

Poems  
and Recollections of the Past  
Hill, Fidelia S. T. (1790?-1854)

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**Poems  
and Recollections of the Past  
Sydney  
T. Trood  
1840**

## **The Dedication.**

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY  
ADELAIDE,  
QUEEN DOWAGER OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS INSCRIBED, WITH SENTIMENTS OF  
ADMIRATION AND RESPECT

By Her Majesty's most devoted humble Servant,  
**FIDELIA S. T. HILL,**

## Preface.

ALTHOUGH the writer of these pages, previously to quitting her native land, received the most flattering encouragement from one of the first booksellers in London, to publish a Volume of Poems, she pleads the pressure of circumstances as her only apology for intruding on the notice of the public. — She trusts that a charitable allowance will be made for defects of which she is conscious, the poems having been written during seasons unfavorable to composition, of severe domestic calamity, and bodily suffering. Several of them were suggested by the singular reverses of fortune, which it has of late, been the writer's portion to experience. While with sincere and grateful acknowledgment she looks over the highly respectable and numerous List of Names affixed to the volume, she is led to indulge a hope, that as the *first* who has ventured to lay claim to the title of Authoress, in Sydney, she will be favored with a continuation of patronage and support.

Sydney, May, 1840.

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# Poems, and Recollections of the Past

## Wakefield.

I'll not forget thee Wakefield! times may change,  
And I upon this earth a wanderer be,  
But far or near, or wheresoe'er I range,  
My heart in thought, will still return to thee;  
Again in thought, thy wild-wood walks retrace,  
Where I in "pride of happy childhood" strayed,  
Or pause in sadness, o'er the hallowed place,\*  
Where the loved ashes of my sire are laid.

Gaze on his noble Church's splendid spire  
In gothic grandeur frowning o'er the scene,  
Or turning the loved Vicarage admire  
Where those who now "are not" full oft have been,  
Hie to my little garden, once again,  
Rich in its poppies bright, and yellow broom,  
Then seek in haste, the narrow hawthorn lane, †  
Scent the sweet hay, and mark the hedge-rose bloom.

Dear cherished scenes, tho' strangely altered now,  
Your sight reviving to my soul doth bring,  
New life, and freshness, thus the leafless bough  
Buds into foliage, at the breath of spring;  
I'll not forget thee Wakefield; times may change  
And I upon this earth a wanderer be  
But far, or near, or wheresoe'er I range,  
My heart in thought, will still return to thee.

\* The remains of the late Rev. Dr. Munkhouse, are interred with the Vicars of Wakefield, on the left side of the Chancel, in the Parish Church of All Saints.

† The Vicars' Lane.

## **Song. — Bower of Love.**

**Fitz Eustace.**

In gay parterres where I have been  
What groups of gaudy flowers I've seen  
    Yes, flowers which some call fair!  
The tulip proud, with painted cheek  
Carnations of a mingled streak  
    And sun flowers flourished there.  
The marigold in shining pride  
Looked like a glowing Indian bride  
    With poppies bright and gay,  
Jonquils their honied fragrance shed,  
And wall-flowers from their sheltered bed  
    Appeared to greet the day.  
To find a flower in vain I strove  
To plant within my Bower of Love.

Methought when I beheld the rose,  
This is the sweetest flower that blows  
    And there is none so fair.  
I plucked it, but my hand was torn,  
Its graceful leaves concealed the thorn  
    Which ever rancles there.  
I left the treacherous rose in haste,  
And journeying thro' this desert waste  
    In rapture here surveyed  
A beauteous lily; Nature's child,  
Whose breath perfumed the lonely wild,  
    In snowy vest arrayed:  
Flora be praised! no more I'll rove,  
This flower shall grace my Bower of Love.

## Lines to the Memory of Mrs. G. M.

Ophelia — “There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;  
pray you love remember, and there's pansies; that's for  
thoughts.”

Laertes, — “Thoughts and remembrance fitted,” &c.

Hamlet.

Here are pansies to plant round thy tomb,  
For thought, busy meddling thought,  
Recalls what thou wert, and thy doom  
Awakens the sadness it ought;  
And sacred to Memory's shrine  
A garland of rosemary see.  
Tis meet we its boughs should entwine,  
For ah! can we e'er forget thee;  
Fond remembrance itself long shall dwell,  
On scenes now for ever gone by;  
Of thy worth, and thy gentleness tell,  
And utter thy name with a sigh.  
While tears shall unceasingly dew  
The turf where thine ashes repose,  
Till where weeds, and rank grass only grew,  
Shall blossom the myrtle and rose,  
And well may thy fair daughters weep\*  
Round the tomb of a mother so dear.  
They tend thy loved grave-bed and keep  
There, the first and last sweets of the year;  
We would not recall thee again,  
Since we firmly believe thou'rt at rest,  
That exempt from affliction, and pain,  
Thou hast entered the abode of the blest.

\* Who obtained permission from their Father to remain at Berne in Switzerland, until the flowers were grown which they had planted round their Mother's Grave.

## Knights Story.

### Fair Estelle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thy gentle nature, owns no sense, Estelle!  
Like that which Warriors feel when arrows rattle,  
Nor can I language find, thee sweet, to tell  
The rage, the fearful tumult of the battle;  
While glory calls, and valiant deeds are doing  
Our hearts expand, and our bold breasts are glowing,  
Reverse the scene, gaze on the heaps of dead,  
Pause for a while — where is the wild fire fled  
Which lighted erst, the hero's breast elate,  
While stretch'd before him on the field of Fate,  
Lie those whom fitful fight no more can warn,  
Lo! Death sits heavy on each lifeless form.

\* \* \* \* \*

On bleeding Knights, who but the day before  
Bloom'd high in health, and boasted youth's fair store,  
By war's decree, even here, untimely hurled,  
To await their fiat in another world!  
Still, lies the heart, that beat with joyous bound,  
Stiff, the bold hand, that deadly blows dealt round;  
Nerveless and weak, opprest with dust and gore,  
That heart! those hands will ne'er know warfare more,  
And not alone, the youthful warrior lies,  
On the wide field to the wild fowl a prize;  
All ages, ranks, yea all conditions must  
Mix with the slain, and mingle with the dust,  
Whiles, the survivors heave heart rending moan  
For dearest friends, and nearest kinsmen gone!  
But to the fray — the eventful dawn display'd  
    To watchful, waking eyes a gorgeous sight  
In richest guise, and goodliest garb array'd,  
    Came forth, each wily Saracen of might

