

# Poems: Sacred and Secular

**Written Chiefly at Sea Within the Last Half Century**

**Lang, John Dunmore (1799-1878)**

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## Advertisement.

THE following volume of Poems consists of Three distinct Parts or Divisions.

PART FIRST was published separately in Sydney in the year 1826, under the title of "AURORA AUSTRALIS; or Specimens of Sacred Poetry for the Colonists of Australia." The poems comprised in the little volume were almost wholly written at sea, on the Author's second voyage to Australia; and they have long been out of print. Kind, but perhaps too indulgent, friends have often since urged their republication; and the Author has at length been induced to comply with their request — adding the Second and Third Parts to the original collection — that the volume, as it now appears, may serve as a memorial of himself, when he shall have passed away, as he must do ere long in the course of nature, from this transitory scene of things.

PART SECOND consists of a few occasional pieces that have been published at various times in colonial journals during the last forty years; together with a Poem in *Ottava Rima*, entitled "A Voyage to New South Wales," written during the Author's first voyage to Australia, in the years 1822 and 1823. It was originally intended to have been published anonymously, with certain additions to give it a more complete form, under the title of "A Voyage to New South Wales, a Poem: or Extracts from the Diary of an Officer in the East." But as this idea was never carried out, the manuscript has lain untouched in the Author's desk these fifty years.

PART THIRD consists of a few specimens of an Improved Metrical Translation of the Psalms of David, which occupied much of the Author's time and attention, during successive voyages to and from the mother-country from 1830 to 1853. It was commenced during a protracted gale from the South East, in view of the North Eastern mountains of New Zealand, which the Author then saw for the first time, in the month of August, 1830. The whole of the Psalms then completed — from the first to the seventieth inclusive, and all after the hundred and nineteenth — were published in Philadelphia, during the Author's visit to the United States of America, in the year 1840, under the title of "Specimens of an Improved Metrical Translation of the Psalms of David, intended for the use of the Presbyterian Church in Australia and New Zealand; with a Preliminary Dissertation, and Notes Critical and Explanatory." The remaining Translations, written subsequently, have never been published. In the few Specimens forming the Third Part of this volume, the Author has not deemed it necessary to indicate his authorities for the particular versions he has

given. These were principally Luther, Bishops Lowth and Horsley, Green, Vatablus, and Boothroyd.

# Part First.

## Invocation.

Written on Board the Prison Ship Medway, off the Island of St. Paul's,  
March, 1825.

COME, heavenly Muse, descend  
From Zion's holy hill:  
Thy sacred inspiration lend,  
That all I sing may only tend  
To work thy heavenly will!

No foolish vain desire  
Of glory fills my brain:  
I ask not Young's seraphic fire;  
I ask not Milton's lofty lyre  
To breathe for me again.

Mine is an humbler sphere,  
And mine are humbler themes;  
Mine is the drooping heart to cheer  
With hope of Heaven, when troubled here  
Amid life's fitful dreams.

And mine the sinner's soul  
To fill with timely fear;  
His lawless passions to control,  
And check him ere he reach the goal  
Of Ruin's wild career.

And mine the youth to teach  
Wisdom's far happier way;  
That pure in action, thought and speech,  
Australia's hopeful sons may reach  
The realms of endless day.

Then, Muse of Zion, deign  
To grace my feeble song;  
That haply when th' untutored swain  
Awakes its unassuming strain  
Australia's vales among.

His heart may seek the God  
Whom Abraham adored;  
And turning from the devious road  
Of error, learn to cast his load  
Of guilt on Christ the Lord.

The Son of Jesse's lyre  
Could charm the soul of Saul,  
When, his dark spirit roused to ire,  
And filled with frenzy's maddening fire,  
His nobles fled the hall.

But a far feebler hand  
May haply touch the chord  
Whose deeper tone, at Heaven's command,  
Shall make the sinner's heart expand  
And turn him to the Lord.

Touched by the soothing strain,  
As David swept the strings,  
Saul's visage oft grew calm again  
And seemed like the unruffled main  
When the sweet Zephyr sings.

But even a rustic lyre,  
Struck by a tuneless hand,  
May soothe the passions' wilder fire  
And lead their victim to aspire  
To Zion's peaceful land.

Then, heavenly Muse, descend  
From Zion's holy hill:  
Thy sacred inspiration lend,  
That all I sing may only tend  
To work thy heavenly will!

## The God of Abraham.

Written on Board the Medway, in the South Seas, in Very Stormy Weather.

“WHERE is the God whom I adore?”

Abram of old in Haran cried,  
And a sage skilled in Sabian\* lore,  
To his fond question thus replied:  
“Go, seek him in yon starry height,  
Amid the glories of the night.”

Silent the Patriarch ascends

A mountain to enquire and pray,  
When the grey twilight slowly blends  
The shades of evening with the day;  
Hopeful to Heaven he turns his eyes,  
And sees the Evening-Star arise.

“This is the God my soul adores,”

The joyful Patriarch exclaims,  
“See how he marshals all the stars,  
And nightly reillumes their flames!  
'Tis glorious thus for man to see  
His God! bright Star! I worship thee!”

But as he gazed the silver Moon

Emerging chased the stars away;  
And towering in the Night's high noon,  
Renewed the splendour of the day:  
The Patriarch wept, I ween, to see  
The God he worshipped forced to flee.

“Alas!” he cried, “my breast I smite!

The god I chose was weak as I.  
My God can ne'er be put to flight;  
He reigns supreme o'er earth and sky.  
All glorious Moon, sure thou art he!  
Henceforth I worship only thee!”

But soon the silver Moon's bright beam  
Grew fainter in the azure sky;  
And soon her darkening disk grew dim,  
As if her hour were come to die.  
The Patriarch filled with sudden fear  
Thought that the day of doom was near.

“Alas!” he cried, “thou canst not be  
My God, bright Moon, for he remains  
Unchanged to all eternity,  
And never waxes, no! nor wanes.  
The God I praise with heart and lips  
Knows neither waning nor eclipse.”

Then joyful in the eastern skies,  
Anon he sees the Orb of Day  
Crowned with refulgent beams arise,  
And chase the shades of night away.  
“Thou art my God, bright Sun,” he cries,  
Accept thy servant's sacrifice.”

But when the Sun sinks in the west,  
And darkness shrouds the world again,  
Again the Patriarch smites his breast  
And cries, “Alas! my thoughts were vain;  
My God, I have not found thee yet,  
For thou canst neither rise nor set.”

Now sorrowing as he seeks his home,  
An Angel of the Lord appears;  
“Abram,” he cries, “from God I come,  
To solve thy doubts and calm thy fears.  
Nay! wherefore dost thou worship me?  
I am a creature, just like thee.

“Invisible to mortal eyes.  
Thy God inhabits boundless space;  
His throne is in the lofty skies,  
His word the universe obeys;  
O and he is more glorious far,  
Than Sun or Moon or Evening-Star!

“His power created and sustains  
The host of heaven, the verdant earth;  
And to their countless tribes ordains  
Their various being and their birth.

In wisdom, goodness, power supreme,  
What canst thou then compare with him?

“But if thine anxious soul desires  
To learn the worship he demands;  
Know this, O man, thy God requires  
A contrite heart and holy hands.  
Still be thy prayers conjoined with these;  
So shall thy latter end be peace.”

Thus speaks the Seraph, and ascends,  
In a bright cloud from Abram's sight;  
And the good Patriarch homeward bends,  
While his heart thrills with pure delight;  
And oft he prays, “O teach thou me,  
Henceforth, my God, to worship thee.”

## **The Call of Abraham.**

ABRAM, son of Terah, hear!  
'Tis Jehovah gives command:  
Haste thee from thy kindred dear,  
Father's house, and fatherland.

Far beyond yon dreary waste,  
Lies a land divinely fair;  
Abram, son of Terah, haste!  
I, the Lord, will bless thee there.

Abram hears, nor disobeys,  
Though weeping friends around him stand;  
Trusting in Jehovah's grace,  
Soon he hails the promised land.

Sinner, son of Adam, hear!  
'Tis Jehovah speaks to thee:  
From a world thou hold'st so dear —  
From its sins and follies flee.

Far beyond this wilderness  
Lies a land divinely fair;  
Abram's God will surely bless  
And exalt thee highly there.

Haste thee then, O sinner, haste!  
'Tis Jehovah gives command;  
Far beyond this barren waste  
Lies Immanuel's blessed land.

## Hymn.

From the German of Gellert.

Gott, deine Gute reicht so weit,  
So weit die Wolken gehen; &c.

O GOD, thy goodness doth extend  
Far as the lofty sky;  
Thy loving-kindness knows no end,  
And thou art ever nigh.  
My Rock, my Fortress, and my Tower!  
Great is thy Mercy as thy Power:  
Then hear me, O most High!

I ask not for the heaps of gold  
The worldling may enjoy:  
A little may I humbly hold  
And usefully employ.  
But grant me wisdom, Lord, to know  
Thee and the gift thou dost bestow  
On sinners such as I.

I ask nor honour nor renown,  
All-glorious tho' they seem:  
A spotless character's fair crown  
Of higher price I deem.  
To gain thy praise, to do thy will —  
Be these my chief ambition still,  
And a true friend's esteem.

Nor do I ask for length of days.  
If wealth my lot should be,  
O make me humble, God of Grace!  
Patient, if poverty.  
And as my times are in thy power,  
O grant, in Death's decisive hour,  
Thy mercy, Lord, to me!

## **Farewell to England.**

Written on Board the Medway.

OUR voyage is begun, for the anchor is weighed,  
And the north wind blows fresh and fair, filling the white sails.

Stately our gallant ship mounts o'er the rising waves,  
While the white foaming spray sparkles around her.

England! the tall cliffs that long have repelled the foe  
From thy lov'd shores, now are lost in the distance.

Land of my Forefathers! how can I leave thee,  
Nor shed one salt tear as I take my departure!

No! I will weep, for I never shall see thee more!  
England, I leave thee for ever and ever.

Green be thy grassy fields, happy thy people,  
And peace be thy lot when I sleep on the billow.

## Hymn. On Embarking for New South Wales.

Written on Board the Medway.

GOD of the dry land and the sea!  
From this frail bark, I look to thee:  
Thy heavenly guidance I implore  
To Australasia's distant shore.

Thither I go at thy command,  
Far from my loved, my native land,  
To point to sinful men the road  
That leads the penitent to God.

O let thy spirit guide me, then,  
That while I preach to other men,  
I may not on thy judgment-day  
Be found myself a castaway!

Lord! shew thy power and grace to me.  
As once to Israel in the sea;  
That I may wonder and adore  
Like Israel on the farther shore.

And when arrived on that far coast,  
Tho' troubled long and tempest-tossed,  
O may thy fiery pillar shine  
Along my path with ray divine!

From the Rock Christ, where'er I go,  
May streams of living water flow;  
And still may thine Almighty Hand  
Send manna in the barren land!

So shall I reach the Jordan's side,  
And fearless stem its rapid tide;  
So shall I make my firm abode  
With Israel on the Mount of God!

## **The Hopeful Sailor.**

SEE how on board yon gallant ship  
    Careering to the wind,  
The willing sailor plows the deep  
    And leaves the world behind!  
Joyful he quits his native shore,  
    Nor sheds a single tear,  
Though he may ne'er revisit more  
    His wife and children dear.

So teach me, Lord, to leave the world,  
    When thou shalt give command,  
Joyful, as when with sails unfurled,  
    The sailor leaves the land!  
So teach me to embark in hope  
    On the long voyage of death,  
When called to heave my anchor up,  
    And yield my fainting breath!

On Board the Medway, at Sea.

## **Australian Hymn.**

For the Native Youth of the Colony.

FATHER of all! a youthful race  
Unknown to fortune and to fame,  
Presumes to celebrate thy praise  
And sing the glories of thy name.  
Australia's sons would mingle theirs  
With Britain's vows and Britain's prayers.

Supreme in wisdom as in power,  
Thy throne, O God, for ever stands!  
Thy righteous sceptre stretches o'er  
The Northern and the Southern lands.  
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,  
Thou rulest the harmonious whole.

Our sea-girt Isle thy presence shares,  
And thine Omnipotence displays:  
Known unto thee from endless years  
Were all its mountains, rivers, bays.  
It's every shrub, it's every tree  
Was planted, mighty God, by thee!

Fair on creation's splendid page  
Thy pencil sketched its wondrous plan.  
Thine hand adorned it, many an age  
Ere it was known or trod by man —  
When nought but Ocean's ceaseless roar  
Was heard along its voiceless shore.

At length an occupant was given  
To traverse each untrodden wild,  
The rudest mortal under Heaven,  
Stern nature's long-forgotten child!  
Compatriot of the tall Emu,  
The Wombat and the Kangaroo!

Long did the savage tenant stray

Across his forest clad domain;  
And every mountain, river, bay,  
    Confessed his undisputed reign;  
While his rude net and ruder spear  
Supplied him with precarious cheer.

But still no grateful song of praise  
    Was heard along Australia's shore;  
Her mountains, rivers, lakes and bays,  
    Saw no fond worshipper adore.  
His devious path the savage trod,  
But still he knew not, feared not God.

God of our Isle! a happier race  
    Far o'er the wave thine hand has brought  
And planted in the Heathen's place  
    To serve thee in the Heathen's lot:  
Grant then that we may all fulfil  
Thy bright designs — thy heavenly will!

Chief over all thy works below  
    Thine eye regards the sons of men,  
Fixing their lot where'er they go,  
    And mingling pleasure with their pain.  
In mercy, then, good Lord, command  
Thy blessing on our Southern land!

If the rude savage knew not thee,  
    Nor felt devotion's holy flame,  
Though every rock and every tree  
    Proclaimed the glories of thy name,  
O grant that in our Southern skies,  
The Sun of Righteousness may rise!

And let his bright effulgence chase  
    The shadows of the night away,  
That Australasia's sable race  
    May hail the dawn of Gospel day,  
And joined with Britain's sons, record  
The triumphs of their Heavenly Lord.

So shall Australia's deepest bays,  
    And grassy vales, and mountains blue,  
Resound with the sweet song of praise  
    From ransomed men of every hue;  
While Polynesia's Isles around

Reëcho with the joyful sound!  
(Sydney, November, 1826.)

## **Sonnet.**

### **To the Comet of 1825.**

HAIL! messenger of Heaven, bright wanderer, hail!  
Thy speed, methinks, betokens thou dost bring  
Tidings of import vast from Heaven's Great King:  
For on the wind's fleet pinions thou dost sail  
Along the blue sky, while thy fiery tail  
Sweeping the stars, fills mankind here below  
With fearful presage of approaching woe,  
And makes the boldest, as they gaze, turn pale!  
Bright star, I know not what thy speed portends,  
Or whither thou dost urge thy swift career;  
But this I know: for wise and holy ends,  
The mighty God that made thee bids thee steer  
Thy course where'er thou goest. Thy shining train,  
Far as its blaze extends, proclaims th' Almighty's reign.

On Board the Medway, at Sea.

## **Elijah's Appeal.**

ON Carmel's top Elijah stands,  
While famine wastes the Jewish lands;  
And Israel's tribes attend his call,  
To choose their God — the Lord or Baal.\*

“Build ye an altar,” lo! he cries,  
“Ye priests of Baal, and sacrifice,  
While I, an exile from your coasts,  
Build also to the Lord of Hosts.

“And let the tribes of Israel fear,  
That God from henceforth, and revere,  
Whose fire, descending from the skies,  
Consumes his servant's sacrifice.”

The tribes approve; the priests of Baal  
From morn till eve their Idol call;  
But still in vain — their sacrifice  
Unburnt upon the altar lies.

The prophet then with ardent zeal,  
Hastes to present his high appeal;  
But glory first to God ascribes,  
And thus bespeaks the listening tribes:

“Israel, thy long-offended God  
Has smote thy land with Famine's rod,  
And written on thy pallid face  
His curse against a rebel race.

“But now he comes with signs of power  
And mercy in thy trying hour,  
That henceforth all thy tribes may own,  
‘The Lord of Hosts is God alone.’”

Then, with his hands upraised, he prays,  
“Honour thy servant, God of Grace!  
And now before this people's eyes,  
Let fire consume thy sacrifice.”

Instant the heaven-born fire obeys!  
The offering and the altar blaze!  
The tribes fall prostrate and each one  
Exclaims, "The Lord is God alone!"

Great God! here too a rebel race  
Insults th' Almighty to his face!  
Australia's sons, both great and small,  
Forsake the Lord and worship Baal!

Doubtless, for this the harvest yields  
A blasted crop in all our fields,\*  
And want assails on every hand  
And Famine wastes our guilty land!

But as of old thy mighty power  
Shone brightest in the darkest hour;  
So let it shine forth here again  
That men may know and fear thy reign!

If idol-priests, O Lord, there be,  
Who care for aught more than for Thee;  
O send thy light throughout our coasts,  
That all may fear the Lord of Hosts!

And if there be a faithful few  
Who guide the wandering sinner's view  
To Jesus and the world above;  
Honour thy servants, God of Love!

Yea! bless the word which thou hast given,  
And send thy Spirit's fire from Heaven,  
To melt the sinner's heart of stone  
And teach him, "Thou art God alone!"

So shall Australia's skies distil  
The dew that fell on Zion's hill!  
And oft her sons thy praise resume,  
When we are silent in the tomb!

## Universal Prayer.

From the German of Gellert.  
Written on Board the Medway, at Sea.

Ich komme vor dein Angesicht,  
Verwirf, O Gott, mein Flehen nicht; &c.

GREAT GOD! I bow before thy face,  
Deign to receive my humble prayer.  
Forgive my sins, O God of grace,  
And leave me not to dark despair!

Lord! cleanse my heart, that while I live,  
With humble fear and grateful love,  
Due praise to thee I still may give,  
And peace of conscience ever prove.

In every danger, Lord! defend,  
For still I trust thy gracious aid!  
With the Almighty for my Friend,  
What foes shall e'er make me afraid?

O, I am wholly in thy power!  
From thee I hold my Reason, Lord!  
Preserve it to my dying hour;  
Inform it by thy blessed word!

And grant, that while I live, I may  
Still set the Lord before mine eyes;  
That walking in thy heavenly way,  
Thy faithful people may rejoice.

Lord! 'tis my happiness to know  
What thou in mercy dost reveal;  
Be it my happiness to do  
All thy commands with ready zeal.

My feeble power could ne'er suffice  
To conquer passion's ruthless sway;  
But, Lord! thy wondrous grace supplies

Sufficient strength to gain the day.  
Of life's possessions grant me, Lord!  
    Whate'er thy wisdom may decree.  
If life's best gift thy grace afford,  
    The smallest lot were large for me.

But if thine ever-bounteous hand  
    Should still increase my humble store;  
Still may the friendless poor command  
    Assistance at my friendly door!

Grant me sound health and gratitude  
    Thy countless benefits to own;  
Nor let me e'er for selfish good  
    The path of duty basely shun.

Provide me, Lord! a faithful friend,  
    My heart to cheer, my steps to guide;  
Whose bright example may defend  
    Me from impiety and pride.

And if thy wisdom should extend  
    My span of life through many a day,  
Be thou my guardian to the end,  
    Nor leave me when my hairs are grey.

But if my doom is hastening on.  
    Receive me in thy mercy, Lord!  
And be thro' Christ, thine only Son,  
    My Tower, my Shield, my great Reward.

## **The Voyage of Life.**

Written on Board the Medway.

MAN, like a ship with many a sail  
Spread to a favouring breeze,  
Embarks before Hope's flattering gale,  
Upon the world's wide seas,  
Right sure he will not, cannot fail  
To gain his port with ease.

But, like a vessel far at sea  
Struck by a sudden squall,  
If Fortune (fickle dame!) should flee,  
Or Passion should enthral,  
Right soon the hapless youth may be  
Engulphed and lose his all.

Then let thy spirit, Lord! be given,  
Like a fair breeze to blow  
And keep my canvas still unriven,  
While here I sail below,  
Till safely in the port of Heaven,  
I let my anchor go!

## **Still Life.**

From the Greek of Anacreon.\*

CROWNED with laurel and with bay,  
Singing to my Lesbian lyre,  
Life glides peacefully away,  
Bringing all my hopes desire.

Gyges may increase his store  
And his golden treasure share;  
I am richer, happier far,  
Without wealth and free from care.

Hated Envy, sure, my heart  
Never yet by thee was stung;  
Fearful I avoid the dart  
Of a slander-loving tongue.

Tranquilly my moments run;  
Softly do they glide away.  
May I set like yon bright Sun  
Glorious at the close of day.

(Sydney, October, 1826.)

## Luther's Soliloquy

On Receiving the Bull of Pope Leo X., Declaring Him a Heretic, and  
an Enemy of the Church of Rome.

THE die is cast! The die is cast!  
The fatal Rubicon\* is passed!  
And I am now thy foe at last,  
Proud Rome!

And as the Carthaginian swore  
Against thy State eternal war,  
So do I swear, high Heaven before,  
Proud Rome!

The might of Christendom may be  
Galled with thy yoke of slavery  
And kiss their chains! But I am free!  
Proud Rome!

Yes! Undismayed at thy renown,  
I scorn thy favour and thy frown,  
I trample on thy triple crown,  
Proud Rome!

O thou hast held o'er many a land  
Fell Superstition's iron hand;  
But thou shalt lose thy high command,  
Proud Rome!

Yes! thou shalt fall! 'tis Heaven's decree!  
And happy shall that mortal be  
Who lives thy ruin dire to see,  
Proud Rome!

