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*Dr. Bissell.*

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In Memory  
of  
FLORENCE MARION EMANUEL.

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Born at Lansdowne, Goulburn, February 28th, 1869,

Died April 27th, 1884.



# In Memory

OF

# FLORENCE MARION EMANUEL,

THESE

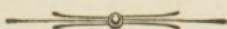
EARLY EFFORTS,

THE OUTFLOW OF THE POETIC INSPIRATION

OF A DEAR AND LOVING CHILD,

HAVE BEEN COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED,  
AS A SOUVENIR FOR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES,

BY HER EVER-SORROWING PARENTS.



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## PREFACE.

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WHEN the summer sun with genial warmth tenderly caresses the young and budding plants, how willingly do they yield to its soft embrace, and responsively hasten to disclose their hidden sweetness and reveal their beauty. Reader, in the volume before you are the tender buds of one of the sweetest of human plants ;—treat them as the gentle summer sun, and the same response will be your reward. These poems are the outpourings of a soft and gentle heart, which, overcharged with its beautiful sentiments, its love of Nature and the vividness of its imagination, found relief, at the tender age of twelve years, by thus venting itself.

As the circulation of this little volume is only intended to reach the friends and relatives of the

deceased child-poetess, most of whom were intimately acquainted with her, a biographical sketch has been considered unnecessary, and for the same reason it has been deemed inadvisable to revise or in any way alter the original MSS., most of which were only discovered after her death. Her youthful inspirations are, therefore, printed exactly as they were written, without addition or detraction, and it is believed that, however crude some of her productions may appear, they will only more strongly impress upon the mind of the reader that they are but the poetic overflow of the soul of a child.

M. M. E.





## IN MEMORIAM.

VANISHED from this life uncertain,  
Faded like a dream away ;  
Still the memory of our darling  
Ever in our hearts will stay.

Like a grand and dazzling meteor  
Flashed across our world her light ;  
Like the short-lived brilliant meteor  
Passed she into endless night.

And, as meteors leave behind them  
Traces of their brilliant flight,  
So our darling's left behind her  
Traces of her mind so bright.

And as o'er the words she's left us  
Read we, wondering with surprise,  
And reflect on all her goodness,  
Comes her image to our eyes.

Dreamy, dark-eyed, darling child,  
So thoughtful, kind, and full of love,  
Seemed as though she were an angel  
Wandered from the realms above.

But ah ! the angels there soon missed her,  
Felt their loss too hard to bear ;  
Searched, and on the earth they found her,  
Bore her thence to home more fair.

Took her, ere the world had placed  
Upon her heart one evil stain,  
Took her back in all her pureness,  
Home above the skies again.

M. M. E.

*May, 1884.*





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## POEMS.

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### A FRAGMENT.

WHERE the wave on the brown sand dashes,  
Laden with sea-weed and shell,  
And breaks and divides on the white cliff's sides  
With the sound of a funeral knell.

Where the sea-gull dips her painted wings  
In the dancing ocean's foam,  
And harshly cries, as she swiftly flies  
To her rocky sea-side home.

Where graceful ships, with floating flags,  
That move with queenly pride ;  
The gem-like sprays in the sunlight raise,  
As they sail o'er the ocean wide.

There my heart's fondest hope  
Lies 'neath the pitiless wave ;  
The sea-gull wails, the proud ship sails,  
O'er my darling's watery grave.

May 8th, 1881.



## DREAMS OF THE PAST.

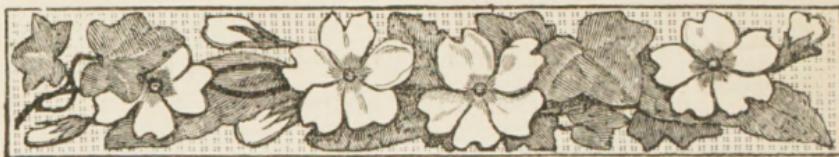
SOMETIMES I dream of a mother fond  
For ever by my side ;  
Of the merry youths with whom I once  
Through the gay dance did glide ;  
Of a noble lad—my lover,  
Who prest my hand with pride ;  
Of a sister fond, who kissed me  
Where I stood a happy bride.  
All have departed, I am the last ;  
Wake me not ! Oh, let me dream  
Those sweet dreams of the past.

I dream of a good old lady,  
Who taught me to read and spell,  
And, pointing to the square old clock,  
Taught me the time to tell ;  
Of the portly man, who rang  
The noisy loud school-bell ;  
Of the schoolmates, who all hated  
The clamorous dong, dell.  
All have departed, I am the last ;  
Wake me not ! Oh, let me dream  
Those sweet dreams of the past.

I dream of a kind-hearted brother,  
A brother so noble, so true ;  
Of a little cousin I romped with  
In the vale where the cowslips grew.  
Back to my mind, in dreamland,  
Come the dear ones that I knew ;  
And they beckon me to follow,  
To a land that is hidden from view.  
I will follow them soon, my days flee fast ;  
Wake me not ! Oh, let me die dreaming  
Those sweet dreams of the past.

*May 17th, 1881.*



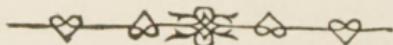


## TWO BUDS.

A ROSE-BUD, nestling in cushions of green,  
A full-blown rose, of flowers the queen,  
A faded flower, all stained and torn,  
Its days of splendour past and gone.

A babe in its cradle, joyful and gay,  
A maiden brighter than the day,  
A wrinkled woman crabbed and sour,  
Stained and torn like the faded flower.

*May 21st, 1881.*





## TO MY MOTHER.

THE moon is rising brightly,  
In the blue star-studded sky,  
And her silver beams are glancing  
O'er the broad expanse on high.

In crimson curtains she reclines,  
Crimson merging into blue ;  
And travellers beneath her stop  
To gaze on the sky's rich hue.

