

THE BUSHRANGERS;

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS,

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY CHARLES HARPUR.

STATE LIBRARY OF N.S.W.
MITCHELL LIBRARY

DSM/
A821/
H295/
6A1

Dr. Grubbs.

Presented to J. L. Michael Esq,
in token of Acknowledgment of his
Genius,
By Henry Kendall. 196.

J. L. Michael Esq.
THE From H. Kendall.

BUSHRANGERS;

A Play in Five Acts,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY CHARLES HARPUR.

SYDNEY:

PUBLISHED BY W. R. PIDDINGTON, GEORGE STREET.

MDCCCLIII.

TO N. D. STENHOUSE, ESQ.

THESE POEMS

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY ONE,

WHO,

THOUGH PERSONALLY UNACQUAINTED WITH HIM,

HAS LEARNED

TO APPRECIATE HIS CHARACTER

AND TALENTS.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE BUSHRANGERS	3
Note	60
THE CREEK OF THE FOUR GRAVES	63
To the Comet of 1843	70
The Bush Fire	72
To an Echo on the Banks of the Hunter	76
NED CONNOR	81
To ———	87
To the Moon	88
Memory's Genesis	91
Poetry	92
THE VISION OF THE ROCK	93
Morning	96
A POET'S HOME	96
The Voice of the Native Oak	100
Virginal Love	101
Eva Gray	101
To Mary	102
Emblems	103
" Yes "	103
Dreams of the Beloved	104
Absence	104
" Wherever in some wildwood Bower "	105
The Enquiry	105
" Love is wayward "	106
" The manifold hills "	106
THE DREAM BY THE FOUNTAIN	106
The Master Mariners' Song (Outward Bound)	109

	PAGE
" The leaf-glancing Boughs "	110
Freedom in Faith	110
FINALITY	111
Consolation	113
An Aboriginal Mother's Lament	113
My Political Belief	114
An Anthem for the Australasian League	114
The Tree of Liberty	115
BURNS	116
Characteristics of Wordsworth	120
The Verse of Coleridge's Christabel	122
To my Young Countryman, D. H. D.	123
" A Trooper of France in desperate need "	123
Records of Romantic Passion	124
The Flight of Peace	125
To My First Born	126
Notes	127



THE BUSHRANGERS.

“ Evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness ; when, at last,
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change,
Self-fed, and self-consumed ; if this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth’s base built on stubble.”

COMUS.

“ Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.”

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Trust and Treachery, Wisdom, Folly,
Madness, Mirth, and Melancholy ;
Love and Hatred, Thrift and Pillage,
All are housed in one small village.

MS.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ROGER TUNBELLY, }
WEALTHIMAN WOOLSACK, } Magistrates of Windsor.
ABEL HARTLEY, a young Townsman of Richmond.
WALTHAM, his friend and fellow-traveller.
DREADNOUGHT, a Chief Constable.
BOMBARD, a boasting Constable.
CANT, a simple Constable.
STALWART, the Chief of a Gang of Bushrangers.
MACBLOOD, }
RACKROAD, } Bushrangers.
DESPERATE, }
FILCH, }
FENCE, an obscure Settler in league with the Bushrangers.
A TAILOR, }
A SHOEMAKER, } Townsman of Windsor.
An Old SHEPHERD.
A FARMER, apprehended by Stalwart.
A DOORKEEPER of Windsor Police-Office.

WOMEN.

MRS. LESLIE, a Widow of Richmond.
ADA, her daughter, betrothed to Abel Hartley.
LUCY GREY, friend to Ada.
MRS. FENCE.
MARY, her daughter.

A number of Constables, Bushrangers, Townsman of Windsor, &c.

Scene—In Windsor, Richmond, and various parts of the interior Forest.

Costume of the Bushrangers—Kangaroo-skin caps and moccassins, with serge shirts worn blouse-wise, and belted.



THE BUSHRANGERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Windsor Police Office.*
Enter TUNBELLY and WOOLSACK.

Tunbelly. There is no question but you met their objections most ably. But what particular matter was it you had to inform me of?

Woolsack. Oh! I received a letter last night from the Parramatta Bench by a special messenger. I have surely left it behind me—but no matter; I can tell you the purport of it. It begins with deploring—in very choice English, I assure you—the appalling prevalence of highway robbery and burglarious violence, and the consequent insecurity of life and property: and it states then, that with the view of capturing or destroying the audacious Banditti—headed by that predatory devil, Stalwart, and which is daily augmenting—a strong party of Police, commanded by Chief Constable Dreadnought, is now on its way to Richmond—a justly suspected District: and it concludes with requesting us, of the Windsor Bench, to strengthen the same by some six or eight of our most approved Constables.

Tunbelly. Ha! All this now ought to have been done before. But as matters are, it is, as I may say, atrociously necessary! Nothing but highway and bye-way robberies, robberies, robberies!

Woolsack. Matters in those respects have indeed come to a terrible pass. But which of our Constables shall we send to Dreadnought?

Tunbelly. I have chosen two already in my mind. Bomebard the deputy—fierce fellow! he's one. He's relentless as a Calmuck, and thinks and talks, when on duty, of nothing but blood and thunder, to the salutary terror of every drunken cobbler and pot-walloping 'prentice in the town. His very terms of respect—for Ned is not wanting in proper respect—are discharged as 'twere from a blunderbuss; and even his whiskers seem made to gore with, like a bull's horns. Then the fellow's nose, look you, is a true Wellington; and his brows—why they are done, sir, as 'twere in granite, with an habitual frown that might turn the edge of an axe. Ned's one; and the other is old Cant, the Methodist, who is too pious to run away, while he has (as he would himself phrase it) both the law and the testimony on his side of the controversy. As for the other four, let Bomebard himself select them. He'll pitch upon fellows somewhat of his own kidney, I'll warrant you.

Woolsack. You devise the matter well, sir.

Tunbelly. Why, in these sort of things, do you see, I have a kind of a—knack, as it were. In detecting the outward signs of inward resolution, I am particularly at home, sir; particularly.—Without there! Tell Bomebard and Cant to come hither immediately.

Enter the DOORKEEPER, with BOMBARD and CANT.

We have sent for you, Bomebard, because we are requested by the Parramatta Bench to strengthen Dreadnought, who is now in quest of Stalwart and his desperadoes, by six of our best constables, who are to join him in the vicinity of Richmond; and knowing, do you see, that you are a brave and zealous officer, we have chosen you to conduct the detachment. What say you?

Bomebard. I says this here, your Worships—I'm thankful in'ardly for being pitched on, and for your noble 'pinion o' me likewise; which is, in a manner o'

speaking, right down coin o' the relam to me. Brave, did your Worship say?—But I'll not brag!

Tunbelly. No, don't Ned: it were needless.

Bomebard. Only this here I must say—and I don't care in regard o' who knows it: my wery chest, your Worships, is too counteracted to hold my roused-up heart with ease—with proper ease, your Worships.

Tunbelly. We are quite confident in your courage, Ned, and have every thing else to expect from your zeal.

Bomebard. Zeal?—But I'll not brag.

Tunbelly. And we have also chosen you, Cant, for one of the six; holding you, next to Ned here, our most trusty constable.

Cant. I'm proud o' your Worship's depinion o' thy servant to command. I feel gracious towards your Worships both. Moreover, I hope your Worships think me a godly and faithful seeker o' the Lord—saving your presence—and a fast holder of the Faith; all which I am, God be thanked—and saving your presence. Furthermore, if your Worships might wish to cross-contaminate me with hard questions touching my experience—

Tunbelly. No, no; not now, my good fellow. We are confident in you as an officer—and that is enough. Away home now, and get you ready. And, Bomebard, we leave to your selection the four others who are to accompany you.

Bomebard. Your Worships kiver me with honorableness; but I'll deserve it—there! If so be as I comes across that 'ere Mister Stalwart, I'll l'arn him what right down fighting is—there! What more can I say?

Tunbelly. That's enough—that's enough! Now, away with you!

Bomebard. Cant! right shoulders for'ard! March!
(*Exeunt BOMBARD and CANT.*)

Woolsack. Truly, then, he is an extraordinary fierce fellow, that same Ned!

Tunbelly. Isn't he? An' he do come athwart the Bushrangers, they'll have small relish of his company,

I'm thinking. What a desperado the fellow would make! Why, Stalwart himself were a mere pet lamb to him! But, luckily, Ned has a very great respect for every thing legal.—Is the Court thrown open, fellow?

Doorkeeper. This good hour, your Worship.

Tunbelly. Gadsblood, you cub, see how you answer! What is it to you whether the hour is good or bad, sir? Eh, sir?

Doorkeeper. O Lord, sir!

Tunbelly. O Lord, sir! Can you never answer as you should do? What is the Lord to you, sir? Eh, sir?

Doorkeeper. O Lord, sir!

Tunbelly. Zounds! (*striking him with his cane*). Take that, you calf! You ought to have your ragged head broken every day of your life, you unteachable ironbark junk, you!—Let's in, sir.—I'll teach you—
(*Exit with WOOLSACK.*)

Doorkeeper—(*clenching his fist*). O! if it was a thing as how I only might, I think I know whose corporation 'ud ake a bit! Well, all's one, as the saying is.
(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—*A Room in FENCE'S House.*

MACBLOOD, RACKROAD, DESPERATE, FILCH, and a number of other BUSHRANGERS are discovered drinking, &c.

GLEE.

*In the Forest we are free yet,
In the Forest we are free!
And though through strife we hold this life,
'Tis a life of liberty!
And while traveller goes with aught to lose,
Right merry will we be.*

*We nor bend to seed the soil, men,
Nor gather up its birth;
Yet its fruits for us shall smile, men,
And its harvests yield us mirth,
In the Forest ranging free:
And though through strife we hold this life,
'Tis a life of liberty!*

Enter STALWART from an inner Apartment.

Stalwart. Come men, break off! Our need is at the worst.

A like necessity to that which pricks
The wild-dog from his forest lair, to prey
Around the guarded sheep-fold, bids us hence
Into society's more beaten paths,
For spoil, to glut our need. In then, at once,
And get you ready.

Macblood. Yes; the Captain's right.

This same Necessity, like a she-centurion,
Says, Go! and go we must.

Filch. Seeing it isn't

So merry a deed to disobey the jade,
As 'tis to trick dame Justice.

Desperate. Well! I care not;

Come what, come will, 'tis all as one at last.

Rackroad. Hey, for the roads again! Let's in, my tigers!

(Exeunt all but STALWART into an inner Apartment.)

Stalwart. So we depart once more: and here comes Mary.

To take another leave. Poor girl, she loves me;
And as I deeply feel the charm of being
Beloved by one, else innocent, despite
My desperate fortunes, I must grieve as deeply,
To know what sorrow and shame I and her parents—
Her all-abandoned parents!—are entailing
Upon the creature that thus loves me! Yes;
Although a wild, ungovernable heart,
Hath driven me neck-deep in crime;—though misery,
And burning wrongs, have stung me to commit
Deeds, terrible but to name! yet I, at times,
Am quick to pity.

Enter MARY.

Why so sad, my girl?

Mary. What, Stalwart! Can you ask me such a question?

Do you not now depart—going, as it were,
In quest of an untimely grave, or bonds,

Or worse than these, of crime? I would not vex you!
 They say you are a wild and fearful man,
 But I will not believe them;—be not angry!
 I ask not what you are: to me you seem
 Only unhappy, like myself; and very—
 Yes, very gentle—at least to me; and this
 Aye makes me weep to think on when you are gone.

Stalwart. This kindness kills me! (*moving away from her, and speaking aside*). Did she only know
 In full the blackness of my life, she'd fly me,
 Maddened with horror! Yet I here am honest;
 For, by the hell I merit, I would fill—
 Here, at this very point of time, would fill
 A dastard's grave as freely as a throne,
 Could I undo the evil, by my death,
 Which, living, I have done her. Still 'twere nought,
 Unless she could be so secured, besides,
 From all that she must suffer in the future,
 Of degradation and corrupting shame,
 At her vile parents' hands. And this the fiend
 Within suggests as comfort.—Mary, go
 Compose yourself within.

Mary. Stay: I would ask you,
 Is there no way by which you might forsake
 These desperate courses? Listen to my thoughts:
 Many might call them foolish—but you will not,
 Even though they be. Stalwart, there's many a vale—
 Many a nameless vale, browed in by those
 Blue shadowy mountains we behold afar,
 Here to the west—which you might shelter in
 Unknown, unsought for;—there, to till the soil,
 Attend the herd, or hunt the forest beast,
 You should not go alone.

Stalwart. Alas! poor girl.
 Mary, your thoughts are sweeter to my heart
 Than are the wood-notes of a bird, to one
 Who hears them, lying bed-ridden—but they are vain!
 Where is the solitude, under yon bright heaven,
 Which might afford a refuge now to Stalwart,
 Even for a week; attended, as he must be,
 By the tell-tale personal echoes that resent

The world's wide outcry, and the death-doom, pealed
 By Vengeance through the trumpet of the Laws?—
 Laws born of ages that were drunk with blood,
 And mad with loss: hence are they merciless
 In their effects, and never, never spare
 The wretch whose wretchedness they help to make
 The outcast thing it is. No, no: I may not,
 Now still the legal hubbub that thus dogs
 My hunted steps—not even by flight. And since
 I may not, it must be my aim to make,
 By deeds yet wilder and escapes more strange,
 Its very prevalence become a fence
 Of fearful mystery round my wandering life.
 Yes! and besides, I am sworn unto my band,
 In life, and to the death; and having now
 No honest trust to pride in, be it mine,
 Living and dying, to hold inviolate
 The gloomy honor of a Robber Chief!

Mary. Then you would not reform, even though you
 might?

Nay, would you not?

Stalwart. Not now. There was a time,
 Not long since, Mary, when I much was wont
 To fashion in my mind some scheme by which
 I might retrieve the lost: 'twas when sweet thoughts
 Of thee—and of my sister, one like thee—
 Had breathed within me, like unfolding flowers,
 Or stirred my listening heart, recurringly,
 Like love-remembered music.—But, enough
 Of this vain talk! Nay, why so sad?

Mary. To think

What, in an honest path, you might have trod to;
 And, for you will not break an evil oath
 To mend your soul. There's many an inland vale
 Whose shades strife never enters——

Stalwart. Say no more! (*moving from her, and
 continuing to speak aside*). O misery! This holding to
 my hopes

Glimpses of good, however far and faint,
 Makes but my reason shudder all the more,
 To apprehend the impassable gulf which crime

Hath thrown 'twixt me and aught but evil!—Crime,
 The consciousness of which must ever make
 The quiet interval, that overlasts
 A week at most, less prizable to me
 Than strife or riot; which, or arm remorse
 Against itself, or blunt the thorns of guilt
 Even in the sprouting. (*Turning towards her*).

Mary, hear me! rather
 Than be the shuddering Thing that safety now,
 And an unriotous life, could not but make me—
 Rather, I say, than be so pale a worm,
 I'd turn relenting Fortune's brightest smiles
 To hostile flames, and be myself, before them,
 A sun-parched stubble!—Ho! within there, men.

*Re-enter the rest of the BUSHRANGERS, with
 OLD FENCE and his WIFE.*

Well, are you ready?

Macblood. Yes; and willing also.

Stalwart. 'Tis well. (*Apart to Mary*). Forgive this
 haste. Follow! (*Exeunt BUSHRANGERS.*)

Mrs. Fence. Well, I'm main glad they're gone; for
 they were sucked dry, and my welcome weighs with
 their purses: a fresh purse—a fresh welcome. Eh,
 master?

Old Fence, (admiringly). You can do it, old 'oman;
 you're the one that can do it, and no mistake. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. Fence. Come, girl, let's in to our work: every
 thing is at sixes and sevens. (*Exit.*)

Mary. May God forgive her all the misery
 She has dowered her daughter with. My heart is
 broken! (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—*The Forest near Richmond.*

Enter BOMBARD, CANT, and four others.

Bombard. It's him! Yes, my dymons, yonder's
 Dreadnought, and his constab'lary waryers, awaiting
 for us. Shoulder your bright-barrelled impelments o'
 war! Lift your legs, and push on afore me; and
 when you jines 'em, say this here—Ned Bombard's
 a-coming like lightning in the fernament! Presto!

Cant. Verily, we will denounce thy coming to strengthen them against the Philistines. (*Exeunt CANT and the four others.*)

Bomebard. Said jist like yourself, old book o' sarmonsens. That bible Parson Teartext 'stowed on him has cracked his old pie-matter, as sartainly as I'm called the Waliant Trap—that is, by the scurvey Townsmen; but, by my bold com-rades, the Waliant Dog: though dog's a tarm most low and vulgar-like, unless the sense bees right taken, as sinnicating—infarnal brave, which it does. Now the only book I studies is one about the days o' cavelry, when every man wore steel at his side and fout his fill. And now the optu-nitty's come for magnamalous deeds, and I'll kiver myself with glory, and be well shot! (*starts*) I meant to say—well rewarded! (*reflects*). My wife says, Glory's the foolishistus thing in all the wide world round, and that my fondness for it 'ill get me a death soonerer or laterer, and leave her a weeping widder without a dump! But she 'ticultates blasphybious words, and ought to lose her mortal tongue in consekence. And besides, amn't I the Waliant Dog? Yes I am—there! (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter STALWART and the other BUSHRANGERS.

Stalwart. We can but look to be hunted.
The Laws' proscription writes upon our heads—
“This is a lump of gold for any one
Who dares to knock it off.”

Macblood. And gold's a thing
That seldom travels safely——

Rackroad. On the roads.

Desperate. Let's seek a meeting with our hunters,
just
To know the worst they can do us.

Filch. 'Twere the way
To gain a loss, at all events.

Several Bushrangers. But 'twere brave!

Stalwart. No: it were rashness—such as seldom fellows

Much inward pith and courage. All we lose
 In such affrays, to us is absolute loss;
 Whilst our opponents, howsoever crippled,
 Have but to roar their damage in the ear
 Of startled Justice (so to speak) to have
 All re-made service-tight. What boots it then,
 So wild a daring? For myself, you know
 I care not—nay, that rather I am glad
 To make acquaintance with a desperate chance;
 But, being charged with others' interests,
 This is my counsel: Let a wily heed
 Speak now our mastery o'er them, even more
 Than open trial could,—a thing of numbers.
 Be this our system, till we are tired of it,
 Or likely to be hedged about.—Why, then,
 The starting hole is force; and we, being thus
 Baited by their pursuit, into a spirit
 Of furious rivalry, shall conjure round
 Their tingling ears, such a full peal, that they
 Shall verily think these scrubs the skirts of Hell,
 And us the Devil's vanguard! Then may he
 Who proves himself not one,—to whom, when wroth,
 Danger's a mistress, and a foeman's blood
 The choicest vintage,—be the next poltroon
 That, dog-like, swings by the neck! But, ho! what
 say you?

Shall we now seek them? By the Lord, I have talked
 My spirit into such a blaze, that I
 Would now do nought but fight!

Filch. No, let us first
 Outwit them, for we like the trick on't rarely.

Stalwart. Well, to the trial.

Macblood. Ha! beware! Yon scrub!

Rackroad. Faith, we're beset!

Stalwart. Fall back, but steadily. (*shots within*).
 So! Into cover.

(*The BUSHRANGERS fall back, firing out : then DREADNOUGHT, CANT, and a number of others charge across the stage after them : lastly BOMBARD enters in great apparent fury.*)

Bombard. Fight on, my hayroes ! I'll purtect your rear with the rage and wengence of a dragon. That's a wip'rous-looking scrub yonder. I'll jist try if any o' the willians is planted there. (*fires at random.*) No, there ain't, or—(*firing and shouting within*)—I don't feel well somehow ;—sick at stomach like, and narvous. But I won't run away : no, I'll only lie down among these here bushes, in resarve like. (*He hides among some bushes.*)

Re-enter several of the Bushrangers, firing out : they pass over as CANT and other constables re-enter on the attack.

Cant. Hang not back neighbours ! Faithful death is the gate o' life ! quit yourselves like men ! Put your trust i' the God o' battles, saith the 'vangelist ! Come on ! (*They pass over.*)

Bombard. (*poking out his head*) Well said, old boy ! Fight on my ginnys o' goold ! I'll guard your re— (*snatching in his head, as*

STALWART re-enters, speaking.

Stalwart. Look to your heart there ! (*Fires out.*

Re-enter DREADNOUGHT.

Dreadnought. And now look to yours ! (*He fires at STALWART, who falls.*) A true ball. It has turned him into a giblet pie for the worms ; which ancient gentlemen would have had a glorious meal prepared for them by this, had not Bombard's figitty rashness betrayed our ambuscade a thought too soon. But lie you there, my friend, while I seek you a bedfellow' or so. (*Exit.*)

Stalwart. Thank you, Sir Trap ! but then I am not fond Of soulless bedfellows. (*Rises.*) I played the dead man Most famously : ha, ha, (*bitterly.*) But the damned ball

Grates in my hip! Yet I can make a halt on't :
And now, Fortune, shake hands.

(Exit halting.)

Bomebard. *(starting from his hiding place as though he would arrest STALWART, but stopping short at the side).* Well, go and be damned since you're hipped! You beastly, blacklivered, infernal, stinking, wile scorpian't o' the wilderness!

Re-enter DREADNOUGHT and the rest of the Police.

Dreadnought. *(speaking as he enters).* Well, my lads, we must be even content with dispersing, since we could not capture them. Faith, while the rascals have sound legs, we might as well hope to run down so many kangaroos. The master spirit, however, is let off the chain. Its kennel should lie somewhere here *(looking about him)*. Why, this was the place. Gone. How's this? Damnation!—But he cannot be gone far yet, and must have gone in this direction. Spread out for a search.

Cant. Verily this Pharaoh hath escaped us, and returned again to Egypt. I speak by types and shadows and s'militudes.

Dreadnought. What, Bomebard; Why, I haven't seen you before since the tussle began. Where have you been, man?