Here one poor Saxon stands alone  
Thy firm but feeble foe — aye, one!  
But myriads shall assail thy throne,  
Proud Rome!

And He whose brightness gives them light,

Shall hurl thee from thy giddy height,  
And turn thy glory into night,  
Proud Rome!

I see the dawn of that bright day!  
I see the darkness flee away,  
And Christ assert his rightful sway,  
Proud Rome!

Then hurl thy vengeance on my head!  
Rack all my joints, my heart's blood shed!  
Men shall be free when I am dead,  
Proud Rome!

On Board the Medway — Lat. 20° South.

## The Mermaid's Song.

\*

Written on Board the Andromeda, off the Coast of Brazil, 1823.

OUR vessel had left the Scottish strand  
On her voyage to a distant and desert land;  
And the moonbeam was kissing her milk-white sail  
As it flaunted aloft in the dying gale.

When, lo! as I sat on the deck all alone,  
And mused on the days and the years that were gone,  
A Mermaiden's voice came soft on my ear,  
And I listened awhile her song to hear.

And ay, as she sung, her doleful song  
Came mingled with music the breezes along;  
For she touched her harp with her Syren hand  
Like an Elfin minstrel from fairy land.

“The storm is hushed and the moon on high  
Sails beauteous and bright in the azure sky,  
But the thunder-cloud shall gather soon  
And envelop in darkness the silver moon.

“And yon gallant ship with her streamers so gay  
Shall sink in the deep sea for ever and ay;  
And many a fathom beneath the wave  
Shall her sailors sleep in their watery grave.

“Then watchful mariner leave thy helm,  
For soon shall the surge thy vessel o'erwhelm,  
And thou shalt sleep to-morrow with me  
Adown in the depths of the raging sea.

“Sailor, rest, for thy toils are o'er!  
Dream'st thou of home and thy native shore?  
Ah! never again shalt thou see the sun  
Rise over the mountains of Caledon.

“Captain, thy canvas is all unfurled,

And thou art bound to the nether world;  
The Mermaid's daughter shall be thy bride  
To-morrow beneath the raging tide.”

She ceased, but the echoes still seem to prolong  
The last wild notes of her Syren song,  
'Till I was aroused from her fairy spell  
By the sound of the sailor's midnight bell.

## Hymn for the Sabbath.

From the German of Gellert.

Erinnre dich, mein Geist, erfreut  
Des hohen Tags der Herrlichkeit; &c.

AWAKE, my soul, and hail the day  
On which thy Saviour, Christ, arose,  
And vanquishing fell Death's array,  
Led captive all thy mightiest foes!

Yes, O my soul, I say, rejoice  
As if thou did'st thy Saviour see.  
As if thou heard'st his gracious voice  
Saying, "My peace be still with thee."

He is the God who was and is,  
And whose dominion knows no end;  
But though he dwells in heavenly bliss,  
He is thy never-failing friend.

He calls thee from the depths of woe,  
To glory, honour and renown;  
He calls thee from a cross below,  
To wear with him a heavenly crown!

To sin then learn from him to die,  
And in affliction's darkest hour,  
Still, O my soul, on him rely —  
His is the kingdom and the power.

Yea! with the just in bliss to dwell  
For ay around his glorious throne,  
Truly thou might'st relinquish well  
This fleeting world without a groan.

On Board the Medway.

## **Sonnet.**

### **To the Comet of 1825.**

O TELL me, loveliest wanderer of the sky,  
That with a bright stream of translucent light  
Gleaming along thy wake, illum'st the night,  
As thou dost sail amid yon orbs on high,  
Whence art thou come and wherefore come so nigh  
The precincts of our dark terrestrial sphere?  
Wert thou a stranger to repose and joy,  
In thine own world and com'st to seek them here?  
Did hope deferred make thy heart sad above?  
Or cruel death fill thee with bitterest woe?  
Or dost thou mourn thine unrequited love,  
And come to seek true hearts and bliss below?  
Alas! fond wanderer, thou hast come in vain!  
Soon shalt thou find the earth a world of grief and pain!

On Board the Medway — Lat. 22° South.

## **The Voyage to Heaven.**

The sun may shine and the favouring gale  
Blow fair as fair may be,  
When the mariner hoists the milk-white sail,  
And joyfully puts to sea:  
But ere he arrives at the distant haven,  
Whither the good ship is bound,  
Her canvas may all be rent and riven,  
And the tempest roar around.

So often, I ween, on the world's wide seas,  
Is the voyage of life begun  
With a cloudless sky and a favouring breeze  
And the smiles of a summer-sun:  
But ere the young mariner crosses the main,  
Or hails the haven nigh,  
The storm overtakes him again and again,  
And the tempest clouds the sky.

And so when the Christian mariner steers  
To yonder promised land,  
Tho' placid at first the deep sea appears,  
With sunshine and zephyrs bland:  
Yet ere he arrives on the heavenly coast,  
The storm will rudely blow,  
And his shattered bark be tempest-tossed  
On a sea of trouble and woe!

And dost thou think, fond dreamer, then,  
Thou canst reach the port on high,  
And ne'er feel the storm as thou crossest the main,  
Nor look on a low'ring sky?  
No! storms and tempests, sorrow and care,  
Beset the heavenly way;  
'Tis only the weary whose barks are there  
Securely moored for ay!

On Board the Medway, off the S. W. Coast of New Holland.

## To Lady Brisbane.

On the Death of Commodore Sir James Brisbane, C.B., of His Majesty's Ship Warspite, Who Died in Sydney, 19th December, 1826.\*

WHY, lady, art thou weeping  
As if thy heart would break?  
He is not dead, but sleeping,  
And shall speedily awake:  
The Resurrection-morn will come  
And rouse the slumberer from the tomb.

Tho' ghastly and unsightly  
Is the visage of the dead,  
When the smile that played so lightly  
On the manly cheek has fled;  
Yet, Lady, soon that ghastly face  
Shall glow with heavenly loveliness.

For the spirit is immortal  
Tho' its tenement is dust;  
And the grave is Heaven's portal  
For the spirits of the just.  
There shall they live in endless day,  
When sun and moon have set for ay.

## On the Death of a Child.

Go, angel, cherub, go,  
    Back to thy native skies;  
Nor tarry longer here below,  
    Amid earth's vanities;  
Hear'st not that voice, "Come, daughter, come?"  
It is thy Father calls thee home!

Brief was thy term of pain;  
    But thou art happy now;  
For the Redeemer's blissful reign  
    Extends o'er such as thou.  
Ten thousand infant-spirits wait,  
Attendant on his royal state.

What were a few more years  
    Of earth's delusive joys —  
Toiling along this vale of tears,  
    Unprofitably wise;  
One hour of Paradise were worth  
An age of all the joys of earth!

'Tis where affection twines  
    The closest round the heart  
That Death matures his dark designs  
    And aims his envious dart.  
But still 'twas meant in love for thee;  
And should *thy* joy be grief to me?

No! angel, cherub, go,  
    Back to thy native skies;  
Nor tarry longer here below,  
    Amid earth's vanities;  
Hear'st not that voice, "Come, daughter, come?"  
It is thy Father calls thee home!

(Sydney, December 14, 1844.)

## **Ezekiel's Vision.**

ALL thoughtful at the close of day,  
As Judah's captive Prophet lay  
    By Chebar's rapid tide;  
Transported to his native land,  
Jehovah's Angel seemed to stand  
    In vision at his side.

Far as he cast his eyes around,  
The bones of men covering the ground,  
    It seemed as white as snow;  
For dry and blanched by sun and rain,  
They seemed the bones of armies slain  
    Full many an age ago.

“Can these bones live?” the Angel cries;  
The Prophet, much amazed, replies,  
    “Lord, thou alone dost know.”  
“Then go,” the Angel says again,  
“And preach to these dead bones of men;  
    ’Tis God commands thee, go.

“And know, O man, thy God can give  
Life to the dead and make them live  
    To praise his mighty power.  
For hopeless tho' they seemed before,  
His quickening spirit can restore  
    Their vigour in an hour.”

Doubtful at first, the Seer obeys,  
And “Live, ye bones, live, live!” he says,  
    “And hear Jehovah's word.  
Spirit of life, reanimate  
Their withered, dead and hopeless state,  
    That they may praise the Lord!”

Soon as the Prophet lifts his voice,  
Sudden he hears a rustling noise  
    Around him on the plain.

The bones unite! and lo! they rise  
In flesh and blood before his eyes,  
A host of living men!

Thus, wheresoe'er, O Lord, we go  
To preach thy Gospel here below,  
The ground whereon we tread  
Only presents a numerous band  
Of sinners in each guilty land  
As hopeless and as dead!

Mere human power can ne'er revive,  
Or spirit, health and vigour give  
To these dry bones, O Lord!  
But still we know thy power can make  
The dead to hear and to awake;  
And still we preach thy word!

Lord, send thy spirit from on high!  
That while we preach salvation nigh,  
The dead in sin may hear,  
And to new life arising stand  
A numerous and a holy band,  
Accomplished in thy fear!

On Board the Medway, at Sea.

## **The Sailor's Burial.**

Suggested by the Death of a Sailor on Board the Medway.

I HEARD a voice far far at sea!  
'Twas the voice of a dying sailor's prayer;  
And ere the morrow his spirit was free  
From a world of toil and sorrow and care!

I heard a voice far far at sea!  
As we tolled the sailor's funeral-knell;  
And sweet was that heavenly voice to me,  
"He has reached the haven and all is well!"

I heard a voice far far at sea!  
As the sailor sunk beneath the wave,  
"Who dies in the Lord, O happy is he,  
He shall rise in glory from the grave!"

I heard a voice far far at sea!  
"Prepare ye living men to die,  
For soon shall your endless mansion be  
With sinners in woe, or with God on high."

## Sacramental Hymn.

From the German of Gellert.

Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich.  
Tod! wo sind nun deine Schrecken? &c.

JESUS lives, and so shall I.  
Death! thy sting is gone for ever!  
He who deigned for me to die,  
Lives the bands of death to sever.  
He shall raise me with the just;  
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives and reigns supreme;  
And his kingdom still remaining,  
I shall also be with him,  
Ever living, ever reigning.  
God has promised; be it must;  
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and God extends  
Grace to each returning sinner;  
Rebels he receives as friends,  
And exalts to highest honour.  
God is true, as he is just:  
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and by his grace  
Victory o'er my passions giving,  
I will cleanse my heart and ways,  
Ever to his glory living.  
The weak he raises from the dust;  
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and I am sure,  
Nought shall e'er from Jesus sever.  
Satan's wiles, and Satan's power,  
Pain or pleasure — ye shall never!  
Christian armour cannot rust;

Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and death is now  
But my entrance into glory.  
Courage! then my soul, for thou  
Hast a crown of bliss before thee;  
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just.  
Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

On Board the Medway.

## Sonnet. The Friendship of the World.

\*

IN youth's gay morn, I left my native land  
To pitch my tent on a far distant shore.  
My heart was full at parting — for a band  
Of my youth's friends eternal friendship swore  
As I stood tearful on the yellow strand.  
Strange climes I visited, famous of yore,  
And saw strange men; but still affection grew  
Stronger and stronger for my native earth,  
Till I resolved at length to visit you,  
My youth's fond friends and my parental hearth.  
Friends cold as ice I found — and the wind blew  
Chill through the desert cottage of my birth!  
“O I will reëmbark,” I said, “and die,  
Far from my youth's fond friends, and from my natal sky.”

On Board the Medway, at Sea.

## Lament of Mattathias.

\*

Written on Board the Medway, in the South Seas.

THE sun had gone down, and his last feeble ray  
On the high hill of Zion was melting away,  
When under the shade of a sycamore tree,  
I heard the lament of the old Maccabee:

“Go, all in thy glory, and sink in the west!  
Go, shine, thou bright sun, on a land of the blest!  
For the children of Judah, they ask not thy light;  
More fit for their grief are the shadows of night!

“Alas, for thee, Judah! the host of the Lord  
Is smitten before the idolater's sword!  
And Zion weeps under the Syrian's rod,  
And an idol is reared in the temple of God!

“O City of David! thy heroes are gone!  
For the gentile profane sits on Solomon's throne!  
And the fearful Jew bends to an image abhorred,  
Where his forefathers oft paid their vows to the Lord.

“'Tis the Lord who afflicts for the sins of our line!  
'Tis he who chastises with mercy benign!  
For the children of Judah long long have forgot  
The hand that appointed and blessed their lot!

“Yet God shall return and his promise fulfil;  
He will gather his outcasts and favour them still.  
Then comfort! ye mourners, and hope in his word;  
Tho' all should forsake you, yet will not the Lord.

“For the Shiloh shall come to his temple ere long,  
And the mourners of Zion return with a song.  
Thy sorrow, O Judah, may last for a night,  
But joy everlasting returns with the light.”

## Epistle.

To the Gentlemen of the St. Andrew's Club, in Answer to their Card of Invitation to their Anniversary Ball, &c. — Sydney, 25th November, 1823.

FRIENDS of St. Andrew and the Thistle,  
Accept, I pray, this short epistle,  
In answer to your invitation  
To the Grand Ball and Cold Collation.

I wish you well as well may be;  
Long may you live in harmony;  
And every year in hot November  
The Caledonian Saint remember!  
Scotsmen! full well I ween ye may  
Do worse than hold St. Andrew's day!

But, Gentlemen, pray don't refuse me  
This one small favour — to excuse me  
From dancing at your splendid ball;  
For why — I cannot dance at all.

I am a plain, perhaps rude, man,  
Tho' a true Caledonian;  
My boyhood spent in books and schools,  
I know not Fashion's modish rules.  
Unskilled alike at high quadrille,  
Or German waltz, or Highland reel,  
I own I never learned the art  
To act the polished dancer's part.

But, Gentlemen, do not suppose  
That I am one of Scotia's foes,  
Tho' I should neither dance nor sup,  
Nor quaff the red wine from the cup,  
Nor join the merry roundelay  
With you on old St. Andrew's day.

No! Caledonia, I do love thee,

And the bleak sky that frowns above thee!  
I love my country. Yes, I do;  
I love my country's children too.  
O may they never bring dishonour  
By vice or knavish arts upon her!  
May every Caledonian be  
Virtuous and loyal, brave and free;  
Of spotless fame, true to his word,  
And honourable as a lord!  
Where'er he go, where'er he roam,  
Far from his loved — his native home,  
May Scotia be the Polar Star  
Of his attraction from afar!  
And when he lands on foreign shore  
To pitch his tent nor wander more,  
O may he plant her virtues there  
And breathe his own in foreign air!  
So should we in this Southern clime  
Revive the olden golden time!  
So should Australia's cloudless skies  
Smile on a Southern Paradise!

## **Sonnet.**

### **The Glad Sound.**

When some sweet melody or mountain lay,  
Dear to his youth, ere he had learned to roam,  
Strikes on the Switzer's ear when far away  
In foreign climes from his beloved home,  
Sorrow and joy commingled fill his heart  
With strong emotion, and the frequent tear  
Drops from his eye. Thenceforth no art  
Can lure him from his home and children dear.  
So when the blessed Gospel's still small voice,  
Proclaiming peace and pardon to his soul,  
Strikes on the sinner's ear, celestial joys  
Possess his breast, while tears of sorrow roll  
Adown his cheek. Thenceforth he seeks the road  
That leads to happiness, to Heaven, to God!

(Sydney, June, 1826.)

## Lines.

To the Memory of George Kilpatrick, Esq., Surgeon of the Expedition Appointed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in the Year 1823, to Explore the River Zambese, on the S. E. Coast of Africa.\*

IN youth, when nought bedims the past, and when the future seems  
Richly arrayed in all the bright hues of a lover's dreams,  
'Tis sweet to have a youthful friend whose heart beats unison,  
And whose romantic spirit chimes harmonious with your own.

And in ripe manhood when the world's deceitful glare is gone,  
And friendship has in every breast grown cold save his alone,  
'Tis sweet, if death should number him among the good and brave,  
To shed affection's bitter tear o'er his untimely grave.  
O, I have had that bosom-friend in my life's opening bloom!  
O, I have shed that bitter tear o'er his untimely tomb!

And still my first, my fondest friend, as memory turns to thee,  
The tear, so sadly sweet, shall flow and thy memorial be.  
Oft have we climbed in boyhood's days the mountain's steepy height,  
And wandered in the shady glens from early dawn till night;  
Or whiled the time away with tales of legendary lore,  
In Kelburn's ancient groves of pine on Scotland's distant shore.

And often have I listened since and still delighted been  
To hear thee tell of other climes and many a classic scene —  
How thou didst stem the Tiber's flood and visit ancient Rome,  
And climb the snowy Alps on foot to gain thy native home.

Fair Science won thy youthful heart, and to increase her store,  
Disease and shipwreck thou didst brave on many a foreign shore;  
But now thy race is run, and far far from thy native land,  
The negro digs thy lonely grave on Afric's fatal strand!

On Board the Medway — Lat. 8° South.

## **Lux in Tenebris.**

WHEN the trade wind blows fair  
    Along the waveless sea,  
Then lives the sailor, freed from care,  
    In dull monotony.  
Where'er he turns his wearied eye,  
'Tis azure sea and azure sky.

But when the loud wind blows,  
    And darkness shrouds the deep,  
And every wave that strikes her bows  
    Breaks o'er the labouring ship;  
The storm-worn sailor, then, I ween,  
May gaze upon a grander scene.

For then the troubled sea  
    Glow with unwonted light,  
And every wave shines gorgeously,  
    Amid the gloom of night.  
One might forget the storm to spy  
So bright a sea, so dark a sky.\*

So on the Christian's way,  
    When favouring fortune smiles,  
And all seems like a summer-day,  
    With neither cares nor toils;  
The scene may please, but yet 'tis tame,  
Devoid of interest, still the same.

But when rude storms arise  
    Around him on his way;  
When thickest darkness hides the skies  
    And veils the face of day?  
The man of sorrow then, I ween,  
May gaze upon a brighter scene.

For God will then illumine  
    His toil-worn servant's path,  
Cheering affliction's midnight gloom,

Brightening the shades of death,  
And proving to his raptured sight,  
“At evening-time it shall be light.”

On Board the Medway — Lat. 8° South.

## To My Horse.

On Riding Alone by Moonlight over the Blue Mountains, when  
Returning from Bathurst. — June, 1826.

WHILE the bright moon ascends the height  
Of Heaven most gloriously,  
And sheds her beams of mellow light  
On rock and forest-tree,  
My little steed, this beauteous night,  
I'll wake my song for thee.

Full many a bard has penned his ode  
To beauty's fading charms,  
And oft the song-inspiring god  
Has sung wild war's alarms;  
But why should I, on this lone road,  
Sing either love or arms!

I'll sing of thee, my little steed,  
Companion of my toil,  
Whom I have found a friend in need  
For many a long long mile.  
Alas! man's friendship is, indeed,  
As transient as his smile.

Whether thou art a steed of birth  
And lofty pedigree,  
Whose sires have trod on Moslem earth,  
Is all unknown to me;  
But sure thou hast intrinsic worth —  
That best nobility.

Patient and cheerful thou hast trod  
This solitary way;  
Nor murmured at the toilsome road  
In darkness or by day.  
Would I had trod the path of God  
As cheerfully alway!

Yet thou hast stumbled on thy path  
And brought thy rider low —  
Even to the very gates of death —  
But sure, 'twas nothing new;  
The very best of mortals hath  
Stumbled and fallen too.

Thy trappings, neither new nor gay,  
Befit thy rider well;  
For sure in vanity's array  
'Mid worldlings to excel,  
Befits not him who points the way  
From folly, sin, and hell.

Thy wants are few. The splendid lord  
(All happy tho' he seem),  
Thou enviest not his gilded board;  
Nor dost thou ever dream  
Of costlier fare than the green sward  
And the pure mountain stream.

And sure if self-deluded man  
Would only copy thee,  
And learn contentment's simple plan,  
From wild ambition free;  
He'd live and die far happier than  
The world's nobility.

For whether life's short journey lead  
Through deserts wild and drear,  
Or over lawn and flowery mead,  
Its destined close is near.  
The rider and his fiery steed  
Are but a moment here!

Then let us run our mortal course  
In virtue's narrow way;  
So shall we, like the victor horse,  
Be crowned on God's great day,  
Nor pine like millions in remorse  
For ever and for ay!

## The Eastern Magi.

Written on Board the Medway, under the Line.

LED by a brightly blazing star,  
The emblem of Messiah's reign,  
A band of Sages from afar  
Traverse Arabia's arid plain;  
And spices from the east they bring  
To greet the long-expected King.

To Salem's towers they bend their way —  
Salem renowned for priestly lore,  
And princes who with sovereign sway  
Ruled far and wide in days of yore.  
But there in palace and in fane  
They seek the Prince of Life in vain.

“Where is the King of Judah? Where?”  
In Herod's royal court they cry;  
But Herod and his courtiers there  
Are each unable to reply!  
The princes knew not — no, not they —  
Where Zion's new-born monarch lay.

“Where is the King of Judah? Where?”  
Amid th' assembled Priests they cry;  
Amazed the younger idly stare,  
The elder blush with downcast eye.  
Nor Priest nor Levite — no, not one  
Can tell of David's royal son.

From Salem then the Sages turn;  
But heavenward as they cast their eyes,  
Again they see the meteor burn  
Conspicuous in the starry skies.  
Joyful they hail its heavenly flame,  
And lo! it rests o'er Bethlehem.

