THE
NEW ZEALAND SURVEY;
A Poem in Five Cantoes.

WITH NOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF NEW ZEALAND PROGRESS
AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

ALSO,

THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF 1851;
A Poem in Two Cantoes.

WITH OTHER POEMS AND LYRICS.

BY
W. GOLDER,

AUTHOR OF "NEW ZEALAND MINSTRELSY," "PIGEONS' PARLIAMENT," ETC., ETC.

O Nature! by impassioned hearts alone
Thy genuine charms are felt.—PRINGLE.

Wellington:
PRINTED BY J. C. STODDART AND CO., FOR THE AUTHOR.
1867.
THE CONSTITUTIONAL SURVEY

OF THE CONSTITUENT PARTIES

WITH OTHER SUBJECTS AND TREDICTIONS

IN A,</n
TO

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief over the Islands
of New Zealand, &c., &c.,

(Yet wholly apart from the dignity of office.)
"All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man."—Young.

By Permission,

AS A TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM,

For the interest His Excellency takes in the welfare of the
industrious classes,
And the advancement of Science and Literature of the Colony,

IS THIS

VOLUME OF POEMS

Respectfully dedicated
By His Excellency's humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.
It may well be said that New Zealand is the land for scenery; such that contains a vast amount of grandeur and picturesque beauty; not only so, but it also contains much that prompts enquiring wonder, when first is seen its lofty ridges covered with evergreen forests, and its deep ravines from which issue its many purling brooks, all beckoning and inviting the reflective mind to go far into the past of time, there to witness scenic phenomena which language almost fails to describe. But when we ascend a hill, which seems by some fortuitous cause to have been unproductive of trees, although clad with various kinds of fragrant shrubs, and other flowering plants of native yield and beauties; from such a height to overlook an extensive valley filled with one dense mass of forest, the mind is filled with awe to contemplate the amount of labour required before such can be subdued; but again lifting the eye towards the opposite horizon and seeing forest-clad hills, overtopping others, and beyond these the snow crested summits of a loftier range rising before an azure sky, the mind begins to feel as overwhelmed in a sort of inexpressible delight. And again to look across an extensive tract of country —extensive when compared to the valleys which run in among the hills—like that of the Wairarapa, where level plains extend far away like a bowling green, skirted here and there with belts of forests; while through openings far beyond, the assisted vision may discover other districts lying in a state of wildness. At such a view a loneliness is apt to seize upon the spirits while musing on such solitudes in all their pristine wildness! At another time, after a sojourn among the valleys, where the eye is circumscribed to narrow limits; then coming into such an open space where the eye can find an abundant scope for its roving
disposition, then feelings of ecstasy arise, banishing former overhanging glooms from the mind, yea the soul would seem to exult in unbounded freedom and revel amid natural pleasures without end. Such is but an imperfect description of first impressions, or of those feelings which are apt to preside in the breast of the admirer of Nature's loveliness, as seen in her pristine solitudes. But again with no small interest too can we regard the approach of Enterprise and Industry, each, as with bridegroom integrity, come to divest Nature of those solitary weeds in which she has long been arrayed, in order to deck her with the garb of art, thereby adding fresh beauties to her native comeliness! The hardy settler, under whose guidance such civilizing influences are introduced, displays a courage and energy more worthy the world's esteem than all the exploits of Knights errant in the semi-barbaric ages of yore. The humble emigrant, as well as him of larger means, who leaves the refinements of an old yet increasingly civilized mode of being, and departing for other scenes and trials of which he can have no just conception, though inspired with a hope of doing well, even such may well be regarded as "Knights exemplar" in respect to the work in which they engage, such as conquering not only the wildness of nature, but also in subduing the savageness of fellow beings run wild, while introducing civilization into their habits and their homes; thus paving the way for the expected approach of universal peace and brotherly affection. Such "Knights exemplar" are, as it were, bringing up the rear of the human race, who have fallen far behind in the general march of improvement, that they too at the grand review may be present, and so be included as fellow-sharers in the approval of the "Supreme Inspector," and also be united with their more privileged brethren in the bonds of Peace! In this, may not the finger of Providence be seen guiding to the desired end!

In regard to the leading poem, "New Zealand Survey," it was while assisting in the survey of the Mungaroa Swamp, and at first when passing over the hills that divide it from the Upper Hutt Valley, and sitting down to rest and ease me a little of the
PREFACE.

load I carried; while thus reclined enjoying the mountain view I involuntarily repeated some of the first lines of the poem as an ejaculation, as I contemplated the scene that lay before me; nor could I resist the force of a flood of ideas, so to speak, rushing upon me, compelling me to clothe them in words during my leisure hours, after the toils of the day, as I lay in an old native shed in a corner of the swamp, during the month of April, 1865. In regard to the other poems, several of them were written previous to the one referred to above, and some of them after, merely to set my thoughts on the outside of my head, in order to keep peace within; and occupy an evening hour which might have been worse employed, had I not such an inclination or faculty for scribbling;—may this meet the approval of friends.

Having often been asked at one time and another by several who have seen my former efforts at "New Zealand literature," when do I intend to publish again? it is in answer to the oft repeated question I have thus stept forward at your service as an humble minstrel, willing to do my best to make the world the better or the wiser for my being in it. And now let me tender my thanks to my numerous subscribers—those on whom I have waited, for the cordial reception I have generally met with, and others who have, sent from a distance to have their names appended to the list, for the encouragement I have received, enabling me thus far to proceed, hoping a mutual gratification may obtain with the patrons of the muse. Having thus far delivered my preface, with my best bow of acknowledgments to subscribers allow me now to leave the work in your hands, while subscribing myself your obedient servant,

Mountain Home, Hutt,
January 21, 1867.

