Its accents of despair.

And the slender stream in the gloom below,
That in mossy channel ran,
Was checked a space in its feeble flow,
By the limbs of a senseless man.

II.

A change had passed o'er the face of night
When, waking as from a dream,
The Sergeant gazed aghast on the sight
Of moonlit cliff and stream.

From the shallow wherein his limbs had lain
He crawled to higher ground,
And numb of heart and dizzy of brain,
Dreamily gazed around.

From aisle to aisle of the solemn wood
A misty radiance spread,
And, like pillars seen through incense, stood
The gaunt boles gray and red.

Slow vapours, touched with a mystic sheen,
Round the sombre branches curled,
Or floated the haggard trunks between,
Like ghosts in a spectral world.

No voice was heard of beast or bird,
Nor whirr of insect wing ;
Nor crepitant bark the silence stirred,
Nor dead or living thing.

So still—that but for his labouring breath,
And the blood on his head and hand,
He might have deemed his swoon was death,
And this the Silent Land. .

Anon, close by, at the water's edge,
His helmet he espied
Half-buried among the reedy sedge,
And drew it to his side.

And ev'n as he dipped it in the brook,
And drank as from a cup,
Suddenly, with affrighted look,
The Sergeant started up.

For the sound of an axe, a single stroke,
Through the ghostly woods rang clear ;
And a cold sweat on his forehead broke,
And he shook in deadly fear.

Why should the sound that on lonely tracks
Had gladdened him many a day—
Why should the ring of the friendly axe
Bring boding and dismay ?

And why should his steed down the slope hard by,
With fierce and frantic stride—
Why should his steed with unearthly cry
Rush trembling to his side ?

Strange, too—and the Sergeant marked it well,
Nor doubted he marked aright—
When the thunder of hoofs on the silence fell,
And the cry rang through the night,

A thousand answering echoes woke,
Reverberant far and wide ;
But to the unseen woodman's stroke
No echoes had replied.

And while he questioned with his fear,
And summoned his pride to aid,
A second stroke fell, sharp and clear,
Nor echo answer made.

A third stroke, and aloud he cried,
As one who hails his kind ;
But nought save his own voice multiplied
His straining sense divined.

He bound the ends of his broken rein,
He recked not his carbine gone,
He mounted his steed with a groan of pain,
And tow'rd the Sound spurred on.

For now the blows fell thick and fast,
And he noted with added dread,
That ever as woods on woods flew past,
The sound moved on ahead.

But his courage rose with the quickening pace,
And mocked his boding gloom !
For fear had no abiding-place
In the soul of Sergeant Hume.

III.

Where the woods thinned out, and the sparser trees
Their separate shadows cast,
Waxing fainter by slow degrees,
The sounds died out at last.

The Sergeant paused and peered about
O'er all the stirless scene,
Half in amaze, and half in doubt
If such a thing had been.

Nor vainly in search of clue or guide
From trunk to trunk he gazed,
For, lo ! the giant stem at his side
By the hand of man was blazed.

And again and again he found the sign,
Till, after a weary way,
Before him, asleep in the calm moonshine,
A little clearing lay ;

And in it a red slab tent that glowed
As 'twere of jasper made ;
The Sergeant into the clearing rode
And passed through the rude stockade.

He bound his horse to the fence, and soon
He stood by the open door.
With pallid face upturned to the moon
A man slept on the floor.

Little he thought to have found him there,
By such strange portent led—
His sister's son whom for many a year
His own had mourned as dead,

Who had chosen the sundering seas to roam,
After a youth misspent,
And to those who wept in his far-off home
Token nor word had sent.

The face looked grim and haggard and old,
Yet not from the touch of time ;—
Too well the Sergeant knew the mould,
The lineaments of crime.

And "Better," he said, "she should mourn him dead
Than know him changed to this !"
Yet he kneeled, and touched the slumbering head
For her, with a gentle kiss.

Whereat the eyelids parted wide,
But no lights in the dull eye gleamed ;
The man turned slowly on his side
And muttered as one who dreamed.

He stared at the Sergeant as in a trance,
And the listener's blood ran cold
As he pierced the broken utterance
That a tale of horror told.

For he heard him rave of murder done,
Of an axe and a hollow tree,
And "Oh, God!" he cried, "must my sister's son
Be led to his death by me?"

He seized him roughly by the arm,
He called him by his name;
The man leaped up in mazed alarm,
And terror shook his frame.

Then a sudden knife flashed out from his hip,
And they closed in struggle wild;
But soon in the Sergeant's iron grip
The man was as a child.

IV.

A wind had arisen that shook the hut,
The moonbeams dimmed apace,
The lamp was lit, the door was shut,
And the twain sat face to face.

As question put, and answer flung,
A weary space had passed;
But the secret of the soul was wrung
From the stubborn lips at last.

As one with resistless doom obeyed
The younger told his sin,
Nor any prayer for mercy made,
Nor appeal to the bond of kin.

“The quarrel? Oh, ’twas an idle thing—
Too idle almost to name ;
He turned up an ace and killed my king,
And I lost the cursed game.

“And he triumphed and jeered, and his stinging chaff,
By heaven, how it maddened me then !
And he left me there with a scornful laugh,
But he never laughed again.

“We had long been mates through good and ill,
Together we owned this land ;
But his was ever the stronger will,
And his the stronger hand.

“But I would be done with his lordly airs ;
I was weary of them and him ;
So I stole upon him unawares
In the forest lone and dim.

“The ring of his axe had drowned my tread ;
But a rod from me he stood,
When he paused to fix the iron head
That had loosened as he hewed.

“Then I too made a sudden halt,
And watched him as he turned
To a charred stump, in whose gaping vault
A fire of branches burned.

“He had left the axe by the half-hewn bole,
As whistling he turned away ;
From my covert with weary foot I stole,
And caught it where it lay.

“He stooped ; he stirred the fire to flame ;
I could feel its scorching breath,
As behind him with the axe I came,
And struck the stroke of death.

“Dead at a blow, without a groan,
The sapling still in his hands,
The man fell forward like a stone
Amid the burning brands.

“The stark limbs lay without, but those
I thrust in the fiery tomb——”
With shuddering groan the Sergeant rose,
And paced the narrow room ;

And cried aloud, “Oh, task of hell
That *I* should his captor be !
My God ! if it be possible,
Let this cup pass from me !”

The spent life flickered and died ; and, lo,
The dawn about them lay ;
And each face a ghastlier shade of woe
Took on in the dismal gray.

Around the hut the changeful gale
Seemed now to sob and moan,
And mingled with the doleful tale
A dreary undertone.

“ I piled dry wood in the hollow trunk,
The unsparing shrift went on ;
And watched till the tedious corse had shrunk
To ashes, and was gone.

“ That night I knew my soul was dead ;
For neither joy nor grief
The numbness stirred of heart and head,
Nor tears came for relief.

“ And when morning dawned, with no surprise
I awoke to my solitude,
Nor blood-clouds flared before mine eyes,
As men had writ they should ;

“ Nor fancy feigned dumb things would prate
Of what no man could prove—
Only a heavy, heavy weight,
That would not, would not move.

“ Only a burden ever the same
Asleep or awake I bore,
A dead soul in a living frame
That would quicken never more.

“ Three nights had passed since the deed was done,
And all was calm and still
(You'll say 'tis a lie ; I say 'tis none ;
I'll swear to it, if you will)—

“ Three nights—and, mark me, that very day
I had stood by the ashy cave,
And the topling shell had snapped, and lay
Like a lid on my comrade's grave.

“ And yet, I tell you, the man lived on !
Though the ashes o'er and o'er
I had sifted till every trace was gone
Of what he was, or wore.

“ Three nights had passed ; in a quiet unstirred
By wind or living thing,
As I lay upon my bed I heard
His axe in the timber ring !

“ He hewed ; he paused ; he hewed again ;
Each stroke was like a knell !
And I heard the fibres wrench, and then
The crash of a tree as it fell.

“And I fled ; a hundred leagues I fled.—
In the crowded haunts of town
I would hide me from the irksome deal,
And would crush remembrance down.

“But in all that life and ceaseless stir,
Nor part nor lot I found ;
For men to me as shadows were,
And their speech had a far-off sound.

“For I had lost the touch of souls,—
Men’s lives and mine betwixt,
Wide as the space that parts the poles
There was a great gulf fixed.

“Sorrow and joy to me but seemed
As one from an alien sphere,
I lived and saw, or as one who dreamed,—
I was lonelier there than here.

“To the sense of all life’s daily round
I had lost the living key,
And I grew to long for the only sound
That had meaning on earth for me.

“Again o’er the weary forest-tracks
My burden hither I bore ;
And I heard the measured ring of the axe
In the midnight as before.

“And as ever he hewed the long nights through,
Nor harmed me in my bed,
A feeble sense within me grew
Of friendship with the dead.

“And, believe me, I could have lived, lived long,
With this poor stay of mine,
But the faithless dead has done me wrong !
Three nights and never a sign,

“Though I've thrice outwatched the stars !—Last night
Seeing he came no more,
Despair anew was whispering flight,
When I sank as dead on the floor.

“Take me away from this cursed abode !
Not a jot for my life I care ;
He has left me alone, and my weary load
Is greater than I can bear.

“But I say, if my mate still walked about
I had never told you the tale !”
As he spoke the sound of an axe rang out,
In a lull of the fitful gale.

He sprang to his feet ; a cunning smile
O'er all his visage spread ;
“Why, man, I lied to you all the while !
It was all a lie !” he said.

“Leave go!”—for the trooper dragged him out
Under the angry sky.

“The man’s alive!—you can hear him shout:—
Would you hang me for a lie? . . .

“Not that way! No, not that!” he hissed,
And shook in all his frame;
But the Serjeant drew him by the wrist
To whence the sounds yet came,

Moaning ever, “What have I done,
That I should his captor be?
Oh, God! to think that my sister’s son
Should be led to his death by me!”

The tempest swelled; and, caught by the blast,
In wanton revel of wrath,
Tumultuous boughs flew whirling past,
Or thundered across their path.

Yet ever above the roar of the storm,
Louder and louder yet
The axe-strokes rang, but no human form
Their ’wilderer vision met.

When they reached the spot where a charred stump prone
On an ashy hollow lay,
The doomed man writhed with piteous moan,
And well-nigh swooned away.

When they came to a tree on whose gaping trunk
Some woodman's axe had plied,
The struggling captive backward shrunk,
And broke from the trooper's side.

“To left! For your life! To left, I say!”
Was the Sergeant's warning call;
For he saw the tree in the tempest sway,
He marked the threatening fall.

But the vengeful wreck its victim found;
It seized him as he fled;
Between one giant limb and the ground,
The man lay crushed and dead.

The Sergeant gazed on the corse aghast,
Yet he cried as he bent the knee,
“Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast
Let this cup pass from me!”

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 would not give it credit.

“God's image cut in ebony,” says some one:
 'Tis to be hoped some day thou may'st become one;
 Thy present image is a very rum cne.

Thy "face the human face divine!" . . . O, Moses!
Whatever trait divine thy face discloses,
Some vile Olympian cross-play pre-supposes.

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? (Oh, 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 Eliot, 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 should 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 'baccy, 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 should'st thou . . . Cooley ! . . . Stop ! she's off.
. . . No wonder.

MY OTHER CHINEE COOK.

YES, I got another Johnny ; but he was to Number One
As a Satyr to Hyperion, as a rushlight to the sun ;
He was lazy, he was cheeky, he was dirty, he was sly,
But he had a single virtue, and its name was "rabbit-pie."