And in defiance waved his sabre bright,  
Gilding and gallantry without, I wis  
Within, all cruelty and cowardice;  
High on each Tower, a blood red streamer set  
Waved high in air from rocking minaret:  
Twas then we entered Palestina fair,  
Banners, and flags, and standards flaming there,  
Bold bands of music, our choice spirits charm'd,  
And waked new ardour, in the hearts they warm'd;  
For with such strains, now in my fay, I think  
It were impossible for soul to shrink:  
Then, then on high, the crystal cross we rais'd,  
    Strung our strong bows, and armed with hawberke bright,  
Brandish'd our spears and burnished shields that blaz'd,  
    And dared the heathen rebels to the fight:  
Yea loudly, in their recreant ears did ring  
Around with manful might, God and the King;  
    And now, they rais'd a fierce and savage yell  
    Whiles we advanced with axe and mangonel  
    Unto the main Tower of their citadel!  
Sending our beehives to announce from far  
That we were skilful in the arts of war!  
Besides the ever gallant Salisbury  
So justly styl'd the sword of Chivalry,  
Now that I mind me, lady, there was one  
Whose shield emblazon'd\* bore a rising sun;  
Fierce in the conflict but of him anon.  
Our Eagle eyed, and Lion hearted Liege  
Impatient of the long protracted seige,  
With battle axe, of huge and pond'rous cast,  
Spread ruin 'ronnd him wheresoe'er he past:  
On each and every side, behold them falling!  
Like grass before the scythe, O sight appalling;  
Some lay on shore, whiles others darkly slept  
In the blue ocean, by no eye be wept:  
Wide o'er that fair expanse, and fatal main  
What signs of carnage, and what heaps of slain;  
Yet ever still success our arms attending  
    We dealt destruction, 'mid the Paynim throng,  
And from bold mountains, we appeared descending,  
    With Templar Knights, who dealt dread blows along,  
To after time; a signal Victory,  
That day's success, shall aye transmitted be.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* It is supposed, that Coat Armour was introduced into England about the time of our Richard the I, when the barred visor by concealing the face of the Warrior, rendered it necessary to adopt some distinctive cognizance, whereby he might at once be identified in the field of battle. — Hunter's Essay on Armorial Insignia.

## Ballad.

A rosier blooms in yonder wood,  
A rosier fair I trow;  
There is a canker in the bud,  
A blight hangs on the bough:  
Around it wave, tall forest trees,  
Near it no sun beams fall,  
It droops, and soon the wintry breeze  
Shall bid it fade withal;  
For ah! alack it cannot be  
That it should live, that fair rose tree.

The tears that water'd it are shed,  
The sighs that gently fann'd,  
Are hush'd and she is with the dead  
Who reared it by her hand:  
Bright summer too, is past and gone,  
With all her gaudy flowers,  
And paly Autumn hastens on  
The dull and dreary hours;  
And ah! alack, it cannot be  
That it should live, that fair rose tree.

O gather then, its blossoms white  
Or ever the decay,  
Of canker and destructive blight,  
Have stolen their sweets away;  
And we will strew them o'er the bed  
The silent, last repose,  
Of her who rear'd the lovely head,  
Of the fair forest rose.  
For ah! alack, it cannot be  
That it should live, that fair rose tree.

## Recollections.

With many a tear, and sigh of fond regret  
We left thee Thornton, in thy foreign grave,  
Even where the wide, and briny waters lave  
The beach of Kingston; there I linger yet  
In mournful thought: nor can I e'er forget  
Thee my loved boy, while faithful memory brings  
Back to this sorrowing heart, a glimpse of parted things.

Tw'as eventide, and the declining rays,  
Of tropic sun lighted both sea and shore,  
Swiftly our home bound bark the breezes bore  
Towards fair Port Royal, but my wistful gaze  
Sought one sole object, 'twas thy resting place,  
Even where the steeple points the abode of death  
Deep in the silent vault, the parish Church beneath.\*

So death came o'er thee, as the unlooked for blight  
Falls on the forward blossoms of the spring;  
We deemed not the infectious clime would bring  
Upon thy early dawn, so swift a night,  
Chase thy soft bloom, and quench thine eyes sweet light  
Ere tears had dimmed their lustre, and destroy  
A widowed parent's hope, thy sister's pride and joy!

And one stood by me and beheld my grief,  
Who shared thy boyish sports and loved thee well  
And oft of thee, and thy wild pranks would tell:  
He sought to soothe me, but my sole relief  
Seemed in the thought, our parting would be brief;  
How blest to meet in that Eternal day  
When griefs shall be no more, and pangs have past away.

\* Richard Savage Thornton, eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. Alunkhouse, was interred in the burial ground attached to the Parish Church of Kingston, Jamaica; a privilege rarely permitted to strangers.

## German Song.

### Music — Krëusser.

“Thou poor blind girl  
Why clings't thou thus to me,  
Is yonder battle field  
A fitting place for thee?  
Gentlest of beings fly  
Hearest thou not the cannons roar?  
Leave me to destiny  
Gertrude I can no more!”

“Can the soft gale  
Of spring when first it blows,  
Or the richest perfume  
Of violet or rose,  
To thy sad Gertrude yield,  
Delight when thou'rt afar?  
Shun love the battle field —  
Tempt not the war”.

“Gertrude, my latest kiss  
Rests on thy forehead fair,  
While from the pale, pale cheek  
I part thy radiant hair;  
Yes! next my heart  
I place this shining curl,  
For we must part —  
Farewell my poor blind girl.”

“Warrior farewell!  
Blessings thy steps attend,  
I have but prayers to give  
To thee my only friend;  
Deprived of Heaven's own light  
Thy presence was a ray  
That made my darkness bright  
As summer's gorgeous day.”

## Lines to My Sister with a Chrysanthemum.

Fair flower of Christmas — white chrysanthemum!  
I mark thy blossoms wave, thy fragile form  
Bend to the breeze, yet brave the wintry storm.  
Dark are the days that with thy blossoms come  
For brighter hours are fled, and thou alone,  
Dost garnish Flora's wreath, now summer's buds are gone.

True to the fading year, an emblem thou  
Of the tried christian in affliction's hour,  
He bends, but sinks not when the tempests lour,  
And round his brow stern sorrow's breezes blow;  
Still to high heaven, in praise he lifts his head,  
Tho' hope, and joy, and health, and friends are fled!

The christian too may something learn from thee:  
As from the chiding of rude winter's breath  
Thy form rebounds elastic: such is faith  
'Neath sorrow's pressure: — Truth and purity,  
Are in thy spotless blossoms whiteness seen,  
And hope, unfading hope in thy bright leaves of green.

O that the graces time can ne'er destroy,  
May be my Sister's; 'tis my fervent prayer:  
For youthful charms, like Summer flow'rets are.  
And baseless as the dreams of youthful joy,  
The bright, but fading glories of a day,  
Be thine the wreath my Jane, which ne'er can fade away.