THE AUTHOR.
PROSPECTUS.

Although having somewhat exceeded the original estimated dimensions of this volume, still the Minstrel's Budget is not yet emptied. If all is well, by the next new year, may be expected another offering, containing, "A Descant on Thought," a poem in two cantoes; also "The Great Problem of 1861," a Dream in the Hutt stockade; "The Teapot and the Brandy Bottle," an allegory; with other Poems and Lyrics of local interest.

And should circumstances allow, other works may follow of a different nature in prose and poetry; among which may appear "The Progress of Piety" a poem in fifteen cantoes,—several extracts of which were given in "The Christian Advocate," a serial some time ago published in Wellington.

W. G.
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NEW ZEALAND SURVEY.

CANTO FIRST.

Who may look back on unrecorded time,
And feel unawed at the momentous view;
When nothing but what is sublimely great
Unfolds itself in every phase and form?—
Then oh! what words can lab'ring thoughts employ
T'express the feelings felt, or ev'n pourtray
Those scenes majestic passing in review
Before th' imagination, as we aim
To trace their causes, from th' effects produced?—
All stereotyped, and stamped indelibly
On Nature's ample page! From such we dare
Bring forth to light, what long has lain concealed
In darkness—deeds now buried in the past,
As deep as those in far futurity,
The subject only of prophetic lore!—
But of the past, the Muse may dare unfold,
Such deeds, traced in the foot-prints of events,
Which have transpired, and long since passed away!

Nature's interpreters, if Poets be,
While on their souls, as clearly photographed
Her features are,—a real image fair
Reflected, as if in a mirror's sheen
Men see their likeness chastely shewn, and true,—
For she a language speaks, which none but they
Know how t’unlock, or its sense expound:
A language, though in human words unclad,
Yet may expounded be, and must be heard,
As when a truth’s impressed upon the heart,
Which will find utterance, not to be restrained,
Or from the tongue, or through the pliant pen
As prompted by a power, to which one feels
Obliged to yield obedience, while therein
His chief enjoyments lie—a rich reward!
If such an office, as interpreter
Of nature’s language, be on me imposed
By Him who made us, as He saw most fit,
According to His purpose,—be it mine
To give expression to an impulse felt,
As giv’n through what’s presented to the eye,
A pleasing spectacle!—meanwhile the Muse
Craves what assistance, He to grant may deign,
To aid our efforts in this humble lay.

Now on this lofty ridge, which overlooks
Hutt’s upper valley—Erratonga’s course
Meandering wildly; while behind me lies
The marsh of Mungaroa;—here I lean
To rest my limbs, fatigued with upward toils,
This steep ascending through much tangled brake
And fern untrodden; thus at ease I breath
More freely the fresh air, and fondly view
Surrounding scenery of the grandest kind
In native splendour, unadorned by man;
And of variety, that makes one feel
Spell-bound in admiration of the whole!—
Each part can its own history declare,
While ev’ry mark maintains the tale is true;
And like a courier, on the wings of time,
'Th' imagination’s borne, and carried far
Into the past in vision, there to see
As by the starlight, things in darkness hid:
Ev’n each wild scene’s progression to that state
It now assumes; or what was once obscure,
Made plain, by what appearances declare!

Yon distant hills, an undulating scene
Of sloping ridges,—height surmounting height,
With fleecy clouds which hov’ring, float between,—
Bespeak a grandeur not to be surpassed,
While lightened by the sun’s meridian beams;
While over all the Tararu’a range
Extending far, and clad with lucid snow,
Would form a barrier to the roving eye,
Which fain would know what farther lies beyond!
While all those hills of sunlit varied shade
Of foliage in their groves of evergreen,
Although inviting to th’ admiring muse,
They yet appear as unapproachable
To interprizing-man! Though he the vale
Must needs subdue:—“Thus far ye need not come,”
They seem to say “but leave our frigid heights
And lofty seated forests to ourselves!
As we thy admiration still may claim,
To cheer you ’mid the cares of worldly toils!”—
Those broken ridges, rugged with deep dells
And steep declivities—yet mantled o’er
With Nature’s ample robe—form as ’t were ribs

A ii
Projecting from the backbone of some huge
Unweildy monster petrified, o’ergrown
With vegetation; while from ev’ry rib
Again shoot downward various other ribs,
By smaller dells divided;—these would claim
The great rib as their spine! All such, combined,
With forests clad ev’n to their frigid heights,
Can no inducement offer, yet, t’attempt
Their reclamation from their pristine state;
As such would be like sacrificing means
And energies in vain; while let alone
In all their savage grandeur, to the eye
Those hills would seem like ocean’s mighty waves
O’er either rising, when by tempest tossed;
They form a prospect charming to behold,
As seen before the distant azure sky,
And gilded by the sun’s enliv’ning beams;
Such, ev’ry other thought, save to admire,
Absorbs, and fills the mind with calm delight!
There, truly to the painter’s muse unfolds
A scenery richly picturesque and grand
Apart from ought of tameness, as to need
Some fancy touches of his penciling art
T’ attract th’ observer’s wonder loving eye!

