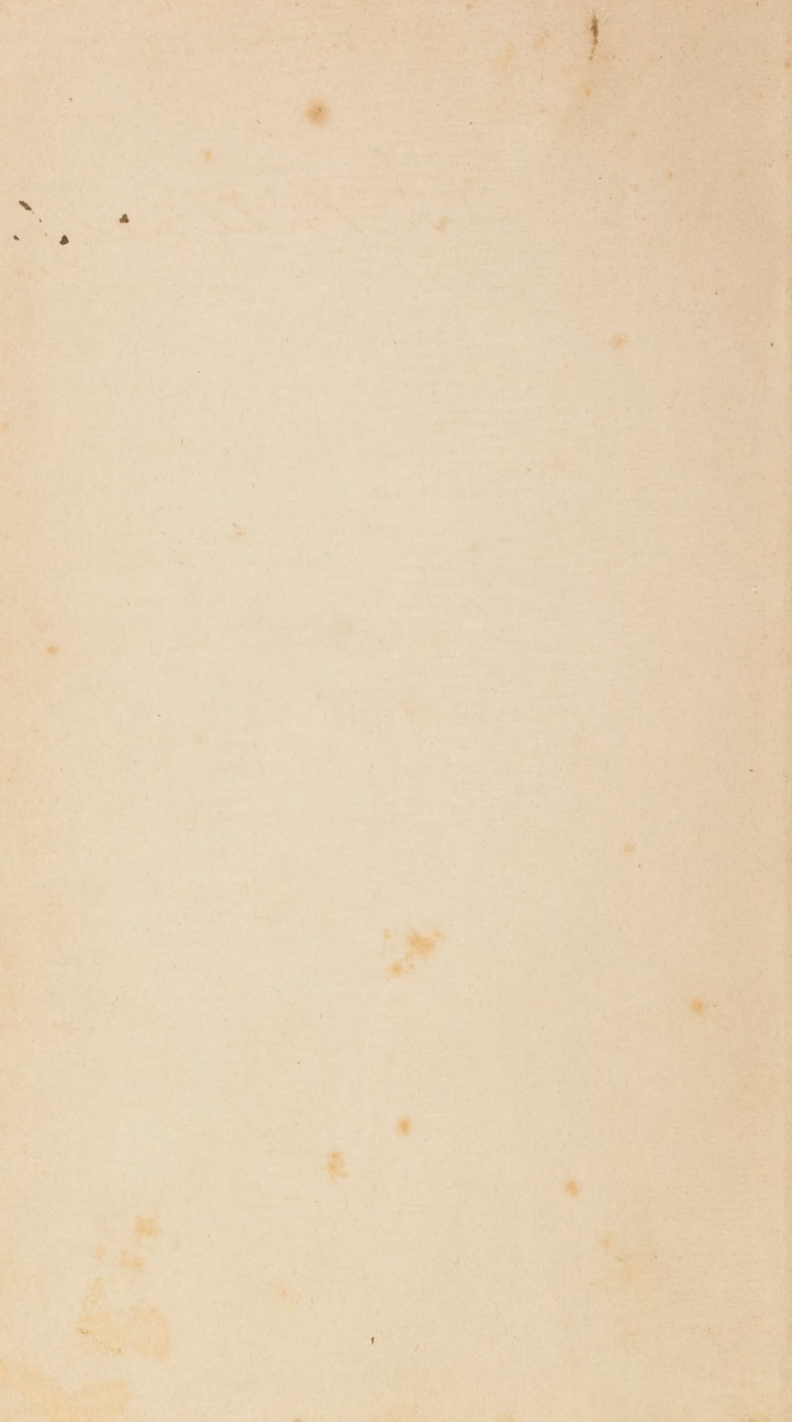


STATE LIBRARY OF N.S.W.
MITCHELL LIBRARY

DSM/
A821/
P245/
1A2



J. Pitcheley.

MURMURS OF THE STREAM.

Handwritten notes at the top of the page, including the number '12' and other illegible cursive text.

MURMURS OF THE STRAITS

LIBERTY BELL

Large handwritten signature or name, possibly 'Wm. W. ...', written across the middle of the page.

NEW YORK: ...

*William Forster by
from his friend.*

MURMURS OF THE STREAM.

BY

HENRY PARKES,

LATE MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY FOR THE
CITY OF SYDNEY.

*Not published
August 15/53*

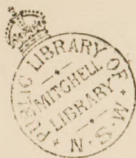
SYDNEY:

JAMES W. WAUGH, 139, GEORGE STREET.

—
MDCCCLVII.



PRINTED AT THE EMPIRE GENERAL STEAM PRINTING OFFICE,
HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.



POLITICAL
AND
OTHER VERSES.

THE VERSES UNDER THIS HEAD,
CONTAINING
RECORDS OF FEELING
SCATTERED OVER FIFTEEN YEARS,
ARE DEDICATED
TO THE
3057
ELECTORS OF SYDNEY,
WHO RETURNED THE AUTHOR
TO THE
LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY,
MARCH 13, 1856.



CONTENTS.

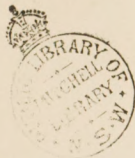
POLITICAL AND OTHER VERSES.

	PAGE
Fatherland	1
A Passing Rhyme	3
Suggested by Political Changes in Men in Power, and Men out of Power, in 1856	5
The New Parliament	6
Written on first hearing of the Revolutionary Conflicts in Paris, in June, 1848, and of the Military Ascendancy of Cavaignac	8
Lamartine	10
The Australian Maiden to her Brother	12
Australian Youths' Song	15
A Lay for the Times	17
The Sun-Thought	21
The Mother and Son	24
A League Hymn	27
Our Coming Countrymen	29
The Prayer of the Multitude	34

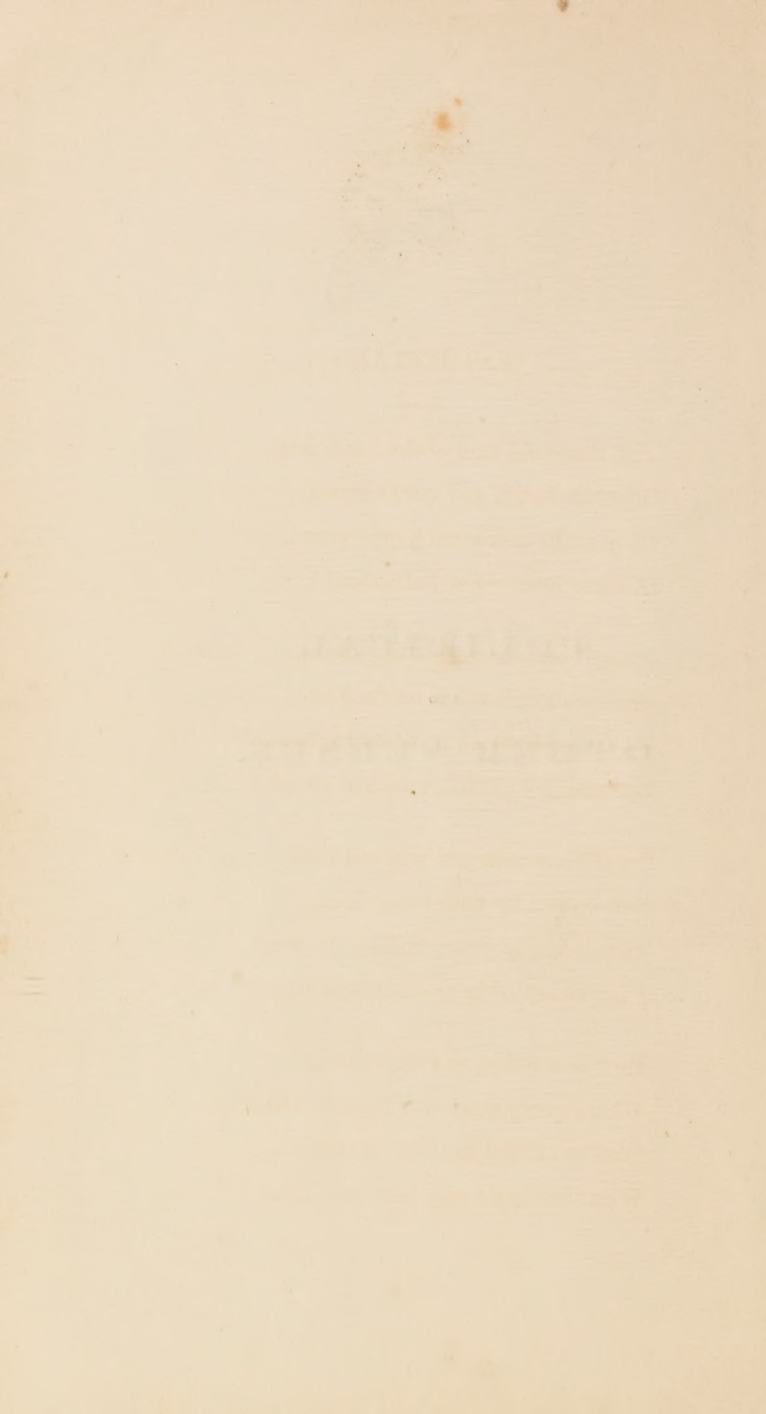
	PAGE
Labour, Wisdom, Unity	37
Sunrise	39
The Strength of Life	43
A Common Grief	45
The Emigrant to his Wife	48
Geelong	53
Heart-Mysteries	58
The Home-bound Ship	61
A Picture of Love	64
The Maniac to his Ladye Love	67
On Reading Mrs. Norton's "Dream"	72
Love's Home	73
To an Australian Child	75
The Murdered Wild Boy	82
The Dying Convict's Letter	86
Yesterday and To-morrow	90

ATTEMPTS IN SONNET WRITING.