## The Hospital.

Still she was fair, although the bloom of youth  
Had yielded to the hectic of disease,  
And fever lighted up her brilliant eye,  
While all dishevelled hung each silken tress  
Dark as the raven's wing. Poor erring girl,  
'Twas sad to think that one still unprepared,  
So young, so lovely, should be called to die! —  
It was the very spring-time of the year,  
And while all else was bursting into life  
She faded day by day. The earliest flowers  
I took her oftimes, and would read to her  
In the blest pages of that sacred volume,  
Which while it shows the sinner to himself  
Points to the sinner's friend. To death resigned  
With fixed attention she would hear me speak  
Of Him who died a sinful world to save,  
Of the good shepherd, who doth leave his flock  
To fetch the lost sheep to the fold again.  
She owned her ignorance, confessed her guilt,  
And as her strength permitted would divulge  
The melancholy history of her life,  
Short but replete with woe; how she was driven  
From the paternal roof while yet a child  
To earn a livelihood, with not a guide  
To uphold her footsteps in the paths of virtue  
It was no marvel that she fell a prey  
To the insidious arts of one who saw  
And wooed but too desert her — destitute  
No house to shelter, and exposed unfriended,  
To the severity of the bleak winter,  
Cold, laid foundation of the deep decline,  
Which robbed her of the remnant of her days.

\* \* \* \* \*

But as the lamp of life was waning fast,  
A brighter beam illumed her dying bed,

The light of truth, and blessed be the hand  
Which raised the veil from her deluded eyes.  
Blest be the Power that gave her faith to east  
Her soul on His compassion who invites  
“The chief of sinners,” and will cast out none.\*  
— The last time I beheld her she exprest  
Unfeigned gratitude for my poor service,  
She then was building on “the rock of ages”  
For pardon, and for peace! — herself forgiven,  
Freely she pardoned those who most had wronged her.  
And when at length, her eyes were closed in death  
It did please God to waken late remorse  
In her betrayer's breast! — Struck with dismay  
Force scarce compelled him to desert her coffin,  
Frantic with grief he claimed her as his owu,  
And did accuse himself, past all upbraidings.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now low she lies in yonder narrow grave,  
At her request I saw that grave-bed dug,  
Prepared her shroud, and gathered loveliest flowers  
Of early spring to strew her pallid corse.  
I never look unto the lowly spire.  
In that green churchyard, but methinks I fancy  
Her spirit soaring, freed from sin and pain,  
Far far beyond it in the realms of glory!

\* Ann Collinson who died in the York Hospital, it is hoped a sincere penitent, found great encouragement and consolation from that passage of Scripture contained in the VI. of St. John, part of verse 37, — “Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.”

## Recollections.

O it was gorgeous May,  
And the hot sun was shining bright,  
Behind us Kingston lay,  
And fair Port Royal in our sight.

And now our vessel's sails  
Were spread to catch the homeward breeze,  
We prayed for favouring gales,  
To waft us o'er the distant seas.

We praised the Almighty Hand  
That still had our protection been,  
For we in foreign land  
Had peril, pain, and hardship seen.

Yet it pleased God to bless  
Our cause and our just right defend,  
To grant us full success  
And home with brightest hopes to send.

We then at once did hear  
On deck a burst of joy resound,  
Like magic o'er the ear  
It came, and made our bosoms bound.

*“Hurra my boys, hurra!  
“Away, away, away we go,  
“Hurra, my boys, hurra!  
“For England and for London ho.”*

And as they paced the deck,  
The vessel with the chorus rung,  
Nor did our Captain check  
But joined his sailors as they sung.

Such power there was to melt,  
In that most wild, and welcome strain,  
As I but *once* have felt  
And *never more* shall feel again.

Was it then true indeed  
That we at length were hast'ning home  
From foreign perils freed?  
If so we ne'er again would roam

And those alone can tell  
Who to their land in absence long,  
Have bade a fond farewell  
How dear the British sailors' song.

Blest soil that gave us birth,  
We hailed our near approach to thee,  
Absence had stamp'd thy worth  
Thou land of health and liberty.

## Evans-Dale.

### Legend of Evans-Dale.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun pours forth as rich a ray  
As ever graced Autumnal day,  
And ne'er did clear, and cloudless skies  
Wide o'er a lovelier valley rise!  
The fair, but gently fading year  
Hath slightly touched the foliage green,  
Chequering with yellow here, and there  
The thick, dark woods that waved between,  
Whose leaves luxuriant strive to hide,  
The stately castles frowning pride;  
Amid whose boughs, no winds are breathing  
And the grey mists that erst were wreathing  
The spiral mountains brow,  
Fall from its lofty verdant side  
And as in folds they softly glide  
Are fast dispersing now.  
Until that hour, ah! who would shun  
That valley basking in the sun  
Which fast approaching hour of fate,  
Leaves all forlorn, and desolate:  
Oft hath world weary pilgrim blest  
Near the smooth turf that gave him rest,  
Yon solitary cross of stone  
High on the craggy steep,  
With mossy vest half over-grown  
And weeds, that round it weep.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Ellinor's Lament.

In other days a tower 'tis said  
Far hence upreared its stately head:  
And proud Saint Oswald ruined now  
Peer'd o'er yon lofty mountain's brow.

Ah! welladay.

And oh! what revels there were seen  
'Mid courtly knights, and ladies sheen,  
All these alack have passed away  
But I have woes that never may.

Ah! welladay.

Oswald was deemed of youths most fair  
He won the heart — he well might share,  
But mine own brother, young Oswald proved  
Ah! would that I had never loved!

Ah! welladay.

On his bent brow the ringlets shone  
Like sunbeams o'er some marble stone,  
His laughing eye of violet's hue,  
Beamed as the sky above so blue. —

Ah! welladay.

And peerless was the lordly grace,  
And mein that marked his lofty race,  
To see him oft it needed not,  
Once seen, he ne'er could be forgot! —

Ah! welladay.

\* \* \* \* \*

In this a parent's trespass speaks,  
And O! it wrings my heart, and breaks  
To think a noble father's name  
Should strangely thus belinked with shame.

Ah! welladay.

And now this is a weary world

To one, who from joy's summit hurled —  
Hath neither home, nor hope, nor friend;  
Ah me! ah whither shall I wend?

Ah! welladay.

Deep in some sad and dreary shade,  
More lonesome by his absence made,  
I'll shroud me in a cloister's cell,  
From him I only love — too well.

Ah! welladay.

This pilgrim's garb befits me best:  
This cloak must hide my beating breast:  
This staff support my sinking weight —  
Methinks I'm passing weak of late! —

Ah! welladay.

These sandals cased upon my feet,  
Shall aid my speed, and make me fleet  
What tho' in sooth I swifter go,  
'Tis from thee Oswald, — not from woe!