Now those who say the bush is dull are not so far astray,
For the neutral tints of station life are anything but gay ;
But, with all its uneventfulness, I solemnly deny
That the bush is unendurable along with rabbit-pie.

We had fixed one day to sack him, and agreed to moot the
point,
When my lad should bring our usual regale of cindered joint,
But instead of cindered joint we saw and smelt, my wife
and I,
Such a lovely, such a beautiful, oh ! such a rabbit-pie !

There was quite a new expression on his lemon-coloured
face,
And the unexpected odour won him temporary grace,
For we tacitly postponed the sacking point till by-and-bye,
And we tacitly said nothing save the one word, "rabbit-pie."

I had learned that pleasant mystery should simply be
endured,
And forebore to ask of Johnny where the rabbits were pro-
cured !

I had learned from Number One to stand aloof from how
and why,
And I threw myself upon the simple fact of rabbit-pie.

And when the pie was opened, what a picture did we see !
“They lay in beauty side by side, they filled our home with
glee !”
How excellent, how succulent, back, neck, and leg and
thigh ;
What a noble gift is manhood ! what a trust is rabbit-pie !

For a week the thing continued, rabbit-pie from day to day ;
Though where he got the rabbits John would ne'er vouch-
safe to say ;
But we never seemed to tire of them, and daily could descry
Subtle shades of new delight in each successive rabbit-pie.

Sunday came ; by rabbit reckoning, the seventh day of the
week ;
We had dined, we sat in silence, both our hearts (?) too
full to speak ;
When in walks Cousin George, and, with a sniff, says he,
“Oh my !
What a savoury suggestion ! what a smell of rabbit-pie !”

“Oh, why so late, George ?” says my wife, “the rabbit-pie
is gone ;
But you *must* have one for tea, though. Ring the bell, my
dear, for John.”
So I rang the bell for John, to whom my wife did signify,
“Let us have an early tea, John, and another rabbit-pie.”

But John seemed taken quite aback, and shook his funny
head,
And uttered words I comprehended no more than the dead !
“Go, do as you are bid,” I cried, “we wait for no reply ;
Go ! let us have tea early, and another rabbit-pie !”

Oh, that I had stopped his answer ! but it came out with a
run :
“Last-a week-a plenty puppy ; this-a week-a puppy done !”
Just then my wife, my love, my life, the apple of mine eye,
Was seized with what seemed “mal-de-mer,”—“sick transit”
rabbit-pie !

And George ! by George, he laughed, and then he howled
like any bear !
The while my wife contorted like a mad convulsionaire ;
And I—I rushed on Johnny, and I smote him hip and
thigh,
And I never saw him more, nor tasted more of rabbit-pie.

And the childless mothers met me, as I kicked him from
the door,
With loud maternal wailings, and anathemas galore ;
I must part with pretty Tiny, I must part with little Fly,
For I'm sure they know the story of the so-called “rabbit-
pie.”

DROUGHT AND DOCTRINE.

COME, take the tenner, doctor. . . . Yes, I know the bill
says "five,"
But it ain't as if you'd merely kep' our little un alive ;
Man, you saved the mother's reason when you saved that
baby's life,
An' it's thanks to you I hav'n't a ravin' idiot for a wife.
Let me tell you all the story, an' if then you think it strange
That I'd like to fee you extry—why, I'll take the bloomin'
change.
If yer bill had said a hundred. . . . I'm a poor man, doc.,
an' yet
I'd 'a slaved till I had squared it ; ay, and still been in yer debt.
Well, you see, the wife's got notions on a heap o' things
that ain't
To be handled by a man as don't pretend to be a saint ;
So I minds "the cultivation," smokes my pipe, an' make
no stir,
An' religion, and such p'int's, I lays entirely on to her.
Now she got it fixed within her that, if children die afore
They've been sprinkled by the parson, they've no show for
evermore ;
An' though they're spared the pitchforks, an' the brimstun,
an' the smoke,
They ain't allowed to mix up there with other little folk.
So, when our last began to pine, an' lost his pretty smile,
An' not a parson to be had within a hunder mile—

(For though there is a chapel down at Bluegrass Creek, you know,

The clergy's there on dooty only thrice a year or so)—

Well, when our yet unchristened mite grew limp an' thin an' pale,

It would 'a cut you to the heart to hear the mother wail

About her "unregenerate babe," an' how, if it should go,

'Twould have no chance with them as had their registers to show.

Then awful quiet she grew, an' hadn't spoken for a week,

When in came brother Bill one day with news from Bluegrass Creek.

"I seen," says he, "a notice on the chapel railin' tied.

They'll have service there this evenin'—can the youngster stand the ride?

For we can't have parson here, if it be true, as I've heard say,

There's a dyin' man as wants him more'n twenty mile away;

So——" he hadn't time to finish ere the child was out of bed

With a shawl about its body, an' a hood upon its head.

"Saddle up," the missus said. I did her biddin' like a bird,

Perhaps I thought it foolish, but I never said a word;

For though I have a vote in what kids eat, or drink, or wear,

Their spiritual requirements are entirely her affair.

We started on our two hours' ride beneath a burning sun,

With Aunt Sal and Bill for sureties to renounce the Evil One;

An' a bottle in Sal's basket that was labelled "Fine Old Tom"

Held the water that regeneration was to follow from.

For Bluegrass Creek was dry, as Bill that very day had found,

An' not a sup o' water to be had for miles around ;
So, to make salvation sartin for the babby's little soul,
We had filled a dead marine, sir, at the family water-hole.
Which every forty rods or so Sal raised it to her head,
An' took a snifter, "Just enough to wet her lips," she said.
Whereby it came to pass that when we reached the chapel
door

There was only what would serve the job, an' deuce a dribble
more.

The service had begun—we didn't like to carry in
A vessel with so evident a carritur for gin ;
So we left it in the porch, an', havin' done our level best,
Went an' owned to bein' "miserable offenders" with the
rest.

An' nigh upon the finish, when the parson had been told
That a lamb was waiting there to be admitted to the fold,
Rememberin' the needful, I gets up an' quietly slips
To the porch to see a swagsman—with our bottle to his
lip.

Such a faintness came all over me, you might have then an'
there

Knocked me down, sir, with a feather, or tied me with a
hair.

Doc., I couldn't speak or move ; an' though I caught the
beggar's eye,

With a wink he turned the bottle bottom up an' drank it
dry.

An' then he flung it from him, being suddenly aware
That the label on't was merely a deloosion an' a snare ;
An' the crash cut short the people in the middle of A-men,
An' all the congregation heard him holler, "Sold again" !

So that christ'nin' was a failure; every water flask was
drained,

Even the monkey in the vestry not a blessed drop contained;
An' the parson in a hurry cantered off upon his mare,
Leavin' baby unregenerate, an' missus in despair.

That night the child grew worse, but my care was for the
wife.

I feared more for her reason than for that wee spark of
life.

* * * * *

But you know the rest—how Providence contrived that very
night

That a doctor should come cadgin' at our shanty for a light.

* * * * *

Baby? Oh! he's chirpy, thank ye—been baptized—his
name is Bill;

It's weeks an' weeks since parson came an' put him through
the mill;

An' his mother's mighty vain upon the subjeck of his weight,
An' a regular cock-a-hoop about his spiritual state.

So now you'll take the tenner. Oh, confound the bloomin'
change!

Lord, had Billy died!—but, doctor, don't you think it
summut strange

That them as keeps the gate should have refused to let him
in

Because a fool mistook a drop of Adam's ale for gin?

A LOST CHANCE.

(It is stated that a shepherd, who had many years grazed his flocks in a district in which a rich tin-mining town in Queensland now stands, went mad on learning of the great discoveries made there.)

JUST to miss it by a hair'sbreadth ! Nay, not to miss it ! To
have held it
In my hand, and oft-times through my fingers run the
swarthy ore !
Minus only the poor trick of Art or Science that compelled
it
To unveil for others' good the hidden value, and to pour
On a thousand hearts the light of Hope, that shines for me
no more !

To have held it in my hand in vacant listlessness of wonder,
Taken with its dusky lustre, all incurious of its worth—
To have trod for years upon it, I above, and Fortune
under—
To have scattered it a thousand times like seed upon the
earth !
Who shall say I am not justified who curse my day of birth ?

To have built my hovel o'er it—to have dreamed above it
nightly—
Pillowed on the weal of thousand lives, and dead unto my
own !

Planning paltry profits wrung from year-long toil, and holding
 lightly
 What lay acres-wide around me, naked, bright, or grass-
 o'ergrown—
 Holding lightly—and for that I curse—no, not myself alone !

For a youth made vain with riot, for the golden graces
 squandered,
 Home forsaken, dear ones alienated, Love itself aggrieved,
 I had sworn a full atonement, to the ends of earth had
 wandered,
 Drunk the dregs of expiation, unbelauded, unperceived—
 Heaven alone behold, and—mocks me with what “might
 have been” achieved !

All the cold suspicion of the world I took for my demerit,
 Its deceit my retribution, its malignity my meed :
 When Misfortune smote, unmurmuring I bowed my head to
 bear it,
 Driven to minister to brutes in my extremity of need—
 Who shall say now it delights not Heaven to break the
 bruised reed

In the round of conscious being, from the rising to the
 setting
 Of Thine imaged self, Thy merciless, unsympathizing sun,
 Was there one from hard Disaster's hand so piteously
 shrinking
 Whom this boon had more advantaged ? God, I ask Thee,
 was there one ?
 In Thy passionless immunity, Thou knowest there was
 none !

To the wrongs the world had wrought me, to its coldness
and disfavour,
To the wreck of every venture, to enduring unsuccess,
To the sweat of cheerless toil, the bread made bitter with
the savour
Of the leaven of regret, and tears of unforgetfulness,
Hadst Thou need to add Thy mockery, to perfect my
distress?

For I hold it cruel mockery in man, or God, or devil,
To assign the poor his blindfold lot from weary day to day,
In the very lap of affluence, on Fortune's highest level,
There upon the brink of revelation, trick his steps away,
And flash the truth upon him when the chance is gone for
aye!

I had soothed repulse with hope, matched disappointment
with defiance,
Or opposed a pliant meekness to the driving storms of Fate;
But—the merely “coming short!” oh, what remedial ap-
pliance,
What demeanour of resistance shall have virtue to abate
The nameless woe that trembles in the echo of Too Late!

Oh, the might have been! the might have been—the story
of it! the madness!
What a wave of the Inexorable chokes my fitful breath!
What a rush of olden echoes voiced with many sounding
sadness!
What a throng of new despairs that drive me down the path
of Death!
Who is there in heaven who careth? Who on earth who
comforteth?

They on earth but seek their own. In eager crowds they
 hasten thither
 Where I trod so late unconscious on futurities untold.
 And I! I, whose all is gone! The curse of desolation
 whither.—
 Whom?—Myself, who, year-worn, turned again unto the sin
 of old?
 Or the fiends who sold me poison for my little all of gold?

Both! all men! yea, Heaven! but chiefly those who prosper
 where I languished!
 Those who reap the ripe occasion, where in many a
 wandering line
 The old traces of my footsteps, worn in fevered moods and
 anguished,
 Now are paths of rich expectancy for other feet than mine!
 Can I breathe without upbraiding? Shall I die without a
 sign?

It was mine! Is mine, by Heaven! Consecrated to me
 only,
 By the sacred right of service, by the pledge of weary
 years!
 By the bond of silent witness, by communion dumb and
 lonely,
 By the seal of many sorrows, by the sacrament of tears!
 Mine!—The echoes laugh, and the fiends of hell are
 answering with jeers.