There, in a manger, lowly laid,

The infant King the Sages find,  
In swadling-bands poorly arrayed,  
Scarce sheltered from the rain or wind.  
A grateful homage straight they pay,  
And homeward bend their joyous way.

Jesus, my King, I too have sought,  
On Zion's consecrated ground,  
With sins and not with spices fraught,  
Thee have I sought but have not found!  
O send forth then some glittering star  
To guide me where thy dwellings are.

Jesus, my Lord, full well I know  
Men cannot guide my steps to thee,  
From this base world of sin and woe,  
Learned and noble tho' they be;  
I still should search in vain for ay,  
Unless my God should point the way.

But glory be to God on high,  
Whose word is as a star at night,  
To guide the wandering sinner's eye  
To Bethlehem and the Prince of Light.  
Open mine eyes that I may see  
That star, good Lord, which leads to thee!

## The Albatross, Or The Rock of Ages.

\*

The Albatross, with ceaseless flight,  
    May cruize for many a day,  
And many a long and stormy night,  
    While land lies far away.  
But still there is some rocky isle,  
    Amid the Southern seas,  
Where the tall albatross awhile  
    Forgets to mount the breeze.  
For thither he will speed at length  
    (Howe'er he loves to roam)  
To build his nest and gather strength —  
    The sea-bird has a home!

How like the sea-bird's airy flight,  
    Deluded man, is thine,  
Pursuing pleasure day and night  
    Amid the ocean brine!  
For sure the world is but a sea,  
    And pleasure is not there,  
But bootless toil and vanity,  
    And sorrow and despair.  
But, ah! unlike the albatross,  
    Still dost thou vainly fly  
The waves of that wild sea across  
    Although thy Rock is nigh!

For know, there is a Rock for thee,  
    And firmly does it stand;  
Blest is its shadow far at sea,  
    Or in the weary land.  
There rich refreshments thou shalt find,  
    There living water flows,  
And sweetest fruit of every kind  
    In every season grows.  
Then thither speed thy drooping wing,

Nor longer idly roam,  
Christ is thy Rock, and he will bring  
Thee to a heavenly home!

On Board the Medway, off the S. W. Coast of New Holland.

## **The Staff of Moses**

### **Transformed into a Serpent.**

WHEN Moses wrought in Pharoah's land  
The wonders of the Lord,  
His staff became at God's command  
A serpent on the sward.

But we behold just such a scene,  
Oft as the power of God  
Transforms the staff on which we lean  
Into a scourge or rod.

Such transformations are designed  
To teach us where to place  
Our hopes, and with a patient mind  
To wait the hour of grace.

Thus where I cherished many a hope,  
Full sadly have I quaffed,  
From disappointment's bitter cup,  
The nauseating draught.

And where my every hope was gone  
And all seemed cheerless night,  
There suddenly around me shone  
A heart-reviving light.

So we may also see the rod  
Its former shape attain,  
Just as the snake transformed by God  
Became a staff again.

On Board the Medway, in the South Sea.

## **The Widow of Nain.**

SLOWLY and sad a funeral train  
Advances from the gates of Nain,  
As Jesus walks along the plain.

The corpse they bear — a widow's son!  
Ah! how she weeps! her hope is gone,  
And she is friendless and alone!

Can Jesus pass a scene of woe  
So sad and sorrowful, nor shew  
His pity or his power? O no!

“Weep not, afflicted one,” he cries,  
While tear-drops fill his own bright eyes,  
“Thy son shall live — Young man, arise.”

Instant Death owns his conqueror near,  
And quits his prey with conscious fear,  
And the youth rises from the bier!

Meanwhile the people weep for joy;  
The mother clasps her risen boy,  
And hymns of praise their tongues employ.

Jesus, my God! I too am dead  
In sin, and quickly were I laid  
In hell for ay, without thine aid!

But if thou say, “Young man, arise,”  
Soon shall I ope my closed eyes,  
And wake to life and heavenly joys!

## Verses.

To Mr. George Lang, the Author's Brother,\* on His Embarking for New South Wales. — London, April 25th, 1821.

O FARE thee well, my brother,  
My heart still throbs another  
    “Fare thee well!”  
'Tis a word of bitterest sorrow,  
Ushering in a lonely morrow!  
    Fare thee well!

No parent, sister, brother,  
Can greet thee now, nor other  
    Earthly friend!  
The deep sea lies before thee;  
But Jehovah's shield is o'er thee  
    To defend.

Then tho' the raging billow  
Rolls beneath thy heaving pillow  
    Far at sea;  
Trust him who never sleepeth,  
And whose guardian angel keepeth  
    Watch o'er thee!

When the beauties of Aurora  
Ushering in the balmy morrow,  
    Gaily shine,  
And when the dew of even  
Falls from the brow of Heaven  
    On the brine;

Let thy song of deep devotion,  
From the stormy lap of ocean,  
    Mount on high:  
Angels from Heaven bending  
Shall bear the notes ascending  
    To the sky!

And when a lonely ranger  
On the mountains of the stranger  
    Far away,  
Let Jehovah's counsel guide thee,  
And let God, whate'er betide thee  
    Be thy stay.

If prosperity should bless thee,  
And her train of friends caress thee,  
    With their love;  
Let the thought of Heaven fire thee,  
And let gratitude inspire thee  
    From above.

If adversity's bleak morrow  
Should cloud thy dawn with sorrow  
    And with gloom,  
Let Hope still hover o'er thee —  
She will shed her brightest glory  
    O'er the tomb.

Then fare thee well, my brother,  
My heart still throbs another  
    “Fare thee well!”  
'Tis a word of bitterest sorrow,  
Ushering in grief's lonely morrow;  
    Fare thee well!

## Verses.

To the Memory of Mr. George Lang, Who Died in Sydney, 18th  
January, 1825.

On Board the Medway, in the British Channel.

AND thou art gone, my brother,  
From this world of sin and woe!  
And thou hast bid thy last adieu  
To friends and all below!  
And now thou liest mute and still,  
The cold earth on thy breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

Short was the journey of thy life  
And thorny was the road!  
But thou hast cleared the barren wild  
And reached the mount of God!  
And thou hast seen thy Saviour there  
In glory all confessed,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling  
And the weary are at rest!

Full soon thy course was finished,  
And the work assigned thee done!  
Full soon thy Christian fight was fought,  
And thy prize of glory won!  
Now thou hast gone to wear thy crown  
On high among the blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling  
And the weary are at rest!

If spirits of the just retain  
The ties on earth that bind,  
Sure thou hast friends to greet thee there  
More than thou left'st behind.  
Thy fathers, who for Christ endured  
Th' oppressor's malice long,\*  
Would greet thee with a parent's voice

And with an angel's song.

My brother, O my brother!  
Would I had seen thee die!  
And caught the last word from thy lip,  
And heard thy parting sigh;  
And laid thee in the silent grave!  
I knew it not the while;  
I knew not of thy parting hour,  
In Britain's distant isle!

Sure thou didst go to yonder land  
To pave the way for me;  
And build an altar to thy God,  
Far o'er the dark blue sea.  
Perchance again thou goest before  
To yonder world above,  
That we may there unite ere long  
To bless the Saviour's love!

Sweet was thy welcome when I first  
Reached Australasia's shore,  
When all the perils of my voyage,  
And all its toils were o'er!  
But sweeter shall thy welcome be,  
If e'er to me 'tis given  
To reach, when life's last voyage is o'er,  
The friendly port of Heaven!

## **Gloria Deo, or the Coral Insect.**

\*

THOUGH every power on earth combines  
    To do his high command,  
God can effect his vast designs  
    Even by the feeblest hand:  
The weakest instrument may raise  
A deathless structure to his praise.

Far in the deep sea's vast abyss,  
    Where ocean's gloomy bed  
Is to the seaman fathomless,  
    Even with the deep-sea lead,  
The coral insect rears an isle  
Where man may live and summer smile!

Unseen he plies his hidden toil,  
    For many a long long year;  
While overhead fierce billows boil  
    And gallant fleets career.  
At length the islet greets the day,  
Rising amid the foaming spray.

So doth the Church of Judah's God  
    Amid the nations rise;  
Its firm foundation deep as broad,  
    Its summit in the skies.  
'Twas God that drew the mighty plan  
For thee, the builder, feeble Man!

Deep in eternity's abyss,  
    Its base is firmly laid;  
And (wondrous in the realms of bliss!)  
    Man is the builder made!  
The coral insect cannot be  
A feebler architect than he!

Unseen he labours many an hour

Beneath the raging flood,  
Strong through the Spirit's mighty power  
And the good word of God;  
Tho' Unbelief contemns his toil,  
And Satan vainly raves the while.

At length the lofty fabric stands,  
In glorious majesty;  
And every tribe in heathen lands  
Enters successively!  
What seraph, ere he saw, could tell,  
Man should have built so strong, so well!

Yet all the glory and the praise  
To Judah's God belong.  
Then, O ye builders, gladly raise  
To him your grateful song!  
The Lord, the master-builder, planned —  
Ye only build by his command.

On Board the Medway, off the S. W. Coast of Van Diemen's Land.

## The Magellan Clouds

\*

Written at Midnight during a Storm, on Board the Medway, in the South Seas.

WHILE the children of Jacob in Goshen remain,  
They know but the change of the even and morn:  
No visions of glory their senses enchain,  
No bright coruscations their pathway adorn.

But soon as they march on their perilous way,  
Through the sea and the waste to the land of delight,  
A bright cloudy pillar precedes them by day,  
And a pillar of fire illumines the night.

And so when the sun of prosperity beams,  
In the home of his forefathers, brightly and clear,  
All peaceful the path of the Christian seems,  
But visions of glory may never appear.

Yet soon as he speeds through the enemy's land,  
Or soon as adversity's tempests assail,  
The angel of God will appear at his hand,  
And the music of heaven sound sweet in the gale.

Ye, beautiful clouds, are a symbol to me,  
Of the sights I have seen and the joys I have felt,  
Since first I embarked on this perilous sea,  
Since first in the land of the stranger I dwelt.

Nor would I the sweet recollection forego,  
For the scenes that my boyhood was wont to admire;  
Thy beauties, fair Scotland, how faintly they glow  
To the luminous cloud and the pillar of fire.

## Paraphrase of Heb. XII. — 1–2.

YE followers of the Son of God,  
Why murmur at his chastening rod?  
Supported by Jehovah's grace,  
Why faint ye in your Christian race?

See! countless witnesses around  
With diadems of beauty crowned!  
See! saints and martyrs cheer you on  
To share the glory they have won!

See! Jesus your Almighty Friend,  
Your faith's great Author and its End!  
From his exalted throne on high  
Regards you with a pitying eye!

He, from his love to men below,  
Endured the cross and all its woe;  
But now he reigns at God's right hand,  
The glory of the heavenly land.

By his divine example fired,  
And with his ardent zeal inspired,  
The race assigned us let us run,  
Nor faint until the prize is won!

So let us tread affliction's path,  
As Jesus trod the vale of death;  
And like him, heavenward turn our eyes;  
A crown of glory is the prize!

(Largs, Ayrshire, Scotland, 1822.)

## New Year's Day.

Written in Edinburgh, 1st January, 1822.

JOYFUL, in Scotland's royal city,  
Thousands hailed the infant year;\*  
And, with welcome warm and witty,  
Poured around the maddening cheer.

All was joy and all was gladness,  
All was revelry and song;  
Why, then, with unwonted sadness,  
Throbb'd my heart amid the throng?

I thought, Edina, of the numbers  
Thou hast seen carousing here;  
Now sunk, alas! in death's deep slumbers,  
Reckless of the coming year.

I thought of man's short hour of pleasure,  
And of sorrow's lengthened day;  
Of ills protracted passing measure,  
Joys that swiftly fleet away.

I thought of that dread hour of sorrow,  
To the guilty sons of men,  
When, after death's dark night, Aurora  
Dawns not on their hopes again.

Then, when th' Archangel stands proclaiming  
That old Time's last year has run;  
When the world around is flaming,  
And Eternity begun;

O, may we, with joy and gladness,  
Hail the never ending year;  
Nor, in wild despair and madness,  
Tremble at its coming near.

## Verses on the Ruins of Knock Castle.

\*

THE waning moon was toiling up yon steepy mountain's side,  
And her pallid beams, so faint and few, were flickering on the tide;  
And the bird of night's wild scream was heard from yonder ruined wall,  
Where Caledonia nightly mourns her ancient glory's fall.

My mind was rapt in solemn thought and contemplation deep,  
As, musing on the days of old, I climbed the rugged steep  
Where Knock, in high baronial pride, once reared her stately form,  
That now has braved, a thousand years, the battle and the storm.

Methought the notes of ancient war stole softly on my ear,  
And I heard the clashing of the sword, the buckler, and the spear,  
And the trampling of the warrior's horse, as in the days of old,  
He rode beneath yon rifted arch bedecked with glittering gold.

But now, alas! these days are gone, and the tempestriven dome  
Is now no more the baron's pride, or the beauteous maiden's home;  
For the loud wind whistles wildly where the faggots wont to blaze,  
And the notes of revelry were heard in Scotia's proudest days.

And now the dismal owl has placed her eyrie on the wall,  
And the solitary raven fixed his lodging in the hall,  
Where oft, perhaps, the minstrel bard has charmed the listening throng  
With his tale of ancient glory and his wild chivalric song.

But weep not, Caledonia, for thine ancient glory gone,  
And thy palaces in ruins, and thy deserted throne;  
Far happier are thy children now than their brave fathers when  
These walls resounded with the shouts of twice five hundred men.

No chieftain winds his bugle now along thy smiling fields;  
No Scottish swords are broken now on Scottish foemen's shields.  
The loudest sound that strikes the ear where thousands fought and fell  
Is the song of joyful reapers or the distant Sabbath bell.

(Largs, Ayrshire, Scotland, 1821.)

## Ode to Glasgow College

\*

Written on Board the Medway, in the South Sea.

THOUGH distant in the Southern Sea,  
My fancy oft reverts to thee,  
Thou venerable pile!  
Where erst I spent the happy hours  
When Youth exerts his opening powers,  
In learning's grateful toil.

And oft as Ocean in his pride,  
Rolls nightly on the billowy tide  
And laves the nether sky,  
Then, in my hammock slung, I dream  
It is the Clyde's transparent stream  
Gliding all softly by.

Yes! memory shall still retain  
Thy honoured form, tho' ne'er again  
I hail thy classic walls!  
O may thy laurels flourish long  
And happy be the youth that throng  
Thy academic halls!

There have I joyed to follow thee,  
Æneas! o'er the Tuscan Sea,  
Until thy voyage was done;  
And wept when fierce Pelides slew,  
Or brutally exposed to view  
Old Priam's warrior-son.

There hoary sages, bland and kind,  
Unlocked the treasures of the mind,  
Each to a youthful band;  
While, as a father leads his son  
From step to step, they lead them on  
With a parental hand.

There metaphysics would enchain  
My prostrate powers, vexing my brain  
    And baffling all my skill  
To comprehend — what God conceals  
In deepest shade and ne'er reveals —  
    The empire of the Will.

There Galileo's art unfurled  
The chart of yonder starry world  
    Clear as the cloudless noon;  
While Newton taught with steady hand  
To sound the seas, to mete the land  
    And poise the distant moon.

There geometry spread all her snares,  
Her polygons and curves and squares,  
    To lure me to the shade;  
While I, like a wild shepherd boy,  
Enamoured of the hills, would fly  
    From the dark-visaged maid.

There anatomic art would scan  
The wonders of the inner man  
    And range them on the shelf;  
While, as the keen scalpel dissects,  
Keen speculation oft detects  
    The very soul itself.

There Paracelsus\* deigned to own  
He ne'er could find the Sages' Stone,  
    Nor make men live for ay;  
Tho' when the clouds would darkly frown  
He'd call the rolling thunder down  
    And steal his bolts away.

There would the sage of metals stand,  
Vesuvian lava in his hand,  
    And conjure up the earth  
Her secret history to disclose  
And tell of all the horrid throes  
    That marked Creation's birth.

And there with countenance benign  
Where piety and learning shine,  
    Would sit the good MacGill —  
God's holy counsel skilled to teach

And eke to lead as well as preach  
The way to Zion's hill.

Friend of my youth! with counsel sage  
Oft didst thou guide my ripening age  
In God's most holy way.  
Still peaceful be thy honoured lot  
Till both the teacher and the taught  
Meet in the realms of day!

Friend of my youth! full many a son  
Will greet thee when thy course is run,  
In yonder holy land!  
Some have already reached its shore,  
Some tarry here, some go before,  
As God may give command.

For thou hast trained full many a youth  
To preach the Way, the Life, the Truth,  
In Kedar's wilds afar!  
Their trophies, then, are also thine,  
And thou shalt therefore henceforth shine,  
Bright as the morning-star!

Methinks I see them gladly go  
O'er burning sands and frozen snow,  
The soldiers of the cross!  
Thompson and Steele, and Stevenson,  
Martin, Brownlee, Bennie, MacLean,  
And Sutherland and Ross!\*

Youthful associates in the war,  
Whose trophies are more glorious far,  
Than wealth or fame's reward,  
God give you wisdom, courage, might,  
And holy zeal, nobly to fight  
The battles of the Lord!

So shall ye sing the victor's song,  
And joyful 'mid the ransomed throng,  
Hear the Redeemer tell —  
What shall delight the ravished ear  
More than the loudest plaudits here —  
That ye have served him well!

For tho' I shed the willing tear,

Steele!† over thine untimely bier,  
I own it is not wise!  
Once when we strove each to be first,  
Each failed; but now I fare the worst,  
For thou hast won the prize.

Youthful associates! never more  
May we revisit Scotland's shore,  
Or Glasgow's classic fane;  
Those ancient venerable towers,  
Where erst we spent the happy hours,  
We ne'er may see again.

But when, in Zion's splendid halls  
The Angel of Jehovah calls  
The catalogue of Heaven;  
If then our honoured names appear  
In the celestial register  
By God's own finger graven;

O we shall meet to part no more,  
But on a friendlier happier shore,  
Learn the high lore of bliss!  
For Christ shall be the Teacher then,  
And the glad scholars ransomed men  
As the stars numberless!

## Hymn.

From the German of Gellert.\*

Wahr ists, der Fromme schmeckt auf Erden  
Schon manchen selgen Augenblick.

A FEW short hours of transient joy  
The virtuous man may know,  
When travelling to you world on high,  
In this vain world below;  
Yet ah! his lot is sorrow still  
Until he reach God's holy hill.

But a few years of trial past  
On Zion's thorny road,  
And Zion's traveller shall at last  
Ascend the mount of God.  
Here he may dwell with pain and care,  
But rich rewards await him there.

There all that seemed mysterious here,  
Bright as the light shall shine,  
And all God's works and ways appear  
All holy, all divine.  
There 'mid the radiant choirs of bliss,  
He'll know how good Jehovah is.

For there they sing that heavenly strain  
Which few on earth may sing,  
“The Lord Omnipotent doth reign,  
And holy is our King.  
Whatever pleased him he hath done,  
And all his works are good — each one!”

Then what are all our sorrows here!  
They last but for a day!  
For Christ the Lord shall soon appear  
To wipe the tears away  
From all his faithful followers' eyes,

And give them mansions in the skies.

(Sydney, March, 1826.)

## **Sole Oriente Fugiunt Tenebrae.**

Written on Board the Medway, Storm Bay, Van Dieman's Land, on  
Making the Coast of that Island in Very Tempestuous and Hazy Weather.

WHAT tho' the tempest ruder blows  
And darker lowers the sky,  
When tossing on a sea of woes  
The heavenly port is nigh!  
What were a winter's day of sorrow  
If joy were coming on the morrow!

What tho' alarming doubts arise,  
And fears on every hand;  
One gleam of sunshine will suffice  
To light us to the land!  
Soon as we hail the gladsome ray  
Our doubts and fears shall flee away!

What tho' the heavenly sun of grace  
Enveloped seems in night!  
Soon will he shew his glorious face  
And say, Let there be light!  
The sun ne'er wears so fair a form  
As when illumining the storm!

## Sonnet.

Written on Board the Medway, off Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land.

O I COULD gaze the live-long summer day  
On such a scene as fills the raptured eye  
In this fair haven! Mountains that reach the sky  
Rise on the right and left, shadowing the bay  
With their huge forms, and diadem'd with grey  
And castellated rocks, whose hues may vie  
With the dark tints o' the sombre drapery  
That waves i' the wind adown their sides for ay.  
Yet all is wild and waste, save where the hand  
Of man, with long-continued toil and care,  
Has won a little spot of blooming land  
From the vast cheerless forest here and there!  
So is the moral world — a desert drear  
Where but a few green spots amid the waste appear!

## **Simeon.**

THE aged Simeon waited long  
In Zion's holy fane,  
Amid an unbelieving throng  
To hail Messiah's reign;  
On God's high promise he relied,  
And saw the Saviour ere he died.

So may I with the eye of faith,  
Behold my Saviour too,  
Ere in the gloomy vale of death  
I bid the world adieu!  
So may I hail my Saviour-king  
And say, O Death, where is thy sting?

(Sydney, January, 1826.)

## **Paraphrase and Translation of a Song of the Aborigines.**

Ngaan nubang dhuraa?  
Barraburiong gil-waa!

A WARRIOR lies in yonder dell,  
His eyelids closed for ever.  
Heroes! I slew him and he fell  
Near Warragumby river.  
Who is he ere we dig his grave?  
Come tell me in the song.  
O he is like a warrior brave  
Bold Barraburiong!