Now see yon long ravine, that winds afar
Among the hills,—this no doubt leads the way
To fertile valleys, hitherto unknown,
As hid from view in lonely solitudes
Untrod by man; but yet the time will come
When such must be explored, when enterprize
Fresh scope demands!—But see, on either side
CANTO FIRST.

Of that ravine, the hills as bending low
Their heads before each other, seem to pay
Obeisance to the stream in its debouch
From lonely wilds, or hear its purling song
While flowing by their base. This is the course
The Erratonga, from its distant rise
Rolls forth its floods, not without many leaps
O'er shelving rocks, or down deep caverns, worn
By constant pouring waters. * * *

* * * * * May not these (1)
Cascades of solitude, which long have spent
Their force in vain, as having none to guide,
Be brought in requisition yet, to aid
Laborious enterprize; or be the scene
Of lively industry, in busy mills
Engaged in various labours, as the source
Of inward wealth? This land would thus tread close
The heels of mother country in the march
Of civilization, and improvements vast
Affecting much the southern world at large
In various ways!—As when a light appears
Where darkness reigned, and in whose farthest reach
That light is seen, though dimly, yet it bears
Its due proportion to the good designed!—
So may this land take up improvement's work,
Become the centre, whence may radiate
Much good around, like Britain in her rise;
Yea ev'n surpass her with achievements great,
Of which, the sires of future progenies,
Here, ne'er had dream'd! But notwithstanding all,
Those pilgrim fathers, who have bravely left
Much settled comforts in their former homes;
Who hither came, as prompted by a law
Of nature, to seek out some fresh abode,
And so rejoice the wilderness; thus, these
Their parts are now performing, which are based
On the improvements of enlightened times,
Although in outline roughness they appear;
And blest be such beginnings, as they tend
To realize great things in other days!
Such works, in truth, a monument of praise
Should be regarded by each rising race;
Such ought in due remembrance to be held
In memory of their fathers, as they reap
The fruits of former labours, while they build
Their fortunes on the broad foundation, laid
For their convenience, as those waters, they
To active service call, and amid scenes
Quite changed from ancient wilderness! * *

* * * * * * *
—But meanwhile

As Erratonga rolls its current on
Through shady covert, or through narrow gorge
Or winding its long circuit round the base
Of interlocking hills, or forest glades,
It draws its tribute from the many dells
It passes, all alike distilling pure
The crystal drops of water:—There at first
From rocky crevices or mossy shelves
On craggy steeps, with moisture loving growths
Of vegetation clad, th’ exuding drops
Of water oozing out they trickle down
Through loose sand shingle, or through other mould
Of slimy soil, as hiding from the eye,
The accumulating process, till the rill
Shoots down some moss grown rock, with stilly sound,
A small cascade; thus each ravine will add
Its gatherings to the importance of the stream,
Ere entering on its journey through the vale.

How pleasant 'tis, when all appears serene,
Beneath the sunshine and an azure sky;
When the green forest, in its various shades
Of vernal livery, much delights the eye
With variegated beauties; and effects
A soothing influence on reflective minds,
Though ruffled much by life's distracting cares!—
But what a contrast, when those mountain tops
Enshrouded are 'mid clouds of murky hue,
As if some curtain veiled them from the sight
Of vulgar eyes, as sacred they'd become,
Like Sinai's top! or as they had retired
From off the stage of "Beauty!"—Then, no more
The fleecy curling clouds, that play'd between
Those Alpine ridges, seem allowed t'exist;
While those of sable sadness take their place,
In cheerless gloom! Now the fierce driving gales
Displacing the soft zypher, dash the clouds
Against the mountain sides, thus pouring out
Their floating waters round their hoary heads,
Dissolving much of their perpetual snow,
Which washes down their steeps! Then trickling rills
Are changed to rapid currents, pouring down
The dells in headlong haste, with turbid foam
As former purling music could no more
Give joy, while changed into the cataract's din!
Thus each ravine, with rapid roaring floods,
Swells high the passing river, risen much
Beyond its calm dimensions, as no more
To be compared to what 'twas wont to be!
Now a great turgid torrent, raging high
Beyond all bounds, it rushes foaming on
With deaf'ning noise, as heav'n's artillery
Of thunders uttered one continuous roar!
All oppositions in its way must yield
Forced by its weight, and a resistless front
As billows roll o'er billows without end.
What awful haste! as one would from the grasp
Of deadly foe, which followed in pursuit
And hard behind, endeavoured to escape,
While desperation in the effort reigned!
The swollen waters, where they can expand,
They deluge; burying much beneath their foam.
But when an op'ring offers an escape
They rush with headlong haste, and furious sweep,
The ancient bound'ries sapping, tearing down
The banks, as labouring for ample scope,
While with them trees and bushes from their seats
Fall splash into the floods; then with full swoop
They're borne off on the current as its prize!
Now the prevailing waters, much embrown'd
With pilfered mud, throughout the valley spread,
Which seem from hill to hill a turbid sea;
While some mere spot, exception to the rule,
Looks like an isle about to be o'erflowed!
The flood's progression, in its rise, as through
CANTO FIRST.