Bomebard. Where have *I* been? That's rich, that is! Why a chasing o' two o' the enemy, who fout like two fiends o' the woods, till one o' them says to the other, says he—I'm blowed if it ain't Ned Bomebard! and with that they fled, like lightening in the fernament.

Dreadnought. And in good time no doubt. *(Aside.)* I begin to suspect this fellow of being a mere braggadocia.—But come! we are wasting moments that are like so many drops of gold. Spread out well: we must not let this wounded fox escape us.

The Scene closes as the Police spread about the Stage.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the Red Lion in Windsor.**Enter a TAILOR and a SHOEMAKER.**Shoemaker.* So they took none o' them?*Tailor.* Not an individual. But Dreadnought or Bomebard—'t isn't settled which—shot Stalwart down and left him for dead; but on coming to the place again, look you, he had vanished like a spirit o' the elements.*Shoemaker.* Look you, neighbour, he's a 'chanted man. But 'twas Bomebard did it, I'll be affidavited. What's said of him?*Tailor.* That he fout awful like. But 'thas finished his spoiling. He was always a horrid Tartar; but now, —why it's dangerous even to look at him as he passes.*Shoemaker.* He mislests every one.*Tailor.* Yes! 'cept the swells: and the Magistrates 'ill hear no story but his, because, I s'pose, he's so downdacious resolute like. Old Tunbelly calls him his Bengal Tiger. Only think of Christian men—and what's more, Magistrates o' the Peace—making use of such heathenish lingo as that! What 'ill the world come to?—Now, I myself, am a man of very weak nerves—terrible, exceeding weak nerves, sir,—terrible!*Shoemaker.* So be I: I was always timersome like, man and boy. But let's in and have our morning.*Tailor.* Ha! have a care, friend. We have been talking o' the devil, and here he comes, I do declare, like mad! If he mislests us, neighbour, let us be prudent with him. The Magistrates, —'specially Tunbelly, 'ill hear no story but his.*Enter BOMBARD, drunk.**Bombard.* Give me glory and friddum, say I!—Who are yous? Are you men o' mettle or filthy cowards? Answer me that.*Tailor.* We be quiet men; and thanks to our breeding, men that are as honest as men well can be. You know us very well, neighbour.*Bombard.* Neighbour? Foh! Answer me this here: What is Ned Bomebard by natur' and compacity?

Tailor. A terrible exceeding brave fellow!

Bombard. And the right-hand man o' the Magistrates?

Shoemaker. That you be!

Bombard. And forby that, the ragin' lion o' the Windsor Constab'lary—'stead o' the Walian' Dog?

Tailor. And no mistake.

Bombard. Well then, to show yous that I ain't too proud o' my dig-nitty, I don't care if I takes a dram with the pair o' yous—purwiding one o' yous stands flat. I've been on the spree all night myself, my dymons o' goold, though I am a hofficer. But what then? A hofficer is a mortal man, and must git drunk now and then, like a man o' mortality—mustn't he?

Shoemaker. In course he must.

Bombard. You speaks natur's truth, my pigeon: whereby, by reason o' which, so forth an' cetra, let's in and have this here dram. Another nip 'ill jist send me home to bed comfortable—and you'll stand flat, like a hemp'ror, won't you?

Shoemaker. That I will.

Tailor. And so will I. (*Exeunt into the Red Lion.*)

SCENE II.—*A Meadow near Richmond.*

Enter ABEL and ADA.

Abel. The sun is just uprising. See, sweet Ada,
What a vast wreath of golden cloud envelopes
Yon swell in the dark forest. Seems it not
A splendid turban wrapt in rising folds
About the shaggy and recumbent head
Of some old fabled giant?

Ada.

Yes: and yet

I cannot choose but smile,—your similies
Are so extravagant always. Yesterday,
You could compare the river as it wound
Shining between its banks o'erclumpt with shades
Then heaping in the wind, to nought besides
A fabled monster—a leviathan
Cleaving his strenuous passage through the waves
Of ocean, tempest-tossed.

Abel. Well, for the future
They shall not deal in monsters. To begin—
Know you what most the sun resembles, there
Just risen now, and glowing through the dark
And drooping tresses of the forest?

Ada. Oh!

What may be likened to a Thing so glorious!

Abel. Even two things.

Ada. Name them.

Abel. Thy love-speaking eyes

As now, half lifted from the ground, they glow
Through their dark silken fringes.

Ada. Nay, now, Abel,

You flatter me by wholesale. Let me go.

Abel. By heaven, I do not flatter. Hear me, Ada!

The light of thy blue eyes is dearer far
To me, than is the sun's; for I could live
Contented in its influence, though shut
From the broad day—but Ada, I should die,
Even 'neath a sun more golden, if denied
Thy precious looks of love.

Ada. Then spare me, Abel.

But said you not that you had need to haste,
To keep appointment with some friends?

Abel. Aye, true.

But whether so early also?

Ada. To the woods, here,

Not far, to gather some particular flowers
I saw there yesterday, before the dews
Shall cease to freshen, and the steadier gaze
Of the proud sun oppress them.

Abel. But bethink you,

'Tis somewhat perilous to go alone
Just now into the woods.

Ada. Because of robbers?

Nay, 'tis not likely any now should keep
So near the scene of their late danger.

Abel. Hardly.

But mind you meet me at the gate to-night.

Ada. Perhaps—if you will promise faithfully
To leave your flattery all behind you.

Abel. Flattery ?

Ada. Yes. Leave it behind you ; and perhaps I may
Be at the gate to night. *(Exit.)*

Abel. There I, at least,
Will surely be.—Behold her how she goes
Forth in her fresh bright beauty, like a Joy
Born of the breathing gladness of the morn !
(He sings.)

*Oh, how gentle, frank, and kind—
How pure of heart, how clear of mind—
How simple—and yet how refin'd
Is my enchanting Ada?*

*She looks so happy when we meet,
And smiles so innocently sweet,
That, even if prone to all deceit,
I could not wrong my Ada.*

*I wooed her trembling—but to see
A mutual love rise glowingly,
And win her virgin vow to be
My own—my only Ada.* *(Exit.)*

SCENE III.—*The Skirt of the Forest. Richmond in
the distance.*

*Enter STALWART, supporting himself with an untrimmed
bough.*

My wound is maddening me ! What shall I do ?
To seek relief in yonder Town's to seek
A dungeon also—and my heart bitterly envies
The veriest wretch that now may cower beside
Its scantiest hearth. 'Tis horrible ! I had best
Surrender : Yes, 'twere surely better far
Than moping here, even like a soul in hell,
That vainly hopes, by ever wandering on,
To find some region less instinct with woe—
Some spot less saturate with torturing wrath,
Than that he treads !—Ha ! who comes here ? A
woman !
'Tis even so—a young and lovely woman !

Benevolence, simplicity, and truth
 Sit in bright union on her happy face!
 How shall I act? I'll ask assistance. Yes.
 But then the cause:—my wound—the place—the need
 Of secrecy, will indicate at once
 My real condition. Well then, I will trust
 All to her pity; that quick pity, which
 At sight of pain, hath a prevailing part
 In every purple drop that throbbeth through
 The eloquent heart of Woman.

Enter ADA with a basket of Flowers.

Gentle Maiden
 Take pity on a forlorn and wounded man!
Ada. (much alarmed.) Good heaven! how came
 you thus?

Stalwart. Ah! may I tell?
 Have you heard aught of a wild fray that chanced
 Hard by here, in the Forest?

Ada. Yes, indeed,
 Every circumstance—and I do hope
 Even for the sake of pity, that you are not
 The terrible robber, Stalwart!

Stalwart. Gentle maiden,
 I am that wretched—that repented outlaw.
Ada. Then must I fly you, terrible man!—
 (*After a pause, she communes with herself.*) Alas!

Said he not—wretched and repented both?
 And truly he looks most wretched: and methinks
 I do not fear him now. No; and 'twere wrong
 Surely to leave him thus, (so pleads my heart,
 On the sharp edge of pitiless pain.—Indeed,
 My heart is sobbing with compassion for you;
 But though my charity relieve you, yet
 My honesty must divulge the fact; for you
 Do bear a very—very evil name.

Stalwart. Look on me, maiden! Do I seem the
 fierce
 And merciless fiend, that blind and vulgar fear
 Hath given me out? Nay! trust me, fairest one,
 As you, yourself, would be believed by him

Most dear to you—I, even I, am more
 Unfortunate than guilty. Hear my story.
 A villain's dupe at first, I found myself
 An exile, and a tyrant's bondman ;—one,
 Who for some reason I could never learn,
 Both feared and hated me ;—and who, with all
 The petty fretfulness of power so placed,
 Was wont to solace the meanness of his hate,
 And mask its utter cowardice, the while,
 With hourly hurling the opprobrious term
 Of *convict* in my teeth ! I sought redress,
 In vain ! the Law was an oppressor too !
 I murmured—and was scourged ! Oh ! 'twas too much !
 Wrath thundered in my heart ! Their bonds enringed
 My limbs as with intolerable fire !—
 I cast them off ! I cursed my kind—and fled,
 Outlawed but free, into the woods : where now
 My name, notorious from my having baffled
 The vigilance of the Police so long,
 Is daily debited with such crimes as I
 Nor do, nor would, commit.

Ada. Alas ! poor man—
 His words have all the weight of truth. I must
 Concert some means with Abel——

Stalwart. Who is Abel ?
 Say, will he not betray me ?

Ada. No—not when
 I tell him all : he has the kindest heart—
 He'll not betray you. But, before I stir
 In this strange matter, I exact your promise
 To this effect——But how ?—'tis certain that (*to herself*).
 His person is well known ; yes, and 'twere death
 For him to dwell, even in a backwood hut,
 Ungarrisoned against the Law itself
 By lawless violence, or fraud——

Stalwart. Your scruples,
 Fair Charity, attest your virtue. But
 Now hear what I propose : and, by yourself—
 (An oath to bind the worst) I swear to keep
 The promise I shall make, as faithfully
 As grace serves heaven. When that I am whole,

Through your so generous aid, I'll straightway seek
 Amongst yon mountains their most difficult cave,
 Where never yet the sound of human speech,
 Save of the dusky savage, or a cry
 Less dreary than the wild-dog's, hath disturbed
 The ancient reign of Solitude ;—and there,
 Scantily sustained by what the hollow trees,
 And scrubs, and rivulets afford, I'll wear
 The unperverted future out in pure
 Repentance for the past.

Ada. I am satisfied :
 And now for your immediate relief.
 Hard by, there stands a ruined house, obscured
 By a rank growth of wattles—you may see
 Its crumbling gable yonder, jutting through
 Their circling foliage. It contains, I think,
 One weather-proof apartment ; and the place
 Is seldom sought, having an evil name
 For deeds of death, which, ere my memory,
 'Tis said, were there committed. House you there ;
 While I speed home for bandages, and what
 Your state may else require. *(Exit.*

Stalwart. I have succeeded
 Beyond all hope. How graciously compassion
 Shone through her innocence ! Now, if it were
 But possible for me to urge, in future,
 Some better course, 'twere surely at the bidding
 Of so much beauty and goodness. But I can
 At least be grateful—yes ! to fail in that,
 Were to be ten times damned. Yonder's the ruin ;
 And this the nearest and most secret way. *(Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before Fence's House.*

Enter MACBLOOD, RACKROAD, DESPERATE, FILCH, and
others, with OLD FENCE, MRS. FENCE, and their
daughter, MARY.

Mrs. Fence.—Well ; 'twas his fate, as the saying is,
 and has been the fate o' many a good man afore him.
 Ods ! gal—*(to Mary)* you do nothing but mope, an'
 hang your head, an' stare when you're spoke to ! What

the dickens! was he the only man i' the world? Have a good hearty cry, and ha' done with it.

Old Fence. That's what I tell her.

Mary. I cannot—my heart is dry.

Rackroad. So is mine, for that matter. Our life is the devil without a leader that all rely on: and he had no fellow in the profession.

Filch. Not in open scrimmage and road-work: it was only in finger business and house-prigging that he wasn't so gifted like as some others be.

Desperate. Well, I care not an' I were with him, wherever he is: above or below.

1st Bushranger. We begin sorely to miss him already.

Macblood. Well, lads, we must even do the best we may. He died as a gentleman of the bush should wish to die—and there's an end of the matter. Let's all join in the Ranger's Dirge to his memory, and then in to business.

Old Fence. In course.

Mrs. Fence. That's proper.

DIRGE.

*He lived as a Ranger should live,
Fearing nothing above or below!
Ever ready a friend in his need to relieve—
And yet he nor borrowed nor bought to give,
But compelled from his betters the rhino—and so
He lived as a Ranger should live.*

*He died as a Ranger should die,
Like a lion defying his foe!
In the green forest shade where he gloried to lie
And list the wild breezes go piping by;
With his gun smoking hot in his death-grip—and so
He died as a Ranger should die.*

The Scene closes as the Dirge ends.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Near the ruined House.**Enter ABEL and ADA.*

Ada. Our patient mends apace ; and when restored,
 If he shall keep his promise of reform,
 Strictly and truly, as I trust he will,
 How often may we draw, in years to come,
 A silent satisfaction from the view
 Of these our singular charities, which snatched
 A fellow-being from the jaws of death,
 And paths that lead to hell ?

Abel. Perhaps. But, *Ada,*
 If, on the other hand, he again become
 Aught like what he has been—nay, should he but
 Make one transgression against justice, thus
 Diverted from its course, I fear me, then,
 These charities would darken into crimes.
 And, tell me, while these promises are made
 Tow' rds a repentant future, even then,
 Do you not mark that his impatient eye
 Seems fretting inwardly, and struggling hard
 To smother down its scornful fire ?

Ada. At times,
 His looks, indeed, seem fearfully conflicting.
 And this——

Abel. Contrasting with those promises,
 Is even too like some wild-dog lurking near
 A flock of lambs, and waiting so, the time
 Convenient for destruction.

Ada. Yet, bethink you ;
 This wildness may but be the mixed expression
 Of sorrow and shame, induced by every glance
 His memory pours o'er an unlovely past ;
 Or the unrest of a yet doubtful struggle
 'Twixt hope and fear, for mastery contending
 Over the unknown future.

Abel. Oh, this guilt !
 How terrible a thing it needs must be !
 The criminal, who from his height of place

May laugh at human law, or from his mere
 Obscurity evade it—goeth he
 Unpunished therefore? No: he is his own
 Sure punishment, and in his being bears
 About with him the worst of penalties,
 A wounded conscience.—Still, my Ada, be
 The case of our strange patient as it may,
 You have a generous wisdom (shall I call it?)
 And a confiding goodness, which would charm
 My heart to love you, though their precious meanings
 Distilled, like dews from the blue heavens, from eyes
 Less glowing in their gentleness than thine;
 Spake from a mouth less richly set with pearls,
 Less stored with musical balm; or throbb'd aloud
 In the dear billows of a less soft bosom,
 Than that which I with hearted love as pure
 As gold entreaured in some Indian lake,
 And warm as light, and fond as infancy,
 Now clasp to mine. (embracing her.)

Ada. Abel, you make me blush!

Abel. Pardon me, dearest!—nay, but pardon me!—
 Now let us wander by the shining river,
 And I will sing you there, aided by Echo,
 A loving ditty of the olden time,
 Before the whiteness of our simplest terms
 Was soiled by evil use;—of such 'tis framed:
 And yet so thick is it with love, so rich
 In dainty poesy, that 'twould pall the sense
 But for its innocent simplicity,
 And earnest strength of purpose. Then, my fairest,
 We'll mark the spangled fishes throng about
 In happy revel, and compare them well
 To swarms of brilliant love-lights flashing through
 The silver vision of some glorious Bard,
 When, flowing forth in everlasting verse,
 It greens the course of Time. Give me your hand.

(Exunt.)

SCENE II.—*A High Road through the Forest.*

Enter BOMBARD armed, and singing.

*O I'm a Soldier bold,
 Brimful of fun and rattle ;
 An angel with the ladies—but
 A devil in the Battle !
 There's nothing that I fear
 Upon the earth or under,
 And my name is Whiskerandos Cannon—
 Bullets, blazes, blood and thunder !*

We've beat the roads every day this fortni't now, without a partingal o' success. Some people says as how the Bush is the place as we ought to look for 'em, but I says the roads is the place. *(He sings again.)*

*Achilles, whose great deeds
 First set Dan Homer writing ;
 Brave Hector, and huge Ajax too,
 Had just my style of fighting !
 This horrid arm of mine
 Can smite a foe asunder :
 And my name is Whiskerandos Cannon—
 Bullets, blazes, blood and thunder !*

That's a song I l'arned from one o' the old Wit'rans : a rale army song, about Capt'in Cannon.—How them there fellows o' mine does l'iter sure-ly ! I heer'd 'em a-talking about my wallor in the late haction, and so walked a-head o' purpose—that they mout do it with the more delekissy.—Ha ! I smell a prize. *(looking out.)* By the crown o' the rel-am, it's him ! and without any implements o' war either.

Enter CANT and two others.

I say, Tim Baton and Jack Catchpole, trot off both of yous to the Court : the Justices are busy, and may want you to sarve summonses. Presto ! lift your legs !

(Exeunt the two Constables.)

Can you think, my old dymon o' the Injun mines, why I packed them two coves off ?

Cant (*shaking his head solemnly*). I can't, then.

Bomebard. Doesn't the shares of a re-ward weigh some'at heavier 'twixt two than they does 'twixt four? I rayther think they does, on consid'rin' the p'int. (*smiling grimly*).

Cant. Yes, neighbour: by two-fourths, 'cording to my 'rithmatic.

Bomebard. Your 'rithmatic says right. Ha! my old waryer, there's sense as well as fury in this here consarn (*tapping his forehead*). But what o' that? says you: why, this here, says I:—Turn your eagle eye yonder. Are you blind, or do you see some'at of inportance?

Cant. Right away here, towards old Spaulding's?

Bomebard. Yes, that's the p'int o' the compass. Are you blind yet?

Cant. God has blessed me with good eyesight, neighbour; and if that's the way you mean, I do even seem to see a poor man limping this way very badly: as if he was hipped, like.

Bomebard. And what strikes your eager compacity in consekence—Eh, my old dollar o' Spain?

Cant. Why nothing, neighbour: only that I ought to thank God I'm not so lame as he seems to be, poor man!

Bomebard. Well! arter that I'm done! Tell you what, *Cant*; your mind's a sleeping toad o' the rock! Tell me this here: is it forgot that a willan called Stalwart was hipped in a certain late haetion by this here werry arm—though Jack Dreadnought says 'twas his'n? Does some'at o' nat'ral sense strike you now?

Cant. There does! (*slapping his thigh*.) Providence might ha' sent him in our way in this same crippled man.

Bomebard. It's him! It's him, my gynny o' goold! Let's plant awhile, and twig his dirty haetions unbeknowns to him. (*They retire up the Stage*.)

Enter a Farmer limping.

Farmer. See what it is to be careless! I ought to ha' known, being up'ards o' forty, that stacking is slippery work of a day, an' so ha' laid my fork down in a

workman-like manner, instead of up agin the stack: then I shouldn't been a-going to the doctor with a ripped thigh, I reckon. (*Bomebard and Cant having stolen forward during his speech, now rush upon the Farmer and seize him.*) Murder! Oh, my thigh! Mind my thi—

Bomebard. What! have we napt you at last, then? Oh, you wild 'Rabian o' the desert! Hold on Cant, my hayro; and let the com-u-nitty re-joice, for Stalwart's capt'red.

Farmer. God forgive you then for taking me for Stalwart! I'm John Crabtree, a poor settler that hurted himself this forenoon very badly.

Cant. Thou hast named God, friend; of what Faith art thou?

Farmer. Why a Christian man, in course.

Cant. Dost believe i' the Bible, the Testament, and the Prayer Book?

Farmer. Sartanly; in course.

Cant. And that Tom Paine was the true and lawful son o' the devil, God keep us! sent i' the world to torment the Faith?

Farmer. Eh?—oh, yes! sartanly.

Cant. I say, friend Bomebard;—if this be Stalwart, his wound has brought him to repentance, seeing he has all the sensual qualities of a good Christian.

Bomebard. An 'ily tongue's rayther smooth, but he won't git over me with it: leastways, I'm 'clined that 'ere opinion, under the various p'int's o' this here case. (*smiling grimly.*) Off with him!

Farmer. I tell you again, I'm John Crabtree of the Kerrijong!

Bomebard. In course you air: yes, and you'll soon git kerrijonged, and no mistake! (*making signs significant of his being hanged.*) Hold on Cant! Kerrijong? no, but good English hemp, my cricket. Off to limbo with the scorpiant. I'll pull out your mortal tongue by the roots, if you says another sinnable! I s'pose you dont know who I am? You will when I gives you a poke in the guts though!—there! I'm the ragin' lion o' the Windsor Constab'lary! Hold on Cant, my hayro! Off with him.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The skirt of the Forest. The ruined House
in the distance.*

Enter STALWART, speaking.

Ingratitude is mean as it is vile,
I must allow that. But I ever was,
And ever shall be, the accursed slave
Of lawless passion!—She has given me health
And liberty, but with those gifts evoked
Desires iniquitous, that from their dark
Impulsive depths, like monstrous sea-swells, keep
Blindly upworking,—but to find at length
Their end in worst designs: so true it is,
That heaping benefits upon a villain
Is bargaining for curses. Now, methinks,
Could I but see my villain face, it were
Enough to shame me hence. They think me gone
Since yesterday: and verily I would
The time invited not. But she and Abel
Were by appointment much upon this hour
To meet here;—now, an unexpected matter
To my chance knowledge will detain him hence.
She knows not this, and so will come. What then?
I've gold; I'll try her with it: it will work
The wrong way mightily even with the best.
Ruffian forbear! She comes! 'Twere best to fly!
No—I will meet her. How beautiful she is,
How lovely, and as good. Her innocence
Appals me;—never did I feel before
How terrible is virtue in itself
To him who would assail it.

Enter ADA, speaking.