## **Spes in Adversis.**

YES, doubting Christian, stand and see  
The energy divine  
Of him who once in Galilee  
Turned water into wine.

Do all thy friends forsake thee, and  
Is all thy treasure spent?  
See! Jesus stands at thy right hand,  
The Lord Omnipotent!

When hope has fled, 'tis his delight  
To succour from on high;  
For still when darkest lowers the night  
The ruddy dawn is nigh.

His heavenly aid then still implore,  
Nor intermit thy toil:  
Think on Sarepta's widow's store,  
And on her cruse of oil.

For tho' he put full many a cup  
Of sorrow in thy hand,  
And make thee drink the med'cine up  
With look of stern command;

Yet soon as death's short sleep is slept,  
Glory shall crown thy brow;  
And thou shalt say, "Lord, thou hast kept  
The good wine until now."

(Sydney, 1826.)

## **Epinikion.**

Supposed to be Sung by Nehemiah, the Tirshatha, or Governor of Judah, after the Completion of the Second Temple.

WE built thy walls, O Zion,  
In sorrow and in fear;  
And each builder kept his eye on  
His battle-axe and spear  
As he builded; for the Lion  
Of Samaria was near.

But now thy holy Temple  
Stands on its rocky base,  
Magnificent and simple,  
As befits Jehovah's praise,  
And Judah in its ample  
Courts adores the God of Grace.

Zion! thy fame shall flourish  
'Till Time's concluding day;  
And posterity shall cherish  
Thy hallowed name for ay;  
But thine enemies shall perish  
And their memory pass away.

\* Sanballat and Tobiah,  
Despite your hostile band,  
On this mountain of Moriah,  
The house of God shall stand  
Till the kingdom of Messiah  
Is established in the land!

(Sydney, 1826.)

## **Paraphrase and Translation of a Song of the Blacks of Hunter River.**

Composed on the eve of an expedition to Port Macquarie, the Elizabeth Henrietta, a colonial schooner, being at the time anchored off Newcastle, and a fresh breeze blowing up the bay.

SWIFT-FOOTED warriors of our band,  
Haste ye and do not tarry;  
Gird ye like men from white man's land  
And hie to Port Macquarie.  
There will you see the great canoe  
Sheltered from every breeze,  
Altho' she rolls and pitches now  
In yonder stormy seas!

## David's Pride and Penitence.

Written during the prevalence of an epidemic catarrh in Sydney, and throughout the colony. — Nov., 1826.

THE minstrel-king of Judah sat  
All in his banquet-hall,  
Richly arrayed in Eastern state,  
On a high festival.  
A Syrian slave stood by his side  
With the fruit of Eshcol's vine,  
And the monarch's heart was filled with pride,  
As he quaffed the blood-red wine.

“Edom and Moab, so lordly once,  
Their willing tribute bring,  
Proud Rabbah falls, Damascus owns  
The Hebrew for her king;  
And where are now Philistia's lords,  
Israel's insulting foe?  
Before the glance of David's swords  
They have melted like the snow.”

Far other sounds were heard than these  
From Judah's sceptred prince,  
When, in his wrath, God sent disease  
And noisome pestilence  
To smite the bravest of his land —  
Full seventy thousand men —  
That all might see Jehovah's hand  
And own Jehovah's reign.

For then full many a victim dies  
In offering to the Lord,  
And prayers of penitence arise  
To stay his vengeful sword;  
While thus the humbled monarch spoke,  
“Lord, spare our guilty land;  
Have mercy on thy little flock,  
The people of thy hand!”

Here too, alas! a numerous race,  
    Unholy and profane,  
Proudly contemns the God of Grace  
    Nor owns Jehovah's reign!  
Here too the Angel of the Lord,  
    By righteous Heaven's command,  
Has girded on his vengeful sword  
    To smite a guilty land!

O may we then like Judah's king,  
    With penitential care,  
Our willing sacrifices bring  
    Of undissembled prayer!  
So shall the ever-gracious Lord  
    Spare our devoted shore,  
As when of old he sheathed his sword  
    At Ornan's threshing-floor.

## Sonnet.

On the Conflagration of the Forest around Sydney. — November 25th, 1826.

FEARFUL I stood on the moss-covered rock  
    Whose rugged cliffs adorn our beauteous bay:  
The forest blazed around, volumes of smoke  
    Towering to heaven obscured the face of day:  
    And as the red sun shot his parting ray  
Through the dense atmosphere, the lurid sky  
    Glowed with a fiercer flame — spreading dismay —  
As if the dreadful day of doom were nigh!  
Alas! where shall the fear-struck sinner flee  
    From that great day's all-devastating blaze,  
    When the earth burns, the hills melt to their base,  
And with intensest heat boils the deep sea!  
O then to stand upon the Rock of Ages,  
While all around the conflagration rages!

## **Australian Anthem.**

YE kindreds of the earth,  
Come, sing a nation's birth!  
    Australia's Sun  
Has risen with orient light  
To chase the shades of night;  
Aye! and in glory bright  
    His course to run.

Dark was the night and drear!  
Full many a hopeless year,  
    Thick shadows lay  
O'er the vast Southern land.  
At length Heaven gave command,  
And Britain's magic hand  
    Unveiled the day.

Britain, thy fame be sung  
By each Australian tongue  
    While rolls the sun!  
Still may thy flag unfurled  
Wave o'er the subject world  
Till tyranny is hurled  
    From every throne!

Australia's blooming isle  
Rejoices in thy smile,  
    Queen of the seas!  
Beneath thy downy wing,  
Her hopeful children sing  
Great George their patriot king,  
    In joyful lays.

Australia! land of hope!  
Thy sons shall bear thee up  
    Even to the skies!  
And earth's exalted ones  
Shall hail thee from their thrones,  
Queen of the Southern Zones.

Australia, rise!

Rise! and may Gospel day  
Wax brighter as thy sway  
    Extends around;  
Till the vast Southern main  
Hail the Redeemer's reign,  
And its isles ring again  
    With the glad sound!

The captive negro toils  
In yonder hapless isles,  
    Far o'er the waves;  
But thou, blest isle, art free!  
No negro pines for thee!  
No! thou canst never be  
    A land of slaves!

O be it then thy care,  
From Superstition's snare  
    And Slavery's chain,  
To set the wretched free;  
Till Christian liberty,  
Wide o'er the Southern Sea,  
    Triumphant reign!

(Sydney, December, 1826.)

\* See Note 1 at the end.

\* The Scottish pronunciation of the name of this Heathen God is *ball*, which is supposed to be that of the Hebrew name.

\* See Note 2 at the end.

\* See Note 3 at the end.

\* See Note 4 at the end.

\* The appearance of the Mermaid — a fabled animal of the sea, is supposed to be the forerunner of disaster.

\* See Note 5 at the end.

\* See Note 6 at the end.

\* See Note 7 at the end.

\* See Note 8 at the end.

- \* See Note 9 at the end.
  - \* See Note 10 at the end.
  - \* See Note 11 at the end.
  - \* See Note 12 at the end.
  - \* See Note 13 at the end.
  - \* See Note 14 at the end.
  - \* See Note 15 at the end.
  - \* See Note 16 at the end.
  - \* See Note 17 at the end.
  - \* See Note 18 at the end.
  - \* See Note 19 at the end.
  - † See Note 20 at the end.
  - \* See Note 21 at the end.
  - \* See Note 22 at the end.
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## Part Second

**Miscellaneous Pieces Written at Different Times; Including a Voyage to New South Wales: a Poem; or Extracts from the Diary of an Officer in the East.**

## To the Commodore of the Russian Squadron

### Bound for Kamtschatka, Now Lying in the Harbour of Port Jackson.

HAIL! Chieftain, from the distant lands  
That own the Czar's imperial reign;  
With British hearts and British hands,  
We greet you welcome from the main:  
Then rest your weary keels awhile,  
Embosomed in Australia's isle.

Hail! Chieftain, from the farthest North,  
Where Nova Zembla's breakers roar,  
Heaven speed you in your going forth  
To far Kamtschatka's frozen shore,  
On whose bleak cliffs the savage man  
Has wandered since the world began!

'Tis your's the lofty task, to tame  
That savage — your's the godlike plan  
That child of nature to reclaim,  
And mould him like his brother man:  
Even such a task your greatest Czar\*  
Held nobler than the work of war.

Go, then, and speed the glorious day  
Predicted for the Kamtschadale,  
When, commerce cheering every bay,  
Religion gladdening every vale,  
His bleak and barren land shall be  
A land of light and liberty.

So shall the Russ and Briton vie  
In friendly strife along the deep,  
Where pagan isles unnumbered lie,  
And the vast South Sea's billows sweep;  
And each be hailed the friend of man,  
From far New Zealand to Japan.

Hail! Russia, hail! Land of the North,  
Thine is a destiny sublime;  
For Heaven's decree has issued forth,  
And now, behold the appointed time!  
“Greece, break thy bands, and Russia's son,  
Go, hurl the Moslem from his throne!”

When Rome's proud pontiff ruled the world,  
And princes owned his high command;  
When papal thunders oft were hurled  
With deadly aim o'er many a land;  
Then, Russia, thou alone wert free:  
No pope was feared in Muscovy.\*

When Gaul's Imperial Despot tried  
To bind thee with his iron chain,  
And myriads heard him in his pride  
Vow to enthral thy vast domain;  
Thy fire, and sword, and drifting snow  
Soon laid the bold intruder low.

Now, soaring high o'er France and Rome,  
Thine eagle feels his native might;  
He flaps his wings, erects his plume,  
And ventures on his distant flight;  
The Moslem eyes him from afar,  
And summons all his strength of war.

For, hark! from each tall minaret  
Peals the shrill Turkish battle-call!  
'Tis vain! The Cossack bursts the gate,  
The Russian scales the rampart-wall;  
And Mahomet's polluted line  
Quakes for the Prophet's Arab shrine.

On, Russia, on! The Greek implores  
Deliverance, struggling to be free.  
On! famed Euboea's classic shores  
Resound with thine artillery!  
On! on! ye brave! Each thundering gun  
Repeats the tale of Marathon!

Again! again! the crescent droops  
On old Byzantium's\* massy walls!  
The vanquished Janizzary stoops,  
And Othman's pride for ever falls!

His sceptre and his cymetar  
Are broken by the conquering Czar!

O! when the Russian banners fly  
On St. Sophia's lofty dome,  
May Russian zeal and piety  
Adorn thy pulpit, Chrysostom,<sup>†</sup>  
Whose voice of old oft thrilled the soul  
Of mightiest chiefs in Istamboul.

So shall the Czar's mild sway be blest  
Like that of Judah's ancient kings;  
And numerous tribes securely rest  
Beneath his wide expanded wings;  
While Tartar steppes and Grecian isles  
Shall bloom with sempiternal smiles.<sup>‡</sup>

(Sydney, April 23, 1829.)

## Verses.

Written within Sight of the North-East Cape of New Zealand, on Board  
the Ship Australia. — August, 1830.

ANTARCTIC isle! thy mountains rise  
All dimly o'er the western main;  
But gladly I regale my eyes  
With the bless'd sight of land again!  
O, 'tis a welcome sight to me,  
Amid this wild and billowy sea!

Thy shores, methinks, sequester'd isle,  
Might form a fitting dwelling-place  
For men devoid of earthly guile,  
For mortals of a heavenly race;  
For underneath thy cloudless skies  
Fancy might form a Paradise.

Far different is the race that swarms  
Along thy rivers, lakes and bays;  
All horribly disguised their forms,  
All treacherous their savage ways;  
Barbarian war their chief employ,  
And deadliest cruelty their joy.

The vile assassin's hideous yell,  
The murderer's terrific roar,  
The music and the speech of hell  
Are heard along thy shelving shore;  
While men, like lions in their den,  
Feast on the quivering limbs of men!

See yon tall chief of high command,  
With face tattoo'd and bearing proud;  
The feast of blood already plann'd,  
He eyes his victim in the crowd;  
His horrid mien and matted hair  
Might well befit a tiger's lair.

Beneath his shaggy flaxen mat,  
The dreadful marree\* hangs conceal'd;  
Nor is his dark and deadly thought,  
By look, or word, or act, reveal'd;  
The fated wretch fears no surprise  
Till suddenly he shrieks, and dies!

How shall we tame thee, man of blood?  
How shall thy wild Antarctic isle,  
Won by philanthropy to God,  
With British arts and science smile?  
How shall New Zealand's sons embrace  
The habits of a happier race?

“Let agriculture tame the soil,”  
The philosophic sage exclaims;  
“Let peasants ply their useful toil  
Along the wide Antarctic Thames;  
So shall New Zealand's sons embrace  
The habits of a happier race.”

Wisdom, thy name is folly here!  
The savage laughs thy plans to scorn.  
Each lake supplies him dainty cheer;  
He sates his hunger with the fern,  
And contemplates with proud disdain  
Thy furrowed fields and yellow grain.

“Let European arts be plied,”  
Again the learned sage commands,  
“And be the great sledge-hammer tried  
To civilize the savage lands;  
The axe, the chisel, and the saw  
Lead to religion, peace, and law.”

Deluded sage th' attempt were vain:  
The savage scorns thy science too,  
And asks, with pitiful disdain,  
“What ship outsails my war canoe?”  
Of all thy gifts there is but one  
He prizes — 'tis thy murdering gun.

“Go, preach the Gospel,” Christ commands;  
And when he spake the sov'reign word,  
New Zealand's dark and savage lands  
Lay all out-stretch'd before their Lord:

He saw them far across the sea,  
Even from the hills of Galilee.

In all their ignorance they lay  
    Before the Saviour's piercing eye;  
And he who makes the darkness day,  
    Thus pitied all their misery:  
"Proclaim to yonder savage race  
The tidings of redeeming grace.

"Let the wild savage know the God,  
    Whose Providence his life sustains,  
And Him who shed his precious blood  
    To save him from eternal pains;  
So shall his brutal warfare cease,  
So shall he learn the arts of peace!"

Yes! "Preach the Gospel," Christ commands,  
    "To every soul, the world around;  
In barbarous, as in learned lands,  
    Still let the Gospel trumpet sound,  
Till every dark and savage isle  
In Eden's primal beauty smile."

Yes! though despised in every age,  
    Thy word of power, Almighty Lord!  
Can put to shame the wisest sage,  
    And civilize the rudest horde;  
Can cheer the deepest, darkest gloom,  
And make the dreariest desert bloom.

Great Source of light! O be it given  
    To every minister of thine,  
To wield this instrument of Heaven  
    With zeal and energy divine,  
Till every isle of this vast sea  
Be won to virtue and to thee!

## The King and the Abbot.

From the German of Buerger.

Ich will euch erzählen ein Märchen gar schnurrig; u.s.w.

PRAY, listen, good friends, and I'll tell you a story,  
Of a King who made hunting and war all his glory,  
And a fat portly Abbot of lordly degree;  
Shame on him! his shepherd was wiser than he!

The King — a bold warrior on victory bent —  
With his mail-coat around him oft slept in his tent;  
The rigours of heat and of cold doom'd to feel,  
The coarsest black bread was his daintiest meal.

The Priest was much wiser — his joy and delight  
A good dinner by day and a soft couch by night;  
His ruddy fat face was as round as the moon,  
And his paunch like a hogshead or full-blown balloon.

The King took offence at the Priest's easy life,  
And once paid him a visit — a visit of strife —  
For one hot summer's day he rode up to the Abbey,  
While the Priest lay outstretch'd after lunch in the lobby.

“Ha, ha!” said the King, as he sounded his horn,  
Saluting the Priest in the language of scorn;  
“Good morn, Father Abbot, whatever men tell,  
You thrive on your prayers and your fasts pretty well.

“But methinks, Father Abbot, a little employment  
Would very much heighten your sense of enjoyment;  
And besides, you're so wonderful wise, people say,  
You can hear the grass grow in the cool of the day.

“Well, then, Father Abbot, I'll give you, for lack  
Of better employment, three hard nuts to crack;  
And I'll give you three months to the task from this day;  
So you'll bring me the kernels, friend; mind what I say:

“First, then, when I sit on some high council-day,  
With my sceptre and crown in my royal array,  
How much I am worth you must tell to a tittle —  
Not a farthing too much, nor a farthing too little.

“You must tell me, besides, how long I should take  
To ride round the world — o'er hill, moss, moor, and brake —  
Not a minute within, nor a minute without;  
'Tis so easy, methinks, 'twill scarce cost you a thought.

“And as for the third and the last, though not least,  
You must tell me my thoughts, most intelligent Priest;  
You must tell what I think at the moment and show  
That the thing is as false as that honey is snow.

“And provided you cannot the right answers show, sir,  
Farewell to your abbey, your cap, and your crozier;  
For I'll make you parade on an ass through the land,  
With your face to its tail, and its tail in your hand.”

The King spurr'd his horse and rode laughing away,  
But left the poor Abbot to fear and dismay;  
For no criminal sentenced to death ere could be  
So non-pluss'd, so lost, and so wretched as he.

To every great doctor renown'd for his knowledge;  
To every professor in every known college,  
He sent his three questions with presents in store;  
But the thing far outwent all their science and lore.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding his fear and dismay,  
And his brain-splitting efforts, the weeks flee away,  
And he quakes as he reckons the hours till his trial,  
And thinks how his stern lord can brook no denial.

Now it chanced as he walk'd with his face pale and wan,  
Among forests and rocks unfrequented by man,  
That there happen'd to meet him — no half-learned pretender,  
But his own trusty shepherd, good honest Hans Bendir.

“Lord Abbot,” said Hans “you are wasting away,  
Like a shadow, with grief or disease day by day!  
You are dying by inches, as I am a sinner!  
Pray tell me, Lord Abbot, what is 't ails your honour?”

“Alas, honest Bendir, thou good-hearted fellow,  
'Tis no light matter makes me so thin and so yellow:

For the King has cramm'd three hard nuts into my maw,  
That would break every tooth in the devil's own jaw.

“First, then, when he sits on some high council-day  
With his sceptre and crown in his royal array,  
How much he is worth I must tell to a tittle;  
Not a farthing too much, nor a farthing too little.

“I must tell him besides, how long he should take,  
To ride round the world — o'er hill, moss, moor, and brake —  
Not a minute within, nor a minute without,  
'Tis so easy, he thinks, 'twill scarce cost me a thought.

“And then for the third and the last, though not least,  
I must tell him his thoughts, as I'm a poor Priest;  
I must tell what he thinks at the moment and show  
That the thing is as false as that honey is snow.”

“Is that all?” said Hans, and laugh'd as he spoke;  
“Only lend me your cap, your crozier, and cloak,  
And I'll answer his questions as well as a rabbi.  
Lord Abbot! cheer up! you shall not lose the Abbey.

“For though I know nought of your jargon of Latin,  
I have learning to keep the dogs off from the mutton.  
Mother-wit, I confess, is the whole of my knowledge;  
But 'tis better, perhaps, than what folks learn at college.”

Then up sprung the Priest as merry's a rabbit,  
And array'd honest Hans in the robes of an Abbot,  
With his gown and his hood, and his crozier and collar,  
And sent him to court to play off the great scholar.

Then out spoke the King in his royal array,  
With his sceptre and crown (for 'twas high council-day):  
“How much am I worth now? Come, tell to a tittle;  
Not a farthing too much, nor a farthing too little.”

“For thirty crowns neat the Redeemer was sold,”  
Said Hans, “and methinks with your jewels and gold  
He was worth a crown more than you yet; I divine  
Your value at most then is just twenty-nine.”

“Hem! hem!” said the Prince, “you have just hit the thing;  
And 'tis humbling enough for the pride of a King.  
You are right, 'pon my honour! right, right to a tittle,  
Though I never before thought myself worth so little.

“Well then, Father Abbot, how long shall I take  
To ride round the world — o'er hill, moss, moor, and brake —  
Not a minute within, nor a minute without?  
'Tis so easy, methinks, 'twill scarce cost you a thought.”

“If you start with the sun, at the first gleam of light,  
And gallop as fast for a whole day and night,”  
Said Hans, “should your good steed retain all his powers,  
You will ride round the world in twenty-four hours.”

“Most exquisite conjurer!” answered the King;  
“Your *if*, aye! your *if* has managed the thing.  
The fellow that found out these *ifs*, I am told,  
Could turn a whole cart-load of straw into gold.

“Well, now for the third and the last, but not least,  
Come tell me my thoughts, most intelligent Priest,  
And prove that they're false, or I'll set thee astride  
On an ass in ignoble procession to ride.”

“Your Majesty thinks I'm Lord Abbot St. Gall,”  
Said Hans; “but in truth I'm no abbot at all.  
I am only his poor honest shepherd, Hans Bendir,  
At your Majesty's service, my master's defender.”

“What! hangman! are you not the Abbot St. Gall?”  
Cried the King in amaze, as if shot with a ball.  
“If you *are* not the Abbot, at least you *shall* be,  
For this moment I'll give the fair lordship to thee.

“I'll invest thee with *ring* and with *staff*, and command,  
That the old Abbot trudge on his ass through the land,  
And learn as he trudges o'er high ground and low,  
That in order to reap one must first learn to sow.”

“With your favour,” said Hans, “I had rather remain,  
Instead of Lord Abbot a poor simple swain;  
For not one dead word of their Latin I know:  
My youth was untaught, and my manhood is slow.”

“Well! honest Hans Bendir, more pity less pelf;  
But still thou mayst ask something else for thyself.  
Thy wit shall not lack its befitting reward,  
For, Hans, thou hast wisdom and wit for a lord.”