Ah! welladay.

The raven locks he used to praise,  
And love before the sun's bright rays,  
'Neath cockle hat, ill grace my brow  
O! would that he could see me now,

Ah! welladay.

Wherefore that wish? — 'tis sinful, I  
Must Oswald — must my Brother fly,  
Fly from him to some far off shore —  
And never, never see him more,

Ah! welladay.

The rose must fade from rosier torn,  
The broken heart soon cease to mourn,  
The dove will not her mate survive,  
Nor parted, Oswald can we live.

Ah! welladay.

Full soon for us the passing bell  
Shall haply toll its parting knell,  
Soon shall the sward above us close  
And dark oblivion hide our woes,

Ah! welladay.

## The Pleasaunce.

### Fair Estelle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tho' all neglected now, the time hath been  
When yon wide pleasaunce was the loveliest scene;  
When amid summer time, the sweets of spring  
Would all around — abroad their fragrance shed,  
And rich laburnum droop its golden head,  
    Above the starry lilac, clustering;  
There silvery poplar its bright leaves would spread  
    To the wild waving of light Zephyr's wing,  
And scented brier, its blushing roses blend  
With flowers as fair, which no foul thorns defend.

Now with tall grass, and many a weed o'ergrown  
Are its wild walks, sad, unfrequented lone;  
Yet still unmindful of the gardener's hand,  
In gay luxuriance, garden sweets expand,  
The coy geranium, clad in scarlet vest  
    Lo! on the mossy ground uncultured creeps,  
And the bold sun flow'r, rears its shining crest  
    Where cypress frowns, and the sad willow weeps:  
Nay the choice myrtle, doth unheeded flourish  
Where no fond lover bends its buds to cherish.

\* \* \* \* \*

We may paint sorrow, but all terms are weak  
The boundless rapture of the breast to speak,  
    The breaking heart's sad tale few words may tell  
    But who the o'erflowing tide of joy shall swell,  
    If one dull word dissolves th' enchanting spell?  
Oh! who in sooth may venture to portray  
The blessed hours that round the happy play,  
Or paint delight with the illumined face  
That speaks whole volumes, in a moment's space?

\* \* \* \* \*

Mark well your warrior, whose resplendent eye  
Is darkly kindling into ecstasy!  
Now are the ebon locks which lately hung  
All loose, dishevelled, from his forehead flung,  
High on his lip, the proud moustaches wave  
The stately Ruthvyn seems scarce altered, save  
    By the brave badge he bears, ah! noble scar  
    Life to his Liege, and glory in the war,  
    Dear to his gentle Countess, tho' it mar  
The goodliest visage that e're garnished Knight,  
Or age found favour in a lady's sight;  
And she is still the same, as lovely fair  
As when they parted, sith nor pain, nor care  
Hath from her beauteous features chased the smile  
Which ever witching with endearing wile,  
O'er memory came, the pangs of sorrow soothed  
Yea even the rugged path of absence smoothed;  
But now her blue eye tells a summer tale  
While the pure bliss, which in that eye doth speak  
Hath lent its peerless lustre to her cheek  
And the loved Estelle is no longer pale!

Before them in the blaze of fervid noon,  
    Frolics their beauteous boy the flow'rs among  
And carols blithely, but o'erpower'd full soon  
    Listless he casts himself the turf along:  
Posies he gathers, and for pastime he  
    Streaked tulips, and fair daffodils doth bring  
Laughing he flies, and on the lady's knee  
    See him with dimpled hand, the treasures fling  
And now like conqueror, freed from martial toil  
Breathless he triumphs o'er beheaded spoil.  
Then shakes his curls, and hides his glowing face  
    Beneath the shelter of her vestment's folds  
Now conscious stealing peers from hiding place  
    Afraid, yet fain, as he his sire beholds; —  
Even thus with Venus, roving Cupid plays  
    Light as the leaf that dances on the spray  
Awhile with infant wonder he doth gaze,  
    Then down green slope, he wings his wanton way,  
For from such sport he can no more refrain  
And like wild hart, is bounding off again.

## Song.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fitz Eustace. —

“The seagull flutters to her nest  
The fishermen are gone to rest,  
A sheltering roof will make them blest  
    While I with toil am spent and worn;  
Then ope your hospitable door;  
I'll rest me thankful on your floor,  
Sweet blessings still for you implore,  
    And hail the approach of morn.  
The night is dark, and dreary love;  
    I shiver with the cold;  
O! I am wet and weary love  
    Sharp hunger makes me bold,  
Then grant me shelter for the night  
I'll leave you at the dawn of light.”

Annabel. —

“Who warbling sweet at this lone hour  
Hath burst the bonds of sleep's soft power,  
Ah! seest thou not the tempest lour?  
Hie quickly hence away.

Fitz Eustace. —

“Lady a hapless youth is he  
The sport of gales, and misery  
Who rests his only hope on thee,  
Grant a night shelter pray.”

Annabel. —

“Poor fisherman I have no power,  
    My Mother hates the stranger's sight;  
To shield thee in thine evil hour,  
    Or give thee shelter for the night,  
Yet follow, softly follow me;  
    She can't unmoved such misery see.”

## **My Brother.**

The lapse of years hath not yet parted thee  
From our most dear remembrance, shrin'd in thought  
Thou reignest o'er a melancholy waste  
Of painful recollection. — Brother dear,  
Thou wast a pale and contemplative boy,  
Health had no roses for thy sallow cheek,  
And joy illumined not thine auburn eye,  
Nor graced thy perfect features, yet it seem'd  
That in thy pensiveness there was a charm  
That won the gazer's heart. Mysterious fate  
Which from a widowed parent's fond embrace,  
Whose latest hope thou wert, didst onward bear  
Thee to this foreign land, to meet thy doom: —  
And I have seen thy grave and gather'd thence  
Even from the mould above thee, a wild flower  
As fragile as thou wert, but not so fair;  
“We sorrow not, as those who have no hope”  
For we believe that thou art gone where pain,  
Mischance, and misery can never come,  
Thy youth was given to God, and He who gave  
Soon, soon recalled thy being, to bestow  
The blest inheritance of all His Saints  
A crown, — a kingdom of unfading joy.

At Rio de Janeiro, In Harbour, H. M. S. Buffalo

## Lines on seeing the “Sir Charles M'Carthy” Laid up as a Store Ship at Port Adelaide.

And art thou safely moored at last  
So “long of wind, and waves the sport?”  
A proud and gallant bark thou wast  
As ever sailed from London's port. —  
And still to heart, and memory dear  
I see, and greet thee with a tear! —

'Twas thou that waftedst o'er the wave  
The ill-fated Chief, who gave thy name  
On Afric's coast to find a grave,  
The victim of his forward fame,  
And 'circled by a savage band  
Fighting to fall in foreign land!