On hearing, in Sydney, of Wordsworth's Pension	95
To Henry Halloran	96
Spring-Tide	97



POLITICAL
AND
OTHER VERSES.





FATHERLAND.

THE brave old land of deed and song,
Of gentle hearts and spirits strong,
Of queenly maids and heroes grand,
Of equal laws,—our Fatherland !

Though born beneath a brighter sun,
Shall we forget the marvels done,
By soul outspoken, blood outpoured,—
By bard and patriot, song and sword ?

Forget how firm and true our sires,
Still lighted by their battle-fires,
'Gainst kingly power and kingly crime,
Long struggled in the darkened time ?

How in a rolling sea they stood,
Where every wave was freemen's blood,—
Shall we forget the time of strife,
When freedom's only price was life ?

Shall Cromwell's memory, Milton's lyre,
Not kindle 'mong us souls of fire,
Not raise in us a spirit strong—
High scorn of shams—quick hate of wrong ?

Shall we not learn, Australians born !
To smile on tinselled power our scorn,—
At least, a freeman's pride to try,
When tinselled power would bend or buy ?

The brave old land of deed and song,
We ne'er will do her memories wrong !
For freedom here we'll firmly stand,
As stood our sires for Fatherland !

A PASSING RHYME.

MEN of the sword have won their way to power
 By wondrous strides, which made their fellows blind,
 So high did they in guilty splendour tower,
 Soldiers in soul and masters of their kind.

But step by step, though steps as of a god,
 They rose o'er conquered kingdoms to renown,
 Till all eyes grew expectant, where they trod,
 Of the triumphal car or regal crown.

Men have been summoned from the plough, to save
 A reeling state by foes and factions torn ;
 But they in better days had led the brave
 And swayed the good, ere back in triumph borne.

Yet other marvels, for the world to scan,
 Have we Australians,—though our days are few,—
 To dim the fame of conquering Corsican,
 The Roman patriot's glory to outdo.

Here men leap forth, the statesmen of an hour,
With one untutored bound, to highest place,
Who yesterday had never dreamt of power,
Whom none had named for mad ambition's race.

Here men are called to rule,—ah, self-deceived !
Because—if for a cause the thing can be—
They have neglected most and least achieved,
To found a State or set a People free.*

* These lines were written in the middle of 1856, on the completion of that political monstrosity, the Donaldson Cabinet, by the appointment of Mr. Thomas Holt to the Treasury—a gentleman entirely unknown to political life, remarkable for his crude opinions and his infirmities of temper, but possessing no single qualification for the successful conduct of public affairs.

SUGGESTED BY POLITICAL CHANGES IN MEN
 IN POWER AND MEN OUT OF
 POWER IN 1856.

Poor land ! of what avail for thee

Thy summer wilds and skies resplendent,
 If all this light still lifeless be,
 And man grow here a thing dependent ?

Wilt learn to sing of elder worth,

Of Greece, as some Greek menial sings,
 While thy own sons, mock lords of earth,
 Take rank among thy creeping things ?

Wilt learn to laud the perished brave—

Talk loud of deeds of foreign name—
 Content to own no hero's grave—
 Content to own no patriot's fame ?

Of what avail were Saxon hosts,

With summer wilds and skies resplendent,
 Without that first of Saxon boasts—
 A spirit free and independent ?

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

Written a short time before the General Election which took place in
March and April, 1856.

✓ THE splendour of tradition here
Lights up no line of deathless names,
As proud old England's barons were,
Whose worth our modern virtues shames.

Ay ! men were men in those old days—
If Power could curb the nation's will,
At least, 'twas met, in battle's blaze,
By brave resistance, god-like still !

Their pride was not a paltry pride,
Who England's ancient houses reared,—
Their very crimes seem glorified,
Now pleas for meanest guilt are heard !

And what of later times ?—how grand
The halo round the Briton's head,
When Hampden died to save the land,
And when the last cursed Stuart fled !

And shall not we our faith maintain?—

We of a race of heroes sprung,
Whose birthrights grew by that red rain
Which watered Freedom's growth, when young!

Not in the banner's storied light
That lifts the soul to triumphs past,
Must we for young Australia fight,
With battle-blade and battle-blast.

But duty not less stern and high,
A patriot call not less the true,
Than nerved our stalwart sires to die
For country, urges us to *do*!

As we acquit ourselves to-day,
And vindicate the voter's trust,
So shall we the foundations lay
For Freedom's temple o'er our dust.

Then, who would yield to base intent,
Or coward fear or villain gain,
In choosing our first Parliament—
In planting Freedom's mustard-grain?

WRITTEN ON FIRST HEARING OF THE REVOLUTIONARY
CONFLICTS IN PARIS, IN JUNE, 1848, AND OF THE
MILITARY ASCENDANCY OF CAVAIGNAC.

BEAUTIFUL spirit that walketh the sea!—

Oh! never may earth be fit dwelling for thee?

Never wilt thou in thy splendour remain?

Ever invoked by thy martyrs in vain?

Named of the mountain, sweet Freedom, art thou!

Maid of the torrent, with sunshiny brow!

And thy presence has girded the mountaineers bold,

Till stronger they grew than the giants of old.

Thou stay'dst but to smile on the patriot's grave,

And art gone to thy realm of the rainbow and wave;

Pass'd from the hills like the lightning, and none

May follow where thou in thy glory art gone!

Wooded to the populous city art thou,

And the glorified multitudes fealty avow!

But dimm'd is thy light by the terrors of crime,

And thy voice dies away in the murmur, "Not time!"

When wilt thou come and find rest in the world,
With thy banners of peace o'er the nations unfurled ?
When will the fratricide struggle be o'er,
And man in thy beauty be blest evermore ?

LAMARTINE.

NEARER to Heaven what mind could rise
 Than in its glorious strength did thine ?
 What gaze more steadfast reach the skies,
 O'er evil deed, and evil sign ?

Thine was the calmly burning thought
 Which slept not o'er the patriot's toil ;
 Thine was the seraph-love which caught
 Fresh light from Truth, 'mid Treason's spoil !

And, though the hero's stern resolve
 The arm'd strifes of France control*—
 Still let the poet's mind evolve
 The questions of her struggling soul !

* In allusion to the dictatorship of Cavaignac.

Still may pale France thy genius feel,
Ripening her pure and equal laws,
Till far-off nations spring, all zeal
And bravery, to the common cause !

Of all the sun-bright names that make
The daylight of our human world,
First shall they turn to thine, when wake
Young States, with Freedom's flag unfurled.

And oh ! if conflicts fierce and high
Should ever rend Australia's heart—
May one not less than thou be nigh,
To do and teach the patriot's part !

THE AUSTRALIAN MAIDEN TO HER BROTHER.

My brother ! know'st thou not why now
 I seldom smile, and then so sadly ?—
 And oh ! to ease this grief, say'st thou,
 All may be done thou wouldst do gladly ?

Mine is no sorrow which, to name,
 Need wake a blush—except it be,
 For thee and thine, the tinge of shame
 O'er native mind's inenergy—

Except the shame in deed and word,
 For young Australia's sons inert,
 While plunderers round her Council-board*
 Boldly their rights of spoil assert !

* Vide certain speeches delivered in the Legislative Council, in 1844, in opposition to the policy of Sir George Gipps, at which time these verses were written.

Hast thou forgot our evening, morning,
And mid-day dreams, of isles less fair,
Where Freedom dwelt, the world adorning,
And Truth made man her gifted heir ?

And how our loved Australia yet
Might rise among those names of light,
Brighter than star e'er rose, which set
Within the old world's troubled night ?

Did we not dream how thou shouldst stand,
Though even alone, a patriot true,
And late and early, for our land
Toil on as patriots only do ?

And art thou worn with nights of thought,
For her so steeped in crime and fear ?
Hast thou all means of justice sought
To raise her up—our country dear ?

In manhood's dawn—in sport of fame,
Thou, with the poet's skill, did'st twine
A garland round her sullied name,
As proud to call such country thine.

But is this all?—and canst thou, brother,
Australia's abject suffering see?
And live one hour for any other
Than the great purpose—her to free?

Go—through her sun-bright forests gaze—
Go, and determine which shall share—
A people free for better days,
Or lord and serf—God's bounty, there.

Ask not what sorrow wears my breast,
Seek not again to comfort me,
While still our country sinks oppressed,
Without a helping hand from thee.

AUSTRALIAN YOUTHS' SONG.

WE live in hope—we live in hope !
Forget the day that's gone !
Or dim or bright, the future's light
Is all to guide us on.

We live in hope—we have no Past—
Our Glory's to be won !
And come it will, in spite of ill,
Sure as to-morrow's sun.

Australian young, Australian strong !
Give us thy good right hand :
We drain no cup, but stand we up,
To bless our native land.

The thriftless sons of English lords,
With white hands, come, to be
Great kings of sheep, where sow and reap
The yellow corn should we.

And let them come—ay, let them come,
If learn to toil they will ;
But we dispute their title to 't,
Unless the soil they till.

Stand firm, my boys ! take courage, boys !
In young Australia's cause ;
Our souls we'll strain, for her to gain
Free homes and equal laws.

A LAY FOR THE TIMES.*

CALL ye yourselves true English, of genuine blood and
breed,

Types of our sturdy middle-men—the brave in word and
deed ?