“Since your Majesty pleases,” said Bendir, “to mention  
The trifle I've done as deserving attention,

I humbly request, as my only reward,  
You will freely forgive my good master and lord.”

“Bravo!” said the King; “thou'rt a fellow of grace;  
Thy heart, like thy head's in the properest place.  
We grant thy request, and to better thy station,  
We give thee, besides, this our recommendation:

“The Abbot St. Gall is required to excuse  
Hans Bendir, in future, from tending his ewes,  
To watch for his welfare that nothing may grieve him,  
And maintain him in comfort till death shall relieve him.”

## The Irish Stew.

\*

I SING of good eating! There lately befel  
A notable feast at a Sydney Hotel!  
There was plenty for me, and plenty for you;  
But the pride of the *Board* was an Irish Stew!

Who it was that got up the feast,  
Is of *many* important things the *least*;  
For a feast there was, and that is most true,  
And the principal dish was an Irish stew.

There were guests of every rank and station,  
Of every possible creed and nation:  
Mahometan, Christian, Turk and Jew;  
But the only dish was an Irish stew!

An Irish Roman Catholic priest  
Got up in his place and blessed the feast,  
And then helped himself, as he well could do,  
To a trencher-full of the Irish stew.

He dived right into it all in a minute,  
And showed there was never a Bible in it.  
“For what,” said he, “had the Bible to do  
Either inside or outside an Irish stew?”

There was music too, both loud and shrill,  
To cheer up those who were eating their fill;  
And some, it is said, took mountain-dew  
In plentiful draughts with their Irish stew.

Monitor Hall was the principal chaunter;  
He sat, like the deil in Tam o' Shanter,  
With a pair of Scotch bagpipes, and sung while he blew  
“O there's no dish at all like an Irish stew!”

For eight long years he had sung like a starling,  
“O what a tyrant was General Darling!”

But alas! that good old tune's replaced with a new,  
Since he's taken to play up "The Irish Stew!"

Meanwhile a poor editor, Richard Roe,  
And his equally brainless friend, John Doe,  
Stood up on their feet, as they used to do,  
And began — "*The aforesaid Irish stew* — "

But their eloquence suffered a sad eclipse:  
For the Judges speedily sealed their lips  
And turned them out! So all they could do  
Was to beg for some more of the Irish stew.

And other editors too might be seen  
With their Tickets of Leave and their shamrocks so green.  
They may thank English juries ('twixt me and you)  
For their own tid-bits of the Irish stew.

But many, 'tis said, turned sick to see  
So uncommonly little variety;  
While Scotch and English parsons too  
Said they never would dine on Irish stew.

Then the head of the Normal Institution,  
A hero of tact and elocution,  
Got up on a stool (as he needed to do),  
To be seen when extolling the Irish stew:

"There are some," he said, "who turn up their nose  
At the richest and daintiest dish that goes;  
But show me the puny sectarian who  
Has a stomach that nauseates Irish stew!"

"For upon my honour this excellent dish  
Has the nature of herb, fowl, flesh and fish.  
It suits all palates. Pray, try it, sir, do;  
And you'll soon ask for more of the Irish stew.

"There's English, French, Latin and Mathematics,  
Jurisprudence and Aërostatics;  
There's cod-fish, and *plaice and celery* too,  
Combined in this excellent Irish stew!"

" 'But as for religion,' you say; what then?  
Does every gentleman relish cayenne?  
To season for one might poison two,  
So we sha'n't season at all our Irish stew.

“But we'll have a spice-bottle at hand on a shelf,  
That each may season it for himself.  
Neither Pagan, Christian, Turk or Jew,  
Shall ever season *my* Irish stew.”

But it seems he had bolted full more than enough  
Even of that super-excellent stuff:  
For he stopped, turned pale, and began to sp——;  
So here ends Course the First of the Irish Stew.

## Reliques of Auncient Poetrie.

### Judge Jefferies.

JUDGE JEFFERIES was as juste a judge,  
As anie judge could be,  
Who hanged two hundred honeste men,  
On Tyburne's fatall tree.

He alwaies pleaded for the crowne,  
As loyall judges shoulde;  
And presupposed the pris'ner's guilte,  
Even though his cause was goode.

“Your guilte is written in your face,”  
This loyall judge woulde say;  
“I'll have you hanged to-morrow, sir,  
For you'll be tried to-day.

“My friende, th' Attorney-Generall, is  
A *verie* honeste man —  
He wishes you convicted, and  
I'll help him if I can.”

Then pointing with his staffe in's hande  
To the pris'ner at the barre,  
“There is a villaine at the ende  
Of this sticke I declare.”

“At which ende of the sticke, my Lorde?”  
Th' undaunted Briton said;  
The loyall judge then blushed, I weene,  
And hung his full-wigged heade.

(Sydney, 1843.)

## **The Miser and the Mouse.**

Translated from the Greek.

SNUG in a corner of his empty house,  
A rich old miser chanced to spy a mouse;  
    To whom he said: —  
        “My little dear,  
    What brought thee here:  
    Didst come to seek thy bread?”  
“No!” said the mouse, and laughed; “I’m something wiser;  
    So do not fear that I’ll disturb your hoard;  
    I came to lodge with thee, good sir, but not to board:  
    For who would think of boarding with a miser?”

(Sydney, 1836.)

## To a Cape Pigeon.

[The following Lines were occasioned by a Cape pigeon (a sea-bird of a high southern latitude) continuing to follow the good ship Australia, on her passage to the northward, after doubling Cape Horn on her voyage to England, for many days after all the other birds of the same species had disappeared, — in consequence, as was supposed, of its mate having been caught by one of the boys of the ship.]

POOR little solitary thing!

Why fliest thou all alone?

Why follow our vessel with ceaseless wing?

Why seek the torrid zone?

There are no icebergs floating there:

Thou could'st not breathe its sultry air!

Go, seek thy native polar skies;

Go, little wanderer, go

To yonder rugged isle girt with ice

And everlasting snow,

Where thou hast doubtless built thy nest,

And been with home's endearments blest.

Alas! that home is desolate,

And home no more for thee!

For the ship-boy has ruthlessly caught thy mate,

As he flew along the sea:

And day and night, with unwearied wing,

Thou followest our vessel, poor desolate thing!

O, 'tis a sweetly pleasing thought

That were I in the deep sea to die,

I should not be by all forgot,

Nor tearless be every eye.

There's one would unfeignedly mourn for me,

Both day and night, poor bird, like thee!

On Board the Australia, in the South Atlantic Ocean. October 23, 1830.

## **A Voyage to New South Wales;**

### **A Poem: Or Extracts from the Diary of an Officer in the East.**

#### **Farewell To England.**

TEN thousand blessings rest upon the head  
Of that Italian who first wrote the rhyme  
Men call *Ottava Rima!* He is dead:  
Alas! But his Etruscan verse can chime  
With every subject, and its music wed  
With every theme — heroic and sublime,  
Or light and humorous, histories or tales —  
'Twill suit, methinks, “A Voyage to New South Wales.”

Behold the settler leave his native land,  
With many a parting sigh and sad adieu;  
High on the good ship's gunwale see him stand,  
Till the blue mountains vanish from his view.  
Then see the struggling tear burst slowly, and  
Roll down his careworn visage, pale of hue!  
The good ship spreads her flowing sails the while —  
Farewell for ever to yon happy isle!

Buoyant with hope, now see him stem the waves  
That roll magnificent in Biscay's Bay,  
Where myriads of bold sailors find their graves,  
As o'er the deep they wend their trackless way.  
Full many a field of skulls thy water laves,  
Bay of unnumbered wrecks! But yesterday  
A stout ship pooped a sea in this vile place,  
And down she went, leaving nor wreck nor trace!

#### **A Squall at Sea.**

Now o'er the deep the wind blows fresh and free,  
And hope beams joyful in the settler's eye;  
Madeira's isle lies westward on the lee,  
And San Antonio rears his steep cliffs high,

And dolphins sparkle in the dark blue sea,  
And milk-white clouds bedeck the azure sky.  
“Captain, 'tis said the climate is as fine  
In New South Wales, as far beyond the Line.”

“It may be so,” the captain coldly said,  
Repelling converse as he paced the deck,  
With thoughtful eye, and hurried, anxious tread:  
(’Tis his to guard the ship from foe or wreck).  
Observant of the heavens, he bends his head  
To the far east to view yon small white speck —  
“Let go the haulyards! yo! brail up the mizen!  
Luff, luff, boys, luff! the white squall has arisen!

“Clew up the mainsail! yo, heave yo! Yo! Belay!  
The fore top-gallant mast's gone, yard and all!  
Yo! bear a hand, boys! clear the wreck away;  
Don't let her lose more sticks in this here squall!  
Heave yo! Yo! Mind your starboard helm I say;  
Don't let her sheer of! Yo! Keep your helm small;  
Belay the foretopsail! Boatswain! avast that bawling!  
'Tis off, d'ye see, now! Ladies, no more squalling!”

## **Tropical Experience.**

Now for the hot dog-days within the tropics,  
Three sailors and a boy in the sick-bay!  
Spasms, and diarrhoea and hydropics  
Proclaim, both fore and aft, their morbid sway:  
Lime-juice and English cholera are the topics  
Of conversation all the live-long day:  
“Give me some drink, Titinius,” Caesar said,  
So does each patient now on his sick-bed.

Meanwhile the greenhorn cries, “Land, land!” and fancy  
Paints trees and villas on the seeming strand;  
“Sir, I don't see it.” “No!” I heard a man say —  
He saw three children dancing on the sand.  
“Look now! I'll ask the captain's gig if once he  
Were out on deck. Sir, I am sure 'tis land.”  
“Land! not at all! 'Tis but Cape Flyaway;  
You'll see it often at the dawn of day.”

I love the deep sea, be it storm or still! O,  
And I love to bound its waves among;

When, with his snow-white mane, the mountain billow  
Like some gigantic centaur rides along;  
When the tall mast bends like the limber willow,  
And the rough sailors chaunt the accustomed song,  
“Ho cheerily;” They hoist the close-reefed sail.  
“Ho cheerily;” She scuds before the gale!

## **My Dream.**

I had a dream this morning off Madeira,  
About my poem and its publication.  
Methought it was still-born, and I could hear a  
Priest read the service at its inhumation.  
The ship rolled heavy and my cot swung near a  
Shipmate, who snored and whistled in rotation.  
He snored then, and I heard a buzzing sound  
As from a large wild-bee-hive underground.

The scene then changed to Guildhall, where a mob,  
As large as those one sees at an election,  
Were listening to a lawyer in his robe  
Striving to prove there had been no dissection.  
“True! there was some suspicion of a job  
Like those chirurgeons call a resurrection,  
But he would prove 'twas groundless, and would show'em  
The very corpse.” He did so — 'twas my poem!

The scene then changed to Greece, where Aristotle  
Was lecturing to a class of smart young Greeks  
About a blue snake corked up in a bottle,  
Which had not tasted food for thirteen weeks!  
The phial was of the colour of green wattle,  
A little dingier than Ap Jenkins' leeks.  
Methought, as it was handed round the class,  
The Greeks had little skill in colouring glass.

When all had seen it well, the sage 'gan lecture  
On the *belles lettres* and on criticism,  
In which, as an Oxonian might conjecture,  
He was most liberal of his syllogism.  
Commencing from the era of old Hector,  
He soon exhausted the whole catechism  
Of Grecian poets; then, “If time avails,”  
He said, “he'd take a glance at ‘New South Wales:’ ”

A poem lately published by myself.

“Botanides” (so he pronounced my name,  
As he took down the volume from the shelf)

“Was a South Sea adventurer for fame.

Whether he wrote for pleasure or for pelf

Does not appear, altho' 'twere much the same.

He wrote two thousand years after our time,  
In mixed Iambics and in English rhyme.

“Botanides transgresses all my laws

For regular poems, I lament to say.

I can't divine his reasons, nor the cause

Of such procedure in the present day.

And why should men deserve or get applause

For breaking fences that mark out their way?

You'd think it was his log-book he had written

In verse for New South Wales or for Great Britain.

“ 'Tis neither an epic poem nor an ode;

Nor is it even a Pastoral or a play.

No hero combats and no demigod

Unfolds the thickening plot's catastrophe.

Botanides stands on a turnpike road,

Sketching the travellers on a market-day,

Settlers and statesmen, priests and harlequins

Are blended as in one of Wilkie's scenes.

“His style is somewhat smooth and flows along

As softly as a well-trained charioteer

At Isthmian games or as a Lesbian song.

But it wants nerve at times, nor is it clear

Throughout. Besides, the different actors throng

Too close together and so disappear

Too soon; and then the wit, tart and satiric,

Partakes of caustic more than panegyric.

“We seldom have a good poem from a sailor,

As it is clear Botanides must be;

(Perchance the master of a South Sea whaler),

We, therefore, know but little of the sea

Or the sea-life, nor can discern a failure

In the rough sketches of its scenery.

Still, when his ship is labouring in the gale,

Botanides does not appear to fail.

“He seldom rises to the true Sublime  
And Beautiful; but then he seldom falls  
Far below par. His light Etruscan rhyme  
Moves airily along and seldom drawls.  
Yet I've seen a small schooner in my time,  
Mounting one swivel with four-poundor balls,  
Annoy the Spartan shipping during war,  
More than a heavy Dutch-built seventy-four.

“In morals he is faultless, and his verse  
Is as Diana's nymphs, spotless and chaste.  
I hate your titled poets who traverse  
Our isles for lewd scenes, and whose genius, taste,  
And various learning are their country's curse,  
Transforming its fair scenes into a waste!  
God of the Golden Lyre and Silver Bow!  
Thy shafts prepare and lay the monsters low!

“He's neither Whig nor Tory; tho' to speak  
Precisely, Freedom is his favourite tune.  
He hates a tyrant like a very Greek,  
And prizes Liberty as the best boon  
The Gods can give. Nay, to protect the weak  
From wrong, he shows the lash perhaps too soon.  
'Tis thus he gives that precious fool, his cousin,  
Barron Field, Esquire, poet, a round dozen.

“At times our bard writes like Sir Walter Scott  
In his dramatic sketch — poorly enough!  
*Dormitat aliquando* — then I've thought  
Of James Hogg and his Winter Evening stuff,  
Or of The City of the Plague! (I've got  
The latter for waste paper); I had tough  
Work to peruse it. Howsoever, his style  
Is not, like Mr. Wordsworth's, puerile.

“Nor does it, like the Laureate's in Kehama,  
Abound in stories that would fright one's wife,  
It has a scene or two fit for the drama,  
But has no monsters like the Thane of Fife.  
'Tis just a Peristrepthic Panorama  
Of a sea voyage and a colonial life.  
Here you see ships and sharks, dolphins and whales,  
And there a kangaroo from New South Wales.”

Here he began, by way of illustration,  
To read aloud some extracts here and there.  
But ere he finished half the first quotation;  
(It was about Judge Field) I do declare,  
His foreign twang and Greek pronunciation  
Made me so restive, and so shocked my ear,  
I started up, my larboard cot-string broke,  
The noise disturbed my dream and I awoke.

## Crossing the Line.

\*

The North-east Trade blows and you cross the Line  
Anon. There Neptune boards your bark to shave  
All the green-horns. Miss Fanny cries "How fine  
For old aunt Kate! Let's see how she'll behave!  
She has some stubble on her chin! For mine" —  
"Peace there you little minx! Learn to be grave!"  
Hush! list! list! "Ship ahoy." "The Salamander."  
"Aye! my friend, Captain Mizenboom, commander."

"Aye, aye!" "Welcome, old boy, to my domain!  
I hope as how all's well in England now."  
"All's well!" "So your old ship's got out again!  
A tight sea-boat! Bound for the Bay, I vow!  
How goes the war on between France and Spain?"  
"They've spliced the main brace, Neptune, and the row  
Is past already." "Well, there, pretty Miss,  
Old Neptune gives each lady fair a kiss."

"Nay! but you sha'n't, Neptune, you sha'n't kiss me.  
There's my aunt Kate — look at her long black chin,  
She waits there to be shaved so patiently.  
Neptune, upon my word, it were a sin  
To miss my aunt! Look, Neptune, don't you see  
She waits there till your shaving work begin.  
You sha' n't! I'd rather leap into the water  
Than let such black cheeks kiss my father's daughter."

"I'll give thee one small smack, Miss, howsoever."  
"Well, Neptune, you're a very rude, rude fellow;  
You've made me all as black as a coal-heaver;  
You've so besmeared me with your soot and tallow.  
"I thinks as how you're very cross, Miss; Shiver

My timbers! but your sweet face looks quite fallow  
Fair Polly of Portsea aint half so pretty.”  
“Neptune, pray don't forget to shave aunt Kitty.”

## **Rio Janeiro.**

\*

Now for a smacking South-east Trade to Rio!  
In ten days' sail or so you'll see the land.  
'Tis wondrous bold and rocky! First Cape Frio,  
The pharos of Don Pedro's Empire, and  
The sailor's land-mark, rises on the lee. O  
It is right pleasant on the poop to stand  
And view that grand scene on a Tropic day  
As you cast anchor in Janeiro's Bay.

Rocks piled on rocks immense, mountains afar,  
Their bold outline drawn on the lofty sky.  
Don Pedro, thou art safe! Thy bulwarks are  
Impregnable, Brazilian liberty!  
Faction may ruin thee, but foreign war  
Can ne'er assail thy strongholds. Live and die  
Free, then, Brazilian! See, how bounteous Heaven  
For thy defence ramparts of rock hath given!

Ye pyramids of Egypt, what are ye  
To Nature's pyramids unnumbered here?  
Some stand like watch-towers distant in the sea,  
As 'twere to give signal of danger near.  
Others on land all riven! Perchance they be  
Remnants of giant strife full many a year  
Forgot. It may be they were rent asunder  
By Titans and antediluvian thunder.

Rocks piled on rocks in wild confusion rise,  
Mountains uprear their snow-clad peaks afar,  
And on each bold headland strong batteries  
Bespeak the infant Empire ripe for war.  
Then the broad bay that, like some Scotch loch, lies  
Encircled by steep hills, but lovelier far;  
Its thousand isles clothed with rich verdure seem  
All beauteous as the landscape of a dream.

Aye, 'tis a full fair sight. The Portuguee

Had cause for sorrow when he lost the land  
Where he had ruled so long. His tyranny  
Made the Brazilian free. May Heaven command  
That freedom sempiternal! Who would be  
A slave again, wielding a freeman's brand?  
Freeman! Ah why that hallowed name profane!  
I see the negro still galled with his chain!

Aye, Wamba still must heave the deep-drawn sigh  
Amid rejoicings. He is still a slave!  
Rapaz! Why fills the tear thy sickly eye?  
Why weep'st thou as thou gazest on the wave?  
Thou thinkest of Angola and the tie  
That bound thee to thy Zulick. Thou wert brave  
And happy once! Thy home and bride, ah never  
Shalt thou see more! Thou art a slave for ever!

### **Rio at Sunset.**

The glorious sun now darts his setting beams  
On Rio's palaces, conventos, spires  
And batteries. The Imperial city gleams,  
Richly illumined with triumphal fires.  
Like one great sea of dazzling light it seems;  
Or field of pearly dew when Night retires  
At the day's dawn! I love to view thy towers,  
Fair City of the West, these evening hours.

And when San Bento's bell tolls the day past,  
And all is still save where the negro band  
Toil joyless at the oar, when the hills cast  
Their long dark shadows on the water, and  
All o'er the deck the dew is falling fast,  
I love amid thy grove of masts to stand  
Thoughtful! England, O then I think of thee,  
I would not live and reign a Portuguee!

### **Farewell to Rio, and Ocean Scenery.**

“All hands unmoor,” the hoarse-voiced boatswain cries,  
And the rough tars stand to their posts. Some fling  
The capstan bars around; a stout band plies  
The windlass, while the whole in concert sing  
“Ho cheerily!” as they heave, rending the skies

With their loud notes, till distant echoes ring  
“Ho cheerily!” Meanwhile the rising sun  
Looks forth and smiles on the long voyage begun.

The anchor's weighed and shipped; but the white sails  
Are flickering as the zephyr gently blows  
Or dies away! Blow, blow, ye favouring gales,  
And speed us onward to the land where grows  
The lofty eucalyptus! New South Wales  
Shall hail our vessel soon. See how she goes  
As the breeze freshens up! Rio, farewell!  
We hear the last toll of San Bento's bell.

Don Pedro's land recedes and disappears,  
And all around a vast and shoreless sea  
Rolls its white-crested waves. Six thousand years  
These waves have rolled, since man began to be;  
And save where some leviathan uprears  
His huge form 'mid their vast immensity,  
Or solitary sail is seen, you can  
Descry nought that reminds of life or man.

Man! self-styled lord of the creation! Man  
Is here a very child! The unfettered Ocean  
Owns not his power, nor calls him lord; nor can  
Its proud waves learn to still their ceaseless motion  
At his haughtiest command. The great divan  
Of Emperors and Kings claims no devotion  
From the deep sea. Here monarchs cease to reign,  
Though fools may sing, “Britannia rules the Main.”

'Tis a vast desert, where the wearied eye  
Has nought to rest on but the wide expanse  
Of endless waters, where the azure sky  
Bounds the drear prospect, where, as you advance,  
No new scenes upon on the view. Oh, I  
Have gazed upon the deep, as in a trance,  
And felt as if I lived myself alone,  
And all mankind besides were dead and gone.