And times are changed since first in thee  
Across the far Atlantic borne,  
With fairer hopes I put to sea,  
Than now my weary path adorn,  
Whilst thou didst o'er the ocean glide  
With spreading sail, the seaman's pride.

I thought not, as I walked thy deck  
That I such varied ills should see,  
That thou so soon, shouldst prove a wreck,  
And linked with thine, my destiny;  
And that of one, whose care and skill,  
'Mid threatening perils, steer'd thee still.

Nor seldom while the heedless crew  
And their commander soundly slept,  
'Tho passenger, — a seaman true,  
O'er thee a nightly watch he kept.  
To his exertions, under heaven  
Thy safety and our lives were given!

And now that thou art moored at last  
So “long of winds, and waves the sport,”

I can but think, on what thou *wast*,  
    When first I sailed from London's port,  
What wonder as I see thee near,  
    I sigh, and greet thee with a tear!

## The Lady Constance.

### Rose of Lancaster.

Her downcast eyes are bent on earth,  
On her wild harp one lily arm  
Rested — then swept the trembling cords: —  
But there was in her air a charm  
Something beyond the power of words,  
Well to express: — the loftiest birth  
Beamed from her every look, and tone —  
Yea from her dark eyes lighten'd forth  
And fixed the exclusive gaze of one  
Whose 'raptured sense doth in her sight avow,  
Bright beauty he hath ne'er beheld till now.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was not beauty in the sunny hour  
When young delight sits sparkling on its brow,  
And shineth there in conscious pride and power,  
A prey to grief — tho' peerless; He doth mark  
Her forehead's whiteness, and the jetty fringe  
Of her long lashes, with the eye as dark  
As starry night — the bright carnation tinge  
Of her soft cheek — blushes that went and came  
Uncertain — like the expiring taper's flame!  
The graceful head — the folds of raven hair,  
Scorning the golden net which strove to bind,  
Pass not unnoticed, as in ringlets rare,  
They court the breeze or frolic unconfined  
Adown her swan-like neck, and bosom fair. —  
Thus blooms the rose amid a wilderness,  
Of prickly thorns, and weeds, on desert bed  
More sweet, more fair in native loviness  
Than garden flowers the which we tend and dress;  
It smiles, and doth unheeded perfume shed!

\* \* \* \* \*

## Thornton.

The summer sun is sinking red  
    Beneath the "Mountains Blue"\*  
And thou upon thy dying bed,  
    Art laid, alas too true,  
        Thornton,

The slaves are hastening to their huts  
    Their daily labour done,  
Each flow'r its tender petals shuts,  
    And thy brief race is run,  
        Thornton.

Wide seas are rolling still between  
    Thy relatives and thee,  
And thou of them on earth hast seen  
    The last thou e'er shalt see,  
        Thornton.

No widow'd Mother near thee weeps  
    Who watch'd thine infancy,  
And with the blest that Father sleeps  
    Who was so proud of thee,  
        Thornton.

No Brother dear, thy thoughts to raise  
    To brighter worlds above,  
To tune thy soul to prayer and praise,  
    Or paint a Saviour's love,  
        Thornton.

No Sister bathes thy burning brow,  
    Or prints the parting kiss: —  
Ah me, how little does she know,  
    How little dream of this —  
        Thornton.

Where is thy Love, the girl so fair,  
    Foremost in song and dance,

With winning mein and step of air,  
And wild and laughing glance?  
Thornton.

And where thy true and chosen Friend,  
Youth of the constant heart?  
What grief sincere that heart will rend,  
When forced from thee to part,  
Thornton.

Deserted in the stranger's land,  
Far from thy native home —  
See round thy couch a negro band,  
To bear thee to thy tomb,  
Thornton.

One only Friend, the envied one  
Wipes the death damps away —  
And lifts thy head — and she alone  
For love doth near thee stay,  
Thornton.

Her tears are on thy pallid cheek:  
She fain would bid thee live;  
And as a mother she doth speak,  
And as a mother grieve,  
Thornton.

Now motionless those sweet lips are,  
And hush'd the balmy breath!  
And closed the eye so brightly fair,  
In the dark shades of death,  
Thornton.

The world to thee was gaily bright,  
And all unknown its gloom;  
But he who dwells in endless light  
Took thee from "ills to come,"  
Thornton.

\* The Blue Mountains, — Island of Jamaica.

## Adelaide.

“I dreamed a dream last night.”

Romeo & Juliet

I entered the wide spreading streets — methought  
Of a vast city; all was bustle there:  
Crowds hurried on with eager looks befraught,  
And hum of many voices filled the air.  
Then my eye rested upon buildings rare,  
Circus and crescent to perfection brought,  
On splendid stores, where all things rich and rare  
Exposed for sale, by young and old were bought,  
While many a rising spire, and spacious dome  
Reminded me of London and of home!

Tho' dear to thought, and to heart doubly dear  
The city of my native land shall be  
While memory lasts — there did in this appear  
An added charm perchance 'twas novelty;  
Yet all that soul could wish, or eye could see  
For comfort, ease, convenience, or for cheer —  
Treasures for time, and for eternity,  
Seemed as by magic art concentrated here.  
Proud was the pageant, and a costlier scene  
To mortal sight hath scarce presented been.

And was this Adelaide? then who shall say  
(Though but the baseless fabric of a dream)  
Young city of the desert, in thy day,  
How vast thy grandeur, and thy wealth should seem;  
Even from thy early promise we may deem  
Great things of thee, for well dost thou repay  
The settlers' toil: — on thee may fortune's beam  
Rest — and around thy opening prospects play,  
Till other lands confess thy rising fame,  
And commerce, health, and plenty crown thy name!

\* The capital of the Province of South Australia: so named in compliance with the wishes of His late Majesty, William IV. in honor of his Royal Consort.