Where am I? and who are these?—Nay, nay! unhand me!

Let me go, sirs!

I am very very rich! I've miles on miles of priceless ore!

I will make your fortunes—all of you! and I would have
you know, sirs—

There is not a single sheep a-missing.—Loose me, I implore!

It is only sleep that ails me—let me sleep—for evermore!

QUART POT CREEK.

ON an evening ramble lately, as I wandered on sedately,
Sinking 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 bespeak:
But, to aid my lucubration, thou must tell thine appellation,
Tell thy Naiad-designation—for the journal of next week—
Give thy sweet Paetolian 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 apostrophizing till my voice became a shriek;—

When there hove in sight the figure of a homeward veering 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 Paetolian! Digger, I adjure thee, speak!”

Quoth the digger, “Quart Pot Creek.”

Oh, Pol ! Edepol ! Mecastor ! Oh, most luckless poetaster !
 I went home a trifle 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 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 DREAM OF DAMPIER.

AN AUSTRALASIAN 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 Java's peaks in forest soar,

At daybreak seen afar—

When the land-breeze odorous blows at eve from Ternate's
groves of balm—

When the graceful cocoa crowns the lowering cliffs of wild
Ceram,

And New Guinea's purple mountains fringe the noontide'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
beguiles—

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
 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 a 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
buccaneer,
A sea-dog proved for bite and breed! Nathless he loved
his books
Like his Sheffield sword, or Spanish gold, or a winsom
woman's looks.

TO A WATER WAGTAIL.

MERRY, babbling, restless bird !
All day long thy voice is heard.
Be it wet, or be it fine,
Winter frost, or summer shine,
Autumn brown, or bloomy spring,
Thou art ever chattering.
Let me wander where I will
Still I hear thy noisy bill.

If afar 'tis mine, to stray
Down some creek's meandering way,
Where the graceful wattle showers
O'er the stream her yellow flowers,
And the fair clematis twines
Round the whisp'ring casuarines—
There with thy glad mate art thou,
Gossiping upon a bough.

There in spring thou lovest best
To build thy little cup-like nest,
In the shade, upon a limb,
Just above the water's brim.
Often have I ventured nigh,
Its tiny, spotted eggs to spy,
Often for that liberty
Hast thou soundly scolded me.

Thou at milking time each day
Dost thy various antics play,
In thy suit of white and black,
On some old, sedate cow's back,
Hopping with a dainty tread
First to tail and then to head ;
Stopping now, as though thou'dst say,
" If I'm heavy, tell me, pray ! "

When the dawn is glimmering red,
And each bonny flow'ret's head
Gently towards the ground is borne,
Weighted with the dews of morn,
As across the hills I roam
To drive the lazy cattle home,
Thy blithe note I'm sure to hear
From some fence or stump anear.

When the hues of sunset die
Slowly from the western sky,
And the gloaming shadows creep
O'er the land, and from the deep
Veil of dark'ning blue aloft
Steals the star of evening soft,
On the breezes calm and cool
Floats thy voice from willowed pool.

Often, too, when twilight's fled,
And decent folk are all abed,
If, perchance, awake I lie,
I can hear thee somewhere nigh,

Paying, doubtless, am'rous vows
'Mongst the moonlit garden boughs—
Till, in sooth, I 'gin to think
Thou dost never sleep a wink,

Prythee, cease—thou babbling elf!
Thou dost like to hear thyself,
Ever here while I do rhyme,
Thou art chatt'ring all the time;
Perched upon the mossy fence,
Like a bird of consequence,
Hast thou with those peering eyes
Come my lines to criticise?

What is all thy talk about?
Something very learned, no doubt,
Since it keeps thee thus for hours
Lecturing the bees and flowers.
Hadst thou more of dignity,
I could well imagine thee
An old professor, wise and staid,
In academic gown arrayed.

Minstrel of the solitudes
Of our boundless Austral woods,
Spirit of each stream and glen,
Lover of the homes of men,
Chatter on in ceaseless joy;
None will harm thee or annoy;
For thy fearless happy ways
Win our hearts and cheer our days.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

DEAD in the bush by his own rash hand,
Life from its shattered temple riven,
Staining with blood the sinless land,
Dead in the face of the outraged Heaven.

O for an hour of the genius ready
Which told how the Stockman's race was run !
O for an hour of the sinews steady
With which the steeplechase cup was won !

Hush ! where the wattles wave, at last
He rests in his own adopted land,
Poet, crowned, thro' the centuries vast,
Altho' he died by his rash right hand.

WILT THOU WAIT FOR ME?

WHEN the ev'ning calm is stealing
 Slowly up the summer sky,
When the earth in sombre feeling
 Gently murmurs sigh for sigh ;
When the very winds creep slowly
 Lest their pinions rustling on
Mar the moments last and holy
 Of the cloud-encurtained sun ;
When the day with night is blending,
 Shadows grey with fading light ;
When the glare of day is ending,
 Yet it is not perfect night ;
When the stars are only hidden
 By a soft and filmy veil,
Vestals from their chambers bidden,
 Vespers chaunting, pure and pale ;
When the crystal water's flowing
 In untiring melody,
Mingles with the thoughts deep glowing,
 Dearest, wilt thou wait for me ?

Where the tall soft grass is bending,
 Watching o'er the sleeping flow'rs ;
Where the locust's hum unending,
 Thrills through ev'ning's quiet hours ;

Where the wattle's golden blossom
 Flings sweet perfume on the air,
And above the river's bosom
 Willows trail their loosened hair ;
Where the eucalyptus stretches
 Gaunt and rugged limbs on high,
Like the bony arms of witches
 Waving curses in the sky ;
Where the dark she-oak is bowing
 O'er its spot of cooling shade ;
Where the Yarra Yarra, flowing,
 Chafes the stony barricade ;
In our own old place of meeting,
 Where we oft have loved to rest
In the rapt and trustful greeting
 Of a friendship pure and blest ;
Where I oft have lingered dreaming,
 Dreaming of, yet clasping thee,
Now as then in truthful seeming,
 Dearest, wilt thou wait for me ?

DEATH IN THE BUSH.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF BURKE AND WILLS.

To die, to perish in the bush alone,
With but the wilds to hear thy parting groan ;
With but the winds to catch thy parting breath,
And mock the last long agony of death ;
To feel some message to the true and dear
Clamour for utterance, yet with none to hear ;
To long with anguish health can never know
For the last solace human hands bestow ;
Yet hear no gentle tone, no soft caress
Soothing thy spirit's last and worst distress ;
To feel a thousand thoughts for language rise,
Yet which must perish when the body dies ;
Where no kind voice can quell the rising fears,
No gentle hand wipe off the bitter tears ;
To face the awful king unarmed, alone,
Thy loss unnoticed, and thy fate unknown ;
To know not if thy wasted form shall lie
And shrivel 'neath the sun's all-scorching eye ;
Or if the warrigal with rapture grim
Shall tear thee piece from piece, and limb from limb ;
To know thine eyes may gaze unclosed to Heaven,
Till from their orbs by crows and swamp-hawks riven ;
Which to their prey, while still thou'rt conscious, rush ;
God grant we face not death while in the bush.

THE POET'S LAMENT.

I.

REHEARSING his various woes,
The complaint of a poet arose
Who fain had spoke beauty in rhyme
In the ears of the commonplace time ;
But found thought half developed in verse
Filled neither the heart nor the purse.

“ O weariful wasting of time,
To be haunted by visions of rhyme ;
For poetry, every one knows,
Is the last thing a colony grows.
A Browning or Keats I would pity
If writing his rhymes in this city :
Or say that we fly from the town
And seek Nature !—All barren and brown,
Stretch out a monotonous plain,
Too crude for a fanciful strain,
Too vast for a poet to sing.
And our rivers—that beauty might bring
To Naiad and Nixie unknown,
Find a new savage life of their own.
Each bank and horizon is seen :
Such tracts lying stony between,
Where the torrent dividing may flee
On separate paths to the sea,

That a whole desert kingdom it seems,
 Of terrible swift-flowing streams.
 Woe is me for a poet forlorn,
 In this loveless new land to be born ;
 Ere the flowerets of fancy have blown
 I shall perish, in silence unknown."

II.

So he ended : and others, in quaint
 Self-pity, took up the complaint,
 The grief of their hearts to reveal.

" We have thoughts, we have knowledge, and zeal ;
 Would-be authors, but where may we look
 For the impulse that genders a book ?
 Ah ! far o'er the sea we might come
 To the land that our fathers call home ;
 Where modern creation might wage
 Its charm with the beauty of age
 To enchant us, enthrall us, inspire
 Our souls—and our volumes—with fire !
 But here, in this Christchurch of ours,
 With secular teaching in showers,
 And science's latest advance,
 We have not a breath of romance !
 The seed of our future belles-lettres
 Is choked by percentage and tret ;
 Pierian springs would run dry
 Beneath a New Zealander's sky."

III.

There they who sit crowned with the crown
 Of deathless accomplished renown

The great, with compassion to heed
Their very young brethren's need,
Gave ear to the pitiful cry,
First smiled, then grew grave to reply.
(I repeat, as were given to me
The words that came over the sea),
"Oh, faint-hearted scribblers, no more !
We receive such complaints by the score.
And no other reply might be made
But that you are new to the trade ;
And we all of us heard when at school
Of the workman who chides with his tool.
But this once, for our common art's sake,
We point out your greatest mistake,
To modern your land far away
For the birthplace of fancy, you say ?
On colonial, inglorious ground,
No theme for romance can be found ?
Oh dullards ! Where under the sky
Doth a kingdom too desolate lie
For poetry's delicate breath ?
There is Life, there is Love, there is Death ;
Unlock with your magical keys
The meanings that sanctify these,
And the old world and the new shall proclaim
Your right to the coveted fame.
Or if you should fail of your meed,
Yet comes the reward in the deed.
The quest of the Sangreal makes clean
All hearts that pursue though unseen
Save by few, the elected, it shine.
The choice of the highest be thine ;
To strive,—that, if given to thee,
Thine eyes may be worthy to see !"

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 and 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 shuffle 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 their names, 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,
And 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 sat,
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? *hulf* is mine;

You shall have it—ah! handle the weight.
Says I, "Come, our forces we'll join,
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 tussle, 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 neevy, my lud,
Charles Smith—hem! Sir Bayard Fitz-Sayce.

WOOL IS UP.

EARTH o'erflows with nectared gladness,
 All creation teems with joy ;
 Banished be each thought of sadness,
 Life for me has no alloy.
 Fill a bumper, drain a measure,
 Pewter, goblet, tankard, cup,
 Testifying thus our pleasure
 At the news that " wool is up."

'Thwart the empires, 'neath the oceans,
 Subtly speeds the living fire ;
 Who shall tell what wild emotions
 Spring from out that thridden wire ?
 " Jute is lower, copper weaker,"
 This will break poor neighbour Jupp ;
 But for me, I shout " Eureka !"
 Wealth is mine —for wool is up.

What care I for jute or cotton,
 Sugar, copper, hemp, or flax,
 Reeds like these are often rotten,
 Turn to rods for owners' backs.

Fortune, ha ! I have thee holden
 In what Scotia calls a "grup,"
 All my fleeces now are golden,
 Full troy weight—for wool is up.

I will dance the gay fandango,
 Though to me its steps be strange,
 Doubts and fears you all can hang go,
 I will cut a dash on 'Change.
 Atra Cura, you will please me
 By dismounting from my crup—
 Crupper, you no more shall tease me,
 Pray, get down—for wool is up.