A gentle calm reigns up on high,  
And all is peace below ;  
The moon glides slowly through the sky,  
Midst fleecy clouds of snow.

Mother, I pray your life may be  
As tranquil, sweet, and quiet ;  
And may your days as gently glide  
As the moon does through the night.

*May 21st, 1881.*



## NATURE.

### I.

THE gentle Spring across the land  
    Her sunny smile is throwing,  
And zephyrs soft, sweet fragrance waft  
    From fields where flowers are growing.

How gracefully yon twining plant  
    Around that gnarled oak winds,  
And see how prettily its way  
    'Twixt those rough boughs it finds.

What could have drawn its tendrils  
    Where the leaves by breezes are fann'd ;  
What could have twined it so beautifully,  
    But Nature's own fair hand.

### II.

The gentle Spring is slightly changed,  
    Her youthfulness is gone ;  
No longer shines the calm Spring-day,  
    But a red-hot Summer morn.

As I wander thro' the garden,  
'Neath a dark green myrtle tree,  
One pretty little daisy,  
With dewdrops wet, I see.

What could have folded those petals,  
And edged them with crimson band,  
And placed them in that pretty cup,  
But Nature's skilful hand.

## III.

Graceful Summer 'gins to bend,  
Her beauty 'gins to fade,  
She passes as "Old Autumn" now,  
Her days are wrapt in shade.

Look at that rich leaf hanging there,  
One mass of red and gold ;  
And near it hangs another,  
In brown and ruby roll'd.

What could have dyed those trembling leaves  
Bright gold, like yellow sand ;  
What stained them with rich red and brown,  
But Nature's own fair hand.

## IV.

Last age of all the closing year,  
Old Winter cometh now,  
With hoar frost clinging to his robe,  
And snow upon his brow.

Why, there's a snowflake whizzing down,  
So delicate, so fair,  
Its fragile coating almost torn  
By passage through the air.

Who could have formed that tiny flake,  
No being of this land ;  
What could have wrought a thing so fair,  
But Nature's magic hand.

*May 23rd, 1881.*





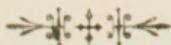
## ONE LITTLE WORD.

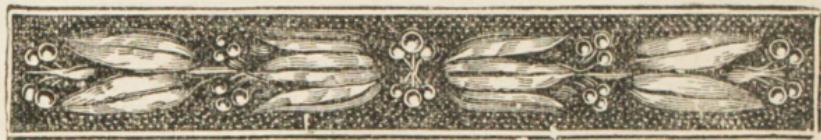
I THREW myself upon my knee,  
I begged I might be heard,  
I begged that she would answer me,  
With just one little word.

I begged of all her suitors  
That I might be preferred ;  
Oh ! how my heart was longing  
For just one little word.

With what grief may the heart be torn,  
What hatred may be stirred,  
And yet again, what love be drawn,  
By just one little word.

*May 25th, 1881.*





## LOVE.

I KNOW a king, a roguish fellow,  
In glowing pink he's dressed ;  
He wears no crown of yellow,  
But a rose-wreath forms his crest.

He'll fly o'er the land, the mountain he'll scale,  
He'll sail o'er the boundless seas,  
Earth or water, hill or vale—  
He passes them all with ease.

Whoever you are, within your heart  
He'll hold a place, be sure ;  
This little rogue will claim his part  
Be you rich or be you poor.

He is not King of France or Spain  
Or any of those parts—  
Love is my merry monarch's name,  
And he's the king of hearts.

*May 26th, 1881.*



## A DREAM.

"TWAS a fair spring day,  
In the sunshine I lay  
On the bank of yonder stream,  
And I thought with delight  
Of everything bright,  
Till my eyes were closed in a dream.

A soft-haired, light-winged, fairy sprite,  
Stood near me on the bank,  
She leaped to left, she leaped to right,  
With many a pretty prank.

At length she waited by my side,  
And beckoning me to follow,  
She led me to a cavern wide,  
A cavern rough and hollow.

And as I entered the portals grey  
I seemed to rise in the air,  
Higher and higher, and far away,  
Up and down, here and there.

At last I stopp'd on a foreign shore,  
The fairy stood beside me,  
I had never seen that spot before  
But I trusted she would guide me.

She pointed to the deep blue sky,  
To the fields and meadows green,  
To the blazing sun on high  
That shone on all the scene.

She pointed to the rock-fringed sea,  
The glittering sands so fair,  
And asked me did I ever see  
Such beauty as was there.

“Perhaps to other eyes,” I said,  
“More fair might seem this strand,  
But I love not this scene around us spread  
As I love my native land.”

She waved her wand, upward we rose,  
We skimmed the ocean blue,  
Till a sound of roaring came quite close,  
And down, down, down, we flew.

And when we lighted soon I saw  
Whence came the crashing sound,  
’Twas a rock-bound cascade’s mighty roar,  
As its waters dashed the ground,

From off its sides a cloud of spray  
Leaped upward to the sky,  
In fancy forms it bent its way  
Till hidden from the eye.

And tiny bubbles like diamonds gleamed  
As they sailed o'er the watery plain,  
Where silver waters foaming stream'd,  
In a ceaseless pouring rain.

“Look thou,” she cried, “look thou afar,  
Across those foam-clouds white,  
And see’st thou ought the beauty to mar,  
Of this scene so fair and bright.

“I cannot love, though I admire,  
’Tis lovely and ’tis grand,  
But for it my heart burns not with love’s fire,  
As it does for my native land.

“Return,” she cried ; and we turned round,  
And soon touched Austral’s sand ;  
With joy once more I prest the ground  
Of my own native land.

Since I dreamt that day  
I have been far away,  
And many a shore I have scann’d,  
But there is not one  
Beneath the sun  
Like this my native land.

May 29th, 1881.



## THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Go cut down yonder violet,  
And its velvet petals tear,  
And make of it a velvet robe  
Fit for a queen to wear ;  
And take its golden centre  
From the little cup of green,  
And make me a pretty crown from it,  
For I'm the Fairy Queen.

Pull off the shining spider webs,  
From sunny bowers and places,  
And weave them into scarves and veils  
Silk robes, satins, and laces ;  
Bring me the fairest butterflies,  
That ever yet were seen,  
To draw me in my chariot,  
For I'm the Fairy Queen.

Make me a boat of an oak leaf,  
And line it with thistle-down too,  
For my palace oft is flooded,  
With drops of morning dew ;

Scour the grey walls of their moss tufts,  
Walls where old age has been,  
And turn them into cushions  
For the little Fairy Queen.

Tan the skin of the firefly's wing,  
For shoes for my fairy feet,  
And rob the bee of his store for me,  
That I may feast on his sweet ;  
Then from every dotted field,  
The daisies gather and glean,  
They will make soft seats in the palace  
Of the merry Fairy Queen.

Oh, who would change their lot for mine,  
And who sit on my throne ;  
Who would float in an oak leaf boat,  
And live in the moss 'neath a stone.  
Oh, many would ride on a beetle's back,  
And live where I do, I wean,  
Many would change their lot for that  
Of the happy Fairy Queen.

*June 1st, 1881.*





## TO THE VIOLET.

HEAVEN has lent thee her own fair hue,  
Softly shaded, deep, dark blue ;  
And bright sunbeams have here found rest,  
To be reflected in thy crest,  
Thy crest, where the sparkling dewdrops fall,  
To bathe the little golden ball.

The humming bee with eager haste,  
Pierces thee, thy sweets to taste,  
And thy sweet scent the butterfly brings,  
Who fans thee with his coloured wings ;  
There where thou liest at the rose's feet,  
So modest, so simple, yet so sweet.

Little violet, tell me true,  
Fragile blossom, fair and blue,  
How it is no haughty pride,  
In thy bosom doth abide ;  
A noble lesson I'll learn from thee,  
How so modest thou cans't be.

The poppy haughtily her petals spreads,  
Yonder roses proudly show their heads,  
The hawthorn in the hedges waves high in the  
summer breeze,  
Even the berries clamber up among the trees ;  
But in leafy cushions quietly thou'l grow,  
Humbly and calmly dwelling so low.

Said the violet, “In meekness thee will I school,  
Only remember this golden rule,  
Beauty may fade but goodness does not,  
It never will die whate'er be our lot ;  
The violet has taught thee all she does know,  
Leave the wee blossom dwelling so low.”

*June 1st, 1881.*





## MY GARDEN.

THERE are violets in my garden,  
    Violets blue, violets blue ;  
There are lilies in my garden,  
    Roses too, roses too.  
There are peaches in my garden  
    Of a pinky, peachy hue ;  
There's laburnum in my garden  
    Bright with dew, bright with dew.

My baby's eyes are my violets,  
    His teeth my lilies fair,  
His cheeks and mouth my peaches and rose,  
    And my laburnum, his hair.

*June 8th, 1881.*





## THE CHURCH BELLS.

I SAT at the open casement  
And mused the time away ;  
The church-bells were pealing,  
For it was Christmas-day,  
And they seemed to be calling  
All men to come and pray.

I rose from the open casement—  
The church-bells bade me go ;  
They bade me go to the ancient church  
They bade me be not slow ;  
They spoke a language of their own,  
In tones that were sweet and low

I drew a scarf around me,  
Then paused and looked again  
At the little grey-walled chapel,  
With its rusted weather-vane ;  
And as I looked a fearful thought  
Came flashing through my brain.

The sun was shining brightly  
In "heaven's vaulted dome ;"  
Nature was tempting me  
Through the gay fields to roam ;  
And yet I could not go to church,  
For my new hat hadn't come home

*June 11th, 1881.*





## MOONLIGHT FANCIES.

I GAZED into the silent night,  
    Into the arch o'erhead,  
A few lone stars their feeble light  
    'Midst the drear darkness shed.

For a moment the dark clouds rolled aside,  
    A faint light broke through the gloom,  
A silver halo I desried,  
    And then the gentle moon.

The clouds closed o'er the light again,  
    As mantles cold and grey,  
The sky was but a dreary plain—  
    I quietly turned away ;

And I thought that life is like the sky,  
    With a few lone stars in our hearts,  
Till love like the moon comes passing by,  
    And the darkness all departs.

Then the clouds of trouble close round once  
more,  
Love's joys are turned to pain—  
All is dreary as before,  
And our hearts are dark again.

The rose might better lack perfume,  
The nest its turtle-dove,  
The sky could better lose the moon,  
Than life could lose sweet love

*June 18th, 1881.*





## THE KANGAROO.

LET the English lion roar with all his might,  
The American eagle plume himself for fight ;  
Here stands a warrior ready for them both,  
To fight in a good cause he is nothing loth.  
Not very strong, I'll own, but staunch and true—  
The brown old native, Kangaroo.

His tail lashed out, his armed feet spread,  
His ears turned back on his long sleek head ;  
His half-bent form curved round with grace,  
Champion of Australia he takes his place ;  
And I am his herald to cry to you—  
Here is the bold knight, Sir Kangaroo.

May the eucalyptus ever wave o'er thy brow,  
An emblem of peace like the pale olive bough ;  
But if war's clamour stirs the land,  
And foreign hosts tramp on our sand,  
May victory crown "the flag of blue,"  
Stamped with the image of the Kangaroo.

*June 19th, 1881.*



## WHAT MY LOVE GAVE ME.

My love gave me no diamonds,  
No glistening rubies bright,  
No polished golden trinkets,  
Shining like stars at night.

He gave me no carved ivory toy  
Of Indian shape and mould,  
He gave what I valued more,  
Than jewels fair or gold.