The forest flowing, greatly is in check,
As there are great obstructions to its course;
But when into some clearing it has come,
The current seems momentum fresh to gain
In its free course, which no small damage brings
Upon the cottager, by washing off
His seed sown soil, thus rend’ring labours vain; (2)
Or in its season bringing to disuse
The winning hay ere such can be secured:
He, as imprisoned in his domicile,
Feels much akin to Noah in his ark,
And looks out on the waters rushing by
With anxious eye, yet hoping he’s above
The water’s reach, which otherwise might mar
The comfort of his dwelling, ev’n although
On piles ’tis seated high above the ground!
Thus patiently he watches, marking oft
The water’s rising by some gauge employed,
Until its height’s attained, and seems to stay:
Aye then how thankful! When he can descry
The flood’s decreasing depth, he draws a breath
Of fullest satisfaction, feeling glad
That he no worse is dealt with, hopes next morn
He may his needful toils resume; but then
How changed his hopeful prospects, when he sees
The mischief done, with much of labour lost!
But this, he now considers quite beyond
His power to check; such nerves him to proceed
With noble ardour to repair the harm,
Still looking up to Him who knows to turn
Such wayward crosses to some future good!—
("Tis better thus, than thoughtlessly to mourn
O'er some hard fortune one thinks he sustains,
Yet doing nothing to repair the loss;
In such all manliness is nil, which strives
To throw contempt on Providence most wise!—
Content he feels, he may not have sustained
Such loss, he may have learned, that is endured
By others, when their cattle were surprized,
Beyond the power of being got secured,
And borne off by the current of the stream!
In all, the hand of Providence he sees,
As trying how one's energies may meet
The magnitude of great emergencies;
Or training him to fortitude, to cope
With greater trials should they e'er occur,
As something yet unseen, held in reserve!—
Or prove that worldly gains are shadows all,
After the struggling one has such t' obtain!
A means by which great lessons are us taught
If such we are inclined to understand.

When the subsiding waters have retired,
The clearing grounds thus leaving, then is seen
What devastations have been therein wrought,
As well as what of interest may be bared,
As if t' amuse the sufferer with new thoughts
As compensation for the loss sustained;
Thus where the waters have scooped furrows deep
In cultivated soil, as well as where
The river's banks are broke, like some wild freak
Of Nature's fancy, will some mystery strange
Itself discover, in some buried tree,
CANTO SECOND.

Or other wreck of yore, long long entombed,
Now bared, o'er which great forest trees have grown
In size majestic, quite a wonderment
How long such wrecks have lain embedded deep
Mid clay or gravel?—all bespeaking change!—
Or how such great accumulations rose
Above?—Or when the present forest now
Of seeming great maturity first sprung?—
Such thing excite to speculations deep,
As drawing back the curtains of the past,
Declaring what was secret to all ken!

CANTO SECOND.

Now looking round contemplating the scene
As it before me lies—combined with what
Is farther known, more than is here discerned:—
All speak of revolutions in the past!

However much of pleasure we conceive
In those appearances, which meet the eye,
Like one's sweet smile, that would a fellow greet
Yet clothing some strange workings of the mind
All outwardly unseen, a secret kept,
While planning alterations in affairs
Which no one else must know, until that time
Arrives such to develope; or perhaps
Hide some strange doings hitherto concealed
From public view, and not to be divulged,—
Save what some little foible might disclose
Were such examined,—let unheeded pass  
As all had ever been, as now assumed,  
In what appears attractive, to invite  
Confiding trust so cheerfully bestowed:  
So here, though clothed in Nature's vernal robes  
This scene delightful, calling forth our praise,  
And admiration, still, all speak of change  
And revolutions buried in the past;  
But which oblivion fails such things to veil,  
Though such might 'scape the less enquiring eye  
That doats on beauty, willing to admire!

'Tis well should we with sense of the sublime,  
Endeavor information to increase  
From Nature and her works! 'Tis well though we  
Should excavate our knowledge from earth's depths,  
Or glean it from the surface, where such signs  
Protrude themselves, as 'twere unwittingly,  
To prompt th' enquiring mind t' interrogate  
Appearances around! So, whence those hills  
All clustering together, by ravines  
Both deep and large, disparate? Have they stood  
As they appear, since first the great command  
Was given, "Let there be!" and earth uprose?—  
And that long wooded valley, has it been  
Of old the forest as it now appears?—  
Or have th' extending plains which lie beyond  
Yon mountains, as report assures they're there,  
With Wairarapa, and that district known  
As Ahuriri, more extensive still,—  
All begging for inhabitants to come  
To take possession of their fertile soils,—
CANTO SECOND.

Have these been always as they now exist?
Or say, has all this scenery's whole extent,
Nay all the country wide from shore to shore
From genial North to the less genial South
Been, as some would declare? surmising thus—
"These are the heights of some great continent,
Which filled the Southern ocean once, now sunk
By Nature's fiat; these the remnants left
Above the waves, when earthquakes shook below
The ocean's level, ev'ry spreading plain!
While now existing plains were once the heights
Of table mountains, and the many hills
Were loftier ridges, rising, clad with snows,—
The Continents great Alps!—Those valleys but
The ancient river courses, where once rolled
Their torrents, issuing from their fountains on high,
Where many a glacier sparkled in the sun,
All stored in regions cold!" But look around
And room we find for theories diverse
From that advanced, which now may be declared!