Ada. He ever till now was punctual. I'm not
pleased,
Nor will I look so when he comes, if I
Can meanwhile school mine eyes to veil the light
That breaks in gladness outward from my heart
Whene'er they see him coming.—Ha! our patient?
What holds him here?

Stalwart. Think it not strange, that I
Could not depart without—my villany chokes me! (*Aside.*

Ada. What would you have?

Stalwart. But leave to kiss your hand.

Ada. Well do so—and depart; for here you walk
In jeopardy.

Stalwart. When do you wed with Abel?

Ada. Why am I questioned thus?

Stalwart. Is Abel rich?

Ada. Not rich: Why do you ask?

Stalwart. Because I know

That matrimony is a field, the soil
Of which inclineth more to weeds than fruit,
Unless it first be well prepared, and stocked
With many appliances that riches only,
To some extent, can buy.

Ada. I think not so.

Besides I care not now to talk of this,
Nor do I think it seemly. Why not go?
You much forget yourself in loitering here.

Stalwart. (*feigning to muse.*) 'Tis pity he is poor.
It might be otherwise.—

And so you value riches lightly? Ah!
To want them, Maiden,—that is, money,—is still
To know the curse of servitude in one
Or more of its vile shapes:—to 'bate the voice—
To mask all natural majesty of eye—
To crimp the cheek with fawning smiles, and smooth
To an unfelt humility the brows,
Before the scornful scrutiny of some
Rich landlord:—rich, and powerful therefore, should
He take offence, even to the damming up
Each source of thy well-being. And to evince,
In presence of a money-god like this,
A thought!—no! but a dream of self-dependence,
Is to offend,—as indirectly slighting
What he considers—or at least would have
Thee to consider, thee and thine, as being
The outward sign of Nature's darlings;—yea,
The very gift of grace!—and such indeed,
In a worldly sense, is Money. Oh! to want
The eloquent dross, is still to have the wings
Of the most humble wish, most guarded hope

A Father's manly bosom knows, and all
The clasping tendrils of a Mother's love,
Shorn to the bleeding quick! See! I have Money.

(He shows a purse of Money.)

Ada. This is not well! indeed it is not well
That you will thus insist, in pouring forth
To ears that would be otherwise employed,
These sour opinions: for even were they sound
In fact, as they are specious, yet they were
Neither acceptable nor proper, urged
In such a place, by such a person. And
If, as I shrewdly guess, that purse you show
Has a more rightful owner, I advise you
To seek some mode by which you may restore it.
But pray, begone! and I would have you mind
To bear your promise with you.

Stalwart (aside.) Tush! a pie-crust!—
This purse of gold, my sweet one, shall be thine!
And all that I require in barter for it,
Is one of thy rubious kisses.

Ada. Get you gone!
I fear those ugly looks! Leave me, I say!
You go not!—then I must. *(going.)*

Stalwart. Not yet—not yet!
Since you will neither give nor sell your kisses,
My lips must play the bandit—thus.

He attempts to seize her; she shrieks; and, on the instant, Abel rushes in and strikes him down with the stock end of a pistol.

Abel. What meant the villain?

Ada. Ah, I fear he meant
Much harm to me!

Abel. How fortunate then my coming!
Detained by matters I had not foreseen,
The shadow of some threatened evil kept
So darkening over me, that I perforce
Excused myself, to hurry hither—armed!
And now, thou execrable dog, what else
But thy accursèd life can satisfy
For this thy baseness?

Stalwart. Spare thy speech, and take it.

Abel. (after an internal struggle.) No!—
 Since we have given it once before—now take
 Again thy worthless life. And if thou hast
 The feelings even of a godless savage,
 The sin of this ingratitude shall hang
 A mountainous burthen on thy life, through all
 Thy days to come! 'Twill sting thee in thy food,
 And be a fiery hell-drop in each draught
 That parts thy perjured lips. Then live, wretch!—live
 Even for meet punishment!—And now, my Ada,
 Let us away, lest breathing the same air
 With such a miscreant, taint our moral health.

Exeunt ABEL and ADA.

Stalwart. (rising.) Scorned, trampled on, brow-
 beaten, flogged with words!
 But he may thank the grief of recent sickness,
 Together with a sudden sense of shame,
 That ran at first, like a consuming fire,
 Through all my veins, and withered up my strength,
 For such an easy conquest as I proved.
 How he be-lectured me!—a beardless boy!
 And how she seemed to admire her valiant bully,
 And to scorn me how deeply? Aye! and scorn,
 Whether deserved or not, did ever stamp
 An inexpungable hatred in my soul!—
 Down gratitude! and come thou atheist spirit,
 Revenge!—come smother all I feel of shame!
 Look to it, ye happy ones! (looking after and clenching
 his hand at them.) 'Twill ask you skill:
 For though you walked invisible, I would yet
 Be found upon your path for misery!
 Till then, farewell!—for henceforth with the happy
 I wage my war, being myself in hell,
 And thence a devil.—Now to the cave, wherein
 'Tis likely that my fellows house themselves;
 The likelier if,—as goes the news,—suspicion
 Of harbouring them hath glanced upon the Fences.

(Exit.)

SCENE. IV.—*A Room in the Windsor Police Office.*

Enter TUNBELLY and the DOORKEEPER.

Tunbelly. Are any of my brother Magistrates
Within, sir?

Doorkeeper (*shaking his head.*) No!

Tunbelly. Is that the way you answer
A Justice of the Peace? No! Are you sick
Of your situation—a most easy one?
Or have you, sir, so soon forgot the lesson
I gave you yesterday, touching respect
And carefulness? and which was then elicited,
You most unmanneredly dog you! by your treading
With awkward hoof on this my sorry toe?—
Answer me instantly, you ragged-headed,
Tobacco-tainted, dirty-shirted sot you!

Doorkeeper. I humbly axes your Worship's noble
pardon,
And do dispise my barber-rarious horror.

Tunbelly. The scamp's no fool! A good apology
'faith!

Well worded,—yes, and pithy too,—for him.
Well! see that you offend no more, and let
Your last thoughts, night by night, and first o' morn-
ings,
Be all employed in graining as it were
Into yourself, some proper and continent mode
Or system of behaviour, when you stand
Before the Justices.—Come here; and now,
As you hope ever to rise in the police,
Mark well, and treasure up, sir, in your memory
Every word that I shall condescend
To speak for your instruction. First then, mark you!
Always appear before superiors
With cleaner hands and face, and with your hair—
Which, by the bye, is heinously neglected,—
With your hair, I say, combed straight, so as to give
A meek cast to your countenance, do you see.
And mark this well too, never bear yourself
So bolt uprightly—thus, whilst in their presence,
Lest you appear forgetful of your great

Inferiority—a thing unpardonable!
 But above all, be sure you never smile,
 Or look vexatiously facetious, should
 A twitch of gout, or indigestion, give
 A comical expression to their features;
 But seriously respect it, as indicative
 Of gentlemanly living, sir, and habits.
 And lastly, mark! whenever you may have
 Occasion to address them, open thus,
 In a subdued voice,—*May it please your Worships*;
 Concluding every answer to a question
 From any one of them with the same title:
 As—*No, your Worship, Yes, your Worship, or*
I cannot tell, your Worship; with, do you see,
 A reverential dropping of the head
 And eye while uttering it.—There, purse up these
 My precepts, in that rough colt's head o' thine,
 And you will rise, mark that! And now, sir, take
 This letter to——

Doorkeeper. I knows, your Worship, to
 Your little——

Tunbelly. Hush, you savage you! You must
 Be diffident of conjecture if you'd rise,
 Mark that! But can't you carry it in your hand?
 Your pocket may be rent.

Doorkeeper. No, your Worship: I never lets any
 holes grow in my pockets; leastways, not now. I've
 had losses that way, but not lately; the last teach'd me
 to darn. 'Twas as this——

Tunbelly. Zounds! tell me none o' your vile stories.
 There! be off with the letter.

Doorkeeper. Oh, your Worship, it'll be worth your
 while to hear; it's full o' humour. 'Twas——

Tunbelly. Begone, you unteachable log you!

(drives him off.

That thwack, I'll warrant, made his hard head buzz a
 bit!

What a mere colt it is! he, he! but I
 Bear with him, inasmuch as the correction
 Of his stupidity affords me, here,
 A little wholesome exercise at times.

But, seriously, these underlings are all
 A-wanting in respect : and I have heard
 It hinted somewhere, that much corpulence
 Is even a moral emetic, as it were,
 To outward difference. Zounds ! if—But soft,
 Mere starvelings will of course console the dry,
 Forlorn condition of their own anatomy,
 By railing at a—a—gentlemanly
 Rotundity of figure. Rotundity ?
 Ah, then ! the truth will out : I would I had
 A porter's load less of this same rotundity !
 For, on my conscience, I can never take
 A peep in the old pierglass that is placed
 Within my study—I mean my lurching room,—
 Without some thought of a high tilted cart
 Set up on end, shafts downward.

Enter CANT running.

Cant. We have reprehended Pharoah, your Worships ! We have reprehended Pharoah !

Tunbelly. Apprehended Pharoah ? I was in the belief that the Red Sea had apprehended him some little time since.

Cant. Ah, your Worship takes me amiss ! I speak by types and shadows and s'militudes ; seeing we have laid hands on one who is no better than a heathen of Egypt, or Gath, or Askelon, or—

Tunbelly. There ! tell me now in plain terms whom you have nabbed ;—never mind being so learned about it.

Cant. How can I be plain, your Worship ; seeing me and the deputy have 'rested that son o' Belial and scourge in the hand of Satan,—Stalwart !

Tunbelly. What ?

Cant. I have said it.

Tunbelly. And where is he ?

Cant. Bomebard is bringing him up George Street.

Tunbelly. What ! by himself ? Why did you leave him ? Though Ned is brave as a lion, he'll get away from him ! I know he'll get away ! Eh ?

Cant. Oh, no, your Worship ; the man hath repented, (save in the matter of denying himself in toto,) and cometh along even like a lamb to the slaughter.

Tunbelly. Say you so? Well done, my fine fellows! Let me see the black dog: let me see him. Lead on!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V.—*A Street in Windsor.*

Enter BOMBARD dragging in the FARMER, with a Rabble at his heels.

Bombard. Stand off! Do you want to rescue him? Wouldn't you like to go snacks in the hundred pounds reward? Hey, hey, hey!

Farmer. The Justice 'ill know at once, you'll see.

Bombard. Do you want that there tongue o' your'n pulled out by the roots?—Here comes the worthy ruler.

Enter TUNBELLY and CANT hastily.

Tunbelly. Where is the villain? Ha, my worthy fellow, Ned, have you nabbed him at last? Which is he?

Bombard. Behold the scorpian.

Tunbelly. Why, who have you brought me here for Stalwart?

Bombard. Himself, I'll take a Bible oath on't.

Tunbelly. The devil you will! What! this is John Crabtree.

Farmer. So I told 'em, your Worship; and how I had hurted myself. But they were too wise to heed the truth, I reckon.

The Rabble set up a shout in derision of BOMBARD.

Bombard. Mocked? for being mistook by reason o' fate! and by a com-u-nitty that I ha' watched over for nine long rugged rolling years, like Washintub the 'Merican patr'ot?

Tunbelly. Never mind their jeers, Ned. Though you have been mistaken, yet your zeal is to be commended. Never mind them, my worthy fellow.

One of the Rabble. He need'nt swear after this that it was he who shot down Stalwart, seeing he didn't know him from old Farmer Crabtree. Hoo, hoo!

(*The Rabble shout again.*)

Bomebard. Oh, you roaring crocodiles o' the wilderness!

Tunbelly. Do not let them make you forget yourself. Come away! Lend me your shoulder. Come away, I command you!

(*Exeunt TUNBELLY, BOMBARD, and CANT.*)

One of the Rabble. Mind he doesn't take your Worship for Stalwart. Hoo, hoo! (*The Rabble shout again.*)

Bomebard. (*within.*) Oh, Fibbus, god o' day!

Tunbelly. (*within.*) He, he, he! The dogs are devilish keen. Come along, I command you!

(*Exeunt Rabble.*)

SCENE VI.—*Night. A Cave in which torches are burning.*

MACBLOOD, RACKROAD, DESPERATE, FILCH, and a number of others, discovered drinking, &c.

Macblood. See you; it is as necessary that one of us should be commissioned to rule the whole, as that I should have a hand to direct this to my mouth. (*drinks.*) I don't propose myself in particular: each vote freely.

Desperate. I'll ne'er follow a worse leader than our last; and have no hope of finding so good a one. So let's e'en drop the subject with a toast to his memory.

Macblood. Toasting a ghost ever and anon is stale work: however, here's to his——

(*As they are about giving the toast, STALWART enters.*)

They start together in alarm, &c.

Stalwart. Dismiss your foolish terrors! Trust me, I am flesh and blood, and look to be welcomed as such.

Several Bushrangers. Hurra! we're men again!

Rackroad. Tell us to what we owe your life?

Stalwart. 'Tis a long story, and you shall have it another time. Come, Mac, fill me a bumper; and let all give me the song of welcome.

GLEE.

*Each lift a bumper to his lip,
But ere he dares a drop to sip
Let him sing—Welcome, welcome!*

(They drink.)

*Now over head the tankard fling,
And make the mountain cavern ring,
With—Welcome, welcome, welcome!*

*Again—again your voices lift,
Till dell and gully, cave and clift,
Repeat the Ranger's welcome.*

The Scene closes as the Glee ends.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

Enter ADA and LUCY.

Lucy. So it is fixed—and we must mind to call you Mistress next week. 'Tis a well-sounding title; Fuller than Miss; and yet I think withal 'Tis dearly bought, and that one's liberty Were worth a score such titles.

Ada. Fie, you scoffer! Twenty indeed were not worth what you term The purchase—liberty. But *one*, with Abel, Were worth my hand and it, were these together Worth all the world besides.

Lucy. You think so now. With every maudlin lass, about to wed, A lover is the pink of all perfection. But ask them ere they be a twelvemonth wedded, What proves their lord? Answer: a Jack-in-office! Yes; that's the sequel: howsoe'er in name They chance to vary—Cain or Abel—all Are Jacks in disposition. Faith, they are; I speak a truth that came into the world

With Adam, and that fretted Eve herself ;
And you—even you shall yet approve it.

Ada.

No :

I shall not. And, believe me, you are wrong,
If your quick words are loyal to your thoughts,
And not mere rebels to them. But if they
Do absolutely picture forth your mind,
Then am I sorry that you do opine
So ill of men ; the more, that knowing one
Like Abel, you should thus confound them all.
Oh, there's no tyranny in hearts like his,
More than there's poison in the dews which lie
Within a folded rose ; more than there's error
In the bright visitations of the stars,
Or woe in angels' songs ! Yon orange there,
Teems not with golden fruitage, more than he
With generous sentiments and kindly thoughts ;
Nor moves more gracefully in the dreaming wind
Than he in all his actions. Nothing, Lucy,—
Nothing could make me for a moment doubt
My Abel's manliness, and least of all
The temper of his love.

Lucy.

At all events,

Your admiration of the lucky fellow
Hath made your tongue more eloquent than a brook
After a plenteous rain. And so you think
You really shall be happy with him ?

Ada.

Yes ;

Even blest. The happiest warbler of the wood
Shall not be happier than I with Abel :
For still his constancy of heart I'll hold
Unquestioned, like a creed ; while, for my love,
I feel 'tis blended with my heart's existence,
And all that heart is his.

Lucy.

Well, I believe you.

But when starts Abel for the capital,
To buy the garnish of your wedding-day ?

Ada. This evening.

Lucy.

What ! and has he not yet come
To claim a parting-kiss ?

Ada. I do expect him
Every moment.

Lucy. Then expect no more.
For see the old adage once more verified :
Talk of the Old One and Sir Grim appears.
I'll vanish, lest my giddiness should mar
The big solemnity of parting lovers. *(Exit.)*

Enter ABEL.

Abel. See, my sweet *Ada*, I'm equipt, and need
But the glad energy a smile of thine
Can ever wing my spirit with, to speed me
At once upon my way.

Ada. Go not this evening.
I strangely dread some peril from this journey.
Besides, the sun is steeping in the west,
And ere you can attain the nearest inn
Whereat the wearied traveller rests, he'll hang
His golden robes upon the mountain tops,
And seek his ocean bed. And well you know
The road before you's storied thick with deeds
Of nightly robbery and violence ;
The brood, 'tis thought, of that ungrateful man
We once relieved. Now should you meet with him
Prowling upon your path, I fear the blow
You dealt him once would only be remembered.
Wait till to-morrow then.

Abel. Pshaw ! my sweet girl,
These are vain fears. Cruel indeed were Fortune,
If she could find it in her heart to be
Unkind to us just now.

Ada. But do you go
Alone ? I hope not.

Abel. No, a fellow traveller
Awaits me even now. Dismiss all fear ;
And come, my sweet one, see me to the gate. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE II.—*Before the Cave. Sunset.*

Enter from it STALWART and the rest of the Bushrangers.

Stalwart. Mac and I are enough : more would only
excite suspicion.

Rackroad. But are you sure the landlandy doesn't know you ?

Stalwart. I have been at her house before, but she will hardly remember me thus disguised. She is a fat lump of folly and prate; and by being so polite, forsooth, as to drink good store of paid-for liquor, we may gather from her by a few well put questions, who lodges there, whom she expects, whether rich or poor, and so forth; and from all this reckon where to pounce for the best booty. And should we find no success in this way, we'll even bring consolation back with us in some of her best brandy, and make a roaring night of it.

Desperate. Aye: fail not bring some of the balm o' Gilead back with you, let what will betide.

Several Bushrangers. If you do, we're out——

Macblood. Of swipe-luck and God's blessing.

Stalwart. We'll bring enough. Come Mac.

(Exit with Macblood.)

Filch. Let's in, lads, and while away the time betwixt this and their return with a good story.

Desperate. Or with a Trial out o' the Kalendar.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Road-side Inn.*

Enter Landlady.

I can't think what a plague's the matter with all the travellers now-a-days. There's two within, who the moment they've had a snack and a glass or so, are for pushing on, as they vulgarly call it, and at this time o' night too. It's no manner o' use telling 'em the road beyond is full o' robbers—no; they must push on, the beasts! *(Knocking at the outer door.)* I'm coming. *(She opens the door.)* Come in, gentlemen; you must be famished o' cold:

Enter STALWART and MACBLOOD.

and the best thing in the varsal world to drive out cold is good brandy.

Macblood. A couple of stiff glasses then. *(Exit Landlady.)* An empty house, it seems.

Stalwart. No. There's company within: so have your pistols ready in case of traps.

Macblood. The caution's needless.

Re-enter Landlady with liquors, followed by ABEL, and WALTHAM his fellow-traveller.

Stalwart. (*pressing his hat over his eyes.*) Abel! as I live. But he'll scarcely recollect me thus smutted and disguised. This is well.—(*aside.*) Here's a health to ye, sirs, (*aloud and altering his voice.*)

Abel. Thank you.—I would we might reach Sydney to-night.—(*to Waltham.*) It were not too late even yet.

Landlady. 'Lord love ye! it's a merrikul you've 'scaped as 'tis; seeing Stalwart's howdacious gang's about, and——

Stalwart. I have heard much of this Stalwart: what sort of a looking fellow may he be, landlady?

Landlady. Any body might know for the matter o' looks: he's a hugheous great man, with a beard to's middle, and some say he deals with Helzebub! I can't say for that; but it's certain he's got no more marcy for travellers than a Yaho o' the wilderness: that's certain, that it is!

Stalwart. Ha, ha! say you so? Though he were the devil himself I must into Sydney to-night, if I go alone.

Macblood. Why, as I am bound for the same place, and in a desperate hurry too, I'll even bear you company, friend—if you have no objection.

Abel (*to Waltham.*) Here's an excellent opportunity of company:—let us then go with them.

Waltham. If you will have it so.

Abel. If it please you, friend, we two will also accompany you thither.

Stalwart (*eagerly.*) With all my heart.

Landlady. 'Lord ha' mercy on yous! You'll repent, when it's too late, for not stopping o'nights where there's clean and smart and civil 'commodations, and the very best o' liquors.

Abel. I'm afraid we delay you.

Macblood. Not at all. Here, landlady, fill me two bottles of brandy, to fight the cold with on the way.— I mustn't forget that! (*aside.*)

Abel. And take what is due you out of this.

Landlady. Come this way and I'll settle with you.

(*Exeunt all but STALWART into an inner room.*)

Stalwart. He has quite forgotten me :
And 'tis a sore thing for him that he has,
Since I remember well the stunning blow
His boyish scorn once lent me. But, at length,
I have him in my power, to be revenged
Even as I please. 'Tis very well :—but—silence !

Re-enter all the persons of the scene.

Come, friends—and now we halt not, till we find
The end of our journey. (*Exeunt all but the LANDLADY.*)

Landlady. Well, I do hope they may be all right well robbed, as a warning to night travellers ; 'specially that black-whiskered fellow ;—the Lord forgive me for it !

(*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber.*

Enter ADA, with a lighted taper.

I fear I have alarmed the house (*listening*).
I heard the garden echo, uttering back
The cry I gave when starting from my dream :—
Oh, 'twas a fearful dream ! Methought a voice
Came distantly, as out of the dark forest,
Wailing my name :—and when, at length, I thought
'Twas Abel's, and that I had hurried forth
Through dreary shades, and under hanging rocks,
To succour his distress, a shadowy form,
Like one I knew too well, came staggering by,
His hands all dripping blood—which thus (*elevating
her own*) aloft
He shook, as in despair ! I shrieked and woke.

(*She opens the lattice and looks out.*)

The night is dark as death. One long black cloud
Broods ominously, like a mighty raven,
Over the way that, even now, perchance,
My Abel treads. O God ! may these my fears

Prove phantoms only—not presentiments!
 My own—my absent one—may safely walk
 Thy fellow-traveller, and thy loved return
 Give speedy contradiction to my dream!
 —Some one is stirring! Let them not observe me!
 (*Exit timidly.*)

SCENE V.—*A gloomy part of the Road.*

Enter STALWART, MACBLOOD, ABEL, and WALTHAM.