## **Off the Cape.**

“East and by South, half South; steady there, steady.  
Down fore and mizen-top-gallant-sails. Yo! Haul  
The lee-sheet taught. Yo, b'lay. All hands be ready

To double reef them topsails, one and all.  
Boatswain, we're right abreast this vile Cape eddy;  
I never crossed it yet without a squall.  
Look yonder. As I'm old Frank Mizenboom,  
'Twill blow ere long, an 'twere the day of doom."

"Aye, Sir, 'twas here we lost the Minotaur,  
As fair a frigate as e'er sailed the sea.  
'Twas the fifth day of June, the last French war:  
I was her cook's mate when she struck, and we  
Were a right jovial crew the night before,  
For 'twas our good old King's birthday, d'ye see?  
The long-boat swamped; we manned the launch; and so  
Some got ashore. Tough work it was, I know."

## **The Great Southern Ocean and Van Dieman's Land.**

The stormy Cape is passed; now the wide sea  
Rolls with a prouder and a bolder swell;  
The joyous tar, chaunting "Ho, cheerily,"  
Hoists the reefed top-sail to the western gale,  
And the tall ship in kinglike majesty  
Breasts the huge billow with her oaken mail;  
But as she rolls, mark how her mainyard arm,  
Touching the wave, pays homage to the storm.

The storm, the calm, the foul wind and the fair,  
Succeed in ever-varying round; meanwhile  
The distance lessens, and with favouring air,  
You soon espy St. Paul's volcanic isle.  
Its steep cliffs may invite you, but beware  
Of landing on its treacherous coast; the toil  
Has cost some dear who now all silent sleep,  
In that wild sea full fifty fathoms deep.

Who that hath sailed the deep sea but hath built  
His castles in the air? I have built mine  
High as the Tower of Babel, and have gilt  
Their walls with glittering gold. The generous wine  
Has flowed in their old Gothic halls, while tilt  
And tourney graced the scene; and as the line  
Of giant waves rolled on, 'twould oft appear  
A troop of belted knights with shield and spear.

'Tis sweet to gaze over the tall ship's side

On that wide field of waves the live-long day.  
'Tis sweet by pale moonlight to see her glide  
Along, from her strong bows dashing the spray.  
'Tis sweet when messmates to their berths have hied  
And all is darkness save where the ship's way  
Through midnight waters, leaves a stream of light  
Phosphoric in her wake the live-long night,

To sit and muse alone, thinking of thee  
Fair ——. But 'tis sweeter far,  
After a six month's tossing on the sea,  
To view the land once more. Barren hills are  
All beauteous then, and ocean's scenery  
Can please no longer. List, then, as each tar  
Catching the sound, they shout on every hand,  
“Land! land! huzza! Huzza Van Dieman's Land!”

“'Tis the South-west Cape, Captain Mizenboom!”  
“It may be so,” the stout old tar replies.  
“Look yonder, Fanny, how the mountains loom,”  
Exclaims the hopeful settler, while his eyes  
Sparkle with joy. May bounteous Heaven illumine  
His pathway in his Southern Paradise!  
Meanwhile the stately vessel glides along  
And joy pervades the hoarse-voiced nautic throng.

### **D'Entrecasteaux' Channel, Van Dieman's Land.**

Now D'Entrecasteaux' Channel opens fair,  
And Tasman's Head lies on your starboard bow;  
Huge rocks and stunted trees meet you where e'er  
You look around; 'tis a bold coast enow.  
With foul wind and crank ship 'twere hard to wear:  
A reef of rocks lies westward long and low.  
At ebb tide you may see the Actaeon lie  
A sheer hulk o'er the breakers, high and dry.

'Tis a most beauteous Strait. The Great South Sea's  
Proud waves keep holiday along its shore,  
And as the vessel glides before the breeze,  
Broad bays and isles appear, and steep cliffs hoar  
With groves on either hand of ancient trees  
Planted by Nature in the days of yore:  
Van Dieman's on the left and Brunè's isle  
Forming the starboard shore for many a mile.

But all is still as death! Nor voice of man  
Is heard, nor forest warbler's tuneful song.  
It seems as if this beauteous world began  
To be but yesterday, and the earth still young  
And unpossessed. For though the tall black swan  
Sits on her nest and sails stately along,  
And the green wild doves their fleet pinions ply,  
And the grey eagle tempts the azure sky,

Yet all is still as death! Wild solitude  
Reigns undisturbed along that voiceless shore,  
And every tree seems standing as it stood  
Six thousand years ago. The loud wave's roar  
Were music in these wilds. The wise and good  
That wont of old, as hermits, to adore  
The God of Nature in the desert drear,  
Might sure have found a fit sojourning here.

### **The Heads of Port Jackson.**

Lo! yonder looms the land! High o'er the deep  
Its barrier-rocks stretch their embattled line,  
Marshalling their front 'gainst the resistless sweep  
Of the big ocean-wave! Australia, thine  
Are adamantine walls; along thy steep  
And rugged cliffs rages the ocean-brine,  
While ever and anon the foaming spray  
Rises heavenward and clouds the face of day.

High on the bold South Head thy Pharos stands,  
Shedding its gladsome ray across the sea,  
When the cold south wind whistles, and all hands  
Are weary of their voyage. How sweet to me  
Its midnight beam! In Afric's desert sands  
The traveller finds a friend in each green tree;  
So doth the sailor from far lands returning,  
When 'mid the gloom he sees thy beacon burning.

### **Colonial Nomenclature.**

'Twas said of Greece two thousand years ago,  
That every stone i' the land had got a name.  
Of New South Wales too, men will soon say so too;  
But every stone there seems to get the same.

“Macquarie” for a name is all *the go*:  
The old Scotch Governor was fond of fame,  
Macquarie Street, Place, Port, Fort, Town, Lake, River:  
“Lachlan Macquarie, Esquire, Governor,” for ever!

I like the native names, as Parramatta,  
And Illawarra, and Woolloomoolloo;  
Nandowra, Woogarora, Bulkomatta,  
Tomah, Toongabbie, Mittagong, Meroo;  
Buckobble, Cumleroy, and Coolingatta,  
The Warragumby, Bargo, Burradoo;  
Cookbundoon, Carrabaiga, Wingecarribbee,  
The Wollondilly, Yurumbon, Bungarribbee.

I hate your Goulburn Downs and Goulburn Plains,  
And Goulburn River and the Goulburn Range,  
And Mount Goulburn and Goulburn Vale! One's brains  
Are turned with Goulburns! Vile scorbutic mangle  
For immortality! Had I the reins  
Of Government a fortnight, I would change  
These Downing Street appellatives, and give  
The country names that should deserve to live.

I'd have Mount Hampden and Mount Marvell, and  
Mount Wallace and Mount Bruce at the old Bay.  
I'd have them all the highest in the land,  
That men might see them twenty leagues away.  
I'd have the Plains of Marathon beyond  
Some mountain pass yclept Thermopylae.  
Such are th' immortal names that should be written  
On all thy new discoveries, Great Britain!

Yes! let some badge of liberty appear  
On every mountain and on every plain  
Where Britain's power is known, or far or near,  
That freedom there may have an endless reign!  
Then though she die, in some revolving year,  
A race may rise to make her live again!  
The future slave may lisp the patriot's name  
And his breast kindle with a kindred flame!

I love thee, Liberty, thou blue-eyed maid!  
Thy beauty fades not in the hottest clime!  
In purple or plebeian garb arrayed  
I love thee still! The great in olden time,

Roman and Greek, worshipped thy very shade  
And sung thy beauty in their song sublime.  
'Tis Paradise to live beneath thy smile,  
Thou patron Goddess of my native isle.

But he that loves fair Liberty must be  
Virtue's sworn friend. The vicious is a slave  
And serves a tyrant, nor can e'er be free.  
Of old her wooers were like Brutus, brave;  
Like Marvell, incorrupt; Milton, like thee!  
A recreant race woos now and digs her grave;  
Byron their leader, whose high-lineaged muse  
Walks a vile pimp and caters for the stews!

Choice work for British Peers! Baser alliance  
Than Austria's with her band of despot kings!  
For he who setteth virtue at defiance  
And holds her dread commands as paltriest things,  
Whate'er his rank, learning, or wit, or science,  
Or high pretence of love for freedom, brings  
A tyrant worse than Slavery in his train  
And binds men with a more ignoble chain.

On Freedom's altar ere I place strange fire  
Be my arm withered from its shoulder-blade!  
Yea! were I lord of Great Apollo's lyre,  
I'd sooner rend its chords than e'er degrade  
Its sweet seraphic music to inspire  
One vicious thought! When built on vice, fair maid,  
Thy temple's base is quicksand; on the rock  
Of virtue reared, it braves the whirlwind's shock.

(Sydney, 1824.)

## **A Peep at Government House, Parramatta, in 1823.**

\*

Whoe'er has dined at the vice-regal dome  
Can tell, I ween, a very trifling story;  
Car il a vu Chevalier l'Astronome,  
Son Excellence, I mean, in all his glory.  
C'est un savant — bien savant — Gastronomer.  
With the French name of every dish he'll bore ye.  
“Gigot de mouton; c'est un olio.

Sir, a veal cutlet's just a fraise de veau."

"Fennell, I'll thank thee for some fricassée:

Le roti, n'est il pas tout comme il faut?

Monsieur Piquant excels himself to-day:

He'll have his grant of land. Pray tell him so."

"But if our friend the Major should say Nay,

What then?" "What then! Ah! then, Fennell, you know,  
I never mind these things myself. I'll wager  
They'll all be rightly managed by the Major."

"Das glauben kann ich nicht, mein edler Herr;"

Exclaims old Rumker from the lower end,

Tearing a turkey like a German bear:

(C'est le grand bête, although the Viceroy's friend.)

"Den Secretaire kenne ich wohl, Meinherr,

Ihm soll ich prüfen auch morgens abend;

Und meine Thäten will er halten — Mein — "

"Rumker, come pledge me in a glass of wine."

"Das will ich gern, Meinherr, you guté healt."

"Well, 'tis a fine night for our observations:

Rumker, shew Major Wall Orion's belt,

Or Herschell's satellites' suboccultations."

"Mein edler Herr, das kann nicht in der Welt.

No look de stern, no give mein deeds and rations."

"Ah! bien, Major, it is a noble science;

But Rumker almost sets us at defiance."

## **The Female Convict's Death.**

I CHANCED to stray along the barren hills

That stretch from Botany Bay to Sydney Cove

One cloudy morn. Full many a marsh distils

Its bitter waters there, and many a grove

Of blasted shrubbery weeps! The fancy fills

Brimful of thoughts most drear! The sky above

Frowns on the dismal scene! It is a spot

Wasted by Heaven's dread thunder! Bless it not!\*

Thoughtful I walked along o'er hill and plain,

Like Orpheus erewhile through the shades below,

Without his object; till a plaintive strain

Of sweet sounds struck my ear, suppressed and slow!

Methought 't was some phantasma of the brain

And onward walked. Again I heard it flow  
From the scathed hollow of a leafless tree,  
Soft as the South-wind's treacherous lullaby

Before the storm. I hastened to the spot  
And lo! a damsel sick and woe-begone  
Chaunting a mournful ditty on her lot  
Of misery unmixed! Her's was a tone  
So plaintive that it must perforce have brought  
A tear of pity from a heart of stone.  
She paused as I appeared and raised her eye;  
It seemed as if her life's last hour were nigh!

Her poor and torn attire bespoke the doom  
Of early guilt, whence death might soon deliver!  
Her cheek was deadly pale! Beauty's rich bloom  
Had once been on it, but had fled for ever!  
Her frame some inward wound seemed to consume  
And oft her lip convulsively would quiver!  
I asked her of her history, and she gave  
This sad recital ere she found a grave:

“My father lived near where the Humber flows  
With widening channel to the German sea.  
Whether he lives or not God only knows,  
But he was ay a fond father to me!  
I had three sisters, beauteous as the rose;  
And happy as the live-long day were we,  
Till one I name not, on a luckless day,  
Scaled our bright bower and stole our peace away.

“He was a soldier and a baron's son,  
Most deeply versed in every polished art,  
With promise fair and many a vow he won,  
Too soon, alas, my unsuspecting heart.  
I fell, at length; then were my woes begun  
And my whole soul transfixed with sorrow's dart;  
For soon, bereft of home and friends and fame,  
The recreant left me to a life of shame!

“With many a bitter cry rending the air,  
For many a long day I bewailed my lot!  
Till urged at length by hunger and despair  
I stole a thing of value and was caught.  
For this in exile I am doomed to bear

A convict master's scorn! But I shall not  
Bear longer! See! Life ebbs apace; for I  
Have come hither like the swan, to sing and die!"

Her sad tale told, she clasped her hands in prayer  
And I could hear her muttering the loved names  
Of sisters whom she fancied standing there,  
Weeping around her in her fitful dreams!  
Then she would gaze wistful around and stare  
Full in my face, her eyes burning like flames.  
At length a cold sweat gathering on her brow,  
She sighed and bade adieu to all below!

I took her death-cold hand in mine and shed  
A tear of sorrow o'er her as she lay  
A lifeless corse! Fairer she seemed when dead  
Than when alive in her last agony.  
"Surely," said I, "the immortal spark has sped,  
From this wild waste to heaven its upward way!"  
O it was sad and pitiful to see  
That scene of death within the hollow tree!

But oft, as fancy paints it now, I think  
Of him whose false tongue wrought the maiden's woe;  
Who led her blindfold on to ruin's brink,  
And plunged her headlong in the gulf below,  
And left her there (the heartless wretch!) to sink  
Without one friend to help or pity! O  
Thou God of Heaven, Lord of the Land and Seas,  
Sure there is vengeance doomed for crimes like these.

(Sydney, 1823.)

### **Judge Field a Poet, and "Botany Bay Flowers."**

\*

'Tis strange to live a year or two in Sydney  
And get acquaint with all its Nonpareils;  
To dine with people of a certain kidney  
And bask all in the sunshine of their smiles.  
They don't live quiet as they ought and hid. Nay,  
Proud of expulsion from the British Isles  
Some glory in their shame. Very strange tales  
Are told of gentlemen of New South Wales.

'Tis strange to see a Justice turning poet  
And writing doggerel verse! 'Tis passing strange!  
'Tis wondrous pitiful, Judge Field! I'll show it  
From some quotations! You ascend the range  
Of Mount Parnassus! Mr Justice, No! it  
Will never do! Down! Down! When once the mangle  
Of rhyming doth infect a Judge's skin,  
He'll scratch for ever if he once begin.

I've seen in drug-shops flowers of camomile  
And flowers of brimstone for our brother Sawney.  
Jalap in flowers comes from some Indian isle;  
'Tis a good purgative when mixed with honey.  
Some flowers are good for physic — some for bile,  
While some, though prized, are scarcely worth your money;  
But “Botany Bay Flowers,” one grain for a doze  
Would make a badger vomit, I suppose.

The Ghost of ancient Bavius stood ashamed  
When the said Flowers arrived from Botany Bay;  
And Maevius by the bard of Mantua famed  
Stormed like Hibernians on St. Patrick's day;  
And Pluto had not soon the tumult tamed,  
Had he not thrown the Judge's Flowers away.  
“These filthy Flowers,” they cried, “pollute the place.  
We sha'n't stay here, great Pluto, in disgrace.”

In Pluto's realm there ne'er was such a kickup;  
(You'll read it in his *Government Gazette*),  
Even Cerberus himself caught a vile hiccup  
From barking at the uproar. Nay, so beset  
With sickness was the cur, he would not lick up  
His own sweet vomit, and his three heads met  
Like quakers at a meeting. Nay, old Charon  
Vowed he'd ne'er ferry o'er more flowers for Barron.

(Sydney, 1824.)

## **Return to England.**

Farewell a while, green fields, trees, and dry land!  
Farewell ye mountains and ye flowery vales!  
Flocks, herds, and landsmen, rocks and barren sand:  
Farewell thou pleasant land of New South Wales!  
Welcome the deep sea and the blue sky, and

A hundred days and nights of western gales!  
The vast Pacific rolls around us now;  
See how its waves dash o'er the good ship's bow!

## **Home, Sweet Home.**

Hail! happy England! land of freemen, hail!  
My heart beats high to see thy shores again!  
Thy hearts of oak are cased in virtue's mail,  
Great Legislatrix of the boundless main!  
The fettered Greek may tell the captive's tale,  
And the proud Bourbon lord it over Spain;  
Slaves may submit, and despots may command;  
But thou art England still! Freedom's blest land!

Long may the Rose bloom on thy shelving shore,  
And the green Shamrock deck thy sister isle,  
And Caledonia's Thistle, as of yore,  
Wave its head proudly in the breeze the while!  
O may your sons ne'er be divided more,  
Ye much loved isles! Still be their common toil  
To guard their birthright. Then even wild war's thunder  
Shall never rend your triple cord asunder.

Hail! happy England! land of freemen, hail!  
Hail! though I shall not name thee, thou art mine  
My wanderings ne'er again shall make thee wail,  
Nor my tears mingle with the ocean brine.  
Reader, a long adieu! Here ends my tale!  
Mine was the pleasure, but the labour thine.  
Adieu, my old grey goose-quill! Hark! the bell  
Tolls the dark midnight hour! Farewell! farewell!

\* Peter the Great.

\* The established Church of Russia is the Greek Church, which has never been subject to the Church of Rome.

\* The ancient name of Constantinople, the capital of the Turkish Empire, was Byzantium. The Turks call it Istamboul.

† John, surnamed Chrysostom, or the Golden-mouthed, from his splendid genius and extraordinary eloquence, was Minister of the Great Church of St. Sophia, Constantinople, in the fourth century. The Church of St. Sophia is now a Mahometan Mosque.

‡ It is scarcely necessary to state that few Englishmen would write in such terms as these of Russia now. But I have always thought that England was deeply culpable in giving her moral and physical support so long to so infamous a government as that of Turkey. The Crimean war I have always regarded not only as a national blunder, but a national crime.

\* The marree is a short hatchet, resembling a butcher's cleaving-knife, and sometimes made of fish-bone, though generally of serpentine stone finely polished. The handle is perforated; and it is usually attached by a piece of cord to the internal part of the mat or plaid worn by the New Zealanders.

\* See Note 23 at the end.

\* See Note 24 at the end.

\* See Note 25 at the end.

\* See Note 26 at the end.

\* See Note 27 at the end.

\* See Note 28 at the end.

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## Part Third

**Specimens of a Metrical Translation of the Psalms of David  
Written Wholly at Sea, on Different Voyages, between the Years  
1830 and 1853.**

## Psalm II. P. M.

The Firm Establishment, Universal Extent, and Eternal Duration of the  
Glorious Kingdom of Messiah.  
A Prophetic Ode.

WHY do the heathen rage?  
Their princes and their kings  
With Judah's sons engage  
In vain imaginings,  
Against the High and Holy One,  
The Lord and his anointed Son.

Combining hearts and hands,  
They blasphemously say  
“Come, let us break their bands,  
And cast their cords away.”  
The Lord who sits enthroned on high  
Laughs at their wild impiety.

Yea, God looks down in scorn  
On their assembled strength;  
Soon shall his anger burn,  
And he will speak at length:  
And in the fury of his wrath  
Confound his enemies in their path.

“Declare the sure decree,”  
So speaks th' Almighty One,  
“I have begotten thee  
This day, my only Son.  
Thee Zion's king, lo! I ordain,  
On Zion's holy mountain reign.

“Ask, and thy power advance  
O'er all the heathen round;  
For thine inheritance  
Is earth's remotest bound.  
With iron rod crush thou them all,  
And as a potsherd break them small.”

Now, therefore, kings, attend,  
Ye rulers of the earth,  
Before Jehovah bend,  
Join trembling with your mirth.  
Be wise betimes; kiss ye the Son,  
Lest in his wrath ye be undone.

For soon his furious wrath  
Shall like a furnace blaze,  
Consuming in their path  
The scorners of his grace.  
Blest then is each right-hearted one,  
Who puts his trust in him alone.

## **Psalm XIX. L. M.**

The Glory of God Displayed in the Works of Nature, and the Infinitely Superior Excellence of the Holy Scriptures, as a Revelation of His Character and Will.

THE starry heavens above proclaim  
The glories of their Maker's name;  
The shining firmament declares  
His works to all the universe.

Day after day proclaims abroad  
The wisdom and the power of God;  
Night after night repeats the sound,  
And spreads th' intelligence around.

No voice is heard amid their train;  
They speak not with the speech of men,  
But their mute eloquence extends  
Far as the earth's remotest ends.

High in the lofty firmament,  
He, for the sun, hath reared a tent;  
Who, with a bridegroom's joyous face,  
Like hero, gladly runs his race.

He rises in the farthest east,  
And travels to the farthest west;  
Around the heavens his chariot's whirled,  
To lighten and to warm the world.

The law of God revealed to men,  
Is perfect and converts from sin:  
His word is sure, and ne'er deceives,  
But wisdom to the simple gives.

The statutes of the Lord are right,  
And fill the heart with great delight:  
And the pure precepts of his word,  
Enlightening to the eyes afford.

The fear of God unfeigned is pure,  
And shall through endless years endure:  
The judgments of the Lord express  
His truth and perfect righteousness.

More precious they than heaps untold  
Of gold, yea, of the finest gold;  
Far sweeter to the taste they are  
Than virgin-honey — sweeter far!

Counsel and warning too they give,  
To teach thy servant how to live;  
And all who keep them from the Lord,  
Shall surely have a great reward.

O who can tell how oft he sins!  
From hidden sins do thou me cleanse!  
From wilful sin, O Lord, restrain,  
Nor let it o'er thy servant reign!