The chosen heirs of Freedom ye, whose chartered rights
are sealed

With Hampden's blood ?—with manly hearts those
sacred rights to shield ?

No ! ye are of another race—the rich in nought but
gold ;

To whom King Charles had been a King of the most
kingly mould ;

With whom old England yet had been a land by Strafford
cursed ;

No ! ye are not true English, in the creed of Milton
nursed !

* These verses were written in December, 1853, when a meeting was held in Sydney to originate a public testimonial to Mr. Deas Thomson, in consideration of his services as Colonial Secretary.

What ! are your ranks so destitute of common worth and
fame ?

None 'mong yourselves whose services your just regards
may claim ?

Why, ere you shower your guineas down for this old
red-tape slave,

Not club your pence, and build a tomb o'er Richard
Windeyer's grave ?

A Lowe, with tongue of eloquence, and classic mind, for
you

Fought many a battle stoutly, and like a Briton
true !

But from your shores, unheeded, the gifted champion
went,

To take his place in England, and in England's Parlia-
ment !

And honest Lamb, the merchant—the man of your own
class,

Without your generous sympathy, he, too, was left to
pass !—

Though faithfully he held his post, when many a boaster
failed,

Though manfully he did his work—unthanked, the
vet'ran sailed !

And Donaldson,* who guarded well your purse, even like
a Hume,

Whose buoyant spirit breath'd new life o'er the old
Council-room,

For all his gallant struggles, standing foremost in your
cause,

Hardly received an echo of your idly-lipped applause.

But ye can muster boldly, and prate in pandering
phrase

Of talent and great services, when ye have him to praise !

And, while he's your exemplar, why wonder at your
vice—

The Prince of Office-Jobbers, who sold us for a price !

* Mr. Stuart Alexander Donaldson, as he was before he had fallen a victim to the seductive arts of Mr. James Macarthur.

If Judas was a sinner, his sin is hundred-fold,*

Whose pieces are three thousand of the tempter's deadly
gold ;

But muster strong, and sanction wrong, ye addle-headed
wights !

Do homage to the Caitiff who sold the people's rights !

* In the first Elective Council, in the time of Sir George Gipps, it was laid down by the Opposition members as an inviolable principle, not to supplement the public salaries which were reserved from the control of the House by the Imperial schedules. This first article of their political faith was, however, renounced by the squatters, who principally constituted that Opposition, when Mr. Thomson, under Sir Charles Fitz Roy, played into their hands in all their subsequent schemes ; and they unblushingly agreed to a vote to raise his salary from £1500, as fixed by the Constitution Act, to £2000 per annum, giving the increase a retrospective effect for six years, and thereby putting £3000 of the public money into his pocket at one stroke.

THE SUN-THOUGHT.

A YOUTH rein'd in his graceful steed
 On Bourke's proud-statued hill,
 And bent his eye, with passionate heed,
 Where day was breaking still ;
 He watch'd the glorifying gleams
 Sent through the cloud-shapes grand,
 And gazed until the god all beams
 Burst on his native land.

And like a god, indeed, he rose—
 That bright Australian sun,
 Swift through the gorgeous phantom-shows,
 Which flamed—are changed—are gone—
 Like battle-pomps of many a legion,
 When first their bright ranks close ;
 Or burning city in a region
 Of dim and distant snows.

Ay, glorious more than dream of things
All beauty, joy, and power,
Broke forth his world-illuminings,
His splendours of that hour.
And blissful as may ever seem
This thorny world of ours,
The palaced shore and harbour-stream
Glow'd in his beamy showers.

The young Australian press'd his steed
Onward, with throbbing heart :
Wild, thrilling thoughts, which none might read,
Rich hopes new-born, were part
Henceforth of his impassioned life ;
And ever in his breast,
By day, by night, in calm, in strife,
That picture seem'd to rest.

That glorious picture he had seen
From infancy till then,
But it a shining blank had been—
No thought of free-born men

Had flashed upon his spirit there,
 No prescience of the fame
And greatness of a land so fair
 E'er smote him, as with flame.

But ever hence shall he behold
 That picture, at all hours,
With thoughts more rich than virgin gold,
 With hopes more bright than flowers.
And, 'mid the soul-fret of the mart,
 And in the ball-room's glee,
His country shall be next his heart—
 A nation great and free.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

A MOTHER she was in the glory of youth,
With a smile on her face like the spirit of truth ;
Though a wildness, such majesty flowed in her mien,
None ever had guess'd she was less than a queen.

The sublime old Pacific kissed fondly her feet,
And her robe was of sunbeams, for sinless one meet ;
She look'd as a bride of the Caliphs of old—
O'er-shower'd with diamonds—engirdled with gold !

The boy at her side was of passionate soul,
And he watched with enthusiast eyes the white roll
Of the waves, and a ship in the distance which gleam'd
And rose, like a bird, where the morning light stream'd.

Still nearer and nearer that gallant ship came,
Till the boy ask'd aloud of the helmsman her name ;
And the breeze wafted answer from master and mate,
That her name was the Britain, and wisdom her freight.

Then that fervid-soul'd boy to his sweet mother turn'd,
And beseech'd her to say, while his eyes brighter burn'd,
What beautiful thing was the wisdom of Britain,
And where, and by whom, its true records were written.

A shade, as of grief, dimm'd her brow-mantling pride,
And the motherly voice in slow accents replied,
And told how the wisdom that proud ship should bring
Was to her and her race an o'erburdensome thing.

How its dogmas and edicts had anger'd the brave
To unnatural war, by the wild Western wave !
How its records were traced with the sword in the wild-
wood

And cities new-built of America's childhood !

She told how its law, like a wizard's dark spite,
Ever cross'd her own path—turn'd her day into night !
Shut her lands from the plough—to her labourers gave
The standing and badge of the felon and slave !*

* Written during the Anti-transportation struggles in 1848 or 1849.

Then, she paused, that proud mother! and turn'd an intent
And questioning gaze on the ship, as it leant,
Like a creature all faith, love, and joyance, before
The light, balmy breeze, to the sunshiny shore.

It might be some glimpses of history broke
On her mind, and a sad veneration awoke ;
It might be she thought of the men of past ages,
Grey Albion's chieftains, and poets, and sages !

Ay, hallowing memories rose in a throng,
Like emotions at sunset or waken'd by song,
And crowded that mother's stirr'd heart, till she blessed
The hand on her sons that so heavily pressed.

And she breath'd a fond prayer o'er her pure-passion'd child,
That the day might ne'er come, so disastrous and wild,
When a son of Australia a foeman should stand,
At Freedom's behest, 'gainst that glorious land !

A LEAGUE HYMN.*

COME, brothers, come ! the new-born South,
 Whose brow is flushed at thought of shame,
 Victoria, in her radiant youth,
 Sends forth her sons to guard her fame.

And she, the trampled martyr-child,
 Who sits upon our coast, and weeps,
 Like Lamb's sweet Rosamund defiled—
 Tasmania 'midst her twofold deeps :

She, beautiful Tasmania, hath
 The bearers of her eloquent plea,
 The champions of her sore-tried faith,
 Before thine altar, Liberty !

* Written in the early part of the year 1851, when a Conference of Delegates from the Colonies was held in Sydney, to promote the objects of the Australasian Anti-Transportation League.

We meet in peace, with high disdain
Of stratagem or base intrigue,
Our rights, as freemen, to maintain ;
As brothers true, we join the League.

Brothers ! may Heaven's own breath pervert
Her soil, if, recreant of them all,
Eldest Australia fail t' assert
Her children's rights, at Freedom's call.

But, no ! to swell our traitor-tales,
No future scribe, nor bard unborn,
Shall dash the name of New South Wales
With satrap's jeer or patriot's scorn.

Come, brothers, come ! we rouse us now,
'Gainst wicked scheme and base intrigue ;
With hearts to dare, and hands to do,
We join Australia's glorious League.

OUR COMING COUNTRYMEN.

ENGLAND'S poor who wanderers be
 On her highway o'er the sea !
 Trodden long in England's dust—
 Out at last from England thrust !

Children of the former brave,
 Who, on battle-field and wave,
 Fought for England in the time,
 Ere her poverty was crime.

Ye, whose labour and whose skill,
 And whose scorn of every ill,
 Save the woe ordain'd by state,
 Made her greatest of the great !—

Whose intelligence and power,
 (Though ye be old England's poor,)
 Best support her mighty name
 Of imperishable fame.

Ye who come—when statesmen say
That is left the only way
To appease lean Hunger's cries—
Out to England's colonies.

Know ye what fair masters wait—
Master both and magistrate—
Ye to give your sweat for bread,
When Australia's shores ye tread.

Know ye, gentlemen are they,
Who in open daylight say
England's convicts they prefer
To you pauper-scum from her !—*

Convicts, for they cheaper are,
And more governable far ;
Convicts, with no idle child
To be ration'd in the wild !—

* A few years ago, during the protracted agitation for the abolition of transportation, and when these lines were written, the sentiments expressed in this and the following verse might frequently be heard from the lips of Magistrates of the Territory, in almost the self-same language as is here used.

In the wild, where go ye must,
And to these men's mercies trust ;
And, arise what quarrels may,
Their adjudgment still obey !—

Where revenge and lust ne'er sleep,
Let wild nature smile or weep,
Unabash'd as unforgiven,
When the sun looks down from Heaven !

Where all British law is dead,
As our senators have said,*
And the honest pay a price
For the sufferance of vice.