Macblood. Shall it be here? (*apart to Stalwart.*)

Stalwart. Aye.

Abel. We have made good speed.

Stalwart. Have we? then halt awhile. Mac! to your work!

Macblood. Well, gentlemen, what think you;—is not this

A very pretty spot to play a robbery in:

A one act piece: eh, sirs?

Abel. Were I a robber,
 I well might think so; for the place, indeed,
 Is singularly dreary.

Macblood. Now, sir, we
 Being robbers, know it is.

(*He and Stalwart draw their pistols.*)

Abel. What mean you, men?

Macblood. Only to rob you, if you take it quietly,
 And with a decent feeling of the fitness
 Of place and time.

Stalwart. Am I unknown to you? (*pushing up his hat.*)
 Regard me well: for, whip me if I am used
 So soon to be forgotten. Heed me well, I say!
 Ha! even by this light you know me now!

Abel. The voice!—'tis he! Indeed I know you now,
 And know you for a villain!

Stalwart. Aye, before;
 But now you'll feel me one.

Abel. We'll try that!—so!

(*He strikes Stalwart from him.*)

Waltham! down with your man, and follow! (*he runs off.*)

Stalwart. What!

Another blow? Now shall my vengeance have
No boundary short of death! (*He pursues him.*)

Macblood. His life will pay for't.

Waltham. Alas! I hope not.

Macblood. Yes! and thine as well.

My deed must cover his. (*A shot is fired within.*)

There! the thing's settled.

Waltham. Merciful God! Here, take you all I have,
But spare my life!

Macblood. To let thee live to tell
The manner of this dark night's darker deed,
Would bring the whole country out against us. No!
Go up, accuse in heaven, or down in hell:
But no where else.

Waltham. Nay, pause awhile and think!
For heaven's great sake——

Macblood. Tush! what have I to do
With heaven?

Waltham. Yet, as you may need yourself
Some pity in misfortunes yet to come,
Think now, and spare me!

Macblood. What have I to do
With pity?

Waltham. Yet, reflect a moment!

Macblood. See,
It were as well to ask yon driving cloud
To be thy horse, and carry thee hence, as strive
To melt a man like me!

Waltham. 'Tis even so!
A tiger, matched with thee, were merciful!
Murder's red phrenzy glares within thine eye:
'Tis worse than death by such a wretch to die!

Macblood. Well; be it so.

(*As MACBLOOD levels his pistol at WALTHAM, STALWART
rushes in and arrests his arm, so that it is discharged
upwards.*)

Stalwart. Forbear! No more of blood.
Traveller, if thou wouldst live, away with thee!

(*WALTHAM runs off—MACBLOOD struggles to follow him.*)
Dare, and thou diest!

Macblood. What damned folly is this ?

Stalwart. Oh, horrible deed !

Macblood. Art frightened ?

Stalwart. Is it strange,

Who hath his hands thus red with innocent blood,
That such a man should shudder ?

Macblood. 'Tis not thy
First deed of the kind ?

Stalwart. No ; but it is the worst
That ever damned a soul ! You have heard me tell
How that, when lately wandering wounded, I
Was rescued from a misery worse than death,
Though to death leading, by the charity
Of a young maiden and her lover : this
I told you, but I told not all ;—no ! shame
Forbad the rest.

Macblood. But how does that tale bear
On this night's doings ?

Stalwart. Listen, and thou'lt hear.
I was an ingrate to my benefactress ;
And, as the wild-dog robs the innocent ewe
Of her white lamb, I, in return, had spoiled
Her young life of its purity ; but that he——

Macblood. Who ?

Stalwart. He that yonder welters in his blood,
And stares at the cold heaven with sightless eyes,
Her lover—he came suddenly to her aid,
And held me at his mercy : but, obeying
The impulse of a fatal generosity,
He let me escape.

Macblood. Then you were not aware,
Till dead, who was your victim ?

Stalwart. Not aware ?

I knew him in the inn, at the first glance ;
Yea, even before the fulness of his form
Broke from the flickering shadows that the lamp
Threw round him, coming from the inner room—
So lynx-eyed is the memory of hate—
And him I hated : for the wounds of scorn
Never would heal in me, and he had once
Tongue-scourged me with his scorn. Yet, being sick

Of wrong-shed blood, finding the curse of it,
 Even in sleep, to smite me on the brain
 As with a fire-brand, I had limited
 The scope of my revenge to plundering him,
 With bitter taunts—until he struck me. Then,
 Then all the rage of my inhuman heart
 Woke like an evening storm! In vain he fled—
 For hell had shodden my pursuing feet
 With its own vengeful lightning, so to help
 More surely to the deed that damns me utterly!
 Methinks I feel the vapours of perdition
 Breathed in my face! Oh, I am filled with horror!
 Devils are howling in my imagination,
 And mock me to madness!—Let us fly
 This horrible place!

Macblood. Not yet awhile—the body
 Must first be rifled. And besides, methinks,
 As in this case you have acted somewhat wrongly—
 Slaying a man you should not—it were fit
 We placed the corpse within some hollow log,
 Secure from the hungry wild-dogs.

Stalwart. No, no, no!
 I'll touch him not again! How could I? What!
 Do you take me for the devil? See these hands!
 How, as it is, shall I feed my mouth with them?
 They'll taint with murder every thing they touch!
 The relish of the grave will hang about them
 Like putrefaction! (*distant thunder*) I thought as much.

Macblood. Tush! you're quite shaken, man.

Stalwart. Because I like
 Not that same muttering yonder. (*showing symptoms
 of distraction.*)

What if God,
 Upon the dark page of this desolate night,
 Be writing it in thunder? (*nearer thunder.*)

Macblood. Ha, ha, ha!

Stalwart. Laugh you at me? And am I then a
 coward?

Macblood. I do not say you are a coward.

Stalwart. No!

Well knowing I would beat the scurvy lie

Back on your very lungs, boy! When I said
I feared yon roar, I babbled in a dream:
I sometimes talk in my sleep. (*louder thunder*). Crack
louder! Good!

Outdare me now! Defy it! spit at it!
Nay, follow: and should we chance to meet the devil,
We'll see who'll charge him home. Dost know him,
friend?

They say he dances hornpipes. So! (*Exit.*
Macblood. His wits

Are playing at blindman's buff. Now, there's a fellow,
That for a trifle, when his blood is up,
Will risk his life;—that in his wrath would slay
His very brother, did he stand between
Him and the object of his wish, and yet
He's superstitious; and, by times, as weak
And sickly in his thoughts of afterclaps,
As they who pray by the hour. Yes! and these
His moody glooms, just now, have touched me also:
Or else, how comes it that I dare not now
Rifle the body, as I purposed?—Ho!
More to the right, ho!—this way, this way, ho!

(*Exit.*)

SCENE VI.—*A distant view of the Cave.*

(*Thunder and Lightning.*)

*Enter RACKROAD and DESPERATE groping their way
among the rocks and trees.*

Rackroad. Whiew! There's a rare game in the
tennis-court above. There was a crack!

Desperate. If they're nailed now, there's an end.

Rackroad. Aye, a rope's end.

Desperate. Well, he that's down can fall no lower.

Rackroad. Unless the rope break.

Desperate. Rope me no rope! Wilt ever croak like
a raven?

Rackroad. No. But let's on towards the inn: and
do you keep giving the regular howl, lest we pass them
in the dark.

(*DESPERATE imitates the cry of the wild-dog, and
is answered from within.*)

'Tis them, lad! That's Mac's howl: I'd swear to it.

Macblood (within). Cheer up, man. What, ho!

Desperate. This way, ho! (*Thunder and lightning.*)

Enter STALWART and MACBLOOD, while the cry as above is heard in various directions within.

Macblood. Ha, ye wolves! Why, what has put you all on the tramp in this fashion?

Rackroad. Why, fearing from your long stay, that something amiss had happened, we were all posting for the inn, with a wide spread, do you see, to prevent our missing you. (*Thunder and lightning.*)

Enter FILCH, and the rest of the Bushrangers, dispersedly.

Bushrangers. What success? What success?

Macblood. Nothing to speak of. But here's that will warm you, my bloods! (*showing the liquor.*)

Filch. Trusting to your being so provided when we met, we even brought our cans in our pockets.

Macblood. Well, fill 'em, and let the toast be—Success to all Bushrangers!

Stalwart. Damn them! (*Exit.*)

Rackroad. Why, he's gone?

Macblood. Only, I suppose, to enjoy, undisturbed and alone, the pleasures of imagination. Come—the toast.

All. Success to all Bushrangers. (*Thunder and lightning.*)

Macblood. Now stand round for the Bushrangers' Glee. In a midnight scene like this, with an accompaniment of thunder, it will be gloriously diabolical.

GLEE.

*When the lonely owl cries,
Perch'd like a ghost in the old forest gum,
Then couch we each one as a tiger lies,
Where the night-caught travellers come.
The gale moans o'er us,
And the whisper passes round;
While the crickets chirp in chorus
Under the ground.*

Thunder, &c.

First, one hears a distant tramp ;

All catch the sound as it comes more near ;—

At once we start from out our camp,

And thunder in the victim's ear,

Stand !

Thunder, &c.

Here an evil hour hath led thee—

Stand !

Thunder, &c.

For the sons of plunder bid thee.

*The Scene closes as the Bushrangers retire towards the
Cave.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

Enter MRS. LESLIE and LUCY GREY.

Lucy. She must be in the garden ; for but now
I saw her, from the window, culling flowers
Wherewith to decorate the drooping boughs
Of yon old willow ; under which, it seems,
She first consented to become the bride
Of her lost lover.

Mrs. L. 'Tis her constant use,
Singing the while some doleful ditty, which
I think she makes herself, each turns so sadly
Upon her own wild state. But do you think,
Lucy, her reason never will return ?

Lucy. Let's hope the best. Oh, 'twas a cruel stroke !
And as the hawk, with unexpected swoop,
Assaults the roostage of the innocent doves,
Suddenly falling on her brain, it scared
Her guileless wits away. Yet is she not
Quite mad, or in the way that most are mad,
Seeing her feelings, though distempered, keep
The old track still ;—nay, even her reason trades
In sad realities, though lifted up
Into the cloudier region of her soul
By a wild-drifting fancy. 'Tis her voice !

Enter ADA, singing.

*When last she saw her lover, his eye
Was bright as any gem ;
His cheek and lips were ruddy and warm,
And she was all to him.*

*But when she saw her lover again,
His eye was sunk and dim ;
His cheek and lips were pallid and cold,
And she was nought to him.*

*And then to wither within the grave,
They laid each manly limb :
To her may he come never again,
But she shall go to him.*

She speaks. To go down to the pit so soon—so soon !
The old grey head is for the pillow of clay ;
But Abel's raven locks were all too fresh
For the cold grave—the damp dust ! Oh, my head !
The foolish thing is trying to split ! Oh, oh !

Mrs. L. My poor, poor Ada ! Why will you grieve
thus always?—
Thus banish peace for ever ?

Ada. What ! not grieve ?
If you say *peace* unto the roaring thunder,
Will it be silent?—If you chide the wild
And wilful wind, when it comes wailing over,
Will it breathe softly ? And my grief should be
Louder than thunder ! wilder than the wind !
But, mother, I would that I could weep : my brain
Is all on fire—and tears'll put out fire.
Oh, that I could outweep the showery moon !

Lucy. This madness sure is catching.

Ada. Madness ! What,
Do you think me mad ? I would not for the world
Be thought so.—No ! I'm only a little strange,
Having some living creature in my brain
That was not always there ;—something that gnaws it.
But surely I could never be so wicked



As to go mad!—Alas! they shouldn't have killed him!

He was so young and hopeful!

Mrs. L. Be the hand
Accursed, that blighted thus the one bright bloom
That breathed so sweetly on my wintry bough!

Lucy. What! don't you know me, Ada?

Ada. Yes—I know you.

Your name is Lucy, and mine's Ada: nay,
My memory is good. And I remember, too,
The feast we had, under yon willow tree,
The day I promised to be Abel's bride.
They say I wept that day—and, if I did,
I now know why. But Abel was all gladness!
Oh, he sang sweeter than a bird in the Spring!
And, dancing in the glory of his joy,
His step was like the light of evening's star
Upon the rippling river! But he's gone!—
Gone to be clothed with the white clouds that keep
So far away—the small white clouds.—I have it!
I'll to the mountains where they rest. I'll sneak—
So softly—hush! I'll catch one there; and then
Knot it around me, and it shall bear me away
Like a morning dream! But not without you, mother!
No!—it were cruel to leave you here alone;
But Lucy—she shall stay; because her heart
Though bruised, is not yet broken. *(She sings.)*

O they that are joyous and hopeful of heart

Are very loth to die:

From the sun and the moon and the stars to part,

And down with the worms in the grave to lie.^a

Lucy. Alas! methinks I follow her wild words
With thoughts as wild.

Mrs. L. See, Lucy, see! She smiles
At something now; sadly indeed, but sweetly,
As dreaming infancy.

Lucy. What have you there?

Ada. Only a little foolish rose, that looked
This morning in the dews, saying the while

To its sweet self—Behold the pride of the garden!
 The blushing bride of the bee! And then the wind
 Grew loud and shook it down! I am going now
 To let it look into my glass, to see
 If it will know itself! I doubt it will not:
 For every one is loth to believe an hour
 Can work such terrible changes as it can.
 I'll go, and give't a peep. (Exit.)

Mrs. L. Oh, Lucy, Lucy!
 I'm so rejoiced! Isn't she calm? quite calm;
 And even sensible. She will recover!
 I feel quite certain of it now—don't you?
 I'll follow her, and keep her in this mood. (Exit.)

Lucy. An emblem of herself. Mysterious thoughts
 Bewilder me! For I remember now,
 That when but schoolgirls, often as we talked
 Of womanhood, her pensive eyes would fix
 As 'twere in distant gaze, and fill with tears,
 Even to the special wonder of herself:
 As though upon those pleasant days there fell
 Some shadowing of these.—Recover? No!
 For that wherein her mother's hopes take root—
 That spirit of contemplation which, at times,
 Looks through her madness—shows me the disease
 Has settled in the fountain of her mind.
 Oh, what a sickly and unearthly sense
 Must sting existence, when the thoughts are all
 Swung up and beaten thus about the bounds
 Of the ideal world!—which, now no more
 By reason settled, keep extending still,
 In infinite circles, till they leave behind
 Only a haggard memory of the mass
 Of broken figures they would so enclose:
 And this the maniac hurries into speech
 Pathetically absurd.—I'll follow her. (Exit.)

SCENE II.—*A rocky place at the mouth of a Ravine, with
 a distant view of the Cave in the background.*

*Enter DREADNOUGHT, BOMBARD, CANT, and a number
 of other Constables.*

Dreadnought. Halt awhile, till I look about me here. (*going up the Stage, as if reconnoitering the Cave.*

Bomebard (*haranguing the rest*). Fellow-waryers, hear me! Being a tried man, the Justices o' Windsor have sent me many a long mile to strengthen this here hexpedition. Well then, I've a small request to make in consekence. 'Tis this here, my flowers o' cavalry: if it's a thing as how we does fall in with the Bushrangers, jist let the 'sault be led for'ard by Ned Bomebard o' the Windsor Po-lice. There; that's all: and what more can I say? Let deeds proclaim the rest.

Dreadnought. Let them (*turning suddenly round and coming forward*); and immediately. I did not tell you before, my lads, for a reason I had, of my having certain information, that, since the Fences were taken up on suspicion of harbouring them, Stalwart and his gang have kept house in yonder Cave; and that they are there, even now, I am advised by my own eyes, having just observed several armed men pass into it. Prepare, therefore, for an immediate tussle. They will not avoid us—at least Stalwart himself, and the braver of them, will not; seeing that, with bloody Mac at his heels, and a score of others full as devilish, or worse, he has been ranging about latterly even in search of opposition, like a mad tiger. Be thoroughly prepared then; and, Bomebard, take you the post you have requested, in our front. Lead on!

Bomebard. Eh?—why——in all reason——

Dreadnought. Lead on, I say!

Bomebard. Y-e-s. (*Aside.*) O Lord! I'm right-down grabbed! I shall actively be com-pelled to run bang away!
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*Before the Cave*

Enter from it STALWART, and the rest of the Bushrangers.

Stalwart. Were there a thousand of them, I would not budge!

I'm sick of hiding from such pithless things
As yonder come against us. Paltry wretches!
Vermin that harbour in the sweaty wig

Of belly-swoll'n Legality!—I'm sick of it!
(Partly aside.) And more of being the pale and feverish
 slave

Of memories that make my sleep a hell,
 Alive with mocking fiends. I'd know the worst
 These horrible dreams can point at;—know the worst
 Such ghostly visitations can forebode
 Of penal retribution.

Macblood. Tush! you'll live
 To get well, and after that. *(goes to the side, looking out.)*

Rackroad. Ay, many a day. *(going to the side.)*

Stalwart. I would not—no! For what? The very sun
 Seems bright to me no longer; for my eyes
 Are either blood-shot in their vision, or
 There's gore upon its face. The breath of heaven
 Blows cool for me no more—I loathe to breathe it!
 It comes as from perdition! Light and air,
 Food, water—earth's most vital bounties—these
 Abhor me and are abhorred: they taste of death,
 And minister to madness. Thus the powers
 Of natural participation, all
 Lie scorched within me—like a blasted grove,
 On which the red tongue of the storm hath left
 A special malediction.—Think you, 'tis true
 That Mary Fence is dead?

(To MACBLOOD, who has returned from the side.)

Macblood. 'Tis so reported.

She took her being in prison so to heart,
 It crazed her, and she died. But 'tis no time
 To think of such things.

Stalwart. And that gentle girl
 At Richmond, too, is dead?

Macblood. So Rackroad heard
 From one he talked with yesterday.

Stalwart. And I
 The living cause! *(Aside.)* Had I a hundred lives
 I'd jump them all to-day.—Observe yon fellows!

Rackroad. Shall we go forward, or—

Stalwart. Nothing but forward!
 Stir up your spirits for a desperate fight!
 For, by the unanswered blood that I have shed,

And by the horrible glooms that cloud me round,
Yon dogs, this day, shall fly before me living,
Or trample o'er me dead!

Filch. Yet, after all,
I think we had best avoid 'em while we may:
We nothing gain by fighting with those fellows.

Stalwart. We gain revenge! And would you then
avoid them?

Here is a Thing that dares but breathe by stealth
This universal air, with caverned bats,
And creatures loathsomer still; or, at the best,
With beasts of chase and the lank forest dog,
Without so sure a portion in the world
As hath the least of these: and yet, forsooth,
It would be chary of such comfort;—nay,
Would play the dastard, to preserve a being
So miserably vile! Away, you slave
In body and soul! What? do you pout, dog? Down!
(*Striking him down.*)

Now follow who will!

(*Exit with MACBLOOD, RACKROAD, &c.*)

Filch. So!—Well, after all,
He has that hold of me I cannot but follow.

Another. Nor I: let's follow! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.—*In the Ravine, with the Cave still in the distance, but nearer than at first.*

Enter DREADNOUGHT and his Party; BOMBARD leading, with evident reluctance.

Dreadnought. By the Lord, yon fellows don't seem to need any coaxing to it! They are coming full upon us. They are welcome. Now, my lads, wind up whatever is slack inwardly: for, mark me, he who flinches from his work to-day, shall be asked for to-morrow, if Brown Bess here (*tapping his gun*) be the coward-hater I take her for.

1st Constable. This is rather a ticklish place to follow them into.

Dreadnought. Ticklish! How ticklish? He's a draught of ditch-water and a poltroon who would

shrink from such a pursuit, even though hell were their stronghold! So, as I said before, you have nothing for it, lads, but to wind yourselves up with the key of manly resolution.

2nd Constable. For my part, I would much rather be wound up with a dram.

Dreadnought. Lead on, you valiant dog!

Bomebard (aside). I have it! (*He feigns to trip, falls, and then roars lustily*)—Oh, fiends o' fate!

Dreadnought. Ha! something unlucky has happened to fighting Ned: what is it, I wonder?

Bomebard. He's sprained his ankle horrid!

Dreadnought. Not so badly as to compel him to remain behind us at a time like this, has he?

(winking to the rest.)

Bomebard. Yes. Ned Bomebard, for once in this here life, must stay behind his bold com-rades, by reason o' fate and a sprained ankle.

Dreadnought. Now, men, are you satisfied that a bladder of wind and Ned Bomebard make a pair. Each of you behind, there, give the poltroon a sound kick as you pass him—and then forward quickly.

Bomebard (being kicked). Oh! oh!—Oh, Jew-Peter, god o' the fernament, has it come to this here!

(Exeunt all but CANT.)

Cant. (spreading out his hands). Oh, false deciple! Thou hast eaten sour grapes. *(going.)*

Bomebard. What, you too? Consider this here. When my ankle's to say properly well, I'll box you my old boy, for the matter of from five to ten pound in British coin o' the rel-am—there!

Cant (shaking his head mournfully). Oh, Ned, thou art a Judas Carrot! thou art a Judas Carrot!

Bomebard. Carrot here, or carrot there, you has my challenge, my tulip! *(Exit CANT.)* Lead for'ard the 'sault? Yes, hook! *(He rises.)*

Let foolish Cant, there, run on vi'lent death;
Natur', alone, shall stop wise Neddy's breath.
I'll home to Windsor straight, and tell old Roger
That Dreadnought, like an undermining dodger,

Ill-used me out of envy; since my fault
 Was only that I wished to head the 'sault—
 And, in my eagerness to lead 'em forrid,
 Missed footing, fell, and sprained my ankle horrid!
 There still, with bounce, the simpletons I'll fright,
 And bark the louder that I dare not bite. *(Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A small circular vale interspersed with rocks, about midway between the Cave and the mouth of the Ravine, which runs into and across it from each side.*

Enter an OLD SHEPHERD, running.