## The Escape.

### Fair Estelle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Moons wax'd, and waned in dreary hopelessness,  
And ever when my days sad task was done,  
Stretched on the ground in weary listlessness  
I gaz'd upon the slow departing sun;  
And well nigh wish'd, when I the orb did see  
That it might never rise again for me! —  
Deprived of Faith, my many woes had bade me  
Look down into the grave for comfort there,  
But gentle patience, still prevail'd to glad me,  
And humble Hope did aye defy despair: —  
Estelle there is a Hope, — a saving stay  
When wealth, and fame, and titles flit away  
That can console, yea comfort us above  
The sweet endearments, of the tenderest love.  
Tho' the proud record of the noblest deeds  
Shall vanish from the brain it idly feeds,  
Tho' the strong ties of nature shall dissever  
There is a Hope that quits the Christian never:  
Which 'mid the appalling gloom of earthly woes  
But clearer, brighter, more substantial grows. —  
'Twas in thy gardens, proud Damascus where  
One eve alone, — intensely fixed in prayer  
Then my sole comfort, and continual stay,  
If haply to the earth, my musings fell  
Thine was the thought, thou lovely fair, Estelle  
And thus I gilded oft, the doleful day. —  
Rapt in mine orisons, I heard a sound  
When of approaching footsteps the light bound  
Caused me to turn, — and rising from my knee  
Mine eye encountered the young Jumeli! —  
Long time I had not seen her, and the smile  
Had altogether left her laughing cheek,

She had forgotten all her roguish wile,  
And much of anguish did her aspect speak:  
Her soft dark eye swam in a flood of tears,  
Was it for my distress, or had she fears  
More nearly felt? her cheek was marble pale  
She clasp'd her hands, she cross'd them on her breast,  
Sigh'd, deeply sighed, and would have told a tale  
Full of despair, could it have been express'd  
In any other language save her own,  
Of which all knowledge did my ear disown! —  
Nature will speak, tho' language find no tongue  
Its doubts, its hopes, nay its dark fears to tell:  
Short space the Damsel paus'd, nor was it long  
Ere her emphatic gestures broke the spell.  
Kind was her message, for she came to save  
Thy Lord from slavery, the rack, and grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

Night came, the Damsel to her promise true  
Her own tried slave presented to my view,  
Alleyne of Brittany — my heart's dear friend,  
Who with high birth, did loftier courage blend  
And through much peril my freed steps attend.  
Now whiles each troublous thought seem'd sunk to re  
And softest sleep the Paynim eye did seal,  
Her finger to her scarlet lip she pressed  
And through the gardens silently did steal.  
O well I wot my fair, a heavenlier night  
Hath seldom open'd on frail mortals' sight! —

The marble portico — the gilded dome,  
The varied shrubs of bright, unfading bloom, —  
There, the red rose, in beauty deign'd to bless,  
The sense with sweets, the sight with loveliness.  
The moon amid her paradise of leaves  
And spicy flowr's, a shadowy garland weaves,  
Lights up the odour, breathing jasmine bowers,  
Gilds the dark foliage of the orange groves  
Plays o'er a blooming wilderness of flowr's  
While liquid, silvery, sparkling ray she pours;  
Where gentlest zephyr the Acaeia moves,  
And night bird warbles to the spray she loves! —

\* \* \* \* \*

At length the boundary gained with cautious tread,  
The dark-eyed damsel bent her turban'd head,  
And slowly from her girdle, at its side  
Unloosed a pond'rous key, which straight applied  
To the huge lock — the gates flew open wide! —  
From foes, and fell captivity released  
In that blest hour my bitter bondage ceased.  
With graceful mein, she waved us towards the flood,  
And for a little space to watch us stood; —  
Kneeling I kissed the hand, that set me free,  
Then look'd my last — on lovely Jumeli! —

## Recollections.

Yes! there was one that loved thee — years that steal  
In swift succession from this changing scene,  
Cannot efface thine image; and I feel  
Thou still art dear as thou hast ever been! —  
Full often doth my mournful thought retrace  
Each “trick of thy sweet favor,” thou wast fair —  
Beaut'ous the clusters of thy sunny hair:  
Health beamed triumphant in thy radiant face,  
Joy, ever in thy buoyant step, and air:  
Hope, in thine eye's young brightness! — Thou art gone  
Gone to the silent grave: — The flowers of Spring,  
Of foreign growth, are fading one by one,  
Around thy tomb: another May shall bring  
Their blossoms back — but neither Summer's sun,  
Earth's balmy dews, or any other thing,  
Shall thee recall, thy life's brief race is run!

## Beatrice.

But once I saw her, with the auburn hair  
    In rich profusion, shading her pure cheek,  
A cheek of beauty, and so sweetly fair,  
    In sooth it needed not the rose's streak. —  
    As thro' the clouds the morning light doth break  
So beam'd the lustre of her radiant eye,  
    Her dimpled smile did eloquently speak,  
You scarce could think of grief when she was nigh: —  
    Somewhat above the middle height was she,  
    Her form all loveliness, and symmetry!

She hung upon his arm, the warrior proud  
    And stern, who erst had many a battle brav'd,  
His martial bearing was by all allow'd,  
    But beauty ne'er had his bold breast enslav'd,  
    (Though he had been where Cupid's banners wav'd,)  
Until her graces, took his heart in thrall, —  
    Her gentle image, on that heart engraved,  
No more he spoke of liberty withal: —  
    But sought the lovely girl, and she became  
    One with himself, in fortune, heart, and name.

There was a bridal, in the sweet Spring time,  
    With its proud train of equipages gay;  
I heard the music of the Minster's chime,  
    And marked the sun-shine on that wedding-day,  
    And as the bride-maids lightly tripp'd away.  
None at the altar, showed a form so light  
As her young sister, in her rich array,  
    With the dark tresses, and the eye so bright,  
While on her blushing cheek affection's tear  
    Said that she scarce could part with one so dear!

Another Spring smiled on the youthful bride,  
    And though the rosy moments on their wing  
Saw her a mother, a fond husband's pride,  
    The joy of all, — yet did its breezes bring

A doom for her, which left them sorrowing; —  
And the same hand that wove the bridal wreath  
For her fair brow, did o'er her bosom fling  
With bitter pangs the pallid flowers of death.  
I heard a knell! — crowds with her bier past by,  
Sad type methought, of man's felicity! —

## The Tournay.

### Rose of Lancaster.

\* \* \* \* \*

Encircled by a blooming band  
Of peerless damsels, fair and young,  
Reclined yon canopy beneath,  
How bright she seems that train among;  
How soft the accents of her tongue.  
I trow composed of so sweet breath: —  
With graceful mein she notes the Knights,  
Who for her sake from these delights,  
And they enchanted all, — I ween,  
Name her their Love and Beauty's Queen.  
And yet methinks her cheek is pale,  
And oh! how delicately fair,  
But mark a roseate hue prevail, —  
She starts, she notes the warlike air  
Of yonder Knight, on courser tall,  
Who enters the proud lists withal,  
Nor is she sooth, the only one,  
Who loves to look, that Knight upon.