“ Ample room for life ” is there,
And it is a region fair,—
Ample room, but not for man
In the heaven-appointed plan.

* Mr. Donaldson, in a speech in the old Legislative Council, some years ago, described an immense tract of country in the Northern districts where honest men found it necessary, for the protection of their property, to live on good terms with their disreputable neighbours.

Where the cedars fringe the river
In the summer light for ever,
And the plain and valley pine
For the plough and harrow's tine ;

Not a single cottager,
Like the men your fathers were,
Is there through the sun-bright regions ;
Only sheep in countless legions.

One man's flocks, for you to tend,
O'er a kingdom's space extend,—
You or isle-barbarian,*
China's slave or cheaper man.

Though the factory's crowded floor
Hold you not as heretofore ;
Though ye tread the fragrant ground,
With the free pure air all round ;

* The late Mr. Benjamin Boyd introduced a number of South Sea Islanders, with a view to their employment as shepherds. The experiment proved an utter failure.

Though no workhouse mandate now
May your suffering spirits bow ;
Though ye feel, and justly may,
Ye have won your bread each day :

Ye all Christian faith will need,
Not to curse your lot indeed,
Still pursued by wretchedness,
New and different, but not less.

THE PRAYER OF THE MULTITUDE.

OUR God and theirs ! look down on us
 Who perish day by day !
 And them for whom we suffer thus,
 Still labour as we may !

Before the robin opes his eye,
 We wake to labour's task ;
 Before the light is in the sky,
 Thy help, O Lord, we ask !

Still ever, ever task'd, O Lord !
 The breaker of the soil
 Ne'er drinks the sage's saving word—
 May spare no hour from toil !

The printer's marvellous engine throws
 No rain-like thoughts of power
 In fields where yet gaunt Misery mows,
 And Crime is still the plougher.

Still ever, ever task'd, O, Lord !

Hours by the burning oil ;
The pale mechanic's best reward
Still brief repose from toil.

The daylight of the English press
Scarce gleams on spots obscure,
Dark corners of the wilderness,
Where crowd the English poor.

Still ever, ever task'd,—the mole
Among his fellow-men,
In body unerect and soul,—
The coal-pit's denizen :

For him and his, what knowledge, Lord?
From earth's green face away,
Shut from the light of mind out-pour'd,
As from the light of day.

For ever task'd, for ever task'd,
In England's world of looms,
We ask as multitudes have ask'd
In their live factory-tombs,—

When will thy wisdom, Lord, so check'd,
The weaver's prison burst ?
How shall the march of intellect
Break down the walls accurst ?

Our God and theirs ! bend down thine ear
To England's toil-worn men—
When wilt thou in thy strength appear,
And in thy justice, when ?

LABOUR, WISDOM, UNITY.

A GOODLY sight it is, young friend,
As ever king beheld,
To see the anvil's conjurer bend
The white-hot bars, and weld,
And deftly shape, as waxen thread,
Within the roaring forge-light red.

A splended sight, to see his skill
Impress that heart of steel,
And mould it to his master-will,
As it could know and feel ;
While thoughts of beauty lighten through
The sweat-drops which his brow bedew.

A noble sight, young friend of mine,
To see him toil and think—
A hero of a stalwart line,
With heart too big to shrink
From frown or foe, or aught save shame—
Who rates with life his spotless fame.

A glorious sight as ever yet
The high sun gazed upon—
To see such men as he, when met
To do what may be done,
By labour, wisdom, unity,
Their country to advance and free.

SUNRISE.

UNRISEN, but with every thought to rise,
 The morning sun—as first in Paradise,
 Adam beheld his nearing presence flood
 The East with light—was coming like a god !
 An hour before, th' immense Pacific's track
 Was over-gloomed with clouds all dead and black :
 Now, by his smiles transmuted, there up-hurled,
 They seemed the barriers of some brighter world,
 Long banks of gold and purple,—far between
 Whose sunder'd mounds, in tracks of liquid green
 Besprent with flamy dust, like paths of sky,
 Where many angels late had journeyed by,
 The Eastern realms of Heaven opened to mortal eye.
 I gazed in rapturous, awed expectancy,
 To see the sun's first spring into that sea

Of molten gems ; and, every moment, came
Change wondrous o'er that world of cloud and flame !
Those tracks, which only seemed as late disturbed
By angels' feet, were crossed by steeds uncurbed
And docile-reined, some riderless, and some
Held back by hands of fire, as they were come
For the god's chariot ; and wild shapes of life,
Maidens all fear, and warrior forms in strife,
Strange groups in mystic adoration bowed,
And gorgeous and phantasmal Things of Cloud,
Which in our earth have no similitude.
Oh ! 'twas an hour for thoughts that should denude
The human heart of its unsightly pride,
And bow us down in worship side by side—
The mightiest and the meanest, Him before,
Whose love surrounds us ever, evermore,
In universal beauty. Hues of thought,
Beauteous and mutable as those cloud-wrought
Transcendencies of glory seemed to fall
Within my mind, but evanescent all,
As rose that blessed sun that blessed morn !
Swiftly he rose, as one impatient borne

On urgent mission of eternal good ;
Swiftly, with brow which seemed a sudden flood
Of bliss from Heaven. I thought of the fair land
Whereon the glory burst,—how many a band
Of patriots young and ardent she will have,
Ordained all perils for her sake to brave,
Whom such a sunrise may inspire with hopes
Of national triumph, which, before the slopes
Of evening back receive that same day's sun,
Shall all be realised, in Freedom's battle won.
I thought how many a bard of hers will watch
The sunrise of her summer morns, to catch
New glimpses of the wonderful ; and weave
The splendours into song, all fit to leave,
Unfearing, to posterity. I thought,
Harpur, of thee—the rich things thou hast bought
With the world's modicum of happiness :
Alas, that Nature would not sell for less !
And then a thought of my own blue-eyed boy
Came, with a thrill half sorrow and half joy ;
Then others, momentary, interflowing,
A crowd of thoughts that set my heart a-glowing

With throbs of joy it never felt before,
Though tingling with a dim pain in its core ;
And through that rush of transient thoughts there sprung
A blessing on Australia, waxing strong
With love for the Queen Isle—our beautiful and young.

THE STRENGTH OF LIFE.

THE dreams of boyhood all were passed,
The gorgeous light that shone through all
Had faded from life's track at last,
Like sunshine from a prison wall :
He stood alone, and faced the world—
The wide, bleak world without a star ;
And every scorner's lip was curled ;
And heart was faint ; and hope was far.

But—faint with disappointment's pang,
And trust deceived, and efforts foiled,—
And bleeding now from misery's fang,—
That heart yet firmly beat and toiled.
He gazed upon the desert way,
And drew fresh life from resolute will ;
For hope still smiled, though pale her ray,
And Heaven was bending o'er him still.

And never failed that trustful heart,
 In conflict dark and suffering long,—
Still striving for the higher part,—
 By every struggle waxing strong.
The grim realities of life
 He met, with front as fixed and grim ;
But well he cherished, through the strife,
 All gentle thoughts that came to him.

And when, far up the sunny mount,
 He rested like a traveller tired,
His dearest joy was to recount
 The dreams that first his spirit fired.
The glory of those dreams returned,
 All pure and tranquil, bright and free,—
Not one rich hue that early burned
 Tinged by the trail of misery.

A COMMON GRIEF.

A SIMPLE Irish maiden, with wild heart
Exuberant of natural playfulness,
Oft, holding in her arms a sweet-eyed child,
Sung an old peasant dirge, in feigned distress,
As to surprise the lovely infant face
Into a transient shade of grief, that then
She might, with fuller fondness, see it start
Back into light and joy, when she again
Looked up herself, from her sad-acted part.
“I’ll die, I’ll die, I’ll die !” the maiden sung,
And her bright face put on a mimic sorrow—
“I’ll die, I’ll die, I’ll die !” until that young
And pensive listener knew how she could borrow
The tones and mask of mourning, and so grew
Expectant of the mockery ever new,
And learnt to lisp, with a pretended pity,
The silly burden of the maiden’s ditty.

And while her third blue summer's light
 Yet warmed that infant's brow,
While yet the earth with flowers was bright,
And nature seemed to know no blight,
 A sickness laid her low.

A cruel and insidious sickness
 Laid low that gentle child—
Low in her spirit's suffering meekness,
Low in her voice of softening weakness,
 And eyes that patient smiled.

Low in her mother's dear embrace !
 And, with soft-drooping eye,
She murmured, in that resting-place,
Beneath that loving, watching face,
 "I'll die, I'll die, I'll die !"

She feebly takes her favourite flowers
 From sister's hand and brother's ;
And feebly, as our grief o'erpowers
Our hearts, she lifts her eyes to ours,
 Her father's and her mother's.

But not so quickly droop and fade
The flowers she holds as she ;
And morning's light, and evening's shade,
Where now her little bed is made,
But mark where it will be.

The night of fitful moanings 's past,
The day of pain is done ;
We see the die of death is cast—
We feel that she must go, at last—
We say aloud, “ she's gone !”

There is a wealth for memory still,—
Her quiet sojourn here—
Her temper meek, her gentle will—
The flowers of peace no worm may kill,
Which made her life so dear !

But fancy, in her linnings rare,
Will hear the haunting cry
Steal o'er that crown of sunny hair,
Those sweet blue eyes, that forehead fair,
“ I'll die, I'll die, I'll die !”

THE EMIGRANT TO HIS WIFE.