It was before we parted,  
In an hour of happy bliss,  
He sat by my side and held my hand,  
And gave me just a kiss.

*June 19th, 1881.*





## THE STREAM.

THE heather is all faded,  
On yonder mountain high,  
The long wavy grass on the wide, wide plain  
Is hard with frost, and dry ;  
The rigid sea-cliff wears away  
In the course of many years,  
The light clouds ever vary,  
Our hearts are now smiles, now tears ;  
But never changing, the stream flows on,  
On to the ocean blue.

When summer shines on us once more,  
The heather will be blooming again,  
And the long wavy grass will be crisp and fresh,  
Where it grows on the wide, wide plain ;  
The cliff will be more worn away  
By the rolling of the sea,  
The clouds will be changing, changing,  
And who knows what our hearts will be ;  
But never changing, the stream will flow,  
On to the ocean blue.

Splashing the ferns so bright  
With dewdrops fair,  
Now nestling in woodbine white,  
Now creeping 'neath maidenhair,  
Now over the moss-bank green,  
Or the rock with slip and slide,  
The lashing sea must ever change  
With every wave and tide ;  
But never changing, the stream flows on,  
On to the ocean blue.

*June, 1881.*





## THE STICK AND THE VINE.

### A FABLE DEDICATED TO MY LEGS.

To a rough stick there once did cling,  
In many a twisted circle and ring,  
A vine so beauteous it did scorn  
The stick that so long its weight had borne ;  
So it cried to the prop in deep disdain,  
“ With thee no longer will I remain,  
Farewell, hard wood, I am going away,”  
So it shrank from its ugly support that day.

And soon it fell with tendrils torn,  
Its leaves all crushed, its beauty gone,  
And as it lay helplessly there it cried,  
“ Oh, would I had clung to the rough stick’s side.”

### MORAL.

And so it is with you, my legs,  
Tho’ you’ve little flesh about you,  
I will not leave my faithful friends,  
I could not do without you.

*June, 1881.*



## THE STARS.

ONLY the little stars saw her open the wicket gate,  
Only the little stars heard the rusted hinges grate,  
Only the little stars saw the maiden's blushes bright,  
Only the little stars heard the kiss at the gate that  
    night,  
Only the little stars saw that "good-bye" cause  
    them pain,  
Only the little stars heard the whispered "come  
    again,"  
Only the little stars saw the happy, hopeful bride,  
Only the little stars heard her walk by her husband's  
    side,  
Only the little stars saw the grass-grown mound of  
    clay,  
The double grave, where, true to death, the two old  
    lovers lay.

*June 25th, 1881.*



## THE SNOWFLAKE.

A MAIDEN tripped gaily along the frozen road ;  
    Her cheeks aglow with winter's cold ;  
A snowflake fair fell on her hair,  
    That rippling shower of gold.

She laughed and stretched her dimpled palm  
    To catch some white flakes as they fell—  
As they fell around, on the tree, on the ground,  
    So many I could not tell.

I only noticed the one  
    That fell on the maiden's hair ;  
I thought, like the maid, how soon it would fade,  
    And, like her, so fragile and fair.

Yes ! as she ran laughingly past me,  
    Tossing the flakes in the air,  
I thought, like the maid, how soon it would fade,  
    And, like her, how fragile and fair.

*June 30th.*



## THE BONNIE BLUE BANNER.

I HAVE been out on the cliffs to-day,  
And I carried in my hand  
A waving bonnie blue banner,  
The emblem of our land.

I held it out in the fluttering breeze,  
And it floated away to the west ;  
I said, " Fair pennon, would you rule there ? "  
And it fluttered down on my breast.

I held it out in the breeze again,  
And it floated away to the east ;  
I said, " Fair pennon, would you rule there ? "  
And it sank down crumpled and creased.

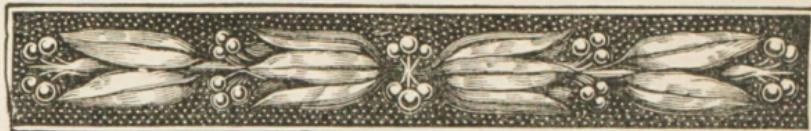
I held it out in the breeze again.  
And it floated away to the north ;  
I said, " Fair pennon, would you rule there ? "  
And low fell the pale blue cloth.

I held it out in the breeze again,  
And, O, how it seemed to rejoice  
As it floated back to the bright southern shore,  
The sunny land of its choice.

O, bonnie blue banner, rest with me,  
By southern breezes fann'd ;  
For ever wave o'er Austral's sands,  
Beloved in your own sunny land.

*July 1st.*





## THE LETTER.

AH me ! how soiled and yellow it is,  
Like me, so faded with age ;  
But I love it not the less for this,  
I dote on each fragile page.

He who wrote "my darling" here,  
Will ne'er call me darling again ;  
He who wrote "'twas unkind of you, dear,"  
Will never more complain.

Did he know, as he wrote here, "Ever the  
same,"

That his heart and hand so soon would  
turn cold ;

Ah, no wonder that Heaven laid claim  
To one too fair for Earth to hold,

She said ; and folded the letter with care,  
As she stood in the sun's last rays,  
Thinking of him who wrote the lines there,  
Thinking of bygone days.

*July 5th, 1881.*



## THE MARCH OF DEATH.

FOAMING, spurred, bedashed with mire,  
Filled with their angry driver's ire,  
Are his steeds.  
Passion, Murder, Fever, Hate,  
Draw him in his car of state,  
Mortal's blood their hunger feeds.

Rank stood up, and dared defy ;  
Ah, he knew, 'ere Death passed by,  
How vain the boast.  
Power arose, with a mighty band ;  
Before that fearful crushing hand  
Fell the great host.

*July, 1881.*





## THE STREAM.

MERRILY, merrily over the stones,  
I graze no skin, I break no bones ;  
Merrily, merrily over the stones,  
Away to the dark blue sea.