Fie, fie on the man—if he was a man—that first invented guns, to frighten a peaceful shepherd from his flock, namely myself, old Harry Harmless! This was the manner on't:—I chanced to bring my sheep here to-day, into this nook, hearing there was nice picking in't; and there was I in the midst o' them, where I do delight to be, taking a comfortable loll under a wild oak, which tree I do 'specially love, because its voice is so low and sleepy, like the drone of my old mother's lullaby—God rest her dear old soul! Well, there was I, when I hears a trampling like. So I looks up; and there I sees, sure enough, right over against the flock, a whole lot of men with guns in their hands; and further to the right, up the gully here, another lot of men, all with guns in their hands too. So with that I started to my feet, and fell to a-running, and a-running, till I came here, and was obligated to stop for lack o' breath. Fie, fie, I say again, on the man that first invented such a bloody-minded weepson as a gun! He was a wild Rooshian of Africa, or a Hottentot of Spain, I'll be sworn—suckled by a Bengal tiger, and taughten all sorts of wickedness by a Yaho of the 'Merrikiess: for what christian of Europe would invent a gun?—the same having the likeness o' the devil's tail (saving my presence!), the voice of his head, and the murder of his heart—which is a millstone. And, moreover, 'tis certified that he has a club-foot, and therefore, by course, must need a walking-stick:

now I could be sworn further, that the same walking-stick to which I delude, is nothing else than a mighty great gun, or a blunderbust, which is all as one.— Oh, Lord! I'll run; for if there be not a fight here with guns, in less than half-an-hour—why I see double, and 'tis one and the same party I seem to see meeting from there and there—(*pointing different ways.*) Nay, not so; for there's more in one than t'other. Oh, Lord! I'll run—yes, even to the land's end—to 'scape the death of a shotten man by mistake. (*Exit running.*)

Enter STALWART and the Bushrangers in front, as DREADNOUGHT and the Police appear among the rocks at the back.

Stalwart. Welcome, ye pitiful scrag-ends of the law! 'Tis time that ye were taught the striking difference 'Twixt forest fare, and the callousing of your elbows Lounging on Lock-up benches!

Dreadnought. We are come, not To bandy big robustious words about, Having small skill in scholarship o' the kind, Being plain men, d'ye see! Three or four words, Nor long nor learned, is all we have to say:— Yield or we fire!

Stalwart. Ask the unspancled horse, That never liked the curb, to put his proud Uplifted head into your hand; and say, Shall he not toss his mane upon the wind And neigh forth laughter—laughter of defiance? So take you mine—hah! hah!—and, with it, this!

(*He fires at them. A volley is discharged on both sides. Some of the Constables and Bushrangers fall, and STALWART himself staggers forward.*)

Stalwart. The play is over. That damned fellow has pinked me.

Desperate (*supporting him.*) Where?

Stalwart. Right in the neck, here.

Macblood. Let's close round him, boys!

Rackroad. Ay, to a man!

Filch. Fear not; we'll stick to him!

Stalwart. Who calls? What icy hand is this, I say,
That has me by the throat?

(*Renewed firing.* STALWART falls out of
DESPERATE'S hands.

Desperate (stooping to him). How is it with you now?

Stalwart. Hark! Hell is roaring!

Why do you leave me here in the dark? What! Abel?

And you! And you! Was't I that killed you all?

Five—six :—no matter! None but friends should visit

A man so horrible sick! Out with ye! Pah!

Alive with worms? Keep off! What, nearer? Ha!

Embrace not me ye ghastly things! Away!

Ye love me not—(*rising suddenly to his knees*)

And therefore have ye come

To drink up all the air! Away, I say,

Or I will strike—(*sinking backwards.*) Hah! hah!

Well may you triumph now! Guilty! guilty!

I did not plead Not Guilty! Mercy!

He springs upward, falls, and dies. The Bushrangers crowd round the body, grounding their arms in token of surrender; while the Police rush forward to secure them :—the whole forming a Stage picture as the Curtain slowly descends to triumphant music.

THE END.

NOTE.

ACT III.—SCENE II.

Farmer. I tell you again, I'm John Crabtree of the Kerrijong.

Bomebard. In course you air: yes, and you'll soon get kerrijonged, and no mistake! (*making siyns significant of his being hanged*). * * * * Kerrijong? no, but good English hemp, my cricket.

KERRIJONG is the name of a wild, hilly district, a few miles beyond Richmond; so called, from the tree of the same name having been there found in unusual abundance. It is from the inner bark of this tree that the Aborigines are wont to twist the cordage with which they form their nets. It was also used by the early Settlers for tether-ropes, bag-ties, &c. And, moreover, it was said that, during the Croppy outbreak, several of the insurgents were hanged with halters twisted out of the bark of the kerrijong; they being executed in the Bush, under martial law—and the tree which furnished the rope being also the gallows. So, at least, ran an old Colonial tradition;—and to this Mr. BOMBARD is to be supposed to allude, in playing off the above inuendo, after his own very peculiar fashion of dealing in sarcasm.

THE CREEK OF THE FOUR GRAVES.

marked left H. K.
right J. L. M.

THE CREEK OF THE FOUR GRAVES.

I verse a Settler's Tale of the old times,—
One told me by our friend, the kindly sage,
Old Egremont, who then went forth with four
Of his most trusty and adventurous men
Into the wilderness,—went forth to seek
New streams and wider pastures for his fast
Augmenting flocks and herds. On foot were all,
For horses then were cattle of too great price
To be much ventured upon mountain routes
And into brush lands perilously pathless.

So went they forth at dawn: and now the sun
That rose behind them as they journeyed out,
Was firing with his nether rim a range
Of unknown mountains that like rampires towered
Full in their front, and his last glances fell
Into the gloomy forest's eastern glades
In golden masses transiently, or flashed
Down on the windings of a nameless creek
That fringed with oaks and the wild willow ran
Noiselessly on, between the pioneers
And those new eminences.

Wilder grew
 The scene each moment—beautifully wilder!
 For when the sun was all but sunk below
 Those barrier mountains, then, within a breeze
 That o'er their rigid and enormous backs
 Deep fleeced with wood, came whispering down, the wide
 Slant sea of leaves stirred in the slanting rays—
 Stirred interdazzlingly, as though the trees
 That bare them were all thrilling,—tingling all
 Even to the roots, for very happiness—
 So prompted from within, so sentient, seemed
 The bright quick motion.

Halting wearied here,
 Our travellers kindled for their first night's camp
 The brisk and crackling fire, which also looked
 A wilder creature than 'twas elsewhere wont;
 Because of the surrounding savageness,
 And soon in pannikins the tea was made,
 Fragrant and strong, the fresh-sliced rasher broiled
 On the live embers, and as soon dispatched
 By the keen tooth of healthful appetite.

And as they supped, birds of new shape and plume
 And wild strange voice, nestward repairing by,
 Oft took their wonder, or between the boles
 Of the upslanting forest trees they saw
 Perched on the bare abutments of those mountains
 The wallaroo look forth : till eastward all
 The view had faded into formless gloom,
 Night's front ; and westward, the high massing woods
 Steeped in a dusk and deepening beauty, lay
 Heaped all the more distinctly for their darkness
 Against the twilight heaven,—a cloudless depth
 Yet luminous from the sunset's fading splendor :
 And thus for a brief interval they looked
 Even like a mighty picture of themselves
 Hung in some vaster world.

Their supper done,
 The echoes of the solitary place
 Came as in wonder round about to meet

Strange voices moulding a strange speech, as then
 Lifted in glee—but to be hushed ere long,
 As with the night, in kindred darkness came
 O'er the adventurers, each and all, a sense
 Of lurking danger.

But all settled soon
 About the well-built fire whose nimble tongues
 Sent up continually a strenuous roar
 Of fierce delight, and from their fuming pipes
 Drawing rude satisfaction, grave discourse
 Of their peculiar business brought to each
 A steadier mood that reached into the night.

The simple subject to their minds at length,
 Fully discussed, their couches they prepared
 Of the green tresses of the willows near,
 And four, as pre-arranged stretched out their limbs
 Under the dark boughs of the forest high
 O'erdoming and traced out against the clear
 Wide gaze of heaven, and trustful of the watch
 Kept near them by their thoughtful master, soon
 Drowsing away forgetful of their toil
 And of the perilous vast wilderness
 Around them, slept; whilst all things there as well
 Showed slumbrous,—yea, the circling forest trees,
 Their foremost boles carved from a crowded mass
 Less visible, by the watch-fire's bladed gleam
 And even the shaded and enormous mountains,
 Their bluff brows glooming through the stirless air,
 Looked in their quiet solemnly asleep:
 Yea, thence surveyed, the universe might have seemed
 Coiled in vast rest,—only that one dim cloud
 Diffused and shapen like a mighty spider,
 Crept as with scrawling legs across the sky *yes*
 And that the stars in their bright companies,
 Cluster by cluster glowingly revealed
 As this slow cloud mov'd on, high over all,
 Look'd thoughtfully awake.

And now the moon
 Up from behind an eastern hill was seen

Conglobing, till a mighty mass she brought
 Her under border level with its cone
 As thereon resting edge to edge, when straight
 Its solid bulk seemed inwardly to grow
 Impregnate with her radiance, whilst the trees
 That fringed its outline, their huge statures dwarfed
 By distance into brambles and yet all
 Clearly defined against her ample orb
 Even to their sprays, out of its very disk
 Appeared to swell in bold relief, as they
 Were sculptured from her substance.

Egremont

On all this solemn beauty of the night
 Looked out, still wakeful, for sweet thoughts of home
 Ingathered to his heart, as by some nice
 And subtile interfusion that connects
 The loved and cherished (then the most, perhaps,
 When past or absent) with the beautiful
 And lasting things of Nature. So then thought
 The musing Egremont, when suddenly—hark!
 A bough cracked loudly in a neighbouring brake,
 And drew at once as with a larum, all
 His spirits thitherward.

He listened long

With head bent forward, till his held breath grew
 A pang and his ears rung. But Silence there
 Had recomposed her ruffled wings and now
 Brooded it seemed even stillier than before,
 Nested in darkness: so that he ere long
 To his sweet mood of museful memory
 Calmly recurred.—

But there, again! And hark!—

Oh God! have hell's worst fiends burst howling up
 Into the doomed world? Or whence, if not
 From diabolic rage, could surge a yell
 So horrible as that which now affrights
 And upward sends the shuddering air? Alas!
 Beings in their enmity as vengeful, come

In vengeance!—For, behold, from the long grass
 And nearer brakes, at once, a semi-belt
 Of stript and painted savages divulge
 Their bounding forms!—full in the flaring light
 Thrown forth then suddenly by the fire, as though
 Even it had felt the shock the air received
 From their so terrible cries!

A moment seen

Thus as they bounded up, on then they came
 Closing with weapons brandished high, and so
 Rushed in upon the sleepers! three of whom
 But started and then weltered quivering under
 The first fell blow dealt down on each, by three
 Of the most stalwart of their merciless foes!
 But one again and yet again heaved up—
 Up to his knees, under the crushing strokes
 Of the huge nulla-nulla till his own
 Warm brains were blinding him! For he was one
 Who had with Misery nearly all his days
 Lived lonely, and who therefore after hope
 Hungered, and thirsted for some taste of good
 And now he could not but dispute the fact
 Of death even in the fact. For oft 'tis seen
 That Fortune's gay and pleasure-pampered child
 Consents to his 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 unkindest blast,
 Vagrant and tieless,—ever still in him
 The craving spirit thus grieves unto itself:

“I never yet was happy—never yet
 Tasted unmixed enjoyment and I would
 Yet pass on the bright Earth that I have loved,
 Some season, though most brief, of happiness,
 So should I walk thence forward to my grave,
 Whenever in her green and motherly breast
 It might await me, more than now prepared,
 To house me in its gloom—resigned at heart,
 Soothed and subjected to its certainty

Nonsense

abundant epithets - stopping the
 action in the middle of a fight

Even by the consciousness of having shaped
Some good in being. But to have lived and now
To die thus desolate, is horrible!"

And feeling thus by habit, that poor man
Though the black shadow of untimely death
Hopelessly thickened under every stroke,
Upstruggled desperate, until at last,
One, as in mercy, gave him to the dust,
With all his sorrows.

Egremont, transfixed
With horror—struck as into stone, saw this,
Then turned and fled! Fast fled he, but as fast
His deadly foes went thronging on his track!
Fast! for the merciless yelled in the chase!
And as he fled the forest beasts as well,
In general terror, through the brakes a-head
Crashed scattering, or with madd'ning speed athwart
His course came frequent. On, still on he flies,
Flies for dear life! And still behind him—yea,
Nearer and nearer, hears the rapid dig
Of many feet!—

And now, what should he do?—
Abruptly turning, the wild creek lay right
Before him! But no time was there for thought,
So on he kept, and plunging from the brink
Sunk to his middle in the flashing stream—
In which the imaged stars seemed all at once
To burst like rockets into one wild blaze
Of writhing light. Then strongly wading through
The ruffled waters he sprung forth and clenching
With iron clutch a stake-like root, that from
The opponent bank protruded up its dark
O'erjutting ledge, went clambering, in his blind
And breathless hurry when—O, surely God
Has a peculiar care of those for whom
The daily prayers of spotless womanhood
And helpless infancy are offered up!—
When in its face a cavity he felt,

The upper earth of which was held fast bound
 By the close implication of the roots
 Of two old tea-trees. Into this he crept,
 Just as the dark forms of his hunters thronged
 The brink whence he had plunged.

Thereon a space

They paused, to mark what bent his course might take
 Over the further bank, so to hold on
 The chase more surely. But no form was seen
 To shoot up from its outline, nought there stirred,
 Wherefore they augured that their prey was yet
 Somewhere between; and the whole group, with that,
 Plunged forward till the fretted current boiled
 Amongst their crowding trunks from bank to bank,
 And searching thus the stream across and then
 Lengthwise, along the ledges, one by one
 Athwart the cavity they passed—so near
 That as they waded by, the fugitive
 Felt the strong odour of their wetted skins
 Pass with them.

But the search was vain. And now

Those wild men marvelled and in consultation,
 Then coupling his strange vanishment with one
 Of their crude superstitions, fear-struck all
 And silent they withdrew. And when the sound
 Of their receding steps died from his ear,
 Our friend slid forth, and springing up the bank,
 Renewed his flight, nor rested from it till
 He gained the welcoming shelter of his home.

Return we for a moment to the scene
 Of recent death. There the late flaring fire
 Now smouldered, for its brands were strewn about
 And four stark corpses, plundered to the skin
 And brutally mutilated, seemed to stare,
 With frozen eyeballs up into the pale
 Round countenance of the moon, who high in heaven
 With all her starry multitude looked down,
 As peacefully down—as on a bridal, there,

Of the warm living, not, alas! on them
 Who kept in ghastly silence through the night
 Untimely spousals with a desert death!