Time verily there was, as all around
Can testify, 'gainst risk of much dispute,
When o'er those summits roll'd the ample waves,
Of boundless ocean, shewing an expanse,(1)
Round which but seemed to rest th' ethereal dome!
And there the great leviathans of the deep,
In their disport, have gamboled monster forms
Mid oceans, to all enterprise unknown;
Which enterprise, had such been exercised,
Might oft have proved destructive to their joys,
As buoyantly they scaled those heights, or dived
Exploringly among the hollow caves.
No speculations then had launched the barque
To plough the weltering waters, as they were
Yet unsubdued to traffic’s servitude:
Nor spreading canvas yet had been unfurled
To catch the wanton winds that sportive tossed
The deep into confusion in their strength!—
As the untamed Arabian horse, which bounds
In heedless joys athwart his native sands,
And which he tosses high with hasty feet;
Thus of his fleetness proud, yet spent in vain!—
The winds, uninstrumental to the use
Of navigation’s science, gave their force
In idle frolic, waging ruthles war
On the great briny desert of the South:
And in return, the waves, to anger chafed,
Would heave and foam with much of vengeful ire,
And kindling fury, as the clouds of heaven,
In their alliance, lent the thunder’s voice
T’ outdo the roarings of the tempest’s trump!
While flashed the foam, as by th’ electric flame
Surcharged in aid, from light’ning’s magazine,
To give resistance with its fluid fire,
Which raging billows send up in the spray,
As fain to scorch the winds, or warding off
Th’ interminable buffettings endured!
Thus, the commotions of the elements
In wanton, profitless, contentions joined,
Without the intervention of an isle
With length of shore, or mountain’s lofty range
That might at least break something of their rage,
CANTO SECOND.

As mediators aid in making peace
Between two rivals in dominion's strife!
Such like to hoards of rude barbarians, who
No other occupation have t' engage
Attention from the thoughts of fancied wrongs,
Used as pretexts for some usurping feud,
With no foundation, nor a reason why
To give it colour;—nor some enterprize
Of nobler aspect, cultivating peace!—
Aye ev'n at such a time, those southern wastes
Unknown, uncalled for lay; when northern gales
And briny waters have been seized upon,
As some necessity or other cause
Had urged, and them to active service brought,
Like fellow bondsmen; each his task to do,
In forwarding some merchant's laden'd bark,
Advancing much his interests, and the weal
Of such communities of sea-girt islos;
(The sea, the highway chief of seaboard states;
When seamanship was rude, and crafts but small,
Long voyages were made in sight of land!)—
Or they have been in requisition called
For warriors' gallies, as they sped to explore
New fields for conquest, in their lust for power!

At such a time, this island's loftiest peaks
From now-styled Egmont, to Kaikoura's range
Or other alpine ranges, where they rear
Their summits to the clouds, all nameless then;
With ev'ry other hill like those around,
Were—what?—but mere embryos, all unseen
As closed within a womb!—were all immersed
In ocean's depths, where no terrestrial thing
Could breathe the breath of life! There wriggled forth
The huge sea-serpent round their rugged rides—
If eminences they had been below;—
While dolphins o'er their summits used to ride
Upon the swelling waves; meanwhile the shark
Among the rocky caverns far below
Lurk'd tiger-like, or with voracious need
Pursued the hapless prey. While many shoals
Of various kinds of fish, all more inclined
To be gregarious, like some beastial tribes
Of terra-firma, o'er the length and breadth
Of space now occupied with these whole isles,
Pleased with their ample scope, would journey on
As sent the prey of others in their need,
Whose whole employment seem but to devour!
Which are by others preyed upon in turn—
An intermingling constant ruthless war,
One 'gainst the other—strong against the weak,
The weak content to feast upon the dead
Of those that had devoured their ancient sires!
There the cetaceous tribes of every kind,
Free from all hinderances, at large have ranged
And spouted high the volumes of each draught
Inhaled, as breathing, like some jet-de-eau,
Which forms a lofty march of show'ry rain,
When to the waves returning! No pursuit
Of hardy whaler had they then to fear!
They liv'd their natural life time out with joy!

And on the ocean's bed, or high, or low,
Great part the surface of this modern isle,—
Modern compared with many elsewhere found;—
There rank sea-weed and flaccid tangle grew
Abundantly, where burrow'd the sea-snake;
There lived that link which would connect the plant
With animal existence! So the sponge
As 'twere, within itself, would give the hand
Of fellowship to lichens by its side
And to the tiny insect it devoured!
And there the polypus which fixed its root
Aground, would stretch its radiated arms
Afloat around in quest of needful food!
While on the rugged rocks the oysters clung!
And there the muscle and the cockle moored
Their dwellings all secure, and sought their prey:
While many others, there of varied kind,
In like communion lived! and amongst them crawled
Things of unsightly shape, and curious form,
Each skillful in his art of catching food;
Though each, on neigh'ring tribes, blackmail demands,
Yet still to all there seem'd a full supply,
As one were made the other to sustain!

Above, on the horizon's ample scope,
There the broad pinioned albatross would range,
Now high, now low, describing spacious curves,
Or some great circle, upward, with an eye,
Quick sighted, looking down in quest of prey!
Or would she sit on billows in their swell
Or low depression (there to rest the wing,) With all becoming grace!—meanwhile a shark
Preparing with expanded jaws to snap
The graceful bird at rest; but haply warned
As by electric shock, it makes escape!
The danger o'er, all other fears are null,
As she in her gyrations still pursues
Her avocation, skimming oft the waves
In search of food, or, resting, such t'enjoy!