✓ I REMEMBER days all glowing, love,
 With sunshine and delight,
 When the tide of life was flowing, love,
 With many a sail in sight.
 I'll remember evermore, love,
 That long-ago of ours,
 When the sands along the shore, love,
 Were strewed with shells and flowers.

What a nest of flowers that cottage was,
 The Severn's flow beside,
 Where, to see my rose, I used to pass
 At morn and eventide !
 Oh ! thou little then didst dream, love,
 That other loving eyes
 Than thy white-haired sire's did beam, love,
 On all thy reveries.

And I could have watched for ever, love,
Methinks, in secret so,
If the spoiler's hand had never, love,
There scattered death and woe !
And I think I see thee yet, love,
As 'midst thy garden flowers,
When the sun seemed loath to set, love,
And leave thy happy bowers.

I remember, I remember, love,
One later autumn eve,
When the leaves of chill September, love,
Had changed like things that grieve,
How I saw thee sit, and mourn, love,
Where sat thy sire before ;
With the crape about thee worn, love
Which told he was no more.

And my heart found voice in sorrow, then,
Thy comforter to be ;
And it sought no garb to borrow, then,
For true love's sympathy.

Soon unfeeling strangers came, love,
Who bade thee thence begone ;
And thy beauty and fair name, love,
Were left to thee alone.

Then, I woo'd and won thee for my bride—
Nor did more fondly vow,
When we left the winding Severn's side,
To love than I do now.

In the city's depths we dwelt, love,
Till half life's sands were run ;
And fair children round us knelt, love,
'Twas joy to gaze upon.

Still the memory of those early days
Came fresh, and at all hours,
How I used to steal unknown, to gaze
On thee among thy flowers !
And misfortunes came at last, love,
Which fell like tempest rain :
But the sunlight of the past, love,
Broke through the clouds again.

Thou didst cling to me the fonder, love,
Alone on ruin's brink,
When the storm had burst asunder, love,
Poor friendship's frailer link.
I remembered 'mid the blast, love,
Which rushed o'erwhelming on,
Other days of light long past, love,
And blest thee, faithful one !

When I rose up from Affliction's bed,
Hope beckoned o'er the sea,
And how cheerfully the word was said
That thou would'st go with me.
As we watched the lessening shore, love,
From 'mid the waves' unrest,
To behold it never more, love,
No murmur 'scaped thy breast.

I remembered, on the billow rude,
The happy Severn's side,
By our little daughter's pillow rude,
Even in the night she died :



As they lowered her dust unurned, love,
Down in the restless sea,
To my brain that light returned, love,
That blessed memory.

I remember days all glowing, love,
With sunshine and delight,
Now the sea is round us flowing, love,
Nor land nor sail in sight.
I'll remember evermore, love,
Beneath a brighter sun,
All those happy days of yore, love,
Mine own beloved one !

GEELONG.

A PASSING stranger in thy streets,
 A self-will'd vagrant 'midst thy throng,
 Whom none will bless of all he meets,
 His blessing pours on thee, Geelong ;
 May'st thou wax great—each age more strong,
 In mind and heart !

Oh, spots more beautiful there are,
 For home's sweet sake, for heroes' deeds :
 Where woman has been true as fair—
 Where men have died for trampled creeds—
 Spots lovelier far for all that pleads
 With man's proud heart !

But thou art as a destined queen,
Yet parted from her certain throne ;
Grand cities of the past have been,
But future ages thee shall own,
As of earth's empress cities one—
A nation's heart !

Ay, men of other mould shall be,
Of generous thought and iron nerve,
To win a world-wide fame for thee,
In the world's warfare thee to serve ;
For the world's pelf who ne'er shall swerve,
From thee in heart !

And maidens, rivalling Eden's blooms,
Shall breathe, in hall and cottage bower,
A glory through thy pleasant homes ;
And mothers shall be thine, to store
The dawning mind with Milton's lore,
And fan the heart !

And poets yet, in many a lay,
In strains which Shakespeare's soul would own,
Shall sing of fair Corio's Bay—
Of Barwon's banks, and of thy zone
Of villages, wherein has grown
Trade's mighty heart !

Shall sing of these, and of life's lot
Within thy walls—of statesman's fame,
And memories hallowing many a spot
Where thou hast given a star-like name
To Science, or hast put to shame
A tyrant's heart !

And Commerce on thy palaced shore
Shall hail, on every golden tide,
Fresh argosies, and ever more,
Of wealth from the world's garners wide :
Thy sons shall love thee in thy pride
With strengthen'd heart !

While well the peasant's plough shall win
The rich life from thy grateful lands ;
And nooks for love to nestle in
Shall smile 'neath peasant maidens' hands,
Where now the hermit gum-tree stands
On the plain's heart !

And yet the snowy fleece shall be,
And purple treasures of the vine,
From far past Colac's inland sea,
From Barabool's rich hills—all thine ;
More blest than Sacramento's mine*
Thou'lt be in heart.

* The Stanzas were written on a visit to Geelong, in October, 1850, a little more than six months before the Gold Discovery. At this time, the river Sacramento was the most celebrated name in connexion with the gold discoveries of California.

A stranger's blessing rest on thee,
Thou embryo city of Geelong ;
Thy green and sloping shores will be,
Not emblem'd by this worthless song,
But a true joy remember'd long
Within my heart.

HEART-MYSTERIES.

✓
 MORNING and Night of Life! How grandly waken
 The memories of the humbled heart obscure ;
 How bends the soul, that death had never shaken,
 That could all martyr-agonies endure—
 How bends it to its holy thoughts and pure !

Who has not suffered humanly, O, God ?
 Fragrant alone is not the glorious rose :
 The meanest sufferer 'neath thy chastening rod
 The flower-hung river of thy blessings knows—
 Has quieted his soul-thirst where it flows.

Pleasures that ask more tears than grief demands,
 Griefs luminous with the radiant thoughts they've stirred,
 Like flowers cast on the sea by children's hands,
 Snatched back by elder ones, with step unheard,
 Bright with the briny drops—are so endeared.

The lonely wretch beside his dying child,
There listening starkly for the moaning breath—
There watching, in his helpless sorrow wild,
That little wrestler with the giant Death,
Girds his lorn heart, a mountain load beneath !

He girds his heart, as would a hero gird,
For morning comes, and the world's strifes begin !
What were the vulture to the demon bird,
Whose talons pierce the dove of peace within ?
What were all other racks, to crush his sin ?

Yet humanly he suffers, Gracious God !
And finds sweet succour in his speechless pain,
Treading the path of thorns which all have trod—
Looking to Heaven till break the clouds again,
And resting on thy love—never in vain.

Morning and Night of life ! bright mystery
That throbs, and thrills, and burns in Being's core,
Lifting the young heart upward, as to see
Some sky-born beauty seen of none before—
Joy—if so named—where is thy priceless store ?

Oh, art thou not a sunbeam lost in clouds,
A hymn's soft echo where sin's footsteps fall,
An angel's shadow in the world's wild crowds,
A bright elusive mystery, after all?
But ever One will hear man's earnest call.

THE HOME-BOUND SHIP.

MORN brightened into rich and cloudless day,
And beauty, resting full on earth and heaven,
Seemed as just breathed from the Creator's love.
The gallant vessel lay, with look of pride,
As conscious that the hour, at last, was come
For her glad journey back to England, bearing
The home-sick homeward ; that sad farewell looks,
From many a jut and point along the shore,
Would follow, seeking on her poop, for faces
To vanish soon for ever. Hark, eight bells !
And see her "meteor flag," for the last time,
Rise in the sunlight of this Southern Land,
Which, too, bears England's union, floating o'er
The spot where landed first our countrymen.
Now, friends and kindred ! take your last farewell,
Press close your beating hearts ; nor let false shame

Lock up the tears that flow, to fertilise
The heart which has true love enough for tears.
Now the boat waits for those who go ; and ye,
Dwellers in Sydney, who lose friends to-day,
May hold them by the hand no minute longer.
Now, come and watch their bark go out to sea !
With loud and cheery song, the seamen lift
Her anchor, 'neath the pilot's watchful eye ;
Already her loose sails, in white festoons,
Are stirred by the fresh, favourable breeze,
Which breaks in glittering fragments the small waves
Against her trimly-painted sides : and eyes
Are watching for her earliest gentle start
Upon her long, long journey. " Off she goes !"
The iron keeper has let go his hold,
And cometh home, with the crew's heightened song,
From his long post of safety in the sea.

Behold yon group upon the tide-left reef
Under the Fort which bears Macquarie's name,
And burlesques England's power, and shames her pride :
Yon group, with farewell signals waving white

To passenger who answers, with the same
White symbol of quick-recognising love ;
As down the harbour glides the noble ship,
With canvas set, and colours flying gaily,
Those snowy handkerchiefs are waving still,
And still are answered from her starboard quarter,
Till round dark Bradley's wooded Head she's lost.
“ A pleasant passage to her !” in the words
Of every sailor, bidding an old friend,
When outward bound, farewell—“ A pleasant passage
To her ;” and may she reach a happy land !

A PICTURE OF LOVE.

THERE were two gentle lovers, whose young hearts
A love co-aged with their lives had knit
In a pure intimacy, which no arts
Of worldly interest shaped or shaded, it
Was to their souls, as fragrance to the rose,
Or sunshine to a summer day's repose.

They were not beautiful, save that you deem
All beautiful, whose souls' unfearing truth
O'er-lights their happy features, who ne'er seem
What they are not—bright with the joy of youth!
Nor were they rich, nor one of rank above
The other—there was nought to chill their love.