There afterwards, for many changeful years,
 Within a glade that sloped into the bank
 Of that wild mountain creek—midway within,
 In partial record of a terrible hour
 Of human suffering and loss extreme,
 Four grassy mounds stretched lengthwise, side by side,
 Startled the wanderer;—four grassy mounds
 O'erstrewn with skeleton boughs and bleaching leaves
 Stript by the wintry-winged gales that roamed
 Those solitudes from the old trees which there
 Moaned the same leafy dirges that had caught
 The heed of dying ages: these were all;
 And thence the place was called—passingly called,—
 The Creek of the Four Graves. Such was the tale
 Egremont told us of the wild old times.

~~~~~  
 TO THE COMET OF 1843.

Thy purpose, heavenly Stranger, who may know  
 But Him who linked thee to the starry whole?  
 We see thou journeyest amid the worlds,  
 And that is all we know; for of the birth  
 Of Motion save as the primordial step  
 Of God's creative power, mankind even yet  
 May but conjecture, as they did of old,  
 The shepherd sages of the mystic East.  
 Yet may we dream of thee, in thy career,  
 As of a wandering symphony amidst  
 The planetary voices of the world,  
 Singing together in their sun-led choirs,  
 That divine song of an eternal order.

Thus may we dream of thee—and I methinks,  
 With an especial privilege, for I,  
 (Unweetingly indeed) of all who watched  
 Thy coming, in my own land, saw thee first:

Then having wandered forth alone as wont,  
 To steep my heart in the rich sunset—lo,  
 I saw, half doubtingly, its fading hues  
 Leave thee sole wonder of the twilight sky!

But now, since thou hast travelled high in heaven,  
 Thousands of wondering spirits, all are out  
 Duly each night with upturned looks, to drink  
 The mystery of thy beauty.

In thy last

Bright visitation, even thus thou saw'st  
 The young, the lovely, and the wise of Earth,  
 A buried generation, thronging forth  
 In wonder to behold thee pass,—and then  
 Know thee no more: and when the flaming steps  
 Of thy unspeakable speed shall carry thee  
 Beyond *our* vision, all the beautiful eyes  
 Now open up in welcome—eyes by love  
 Made tender as the turtle's, or that speak  
 The fervent soul and the majestic mind,  
 Fast closed in darkness shall have given for aye  
 Their lustre to the grave ere thou again  
 Drivest thy fiery chariot round the sun!

But orbs as beautiful and loving—yea,  
 More radiant in their wisdom from a more  
 Enlarged communion with the soul of Truth,  
 Shall welcome thee instead, heavenly stranger,  
 When thou return'st again!

## THE BUSH FIRE.

“ ’Tis nine o’clock :—to bed !” cried Egremont,  
 Who with his youthful household (for ’tis now  
 Long since) inhabited a lonely home  
 In the Australian wilderness, that then  
 As with an unshorn fleece of gloomy wood  
 Robed the vast bulk of all the mighty Isle.  
 But ere retiring finally, he went  
 Forth as his wont was, to survey the night.

’Twas clear and silent : and the stirless woods  
 Seemed dreaming in the witch-light of the moon  
 As like a boat of stained pearl, she hung  
 Amid the ridges of a wavy cloud—  
 The only cloud in heaven. While Egremont  
 Looked thus abroad observingly, he marked  
 All around him, listing the horizon’s verge,  
 A broad unusual upward glaring gleam,  
 Such a drear radiance as the setting sun  
 Effuses when the atmosphere is stormy.

What this might be he wondered—but not long ;  
 Divining soon the cause—a vast Bush Fire !  
 But deeming it too distant yet for harm,  
 During the night betiding, to repose  
 With his bed-faring household he retired.

Sound was their sleep : for honesty of life  
 Is somewhat lumpish when ’tis once a-bed.  
 And now the darkness of the night was past,  
 When with the dreams of Egremont, a strange  
 And momentarily approaching roar began  
 To mingle and insinuate through them more  
 And more of its own import, till a Fire  
 Huge as the world was their sole theme : and then  
 He started from his sleep to find the type  
 A warning ! for what else however terrible,  
 Might breathe with a vitality so fierce  
 As that which reigned without ?

Scarce did he wait  
 To clothe himself ere forth he rushed ; and lo,

Within the circling forest he beheld  
 A vast and billowy belt of writhing fire,  
 That shed a wild and lurid splendour up  
 Against the whitening dawn, come raging on!  
 Raging and roaring as with ten thousand tongues  
 That prophesied destruction. On it came,  
 A dreadful apparition—such as Fear  
 Conceives when dreaming of the front of hell!

No time was there to lose. “Up—up!” he cried  
 To all the house. Instantly all within  
 Was haste and wonder, and in briefest space  
 The whole-roused family were staring out  
 In speechless admiration, such as kept  
 Even Terror dormant;—till more urgently  
 The voice of Egremont again was heard:—  
 “Lose not a moment! Follow me at once,  
 Each with whatever he can grasp of use  
 And carry unincumbered!”

Right before,

A narrow strip of clearing like a glade  
 Stretched out tow’rds a bald summit. Thitherward  
 The perilled people now were hurrying all,  
 While in their front, beneath the ridge, a dense  
 Extent of brushwood into which the Fire’s  
 Bright teeth were eating hungrily, still brought  
 The danger nearer! Shall they reach that hill  
 Unscathed, their only refuge? Will they speed  
 Past the red-rushing peril? Onward yet!  
 And onward!—till at length the summit’s gained,  
 And halting, they look back—in safety all,  
 Though breathless.

But no sooner had they past  
 That fearful brush, than a vast swath of flame  
 Lifted and hurried forward by the wind  
 Over their very passage track, was pitched  
 With a loud thud like thunder into it—  
 With such a thud as the sea-swell gives up  
 From under the ledges of some hanging cliff!  
 And in an instant all its depth of shade  
 Was as a lake of hell! And hark! as then,

Even like a ghastly pyramid its mass  
 Of flames went surging up—up with them still  
 A cry of mortal agony was heard  
 Ascending, all so terrible, indeed,  
 That they who heard it, never, until then,  
 Might deem a voice so earnest in its fear,  
 So strenuous in its anguish could have being  
 In the live bosom of the suffering Earth!  
 But soon did they divine, even to their loss,  
 Its import:—there a giant steed, their best,  
 Had taken refuge, there to die!

All grouped

In safety now upon that hill's bare top—  
 Egremont and his household looked abroad,  
 Astonished at the terrors of the time!  
 Soon sunk their rooftree in the fiery surge,  
 Which entering next a high-grassed bottom, thick  
 With bark-ringed trees all standing bleak and leafless,  
 Tenfold more terrible in its ravage grew,  
 Upclimbing to their very tops! As when  
 Upon some day of national festival,  
 From the tall spars of the ship-crowded port  
 Innumerable flags in one direction all  
 Tongue outward, writhing in the wind: even so,  
 From those dry boles where still the dead bark clings  
 And from their multifarious mass above  
 Of leafless boughs, myriads of flaming tongues  
 Lick upward, or aloft in narrowing flakes  
 Stream out,—and thence upon the tortured blast  
 Bicker and flap in one inconstant blaze!

Scared forward by the roaring of the Fire,  
 A flight of parrots o'er the upper ridge  
 Comes whizzing, and then sweeping down, alights  
 Amid the oaks that fringe the base of yon  
 Precipitous terrace, being deterred from still  
 Proceeding by the smoke uprolled in front  
 Like a dim-moving range of spectral mountains.  
 There they abide, and listen in their fear  
 To the tremendous riot of the flames  
 Beyond the ridge line, that keep nearing fast  
 Though yet unseen from thence—unseen, till now

Furiously seizing on the withered grove  
 That tops the terrace, all whose spiry shafts  
 Rush upward, and then culminating, bend  
 Sheer o'er the oaks wherein the birds are lodged.  
 All are in flight at once, but from above  
 As suddenly, a mightier burst of flame  
 Outsheeteth o'er them!—Down they dip, but it  
 Keeps swooping with them even to the ground—  
 Where, in a moment after, all are seen  
 To writhe convulsed—blasted and plumeless all!

Thus through the day the conflagration raged:  
 And when the wings of night o'erspread the scene,  
 Not even *their* starry blazonry wore such  
 An aggregated glory to the eye,  
 As did the blazing dead wood of the forest—  
 On all hands blazing! Mighty sapless gums  
 Amid their living kindred, stood all fire—  
 Boles, branches, all!—like flaming ghosts of trees,  
 Come from the past within the whiteman's pale  
 To typify a doom. Such was the prospect:  
 Illuminated cities were but jests  
 Compared to it for splendor. But enough!  
 Where are the words to paint the million shapes  
 And unimaginable freaks of Fire,  
 When holding thus its monster carnival  
 In the primeval forest all night long?

---

NOTE.—A “strip of clearing” is a strip of land, on which the timber has been felled and burned off, but which is not yet enclosed or cultivated; and “bark-ringed trees” are trees from which a portion of the bark has been chipped away all round for the purpose of killing them as they stand, with the further view of burning them up by the roots when sufficiently decayed, in order to rid the land of them totally and at once. By felling them instead, the Settler must either incur the subsequent expense and trouble of “stumping,” or submit to the constant eyesore which a field, with the stumps remaining in it must inevitably present to his “bump of order”—that is, if he have it in any degree of fulness.

The descriptive detail of the text may appear overcharged to all those persons who have only witnessed such Bush Fires as occur on our ordinary commons; but in the earlier Colonial times, before the wilderness, generally, was so thickly stocked with cattle as even the remotest locations are at present, our natural grasses often attained to the height of five and six feet, and several kinds of spear grass (or grass trees) even to double that height.

## TO AN ECHO ON THE BANKS OF THE HUNTER

I hear thee Echo! and I start to hear thee  
 With a strange tremour, as among the hills  
 Thy voice reverbs and in swift murmurs near me  
 Dies down the stream, or with its gurgle low  
 Blends whisp'ringly, until my bosom thrills  
 With gentle tribulations that endear thee,  
 But smack not of the Present. 'Twas as though  
 A spirit of the Past did then insphere thee  
 Even with the taste of Life's regretted spring,  
 Waking wild recollections to evince  
 My Being's transfus'd connexion with each thing  
 Lov'd, though long since!

It seems but yesterday since last I stood  
 Beside the HAWKESBURY even as now I stand  
 By the swift HUNTER, challenging o'er the flood  
 An Echo thus, but with a glorious brood  
 Of hopes then glowing round me and a band  
 Of schoolmates and young creatures of my blood  
 All quick with joyousness beyond command!  
 And now, with that delightful day O where  
 Are those quick joys, glad mates, and hopes of good?  
 Echo, declare!

Thy voice comes o'er the waters in reply,  
 To fade as soon! And all their young delights  
 Decay'd (as thy peculiar accents die)  
 In the dusk valleys of past days and nights,  
 To be renewed not, like thy mystic chide!  
 And one to the other of those joyous creatures,  
 (Now burthened with their manhoods) in the wide  
 World's separations even the names as features  
 Have faded so away! And so, at last,  
 Have all those glorious hopes become but lonely  
 And dying echoes of the hollow Past—  
 All but *one* only!

And *this* around my Being only strays  
 Like a recurring sound. 'Tis that when o'er  
 My Country shall have swept the ripening days  
 Of centuries, her better sons shall prize

My lonely voice upon the Past ; but more,  
 That to her daughters as with lustrous eyes  
 Bathed in the azure of these self-same skies,  
 They'll gaze upon my page, even then my name  
 (Now nought) responsive to the loving swell  
 Of their full souls and winnowed of its blame,  
 From Time's dim void (an Echo) thus shall come !  
 And wheresoever Love and Song may dwell,  
 So live and die in sweet perpetual doom  
 Over the flood of ages,—still and still the same !  
 And in this hope the recompense is great  
 For much I lack, for more that may annoy,  
 Crowning me oft 'mid these dark days of Fate  
 With joy—even joy !





---

---

NED CONNOR.

---

---





## NED CONNOR.

'Twas night—and where a watery sound  
 Came moaning up the Flat,  
 Six rude and bearded stockmen round  
 Their blazing hut-fire sat,  
 And laughed as on some starting hound  
 The cracking fuel spat.

And merrier still the log-fire cracks  
 As night the darker falls,  
 While not a noisy tongue there lacks  
 To tell of drunken brawls,  
 But most of battle with the Blacks  
 Some bloody tale appals.

Amongst them then Ned Connor spoke,  
 And up his form he drew :—  
 What is there in an open stroke  
 To boast of? You but slew  
 Those who'd have done, each hell-black one,  
 The same or worse to you.

But lost among the hills, one day,  
 Which then was well nigh shut,  
 I met a Black upon my way,  
 And thus the matter put  
 Unto him :—“ See ! this knife's for thee,  
 Come, guide me to my hut.”

His savage eyes grew huge with joy  
 As on the prize they bent,  
 And leading, even like a boy  
 He capered as he went :  
 But think you, men, to give the toy  
 Ned Connor ever meant?

An hour had brought us many a mile  
 And then, as closed the day,  
 The savage pointed with a smile,  
 To where my Station lay :  
 " There ! give to me the knife," said he,  
 " And let me go my way."

I never meant that he should touch  
 The thing, as I have said,  
 And when he stretched his hand to clutch,  
 A thought came in my head :  
 I raised my gun, as though in fun—  
 I fired—and he was *dead* !

The ruffian laughed in his pitiless mood  
 When ended thus his tale,  
 But all the rest though men of blood,  
 With horror seemed to quail,  
 And saw though he stood boastfully  
 That Connor too was pale :

For through the moaning of the trees  
 He seemed to hear the sound  
 Of his own laughter in the breeze  
 Keep roaming out till drowned  
 In wild and bitter mockeries  
 Up-answering from the ground.

Now what to hear had made them fear,  
 Had also made them dry :  
 But strange ! the water-pail that late  
 Brimm'd in the corner nigh  
 Was empty ! In amazement great  
 There's not a drop, they cry !

Their thirst grew bitter and they said  
 Come, this will never do !  
 It is your turn for water, Ned,  
 Then why not go ? He drew  
 Full hard his breath and from his head  
 There dripped a sudden dew.

But shaming to be taxed with fear,  
 He seized the pail and said  
 What care I? Though the night be drear,  
 Who ever saw the *dead*?  
 And if I fail to fill this pail,  
 The devil shall, instead.

He sallied forth. A sudden blast  
 Went sobbing by the door,  
 Through which they heard his footsteps fast  
 Recede—and when no more  
 They heard them, round the fire aghast  
 They gathered as before.

“I would not go alone to-night  
 The way that he is gone,”  
 Said one, “for all the gold my sight  
 Hath ever fallen upon:  
 To slay that creature was not right,  
 I’d say’t were he my son!”

And now impatient all and wild  
 They wondered at his stay,  
 Till one outspake: “A weanling child  
 Could not make more delay:  
 If longer slack in coming back,  
 He’ll bring with him the day.”

But while they thus were wondering—hark!  
 They hear a frantic shriek,  
 Then nearing footsteps through the dark,  
 Come waywardly and weak:  
 And as the dogs did howl and bark,  
 They stared but feared to speak.

Against the door, that to had swung,  
 One rushed then and ’twas split;  
 ’Twas Connor! who amid them sprung  
 And fell into a fit:  
 And long that night in ghastly plight,  
 He struggled there in it.

Oh!

And when his sense returned—again  
 The sun was rising bright,  
 But shuddering as in mental pain  
 He turned him from the light,  
 And pointing, said—“ To bed! to bed!  
 For Death is in my sight !”

They bore him to his bed straightway,  
 Those horror-stricken men,  
 And questioned him as there he lay,  
 Of what had met his ken :  
 Within himself he seemed to pray,  
 And thus bespake them then :—

“ I went (you heard), with impious boast  
 For water to the brook,  
 But when the threshold I had crost,  
 All strength my heart forsook ;  
 Each forward step seemed fate—but most  
 I feared behind to look.

Long murky clouds were hurrying fast  
 Across the starless sky,  
 Strange sounds came drowning up the blast  
 That piped by fits so high :  
 A winding gleam, and lo! the stream  
 Went wildly moaning by.

I knew not why, but it struck mine eye  
 With a dull damp sense of awe,  
 And bankward densely crawling by,  
 Crude Shapes methought I saw !  
 But I must not back, I said, alack !  
 But down at once and draw.

Now standing at the water's edge,  
 Mine eyes thereon I threw,  
 And, lo! distinctly through the sedge,  
 What is it there I view?—  
 Not mine own shadow from the ledge,  
 But *him*!—the Black I slew !

"Twas no delusion ! There he stood  
 Within the gleaming brook,  
 The same as when I shed his blood,  
 His stature and his look,  
 Even to the dread accusing shade  
 His dying aspect took !

With backward bound I started round  
 And up the bank did flee,  
 But, ah ! as swiftly in my track  
 Bare footfalls seemed to be !  
 Step, step, for mine, close at my back  
 I heard, but nought could see !

It was a horrible thing to hear  
 Behind me still the sound  
 I could not bear to have it there,  
 And desperate, faced me round,  
 When through the dark a sudden spark  
 Shot upward from the ground !

Staggered as with a stunning stroke  
 I could not turn again,  
 But saw whence came the spark, a smoke  
 Arise—I saw it plain,  
 And from it an earthy odour broke  
 That bit me to the brain !

At first I saw it bloating out  
 In size not o'er a span,  
 Then as it slowly wreathed about  
 To heighten it began,  
 Until it took in bulk and look  
 The stature of a man !

No stir was near—I might but hear  
 The beating of my blood  
 And there within my reach almost,  
 The horrid Phantom stood !  
 I stared till fear in fear was lost  
 So awful was my mood.

I spoke—I know not what—and lo!  
 The diabolic birth  
 'Gan wildly writhing to and fro  
 As if in ghostly mirth  
 And then against me rushing so,  
 It dashed me to the earth!

Mine eyes flashed out with sputtering flame—  
 The ground kept swimming fast—  
 And roaming round about there came  
 Wild laughter in the blast!  
 A moment—and then all was tame,  
 Forgotten, painless, past.

At length my brain began to swim  
 As consciousness regrew,  
 But when with eyeballs strained and dim,  
 I looked again—I knew  
 A form stood o'er me, it was *him*,—  
 The savage that I slew!

I shrieked, and bounding to my feet,  
 I fled, but as before,  
 Bare footsteps tracked me beat for beat  
 With mine, even to the door:  
 What then befel I cannot tell—  
 I know of nothing more!"

He ceased and turning in his bed,  
 Aloud for mercy cried,  
 And for three days and nights, 'tis said,  
 He uttered nought beside;  
 When raving out with sudden dread,  
 The haunted Murderer died.

The fearful men around him then,  
 Each one of them did say,  
 It was a damn'd wrong in Ned  
 The savage so to slay,  
 And where he said he saw the dead,  
 They buried him next day.

*1 bad Eng*

*so it was, d - d*



## TO ———.

Long ere I knew thee—years of loveless days—  
 A Shape would gather from my dreams and pour  
 The soul-sweet influence of its gentle gaze  
 Into my being, thrilling it to the core,  
 Then would I wake, with lonely heart to pine  
 For that nocturnal image :—it was thine !

Thine—for though long with a fond moody heed  
 I sought to match it with the beauteous creatures  
 I met in the world's ways, 'twas but to bleed  
 With disappointment ; for all forms, all features,  
 Yet left it void of living counterpart—  
 The shadowy Mistress of my yearning heart.

Thine—for when first seen thou didst seem to me  
 A being known yet beautifully new !  
 Thus, warranting some sage's theory,  
 Amid Heaven's sisterhoods, into shining view  
 Is drawn a long-conjectured star, his name  
 To fold forever in its virgin flame !

But I forget ! Far, far away from thee  
 Behold, I wander 'mid primeval woods  
 Where but all savage things are wont to be,  
 Mixing fond questionings with Solitude's  
 Wild cadences, as through dim glades by fits  
 Yet dreaming her ancient dream, illusively she flits.

And now the HUNTER, with a swollen speed  
 Rushes in thunder at my feet, but wears  
 A softened charm in that it seems to lead  
 My willing vision whether Memory rears  
 Thy rural bower by the stream that erst  
 With murmurous heed my infant passion nurst.

And with the river's torture, oft a tone  
 Of that far brook seems blending, accents too  
 Of the dear voice there heard—that voice alone  
 Unparagoned of mortal sound, like dew  
 Honeyed with manna, dropping near me seems,  
 As oft I listen—lost in Memory's dreams !

But vain these musings! Though my spirit's bride  
 Thou knew'st not of my love! Though all my days  
 To come must be inevitably dyed  
 Or bright or dark through thee—this missive says  
 Thy lot in life is cast, that thou wilt be  
 Another's ere I look again on thee!

The bardic doom is on me! Poets make  
 Beauty immortal and yet luckless miss  
 The charms they sing,—martyrs at Fortune's stake!  
 As though their soul's capacity for bliss  
 Might else give Earth too much of Heaven and kill  
 The want that strengthens them for prowess still.

Wreathe then the Poet's brows with blossoms bright!  
 Let waters ever, and the sway of trees  
 Sound through his thoughts, as the renewed delight  
 Of Even flows around him in a breeze  
 Laden with dying voices—till the night  
 Enroof him with her starry mysteries!  
 For Nature only (fated at his birth!)  
 May minister unto his love on Earth.

---

### TO THE MOON.

With silent step behold her steal  
 Over those envious clouds that hid  
 Till now her face, then stand—a seal  
 Of silver on heaven's mighty lid!  
 So round me would I have her light  
 In one broad burst of beauty play,  
 And who whilst thus she rules the night  
 Would wish the day,  
 Nor feel his yearning spirit fraught  
 With sweetly solemn strains of visionary thought?

Love of my childhood! for but when  
 A child I loved thee of all things—  
 Yea, with what ecstasies I then  
 Did hail thee, what dear visionings!

And when between us up the sky  
 Obscuring glooms have wildly thronged,  
 With shortened breath and searching eye  
 How have I longed  
 For wings that I away might flee  
 To kiss thy hidden face and dwell awhile with thee.

I sadden! Ah, why bringest thou  
 Yet later memories to my mind?  
 I would but gaze upon thee now,  
 As erst for wonder;—not to find  
 Dim phantoms of each faded dream  
 That fanned my heart with pinions dyed  
 In passion, by old HAWKESBURY'S stream,  
 Before me glide,  
 With shades of days all figured o'er  
 By feelings lost, and hopes that know their place no more!

Nor was it thus thy beauty shone  
 Upon me fewer summers past—  
 Thus hopeless, world-distrusting, lone,  
 And withering in Misfortune's blast!  
 Many that loved me then were nigh,  
 Of whom now *these* I may not trust,  
 And *those* forget—are far—or lie  
 Cold in the dust!  
 And never may we meet again  
 Loving and loved as then 'neath thy nocturnal reign!

O Cynthia! it would seem as though  
 A something from our spirits fell,  
 Like scents from flowers, Life's eras through  
 And by which web invisible,  
 A gathered after-scene of all  
 Affection builded to our loss,  
 Is drawn thus in dim funeral  
 The heart across:  
 And which where stained the most with gloom  
 Uncertain Thought is prone to map with spells of doom.

But sober Reason sagelier sings  
 These visioned mysteries are but  
 The semblances which former things  
 Imbued our being with, as put  
 In act by memory, when is seen  
 Again some marked associate sight ;  
 And thence it happens, Orb serene,  
 Why thou to-night  
 Look'st on me from thy native sky  
 Like an old friend too fond to talk of things gone by.

Let me this night the Past forget !  
 For though its dying voices be  
 At times like tones from Eden, yet  
 It bosoms too much change for me,—  
 That when but now my thoughts were given  
 To all I had suffered—loved and lost !  
 Turning mine eyes again to heaven,  
 Tear-quenched almost,  
 I started with a strange despair,  
 To find thee—even thee smiling unaltered there !

Hence vain regrets of secret pride !  
 My human heart, what irks thee so,  
 What in the scale of Nature tried  
 Should weigh thy happiness or wo ?  
 Pale millions, so by Fortune cursed,  
 Have loved for sorrow in the light  
 Of this yet youthful Moon, since first  
 She claimed the night,  
 And thus mature even from her birth,  
 Chased with pale beam the glooms that swathed the  
 infant Earth.

And be it humbling too, to know  
 That when this pile of haughty clay  
 For ages shall have ceased to glow,  
 Shall be a heap of ashes grey—  
 Which as the invading ploughshare drills  
 The unremembered burial ground,

The winds may o'er a hundred hills  
 Scatter around—  
 That in the midnight heavens thou  
 Shalt hang thy unfaded lamp and smile serene as now.

Nay, more than this : could even those,  
 The Edenites, who sorrow'd here  
 Ere Noah's tilted ark arose  
 Or Nimrod chased the bounding deer,  
 Wherever sepulchered, could they  
 Shake the cold bonds of death and doom  
 But for a moment now away,—  
 Into each tomb  
 Solemnly gazing, thee they'd find  
 Even as they dying left thee, watchful Moon, behind !

But shall my thoughts thus widely range  
 And I no profit therein know ?  
 Seeing that wither, waste and change  
 Must all that lives thine Orb below ;  
 Shall I not turn with this sole aim,  
 In act to shun, in heart control,  
 Whatever dims the heavenward flame,  
 The essential soul  
 I feel within, and which must be  
 A living thing when thou art quenched eternally?

---

### MEMORY'S GENESIS.

How few through Memory's dreamy scope,  
 However resolute of hope,  
 Can view the backward scene where first  
 Their youth rejoiced—for ever crost—  
 And not bewail as Adam erst  
 The Eden they have lost !  
 Nor feel, alas ! with it compared,  
 The Present but a lengthening wild  
 Whereon young Passion never fared,  
 Young Beauty never smiled !

Yet 'tis a melancholy pleasure  
 To sit by moon-struck Memory's side,  
 And hear her wild lyre oft remeasure  
 The story of our youthful pride !  
 Hours recalling, ah ! how rife  
 With emotions lavished wide  
 Through the Garden of our Life  
 Ere all its spring-time roses died,  
 And (like day's splendours when the sun  
 Remits in his decline from weaving  
 A robe of beauty for the Ev'ning)  
 Fancy's Elysiums, one by one,  
 Had paled away as the long night came on !

Yes ! 'tis a melancholy sweet,  
 And thus let Memory oft repeat  
 Life's first tale, that to the core  
 Retempered by such generous lore,  
 Our hard'ning spirits, as 'tis meet,  
 May pity the cold world—the world we trust no more !

---

## POETRY.

Rising and setting suns of Liberty—  
 Mountainous exploits and the wrecks thick strewn  
 By stormy Passion o'er Life's treacherous sea,  
 Relieved with shores of green delight, and boon  
 And starry dreams and the serene pale moon  
 Of Pathos,—these with all of which they be  
 Idealisms, are of Poesy  
 The bodily temple into fitness hewn,  
 And for its Soul, all that the mind can seize  
 Of beauty harmonising with the might  
 Of natural ties and social sympathies  
 And that deep spirit of Piety whose flight  
 Is strongest and most heavenward 'mid the blight  
 Of mortal misery—its Soul are these.

## THE VISION OF THE ROCK.

I sate upon a lonely peak,  
 A backwood river's course to view,  
 And watched the varying shadows freak  
 Its liquid length of gleaming blue,  
 Streaked by the crane now gliding o'er,  
 Now checkering to the leafy roar  
 Of woods that 'neath me grew,  
 Or curdling dark as high o'er head  
 The gathering clouds before the sounding breezes fled.

Beyond, a broad herd grazed the vale,  
 Where 'mid the trees, its Station stood ;  
 Beneath, a housewife with her pail  
 Plung'd dexterous, smote the booming flood—  
 Which suddenly from a reedy nook  
 Aroused the brooding teal that took  
 Her flight along the wood  
 And drew dull murmurs from each grot  
 And called the passing hawk to circle o'er the spot.

Straight I bethought how once the scene  
 Spread in its primal horror there,  
 When but some lone bird's cry of teen,  
 Or howlings from the wild-dog's lair  
 Or rush of startled kangaroo,  
 As near some stealthy savage drew  
 With hunger in his air,  
 Or from the stream some casual sound  
 Broke the dread slumbers there of Solitude profound.

A change came o'er my thoughts—behind  
 A length of coming time I threw—  
 Till round me, on that rock reclined  
 Its folds prophetic Vision drew ;  
 And purpling like the morning, gave  
 Mine eye of Freedom's births to have  
 It seemed an ante-view,  
 Like as in glorious promise stole  
 His country's purer weal o'er youthful Hampden's soul.

All round me villages arose  
 At once, with orchards clumpt about,  
 And oft between through piny rows  
 Some mansion's pillared porch look out,  
 And thickening up from alleys green,  
 Where rustic groups in dance were seen,  
 Came merry laugh and shout,  
 While from yet choicer shades the cheer  
 Of more refined delight fainted like fragrance near.

And in the gusts that over-broke  
 The voice of neighbouring cities came,  
 Whose structures in the distance spoke  
 Of fullest opulence and fame,  
 O'er fields of ripening plenty viewed,  
 Or hills with white flocks fleeced, and strewed  
 With herds that grazed the same;  
 While on the paven roads between  
 The frequent chariot flamed with rapid-rolling din.

Now gaining depth the Vision lay  
 Around my spirit like a law,  
 So that my reason might not say  
 But all was real that I saw.  
 I mark a youth and maiden prest  
 By Love's sweet power, elude the rest,  
 And as they nearer draw  
 I list the vow that each imparts  
 Folded in the sighed spells of harmonising hearts.

They pass: and lo, a lonely boy  
 With wandering step goes musing by—  
 Glory is in his air and joy,  
 And all the poet in his eye!  
 And now whilst rich emotions flush  
 His face as radiant colours blush  
 And burn in morning's sky,  
 He sings—and to the charming sound  
 Troops of angelic Shapes throng into being round.

Before me now an aged man,  
 Majestic passes: wisdom true  
 Illumes his brow—the power to scan  
 All time and look all nature through,  
 And stately youths of studious mien,  
 Children of light, with him are seen—  
 His auditors—and who  
 Attend the speaking sage along,  
 As though sciential manna issued from his tongue.

Listen!—He tells of patriot deeds  
 And lauds the happiness they brought,  
 He blazons Freedom's holy creeds  
 With all the affluence of Thought,  
 Teaches the truths of Virtue's cause  
 And what are nations' proper laws,  
 And what blind Milton taught—  
 That to avert Oppression's rod  
 And pull wrong Power down, is—"Glory be to God!"

And now doth his big utterance throw  
 A sacred solemnising spell  
 O'er scenes which yet no record know,  
 Round names that now I may not tell!  
 But there was One—too long unknown!  
 Whereat, as with a household tone  
 Upon the ear it fell,  
 Each listener's speaking eyes were given  
 To glisten with a tear and turn awhile to Heaven!

Thus night came on; for hours had flown  
 And yet its hold the Vision kept,  
 Till lulled by many a dying tone,  
 I laid me on the rock and slept.  
 And now the big round moon between  
 Two western summits hung serene—  
 When all with dews bewept  
 And 'wakened by the loudening gale,  
 I rose and sought my hearth far gleaming from the vale.

## MORNING.

How beautiful that earliest burst of light  
 Which floodeth from the opening eyes of morn,  
 When like a fairy palace dew-bedight  
 Bough storying over bough upsreads the thorn,  
 And sweet the melodies which tow'rd the corn  
 In tassel, or the orchard these invite,  
 And that most love-like ever fresh delight  
 Which breathes of many a bloomy thing new born—  
 Breathes from vine clumps in the moist dells ap-  
 pearing,  
 Rich meads and river banks. And cheering then  
 The voice of cattle to their pasture steering,  
 And the full speech of fieldward hastening men !—  
 My very boyhood seems renew'd again  
 'Mid these delights like a delight careering !