Jane shall have that stylish bonnet,
 Which my scanty purse denied ;
 Long she set her heart upon it,
 She shall wear it now with pride.
 I will buy old Dumper's station,
 Reign as king at Gerringhup,
 For my crest a bust of Jason,
 With this motto, "Wool is up."

I will keep a stud extensive ;
 Bolter, here, I'll have those greys,
 Those Sir George deemed too expensive,
 You can send them—with the bays.
 Coursing ! I should rather think so ;
 Yes, I'll take that "Lightning" pup ;
 Jones, my boy, you needn't wink so,
 I can stand it—wool is up.

Wifey, love, you're looking charming,
Years with you are but as days ;
We must have a grand house-warming
When these painters wend their ways.
Let the ball-room be got ready,
Bid our friends to dance and sup ;
Bother, how can I go steady ?
I'm worth thousands—wool is up !

WOOL IS DOWN.

BLACKER than e'er the inky waters roll
 Upon the gloomy shores of sluggish Styx,
 A surge of sorrow laps my leaden soul,
 For that which was at "two" is now "one—six."
 "Come disappointment, come," as has been said
 By some one else who quailed 'neath Fortune's frown,
 Stab to the core the heart that once has bled,
 For "heart" read "pocket"—wool, ah! wool is down.

"And in the lowest deep a lower deep,"
 Thou sightless seer, indeed it may be so,
 The road too well we know is somewhat steep,
 And who shall stay us when that road we go?
 Thrice cursèd wire; whose lightning strikes to blast,
 Whose babbling tongue proclaims throughout the town
 The news, which, being ill, has travelled fast,
 The dire intelligence—that wool is down.

A rise in copper and a rise in jute,
 A fall alone in wool, but what a fall!
 Jupp must have made a pile this trip, the brute,
 He don't deserve such splendid luck at all.

The smiles for him—for me the scalding tears ;
 He's worth ten thousand if he's worth a crown,
 While I—untimely shorn by Fate's harsh shears—
 Feel that my game is up when wool is down.

Bolter, take back these prancing greys of thine,
 Remove as well the vanquished warrior's bays,
 My fortunes are not stable, they decline ;
 Aye, even horses taunt me with their neighs.
 And thou, sweet puppy of the "Lightning" breed,
 Through whose fleet limbs I pictured me renown,
 Hie howling to thy former home with speed,
 Thy course with me is up—for wool is down.

Why, Jane, what's this?—this pile of letters here?
 Such waste of stamps is really very sad.
 Your birthday ball? Oh, come not twice a year,
 Good gracious me! the woman must be mad.
 You'd better save expense at once, that's clear,
 And send a bellman to invite the town!
 There—there—don't cry, forgive my temper, dear,
 But put these letters up—for wool is down.

My station "Gerringhup," yes, that must go,
 Its sheep, its oxen, and its kangaroos,
 First 'twas the home of blacks, then whites, we know,
 Now is it but a dwelling for "the blues."
 With it I leave the brotherhood of Cash
 Who form Australian Fashion's tinsel crown ;
 I tread along the devious path of Smash,
 I go where wool has gone—down, ever down.

Thus ends my dream of greatness ; not for me
The silken couch, the banquet, and the rout,
They're flown—the base residuum will be
A mutton chop and half-a-pint of stout—
Yet will I hold a corner in my soul
Where Hope may nestle safe from Fortune's frown.
Thou hoodwinked jade ! my heart remaineth whole—
I'll keep my spirits up—though wool be down.

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 me, 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 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 that street in the noontide, like ants on their native
hill,
These sorrowful revellers swarmed along at a pace that
could hardly kill ;
And the 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 use 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 its sweets 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 bless'd, 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 astride 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 !

AUSTRALASIA.

ILLUSTRIOUS Cook, Columbus of our shore,
 To whom was left this unknown world t' explore,
 Its untraced bounds on faithful chart to mark,
 And leave a light where all before was dark :—
 And thou the foremost in fair learning's ranks,
 Patron of every art, departed Banks,
 Who, wealth disdaining, and inglorious ease,
 The rocks and quicksands dared of unknown seas ;
 Immortal pair, when in yon spacious bay
 Ye moored awhile its wonders to survey,
 How little thought ye that the name from you
 Its graceful shrubs and beauteous wild-flowers drew
 Would serve, in after times, with lasting brand,
 To stamp the soil, and designate the land,
 And to ungenial climes reluctant scare
 Full many a hive that else had settled there.

Ah, why, Britannia's pride, Britannia's boast,
 Searcher of every sea, and every coast,
 Lamented Cook, thou bravest, gentlest heart,
 Why didst thou fall beneath a savage dart ?
 Why were thy mangled relics doomed to grace
 The midnight orgies of a barbarous race ?
 Why could'st thou not, thy weary wandering past,
 At home in honour'd ease recline at last ?
 And like the happier partner of thy way
 In cloudless glory close life's setting day.
 And thou, famed Gallic captain, La Perouse,
 When from this bay thou led'st thy fated crews,

Did thy twin vessels sink beneath the shock
Of furious hurricane, or hidden rock ?
Fell ye, o'erpowered on some barbarian strand,
As fell before, De Langle's butchered band ?
Lingered the remnants of thy shipwrecked host
On some parched coral isle, some torrid coast,—
Where no green tree, no cooling brook is seen,
Nought living is, or e'er before has been,
Save some lone mew, blown from her rocky nest,
Had lit, perchance, her homeward wing to rest ;
Till gnawed by want, with joy a comrade dead
They saw, and ravenous on his body fed,
And soon, his bones picked bare, with famished eye
Each glared around, then drew who first should die,
Till of thy ghastly band the most unblest
Survived,—sad sepulchre of all the rest.
And now, his last meal gorged, with frenzy fired,
And raging thirst, the last lorn wretch expired.
Whate'er thy fate, thou saw'st the floating arks
That peopled this new world, the teeming barks
That ardent Philip led to this far shore,
And seeing them, alas ! wert seen no more.
Ah ! couldst thou now behold what man has done,
Though seven revolving lustres scarce have run,
How wouldst thou joy to see the savage earth
The smiling parent of so fair a birth !
Lo ! thickly planted o'er the glassy bay,
Where Sydney loves her beauties to survey,
And every morn delighted sees the beam
Of some fresh pennant dancing in her stream,
A masty forest, stranger vessels moor,
Charged with the fruits of every foreign shore ;
While, landward,—the thronged quay, the creaking crane,

The noisy workman and the loaded wain,
The lengthened street, wide square, and column'd front
Of stately mansions, and the gushing font,
The solemn church, and busy market throng,
And idle loungers saunt'ring slow among—
The lofty windmills that with outspread sail
Thick line the hills, and court the rising gale,
Show that the mournful genius of the plain,
Driv'n from his primal solitary reign,
Has backward fled and fix'd his drowsy throne
In untrod wilds to muse and brood alone.
And thou, fair Port, whose triad sister coves
Peninsulate these walls; whose ancient groves
High low'ring Southward, rear their giant form,
And break the fury of the polar storm.
Fairest of Ocean's daughters! who dost bend
Thy mournful steps to seek thy absent friend,
Whence she,—coy wild-rose, on her virgin couch,
Fled loath from Parramatta's am'rous touch.
Skirting thy wat'ry path, lo! frequent stand
The cheerful villas 'midst their well-cropp'd land;
Here lowing kine, there bounding coursers graze,
Here waves the corn, and there the woody maize,
Here the tall peach puts forth its pinky bloom,
And there the orange scatters its perfume,
While, as the merry boatmen row along,
The woods are quicken'd with their lusty song.
Nor here alone hath labour's victor band
Subdued the glebe, and fertilized the land;
For lo, from where at rocky Portland's head
Reluctant Hawkesbury quits his sluggard bed,
Merging in ocean,—to young Windsor's tow'rs,
And Richmond's high green hills, and native bow'rs,

Thence far along Nepean's pebbled way
To those rich pastures where the wild herds stray,
The crowded farm-house lines the winding stream
On either side, and many a plodding team
With shining ploughshare turns the neighb'ring soil,
Which crowns with double crop the lab'rer's toil.
Hail, mighty ridge ! that from thy azure brow
Survey'st these fertile plains, that stretch below,
And look'st with careless unobservant eye,
As round thy waist the forked lightnings ply,
And the loud thunders spring with hoarse rebound
From peak to peak, and fill the welkin round
With deaf'ning voice, till with their boist'rous play
Fatigued in mutt'ring peals they stalk away ;—
Parent of this deep stream, this awful flood,
That at thy feet its tributary mud,
Like the fam'd Indian, or Egyptian tide,
Doth pay, but direful scatters woe beside :—
Vast Austral Giant of these rugged steeps,
Within whose secret cells, rich glittering heaps
Thick piled are doomed to sleep till some one spy
The hidden key that opes thy treasury ;
How mute, how desolate thy stunted woods,
How dread thy chasms, where many an eagle broods,
How dark thy caves, how lone thy torrents' roar,
As down thy cliffs precipitous they pour,
Broke on our hearts, when first with venturous tread
We dared to rouse thee from thy mountain bed.
Till, gained with toilsome steps thy rocky heath,
We spied the cheering smokes ascend beneath,
And, as a meteor shoots athwart the night,
In boundless champaign burst upon our sight,
Till, nearer seen, the beauteous landscape grew
Op'ning like Canaan on rapt Israel's view.

A WANDERING HEART.

FROM a world that wearies—from hope departed—
To the distant realms of the summer blue ;
From this cold, dead world, and the cruel-hearted,
To one fair heart for ever true—
Let me but haste to that distant haven,
From the frost of hate to the summer blue.

So I, sad-hearted, went roaming over
The fairest lands of the golden west,
Seeking but, like the dove, some haven
Where I might love, and be at rest ;
Some dark-skinned maiden to love for ever,
To be beloved and love her best.

And on, and on, over trackless regions,
Where the oranges bloom and sunbeams kiss,
And the peach grows faint with luscious juices,
And birds but sing of a land of bliss,
And the cinnamon tree and the nutmeg spices
Meet the gentle zephyrs with a kiss.

And there I met with a dark-skinned maiden,
With raven tresses, eyes flashing bright
Like twin-stars glitter, and flame and glitter,
When near the throne of a summer's night ;
Ah ! flashing rays of a smiling heaven,
When heaven is seen through the fairest light.

She was not fair, but her childlike glances,
 So coy and rare, and her native grace,
 That no lover ever saw such beauty
 As I saw in my darling's face ;
 She was not fair, but her love-lit glances
 Stamp'd her the rarest of her race.

She was not fair, but her dark eyes wandered
 Deep in my soul like star-lit skies :
 "Ay ! ay !" I cried, "if your heart would ramble
 Deep in my soul like your roaming eyes,
 I'd bar the door of my heart for ever,
 And hold thee as pirate holds a prize."

Then she toss'd her ringlets, as waves of summer
 Playfully sweep o'er the golden sands,
 So her raven tresses play'd and fluttered
 Around her neck from their silver bands,
 And she said, "O ! friend, could a bird be joyous
 Tho' you built her a cage with golden bands ?

"You talk of gold, but the man I marry
 Shall be poor and humble, how could I
 A crown of gold on my young head carry ?
 'Twould be a butterfly's death, I'd die
 Fluttering too near the glare and glitter,
 Then pine, and wither, and fade, and die."

"Ah ! no !" I whispered, "I'll guard thee ever,
 Not a breath of heaven shall chill thy cheek,
 My slaves shall fan the breeze of summer,
 And the winds of heaven for thee be meek."

“ Ah ! no,” she murmured, “ let the winds of heaven
For ever fan and blush my cheek.”