Away, away to the dark blue sea—  
Now by the rock and now by the tree ;  
Now with a twist, and now with a turn,  
Now splashing flower, and now splashing fern.  
Now down the hill leaping ;  
Now thro' the vale creeping ;  
Now by the woods slipping ;  
Now o'er the rocks dripping—  
Away, away to the dark blue sea,  
Sparkling, dashing, and rippling with glee.

Merrily, merrily over the stones,  
I graze no skin, I break no bones ;  
Merrily, merrily over the stones,  
Away to the dark blue sea.

Away, away to the dark blue sea,  
Past the lake and past the lea ;

Now round me the moonbeams quiver,  
Now o'er me the willows shiver ;  
Now by me the sunbeams stay ;  
Now by me the breezes play ;  
Where the lilies to me cling,  
There I go with bound and spring—  
Away, away to the dark blue sea,  
Dashing, splashing, joyous and free.

Merrily, merrily over the stones,  
I graze no skin, I break no bones ;  
Merrily, merrily over the stones,  
Away to the dark blue sea.

Away, away to the dark blue sea,  
Mingling my song with bird and bee ;  
Passing the violet-clumps so sweet,  
Cowering 'neath the gnarled tree's feet—  
Slipping and sliding,  
Glancing and gliding ;  
Clear and bright,  
Day and night ;  
Away, away to the dark blue sea—  
Who would not be a stream like me ?

Merrily, merrily over the stones,  
I graze no skin, I break no bones ;  
Merrily, merrily over the stones,  
Away to the dark blue sea.



## TIME THE MIGHTY.

TIME the Mighty, Time the Bold,  
Wield your scythe and shake your glass ;  
The fairest flowers this earth does hold  
Must wither as you pass.

Time the Mighty, you will change,  
You will change my love's sweet face,  
Make her bright eyes dim and strange,  
Wrinkles on her forehead trace.

Time the Mighty, Time the Bold,  
You can change the towering hill,  
You can change the sea-cliff's cold,  
Change the river, change the rill.

Time the Mighty, powerful Time,  
Your wond'rous works are not so few,  
That I could tell in this short rhyme  
All that you can do.

But Time the Mighty, Time the Bold,  
One thing yet you cannot do ;  
Though you make me grey and old,  
In this I'll not submit to you.

Time the Mighty, Time the Clever,  
You might rend the rocks apart ;  
But, oh ! never, never, never,  
Will you change my loving heart.

*July, 1881.*





## A PLEA FOR THE KANGAROO.

THE dews are sprinkled  
By a black foot wrinkled  
From the short crisp green grasses,  
And the moss-log shakes  
With the leap he takes,  
As thro' the vale he passes.

Where the bird of melody pours his note,  
Where the waving, feathery, brown ferns float ;  
In the light breezy myrtle's shade ;  
Where bright moss and flowers form  
A brilliant carpet softly warm,  
And woodbine winds in many a braid ;

Where the willow bends to meet  
The fragrance of the violets sweet  
That bathe the spot in purple lustre ;  
Where the blue harebells droop  
In many a graceful group  
And fancifully twisted cluster ;

There when first the bright sunbeams peep  
To the chatt'ring stream, with strong, sure leap  
He goes to feast on grass and dew—  
Dew that has been resting through the night  
In the cup of water-lily white  
Or heart of honeyed violet blue.

No monarch at banquet reclining,  
From rich golden platters there dining,  
Is more contented than this prince of the plain ;  
The broad earth is *his* platter,  
And he thinks it no matter  
If the dust is mingled with his meal of grain.

And it gives him not the least trouble  
If the stream with its bubble, bubble,  
Once flowed through murky gully lined with  
damp, black clay ;  
If now 'tis clear and sweet,  
He thinks it quite a treat,  
So drinks it in gladness and lightly bounds away.

O, how happy his life would be  
In his home 'neath the wild gum-tree !  
If they never came with horses and dogs,  
With "hi up," and "tally-ho !"  
Bidding the fierce hounds to go  
And catch him as he swiftly takes the logs.

O, how happy then  
In the shady glen,  
Or in his huge native mountains so blue !  
He would live in delight  
From the morn till the night,  
Thinking none so blessed as the kangaroo.

*July 28th, 1881.*





## WISHES.

I WISH I were the butterfly,  
Whose life is, oh ! so short ;  
But passed so merri-, merrily,  
In gentle, happy sport.

I wish I were the violet wee,  
So modest, yet so fair,  
Inviting butterfly and bee  
My honeyed store to share.

I wish I were the golden star,  
To glimmer nightly in the sky,  
From earth's cares and woes so far  
In the heavens bright to lie.

I wish I were the bird I see  
Flying in the arch above ;  
But best I like myself to be,  
For I am my love's own love.

*August 3rd, 1881.*



## THE VIOLET.

STRAYING through the scented lawn,  
On the bare brown path I spied  
A broken violet, crushed and torn,  
Lying by my side.

“Poor wee fragile one,” I said,  
“What careless hand has thrown you here ?  
Lovely still, though almost dead,  
Without one soft leaf for your bier.

“Merely the earth and stones so cold,  
Make a resting-place for your fair form ;  
Dark, soiling, earthy mould  
Supplies the place of mosses warm.”

Next morn my little violet lay,  
Not in the garden mould ;  
Not on the rough, the worthless clay,  
But in a vase of gold.

Waving a fan in jewels set,  
I bathed the flower in a scented breeze,  
And the satin curtain rustled,  
Though unlike the rustle of trees.

My violet withered, faded, died ;  
My care for it was all in vain ;  
The crystal dews poured by its side  
Were not like Nature's rain.

Oh, many like the violets, go  
From the cottage to dwell 'neath the  
palace's dome ;  
And, though luxuries around them flow,  
Yearn and pine for the comfort of home.