Of dear-linked friends the only children, these

Dear ones together had been reared, by sweet

Sisterly interchange of offices

Maternal ; both their mothers trained the feet

Of both to walk—show'd both the garden flowers,

And taught both voices to call both homes “ours.”

When unwean'd children, danced in the glad arms

Of their young parents, they would fondly start

And laugh, each at the other ; and no charms

Had the new toy for either, if apart,

When older grown ; and ever side by side,

They gather'd flowers, at morn or eventide.

They grew in love and loveliness—for they,

Each to th' adoring other loveliest seemed

Of all on earth ; years pass'd, nor brought, to prey

On their wreath'd hopes, a single grief ; they dream'd

Of nothing earthly fairer than their lot—

If guilt and pain were near, they knew it not.

Ere yet the bloom of youth was dash'd from off
 Their spirits, they took up the church's bonds,
And chose a home where pride ne'er came to scoff ;
 Though it had scorn subdued—a pulse responds
To the soft influence of a blameless life,
In hearts most deaden'd with disdain and strife !

How blest were they !—in that full, unrestrained
 Communion of their inmost souls, which made
All Paradise which they of this world gained,
 And bred no hopes their sweet peace to invade,
Save hopes of Heaven, which still they felt would be,
Oh, bliss !—that love's pure immortality.

Their lot was lowly—'mong the labouring poor
 Born, educated, link'd by all life's ties,
To die, and be lamented ; to their door
 No splendid idler's chariot rolled : the wise
And mighty ones who stirred the world, seem'd far
From them, and glorious-bright, as evening's star !

THE MANIAC TO HIS LADYE LOVE.

✓ THE summer light in Love's warm skies,

When all the world lies fair before us ;

The tears that start from star-like eyes

When Sorrow's winter darkens o'er us ;

Common are these as sun and cloud,

Alike to lowly heart and proud.

But ne'er was known so deep a joy

As nature unto us bequeathed,

Such splendour, free from all alloy,

As o'er our passioned souls was breathed ;

Oh ! few of mortal birth could guess

Earth e'er contained such blessedness !

How bright, beyond expression's power,
 On my young heart thy beauty rose!—
How poor were likening thee to flower,
 Or gem, or star 'mid Heaven's repose—
Too mean were Fancy's rainbow dyes,
Thy form of light to idealise.

In trembling wonder long I gazed :
 And oft in that wild trance alone
I strove 'gainst hopes presumptuous raised,
 Startled at thoughts I dared not own :
Ev'n then, what holy rapture thrilled
My soul, with Love's first voicings filled !

And thou did'st breathe that one rich word,
 Which told those high hopes were not vain ;
The same new heaven of feeling stirred
 Thy heart, that gladden'd mine to pain :
And in that truth all confident
We grew, whereon our beings leant.

Where the green wood-walks loneliest led.

We wandered at the moonrise hour,
In Pan's hushed haunts, inhabited
Only by insect, bird, and flower.

And when we parted, oh, how sweet
Morn's light, for us again to meet !

The day in brighter glory broke ;
The rose a richer fragrance gave ;
With sweeter song the birds awoke ;
More lightly rolled the mountain wave ;
All nature wore a happier guise,
Illumined by thy seraph eyes.

A foul and fearful change there came !
Thy divine eyes no longer smiled ;
Thy sweet voice sounded not the same ;
Thy looks grew haggard, strange and wild.
I knelt to thee, adoring, still,—
But knelt 'mid thousand shapes of all.

A foul and fearful change there came !
 On me demoniac hands were laid,
 Smiting my soul with pointed flame—
 Cursed voices mocking, when I pray'd,
 For now I knelt in prayer to thee—
 And madness knelt and pray'd with me !

Ah ! who shall say a grief has been
 Unutterably great as ours ?—
 The earthquake where fair homes were seen,
 A poisonous blight where grew sweet flowers,
 Ruin so drear ne'er left behind
 As that which spreads o'er heart and mind !

* * * * *

The leperous horror which has crept
 O'er me and this world's light so long,
 Shall surely yet away be swept,
 For death's all-reaching hand is strong ;
 The fiends that tore our hearts in twain
 Shall die, and we be one again.

Yes, yes, sweet love ! some moony cave,
 In heaven's mysterious solitude,
Will ope for us beyond the grave,
 With love's immortal blossoms strew'd ;
In some Elysian bower we yet
Shall meet, as in life's spring we met !

ON READING MRS. NORTON'S "DREAM."

AND have thou faith in human nature still,
 Wrong'd by the world, by those beside thee more ;
 Thy glorious woman's heart and poet's skill
 Are left thee, greater, grander than before.

How hast thou honour'd womankind in this—
 Wringing a wisdom from thy grief, when man
 Had sunk in dark misanthropy o'er his,
 Though never such his safer peace could ban ?

Still is our dimm'd world beautiful, and love
 A high and holy thing, to thy fair mind ;
 Though in the greenwood droops the wounded dove,
 Though the heart's faith, sworn sacred, fails to bind.

LOVE'S HOME.

MAN may build his walls of granite, high and splendid to
behold ;

Underfoot, in crimson glory, have the carpet's wealth
unrolled ;

And the ceiling flowered with gold may raise, to grace
each gorgeous room ;

But, alas ! for these, heart-nestled love will choose not
there a home.

Man may single out a cottaged nook in some remotest
vale,

Where the breath of flowers comes forth at noon, sweet
burdening every gale ;

May select the fairest earthly spot of fragrance, light and
bloom ;

But, alas ! for these, heart-nestled love will choose not
there a home.

Oh ! it matters not where dwell we, so the voice of love
 be nigh,
Still to mingle tones of heavenly peace with sorrow's
 earthliest sigh :
With one sheltering bosom, warm and true, a fig for
 princely dome ;
And a clinging heart is aye the sweetest flower to deck
 love's home !

TO AN AUSTRALIAN CHILD.



How bright is the morning, young creature of mirth,
 As 'twere the fresh dawn on a paradise wild,
 Out-bursting in smiles o'er the land of thy birth !
 But the beauty of Eden had ne'er reconciled
 Thy sire to his exile, if never those eyes
 Had pleaded in innocent love for its claim !
 For oh ! these are not the green woods and blue skies
 Which my childhood rejoiced, nor these wild flow'rs
 the same.

Sweet day-spring ! what grief-tinctured reverie stays
 Thro' the rose-wreathen hour of thy bless'd return ?
 Even he whose sick fancy the flower-paven ways
 Of his childhood retraces, still waking to mourn—
 To sorrow o'er memories fading in tears—
 Even he, though the morn o'er a stranger land beams,
 Feels the spirit of light that in all things appears,
 Softly winning his heart from its bondage of dreams.

When the soul-tints of sunset are melting away,
 With a glory which Earth has no brilliancy matching ;
And, charmingly sad o'er the death-bed of Day,
 The moon like a beautiful mourner is watching ;
Oh ! then is the hour, upon Fancy's freed wings,
 Over Boyhood's green haunts to be roving again,
In some valley of peace, where the nightingale sings,
 Or the waterfall only is heard to complain !

And at night's holy hour, when the star-throngs are
 met,
 And no cloudlet obscures their bright presence on
 high ;
When we feel as forbidden of Heaven to forget
 Nights past of like beauty, with loving hearts nigh,
Though encurtained long since in young Grief's golden
 mists,
 Though the lamp from Love's temple, all shattered, be
 gone ;
Oh ! what joy for the exile in visions exists,
 Of the many once dear, and our Youth's chosen
 One !

But the sun in his rising, benignly resplendent,
Thy land, little Southerner ! flooding with smiles,
Ever wakes fresher feelings—pure, proud, independent,
That link us anew to this fairest of isles !
And right regally She, in the morning's rich light—
My boy's native city—now looketh the Queen,
With the sea at her feet lying tranquil and bright,
Skirted still by her forests of dark evergreen !

And grandly her future, my fair-fortuned boy !
Shall unfold o'er Australia's wild mountains and glens,
With effulgence of mind, and pervasion of joy !
That shall startle the world from its pomp of old sins.
Yes ! Freedom her prime more august shall renew,
With the spirit of Sparta, the sway of first Rome,
Where now the green desert lies shut from man's view,
Or the desert's dark tribes, in soul mastery, roam.

And high is thy birthright, entitling to share
In her patriots' labours—the work yet unplanned
Of some Hampden, perchance, now by mother's fond care
Cradled safe 'mong the mountains, afar in the land ;—

To claim, when thy country shall rank with the nations,
An honour-marked place by the side of her chiefs,
With a soul that has fed on her proud aspirations,
And pined 'neath the weight of her national griefs !

To gaze on the face of the waters all golden,
At sunrise, as now it lies burnished with light ;
And the villas and cots, through the evergreen olden,
Along either shore smiling many and bright ;—
Oh ! who would not yield to some thought of the past,
How the savage so late stood alone on the strand ?
Who dream not of days which, eventful and vast
In their glory and good, shall yet dawn o'er the land ?

A morning like this, as the Sabbath-bell's call,
With sweet spiritual tone, o'er the sunny waves came,
I have stood where the chime of the bell-bird was all,
In our old men's remembrance, God's rest to proclaim,—
Alone on the beach, and have dreamt back the days
Of fear and despondency, hunger and toil,
When rose the first hymns of the exiles, in praise
Of the God of their sires, o'er a wilderness soil.