And there, the seagull would its way pursue,
In search of prey; now soaring up on high,
As on a watch tower raised, a greater field
Of vision downwards it obtains, to gain
More success in its search, than skimming low,
And with precision, mark the destined prey;
Which, when espied, to take, its nature's prompt
As with an arrow's speed, it downward darts
With steady aim, beneath the wave it dives
With close laid wing the victim to secure!—
The sea-gulls winging round in active flight,
Now rising high, then dipping low, they've swept
Along the surface, and their prey pursued
According as their nature's would direct;
With no land near to circumscribe their bounds.

And there, the petrels, those of giant kind,
Have had their hunting grounds; from time unknown,
They've come and gone, as instinct would them guide,
In common with all others; then they found
No land to mar migration's progress here!
There Carey's chickens have in numbers flocked,
Gregarious in their habits, their approach,
As heralds of the storm to other tribes
Have proved—a sign to haste to fairer climes,
Where peace and sunshine reigned; while they them—
As seamen good, to dangers well innured,
Would brave the tempest, breast the dashing spray,
And live amid the storm, while riding o'er
The rolling foaming waves, where other tribes
Might fail, and be o'ercome, a sorry wreck!
But, then, no mariner was there to read,
From their appearance, "warning" to take in
The swelling canvas ere it be too late,
And so prepare the hurricane to meet;
And nought was there to mark the rising tides,
Or shew their ebbing—all was an expanse
Of westering ocean drear, without a shore!
Save when some mighty icebergs, wand'ring far
From the cold South, broke loose from moorings where
They had their massive forms,—great monster growths
Of humid air congeal'd—vapour condensed
And crystalized, a frigid solid bulk
Of ice, and mountain like, while freighted much
With rocky masses, as from craggy cliffs
They sundered were, and thus borne far from home!
(Thus many boulder masses to be found
On hill and glen would loud themselves declare
Exotic in their natures—strangers here!—
And how they have been dropped in ocean's depth,
From th' icy holds, beneath the melting heat
Of the hot clime, to which they had been driven!)
Such icebergs were the only islands then,
Although of evanescent nature, which
Served, for a period short, to be the butt [coast.
'Gainst which the waves would dash, as 'gainst some
Of beetling craggs, to spend their force, until
Such mock craggs wasted were—become "no more!"
Allowing all free scope for rolling seas,
Along that space yet destined to become
A scene of strange convulsions, when in birth
Old ocean must bring forth another isle;
One, yet to rise to eminent renown!


CANTO THIRD.

As mighty revolutions have occurred,
In ages long anterior to man,
And are transpiring even in his day,
So who can mark that finger which directs
In their occurrence, guiding to their end?
Or hear the fiat which commands them forth?
Him, whom all nature owns as sovereign Lord,
Whose word brought forth creation from the abyss
Of nothingness, reared high the ancient hills
Ere man was called to being; Him whose power
As efficacious now, as then, remains;
Yes, Him all nature readily obeys,
His plans beneficent will execute
For future good, by quick or slow degrees
As the appointments given! The coral worm,
A feeble thing for man to look upon,
Is yet a means, and one that will not err,
Or turn rebellious from the task imposed
As being one impossible to do!
By such an agency minute, He works
In rearing rock-like structures from the depths
CANTO THIRD.

Of ocean's bed, unfathomable to man;
To which, the washings of the surging waves
Collect the particles of clay and sand,
Which time conglomerates to a solid mass;
And while the mighty work is going on,
The spreading seaweed there, in upward growth,
Takes hold and propagates, and feels secure!

The mighty structure's ever on th' increase
As lab'ners still by myriads multiply;
So grows the work, as grows the forest oaks,
While nourished by the juices of the earth,
O'er which long ages pass ere they have gained
Their full maturity; so thus combined
The builders in their energies, which tend
All to one given point, according to
The method of their work, as by behest;
The plan's incorporated in their lives
As instinct, with no other knowledge theirs,
To make them run erratic from their toils;
But give adherence faithfully to the end,
While forming rocky structures from the brine!
Though generations, as they build, may die
And in their works their bodies leave entombed
To petrify, (brave architects indeed!
They build their own mausoleum of fame!)
—Yet each, succeeding, takes the matter up
Where the preceding left it, carrying on
The great design unaltered, till complete
It gains the water's surface, and is stayed!
As they, to wherefores asked, would thus reply—
"Thus far no further our commission runs,
We've done our duty! He who us employed
Knows best what power can finish the design!"—
Meanwhile the submarine constructors ply
Instinctively their callings, and extend
Beyond the first foundations laid, their toils;
While He who orders all things for the best
Acknowledges their progress; though by man
Accounted slow, yet perseverance tells!
Their aim unwavering is their strength, and proves
Th' appointed means, by which, that work is done
Which forms the basis of some ocean isles!