“ I cannot come, for my home, the forest ;
My path and thine are so far apart,
Thy breast with pearls and gems is cover'd,
My only pearl is a loving heart,
Thy pathway leads to Castle turrets ;
Ah ! mine and thine are so far apart.”

But I wooed and won, and the summer blossom
Play'd and toy'd with the gentle breeze ;
No Eve had fairer realms or flowers
Than the bowers I built 'neath orange trees ;
And morning came and the evening shadows,
But found us loving beneath the trees.

And happy days, like the summer zephyr,
Flew gently by—and the autumn flowers
Came bursting forth—and the lemon blossoms
Entwined their fragrance around our bowers ;
Ah ! happy love, what cloud of sorrow
Should mar the Eden of our bowers ?

I cannot tell the why or wherefore
My love grew cold, or why I sigh'd
For the old, old places, and pale sweet faces
That I long'd to see beyond the tide.
But the shadow fell around our dwelling,
And oft for home and my kin I sigh'd.

And my wandering heart kept wildly beating
For home and kin, and my high estate,
And Lady Hilda with flaxen tresses,
And oft I fum'd and curs'd my fate,
Tho' I loved my Hela, my wedded Hela ;
But I loved the glare of my high estate.

So I told her gently one morn in autumn,
A wrong was done by my lengthened stay,
And none but I that wrong could better ;
A few short months I should be away,
And then return and live with Hela
Amid the snows of the summer May.

And tho' I left her with the lie I utter'd,
She was my love, and I loved her best ;
Like early sunbeams in purple weather,
And sunny dreams of the golden west ;
But I longed for home and the glare and glitter
That gave my heart no peace, no rest.

And then a welcome lay before me,
A thousand lamps were hung on trees,
And serfs and vassals bowed before me
Like falling showers of autumn leaves,
When the winter King sends forth his message,
And boughs are bent on servile trees.

And Lady Hilda, with flaxen tresses,
With queen-like step and pale sweet face,
That love, the old, old love of boyhood,
Did compass me, and I deemed it grace,

Tho' her heart was cold ; yet I deem'd no angel
Could own so fair a form or face.

And my heart went roaming, as birds of summer
Unfold their wings for warmer lands ;
I wrote fair words of love and honour,
But I wrote them only on shifting sands!
And forgetful waves of summer pleasure,
But dash'd by vows from the shifting sands.

And yet I heard my Hela singing,
And her song and her love was still to me
Like the fragrant blush of the autumn clover,
And the morning song of the honey bee ;
Ah ! a true heart pined in forest bower,
Not for my wealth, but alone for me.

But my heart was like a summer rover,
Aye, forgetful of a love I'd won,
And only Hilda now it worshipped
(Forgetting heart of the wrong it done),
And I laid my heart at the cold, cold beauty
Who spurned the gift too easy won.

What thus, said I, is wealth or power ?
It cannot bring one moment's grace ;
True, it may crown a heartless maiden,
Or buy the smiles of a pretty face ;
But a loving heart has no chamber in it
To give but wealth a dwelling place.

And my heart grew cold, and in bitter wailing
I thought of her whose heart was true ;
What now I cried is this queenly Hilda
To that Queen of mine in the summer blue
Whose heart, I know—is like the sunbeam,
Passionate, warm, and ever true ?

And ever and ever I heard her singing,
And her song and love were still to me,
Like the fragrant blush of the early clover,
And the morning song of the honey bee,
When night is spent in bitter wailing,
And peace comes over a troubled sea.

So weary and sad, with frail repining,
I hasted over the stormy wave,
And early on one bright Sabbath morning
I was kneeling beside a woodland grave ;
O! bitter fate to bring me wailing
Over my darling's early grave !

There was only a cross to tell the story,
“Hela,” the name the white cross bore,
But my heart was chill'd tho' madly beating
O! would its beatings for aye were o'er
“Hela, my darling,” I cried in sorrow,
“Hela,” the name that the white cross bore.

I only know my heart was bleeding
For the wrong I'd done to a hapless maid ;
I only know I prayed and pleaded,
That by her side I might soon be laid.

Ay! I pray'd for death, and to be forgiven
The wrong I'd done to a hapless maid.

And the rain came down in thunder showers,
And the lightning danc'd, but still I lay,
Like a wretch, forlorn, at the gate of heaven—
Open, O! grave, thy gates, I say!
And every sob had the name of "Hela!"
"Hela darling, come back, I pray!"

And then a soft hand press'd my forehead,
And a loving heart lay on my breast,
And, like a child, my Hela nestled
Closer and closer for love and rest,
And I thought the gates of peace had opened,
And I was with the loved and blest.

Ah! yes, 'twas Hela, my living Hela,
"And what is the white cross here to-day?"
"Our little Hela," she wept and answered,
"Who was born and died, when you went away;
I gave her life, but the spirits stole her,
The time my love was lost that day."

And the sun shone out in regal splendour,
And joyous birds sang near their nests,
As hand in hand by the white cross kneeling,
We wept for "Hela" who lay at rest,
And I clasp'd my darling, no more to sever
From a wandering heart that loved her best.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE OLD LAND AND THE NEW.

SAGE and bard in the olden time
Sang loving and sweet a mirthful rhyme,
Carol, or lay, or roundelay,
 Or hymn divine ;
Shall we in the southern realm to-day
Be sad and silent, or glad and gay ?
Shall our hearts give forth a merry chime,
A carol of love for Christmas-time ?

The roses are out in their summer garb,
The tiger-lily is flaunting gay,
The song of the lark is soft and sweet,
And sweet the breath of the new-mown hay ;
Over the meadows the buttercups throw
Their golden sheen of summer glow,
And we think of childhood's happy home,
When Christmastide was white with snow.

Our hearts were true and our spirits light
In the dear old land so far away,
When village bells rang a pleasant chime
Of love and peace for Christmas Day :

And we think of hearts which love us yet,
And beat in unison with ours ;
They have true hearts amid the snow,
As ours are true amid the flowers.

We sit beneath the myrtle trees,
And talk, dear motherland, of thee ;
And fancy views the glowing fires
Old Christmas brings with revelry.
They sing of peace, good-will to men,
We sing the same dear song to-day ;
They kiss beneath the mistletoe,
We kiss beneath the orange spray.

We sing the dear old English songs,
And weave a chaplet now and then,
And hearts will beat in love and pride
In boasting we are Englishmen.
And so we sing this Christmastide
A song, my motherland, to thee,
And pray that God will watch and keep
Our Island-home beyond the sea.

I.

We love the land that gave us birth ;
Tho' her skies may not be fair
As this new land that smiles and laughs
In sunbeams bright and rare ;
And though our hearts to this new land
Will beat for ever true,
We'll not forget the dear old land,
Although we love the new.

II.

Old England has her woodland glades,
And fields of golden grain ;
This new land glows with fern and rose
On mountain, hill, and plain.
We roamed in boyhood's happy time
O'er England's cowslip dales,
To-day we tread with love and pride
This new land's flowery vales.

III.

We loved to gather buttercups
And daisies by the rills,
And listen to the cuckoo's shout
In England's woodland hills ;
But now beneath the pine's deep shade
We work, and laugh, and sing,
And roam this new land's wild ravines
As free as any king.

IV.

The ocean tide may roll between
The islands of the free,
But loving bonds of brotherhood
Shall circle every sea.
Our hearts still beat as British hearts,
To both lands ever true,
For we fondly love the good old land,
And dearly love the new.

Sage and bard in the olden time
Sang loving and sweet a joyful rhyme,
And we in the southern realm to-day
Sing, "God bless them who are far away ;
Peace and good-will to one and all,
The rich and poor, the great and small,
And God's dear love and grace beside
Encompass all this Christmastide."

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 buds 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 peaceless breast is laden

With the wish for news of one whose memory makes the
teardrop 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 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-calls of his
thirsty pain !

See the ironbark, 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 !

ENVOI.

FROM "THE AUSTRALIAN PRINTER'S KEEPSAKE."

WHEN building up the Gothic type
In the Abbey's Almonrie,
Such labour must have seemed, in sooth,
A trivial one to see—
To print the first book in the land
Of Saxon speech and flow ;
Yet pregnant seeds were planted then,
Four Hundred Years ago.

Oh ! great Reformer of that age,
Thy task had then begun,
And when it ended time avowed
'Twas well and wisely done ;
For knowledge and fair liberty
Alike to thee we owe ;
Thy efforts ushered in the twain
Four Hundred Years ago.

Tho' far removed by ocean wastes
From that dear Mother Land,
We cherish her historic past,
We share her triumphs grand ;

Exulting in her mighty sons,
And in the foremost row
Is seen the Father of our Craft,
Four Hundred Years ago.

Immortal Caxton ! Rolling years
But add unto thy fame ;
Where'er our English tongue is heard,
All venerate thy name.
Even here, beneath the Austral Pole,
Our hearts are all aglow,
To honour thee and thy emprise
Four Hundred Years ago.

APPENDIX I.



BUSH SONGS.

By the kindness of the Hon. Mrs. W. E. Cavendish, herself an Australian, the editor has been enabled to lay before English readers the three Australian songs most sung in the Bush—all of them thoroughly racy of the soil.

THE STOCKMAN'S LAST BED.

I.

WHETHER stockman or not,
For a moment give ear—
Poor Jack, he is dead,
And no more shall we hear
The crack of his whip,
Or his steed's lively trot,
His clear "go ahead,"
Or his jingling quart pot.
For he sleeps where the wattles
Their sweet fragrance shed,
And tall gum-trees shadow
The Stockman's last bed !

II.

One day, while out yarding,
He was gored by a steer.
"Alas!" cried poor Jack,
"'Tis all up with me here ;"
And never shall I
The saddle regain,
Or bound like a wallaby
Over the plain.
So they've laid him where wattles
Their sweet fragrance shed, &c.

III.

His whip at his side,
His dogs they all mourn,
His horse stands awaiting
His master's return ;
While he lies neglected,—
Unheeded he dies ;
Save Australia's dark children,
None knows where he lies ;
For he sleeps, &c.

IV.

Then, Stockman, if ever,
On some future day,
While following a mob,
You should happen to stray—
Oh ! pause by the spot |
Where poor Jack's bones are laid,
Far, far from the home
Where in childhood he strayed.

And tread softly where wattles
Their sweet fragrance shed,
And tall gum-trees shadow
The Stockman's last bed.

THE BUSHMAN'S LULLABY.

I.

LIFT me down to the creek-bank, Jack ;
It must be cooler outside :
The long hot day is well-nigh done,
It's a chance if I see another one.
I should like to look on the setting sun,
And the waters cool and wide.

II.

We didn't think it would be like this
Last week as we rode together ;
True mates we've been in this far land
For many a day since Devon's strand
We left for these wastes of sun-scorched land,
In the blessed English weather.

III.

We left when the leafy lanes were green,
And the trees met overhead ;
The merry brooks ran clear and gay ;
The air was sweet with the scent of hay ;
How well I remember the very day,
And the words my mother said !

IV.

We have striven and toiled and fought it out
Under the hard blue sky,
Where the plains glowed red in tremulous light,
Where the haunting mirage mocked the sight
Of desperate men from morn till night,
And the streams had long been dry.

V.

Where we dug for gold on the mountain side,
Where the ice-fed river ran,
Through frost and blast, through fire and snow,
Where an Englishman could live and go,
We've followed our luck for weal or woe,
And never asked help from man.

VI.

And now it's over, it's hard to die,
Ere the summer of life is o'er,
Ere time has printed one single mark,
When the pulse beats high, and the limbs are stark,
And, oh God, to see home no more !