I've pictured the lonely encampment of yore,
Scarce gapping the deep-tangled forest, whose shade
Still shielded their tents, on the desolate shore,
From the sun in his noon-heightened glory arrayed ;
When ripened no harvests beneath the blue skies,
When the pickaxe first gleam'd in the still "desert air,"
And the bayonet guarded their far-brought supplies—
Poor bondsmen ! who planted in grief and despair !

I've turned to the beautiful city that gleams,
As a crest on the head of the sunshiny haven,
Where the life-tide of commerce incessantly streams
Through her marts with the names of all nations engraven ;
And, seeing yon mass of men's homes in the sun,
Quiet well-springs of greatness, each working unseen,
As a heart's healthful pulses unnoted beat on—
Oh ! then what enthusiast dreams mine have been !

As through a far-winding and home-studded valley
Of blossomy herbage, and wide-ranging herds,
And of trees bowed with fruit, forming many an alley
Alive with the wing-stir and twitter of birds ;

As o'er the glad face of a region so fair
Should exultingly come, at their chieftain's command,
A concourse of gallant-soul'd men, who despair
Never knew, their invaders to meet on the strand!

Even so have events seemed to crowd on my vision,
Long-hoped consummations of valour and love,
Deep thronging Futurity's vistas elysian,
O'er embryo years shedding light from above,—
Oft so in my dreaming, Australia has met
Her malignants with patriot ardour, to foil ;
Calling forth a more blest Cincinnatus, to set
His high heart and pure hands to her lawgiver's toil.

Here, sages and bards—such as breathed the great soul
Into Hella's else-barbarous, recordless reign—
Thought's streams have unlocked, through the nation to roll,
Like a blood of mentality warming each vein :
And Woman, endowed with all beauty, has risen
To her blissfullest place in society's plan,
From Intellect's thrall and the Mussulman's prison,
To fellowship, equal and glorious, with Man!

Here, Science has soared in a starrier world
Than was ever explored by her votaries yet,
And banners, inscribed with new lore, has unfurled,
Bright as angels their lessons of wisdom had writ!
And here has the Christian the cup of his love
Held, brimming and pure, to each child of his creed;
Remembering not how our forefathers strove,
For sectarian triumph, in doctrine and deed.

Not all unprophetic those visionings wild
Came over my soul—of thy land's better sons,
And her future of fame, my Australian child!—
With their light like the glory of tropical suns.
Oh! surely this land, "in its wildness benign,"
Which the "fire-robe of thought has enwound"* even
now,
Shall arise from its bondage, a world-waking sign,
Even greater and fairer, loved England, than thou!†

* Charles Harpur. † Written in 1846.

THE MURDERED WILD BOY.

AN OLD SETTLER'S STORY.*

Loud talk ye of the savages,
 As they were beasts of prey!—
 But men of English birth have done
 More savage things than they.

I'll tell you of one horrid deed,
 Worse than the wild attacks,
 You've painted in such midnight words,
 Of the poor outraged blacks.

* "In September, 1794, some accounts were received from the Hawkesbury, which corroborated the opinion that the settlers there merited the attacks which were from time to time made upon them by the natives; it being now said, that some of them had seized a native boy, and, after tying him hand and foot, had dragged him several times through a fire, until his back was dreadfully burnt, and in that state had thrown him into the river, where they shot at, and killed him."—*Collins' History of New South Wales.*

A horrid deed and cowardly
As barbarous men e'er did,
Which not one Christian Englishman,
In Jesus' name, forbid !

Upon the Hawkesbury's fertile banks,
Full fifty years ago,
I had a settler's home, and oft,
The black man for my foe.

Yes, oft they came—and well they might—
In muster strong prepared,
To teach us we should not possess
Their soil's ripe fruits unshared ;

And they, in desert corners driven,
Crouch tamely in disgrace,
Till hunted by the fire-arm'd men
From every hiding-place.

'Twas at the time that sinful strife,
'Tween the wild tribes and us,
Was felt to be an evil grown
Dark and calamitous,—

One morn a native boy was found,
Whom some mischance had thrown
'Mong us, his father's enemies—
Alas ! too sure his own.

They seized him, bound him hand and foot,
And there were son and sire,
And brothers—all born English—who
Burnt his young flesh with fire !

Through a high-blazing pile, in sport,
They dragg'd him to and fro,
Loud cursing, when the tortured child
Shrieked out his maddening woe.

Then, in their crime capricious, they
Unbound each little limb,
And dragg'd him to the river's brink,
And bade him leap and swim.

Imploringly he raised his eyes !
Then crept into the stream,
And yielded to the paining wave,
With loud, laugh-echo'd, scream.

Adown the river floated he,
Farther, and farther down,—
But when they, disappointed, saw
He would not sink and drown,

The murderous musket was upraised,
With gesture fierce and wild—
The bullet pierced his throbbing heart !—
So died that murder'd child.

You've read of Indians' cruelties,
Hoping the tale untrue,
Yet felt the horror in your blood,
Changing your young cheek's hue.

But of a bloodier deed than that,
In books, you never read—
Ah, me ! it haunts me day and night,
And will, till I am dead !

THE DYING CONVICT'S LETTER.*

IN mental agony he lifted up

His voice to Him who hears the sufferer's prayer :

“Merciful God ! withhold this bitter cup,

My failing strength a little while repair—

Oh, let me hear once more, before I go,

Of her whom my rash crime has steep'd in shame and
woe !”

* “Among the few who died in June, 1794, was a convict of the name of Gillies. His death took place on the morning of the ‘Speedy’s’ arrival from England, by which ship a letter was received addressed to him, admonishing him of the uncertainty of life, recommending him early to think of the end of it, and acquainting him with the death of his wife, a child, and two other near relations. He had ceased to breathe a *few moments before* this distressful intelligence would otherwise have reached him.”—*Collins' History of New South Wales*, chap. 13.

There was a pause : he knew by the glad hum
Of expectation round his squalid couch,
An English ship had anchor'd—there was come
To land, a boat with letters ; scarce they touch
The beach, when a soil'd missive met the eye
Of one he sent to enquire : 'tis his ! now read and die.

“My dear lost son,”—they were his father's words—

“In grief unbounded I now write to thee ;
And oh ! I fear my heart's sore-strain'd chords
Will break, long ere thine answer reaches me ;
Only for that I live ; alas, alas !
How, like the morning dews, our earthly joys all pass !

“O, son, repent thee, while the day is thine,

Trust not the morrow—death may come before—
Let not God's anger smite thee 'midst thy sin,
Turn, turn, and mercy at his feet implore !
How shall I tell thee, too unhappy son,
Whose head, to warn thy soul, his wrath has fallen upon ?

“She whom thou did'st bring home, in life's fair morn,
To sit where sat thy mother, by our earth !
Whose smiles were of a guileless spirit born,
Whose sadness seemed more sweet than others' mirth !
She who so clung to thee, when guilt and shame,
Like a foul leprosy, covered thy felon's name !—

“Forgive my anguished heart, my son, if hard
The words I've written—she has gone to rest !
Yet fairer should have been her love's reward,
Cruel it was to wound that gentle breast
So deeply and so ruthlessly !—with her
Sleeps thy fair boy ; he, too, shares the dark sepulchre.”

He ceased to read, his bony hand still clenching
The opened letter, as he backward fell
Upon his sea-weed pillow ; death was quenching
The feeble light in his cold heart—'twas well !
Yet once again, to search that scroll, he strove,
For words he knew were there, of her departed love.

Vain was his dying effort, to unfold

The written treasure—but not all in vain—

That struggle freed his soul from earth's faint hold,

His sin and suffering past ! the prisoner's chain

Had a light pressure for his pulseless limb—

An ignominious grave in pity closed o'er him !



YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

I REMEMBER pleasant places, with the sweets of Eden
 filled,
 Where the sun for ever cloudless rose, life's flowery
 paths to gild ;
 Where no gentle heart had wept, no generous spirit had
 been bowed,
 And the voice of Joy was ringing, like the lark's song in
 the cloud.

I remember days of sunshine, when no shadow smote the
 brow,
 And the world looked pure and beautiful,—how changed
 its aspect now !—
 When around were dear companions, with bright smile
 and guileless breast ;
 And we dreamt of sorrow only, ever waking to feel blest.

I remember, I remember,—but what matters it to-day ?
There's no spot of bloom to gaze on now along my
 desert way ;
And those tones of love and gladness which so blest me
 long ago—
They are silenced, like the linnet's song, by Winter's
 blasts of snow.

I remember nought so pleasant as the place I'm journey-
 ing to,
Where the lost ones wait more beautiful, youth's friend-
 ships to renew ;
In my dreams I've seen them nightly through these
 many, many years,
Waiting for me in those realms of light undimmed by
 human tears.

ATTEMPTS
IN
SONNET WRITING.

DEDICATED
TO
SIR CHARLES NICHOLSON, K.B.,
AS
A LINK
OF
A VALUED FRIENDSHIP.

ON HEARING, IN SYDNEY, OF WORDSWORTH'S
PENSION.

BRIGHT beings, gathered to the realms of rest,
 Whose names have glorified dead empires, stood
 Looking upon our world, to see the good
 Victoria his high worth and glory attest,
 Pillowing upon his grateful country's breast
 The drooping Bard's white head,—the Bard whose
 days
 Have lengthened on, till grown are his sweet lays,
 Like daisy-flowers, round every human nest.
 Our Milton turned to Homer, with a smile
 Worn only by such sainted glorious one,
 Then, unremembering Cromwell's day the while,
 With sweet approval looked our Queen upon—
 “ This royal act is worthy Britain's Isle,
 Thou, crown'd Lady, of old England's throne !”