~~~~~

 A POET'S HOME.

Here in this lonely rill-engirdled spot,
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot,
 With one vowed to me with beloved lips
 How sweet to draw, as hiddenly from time,
 As from its rocks yon shaded fountain slips,
 My yet remaining prime.

Here early rising from a sinless bed
 How sweet it were to view Aurora shed
 Her first white glances o'er the dusky wood,
 When powdered as with pearls the sprays all gleam
 Through the grey dawn, like prophecies of good
 Or like some fairy dream.

And while the clouds imbibed a golden hue,
 And purple streaks grained yon ethereal blue,
 By the glad voice of every early bird
 (As some full lake by breezes in their glee
 Is rippled into smiles) how sweetly stirred
 My spirit then should be !

And as like burning bullion brightened still
 The cloud-hung East, over yon misty hill
 I'd watch the sun's ethereal chariot come,
 Filling the glades with flakes of chrystal fire
 And the green spaces round my rural home,
 Where slept mine Heart's Desire.

When, if sweet memories of her sleeping smile
 Should my devotion thitherward beguile,
 Cheating the morn of its observance due,
 My happy voice should not be wanting long
 To wile her forth with loving transport true
 Or wake her with a song.

“ Awake, my fair one! for the glowing skies
 Desire thee, and a thousand flowery eyes
 Look for thy coming from each pathway side;
 With all things fresh and beautiful and bright
 The earth's adorned like an Eastern bride,—
 Arise, my best delight!

What can be deeper than the heavens o'erbending,
 Or what be richer than the colours blending
 Amid the green cones of the misty hill!
 What gladder than the runnel's silvery fall!
 And yet my spirit asketh something still—
 'Tis thee, the crown of all!”

Joined by the Angel of my life, behold
 The day's unfolded gates of heavenly gold
 How lovelier now for her dear loveliness!
 The birds, the stream, the forest's leafy stir
 Catch from her voice a double power to bless,
 And the flowers breathe of her!

The dews are brighter for her love-bright eyes
 And the air sweeter for the soul that lies
 In every gesture of her gentle face!
 So widely Love's invisible spirit flings
 The visible enrichment of its grace
 O'er all regarded things.

Filled with the fresh keen life that so sublimates
 Both mind and body, we should then betimes
 Repair us to our cheerful morning meal,
 Not more attuned by thankfulness of heart
 Well to enjoy, than willing in our weal
 To spare a stranger part.

Sufficed and grateful, to her household care
 Should she betake her then,—I fieldward fare
 To till the thriving maize or guide the plough
 Through the rich loam, or while the slant sunshine
 Carress'd them, to remark the melons, how
 They lumped from out their vine.

Thence to the well kept orchard to behold
 The orange trees o'erhung with globes of gold
 Or thin the peachy tribes all ruddy cheeked
 And clumping from the branches, and with these
 The nectarine's fragrant swarms so lushly streaked,
 That flavour even the breeze :

To pluck the fig, that in its broad-leafed shade
 Secretes its ripeness—even like a maid
 Mature for love, who yet through bashfulness
 Doth shun or seem to shun each wooer's sight—
 Or stay the drooping vine whose every tress
 Is bunch'd with clusters bright.

So should the noon draw on : when in yon shade
 Beside the rill, on the green herbage laid
 In careless luxury my faint limbs should be,
 And hearing but the splash of feathered things
 Then fluttering downward from some neighbouring
 tree

To dip their shining wings,

Or the slow-rising and most summery hum
 Of gorgeous insects that at times might come
 Over the runnel and so voyage by,
 Or the light footfall on the farther brink
 Of some wild creature, from its covert nigh
 Just venturing forth to drink :

I'd calmly think of all my wandering youth
 Had suffered, with a heart so dear to Truth
 That she at length had portioned it with love,
 And then of her who to my very soul
 Was what the vitalising Sun above
 Is to the natural whole.

Thus rested, when the fieryer-winged hours
 Were quenching in the west, with freshened powers
 The field again in honorable toil
 Should hear me ending what the morn begun,
 Till I might say, scanning the well-dressed soil,
 A good day's work is done.

Then whilst I woodward drove the unharnessed steer
 Or for the kine was searching somewhere near
 Grouping full-fed in ruminating mood,
 The sun should 'light upon yon western hill
 Slanting his last beams through the shadowing wood
 And up the gleaming rill,

To sink at length and make the clouds above
 Golden idealisms of the love
 My heart poured out on Nature, and on her
 Now waiting me at our peace-hallowed board :
 Thus placed, who'd care amongst the great to stir
 Or with the rich to hoard ?

The pens secured, the final meal in haste
 Despatch'd though savoury, both should forth to taste
 Eve's odorous breath and with renewed surprise
 To find Elysiums painted in the west,—
 And looking then into each other's eyes,
 Should feel that we were blest.

And when the gloaming followed Evening's flight,
 Whilst yet o'er yonder hills a skiey light
 Keeps mellowing upward, near to where, first seen,
 The glowing Leader of the starry quire
 Comes wingedly from out the blue serene,
 Even like a bird of fire,

The hushing bounties of those twilight hours
 Falling into our souls, as in the flowers'
 Balm-breathing bosoms melt the silent dews,
 Should freshen every feeling mild and wise
 And thence o'er all our charities diffuse
 The quiet of the skies.

Thus should the night come on, in solemn guise
 To look with all her far ethereal eyes
 Upon my happy life, and draw my soul
 To wander like a star the stars among
 And homeward point from the resplendent pole
 Uranian beams of song.

Or whilst the moon, the world's apparent queen,
 Came whitening up in majesty serene,
 Reminding us of some dear long-past night,
 I'd chronicle in rhyme the many things
 Of lovely thought that from her mystic light
 Had woven then their wings.

THE VOICE OF THE NATIVE OAK.

Who hath lain him underneath
 A lone oak by a lonely stream,
 He hath heard an utterance breathe
 Sadder than aught else may seem !

Up in its dusk boughs, out-tressing
 Like the hair of a giant's head,
 Mournful things beyond our guessing
 Day and night are utterèd.

Even when the waveless air
 May only stir the lightest leaf,
 A lowly voice keeps moaning there
 Wordless oracles of grief.

But when nightly blasts are roaming,
 Thus lowly is that voice no more :
 Then from the streaming branches coming,
 Elfin shrieks are heard to pour.



Till the listener surely deems
 That some wierd spirit of the air
 Hath made those boughs the lute of themes
 Wilder, darker than despair,—

Some lonely spirit that hath dwelt
 For ages in one lonely tree—
 Some weary spirit that hath felt
 The burthen of eternity!

VIRGINAL LOVE.

I love him so,
 That though his face I ne'er might see,
 In the assurance that he so loved me
 This heart of mine would glow
 With pulses sweeter than the sweetest be
 That colder ones can know.

I love him so,
 That to my thought 'twere sweet to sleep
 Even in death, believing he would keep
 With solemn step and slow,
 In Sabbath memory my grave and weep
 For her who slept below.

I love him so,
 That all desires when he is by
 Shrink even from the import of a sigh:
 As flowers unseen that grow,
 Being mute must so remain, as in the sky
 Are stars that none may know!

EVA GRAY.

Paler, paler, day by day,
 Waxeth wordless Eva Gray,
 Wasting through the heart away!

How shall those who wish her well,
Lift the shadow erst that fell
Round her from Love's darken'd spell?

Would they have her feast with Song?
Ah! *its* voices but prolong
Like far echoes Memory's wrong.

Would they to beguile her leisure
Sweet reliefs in music measure?
Music dreams of foregone pleasure.

Would they lure her where the spring
Gives the unshadow'd heart to wing
Upward like a bird and sing?

Still paler, paler, day by day,
Waxeth gentle Eva Gray,—
Wasting like a cloud away.

TO MARY.

Where Beauty is smiling
With Love undenied,
Where Gladness is flowing
From Pleasure's hill-side,
Whatever of charming
I elsewhere may see,
I can turn from it, Mary,
To think upon thee.

When winds of affliction
Blow cold on my rest,
And the pang that will sleep not
Is loud in my breast,
Still however clinging
These troubles may be,
I can turn from them, Mary,
To think upon thee.

When Weariness sleepeth
 And Care is at rest,
 When Happiness dreameth
 Of all it loves best,
 Then as the moon gazes
 Upon the broad sea,
 My soul o'er thy dwelling
 Looks down upon thee!

EMBLEMS.

A streamlet is a bright and beauteous creature
 In some wide desert, where it keeps apart
 Of each wayfarer's heart :
 The Star of Evening is a gracious feature,
 Instinct as 'twere with all the love that eyes
 Have looked through at the skies.

And hence one emblems in its beauteous being
 The memory of a Joy that in my heart
 Flowed gratefully apart ;
 The other, to my spiritual seeing,
 The perpetuity of Love's white grace
 Yet in some heavenly place.

" YES."

My soul is raying like a star,
 My heart is happier than a bird,
 And all to hear through fortune's jar
 One promissory word.

A sound as simple as the low
 Quick sliding gurgle of a rill,
 And yet with power to overflow
 A world with blissful will !

I feel as though the very air
 Was breathe from the heart of Love,
 As Pleasure in the sun's bright lair
 Sat brooding like a dove !

A billow of the sunny sea,
 A cloudlet of the summer sky,
 How wide is their felicity—
 So widely blest am I!

O Beauty, through one little word
 What boundless power is thine to bless!
 O Love, a seraph's voice is heard
 In thy confiding "Yes!"

DREAMS OF THE BELOVED.

Her image haunts me. Lo! I muse at even,
 And straight it gathers from the gloom to make
 My soul its mirror, which (as some deep lake
 Impictures the cerulean smiles of heaven)
 Through the hushed night retains it, when 'tis given
 To take a warmer presence and incline
 A glowing cheek all blushfully to mine,
 Saying, "The heart for which thou long hast striven
 With pale looks, fancy pale, I grant thee now,
 And if for pity, yet more for Love's sweet sake,
 My lips shall seal this promise on thy brow."
 Thus blest in sleep, who would not weep to wake
 When the cold truth from his belief must shake
 Such vows, like blossoms from a shatter'd bough?

ABSENCE.

Nightly I watch the moon with silvery sheen
 Flaking the city house-tops, till I feel
 Thy memory, Rosa, like a presence, steal
 Down in her light: for ever in her mien
 Thy soul's similitude my soul hath seen!
 And as she seemeth now a guardian seal
 On Heaven's far bliss, upon my future weal
 Even such thy truth is—radiantly serene!
 But long my fancy may not entertain
 These bright resemblances—for, lo, a cloud
 Blots her away, and in my breast the pain
 Of absent love, recurring, pines aloud!
 When shall I look in thy sweet eyes again,—
 Rosa, when cheer thee with like sadness bowed?

Wherever in some wildwood bower
 There blooms a honey-yielding flower,
 There too dwells a bird to sup
 Out of its delicious cup,
 And sing betimes, lest it should be
 O'erfed into satiety :
 So wherever Loveliness
 Dwells retired—dwells to bless,
 Not dazzle : there some destin'd spirit,
 Feeding on its luscious merit,
 Can at peace with Passion be
 Only through sweet Poesy.

THE ENQUIRY.

O say, if into sudden storm
 Some future cloud we may not shun
 Should burst, and Love's bright world deform,
 His and your Poet leaving one
 Scorning and scorned of heartless men,—
 Belovèd, would you love me then ?

Stung by the world's eternal guile,
 Should the defiance of despair
 Plant on my cheek its bitter smile,
 And writhe so long and whiten there
 That it might freshen ne'er again,—
 Belovèd, would you love me then ?

Should long, long years of absence scowl
 And 'twixt us under heaven's wide cope,
 Should regions spread or oceans roll
 That question thus might even Hope—
 "How can you ever meet again ?"
 Belovèd, would you love me then ?

Love is wayward, Beauty wilful,
 Hence however—ever skilful
 Be the wit that like a gem,
 Would supremely richen them,
 They will sometimes take offence
 At the very brightest sense,
 As though for happy spite they meant
 To clothe delight with discontent.

The manifold hills, forsaken of the sun,
 Are dusking into one
 Featureless Mightiness gloomed up with dun,
 And in the solitude of heaven afar
 There shineth a sole star :
 Even so the memory of one adored
 With all Affection's hoard
 Of golden feelings treasured up for truth
 In vain throughout our youth,
 A far bright mystery, still shines apart
 O'er the wide vacancy of Love's lone heart !

THE DREAM BY THE FOUNTAIN.

Thought-weary and sad I reclined by a Fountain
 At the head of a white-cedar shaded ravine,
 And the breeze that fell over the high-glooming mountain
 Sang like Love to me there as I gazed o'er the scene.

Long I'd reclined not till slumber came o'er me,
 Grateful as balm to a suffering child ;
 When a lofty-browed Maiden seemed standing before me
 With a lyre in her hand O so sounding and wild !

Bright was her brow, never heaven was brighter !
 Her eyes were two midnights of passionate thought !
 Light was her motion, a breeze's not lighter,
 And her locks were like sunshine and shadow inwrought !

Never before did my bosom inherit
 Emotion so thrilling, such exquisite awe!
 Never such wonder exalted my spirit
 Before as did now through the Vision I saw.

Robed for the chase like a Nymph of Diana,
 Her ivory limbs were half given below,—
 Bare, that the pure breath of heaven might fan her,
 Bare was her bosom of roseate snow.

Then lifting the lyre and with every feeling
 Sublim'd as with love, she awakened the strings:
 Bliss followed—and half into being came stealing
 The motion and light of angelical wings.

Divine were the measures! Each voice of the wild-
 wood
 Seemed gathering head in their musical thrills,—
 The gladness of rivers that sing of their childhood,
 The shoutings of echoes that look from the hills,

The moaning of trees all at midnight in motion
 When the breezes seem wandering lost, with a rare
 And sweet meaning spirit of human devotion,
 All blending and woven together were there!

Ceased then the strain; and as soon as were flowing
 Around but the accents that people the wild,
 The Lyrist, subdued by her rapture and glowing,
 Adjusted her mantle, approached me, and smiled:

Smiled with a look like the radiance of morning
 When flushing the crystal of heaven's serene
 Blent with that darkness of beauty adorning
 The world when the moon first arising is seen.

And repressing it seemed then the fondest suggestions,
 Calmly she spake;—I arose to my knees,
 Expectant and tremblingly glad of her questions:
 And the wild-warbled words that she uttered were these—

“ I am the Muse of the evergreen Forest,
 I am the Spouse of thy spirit, lone Bard !
 Ev’n in the days when thy boyhood thou worest
 Thy pastimes drew on thee my fondest regard.

For I felt thee ev’n then wildly, wondrously musing
 Of glory and grace by old HAWKESBURY’S side,
 Scenes that spread recordless round thee suffusing
 With the purple of love—I beheld thee and sighed.

Sighed—for the fire-robe of Thought had enwound thee—
 It seemed but the breeze or a sigh of thine own !
 I would sweep then this lyre, gliding viewlessly round
 thee
 To give thy emotions full measure and tone.

Since, I have track’d thee through dissolute places,
 Seen thee with sorrow long herd with the vain,
 Lured into error by false-smiling faces,
 Chained by dull Fashion though scorning her chain.

Then would I prompt in the still hour of dreaming
 Thoughts of thy beautiful country again,
 Of her streams through the shadowy forest far gleaming,
 Her hills that re-echo the hunt in the glen.

Till at length I beheld thee arise in devotion
 To shake from thy heart the vile bondage it bore,
 And I joyed as in sunrise rejoiceth the ocean
 Thy footfall to hear on the mountains once more !

Listen, rejoined one, I promise thee glory
 Such as shall rise like the day-star apart,
 To brighten the current of many a story,
 But for this thou must give to the Future thy heart.

Be then the bard of thy country ! O rather
 Should such be thy choice than a monarchy wide !
 Lo, ’tis the land of the grave of thy father !
 ’Tis the cradle of Liberty !—Think and decide.

Well hast thou chosen." She ceased. Unreplying
 And love-faint I gazed on her wildering charms :
 Deeper they glowed, her lips trembled, and sighing
 She rushed to my heart and dissolved in my arms !

Thus seemed she to pass—and yet something remaining
 Like a separate Soul in my soul seemed to be—
 An aching delight—an extension that, paining
 My being, yet made it more strengthly and free.

She passed—but to leave in my brain a reflexion,
 A forevisioned blaze of perpetual sway,
 While tones that seem gushings of mystic affection
 Flow through me by night and around me by day.

And since, or in cities or solitudes dreary,
 Upon the lone hill or more lonely sea-sand,
 Though many that blame, few that praise be anear me,
 I feel like a monarch of song in the land !

THE MASTER MARINER'S SONG.

(OUTWARD BOUND.)

Away, away she plunges
 With her white sails o'er her spread,
 Like the summer clouds that gather
 On some hill's piny head ;
 Still away she plunges rampant
 Like a lion roused to wrath,
 And the proud wave lies humbled
 I' the track of her path.

Ye ho ! my gallant sailors
 Wear her head from off the land :
 As his steed obeys the Arab
 How she gives to the hand !
 And now like a soul the world forsaking,
 She leaves the coast behind,
 And the main is her wide dwelling
 And her spouse is the wind.

Then pledge we a full measure
 To the friends we left to-day,
 Whose kind wishes hover o'er us
 On our watery way :
 Where diurnally remind us
 Shall the same bright-brimming rite
 Of the eyes that yearned blessings
 When last we knew their light !

The leaf-glancing boughs of the o'erdoming trees
 Now seem in wild dance to the pipe of the breeze
 As clashing and clasping in merry despite
 They mass into shadow or quiver in light,
 When cut by their motion the slanting moonbeam
 Falls sifted like coin on the floor of the stream
 That murmurs thereby like a voice in a dream,
 Save when the breeze straining in lengthen'd escape
 Holds open their sprays for a steadier escape,
 Then too bright fragment of Night's ripest blue
 Relieving the leaf-work come transiently through,
 And broad stars seem glowing as seen amid these
 Like apples of fire in the tops of the trees !

FREEDOM IN FAITH.

His mind alone is kingly who (though one)
 But venerates of present things or past
 What he believeth good, kneeling to none
 Save God and Truth ! Who awed not by this vast
 And shadowy scheme of Life, but anchored fast
 In Love and sitting central like the sun
 So gives his mental beams to pierce and run
 Through all its secrets while his days may last ;
 And thus progressive, little faith hath he
 For mysteries, till sounding them he hear
 The gathered tones of their stirr'd depths agree
 With that religious harmony severe
 Which anthems to his spiritual ear
 The invisible Presence of the Deity.

FINALITY.

A heavy and desolate sense of life
 Is all the Past makes mine—and still
 A cold contempt of Fortune's strife,
 Despite the dread
 Of want of bread,
 'Numbs, clogs like ice, my weary will.

How little is there on the earth
 That I at length can venerate?
 I see at most one world-wide dearth
 Of wisdom free,
 True piety,
 Of noble love, of honest hate.

With little hope of higher good
 For Man, for me, of earthly bliss,
 Yet I withstand as I've withstood,
 The evil plan
 Man teaches man
 Of valuing all things amiss.

There's nothing under the godlike sun
 Worth loving to be bought or sold!—
 The only wealth by labour won
 Besides the food
 Supplying blood,
 Is human excellence—not gold!