*August, 1881.*





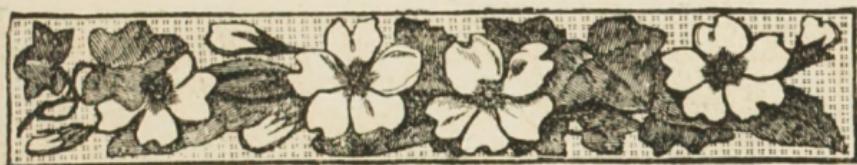
## THE TOM-TIT'S SONG.

THE window was a sweet nook, 'tis true  
Dark ivy crept around it ;  
Red roses, and jasmine, too,  
In leafy fetters bound it ;  
Whilst soft clematis o'er it grew,  
And honeysuckle crown'd it.

I thought a nest 'neath the ivy spray  
Would have a shelter cosy ;  
And so my mate and I, one day,  
When every thing was rosy,  
Built up a nest of moss and hay  
Beneath a jasmine posy.

At hatching-time we had to wait  
And watch our eggs with care ;  
Sometimes I would relieve my mate ;  
And while we nested there,  
I saw the things I now relate  
About a lady fair.

*August, 1881.*



## THE SEA.

THERE are caverns by the sea,  
Where the waves roam wild and free ;  
Caverns lined with soft white sands,  
Hung with corals by mermaids' hands,  
From the depths of the sea,  
Of the beautiful sea.

There are bright pearls in the sea  
That only the swift fishes see ;  
Pearls are gleaming there,  
And treasures rich and rare,  
In the depths of the sea,  
Of the wonderful sea.

There are bleached bones in the sea  
That the waves devoured with glee,  
When the ship and her gallant crew  
Sank down in the waters blue,  
In the depth of the sea,  
Of the cruel sea.

*August, 1881.*



## “BABY IS DEAD!”

HER bright hair fell in waves of gold,  
Upon her cheek so white and fair,  
As with pale, trembling lips she told  
Her husband her tale of despair.

Tearless was her soft grey eye,  
Tears could give her no relief,  
Her silken lashes long, were dry,  
And sadly drooped and told of grief.

“ My baby—gone for ever—dead ! ”  
’Twas all the stricken one could say ;  
Down sank the weary mother’s head,  
Her throbbing, bursting heart gave way.

“ Bear up, yield not, my darling wife,  
The child that has been ta’en away,  
Escaped the miseries of life,  
’Tis better that he did not stay.”

*August, 1881.*



## TO SPRING.

COME forth, thou beautiful maid,  
We are waiting, waiting for thee,  
The streamlets with ice are delayed,  
Come forth, then, and set them free.

The soft clouds dim the sky,  
The bleak winds sweep around,  
The frosts on the young grass lie,  
And the rain beats hard on the ground.

Come forth, say the magical words,  
That will make field and forest to ring  
With the echoes of songs that the birds  
Sing gladly to welcome thee, Spring.

The mountain is waiting for thee,  
To clothe his rude breast with the heather,  
And the leaf buds peer out from the tree,  
To seek for the bright sunny weather.

Go, strew the bare valley below,  
With daisies and violets gay,  
And sprinkle with blossoms of snow  
The delicate hawthorn spray.

Spring ! thou canst clear the sky,  
Thou canst the wind detain,  
Thou canst make the hoar frost fly,  
Thou canst still the pattering rain.

*August, 1881.*





## THE FOUNTAIN.

A DREAMY stillness reigned on the earth and on the sky,

And if a soft light breeze with gentle puff passed by,

It merely whispered 'mid the trees, and told

Of the dark wattle's showering flakes of gold,

Of the faint lilac's delicate pale bloom,

Of the fading violet's rich and sweet perfume ;

Told of all the bright, fair flowers,

That bloomed in meadows and in bowers,

Drawn forth to grace the sunny land,

By Spring's light wand and magic hand.

I sat and watched a fountain play,

And noted that the sun's clear ray

Lent to its stream a golden colour bright,

Gilded its waters with a borrowed light ;

But, then, the day was on the wane,

The sun went down, but soon again

Another light shone the pure fountain o'er ;

Not such a glory as was there before,

But the moon's soft, silvery, tender glow,

Awhile I looked at it, then turned to go,

Thinking how, like the sun, your presence and  
your smile,  
Gilded my life just for a little while,  
And then you disappeared, you went away  
And left my life no longer gay ;  
Since yon its splendour's source had gone,  
Until a new light on me shone,  
The silver rays of memory  
Streamed like the moon on life for me ;  
But when the fount at morning streams,  
'Twill live again in the bright sun's beams.  
And so I hope that you, once more,  
Will stand my loving eyes before,  
And though in darkness now I grope,  
I have one star to guide me—Hope.

*August, 1881.*



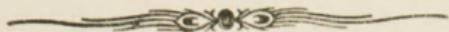


## PROMISE.

PROMISE to love me for ever,  
To be faithful, fond, and true ;  
Promise that nothing shall sever  
Me, dear, from you.

Promise, if we have to part,  
And I'm no longer near,  
I still shall be queen of your heart,  
Dearest of the dear.

Promise, that while you have breath  
Your love will not falter,  
Promise, through life unto death  
You never will alter.



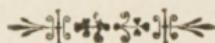


## GREY EYES.

GREY eyes looking up from the cradle,  
Eyes that have not long seen life,  
Eyes that have never yet seen  
The wide world's hard strife.

Grey eyes sweetly telling,  
Of the fond heart's throbbing motion ;  
Gazing into a lover's eyes,  
With tenderest devotion.

Grey eyes covered with lashes long,  
They do not smile or weep,  
They are resting, closed at last,  
In everlasting sleep.





## THE LEGEND OF THE WIND.

“ HARK to the wind,” the old dame said,  
As she stirred the blazing fire,  
“ I pray that those at sea to-night,  
Escape the ocean’s ire.  
So you bairnies want a tale, eh ?  
Well, I have one in my mind ; ”  
And then the good old housewife told  
The Legend of the Wind.