VII.

No more ! No more ! Ah ! vain the vow,
That, whether rich or poor,
Whatever the years might bring or change,
I would one day stand by the grey old grange,
While the children gathered, all shy and strange,
As I entered the well-known door.

VIII.

You will go home to the old place, Jack ;
Tell my mother from me
That I thought of the words she used to say,
Her looks, her tone, as I dying lay ;
That I prayed to God as I used to pray
When I knelt beside her knee.

IX.

By the lonely water they made their couch,
And the southern night fast fled ;
They heard the wild fowl splash and cry,
They heard the mourning reeds low sigh.
Such was the Bushman's lullaby ;
With the dawn his soul was sped.

CARELESS JIM.

I.

His other name ? Well, there I'm stumped ;
He was tall, sir, dark and slim,
And we—that is, my mates and I—
Just called him "Careless Jim,"
'That was all we knew—to his other name
No thought we ever gave,
Until one day, at the foot of the mount,
When we laid him in his grave.

II.

There were four of us all young and wild,
You know what the times were then—
But you see that gap in the mountain, Miss—
That gap in the Fern-tree Glen—
'Twas there we lived in a hut so rude,
But you know what the huts were then !
That house there's mine, but I've often wished
For those times in the Fern-tree Glen.

III.

We had no care—a quarrel at times
Might the light of our lives bedim,
But a jump between and “Don't be fools”
Would come from Careless Jim.
So our lives sped on unruffled, unchanged,
Till a day all dreary, when
A shadow fell on the rude old hut
That we built in the Fern-tree Glen.

IV.

It was night, and beside a rough bush bed
We stood with our eyes all dim,
Watching the flickering lamp of life
In the face of Careless Jim.
How bright at times it seemed to burn,
And then how faint its glow !
But 'twas sinking fast, and we heard a voice
Cry, “Good-bye, boys—I go.”

V.

We dug a grave where the brook babbles on,
Beneath the Fern-tree's shade,
And between two sheets of the white-gum bark
The form of Jim we laid ;
Then with spade in hand all mute we stood,
Chained as it were by a spell,
Waiting each for the other to heap the clay
On the clay we loved so well.

VI.

'Twas done at length—yet I scarce know how,
For not a word was said ;
And a creeper we set at the foot of that grave,
And a box-tree at his head.
And we carved his name on a blue-gum near,
Leastways all we knew,
In a rough, irregular sort of way—
“ JIM, 1852.”

VII.

Ten years ago I saw that grave ;
The brook babbled on as before ;
But the box-tree had pushed the fern aside,
And the creeper was there no more ;
But I alone, sir, know that spot
(For my mates are sleeping too),
And I carved once more on the blue-gum tree,
“ JIM, 1852.”

APPENDIX II.



THE *ATHENÆUM* REVIEW OF KENDALL'S MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

A WRITER in the *British Weekly* of February 24th, evidently a careful student of Australian literature, and other correspondents have asked me why I did not allude to the now famous critique in the *Athenæum* of September 27, 1862, on some poems sent by Kendall in manuscript—a review which does infinite credit to the sagacity and good-heartedness of the then editor (Mr. Hepworth Dixon). At this distance of time, more than a quarter of a century, it will be interesting to many readers to see this review *in extenso*. *Pace* what the writer in the *British Weekly* says, the poems in this volume are mostly distinctly inferior to Kendall's best work.

ATHENÆUM, *September 27, 1862.*

We have sent out poets to Australia,—among others the author of “Orion,” and Australia cannot as yet be said to have paid us back in poetic coin. Not that there is failure of musical issue on that continent. Indeed, much verse is in circulation among the gold-finders and the backwoodsmen. From Hobart Town to Moreton Bay every newspaper has

its poets, who set events to music, like the Grecian singers and the Northern skalds. Of the rhymes of these poets, not a trifle finds its way to Wellington Street, Strand. By nearly every mail comes an appeal from the neglect which genius finds in the Colonies to the more liberal and impartial literary courts of the mother-country, justified by parcels of manuscript verse and newspaper cuttings, which the hopeful writer expects us to read with patience and indulgence. Who could refuse? The poor fellow—often a clever fellow—lives 16,000 miles away. He has no friends on this northern side of the globe. You do not know him. He has never seen you—perhaps never will see you. He has no other claim on your kindness than his poverty of resource. Often his appeal against the injustice of Colonial editors has very slight foundation: his verses halt, his cases differ, his illustrations fail. But we read with hope. From a new country should come, in time, a new literature. Those images of a virgin nature, found in the sky and landscape, in the fauna and flora of Australia, must one day speak to the true poet and find an utterance in his song. All the poetry of a new land will not escape in action. If a Burke lives his poem, some Tennyson may arise to write it. One day or other we shall catch the brightness of an Australian sky on the page of an Australian bard. By the last mail from Sydney came to us the usual parcel from an unknown hand. The note which accompanies the verses sent for our inspection is dated Sydney, and signed Henry Kendall. It contains all that we know of the young poet, and we place it textually before the reader as a proper introduction to the verses we shall quote:

“SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, *July* 19, 1862.

“The inclosed papers will have travelled 16,000 miles

when you receive them, and on that account I hope you will read them. I am an Australian and a self-educated one; hence there may be technical errors in what I send. Their immaturity must be passed over for the reason that I have not reached my twentieth year. In a maze of 'crude imitations' perhaps if there is anything holding out a promise of future excellence tell me of it. Don't turn from me, as others have done, because I am a native of a country yet unrepresented in literature, but read what is sent before you condemn. Rejecting the magnificent patronage of our would-be literary magnates, I appeal to a greater authority for kinder treatment. If there is hope, give me some encouragement by noticing me in your journal; if there is none, I shall be satisfied with *your* decision. I cannot send any of my later writings, because they are too long, and too Australian to be cared for by Englishmen. *They*, at least, are my own. But even in these, which were written while I was in my eighteenth year, I have striven to be original. And a very good opportunity I have had, being not in a position to afford to buy books, and living out of the reach of them, in the backwoods of the Colony.

"I am, &c.,

"HENRY KENDALL."

Our readers will have guessed by our introduction that we think better of Mr. Kendall's verse than of the usual receipts from Australia. Mr. Kendall has much to learn; but he has received from Nature some of that strong poetic faculty and power which no amount of learning can bestow. The spirit of nearly all the writings under our hand is dark and sorrowful, but of their energy and vigour there can be little doubt. The following song has not been printed:—

THE RIVER AND THE HILL.

THEY shook their sweetness out in their sleep,
 On the brink of that beautiful stream ;
 But it wandered along with a wearisome song
 Like a lover that walks in a dream :
 So the roses blew
 When the winds went through,
 In the moonlight so white and so still ;
 But the River it beat
 All night at the feet
 Of a cold and flinty hill—
 Of a hard and senseless hill !

I said, " We have often showered our loves
 Upon something as dry as the dust ;
 And the faith that is crost, and the hearts that are
 lost—
 Oh ! how can we wittingly trust ?
 [Like the stream which flows,
 And wails as it goes,
 Through the moonlight so soft and still,
 But you beat and you beat
 All night at the feet
 Of that cold and flinty hill—
 Of that hard and senseless hill ?

" River, I stay where the sweet roses blow,
 And drink of their pleasant perfumes :
 Oh ! why do you moan, in this world alone,
 When so much affection here blooms ?]

The winds wax faint,
 And the moon like a Saint
 Glides over the waters so white and still,
 But you hear me and beat
 All night at the feet
 Of that cold and flinty hill—
 Of that hard and senseless hill.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The last seven lines of Verse 2 and first four lines of Verse 3 are omitted in the *Athenæum*.]

“Kiama,” the name of the poem we shall next lay before the reader, is a hamlet on the coast of New South Wales, about eighty miles south of Sydney.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In the *Athenæum*'s article the first two verses are not quoted.]

KIAMA.

TOWARD the hills of Jamboroo
 Some few fantastic shadows haste,
 Uplit with fires
 Like castle spires
 Outshining through a mirage waste,
 Behold a mournful glory sits
 On feathered ferns and woven brakes,
 Where sobbing wild, like restless child,
 The gusty breeze of evening wakes !
 Methinks I hear on every breath
 A lofty tone go passing by,
 That whispers—“Weave,
 Though wood-winds grieve,
 The fadeless blooms of Poesy !”

A spirit hand has been abroad—
 An evil hand to pluck the flowers ;
 A world of wealth
 And blooming health
 Has gone from fragrant seaside bowers.
 The twilight waxeth dim and dark,
 The sad waves mutter sounds of woe,
 But the evergreen retains its sheen,
 And happy hearts exist below !
 But pleasure sparkles on the sward,
 And voices utter words of bliss ;
 And while my bride
 Sits by my side,
 O ! where's the scene surpassing this ?

Kiama slumbers robed with mist,
 All glittering in the dewy light
 That, brooding o'er
 The shingly shore,
 Lies resting in the arms of night !
 And foam-flecked crags with surges chill,
 And rocks embraced by cold-lipped spray,
 Are moaning loud where billows crowd,
 In angry numbers, up the bay.
 The holy stars come looking down
 On windy heights and swarthy strand ;
 And Life and Love—
 The cliffs above—
 Are sitting fondly hand in hand.
 And life and love, &c.

I hear a music, inwardly,
 That floods my soul with thoughts of joy ;

Within my heart
 Emotions start,
 That Time may still but ne'er destroy
 An ancient spring revives itself,
 And days which made the Past divine ;
 And rich warm gleams from golden Dreams
 All glorious in their summer shine !
 And songs of half-forgotten hours,
 And many a sweet melodious strain
 Which still shall rise
 Beneath the skies,
 When all things else have died again.
 Which still shall rise, &c.

A white sail glimmers out at sea—
 A Vessel walking in her sleep.
 Some power goes past
 That bends the mast
 While frightened waves to leeward leap !
 The moonshine veils the naked sand,
 And ripples upward with the tide ;
 As underground there rolls a sound
 From where the caverned waters glide.
 A face that bears affection's glow,
 The soul that speaks from gentle eyes,
 And joy which slips
 From loving lips,
 Hath made this spot my paradise !
 And joy which slips, &c.

The peculiar mark of Mr. Kendall's genius—a wild, dark, Müller-like power of landscape painting—is less visible in these little pieces than in the following one :—

FAINTING BY THE WAY.

SWARTHY wastelands, wide and woodless, glittering miles
and miles away,
Where the south wind seldom wanders, and the winters will
not stay,—
Lurid wastelands, pent in silence thick with hot and thirsty
sighs,
Where the scanty thorn-leaves twinkle with their haggard,
hopeless eyes ;
Furnaced wastelands, hunched with hillocks like to stony
billows rolled,
Where the naked flats lie swirling, like a sea of darkening
gold,—
Burning wastelands, glancing upwards, with a weird and
vacant stare,
Where the languid heavens quiver o'er red depths of stirless
air !

“ O my brother, I am weary of this wildering waste of sand ;
In the noontide we can never travel to the promised land !
Lo ! the desert broadens round us, glaring wildly in my
face,
With long leagues of sunflame on it—O ! the barren, barren
place !
See, behind us gleams a green plot : shall we thither turn
and rest
Till a cool wind flutters over—till the Day is down the
west ?
I would follow, but I cannot ! Brother, let me here remain
For the heart is dead within me, and I may not rise
again ! ”

"Wherefore stay to talk of fainting? Rouse thee for awhile,
 my friend ;
 Evening hurries on our footsteps, and this journey soon will
 end ;—
 Wherefore stay to talk of fainting when the Sun with sinking
 fire
 Smites the blocks of broken thunder blackening yonder
 craggy spire ?
 Even now the far-off landscape broods and fills with coming
 change,
 And a withered Moon grows brighter, bending o'er that
 shadowed range ;
 At the feet of grassy summits sleeps a water calm and clear—
 There is surely rest beyond it ! comrade, wherefore tarry
 here ?