The earth's deep centre with its magazine
Of great resistless powers, proves a reserve
To finish what's begun; which, when desired,
Gives forth its energies to crown the work—
Which nothing but omnipotence can do!—
As man would prove his edifice complete,
By having raised the copestone to its place!
That powerful word, which issues promp behest,
Has agencies as powerful to perform!
The earthquake at his bidding, is as apt,—
Its mission to fulfil, and that for Good,
As the bright seraph who before Him stands!—
Though seeming contradictions be displayed,
By what might hap, to man's short sighted views
With judgment much awry, yet deeds are done
By agents strange t'effect some purpose good
Which to another could not trusted be:
And when such act, as their commission runs
So to the letter is the task fulfilled,
Though mountains must be levelled, or the plains
Be raised to mountains, or submerged in lakes,
Or pop'lous cities be o'erthrown and sunk,
Wholesale entombed! -- With dread commotions tossed
Earth must its features change, remodelled be
To best advantage, as transformed to more
Of usefulness, in time to be complete!
Or what, submersed, lay in the soundless depths
Of ocean, may to awful heights be thrown
And round their base have shallows, upon which
The billows break with a tremendous roar!
Such the results which earthquakes have produced
All for good purposes, to be explained
In far futurity; when will shine out
Benevolence divine, in what may now
Be judged quite the reverse! So Providence
Works His own certain way, as one prepares
A welcome to some distant-coming friend,
Of whom none but himself can be aware!

The earthquake put to work, no tongue can tell
What may be the result. The coral worms
May rear their structures to a given height
And there must leave them, till some other means
The sequel form of what was first begun.
One shock may do its part, though little more
Than prove a warning note, as to prepare
For other elevation; first t' effect
A loosening of joints! Though ages pass
Until from all remembrance 'tis extinct,
'Twill yet return to say — "I must complete
The orders first received!" — if not at once
Yet in such intervals, as He, who gave
Such orders, may see fit. Then rocky caves,—
Where huge sea monsters lodged, begin to feel
Commotions strange and sore, a rending, and
Upheaving impetus no more to lie
In deeps invisible,—where waters dense
The sunlight cannot penetrate to cheer
The fathomless profound;—these, in their turn,
To share in beauty's pleasures, and receive
The genial influence of light and heat
Must from their shades be brought! The coral rock
By such a power asunder can be rent
And driven to confusion, much commixed
With its foundation, upward turned, upheaved
As 'twere, to view the sky! That mighty power
Thus held in readiness to work His will
Who wills it, can the earth's foundations shake;
Which, made convulsive, labours as in birth
Until it heaves with dread explosion high,
The once inverted sea-bed, 'bove the clouds,
As a stupendous mountain in its height,
With ranges branching forth in other hills
With many a plain between, extending far!—
Thus, ocean's made give birth t'another isle,
In time, to be inhabited by man!

Yes, still in time, at some great future date!
For though the frame work of the structure's reared
'Tis yet unfinished, unreplenished—quite
Unfit to be inhabited—a wild
And barren uncouth naked mass of rock,
And slimy clay, with sand and sediment
And vegetation submarine commixed;
With various kinds of shells first rais'd to light,
To sparkle divers beauties in the sun!
Thus at the first when the Almighty called
Earth from its nothingness, 'twas but a mass
Of heterogenous matter,—yet 'twas "Good!"
In its first stage of being, as the base
On which improvements might be still enlarged
In their respective periods; so with each
Fair isle, when it was to existence called.

Thus the omnipotent Jehovah has
His armies of most powerful agencies
T' effect some purpose, when He wills to call
Them into action, either for a work
Of sudden effort, or for that, as much
In power, though of long persevering toil!
So, He, in His wise providence, looked down,
And saw the ocean of the unknown South
A welt'ring waste of waters, void of aught
Betokening of some peculiar care;
And in the nature of His bounteous grace,
He called these islands forth, as to prepare
New scenes of active life, and stud this field
Of emptiness with other scenes of bliss,
In fruitful lands, as might outvie the north
With all its bulk of continental shores!

Now, th' ancient world, when from the depths of
It rose to being by the great command
Which called it forth, as when an infant's born;
It had progressive stages, and its times
Of revolutionary changes, meet
For growing to maturity, ev'n till
'Twas furnished in due order with all things
Which requisite were for the various needs
Which could anticipated be, to spring
In man's creation's ultimate design;
So that his comforts therein might be found,
According as his needs would urge the search
For such requirements, and rewarded be
For industry well guided; thus t'excite
Such gratitude, that might result in praise!

Now justice to the southern world be done!
It must be clothed with all such requisites
That can be called attractive, and conduce
To welfare, in a future time ordained,—
(So far as elemental weal's concerned
Consistent with the curse which hangs o'er earth,
With much of mercy, undeserved attached!)—
In genial clime, as capable to yield
Much paradisian cheer, when well prepared!
Since man, where'er he dwells, must earn by toil
His living—thus himself declaring far
Above the brute capacity of life,
And owning a dependence on the care
Of bounteous Providence—he must exert
Th' endowments of his reason, and his skill,
As talents in his care to be improved;
Thus earning happiness, such as the earth
Has in its power to yield; though he must rove
To seek his welfare, or another home,
As prompted by his emigrating will;
Or love of acquisition in a part
Of Nature's earth, that he can call his own!
CANTO THIRD.

The sun, profuse of favours to a host
Of other isles, all cherished by his rays,
Looks down a welcome to another guest
Just usher'd to his presence, to receive
The beneficial influence of his beams;
As when a father, with his happiest smile,
Beholds the newborn infant whom he owns;
So has it thus, New Zealand, been with thee!