A true knight rowed in his trusty boat,  
Adown a stream where no other might float,  
Unless, like the knight, they had Cupid to steer them,  
Unless Love rose in their hearts to cheer them,  
For hidden crags 'neath the waters frowned,  
And fearful currents swept around.  
He had a wild, wild love for his guide,  
And he drifted unharmed down the dangerous tide.  
From the rocks a melodious sound was ringing,  
A sweet enchanting voice was singing,  
Whilst a lyre in the hands of a maiden fair,  
With fairy music rent the air.  
Sir Patinos leaned upon his oar,  
The noble knight was wearied sore,

For a haughty siren led him on,  
Where none before had ever gone ;  
But soothed by her soft music's charm  
He felt no dread of hurt or harm,  
Nor, as he leaned upon his oar,  
Heeded the thunder's muffled roar,  
Till lightnings lit the sky around,  
And the rough crags bruised his body drown'd.

Emina danced upon the sands,  
And clapped aloft her pure white hands ;  
Her lyre hung on a willow bough,  
Its magic music stilled, for now  
Alas ! soon again it would sound o'er the wave,  
Calling men to a hidden grave,  
For false Emina, every day,  
Searched around the stream for prey,  
And thus for years she held her course,  
Charming her victims by charms or force ;  
Till one eve, as she sang on the bank,  
A shepherd lad, humble in rank,  
Came to the stream to feed his flocks,  
And clambered 'mid the fatal rocks ;  
But he was safe, for his mantle warm,  
Enclosed a plant that kept him from harm,  
And such the strength of this small flower,  
That o'er Emina it had power ;  
So there he lay on the mountain steep,  
And he sang as he watched the grazing sheep :

“ In these rocks the flower tells,  
The siren Emina dwells,

It was she, it was she, it was she,  
Who from the hearts that to him clung,  
Enticed a handsome laddie young,

From his happy home and me, and me.  
Then a spirit of air  
Gave me this flower fair,

Saying, it was kind, was kind,  
And thro’ it I would have rule,  
Over the beauty cruel,

And her haunt by the river find.”  
So as he sang he rose, and cried,  
“ Emina, hasten to my side ; ”  
And then she came from out the forest’s gloom,  
Crying, “ Let me hear my doom ;  
Thy power to me is well known,  
I bow before thee, thy will I own.”  
He answered, “ Thy flesh shall fade away,  
But thy unhappy spirit shall stay,  
And roam o’er the earth, both day and night,  
From north to south, from left to right,  
And it shall a terror be,  
Sweeping o’er cottage, ship and tree ;  
And the ocean by thee beguiled,  
Shall lash and rave in madness wild.”  
E’en as the shepherd spoke that day  
The beauteous siren withered away ;  
“ I have done my mission,” he cried,  
And sinking on the rock, he died.

The bairnies looked timidly up,  
    Suppressed all mirth,  
One asks, " Does her spirit still  
    Roam o'er the earth ? "  
" Aye, don't you hear it now, lassie,  
    Roaring out to sea,  
They call it the wind now-a-day, lassie,  
    An' I hope 'twill never harm thee."  
Just then the hour for retiring struck,  
    So the bairns and their granny kind  
Went to their couches thinking of  
    " The Legend of the Wind."





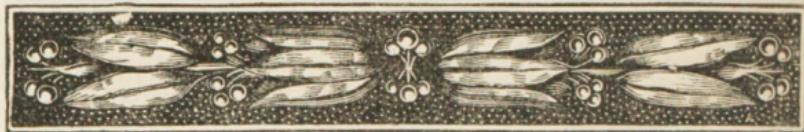
## HUSH !

“ HUSH ! Hush ! my babe,” the mother says,  
As she soothes the babe on her arm ;  
And, oh, how fervently she prays  
That this is but sleep’s calm.

So quiet is his tranquil sleep,  
That she fears Death stills her boy ;  
And fearful thoughts around her creep  
Of losing her life’s bright joy.

See, now, a smile stirs the wan little face,  
And he raises his dimpled hand ;  
He is dreaming of a better place,  
Of a brighter, fairer land.

Soon he is quiet and sad again ;  
How pale, how thin he seems ;  
Baby ne’er more will feel earth’s pains,  
He has gone to the land of his dreams.



## DEPARTING SUMMER.

### A SONG IN SEASON.

THE weeping willow well deserves the name,  
For each of her bright leaves falls as a tear,  
For summer sweet is parting hence,  
The prime of all the year.

The fading roses droop their heads,  
And pine for summer days ;  
The butterfly no longer sports  
His wings in the bright sun's rays.

The bird flies slowly, slowly ;  
And sadly hums the bee ;  
The little daisies quietly mourn ;  
Bare is the field and tree.

All seem silently to weep ;  
Cold is the broad earth's face ;  
But winter, too, must part some day,  
And summer take its place.



## THE REVENGE OF KING CLOVIS.

### PART I.

ALONG the rippling Aisne's bright bank  
The sound of war has spread,  
And its waters near Soissons are rank,  
And tinged with bloody red.

King Clovis' heart is joyful  
As he looks o'er the battle-field,  
For his victory cost him a broken spear,  
Bruised arm, and dented shield.

And a few of his friends and loved ones  
Have gone to a grave dark and dim ;  
But his losings make his gainings  
Only the dearer to him.

Gaily he looks on the golden pile  
Of vases and models fine ;  
And, taking one from the mass of spoil,  
He cries, " This shall be mine."

And all the host around him  
Let him his own choice make ;  
Only one darkly murmurs,  
“That vase he shall not take.

“Have what to you by lot may fall ;  
Clovis, but for your name,  
I am as good as you,” he cries,  
“I have as good a claim.”