"Yet a little longer struggle ; we have walked a wilder
 plain,
 And have met more troubles, trust me, than we e'er shall
 meet again !
 Can you think of all the dangers you and I are living
 through,
 With a soul so weak and fearful—with the doubts *I* never
 knew ?
 Dost thou not remember that the thorns are clustered with
 the rose ;
 And that every Zinlike border may a pleasant land en-
 close ?
 Oh ! across these sultry deserts many a fruitful scene we'll
 find ;
 And the blooms we gather shall be worth the wounds they
 leave behind."

“Ah, my brother, it is useless! see, o’erburdened with
their load,
All the friends who went before us fall or falter by the
road;
We have come a weary distance seeking what we may not
get;
And I think we are but children chasing rainbows through
the wet!
Tell me not of vernal valleys! Is it well to hold a reed
Out for drowning men to clutch at in the moments of their
need?
Go thy journey on without me, it is better I should stay,
Since my life is like an evening fading, swooning, fast
away.

“Where are all the springs you talked of? Have I not
with pleading mouth
Looked to Heaven through a silence stifled in the crimson
drouth?
Have I not, with lips unsated, watched to see the fountains
burst,
Where I searched the rocks for cisterns, and they only
mocked my thirst?
Oh! I dreamt of countries fertile bright with lakes and
flashing rills
Leaping from their shady caverns, streaming round a thou-
sand hills!
Leave me, brother,—all is fruitless,—barren, measureless,
and dry;
And my God will *never* help me, though I pray, and faint,
and die.”

APPENDIX III.

“FIRST FRUITS OF AUSTRALIAN POETRY.”

THE following letter appeared in the *Academy*, Feb. 18, 1888 :—

“THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN POET.

“LONDON, *Feb.* 14, 1888.

“I am a little surprised to find that, in his ‘Australian Ballads and Rhymes,’ Mr. Douglas Sladen makes no mention of Charles Lamb’s and Wordsworth’s friend, Barron Field, and that your reviewer does not pull him up for the omission. Field’s ‘First Fruits of Australian Poetry’ was privately printed by him at Sydney, New South Wales (where he was a judge of the Supreme Court), in 1819, and was reviewed by Lamb in Leigh Hunt’s *Examiner* for January 16, 1820. The review is reprinted in the popular editions of Lamb’s ‘Works,’ unfortunately without the quotation he made of the capital verses on the kangaroo. The privately printed volume would appear to have contained only two poems : ‘Botany Bay Flowers’ and ‘The Kangaroo’; but with these Field printed several others in the appendix to his ‘Geographical Memoirs on New South Wales : by Several Hands,’ published by John Murray in 1825. Mr.

Field's verses are strictly 'Australian,' and deserved the place of honour in any collection such as Mr. Sladen's.

"J. DYKES CAMPBELL."

To enable the public to judge the "First Fruits" for themselves, the two poems contained in the publication are here appended. According to Mr. Henniker-Heaton, M.P.'s, "Australian Dictionary of Dates," the standard work on the subject, they had been anticipated twenty-three years by the prologue of George Barrington's, printed in our text.

BOTANY BAY FLOWERS.

God of this planet ! for that name best fits
 The purblind view which men of this "dim spot"
 Can take of Thee, the God of suns and spheres !
 What desert forests and what barren plains
 Lie unexplored by European eye,
 In what our fathers called *the great South Land* !
 Ev'n in those tracts which we have visited,
 Though thousands of thy vegetative works
 Have, by the hand of Science (as 'tis called),
 Been murdered and dissected, pressed and dried,
 Till all their blood and beauty are extinct,
 And named in barbarous Latin, men's surnames,
 With terminations of the Roman tongue :
 Yet tens of thousands have escaped the search,
 The decimation, the alive-impaling,
 Nick-naming of God's creatures—'scaped it all.
 Still fewer (perhaps none) of all these flowers
 Have been by poet sung. Poets are few,
 And botanists are many, and good cheap.

When first I landed on Australia's shore
 (I neither botanist nor poet truly,
 But less a seeker after facts than truth)
 A flower gladdened me above the rest,
 Shaped trumpet-like, which from a leafy stalk
 Hung clustering, hyacinthine, crimson red
 Melting to white. Botanic science calls
 The plant *epacris grandiflora*, gives
 Its class, description, habitat, then draws
 A line. The bard of truth would moralize
 'The flower's beauty, which caught first my eye ;
 But, having lived the circle of the year,
 I found (and then he'd sing in Beauty's praise)
 This the sole plant that never ceased to bloom,
 Nor here would stop :—at length, first love and fair,
 And fair and sweet, and sweet and constant, pall
 (Alas, for poor humanity !), and then
 The new, the pretty, and the unexpected,
 Ensnare the fancy. Thus it was with me
 When first I spied the flow'ret in the grass
 Which forms the subject of this humble song,
 And (treason to my wedded flower) cried :—

Th' Australian " fringed violet "
 Shall henceforward be my pet !
 Oh ! had this flow'r been seen by him
 Who called Europa's " violets dim,
 Sweeter than lids of Juno's eyes,"
 He had not let this touch suffice,
 But had pronounced it (I am certain)
 Of Juno's eye the " fringed curtain "—
 Picked phrase for eye-lid, which the poet
 Has used elsewhere ; and he will know it

Who in his dramas is well versed,
Vide "The Tempest," Act the First.
But I am wandering from my duty :
First to describe my fringe-eyed beauty.
'Tis then a floss-edged lilac flower,
That opens only after rain,
Once, and never blows again ;
Shuts too on early evening's hour,
Soon as the sun has lost its power,
Like a fairy's parasol
(If fairies walk by day at all) ;
Or, it may quicker gain belief
To call it her silk neckerchief,
Dropt before she blest the place
With her last night's dancing grace :
For surely fairies haunt a land
Where they may have the free command
Of beetles, flowers, butterflies,
Of such enchanting tints and dyes :
Not beetles black (forbidden things),
But beetles of enamell'd wings,
Or rather coats of armour, bossed,
And studded till the groundwork's lost.
Then, for all other insects,—here
Queen Mab would have no cause to fear
For her respectable approach,
Lest she could not set up her coach.
Here's a fine grub for a coach-maker,
Good as in fairy-land Long Acre ;
And very-long-indeed-legged spinners
To make her waggon-spokes, the sinners !
And here are winged grasshoppers,
And, as to gnats for waggoners,

We have mosquitoes will suffice
To drive her team of atomies.
If therefore she and her regalia
Have never yet been in Australia,
I recommend a voyage to us
On board the paper nautilus ;
But I incline to the opinion
That we are now in her dominion ;
Peri or fairies came from the East,
D'Herbelot tells us so, at least ;
And we dream all those self-same dreams
Which (from Mercutio) it seems
We owe to Mab's deliv'rancy,
As midwife and queen faëry.
Puck talks of putting round the earth,
In forty minutes' time, a girth :
Ob'ron, though he " the groves may tread
Till the Eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opens on Neptune with fair beams,
And turn to gold his salt-green streams : "
Yet chooses he, " in silence sad,
To trip after the night's shade :
He the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon : "
And Queen Titania's made to say
That she had been in India,
And had a mortal votress there,
As I hope too, among the fair
Of this young land of Shakespeare's tongue,
That she has here :—I've else judged wrong.

Enough, then, of the fairies and the flower ;
And, as mistaking Puck must sure have squeezed

The juice of that same little purple flower
 (Why may it not, ye botanists, be called
 A species of *Love in Idleness* ?
 Only because, perhaps, Jussieu would say
 It is no violet), and dropt the liquor
 Into my sleeping eyes, to make me change
 My love, as erst Lysander did to Helen
 From Hermia. So may the fairy king,
 Just Oberon, see good to break the spell
 With the epacris' juice ; more med'cinal
 Than moly or than hæmony—that moly
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave
 To disenthral his crew from Circe's charms,
 Or than that hæmony of sovran use
 'Gainst the enchantments of her son, great Comus ;
 Th' epacris, whose least dew-drop has the virtue
 To take from eyes all error, that when next
 They wake, all this may seem a fruitless dream.
 " My heart with that but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
 And now to this flower is at home returned,
 There to remain.
 Be as thou wast wont to be ;
 See as thou wast wont to see ;
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
 Hath such force and blessed power."
 Dian that's lady of the leaf,
 As Love is of the flower chief.
 The flower lives for half a day,
 " The life is in the leaf " for aye.

THE KANGAROO.

KANGAROO! kangaroo!
Thou spirit of Australia,
That redeems from utter failure,
From perfect desolation,
And warrants the creation
Of this fifth part of the earth;
Which would seem an after-birth,
Not conceived in the beginning
(For GOD blessed his work at first,
And saw that it was good),
But emerged at the first sinning,
When the ground was therefore curst:—
And hence this barren wood!

Kangaroo, Kangaroo,
Tho' at first sight we should say
In thy nature that there may
Contradiction be involved,
Yet, like discord, well resolved,
It is quickly harmonized.
Sphynx or mermaid realized,
Or centaur unfabulous,
Would scarce be more prodigious,
Or labyrinthine minotaur,
With which great Theseus did war,
Or Pegasus poetical;
Or hippogriff—chimeras all!
But, what Nature would compile,
Nature knows to reconcile;
And wisdom, ever at her side,
Of all her children's justified.

She had made the squirrel fragile,
 She had made the bounding hart,
 But a third so strong and agile,
 Was beyond ev'n Nature's art ;
 So she joined the former two
 In thee, Kangaroo !
 To describe thee it is hard,
 Converse of the camélopard,
 Which beginneth camel-wise,
 But endeth of the panther size ;
 Thy fore half, it would appear,
 Had belonged to "some small deer,"
 Such as liveth in a tree ;
 By thy hinder, thou should'st be
 A large animal of chase,
 Bounding o'er the forest's space ;—
 Joined by some divine mistake,
 None but Nature's hand can make—
 Nature, in her wisdom's play,
 On Creation's holiday.
 For howsoe'er anomalous,
 Thou yet art not incongruous,
 Repugnant or preposterous.
 Better-proportioned animal,
 More graceful or ethereal,
 Was never followed by the hound,
 With fifty steps to thy one bound.
 'Thou canst not be amended : no ;
 Be as thou art ; thou best art so.
 When sooty swans are once more rare,
 And duck-moles the museum's care,
 Be still the glory of this land,
 Happiest work of finest hand.

APPENDIX IV.

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ADDENDA.

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NOTES.



Page 46. EMMA FRANCES (Mrs. W. J.) ANDERSON. *An Australian Girl's Farewell*. This poem derives additional pathos from the fact that its authoress was a young Australian girl who died almost on her honeymoon at the Mauritius, where her husband lived.

Page 48. 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 the students of Australian literature, and though the author wishes his name not to appear, he has revised the proofs of it for us, so that the world now for the first time has the correct version of the poem, *Australian Ballads and Rhymes*.

Page 124. ERASMUS DARWIN. *A Fulfilled Prophecy*. This extract with the following letter appeared in the *Standard* newspaper about January 28, 1888 :—

“CHILDWALL, RICHMOND, S.W., *January 27th*.