TO HENRY HALLORAN.

On reading a beautiful Sonnet by him, entitled "Coolie Labour."

GREAT God be thank'd, that there are men like thee,
 Who ever rise in sovereignty of mind,
 Lifting against the oppressors of our kind
 The voice of Genius—still most sovereignly
 When boldest waxeth their arch-villany,
 Who for the tyrant's purpose have combined !
 I thank Almighty God, who intertwined
 Strong hate of wrong with high mentality,
 For such as thou, true Poet ! Nothing can
 Enhance the strengthening joy which now so thrills me,
 In knowing how thy heart beats in this cause ;
 Though thy remembered kindness, Halloran !
 Comes like a smile through the deep light which fills me
 With happy thankfulness and pure applause.

SPRINGTIDE.

How beautiful, Great Mother ! thou appearest
 To young and loving eyes, when opening buds,
 More dewy-bright than are the diamond studs
 In a Queen's diadem,—thick-wreathed, thou wearest :
 And of all hues of glory glow the rarest
 O'er thy renew'd features ; when the woods
 The happy birds imparadise with floods
 Of early song ; and flowers which bards holds dearest
 Freight Zephyr with their virgin sweets. Great Nature,
 How heart-felt beautiful is emerald Spring,
 Ere bitter tears have soiled each sunny feature,
 Or passion wild has ruffled fancy's wing !
 Young life ! young love ! what bright exempted
 creature,
 When these were past, ne'er blench'd with sorrowing ?

TO CHARLES HARPUR.

MEN first in Glory's race shall turn aside
To scan thy posied beauties, sweet and wild :
Woman, whose eye on Genius ever smiled,
Shall muse o'er thee, like a dream-curtained bride.
Thy country, with a high and honouring pride,
Shall count the Harp wherewith thou hast beguiled
Care from her children's hearts, among the up-piled
Trophies of Fame, untouched by Time's dark tide.
Then cheer thee with the hope which shall prolong
Joy's visit to thy bosom, and inspire
New energy divine for deathless song,
Australia's first-born to Urania's lyre !
Thy memory may not die, while there are young
And gentle hearts, to feel the poet's fire.

June, 1843.

HOME.

SWEET home ! how lavish of his harp's sweet tones
Is the young Poet, when he sings of thee !
And ever sweeter grows his minstrelsie,
As time more distant leaves the loving ones
Whose voices blest his first sweet home. His bones
Should moulder 'neath the same old church-yard tree
Which shaded Childhood's earliest reverie,
Though live his fame in Earth's remotest zones.

Sweet home ! how must the victor's mind o'erwrought
Droop o'er thy loss, when the red fight is ended ;
And he who seeks, and finds, what few had sought,
In untrack'd wilds, for thee still pine unfriended !

Sweetest of all life's sweets, which gold ne'er bought,
How wisely round the poor thy charms are ofttest
blended !

HOME OF A BIRMINGHAM ARTIZAN, TWENTY
YEARS AGO.

ONE of a brick-built row in street retired,
 A lowly dwelling, so for comfort plann'd,
 No foot of room was lost ; in nothing grand ;
 Yet wanting nought which humble heart desired.
 Parlour,—with creeping plants the window wired,
 The furniture soiless kept by woman's hand,—
 In summer, like some nook of fairy land,
 For winter nights, well hearthrugg'd and coal-fired.
 Snug kitchen in the rear, with childhood's sports
 Gracing the threshold, and the home-cured fitch
 Within—fair picture 'gainst the poor man's wall !—
 Ope to a garden-plot, not crowded courts.
 Such our mechanic's home ; nor wanted stitch
 His decent clothing ; and content blessed all.

To *****

On being disappointed of his society.

IF thou hadst known how counted we the hours,
 Impatient as the prisoner, whose only
 Consoler is the bird, sweet-voiced and lonely,
 Which a capricious love of some few flowers,
 Chance-springing by his dungeon bars, has brought,
 Once and again, to warble there ;—as lorn
 And as impatient for our friend's return ;
 If thou hadst known how every commoner thought,
 Through the long day, led back to thoughts of thee—
 All colder feelings did but tranquilise
 One deep of honoured happiness, that we
 Were not unworthy deemed of one so wise
 In the sweet lore of dream-bound Poesy,—
 Then we, expectant, had not lost what all must prize.



LOVE OF LIBERTY,

EARTH'S guardian minds in every age have hymn'd
 Thy praise, O, Liberty, in words of fire,
 Enkindling, as thy genius willed, desire
 Of thine immortal honours, all undimmed,
 In their unroused compatriots! Death begrimmed
 By Bigotry's devices,—living pyre,
 Slow waste of life in dungeons, rackings dire,—
 May crush the goodly-formed and lusty-limb'd,
 But touch not love of liberty. So well
 Nurtured is this great love where great men be!
 What feeling else had nerved the patriot Tell?
 Made the three hundred of Thermopylæ?
 And oh! may love of Freedom ever dwell
 In the bold Briton's heart, though poorest he!

TO W. A. DUNCAN, ESQ.,

On returning "Collins' History of New South Wales,"

It seems as I had chatted long with one,
 With a warm heart and hoary head, who knew
 Sydney, when all beyond their ships was new
 To its self-cheering founders; and the sun
 Through the green depths of a "thick wood" had shone
 On us, in leafy nook, the while he drew
 His unglossed pictures of that motley crew,
 Who, more than Britain's flag, planted upon
 These shores,—her arts and virtues. And, tho' much
 Of crime and sorrow darkened the wild scene,
 Brightening there spread from the rough painter's
 touch
 Heart-hues of goodness, o'er the face serene
 Which pale Hope show'd untrembling,—beauties such
 As good men gaze on long when ages intervene.

THE PALL-BEARERS OF THE POET
CAMPBELL.

THEY worthy of that mournful honour were,
 Who bore the Poet's pall, when Campbell's dust
 Was added to the mighty heart which must
 Re-wake, with world-felt throb, from Westminster ;
 Ere wisdom yet shall draw men unto her,
 As to a mother deeply loved.—The just
 And gentle Morpeth ; Peel, who holds in trust
 Our struggling country's fame and character ;
 A Campbell, scarce less famed than the departed ;
 Brougham, pale Freedom's friend, in her dark morn ;
 And Leigh, the high of birth and humble-hearted,
 The noble Lyrist of the lowly born ;*
 Stuart, Argyll, and Aberdeen, who started
 In life bowed with old glories meekly worn.

* The late Lord Leigh, one of the most amiable and retired of the British nobility, was the author of some beautiful Poems which evince a deep and fervent sympathy with the Poor, in their constant struggles and distresses, and a noble spirit rejoicing at their attainment of knowledge and its attendant blessings. To quote his own language,

The gloom-dispelling radiance of the morn
 Delighteth not the rising traveller more
 Than it doth glad his heart that lofty scorn
 Recoils from the repellent strength of Wisdom lowly born.

TO THE REV. DR. LANG.

BRAVE men who weary not in doing well,
Early and late still labouring in the cause
Of our humanity, beyond applause ;
Who hold their services too high to sell,
And count all toil as honour ; who propel
The world, else moveless,—these should give us laws,
Who in the onward march nor fear nor pause,—
The pulses of society, which tell
The ebb and flow of life. If Freedom sprang,
In olden days, to hail brave souls like these,
While Ignorance cross'd their path, and Tumult's clang
Still loudened,—here, 'midst all malignities,
Will not the spirit of Progress bless thee, Lang,
Where men waste in all meaner services ?

1850.

FAVOURED CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH
ARTIZAN.

OURS it hath pleased the Almighty to decree
 A lot ungear'd by wealth and worldly state ;
 Nor us to mingle with the wise and great
 Hath he permitted ; nor enriched are we
 With the pure gold of learning, nor kept free
 From sorrow's heart-rack. But our pure life's date
 God did, in His all-minding estimate,
 Fix in a land, "where men are proud to be !"
 What ! though not heirs to titles and broad lands,
 And barred from Homer's world, from Delphi's shrine ;
 Still, in the sunless manufactory,
 The pride of freemen strengthens our right hands :
 We might have been of Afric's race supine,
 In degradation born, in bonds to die.

1843.

THANKSGIVING OF WORKMEN FOR BRITISH
LIBERTY.

WE thank thee, Father, Merciful Supreme !
 That thou hast raised o'er us fair Freedom's shield !—
 At the red forge, the loom, or in the field,—
 Whate'er the demagogue's, the despot's scheme.
 Thy name we bless, when bad men dare blaspheme,
 For this—our strong-hold, when, 'gainst pity steeled,
 Hard masters seek the oppressor's rod to wield—
 The poor man's shelter in his need extreme !
 We thank thee, Father, for each sacred right,
 Won by brave patriots Thou didst raise of old,
 Whose glorious minds ne'er slackened in their might,
 When Persecution's whirlwind round them swept ;
 We thank thee, from the depth of hearts as bold
 In Freedom's cause !—our thanks, Oh Lord, accept !

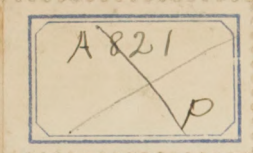
1843.

ci



PRINTED AT THE EMPIRE GENERAL STEAM PRINTING OFFICE,
HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

AN 2265353



DSM ~~HKL~~

A821

P245

1A2

DSM/ A821/ P245/ 1A2
Murmurs of the stream

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



N2159555