\* \* \* \* \*

His was a form, whose perfect symmetry  
Gave grace to beauty, Nature's fairest gift.  
Of middle height — or scarce above it — he  
With noblest action, — and right gracefully  
Reins his swift steed, — his plumed crest doth lift  
And dauntless gaze around. The fiery eye  
Of darkest hazel, partially seen  
Through his bright visor, sparkleth fearfully,  
Forthwith emitting threatening glance I ween,  
Which well accordeth with his desperate mein.  
The proud, and lofty charger he bestrode,  
In shape unequalled, was of brightest roan,

While the commanding Knight who on him rode,  
Yielded I trow, in horsemanship to none.  
And still with air, and manner unconstrain'd,  
Careless he gazed, and the bold beast restrain'd,  
Which all impatient neighed, and champ'd the bit,  
And proudly paw'd the ground — accoutred so  
As doth the estate of gentlest Knight befit;  
Shining like gold in burnish'd armour — lo!  
He dazzleth all: yet not the coming storm  
Doth in deep gloom, more terrible appear,  
Than the dread bearing of that dauntless form,  
Whose kindling ire, betokeneth danger near!  
“I prithee Blanche,” the lady said,  
And turn'd her towards a blooming maid —  
“An if thou lovest me quickly tell  
What Knight is yond' of warlike bearing,  
Whose blood-red plume doth graceful swell,  
Who for the combat seems preparing,  
And reins his steed, so passing well? —  
Methinks of all the sons of men,  
That 'till this hour have met mine eye,  
I never saw his match, — and then  
He bears him with such majesty: —  
Not Mars himself, doth surely wield  
His conquering lance with comelier grace:  
O! all that meet him well may yield;  
And if allied to noble race,  
I'd give my bravest hawk so tame,  
Nay, my best steed, — to know his name! —  
Speak then sweet Blanche, say knowest thou ought  
Of the bright stranger?” —  
“Lady. — Nought  
Do I of yon bright stranger know,  
Save, that he seems our House's foe.”  
“Two days I ween Sir Aylmer's lance  
Hath lightly borne away the prize;  
Yet he methinks, by some mischance  
Finds little favor in thine eyes! —  
Now see him to the charge advance,  
Whiles through the ranks his challenge flies;  
More nimbly doth his palfrey prance,  
And brighter sparkles flashing rise!  
His snowy barb all else beyond  
More gaily is caparison'd;

Whiles on his rich accoutrement  
All other eyes, save thine are bent!  
He comes, he come — or to demand  
Or crave a pledge at thy fair hand!”

And now behold with motion slight  
She greets her squire the Silver Knight,  
And bites her scarlet lip for spite —  
That she must needs some trophy fling,  
Detaching from her locks a string  
Of wat'ry pearl, she casts it forth,  
Then scornful turns — and though a thing  
Of costly price, and real worth,  
So coyly given — so carelessly,  
It waxeth poor in Aylmer's eye;  
And to the earth that eye is bent,  
Certes his cheek of youth doth glow  
With wounded pride, and discontent,  
Must with him to the combat go!

The blooming Blanche beheld with grief  
The Silver Knight's profound dejection;  
Who bow'd, and took a parting brief  
Of her who own'd his heart's affection  
E'en till that hour —  
“Thou art unkind!”

(’Twas thus to Amoret she spake;)  
And sooth to his perfections blind —  
“O, e'er it be too late, awake  
From these fond dreams, 'twere folly sure  
To widen wounds none else can cure. —  
What seeks thine eye? Thou heedest not  
My sage discourse, or I'm mistaken,  
Yon fierce, and wayward wight, I wot,  
In love's light bonds thy heart hath taken  
Lo, hither wends his charger roan:  
Nay by this light, thy color's gone,  
Thou'rt pale indeed!” —  
“The badge he bears  
Our rival rose embroider'd wears.  
O Blanche, I trow his lady love  
Fix'd to his shield that silken glove.  
I'faith I would he were our friend,  
And might thro' life my champion be,

But if a foe, ye powers forefend —  
My future life were misery!" —

The knight bow'd gracefully — and courteous quoth  
Fair lady Amoret, tho' somewhat loath  
To interrupt the well-accustom'd mirth,  
To which our tilts, and tournaments give birth,  
With discord fell; yet am I fain to say,  
That I came hitherward, far hence, this day  
To break a lance even with yon favor'd Knight,  
And prove his prowess, in no friendly fight.  
Long time an outlaw, cast on foreign shore —  
My fair lands confiscate — then sold — nay more —  
His sire depriv'd me, to his lasting shame,  
Of my fair lineal right, and lofty name —  
Turned the full current of my youthful joy!  
The bare remembrance breeds me much annoy,  
Yea every ill, which from my birth I rue,  
Sprung from the hated house of Montagu,  
    That he hath wrong'd me doth appear in this,  
    I seek redress, nor this good chance may miss,  
    Tho' chosen sweet, thy champion bold, I wis.  
Fair creature, fair befall thee — thou art one  
Pure as the snow, tho' basking in the sun  
Of princely favor — on my fay, a gem  
Meet to adorn a royal diadem! —  
Doth Warwick well to keep thee cloister'd here,  
    Closely encaged, like high priz'd marguerite,  
Lest some unbidden, some unhallow'd ear  
    Should list him, haply, to thy warblings sweet;  
And whiles he hides thee here, for wanton sport?  
    Now 'tis a crying sin I say, and swear,  
To take the while his dingy birds to court,  
    And keep from kingly eyes a phoenix rare!  
And wilt thou fair sweet Rose thy charms bestow  
On you tall stripling, my inveterate foe? —  
Thorns be his portion! — Hah! — let lances tell  
Who wears the Rose! — Queen of Young Love, farewell!

Now as the trumpet sounds to arms  
    The Stranger Knight his visor raises:  
Mark how a martial spirit warms  
    The dauntless youth on whom he gazes,  
Nor heeds he the portentous frown

Of him that looks defiance round:  
Then lightly flings his gauntlet down,  
    With vengeful portance to the ground. —  
The young Sir Aylmer, with a bound  
    Advancing, doth accept the gauge!  
And to the foe such glance doth give,  
As plainly quoth, that one doth live  
    Who ne'er will quail beneath his rage! —

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun is shining in his strength;  
'Tis high mid-day, and now at length  
See page, and poursuivant advance;  
Lo squires on nimble palfreys prance,  
The heralds shout, — The signal sounds;  
    Then like the falcon to her flight,  
Forth from the ranks each true knight bounds,  
    And doth address him to the fight! —  
And 'kerchiefs wave, and pennants dance;  
And steed fronts steed, and lance strikes lance;  
And spear, and shield, and harness clash:  
Loudly they ring, and brightly flash; —  
Each glittering spear is pois'd on high,  
    Each at his foe takes fearful aim —  
And either bears him gallantly,  
    As knight well vers'd in fields of fame. —  
I said the sun was shining bright,  
In the full blaze of noon-tide light;  
But his last beam shall gild the West,  
Ere rival knights and chargers rest. —  
    For those who feed on vanity,  
    I marvel not 'twas fair to see  
    That day's well-foughten chivalry!  
Long time they strove in doubtful fray,  
As each in turn made desperate play. —  
They strove, — but soft, forbear to tell  
How Nevill's Gallant Kinsman fell,  
Or how the Silver Knight was foil'd! —  
Unhors'd, unarmed, his fair crest soil'd,  
And hauberk rent! — His gallant steed  
    Close to him lies: his snowy hide  
Is lav'd in blood. — And he doth bleed,  
    Who lately prancing in his pride

Dazzled each eye. Now dark as death  
He pants — he struggling pants for breath! —  
One desperate tug, to grasp his steel  
    Sir Aylmer makes, but ebbing life  
His eyes in a death-swoon doth seal —  
    And soothly ends the appalling strife! —

\* \* \* \* \*

## Lines to the Memory of Col. Light, &c. &c.

“Who living honor'd thee, and being dead  
We yet may meet again! — ”

Shakespeare.