“SIR,—Few predictions—one might almost say none—have been more emphatically fulfilled than the following, to which the celebration of the Centenary of New South Wales, now in progress, gives, as it seems to me, a startling interest. I copy it from a broadside in my possession dated in MS. (by Dr. Lysons), 1789. The lines are by Dr. Darwin, and they have probably been published in another shape. It is somewhat remarkable that they should, a hundred years ago, have been thought of sufficient interest to be printed in broadside form.

“Mr. Wedgwood having been favoured by Sir Joseph Banks with a specimen of clay from Sydney Cove, has made a few medallions of it,

representing Hope encouraging Art and Labour, under the influence of Peace, to pursue the employments necessary for rendering an infant Colony secure and happy. The above verses were written by the author of 'The Botanic Garden,' to accompany these medallions.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
J. ELIOT HODGKIN."

Page 125. ALFRED DOMETT, C.M.G. *Ranolf and Amohia*. Of this Longfellow wrote :—

"CAMBRIDGE, August 26, 1878.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You have sent me a splendid poem. There is ample space in it to move and breathe. It reminds me of the great pictures of the old masters. . . . Your descriptions of scenery are very powerful and beautiful. And just at present, while I am busy with poems of 'Poems and Places,' you can readily imagine how much they delight me.

"I have taken the liberty of making many extracts for the volume entitled 'Oceanica.' . . .—With great regard, yours faithfully,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

Page 181. ADAM LINDSAY GORDON. *An Exile's Farewell*. Patchett Martin wrote :—

"Among the mass of letters I have received since the appearance of the article on 'An Australian Poet,' testifying to the strange fascination of Gordon's muse, came a communication from a lady who had been a fellow-passenger of his in the ship *Julia*, which sailed for Adelaide on the 7th of August, 1853. This lady remarks :—'I urged him to write in my manuscript book. He was shy of doing so, saying he had never tried his hand at verse-making. However, he wrote the enclosed verses—his first essay—in which you will recognize his style.' What caused my correspondent to detect a poet in the exiled youth so moodily leaving 'home' I cannot say; it is only another illustration of the superiority of woman in the insight born of sympathy. This slight poem has all that strange blending of outward cynicism and inward emotion which distinguishes Gordon's reflective verse, and is very similar in tone to the more powerful poem addressed to his sister on his leaving England."

Page 242. R. H. HORNE. *Dibble Fellow*. The Dibble (or Devil) Fellow, dancing in fog, represents the white or grey appearance, attri-

buted by the native blacks to an evil spirit. This Dibble comes from New South Wales as an omen of ill. The old chief Woolanara crosses the Murray into this colony in warlike style; but "discretion" with the blacks being by far "the better part of valour," he is advised to pass over to the Snowy River of Gippsland, to wait his time for an opportunity against the white fellows.

The rhythm of the song-dance here adopted, is that of the blacks on the Goulburn River. The extra syllables at the end of most of the lines is characteristic of the untaught singing of the lower orders of all nations, and with none is it more conspicuous than among the agricultural labourers in the rural districts of England. The only "instrumental accompaniment" to the song-dance of the Australians *corroboree* is the measured beating upon a sort of drum made from a dried opossum skin.

Page 245. J. L. KELLY. *The Vision of Tuhotu.*

Verse 4. Mount Tarawera was strictly tapu (sacred or forbidden) on account of the summit of the hill being the burial place of the chiefs of the Arawa Tribe.

Verse 7. "Mahana's steaming flood"—a reference to a stream of warm water which flowed from Rotomahana (*roto*—lake, and *mahana*—hot) into the large cold water Lake Tarawera. This hot stream was a little over six feet wide and about a mile long.

Verse 7. *Te Kupuvarangi*, "The Fountain of the Clouded Sky,"—better known as the Pink Terrace—was a marvellously beautiful work of Nature, the product of centuries of deposits of silicious matter from a geyser or boiling cauldron at the summit. The hot water, overflowing from the natural basin, formed many pools in its descent, which made delicious hot baths. This terrace, which had a delicate pink hue throughout, was eighty feet high, and the Maori name is most poetically descriptive of its appearance.

Verse 7. *Te Tarata*—the White Terrace—was situated close to Rotomahana, and was larger, and in some respects more beautiful, than *Te Kupuvarangi*. It had fifty steps ranging in breadth from one to two feet, and the appearance presented was that of a structure of beautifully-fashioned white marble, with tiny cascades falling over it.

Verse 8. *Rotomahana*—now a thing of the past—was one of the smallest lakes of the group, being a mile long by about a quarter of a mile broad. It was 1,088 feet above the sea level, its waters were hot, steaming, and frequently disturbed by subterranean forces.

Verse 8. "The *taniwha*" was a mythical monster somewhat akin to a dragon, but usually inhabiting lakes and rivers. It is described in Maori traditions as being the size of a large sperm whale, but shaped like a lizard, and covered with scales, while his back was studded with spines. This monster was carnivorous, and was held in superstitious dread by the Maoris. There is no evidence that such an animal ever existed in New Zealand, and the traditions of it are probably exaggerated alligator stories handed down by the tropic-dwelling ancestors of the Maori race. When the waters of Rotomahana showed more than ordinary ebullition the natives were wont to say, "The *taniwha* is turning in his sleep!" Other natives of a more practical turn of mind tell tourists who cross Lake Tarawera that there is a danger of the *taniwha* becoming enraged and swamping their canoe, and the traveller, to humour the guileless (?) savage, usually leaves a coin on a rock in the centre of the lake to appease the monster.

Verse 9. Scientists agree that the eruption started with a great earth-fracture, which passed through Rotomahana, and the waters of the lake, descending into the heated region beneath, generated the mighty forces which burst forth as volcanoes.

Verse 12. Tarawera, Wahanga, and Ruawahia were the names given distinctively to the three separate mountain peaks, frequently alluded to as one mountain under the name of Tarawera.

Verse 14. Rangiheua, the chief of Te Ariki village, had gone to live on the island of Puwai—one of the two islets in Rotomahana—a few days before the fatal 10th of June, 1886. This island was used as a health resort by the natives, and on this occasion Rangiheua was accompanied by seven of his tribe. The island was in the very centre of the original outburst, and these natives must have been overtaken by sudden and awful death in the first fury of the great convulsion of nature. Rangiheua, an old man, used to say with pride that he was the owner of Te Tarata and Te Kupuarangi, and, holding the approaches thereto, he exacted toll from every visitor. Both the terraces were demolished by the eruption, but Tuhotu makes no lament for their loss, as the Maoris had no special regard for them, and Tuhotu, instead of deploring their destruction, would rather be inclined to rejoice that the Maoris were deprived of a means of degeneracy and demoralization in the funds which these terraces provided.

Verse 14. "Ngatitoi." Rangiheua was chief of this *hapu*, and the whole settlement being destroyed by the eruption, the sub-tribe became extinct.

Verse 18. "My mind is dark"—a phrase used by the Maoris to express perplexity or doubt.

Verse 19. "I live, the last of all my tribe." Tuhotu's language here is not strictly correct, unless it be applied to his *hapu* only. He is reputed to have been a lineal descendant of Ngatoroirangi, and Te Heuheu, the present chief of Taupo district, is also a direct descendant of that great *rangatira* and *tohunga*.

Page 271. HENRY KENDALL. *Mooni*. Written in the shadow of 1872, as he poetically describes the temporary clouding of his intellect.

Page 305. GEORGE GORDON McCRAE. *Balladeãdro*. The quotation given in the text is explained by the note appended here:—

"The story of Balladeãdro is founded on a tradition once current among the aborigines of our western tribes, the MS. notes of which, as taken down by the wife of a former protector of aborigines, came into my hands many years ago.

"It is evident to me, after repeated and careful perusal of the lady's papers, that the story (which is very gracefully told) has received little if any colouring at the hands of the transcriber. As regards the 'black' or magic art, practised by the doctors of the tribes, her information agrees fully with my own personal experience.

"I have been present on two occasions when the wizard was engaged in charming, or rather in attempting to charm away the lives of certain persons of other and distant tribes. The ceremony observed was precisely similar to that which I have described in 'Balladeãdro.'

"An outline sketch of the intended victim was engraved on the shuttle-shaped body of a spear-rest, or throwing-stick, a lock of the doomed one's hair was suspended from the upper extremity, and the lower or handle end was wrapped in twisted grass, in order to prevent any injury to the fingers of the wizard from the poisonous unguents with which the picture was smeared.

"These preparations being complete, the spear-rest was stuck upright in the ground, and very close to the wizard's fire. As the heat caused the poisonous ointment to sink into the ground he was at hand to renew it, singing the while, and as the poison dried and the image grew hot, he told me that the intended victim at a distance was suffering the most terrible agonies. Sometimes wearied out with watching and incantation the wizard leaves the stick to fate and goes to sleep. If on awaking he

finds it has toppled over into the fire he takes it for granted that the object of his hate is no more. I remember, in one of these instances which I have quoted, this accident happened, but the victim singled out (a young woman some forty miles distant at the time) was none the worse in consequence.

“The wizard said that there must have been something wrong with the picture or the poison, or perhaps something deficient in the incantation itself, but nothing could shake his first principles of ‘obeism.’

“Balladeãdro (I would wish to add), besides exhibiting the superstitions and ceremonies of a rapidly disappearing race, makes us aware of a patriotism or love of country, obtaining largely among a people hitherto supposed to be incapable of such a sentiment, and added to this, the possession of natural affection, and the finer feelings which most writers deny them.”

Page 307, line 20. *Karakorok*, according to aboriginal tradition, was a gigantic crow who befriended the human family. Shortly after the creation, pitying their cold and fireless condition, he flew to the sun and snatched a brand from the hearth; this he brought blazing in his bill to the world below. Karakorok was finally translated to the skies, and became a constellation (Orion).

Page 307, line 26. *The Red*, i.e., “War Paint.”

Page 309, line 22. The Mirbangos and Darakongs were forbidden to intermarry with other tribes.

Page 309, line 28. *Balladeãdro* or *Balladru*, i.e., “Shining Shell.”

Page 312, line 25. *Mirgabecu*, a young woman of great beauty, who was transformed into a star.

Page 314, line 9. *Gilburnecus*, feather girdles worn in the dances.

Page 318, line 23. *Pudgill*, a wasting disease.

Page 359. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. The Editor will not vouch for the Natural History of the Dukite snake.

Page 366. SIR HENRY PARKES, G.C.M.G. *Solitude*. This poem has a special interest. It was the favourite poem of the author of *Ranolf and Amohia*, who copied it out just before his death and sent it to the Editor.

Page 491. GERALD HENRY SUPPLE. *The Dream of Dampier*.

Dampier was the first Englishman who visited Australia. The buccaneers, of whom he was one, figured in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were of all nations except Spaniards—principally English and French, with many Dutch and Portuguese. As Spain excluded the rest of the world from intercourse with her American possessions, and as the buccaneers retaliated by fighting and plundering the Spaniard, they were tolerated by the public opinion and the governments of their respective countries; and men of all classes were found in their ranks. Though the great scene of their operations was West Indian waters and neighbouring coasts, they sometimes made their way into the Pacific and Indian Oceans. It was in one of these voyages that Dampier, in the year 1686, reached the north coast of Australia, under Captain Swan, in a vessel which that commander, in compliment to himself, had named the *Cygnet*. It was the first English ship which touched these shores. Dampier left the *Cygnet* during her cruise, and she was afterwards lost in a bay of the Indian Ocean. Returning to England, Dampier, who was well versed in navigation, botany, &c., published an account of the voyage; and the Government sent him, in command of a vessel of the Royal Navy, to further explore these seas.

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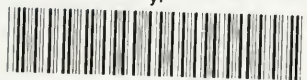
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