Then, lifting up his battle-axe,  
On the vase he lets it fall ;  
Far fly the golden splinters—  
Tracings, figures, all.

King Clovis fiercely sets his teeth,  
But hides his bursting ire ;  
None know that in his bosom  
Smoulders hot anger’s fire.

## PART II.

The army stands with banners bright,  
In glittering array ;  
For good King Clovis will review  
His trusty troops to-day.

He comes and scans the files and ranks  
With eager active eye ;  
No spot of rust, no fleck of dust,  
Will Clovis e'er pass by.

Ah, see ! the monarch's brow is curved  
With a bitter, heavy frown ;  
He points to the rusted axe of one,  
The soldier low stoops down.

But the King with swiftness takes the axe,  
And, striking him, he cries,  
" Remember, the vase of Soissons,"  
As the soldier falls and dies.

For his skull is cleft in two,  
And his face all blood-stained is,  
He has felt the dread revenge  
Of mighty King Clovis.





## A DECEMBER EVENING.

THAT veritable cuckoo of the vegetable world,  
The fork-flowered mistletoe of Christmas-tide,  
Her emerald colours has unfurl'd—  
The oleander's unasked bride.

December evenings bright and brighter grow  
As our Australian summer comes apace.  
Whilst twilight touches o'er the landscape throw  
United brilliant tint and shadowy grace.

Quick varying shades of pink and blue and gold,  
With purple, green, and grey, the offspring of  
their blend,  
Their airy curtains round the heavens fold,  
And hide the realms of chaos without end.

There comes a spirit of great calm, and rest—  
Of sobered brightness at this gentle time ;  
It warms while it subdues the worker's breast—  
A feeling undescribed in wordy rhyme.

*December 21st, 1882.*



## MORNING IN SYDNEY HARBOUR.

THE dancing waves with sunbeams are laden,  
The air is bracing, bright, and warm ;  
The stately ship, like a vain maiden,  
Views in the stream her own tall form.

The flash of oars their circles making,  
The noise of the waves as they ripple and sway,  
Sound and sight of all things awaking,  
Give joyous greeting to the new-born day.

The misty line of the distant ranges  
Is forcing its way through a golden haze ;  
A vapour that colours, pales, and changes  
Before the force of the sun's cutting rays.

There is but one name for the radiant whiteness,  
The sparkle of sea and shining of lawn ;  
As we gaze on the glory and brightness,  
We feel 'tis a glittering morn.

*December 22nd, 1882.*



## ESSAYS.

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### THE INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION ON THE INDIVIDUAL, FAMILY, AND STATE.\*

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THE culture of the mind is beneficial to the Individual, because it affords enlarged range of thought; secondly, it induces refined feelings; thirdly, it necessitates healthy recreation for the brain: but yet another reason—it makes us happier; the simple things that live and grow around us present themselves in a new light; leaf, and bud, and insect open

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\* Written at a School Examination, Springfield College, Sydney, receiving the award of First Prize.

The conditions being that, after the subject was given, the writer should have three hours to complete her task, without reference to any book.

fresh sources of study, while the meanest phases of life become valuable instructors.

In the Family it is of greater benefit—it cultivates higher aspirations than to eat and sleep; a purer pleasure than the gratification of our mere animal wants; whilst creating a harmless rivalry—the sure path to ennobling ambition—besides forming a safeguard against that interfering old person who—

“ finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.”

Too often wholesome occupation for small brains would prevent them from devising schemes better unthought of.

Of the State it is needless to speak. Only compare those countries where what intellect the natives possess has been uncultivated with those where thorough systems of education have been established, and one sees what it can accomplish. Where would be the scientific greatness of the New World to-day were it not for this great boon?

Yet education should not be confounded with genius. Shakspeare would not have been one whit less Shakspeare had he missed his poor school training. Education did not make Milton's mighty conceptions, or mould his profound language. The blind minstrel of Greece was not inspired by any hard-learned lesson. The beauty, the music of their works are the offspring of talent; but the perfection of idea and grandeur of the theme are the results of

education, as are the good spirits of our lives and the prosperity of our country.

Let us hope that the steady advance of education may never be interrupted, but continue to prosper while "Knowledge is Power."

*December 4th, 1882.*





## TRAVEL AS A MEANS OF CULTURE.\*

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THE advantages of travel as a means of culture have been aptly described in the telling couplet which Evlyn—in Lord Lytton's Drama—quotes to Sir Frederick Blount,

“ How much a fool that has been sent to roam  
Excels a fool that has been kept at home.”

Yes, even the minds of those whom the poet with more force than elegance describes as fools may be enlarged by travel. And if this be the case with those who are stinted in the matter of brains, how much greater must be the benefit to others who have the full power of appreciating it. The mightiest of intellects must become warped and narrowed if confined to its own native village, with the village store as its centre of commerce, and the village sign-writer as its paragon of art.

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\* Written under similar conditions to foregoing, at same College.

Certainly, in these latter days books may do much for us. We, who can conjure up vivid pictures of foreign life from the writings of our poets, or from the more correct, if less charming, pages of our School Primers, are less dependent upon travel for culture than were our ancestors, who listened eagerly once a week to the reading of the news-letter, their only means of intercourse with the outer world.

Let us take two persons of equal merit; let one remain, bound to one particular spot, and let the other have free range of land and sea. One has seen the triumphs of art and civilization, seen the pomp and splendour of highest rank, the poverty and degradation of the lowest, stood by the tombs of the "mighty dead," and gazed upon the fading glories of past ages. Soul and body have been refined—refined and exalted, impressed with a sense of their own littleness. And the other, who has stayed at home, what is he? The same creature that he was and must always remain, till enlightenment dawn upon him either by travelling himself or by reaping the advantages of other people's travels as offered to him in books.

Nothing more need be said after this experiment of travel as a means of culture.

*December, 1883.*







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poetic inspiration of a dear  
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