In vain for thee, the gifts proud Nature gave,  
The faultless person, and the exalted mind,  
The martial spirit which adorns the brave,  
The deep discernment, and the taste refined: —  
Destined on these far shores a fate to find,  
From which nor worth, nor skill had pow'r to save,  
To sink beneath the force of cares combin'd,  
To meet thine only recompense — the grave! —  
How were thy noblest energies misprized?  
Time, talents, life itself! — all sacrificed!

Alas! that varied ills should thickly throng  
Round genius, so distinguish'd and display  
A scene still mark'd by complicated wrong,\*  
While base ingratitude disgrac'd the way: —  
As thou wast singled out to be the prey  
Of malice, envy, unrequited love: —  
Of disappointed hope to own the sway,  
And of fell treachery the victim prove.  
Wherefore on thee, such bitter anguish rest,  
Who wast best lov'd by those who knew thee best?

Our life hath well been liken'd to a sea,  
Whose waves are sorrow, and upon whose tide  
The little skiff hath more security,  
Than the proud bark, that doth the gale outride,  
Tho' fame and fortune seem the helm to guide,  
As thro' the pathless deep she speeds her way,  
Yet not in safety shall that vessel glide —  
For shoals, and quicksands, all around her lay.  
Thus while th'ungifted 'scape from censure free,  
Superior talent calls forth jealousy. —

O long remembered by a faithful band,\*  
Who prized their gallant leader as they ought:  
Thy well known worth, and talent shall command  
The place most cherish'd, in their heart & thought,  
And such a trophy as hath ne'er been bought  
By wealth or station, they award thee still,  
While others by thy fate untimely, taught,  
Shall yield too late, just tribute to thy skill. —  
With that of South Australia, proudly write  
On history's page — the honor'd name of LIGHT!

\* Alluding to passages in the former history of Col. LIGHT.

\* His Officers, Surveyors, &c, chiefly those who sailed with him, in the Surveying Brig "Rapid."

## To a Departed Relative.

We'll think on thee, when Spring's fresh gale  
Breathes softly o'er the violets' bed —  
We'll think on thee, when Autumn pale  
Waves to the blast his berries red:  
And when sweet Summer's roses shed  
Their odour on the perfum'd breeze,  
When hoary Winter lifts his head,  
And rudely shakes the leafless trees!

We'll think on thee, when threaten'd ills  
Deprive us of our wonted rest;  
We'll think of thee when gladness fills  
The aching void within our breast. —  
Thou still shalt be our memory's guest,  
Till life's sad pilgrimage is o'er;  
And when it ceases oh how blest  
To join thee on the Eternal shore!

## Recollections.

Yes, South Australia! three years have elapsed  
Of dreary banishment, since I became  
In thee a sojourner; nor can I choose  
But sometimes think on thee; and tho' thou art  
A fertile source of unavailing woe,  
Thou dost awaken deepest interest still. —  
Our voyage past, we anchor'd in that port  
Of our New Colony, styled Holdfast Bay:\*  
In part surrounded by the range sublime  
Of mountains, with Mount Lofty in their centre: —  
Beautiful mountains, which at even-tide  
I oft have gazed upon with raptur'd sense,  
Watching their rose-light hues, as fleeting fast  
Like fairy shadows o'er their verdant sides  
They mock'd the painter's art, and to pourtray  
Defied the utmost reach of poet's skill! —  
The new year<sup>†</sup> open'd on a novel scene, —  
New cares, new expectations, a new land! —

Then toil was cheer'd, and labour render'd light,  
Privations welcom'd, every hardship brav'd,  
In the blest anticipation of reward: —  
(Which some indeed deserv'd, but ne'er obtain'd)  
Some who unceasingly, had lent their aid,  
And time, and information, to promote  
The interests of the rising Colony —  
Still flattering hope on the dark future smil'd,  
Gilding each object with fallacious dyes,  
And picturing pleasure, that *was not to be!*  
They bore me to the future Capitol,  
Ere yet 'twas more than desert — a few tents,  
Scatter'd at intervals, 'mid forest trees,  
Marked the abode of men. 'Twas a wide waste,  
But beauteous in its wildness. — Park-like scenery  
Burst on the astonish'd sight; for it did seem  
As tho' the hand of art, had nature aided,  
Where the broad level walks — and verdant lawns,

And vistas grae'd that splendid wilderness!  
'Twas then they hail'd me as the *first* white lady  
That ever yet had enter'd Adelaide. —  
Cap time e'er teach me to forget the sound,  
Or gratulations that assail'd me then,  
And cheer'd me at the moment, or efface  
The welcome bland of the distinguish'd one —  
Who fix'd the site, and form'd the extensive plan  
Of that young City? — He hath pass'd away  
To the dark cheerless chambers of the tomb!  
But Adelaide if crown'd with fortune, shall  
To after age perpetuate his name! —

\* \* \* \* \*

One tent was pitch'd upon the sloping bank  
Of the stream Torrens, in whose lucid wave  
Dipp'd flow'ring shrubs — the sweet mimosa there  
Wav'd its rich blossoms to the perfum'd breeze,  
High o'er our heads — amid the stately boughs.  
Of the tall gum tree — birds of brightest hues  
Or built their nests, or tun'd 'their wood-notes wild,'  
Reposing on the rushes, fresh and cool,  
Which a lov'd hand had for my comfort strew'd: —  
This, this methought shall be my happy home!  
Here may I dwell, and by experience prove,  
That tents with love, yield more substantial bliss  
Than Palaces without it, can bestow.

\* Holdfast Bay — so named by the husband of the Writer — Mr. R. K. Hill, in consequence of the “Rapid” having held to her anchors, during a tremendous gale of wind.

† H.M.S. Buffalo — commanded by Captain Hindmarsh, R.N. and Governor of South Australia, anchored in Holdfast Bay at the close of the year 1836

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