All other things designed or done
 Their only *real* value miss,
 But in so far as this—each one
 And all sustain,
 Adorn, explain,
 Secure and enter into this.

Beauty itself were nothing—no,
 But for Love's golden heart and eye;
 Nay Truth were dead but for the glow
 Around its shrine
 Of minds divine,
 Of martyr minds that may not die.

Why pile we stone on stone to raise
 Jail, fane, or public hall—why plan
 Fortress or tower for future days,
 Yet leave unbuilt
 To wrong or guilt
 That nobler pile—the Mind of Man?

With *finer wool* the land to dower,
 Behold how strongly we are moved—
 Even while a Nation's *thinking power*
 Unvalued, yet
 Unnamed, we let
 All bestial grow, being unimprov'd!

Can then the seed in God's right hand
 Of Happiness, when shed below,
 Find fitting nurture in a land
 Of wilding soil
 And selfish toil?—
 I tell ye Time shall answer, No!

I tell ye that all public good,
 All individual worth and peace,
 All youthful nobleness of mood,
 Like rose-leaves thin
 Must wither in
 The sordid breath of days like these.

O for a prophet's tongue to teach
 The truths I cannot else reveal,
 O for a conqueror's power to reach
 The holy aim
 That doth inflame
 And nerve me with a martyr's zeal!

'Tis vain—the sacred wish is vain!
 Men but renew the strifes of old:
 But value with a greed insane
 All devilish skill,
 All splendid ill
 That fetters Truth with chains of gold!

CONSOLATION.

Mine heart is heavy with an ancient sorrow,
 My brain is aching with a clinging grief,
 And if I seek to smooth away the furrow
 It plougheth in my soul, in the relief
 And balminess of Song, the cheat is brief!
 One feeling still from which the Past did borrow
 Exceeding light, reminds me that the morrow
 Must drag me farther from its lost belief.
 For solace therefore would I dive with Truth
 Into the depths of her remotest lore :
 Somewhere in Nature's motherly breast there's ruth
 Yet for her child though wounded to the core,
 Though Life's first objects may beguile no more
 And Misery clothe her with the dreams of youth !

~~~~~

 AN ABORIGINAL MOTHER'S LAMENT.

O I would further fly, my child, to make thee safer yet  
 From the unsparing White Man's dread hand all murder  
 wet,  
 Yet bear thee on as I have borne so stealthily and fleet,  
 But darkness shuts the forest and thorns are in my feet.  
 O moan not—I would give this braid that once bound  
 Hibbi's brow,  
 But for a single palmful of water for thee now !

Ah ! spring not to his name, no more to glad us may  
 he come !—  
 Afar his ashes smoulder beneath the blasted gum,  
 All charred and blasted by the fire the White Man  
 kindled there,  
 To burn our murder'd kindred and scorch us to despair.  
 O moan not—I would give this braid that once bound  
 Hibbi's brow,  
 But for a single palmful of water for thee now !

And but for thee I would their fire had eaten me as fast :  
 Hark, do I hear *his* death-cry yet lengthening up the  
 blast ?

But no, when his bound hands had signed the way that  
 we should fly,  
 Thrown on the pyre fresh bleeding I saw thy father die.  
 O moan not—I would give this braid, his first fond gift  
 to me,  
 But for a single palmful of water now for thee !

No more shall his loud tomahawk be plied for our relief,  
 The streams have lost for ever the shadow of a Chief,  
 The fading track of his fleet foot may guide not as before,  
 And the echo of the mountains shall answer him no more !  
 O moan not—I would give this braid, thy father's gift  
 to me,  
 But for a single palmful of water now for thee !

---

### MY POLITICAL BELIEF.

O Liberty, yet build thee an august  
 And best abode in this most virgin clime ;  
 The Old World yet, power-trampled to the dust,  
 Hath never known thee in thy perfect prime !  
 Seeing all Rule which at a given time  
 Expires not, as reposed in Public Trust,  
 And thence renewable but by Suffrage, must  
 Against thee in its nature be a crime !  
 Seeing that all not privileged to name  
 Their governors—and more, to govern too,  
 Choosing or chosen, but live unto thy blame !  
 That all are slaves in act who may not do  
 Whate'er is virtuous and in spirit who  
 Believing aught dare not avow the same !

---

### AN ANTHEM FOR THE AUSTRALASIAN LEAGUE.

Shall we sing of Loyalty  
 To the far South's fiery youth ?  
 Yea—but let the pæan be  
 Of loyalty to God and Truth :  
 To Man, to progress, and to all  
 The free things, nobly free,  
 Of which their loved Australia shall  
 The golden cradle be.

Hark! her star-eyed Destinies  
 Pour their voices o'er the seas—  
     Hither, to the Land of Gold,  
     All who would be free!  
 Here a diadem behold  
     For immortal Liberty!  
 Not for Old World queens and kings,  
 Villain Slavery's outworn things!

Shall we sing of Loyalty  
 In this new and genial Land?  
 Yea—but let the pæan be  
     Of loyalty to Love's command,  
 To Thought, to Beauty, and to all  
     The glorious Arts that yet  
 In golden Australasia shall  
     Like chrysolites be set.

---

### THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

We'll plant a Tree of Liberty  
 In the centre of the land,  
 And round it ranged as guardians be,  
     A vowed and trusty band;  
 And sages bold and mighty soul'd  
     Shall dress it day by day:  
 But woe unto the traitor who  
     Would break one branch away.

Then sing the Tree of Liberty  
 For the vow that we have made;  
 May it so flourish that when we  
     Are buried in its shade,  
 Fair Womanhood and Love and Good,  
     All pilgrims pure shall go  
 Its growth to bless for happiness—  
     O may it flourish so!

Till felled by gold as bards have told,  
 In the Old World once it grew,  
 But there its fruits were ever sold  
 And only to the Few :  
 But here at last, uncurs'd by caste,  
 Each man at Nature's call  
 Shall pluck as well what none may sell,  
 The fruit that blooms for All.

By gold 'twas felled as bards have held  
 In the Old World where it grew,  
 But *here* the power that *there* dispelled  
 Its life shall be its dew :  
 The evil bout of Time is out,  
 And gold no more a thrall,  
 Shall *here* but build for Truth and gild  
 The fruit that blooms for All.

Then sing the Tree of Liberty,  
 And the men who shall defend  
 Its glorious future righteously  
 For this all-glorious end—  
 That happiness *all men* to bless  
 Out with its growth may grow—  
 Our Southern Tree of Liberty  
 Shall flourish even so !

---

### BURNS.

MY OWN WILD BURNS! these rude-wrought rhymes of  
 thine

In golden worth are like the unshapely coin  
 Of some new realm, yet pure as from the mine—  
 And Art may well be spared with such alloy  
 As dims the bullion to improve the die !

I love the truths of Art but more indeed  
 The simplest truths of Nature ; and I read  
 To find her visibly enthroned on all  
 His muse hath builded like a fiery wall

Round national faith and patriotic pride  
 And Love and Valour both at Beauty's side.  
 Yea, more his outward rudeness, doth impress  
 Upon me still his innate strengthiness\*  
 Even as imperfect features oft enhance  
 Th' intrinsic power of some fine countenance.

How various too the spirit of his lyre—  
 How many-hued his soul's poetic fire!  
 In his one Muse such qualities we find  
 Mingled, as most are several in their kind:  
 Mirth like a billow brightening up before  
 The blasts of Grief—to die on Misery's shore,  
 Humour and Scorn and Pathos, with a reach  
 Above all effort, each exalting each!  
 Yea, Terror wedding its own sense of evil  
 To mother Pity—even for the Devil!

But best he moves to tears, or wakes such sighs  
 As fan the vital fire in Beauty's lustrous eyes.  
 Hark! when the winding Nith, the Afton, Clyde,  
 Rave downward or in gleaming quiet glide,  
 How Passion's very soul keeps burning by  
 In his wild verse from every covert nigh!  
 Or by the "bonnie Doon" or "gurgling Ayr,"  
 What heart-sweet memories like perfumes there  
 Re-breathe of bloomy joys untimely shed  
 And Love that followed the belovèd dead  
 To Heaven!—and then while Pity weeps aloud  
 Clad in the pale ideal of a shroud,  
 Who would exchange the luxury of her woe  
 For all the pleasures that the heartless know!

---

\* At first sight, it may appear that *strength* would be here the only proper word, and that the two added syllables are tacked on to it merely for the sake of the metre and rhyme; but the reader will perceive, by the context, that strength is not so much meant as the indication of it; namely, *strengthiness*.

But should we need relief—another page  
 Shall blow the trumpet of his warlike rage!  
 And vilest of the villain herd is he  
 Who to his battle-dirge can listener be  
 Nor feel that he could die for Liberty!  
 Or who, while volleys forth the charging lay  
 Revoicing Bannockburn's all-glorious day,  
 From his exalted manhood then not spurns  
 Whate'er is traitorous, with a shout for Burns!

And now in thought I track with steps of fear  
 The noble peasant in his wild career.  
 The haven of his youth is left: the sea  
 Of Life is loudening all around; and she,  
 Who 'mid its perilous breakers might have stood  
 'Twixt him and evil influencing for good,  
 His first sweet love—she *is* not! Heaven looks bright  
 Still, and the hills laugh round him for delight,  
 But, ah! beneath the sun he finds no more  
 The Eden where his genius dwelt before!  
 And does he wander by his native Ayr?  
 The spirit of gladness hath gone up even there—  
 Up like the blithe notes of the lark when they  
 Have faded heavenward utterly away.  
 The more he mixes with his kind in mirth  
 The more he feels the homelessness of earth,  
 Till Life's lost charm seems beckoning him afar  
 In the white beauty of each lovely star!  
 She *is* not!—only sweeter is the tone  
 Of his wild lyre for the wild loss thus known.

But storrying thus with love his native streams,  
 Thus by the life of his poetic dreams  
 Breathing suggestions that exalt and thrill  
 Into the spirit of each warrior hill;  
 Yea lighting Scotia's universal face  
 With mental beauty and affectionate grace,  
 Yet, did he die the victim of excess?  
 Alas! even Poesy by her mute distress  
 Admits the blot, nor could she save her son,  
 Her star-bright Rob, her love-anointed one!

Whilst yet the bard by Fortune unsubdued  
 Had only like a wild bird of the wood  
 Sung his own simple joys, then happy being good—  
 Ere he had sounded the world's heart and spurned  
 The soulless tone its hollowness returned,  
 His habitudes how temperate we find  
 From a self-pleasing tunefulness of mind.

But afterwards, that such a being so  
 Alive to joy and sensitive to woe,  
 With all in sympathy of rich and rare  
 Flushing his soul, as in the evening air  
 A western cloud grows grateful to the sense  
 With all the sun's unspeakable affluence  
 Of golden glory—mightily endowed  
 By genius too, with motives nobly proud  
 And full-summ'd wings of spiritual flame  
 Wherewith to mount against the burning eye of Fame;  
 Yet "bounded in a nutshell," or but wooed  
 By Fortune from a barren solitude,  
 Just to be stared at by her minions vain—  
 A sort of mental monster newly ta'en!  
 That such a being should resort at length  
 To whatsoever might repair the strength  
 Of ruined Joy a moment or inspire  
 The heart of dying Hope though with fallacious fire,  
 Was I believe, howe'er the truth appal,  
 Almost inevitably natural.

Ah, Scotia! it behoved thee then to guard  
 The worldly welfare of thy peasant bard!  
 But no, thou wouldst not—and thy gifted son  
 So placed, again the like career should run—  
 Again be naked left to Fortune's slurs,  
 A hound-like spirit in a land of curs!

But ah! if such may always be the fate  
 Of Genius native to a low estate,  
 For mercy's sake, nay for the sake of Burns,  
 Whose spirit methinks tow'rd's each poor brother yearns,

Away the mask of kindred let us fling  
 At once, and brand it as an outcast thing!  
 Above communion with the rude, by mind  
 Exalted, and yet shunned by the refined!  
 Yea, let this warning in its face be hurl'd  
 As the collective verdict of the world:—

“ Enrich the age with beauty if you will,  
 But you must do so at your peril still!  
 The sole reward's a life-long lack of bread,  
 And lastly a most desolate death-bed,  
 And then some century after, when the loss  
 And agony of Genius on the cross  
 Of Passion, shall have spread into a tale  
 Wherewith to spice the tavern lounge's ale,  
 Then shall your lowly grave, long grass o'ergrown,  
 Become a national sentiment in stone!  
 Yes, then a costly monument shall grace  
 And guard it in the land, a sacred place!”

Oh, must not Scorn have reeled with laughter—yes,  
 Even until shocked at her own bitterness,  
 To see by Scotland such a work up-piled  
 In honour of its so neglected child  
 Of grace and glory beautifully wild?  
 But there it stands—a type (at least to me)  
 Of intellectual hypocrisy!  
 Sad Poesy beholding, from it turns  
 And murmurs—What, a monument to Burns?  
 No: 'tis a sordid scoff perpetual made—  
 A final insult to his injured Shade!  
 The thankless country that denied him bread,  
 Now gives this stone—for he is *safely dead!*

---

WORDSWORTH.

Lofty and strenuous of sentiment  
 But narrow and partial in its scope and bent,  
 And thence the bigot of a local set  
 Of habitudes, meshed round him like a net.

Hence too his intellect, though large it be  
 By nature, hath one prime deficiency,—  
 Of moral difference that broad view which leads  
 The steps of thought beyond the snares of creeds  
 And circles of opinion, whether they  
 Be of the Old Time or of yesterday.  
 Hence too his narrow bias, I suspect,  
 Even in poesy to attempt a sect.

Still as a Poet he is great and rare,  
 A King of Thought upon the peak of bare  
 And rigid majesty, for power immense  
 Enthroned for ever! And in spirit thence,—  
 Thence let him waft us on a white-wing'd dream  
 Within the murmur of some profluent stream,  
 And there, just whither a dim line of brakes  
 In the remotest haze of distance shakes,  
 On his lone rounds let Peter Bell be seen,—  
 Seen o'er the White Doe on the herbage green  
 Heard breathing where she lies, and near her there  
 "The oldest *seeming* man that ever wore grey hair."  
 Then shall we find him verily a Seer  
 Of Nature's myst'ries, simple and severe.

With what a plenitude of pure delight  
 He triumphs on the mountain's cloudy height,  
 With what a gleeful harmony of joy  
 He wanders down the vale "as happy as a boy!"

How in his verse, each picture-pregnant phrase  
 Full to the eye some given shape conveys,  
 And thus though in the jarring city pent  
 Through him we reach the country and content.  
 Fond Memory apprehends with gladdened eyes  
 All that is richest in each wilding's dyes  
 As blending with the beauty and the grace  
 Of some bright advent of our happier days—  
 Hears through the sway of greenest boughs, as heard  
 Even then, the far voice of some favourite bird,  
 The murmurous industry of bees, the low  
 Responsive throbs of Echo throbbing slow

Out of some lonely dell, as to the tread  
 Of our own feet in days for ever fled!  
 Then of some brook that gushes in his lines  
 Glad Fancy drinks or on the bank reclines,  
 While of far cloud, grey rock and ancient tree  
 The dusky shadows on the page we see:  
 Yea, the air sweetens as the spells prevail  
 And our locks seem to wave as in a mountain gale!

Still there remains to tell the charm serene  
 Wherewith this Bard most sanctifies the scene:  
 'Tis that with eyes of love he's quick to find  
 In all its forms meet ministers of Mind  
 And that with the rare wealth of his own heart  
 As with a golden chain he interlinks each part.

But vainly the fond spirit of youth may look  
 For its peculiar food in Wordsworth's book,  
 Where Passion is but introduced to wear  
 A vestal's tenderness, demure as fair:  
 Not as to see it the new soul desires,  
 In all the splendour of its tragic fires,  
 Or, at the least, in all the bright distress  
 And rosy beauty of its wilfulness!

---

#### THE VERSE OF COLERIDGE'S 'CHRISTABEL.'

Mark yon runnel how 'tis flowing,  
 Like a sylvan spirit dreaming  
 Of the Spring-blooms near it blowing  
 And the sunlight in it gleaming!  
 Where that shelving rock is spied,  
 There with a smooth warbling slide  
 It lapses down into a cool  
 And brimming, not o'erflowing pool.  
 Then between its narrow'd banks  
 Playing mellow gurgling pranks,  
 It gushes till a channel'd stone  
 Gives it a more strenuous tone;

Or with an under-swirling spread  
 Over a wide pebbled bed  
 It bubbles with a gentle pleasure,  
 Ere some new mood change the measure :  
 Such a runnel typeth well  
 The sweet wild verse of ' Christabel ;'  
 But what might fitly picture too  
 The Wonder-World it warbles through ?

---

TO MY YOUNG COUNTRYMAN, D. H. D.

Who doubteth when the Morning Star doth light  
 Its lamp of beauty, that the day is coming ?  
 Or where prime odours track the breeze's flight  
 That in the vicinage rare flowers are blooming,  
 Or where the wild bees round about are humming  
 That there is honey in some cedar's height,  
 Or that the Sea is heaving into sight  
 When from afar a surgy sound comes booming ?  
 And surely, as the observer understands  
 What these pre-signify, as yet behind,  
 Thy Intellectual Amplitude expands  
 Before me in the Future when I find  
 Some early blossom breathing of thy mind—  
 Some thing of promise fashion'd by thy hands !

---

A Trooper of France, in desperate need  
 Had struggled from under his dying steed,  
 Where Egypt's pyramids appeared :  
 While on his black war-horse, the Turk  
 Who had borne him down, to finish his work  
 Back wheelingly careered.

Taking his resolute stand  
 Foot deep in his charger's blood,  
 The soldier of Christendom, sword in hand  
 That gleamilly out-pointing, showed  
 Like the lightning-tongue of a settling cloud,  
 His foe awaiting stood.

Urged into whirlwind speed,  
 On on with a scattering tail  
 Like the hurrying thunderbolt's smoky trail !  
 On on with a streaming mane  
 Like the foremost racks of a hurricane,  
 On came the Tartar steed !

Then passed with a vengeful clash  
 Of blades and a lunging downward crash  
 The imminent shock !  
 And when its cloud of dust upthrown  
 Clear'd off, there stood that Trooper alone,  
 Firm as a rock !

But two steeds and a Moslem in death lay still—  
 And a kite of the Desert that came, flop, flop,  
 In heavy flight from a pyramid's top,  
 In a merry mood  
 At the scent of blood,  
 Was circling o'er and screaming shrill.

---

### RECORDS OF ROMANTIC PASSION.

There's a rare Soul of Poesy which may be  
 But concentrated by the chastened dreams  
 Of constant hearts. Where'er the ministry  
 Of beautiful Nature hath enhanced the themes  
 Of some Petrarchian mind whose story gleams  
 Within the Past like a moon-silvered sea,  
 Or where grey Interest the spirit free  
 Of faithful Love hath caged in iron schemes,  
 Or round it stirr'd such dangers as o'erdrove  
 Long Ruin's storm at last—there evermore  
 The very airs that whisper to the grove,  
 The echo's mystery and the streamlet's lore  
 Savour of Passion and transfusive pour  
 Abroad suggestions to heroic Love.

## THE FLIGHT OF PEACE.

Trust and Treachery, Wisdom, Folly,  
Madness, Mirth and Melancholy,  
Love and Hatred, Thrift and Pillage,  
All are housed in one small village.

And if such be Life's mix'd being,  
Where may Peace from ruin fleeing,  
Find a shelter and inherit  
All the calm of her own merit?

In a bark of gentle motion  
Sailing on the summer ocean?  
There worst war the tempest wages  
And the whirlpool's hunger rages.

In some lonely new-world bower,  
Hidden like a forest flower?  
There too, there, to irk the stranger,  
Stalks the wild-eyed spirit Danger!

Vainly would she build by roving  
Or in hoping or in loving,  
Or in solitary spaces,  
Having in all times and places,  
Or in none a home of beauty  
In the fearless heart of Duty,  
Dwelling there and seeing  
God's right hand all things decreeing.

TO MY FIRST BORN,  
WASHINGTON HARPUR.

My beautiful! For beautiful thou art  
 To me thy father, as the morning light  
 Which makes all common objects fresh and bright,  
 Yea gives them out of the dun void to start  
 As they were newly fashion'd from the Night!  
 For long there was a darkness round my heart,  
 Until thy mother made her life a part  
 Of mine, to pierce it with Love's genial might—  
 The Aurora she and the young Morning thou  
 Of a new era in my worldly way!  
 Whence it behoves me heedfully to plough  
 The future for thy sake and for the vow  
 That I have made, to make thee (if I may)  
 A Man right worthy of *our* Australiä.



FINIS.

cc



## NOTES.

---

### AN ABORIGINAL MOTHER'S LAMENT (p. 113.)

IT will be remembered that, a few years back, a party of Stockmen (several of whom were afterwards executed for the crime) made wholesale massacre of a small tribe of defenceless Blacks—to the number, it is believed, of more than a score—heaping their bodies, as they slaughtered them, upon a large fire kindled for the purpose. Of this doomed tribe, one woman only, with her infant, as it appeared subsequently on evidence, escaped the White man's vengeance. The poem is supposed to describe the ejaculations of the mother after having fled to a considerable distance from the scene of the massacre, and when wearied and overtaken by the night.

---

Pp. 92, 96, 104, 110, 113, 114, 123, 124, 126.

The arrangement of the Rhymes in the Sonnets scattered through this Volume, is somewhat peculiar. In departing from the Italian model in this respect, I am conscious of not being induced thereto by a desire merely to innovate. But carefully trying the form I have here chosen, not to say invented, by my own ear, I venture to believe that it fits the English Sonnet—or rather, the Sonnet in English more agreeably than that usually adopted.







AM 2263556



DSM

A821

H295

6A1

DSM/ A821/ H295/ 6A1

The bushrangers : a play in  
five acts, and other poems

**STATE LIBRARY  
OF N.S.W.**



N1916669