So shall I in uprightness stand,  
In yonder blest and holy land:  
Yea, justified, O Lord, by thee,  
From all my great iniquity.

Lend, O my God, a gracious ear,  
To these my words of humble prayer!  
Yea, hear the language of my heart,  
For thou my strength and Saviour art!

## **Psalm XXIX. P. M.**

YE princes and kings, with joyful accord,  
All glory and might ascribe to the Lord;  
And while the loud anthem ye rightfully raise,  
Be comely and holy the voice of your praise.

God's voice on the sea is powerful and strong;  
Majestic it swells the billows along.  
The voice of Jehovah in thunder forth breaks!  
He sits on the deep and its echoes awakes.

The voice of the Lord uproots and upbreaks  
The cedars that grow on Lebanon's peaks;  
Yea, God makes Libanus and Sirion, uptorn,  
To leap like a calf or a young unicorn.

The lightnings of heaven are scattered abroad  
And flash at the voice of Israel's God;  
When God speaks in anger the wilderness shakes,  
The desert of Kadesh all fearfully quakes.

The forests are stript; the oaks in the wood,  
Laid prostrate, attest the voice of our God.  
Meanwhile in his temple his people record  
With gladness the glory and might of the Lord.

God sits on the flood; his kingdom shall never  
Be shaken for aye: he reigneth forever.  
Jehovah will strengthen his people, and bless  
The seed of his saints with unchangeable peace.

## **Psalm XXXIII. 7s.**

JOYFUL to your heavenly King,  
O ye saints your anthems raise;  
For 'tis sweet for saints to sing  
Their Almighty Maker's praise.

Sing a new song to the Lord;  
Let sweet music wake your joys;  
Let the harp and lute accord  
With the praises of your voice.

For Jehovah's word is right,  
All his acts are faithful found;  
Righteousness is his delight;  
The earth is with his goodness crowned.

At the mandate of the Lord,  
Sun and moon appeared on high;  
At Jehovah's mighty word,  
Countless stars adorned the sky.

All the waters of the seas,  
As in cisterns, fast he keeps;  
And in his vast treasuries  
Stores the ocean's mighty deeps.

Let all nations of the earth  
Fear and dread th' Almighty God;  
At his word, worlds sprung to birth;  
He commanded; firm they stood.

God will frustrate and subvert  
All the heathen's plans and way;  
But the purpose of his heart,  
Firm and changeless stands for aye.

Blessed is the honoured place  
Where Jehovah reigns alone;  
Blessed is the favoured race  
He hath chosen for his own.

From his heavenly dwelling place,  
God looks down upon the earth;  
His all-seeing eye surveys  
All its tribes of every birth.

He who, in his wondrous plan,  
Formed the hearts of all mankind,  
Weighs the works of every man,  
Scans the thoughts of every mind.

Armies cannot save a king,  
Nor a hero warlike force;  
'Tis a vain and foolish thing  
Trusting to a fleet war-horse.

Lo! the Lord's all-seeing eye  
Is on all that seek his face;  
All that patiently rely  
On his mercy and his grace.

To deliver them from death,  
When their foes would overpower:  
To preserve their life and breath  
Even in famine's dreary hour.

Patiently our spirits wait,  
'Till Jehovah be revealed,  
In his power and glory great,  
As our Helper and our Shield.

We have trusted in his name  
In our dark and evil days;  
We shall yet rejoice in Him  
For his goodness and his grace.

O may we all-gracious Lord,  
With thy mercy still be blest,  
For in thine all-faithful word,  
We will hope, and we will rest.

## **Psalm XLV. L. M.**

MY heart divinely tuned to sing  
Of Zion's Lord and Zion's King,  
The theme shall animate my song,  
And like a swift pen guide my tongue.

Fairest of men! that form of thine  
Is matchless, glorious and divine!  
Graceful thy lips, and sweet thy word,  
Thou ever-blessed of the Lord!

Gird on thy sword, thou warrior-king,  
Almighty and all-conquering!  
And buckle on thine armour bright  
And dazzling as the noon-day light.

And in thy majesty ride on  
All prosperously, thou glorious One:  
For meekness, truth and equity —  
These are the cause upheld by thee.

Yes! and in thine impetuous course,  
Dart terrors with resistless force:  
Thy shafts are sharp, O king, and all  
Thy foes beneath thy might shall fall.

O God, thou High and Holy One!  
Eternal stands thy glorious throne;  
The sceptre of thy kingdom is  
For ever swayed in righteousness.

Yea, righteousness is thy delight,  
And constant aim both day and night,  
While sin and all iniquity  
Are utterly abhorred by thee.

Hence hath thy God, Jehovah, shed  
The oil of gladness on thy head,  
And raised thee far above thy peers,  
The Lord of all the universe.

Thy robes from ivory wardrobes brought,  
With Araby's rich odours fraught, —  
Myrrh, aloes, cassia, frankincense —  
Delight and recreate the sense.

Daughters of kings attend thy state,  
And with thy precious treasures wait,  
While the queen stands at thy right hand,  
Arrayed in gold of Ophir's land.

Hearken, O daughter, to my voice;  
Reflect, nor these my words despise:  
Thy people and thy former state,  
Thy father's house, henceforth forget.

So shall thy beauty still impart  
Joy to the king's delighted heart:  
To him all reverence still accord,  
For he's thy husband and thy Lord.

And there be thou, with presents meet,  
Daughter of Tyre, thy prince to greet;  
And let the wealthiest nations bring  
Gifts to propitiate the king.

All gloriously attired, the queen,  
A monarch's daughter, stands within:  
Her vesture's richly wrought of gold;  
And brodered robes her form enfold.

Behold her splendidly arrayed,  
In slow and long procession led,  
Unto her husband and her king,  
Attendant virgins following.

In festive train they march along,  
With gladness and the voice of song,  
Until, in royal pomp and state,  
They stand within the palace gate.

Sons of thine own shall fill the place  
Of thy once loved paternal race;  
And thou shalt give them high command,  
To reign as princes in the land.

Thy fame to many a future race  
They shall transmit in future days;

Till all who dwell on every shore  
Thy praise proclaim for evermore.

## **Psalm XLVIII. P. M.**

O GREAT is the Lord; let Zion upraise,  
In rapturous strains, the song of his praise;  
With joy, O ye people, proclaim it abroad,  
Even ye that inhabit the city of God.

Mount Zion beloved most beautiful stands,  
The light of all eyes, the joy of all lands;  
And, lo! where her northernmost turrets upspring,  
The city of Zion's omnipotent King!

Within her strong walls Jehovah resides,  
And for her defence for ever abides.  
The nations acknowledge, and Zion confesses  
The Lord as her refuge in straits and distresses.

For soon as their kings in battle array  
Stood leagued for her fall, they melted away;  
They saw us and marvelled; confusion and dread  
Took hold on their hosts, and in terror they fled.

Yes! anguish and fear took hold on her foes,  
Like woman's when comes the hour of her throes;  
Or like the wild tempests the ocean that sweep,  
And sink stoutest ships in the fathomless deep.

Now, now we have seen, what others had told,  
Of God's mighty acts for Zion of old.  
In straits and in danger the Lord will deliver;  
The Lord will establish Mount Zion for ever.

We waited, O God, in thy holy place,  
Expecting in hope thy mercy and grace.  
Thy name is all glorious; be endless thy praise,  
For just and benign are thy works and thy ways.

Let Zion rejoice, and Judah be glad,  
While thus they behold the judgements of God.  
Exult ye, her daughters; triumphantly sing  
The justice of Zion's omnipotent King.

Yes! march round her walls; her palaces tell;  
Her bulwarks and towers consider them well;  
And tell to your offspring the Lord will abide  
For ever and ever our God and our guide.

## **Psalm LXV. L. M.**

PRAISE for thy God, O Zion, waits,  
Zion, within thy temple-gates;  
To thee, O thou that hearest prayer,  
All tribes shall come and worship there.

Lord, our transgressions, we confess  
Are great, o'erwhelming, numberless;  
But thou hast cleansed our souls within,  
And freely pardoned all our sin.

Happy are they — yea happier far  
Than prosperous worldlings ever are —  
Whom thou hast chos'n, and made to dwell  
On Zion's blest and holy hill.

Assembled there to pay our vows,  
And taste the goodness of thy house,  
Lord, fill us from thy holy place  
With thy soul-satisfying grace!

So wondrous, Lord, and gracious are  
Thine answers to thy people's prayer,  
Far distant lands shall trust in thee,  
And dwellers on the farthest sea.

Girt with almighty power, thy hand  
Plants the vast mountains on the land;  
Thy voice to the loud waves speaks peace,  
And bids the people's tumults cease.

Remotest tribes are thrilled with fear,  
When in the heavens thy signs appear;  
Anon thou utterest thy dread voice,  
And east and west alike rejoice.

Thou visitest with refreshing rain  
The earth, enriching it amain;  
Abundantly thy streamlets flow,  
Preparing corn for man to grow.

Thus, gracious God, thy bounteous hand  
Softens, revives, and heals the land;  
And with mild showers of blissful rain,  
Makes all her valleys bloom again.

Thou blessest, Lord, the earth's fair spring,  
When every tree is blossoming;  
Th' advancing year thy bounties crown,  
And all thy clouds drop fatness down.

Even where the flocks half-famished stray,  
To distant pastures far away,  
The fertilizing shower descends  
To cheer the waste and dreary lands.

Then are the little hills made glad;  
With bleating flocks the plains are clad;  
The vales afford their rich supply;  
And all creation shouts for joy.

## **Psalm CXXVI. P. M.**

### **Israel's Song of Praise for Deliverance from Babylonish Captivity.**

WHEN God our freedom wrought,  
    With high uplifted hand;  
And Zion's captives brought  
    Back to their fatherland;  
So wondrous did the tidings seem,  
We thought at first 'twas all a dream.

Joy beamed from every eye,  
    Praise flowed from every tongue;  
Songs of sweet melody  
    To God were duly sung:  
The heathen heard it with surprise,  
And thus expressed their sympathies:

“Behold the Lord hath done  
    Wonders for Judah's race,  
And their redemption won,  
    From all their enemies!”  
“Yes, Lord!” let every heart reply,  
“Thine was the work, but our's the joy!”

Bring back our wanderers,  
    Like torrents swift and deep;  
That though we sow in tears,  
    In gladness we may reap!  
Yea, they who sow in tears shall come  
Rejoicing to the harvest home.

## **Psalm CXXXVII. P. M.**

### **Lament of the Captive Jews at Babylon.**

BY Babel's streams we sat,  
In Judah's evil day,  
And as we wept and thought  
Of Zion far away,  
We hung our harps in deep despair  
Upon the weeping willows there.

For there our spoilers said,  
"Come, strike the tuneful string;  
Let joyful mirth be made;  
Some song of Zion sing."  
How could our voices frame the sound  
Of Zion's songs on heathen ground?

If I should e'er forget  
Thee, O Jerusalem,  
Or earthly pleasure set  
Above thy cherished name,  
With palsy be my arm unstrung,  
And ever speechless be my tongue.

Remember Edom, Lord!  
In Zion's awful day,  
With envious accord  
Thus did her children say,  
"Come, raze it, raze it to the ground,  
Till not one ruined arch be found."

Daughter of Babylon,  
Doomed to destruction too;  
Even as thy sons have done,  
To thee shall others do:  
A favoured one thy little ones  
Shall dash upon the flinty stones.

## **Psalm CXXXIX. L. M.**

### **Song of Praise in Celebration of the Omniscience and Omnipresence, the Almighty Power and the Infinite Wisdom Of God.**

LORD, thou hast searched my heart and ways,  
And known me from my earliest days;  
My rising up and lying down,  
Yea, all my thoughts to thee are known.

Whether I rest or walk abroad,  
Thou art around me, O my God;  
And thou beholdest all my path,  
From childhood till my day of death.

There's not a thought within my breast,  
But, ere it is in words expressed,  
Thou knowest it entirely, long  
Before it has escaped my tongue.

In every place and every hour  
I stand encompassed by thy power,  
And thine outstretched, almighty hand  
Is o'er me both by sea and land.

Amazing knowledge! how can I  
Conceive its vast infinity?  
It far exceeds the highest reach  
Of human thought and human speech!

Lord, whither could I hope to run,  
Thy all-pervading spirit to shun?  
Or whither from thy presence flee?  
To heaven or hell, or land or sea?

If I ascend the heavenly height,  
Lord, thou art there in glory bright!  
If, with the children of despair,  
I sleep in hell, Lord, thou art there!

If on the morning's wings I flee  
And dwell beyond the farthest sea,  
There thou should'st lead me, and thy hand  
Uphold me in the distant land!

Or, if I say, "Let darkness be  
My covering, O my God, from thee;"  
Then shall the darkest shades of night  
Shine all around me as the light.

Yea, darkness, Lord, can ne'er disguise  
From thine all-penetrating eyes;  
To thee the darkness shines as bright,  
As the clear sun's meridian light.

My mind, that secret work of thine,  
Proclaims thy hidden power divine:  
That power inspired my senseless clay,  
When in my mother's womb I lay.

O God, my maker, how divine  
Is this amazing frame of mine!  
My soul shall gratefully record  
The work of wonder, mighty Lord.

Deep and unseen my substance lay  
A shapeless mass of lifeless clay:  
Thy wisdom drew the wondrous plan  
And formed the likeness of a man.

Thine eyes my unfinished form beheld;  
Thy power its various parts revealed,  
Each in the form ordained by thee  
And modelled from eternity.

How can I reckon or record  
Thy thoughts of love to me, O Lord!  
If I should count them, they are more  
Than grains of sand upon the shore.

O endless were the long account,  
And infinite the vast amount!  
For daily I should still record  
New thoughts of mercy, gracious Lord!

God will assuredly destroy  
The wicked, who his power defy

And scorn his grace. Hence from me then  
Ye wicked and ye bloody men!

For wicked men for ends profane  
Take God's all-glorious name in vain;  
Yea, with the tongues which thou hast given  
They speak against thee, God of heaven!

My soul regards with grief and pain  
And hatred all such wicked men!  
Yea, I count those my enemies  
Who hate the Lord, and scorn his grace.

Search me, O God, and know my heart!  
O search my spirit's inmost part!  
Cleanse me from all iniquity!  
Lead me to life, to heaven, to thee!

Written Near the South Shetland Islands, to the Southward and  
Eastward of Cape Horn.

## **Psalm CXLVII. L. M.**

### **Song of Praise to God for His Goodness and Mercy.**

PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to sing  
The praises of our heavenly King;  
Be this, my soul, thy sweet employ,  
Thy welcome task, thy chiefest joy.

The Lord rebuilds Jerusalem's walls,  
And Israel's scattered race recalls,  
Though far dispersed the world around,  
To Zion's blest and holy ground.

He healeth all the broken hearts,  
And balsam to their wounds imparts.  
He numbers yonder starry frames,  
And calls them by their several names.

Great is the Lord, and great his might;  
His wisdom's vast and infinite;  
He lifts the meek from depths profound,  
But casts the wicked to the ground.

Sing to the Lord a grateful song;  
With tuneful harp his praise prolong,  
Whose gathering clouds discharge their rain  
To make the mountains green again.

He gives the beast of prey his food  
And satisfies the raven's brood.  
He daily hears their plaintive cry,  
And sends the requisite supply.

He prizes not the warlike horse,  
Nor the strong man's resistless force;  
But all who love him and revere,  
And trust in him, to God are dear.

O praise the Lord, Jerusalem,  
Zion, extol Jehovah's name:

Like walls of brass, his providence  
Is thy protection and defence.

Thy sons are by his bounty blest  
With wholesome food and needful rest:  
They pine not o'er a scanty store,  
Nor ever hear the voice of war.

His irresistible command  
Jehovah sends throughout the land;  
Nor does the speedy mandate run  
More swiftly than its work is done.

His flaky snow falls thick around;  
His hoar-frost overspreads the ground;  
His driving hail falls loud and fast;  
O who can stand his piercing blast?

Jehovah sends his word again,  
A rapid thaw succeeds amain;  
At his command the warm winds blow,  
And twice ten thousand torrents flow.

But choicer gifts of heavenly grace  
He gives to Abram's chosen race:  
His word to Jacob he hath shown;  
His laws to Israel are known.

Blessings so great were never given  
To any nation under heaven;  
For others ne'er have heard his word  
Or known his grace. Praise ye the Lord!

Written in the South Atlantic Ocean during a Violent Gale from the  
South East.

## Psalm CXLVIII. P. M.

### All Creatures Summoned to Praise God.

THE Lord of heaven confess,  
On high his glory raise.  
Him let all angels bless,  
Him all his armies praise.  
Him glorify  
Sun, moon, and stars;  
Ye higher spheres,  
And cloudy sky.

All ye from nothing came,  
At his creating word;  
O, therefore, bless his name,  
And magnify the Lord.  
His wisdom hath  
Assigned you all,  
Where'er you roll,  
Your changeless path.

Praise God on earth below,  
Praise him sea-monsters, deeps,  
Fire, hail, clouds, wind, and snow,  
Whom in command he keeps.  
Praise ye his name,  
Hills great and small,  
Trees low and tall;  
Beasts wild and tame;

Creatures that creep or fly,  
Ye kings, ye vulgar throng,  
Judges and princes high;  
Both men and virgins young,  
Even young and old,  
Exalt his name;  
For much his fame  
Should be extolled.

O let God's name be praised  
Above both earth and sky;  
For he his saints hath raised,  
And set their horn on high.  
Praise ye the Lord,  
O Israel's race,  
Who know his grace,  
And hear his word.

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## **Notes and Illustrations.**

## Part First.

### Note 1 — Page 4. The God of Abraham.

THE Patriarch Abraham was originally an idolater, and worshipped strange gods, in common with the rest of his family, on this side the river Euphrates. At length, however, he was divinely called to the knowledge and worship of the true God, and directed to emigrate to the westward, and settle in the land of Canaan. Asiatic tradition represents him to have belonged to the sect of the Sabians, who worshipped the sun, moon, and stars, and of whom an interesting account is given in the learned treatise of Hyde, *De Religione Veterum Persarum*. As the Author does not possess a copy of that treatise, in which he recollects having seen the original tradition on which the poem in the text is founded, he refers the reader to the following extract from the Koran of Mahomet, who copied the story from the Jewish Talmud: —

“Call to mind when Abraham said unto his father Azer, Dost thou take images for Gods? Verily I perceive that thou and thy people are in a manifest error. And thus did we show unto Abraham the Kingdom of Heaven and Earth, that he might become one of those who firmly believe. And when the night overshadowed him, he saw a Star, and he said, This is my Lord; and when it set, he said, I like not Gods which set. And when he saw the Moon rising, he said, This is my Lord; but when he saw it set, he said, Verily, if my Lord direct me not, I shall become one of the people who go astray. And when he saw the Sun rising, he said, This is my Lord; this is the greatest; but when he saw it set, he said, O my people, verily I am clear from that which ye associate with God; I direct my face unto him who hath created the Heavens and the Earth. I am orthodox, and am not one of the idolaters.” — Koran, chap. iv.

### Note 2 — Page 22. Elijah's Appeal.

In the year 1824, the Colony of New South Wales was almost reduced to the miseries of famine: wheat having risen, in the course of a few months, from four to twenty-five shillings a bushel. The scarcity arose partly from the failure of the crop, and partly from an improvident expenditure of grain at the commencement of the season.

### Note 3 — Page 28. Still Life. — From the Greek of Anacreon.

The idea in the two last lines is the only one in this little piece that is not Anacreon's. It was added to give it somewhat of a Christian character.

Gyges, King of Sardis, a city in Asia Minor, which was afterwards the seat of one of the Apostolic Churches, was famous for his immense wealth.

**Note 4 — Page 29. Luther's Soliloquy.**

This piece was suggested by the following passage in one of the nervous epistles of the great Reformer, written immediately after he was excommunicated by the Roman Pontiff, and delivered over to the Secular power. It merely embodies his own sentiments, and clothes them in a poetical dress: —

“A me quidem jacta mihi alca, contemptus est Romanus furor et favor; nolo eis reconciliari nec communicare in perpetuum; damnent exurantque mea.” — Luther, Epist. ap. Seckendorf.

The Rubicon was the boundary of Julius Caesar's government in ancient Gaul. In crossing that stream, therefore, with his victorious legions, and without the sanction of the Roman Senate, Caesar proclaimed war against his country. The difference, however, between the case of Caesar and that of Luther is obvious. In the former, the liberties of Rome were sacrificed to the boundless ambition of an unprincipled usurper; in the latter, a crusade was commenced by a single individual against a system of universal usurpation, and the liberties of the world were in consequence restored.

The famous Carthaginian General, Hannibal, was led to the altar by his father Hamilcar, when only nine years of age, and made to swear that he would never make peace with the Romans, with whom his country was then at war.

**Note 5 — Page 38. To Lady Brisbane.**

The Author would be sorry to prostitute his office, as a Minister of the Gospel, by holding forth the hopes of a blissful immortality to any who had nought but their earthly rank to recommend them to a heavenly crown. From the little, however, that he knew of Sir James Brisbane, he has good reason to believe that his hopes, in that important respect, were well founded, and that he has at length been enabled, through the great Captain of our Salvation, to overcome the Christian's last enemy, and to obtain the victory over death and hell. At all events, he gave the Author distinctly to understand, during the only conversation he ever had with him, that his hopes, in reference to futurity, were not founded on his own righteousness, but on the sure foundation of Christianity, the merits and sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Christianity, doubtless, is not subject to the law of entail; but the Author may be allowed to remark that during the last two centuries a considerable number of eminently pious individuals have

sprung from the family of Brisbane, among whom may be reckoned several very faithful and zealous Ministers of the Church of Scotland.

**Note 6 — Page 47. Sonnet — The Friendship of the World.**

Suggested by a medical gentleman's observing, in the course of conversation with the Author, that his college acquaintances scarcely knew him on his return to Scotland, after a four years' absence in the Mediterranean, and had all forgotten their youthful promises of lasting friendship. It is doubtless a common case, though the Author has seen exceptions to the general rule.

**Note 7 — Page 48. Lament of Mattathias.**

Mattathias was the father of Judas Maccabeus, the deliverer of the Jews from the oppressive yoke of the Syro-Grecian Monarchs, the successors of Alexander the Great in the kingdom of Syria. About 170 years before the birth of Christ, Antiochus Epiphanes, the eighth of these monarchs, published an edict, requiring uniformity of religious worship throughout his dominions; which, in order to gratify his personal antipathy towards the Jewish nation and the worship of Jehovah, he appointed commissioners to carry into rigorous execution in the province of Judea. One of these commissioners, Apelles by name, came to Modin, a city of Judea, in which Mattathias, then an aged priest, resided with his five sons. Zealous for the law of God, and filled with indignation at the forcible establishment of idolatrous worship, Mattathias and his five sons fell upon the king's commissioner, as he was exhorting the people to offer sacrifice to idols, and slew him. They then fled to the mountains, where they soon collected a considerable band of followers, which, under the command of Judas Maccabeus, performed a series of most heroic exploits, and finally overthrew the Syrian power, re-established the worship of Jehovah, and erected an independent government in Judea. The appropriate motto which Judas and his followers chose, in their patriotic stand for the worship of Jehovah and the liberties of their country, was these words in Exodus 15. 11. — “Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the Gods?” — the initial letters of which, in the Hebrew, viz. M. K. B. I. being inscribed on the military standard, formed the word Makabi or Maccabee, which afterwards became the honourable designation of Mattathias and his posterity.

**Note 8 — Page 53. Verses to the Memory of George Kilpatrick, ESQ.**

Mr. Kilpatrick was a fellow-student of the Author's, at Glasgow College, where he received a superior medical and general education. He

was a young man of uncommon promise, and of a most adventurous spirit — ardently attached to scientific pursuits, and cherishing the strongest feelings of genuine philanthropy. On receiving intelligence of the Neapolitan revolution, shortly after the completion of his medical studies, he left Scotland with another medical gentleman, who is now in His Majesty's Service in India, to join General Pepe and the Constitutionals of 1820. On arriving at Naples, however, he found that a counter-revolution had been effected, in consequence of which the Austrian power was universally predominant. He, therefore, shaped his course towards Rome, where he spent some time in examining the remains of antiquity in that ancient city, and where he narrowly escaped a classical death, in swimming across the Tiber. From thence he walked over the Alps to Chamberri, in France; and both he and his fellowtraveller, shortly afterwards, embarked from London for India. Having spent some time in Bengal, where he formed an extensive and valuable collection of specimens in Botany, Mineralogy, and Ornithology, Mr. K. was returning to Europe, when he was unfortunately ship-wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope, losing all his property, and having all his hopes suddenly blasted. In this unenviable situation, he volunteered to accompany the expedition which the Lords of the Admiralty had fitted out to explore the river Zambese, on the southeast coast of Africa; and his services being cheerfully accepted, he proceeded on the expedition. But all his companions, with the exception of one solitary individual who returned with the tidings, having successively fallen victims to the fever of the country, the circumstance preyed upon his spirits and threw him into the same fever, of which he died in the house of a Portuguese lady of rank, by whom the expedition had been very hospitably received, in the settlement of Mozambique.

Mr. Kilpatrick is buried under a Baobab tree in the settlement of Shupanga, on the Zambese River; and the remains of Mrs. Livingstone, the wife of the famous missionary and traveller, Dr. Livingstone, who died in that settlement about forty years thereafter, are interred alongside his grave.

**Note 9 — Page 55. Lux in Tenebris.**

The phenomenon, alluded to in these verses, is well known to all who have been at sea, especially in the intertropical regions. During a squall in these regions, in a very dark night, the scene is peculiarly grand.

**Note 10 — Page 63. The Albatross.**

The Albatross is a well-known and very interesting inhabitant of the higher latitudes of the Southern Hemisphere. He will accompany a vessel

for weeks together, subsisting on the offals that are thrown overboard, or on whatever else he may pick up from the surface of the water. At the approach of summer the Albatross makes for the land — generally some barren island in the great Southern Ocean — where he rears a youthful progeny which he carries with him to sea on the return of winter. The Author has seen one of these majestic birds measure eleven feet nine inches from the tip of the one wing to that of the other.

**Note 11 — Page 68. Verses to Mr. George Lang.**

Mr. George Lang, the Author's brother, was educated at the University of Glasgow. He was induced to emigrate to New South Wales by the assurance of patronage and support from His Excellency Sir Thomas Brisbane, to whose immediate neighbourhood he belonged; and immediately on his arrival in this country he had the honour of receiving a grant of 400 acres of land, without previous solicitation of any kind, from His Excellency Governor Macquarie. A few months thereafter he received from the Deputy-Commissary-General an appointment in the Commissariat Department, which he held till after the Author's return to Europe in 1824. During the Author's absence from the colony, however, he died in Sydney, of an inflammatory fever, on the 18th of January, 1825, aged 23 years, and was buried in the Scots Church by permission of His Excellency Sir Thomas Brisbane — his parents, who had arrived in the Colony in January, 1824, being unwilling that the Church of England service should be read over his grave.

**Note 12 — Page 72. Verses to the Memory of Mr. George Lang.**

The Author's forefathers, who were Scotch farmers, were obliged, in common with many more of their countrymen to flee from their native land for righteousness' sake, during the violent persecution to which the Scots Presbyterians were subjected, in the reign of Charles the Second. They obtained a temporary asylum in Holland, from whence they returned to Scotland at the revolution of 1688.

**Note 13 — Page 74. Gloria Deo, or the Coral Insect.**

It is a well known fact that many of the islands, and most of the extensive reefs, in the intertropical regions of the great Pacific Ocean, have been the work of the Coral Insect — an animalculæ scarcely visible to the naked eye. The island of Tonga Taboo, one of the Friendly Islands, which at present contains upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, is a specimen of the architectural abilities of this most wonderful of Nature's agents. It is a complete mass of coral, and is as level as a bowling-green. On a

calm evening myriads of these animalculae float on the surface of the water, along the whole extent of the reefs they are employed in constructing, communicating to the sea a beautiful purple colour. When disturbed, however, they return to their well-built cabins under water, and the sea resumes its cerulean hue. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! in wisdom hast thou made them all!

**Note 14 — Page 77. The Magellan Clouds.**

The Magellan Clouds are two beautiful nebulae, in the Southern Hemisphere, so named from the Portuguese circumnavigator Magelhaens. The luminous appearance they exhibit arises from innumerable clusters of stars.

**Note 15 — Page 81. New Year's Day.**

The commencement of a New Year is universally hailed throughout Scotland with demonstrations of joy. Warm congratulations and kindly wishes are mutually interchanged by people of all ranks; while enthusiasts for the customs of the olden time circulate the juice of the Scottish grape much more freely than is deemed convenient at other seasons.

**Note 16 — Page 83. Verses on the Ruins of Knock Castle.**

The Ruins of Knock Castle are situated in the parish of Largs, in the west of Scotland, on the patrimonial estate of Sir Thomas Brisbane. The situation is beautifully picturesque; and the circumstance of the famous battle of Largs, having been fought in its immediate vicinity, renders it doubly interesting. The battle of Largs, which secured the independence of Scotland, and delivered the Scottish nation from the fear of Danish and Norwegian invasion, was fought between Alexander III., king of Scotland, and Hacho, king of Norway, in the year 1263. History informs us, that nearly twenty thousand combatants fell in the battle. At all events, Hacho was completely routed. His nephew, who lies buried at Largs, was slain; and he himself, in returning to Norway, died at Kirkwall in the Orkneys, of a broken heart.

**Note 17 — Page 86. Ode to Glasgow College.**

The University of Glasgow was founded in the year 1440. It was of very little note, however, till after the Reformation, when it was entirely remodelled by the learned and zealous reformer, Andrew Melville, in conjunction with the elegant historian and poet, George Buchanan, who

framed its laws and bequeathed to it his library. Since the Reformation it has produced many eminent men, among whom the celebrated names of Dr. Reid and Adam Smith, who were both professors of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, are not the least conspicuous.

The University of Glasgow consists of a Chancellor (the Duke of Montrose), a Lord Rector (an office once held by the eloquent Mr. Burke), a Principal, and about twenty Professors in the various departments of Theology, Philosophy, Law, Medicine, Mathematics, Language, &c. The number of students varies from a thousand to fifteen hundred. The course of study prescribed for Ministers of the Church of Scotland, at the Scotch Universities, in addition to a previous course of tuition in the Latin language, embraces a period of eight years; the first four of which are devoted to the study of the learned languages, Logic, Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy and Mathematics; and the last four to the study of Theology, Church History and the Oriental Tongues. Most of the Theological Students, however, embrace the opportunity afforded them of attending other classes besides those prescribed by the Church, such as Anatomy, Chemistry, Natural History, Botany, Mineralogy, Astronomy, &c.

**Note 18 — Page 88.**

Paracelsus, an eminent Physician, who lived in the dark ages, and whose history is involved in some obscurity, is generally represented as a mere Alchemist, who wasted his time and talents in the fruitless search for the Philosopher's Stone and the Universal Elixir; the possessor of which was to become immortal, and to be able to transmute the baser metals into gold. He may justly be regarded, however, as the father of the modern science of Chemistry.

**Note 19 — Page 90.**

The Rev. Messrs. Martin and MacLean are ministers of Scots Churches in British America. Mr. Sutherland is one of the Colonial Dutch Presbyterian Chaplains at the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Steele was lately Minister of the Scots Church, Kingston, Jamaica. Mr. Stevenson, who relinquished a very eligible settlement in Scotland to become a missionary to the heathen, is now acting in that capacity under the Scottish Missionary Society at Bombay. Messrs. Thomson and Ross are Missionaries; and Messrs. Brownlee and Bennie are Catechists, under the Glasgow Missionary Society, in Kaffirland, South Africa.

**Note 20 — Page 90.**

The Rev. James Steele, A. M., late Minister of the Scots Church, Kingston, Jamaica, was a candidate along with the Author at the University of Glasgow, for a prize for the best Essay on Hebrew Criticism. The judges, to whom the Essays were submitted, could not decide as to which deserved the prize, and consequently two prizes were given instead of one. Mr. S. was a young man of superior talent and of the most amiable disposition. He fell a victim to his zeal in the service of his Master, having caught the fever of the Island in the discharge of his Ministerial duties. He died about a year after his settlement, deeply regretted by the numerous Scotch inhabitants of Jamaica.

**Note 21 — Page 92. Hymn — from the German of Gellert.**

As this Hymn is rather long and diffuse in the original German, the Author has taken the liberty to compress it considerably, so that his version is rather a condensation than a translation. He has used the same freedom, and for the same reason, with the four last verses of the Hymn for the Sabbath. In the other pieces he has adhered as closely as possible to the original.

**Note 22 — Page 100. Epinikion.**

Sanballat, the Horonite, Satrap of the province of Samaria, under the kings of Persia, and his deputy Tobiah, the Ammonite, manifested a very hostile spirit towards the Jewish people when rebuilding the Temple and the walls of Jerusalem, after their return from the Babylonish captivity. At first, indeed, they professed great friendship towards the Jews, and offered to assist them in their pious undertaking; but the latter, discovering their hostile intentions, firmly declined their assistance and carried on the building themselves. Sanballat used every effort to hinder the work, sending injurious representations to the King of Persia respecting the Jews; secretly endeavouring to foment divisions among themselves and to alienate their affections from Nehemiah the Governor; and keeping them in a state of perpetual alarm by open hostilities. In these circumstances, their perilous situation is feelingly depicted by the sacred historian in the following artless narrative: —

“It came to pass, that when Sanballat and Tobiah, and the Arabians, and the Ammonites, and the Ashdodites, heard that the walls of Jerusalem were made up, and that the breaches began to be stopped, then they were very wroth, and conspired all of them together to come and to fight against Jerusalem, and to hinder it. Nevertheless we made our prayers unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night. And it came to pass from that time forth that the half of my servants wrought in the work, and the other half of them held both the spears, the shields, and

the bows, and the habergeons. They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one, had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. So we laboured in the work. And half of them held the spears from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared. Neither I, nor my brethren, nor my servants, nor the men of the guard which followed me — none of us put off our clothes, saving that every one put them off for washing.” — Nehemiah, chap. iv.

## Part Second.

### Note 23 — Page 127. The Irish Stew.

In the year 1835, the late Sir Richard Bourke, who was then Governor of New South Wales, was strongly in favour of the Irish National system of Education which, having previously obtained the approval of Lord Glenelg, then Secretary of State for the colonies, he earnestly desired and endeavoured to establish throughout that colony. The Roman Catholic priests, however, and their Vicar-General, the Revd. Dr. Ullathorne, now, I believe, Roman Catholic bishop of Birmingham, strongly advocated the Governor's proposal, and agitated with all their might for the establishment of the Irish National system. But the Protestants generally, of all denominations, and perhaps the more strongly for that very reason, were dead against it; the British and Foreign system, so long advocated and supported by Lord John Russell, in which the Holy Scriptures are daily read in the schools, without note or comment, being greatly preferred by the Protestant community.

When the agitation as to which system of national education — the Irish or the British and Foreign — should be established, was at its height, “The Irish Stew” was published, in a Journal I superintended, and was amazingly popular at the time; serving as it did, in a great measure, to give the *quietus* to the Irish system for the time.

No sooner, however, had that system been put down by the Protestants of the Colony, than the late Rev. Dr. Broughton, the Anglican bishop, who had been acting with apparent cordiality with the other Protestants all along — so long indeed as it was necessary to get rid of the Irish system — drew back and insisted upon having a system of national education in exclusive accordance with the views and practice of the Church of England. Perceiving, therefore, that there was just as little prospect as ever of a general or national system of education for the colony. I identified myself thenceforward, as a member of our colonial Parliament, first with the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, who was then a nominee member of our legislature, but a zealous advocate of a really

national system of education,\* and afterwards with the Honourable Henry Parkes, the present premier, under whom the famous Public Schools Act of New South Wales, affording as it does a noble system of general education, was finally passed in the year 1864.

The remarkable circumstance in the whole case is that while the Roman Catholics were the advocates, and the Protestants of the colony the opponents, of the Irish National system, in the year 1835, the Protestants are now the advocates of that system — at least of one virtually identical with it — and the Roman Catholics its bitter opponents.

Edward Smith Hall, editor of the *Monitor*, a radical paper of extreme views. The other two editors — two attorneys — had been advocating the amalgamation of the bar, a question which had then been just decided against them.

The head of the Normal Institution was the Rev. Henry Carmichael, A.M., subsequently LL.D., whom I had brought out in 1831, for an educational institution in the colony. He was a zealous and rather extreme advocate of the Irish system

**Note 24 — Page 143. Crossing the Line.**

About fifty years ago there was a practice in very general use, in vessels crossing the line, which has since, I believe, been generally, if not entirely, discontinued, from its having been not unfrequently greatly abused. It was that of shaving, or pretending to shave, those of the passengers and crew who had not crossed the line before. On these occasions a tar-barrel is set on fire and lowered down into the sea from the bow of the vessel during the evening preceding the ceremony. The vessel is then pretended to be hailed in the darkness, from the blazing barrel, by Neptune, usually represented by the boatswain, to whom the captain replies and gives him the news from England; Neptune promising to come on board next day, to ascertain who have not crossed the line before, and to admit them into his domain. He comes on board accordingly, with Thetis and his Tritons, very rudely but quaintly equipped. Neptune is then supposed to be privileged, not only to shave any male passenger or sailor who is crossing the line for the first time, but to administer a personal salute to any young lady whose curiosity may have got the better of her discretion by coming on deck to witness the ceremony.

**Note 25 — Page 144. Rio Janeiro.**

Our vessel had arrived at Rio Janeiro, which was then a frequent port of call for vessels bound to New South Wales, towards the close of

January, 1823. A revolution had occurred in the Brazils only a few days before; and the modest triumphal arches of canvas, with the legend, "*Independencia o' Morte*" (Independence or Death), which had been stretched across the principal streets to celebrate the event, were still standing. Don Pedro, the eldest son of the king of Portugal, had very wisely thrown himself into the movement, and was proclaimed Emperor of the Brazils; thereby renouncing his right to the throne of Portugal in favour, however, of his daughter Maria da Gloria; for whom the Pope subsequently granted a dispensation for her marriage with her uncle, Don Miguel, who was then to be proclaimed king of Portugal. So auspicious was the occasion deemed, that the British Government of the day, setting aside the laws of God to oblige an ancient ally, actually sent out a minister to promote *the happy union*. But Don Miguel had a mind of his own; and claiming the kingdom in his own right, refused to be indebted for it to his niece or to have her on any terms, and hence another revolution — *in Portugal this time*.

**Note 26 — Page 156. A Peep at Government House, Parramatta.**

Lest I should be supposed to have drawn an unwarrantable picture of Sir Thomas Brisbane's government in these verses. I would appeal to the opinion of the colonial public of the day in confirmation of the representation I have given, as unmistakably expressed in the following song, which was composed to be said or sung at the celebration of the anniversary of the founding of the colony, on the 26th of January, 1824. It is alleged to have been the production of Michael Robinson, Governor Macquarie's Poet Laureate of New South Wales.\*

The Old Viceroy

Our gallant Governor has gone,  
Across the rolling sea,  
To tell the king on England's throne,  
What merry men are we.

Chorus.

Macquarie was the prince of men!  
Australia's pride and joy!  
We ne'er shall see his like again;  
Here's to the *old* Viceroy!

Some governors have heads, I think:  
But some have none at all:  
Cheer up, my lads; push round the drink,  
And drown care in Bengal.\*

Chorus, &c.

What care we for the skill to scan  
The bright stars overhead?  
Give us for governor the man  
Who rules and is obey'd. †

Chorus, &c.

Freeman and bondsman, man and boy,  
Are all agreed! I'll wager  
They'd sell their last slop shirt to buy  
A ticket for the Major. ‡

Chorus, &c.

Here's to Sir Thomas's release,  
The old Viceroy's return,  
And fourteen years beyond the seas  
For thee, Frederick Goulburn!

Chorus, &c.

The real autocrat of the colony at the time was Major Goulburn, the Colonial Secretary, who had made both himself and the Governor exceedingly unpopular. Captain Fennell was his Excellency's Aide-de-camp, and Herr Rumker, who had been a teacher of navigation in Hamburg, was the Viceregal Astronomer. Rumker was rude, self-willed, and exacting in his way, and he had had a dispute at the time with Major Goulburn about his grant of land and allowances, which led him to strike work as an astronomer.

The officers of the regiment then stationed in Sydney, the 3rd Regiment, or Buffs, had his Excellency also caricatured at the time in a drawing representing Sir Thomas led blindfold in a chain by Major Goulburn, and requesting light *to observe that star*.

**Note 27 — Page 158. The Female Convict's Death.**

This was scarcely an exaggerated picture of the scene which the South Head Road, and the ground now forming the water-reserve of Sydney, with its many *dismal swamps*, presented to the eye of a recent arrival half a century ago. There had been an extensive fire shortly before among the native shrubbery the place; the blackened stems of which, contrasting with the barrenness of the soil from which they sprang, gave a peculiarly dismal aspect to the scene.

**Note 28 — Page 161. Judge Field a Poet, and “Botany Bay Flowers.”**

Barron Field, Esq., was the Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales — or, as he modestly styled himself, “*The Supreme Judge*” — fifty years since. He was a weak silly man, and fancied himself a poet born; in proof of which he published certain of his pieces in a collection which he entitled “*Botany Bay Flowers.*” I am sorry I have been unable to procure a copy of his “Flowers.” One of them, however, I recollect, was an Address to the Kangaroo commencing

“Kangaroo, Kangaroo,  
Spirit of Australia!”

giving as a rhyme to Australia, the word *failure*. I suppose to shew that he was a genuine cockney, and that he considered the kangaroo one of Nature's *failures* in the work of creation. Perhaps the critique on his Honour's poetry was unnecessarily severe; but it was a good joke at the time, and probably not unmerited by the *Supreme Judge*.

\* While only a Nominee Member of our Colonial Legislature, Mr. Lowe had moved for a Select Committee on Education, in which he endeavoured to establish a really National System; and when he deemed it expedient and necessary to resign his seat in that capacity, he did me the honour to request me to present his Report to the Legislative Council, which I did accordingly, in a speech of three hours, to which Mr. Lowe, then an ex-Member, listened throughout.

\* The celebration of the 26th January was then almost exclusively in the hands of the Emancipists — that is, of persons who had been sent out for their country's good.

\* Bengal arrack — a species of inferior rum manufactured in India, and much used in the Colony in the good old days of Governor Macquarie.

† It was the general opinion at the date of this production that Sir Thomas Brisbane was in leading strings, and was to be allowed to amuse himself on his astronomical hobby as long as he liked, provided he would allow certain parties to misgovern the Colony as long as they liked.

‡ A ticket of leave from the duties of Colonial Secretary, an office which was then held by Frederick Goulburn, Esq., Major in the army.