When Inquisition sits upon his throne
And calls thee to account, thy features shew
What strugglings great thou hast had in thy birth,
As plain as human language can declare!
Deep was thy bed; (1) composed each stratum lay
As first they were laid down; while o'er thy space
At pleasure roll'd the sup'rencumbent weight
Of ocean in its vastness uncontrolled;
Till, in an hour, suspecting nothing else
Than still to be as ever thou had'st been
Beneath the depths possessed of horrid gloom;
When forth the mandate came,—an awful sound,
As of some monster growling 'neath thy couch;
Or as etherial thunders, gone astray
In subterranean caves, had uttered loud
A roar of desperation for a guide
To set them in the paths from which they erred—
Such roused thee from thy peace, thy dormant state
In deep immersion; 'twas a warning note
That grumbled out "PREPARE!—Thy time is come
That thou must meet some transformations new,
And be exalted to the cheering light,
Preparatory to more active scenes
For which thou now art destined to enjoy!"

Thus warn'd, the execution now begins:
A fearful hasty rocking to and fro,
Awhile most violently driven, occurs
With an unwonted energy; and next
Transverse as fiercely; then with sudden twist
And circular motion;—as if one, whose grasp
Had hold on thee, and loosing thy base
Most deeply fixed beneath, as with a turf
He with much force would loosen from its bed
Ere such he pulls;—while heavings strange are felt,
As when 'tis said of yore, old Atlas hove
His mighty load, with strenuous effort oft,
Ere he its weight upon his shoulders poised!
Rocks burst assunder! with commotions dire;
While various orders 'gainst each other crashed,
And shattered into fragments, got commixed
In wild confusion, jostled to a strange
And mutilated heterogeneous mass
Of various sorts; all meanwhile much upturned
And sideways shoved by that explosive force
Employed to urge the hollows downside up
Them sending towering far above the waves!

Amid such breaking up of solids, and
The transformations passing o'er the scene,
Old ocean, smitten, raged with furious storm,
Aye, fiercer than when roused by boisterous gales;
Then waves no longer followed, as in chase,
Each other, tossing sportively their spray
As they before the breeze would scud along;
But, billows met with billows, all deranged
And 'gainst each other broke with direful clash
Whose mingling foam would seem to lash the skies,—
Like furious maniacs tossing high their arms
Defiant against some power they would resist,—
As they incensed were, stirred to vengeful wrath,
At being checked where once they amply rolled
Without a barrier to disturb their course,
Through immemorial time! While lifeless shoals
Of every kind of tenant of the deep,
From the great whale that wallow'd amid foam,
Or the voracious shark, down to its prey
Of meanest mouthful,—havoc's motley mass (2)
Of victims, great and small, about were tossed
Promiscuous 'mid the storm,—a ghastly waste
Of life, as death would arbitrarily reign!
Thus all were poisoned by the gasses flow
Of sulphury stench, when steaming through the rents
Of ocean bed, which th'earthquake's power had burst,
When forcing it above its ancient lay!
All, all shewed wild commotion; earth and sea
At variance, as the one's exalted high,
To the confusion of the other's power;
Whose raging billows with tumultuous swell,
Would seem as never to be pacified!

As man would tremble, of commotions full,
With ev'ry nerve excited, unrelaxed,
After some great achievement had been done;
So quivered the new island, and full oft
Some hard vibrations rocked it to and fro
In an unsettled state; as one would try
Its steadfastness, to see if but a move
Would discommoded, or tend to work its fall;
Till by degrees it seemed to settle down
Consolidated, as having gained its rest
Upon a sure foundation of its own.
Thus were its turmoils now assuaged to peace;
As when a child, with inward aches, in grief,
Is soothed to peacefulness, adopting smiles,
Forgetful of the pains it had endured!—
And as contending parties, friends become
When angry feuds evaporate to air!
So the great ocean's surface calm becomes;
As finding now 'tis useless to contend
In further strife; but better to embrace
New friendships, it relapses to its state
Of former quietude, and regular tides;
When its old peaceful welterings are resumed,
The basis laying of its new raised bounds;
Or o'er obstructing rocks, at leap-frog play,
In quick succession rolling waves disport;
But oft reflecting on its bosom smooth,
When lying like a mirror, the new born,
As 'twould congratulate its lofty state,
Exalted far above from whence it rose!

Thus rose New Zealand in its pristine state;
The newly born from a most painful birth,
Displaying lofty mountains, bare and bleak,
With many rugged, dripping dells between;
Their shattered sides would seem like shapeless walls
Of matter all confused, as stones and clay
Were jumbled up with neither form nor care!
While on the lofty summits may be seen.
Such fragments of burst rocks, as they’d been tossed
From out their places upward, and returned
But quite too late to be admitted in
Beneath the surface! There, they still remain,
Like foam upon the sea wave petrified;
To tell to future ages whence they’ve come,
And with what violence they’ve been upward thrown!

Hard was the labours of the pristine rocks
At such a juncture; as when painful toils,
Or other inward maladies severe
Affect the human frame, when steaming sweat
From ev’ry pore exudes—and may of blood,
When agonizing under dreadful woes;
So in like manner, ’mid the direful throes,
And rendings of the bowels of the globe,
In pressing upward, ’bove the surface high,
O’er ocean’s waves, what long had been depressed!
Such labour, and such heat intense combined,
Internal, must have made the precious ores
Exude, as sweated drops, whence such have lain
Incorporate with granite grains, and quartz,
From first, when the creation was begun;
Till melted, by electric heat, forced out,
And running into chinks, and other rents,—
As in a furnace, molten ores are run,
Into the moulds for their reception made,
Till cooling formed into a solid state;—
Or further upward forced, as would ascend
Dense vapours, mixing in the clay and sand
As superincumbent stratum, where such form’d
In particles, or nuggets of some note;
They wait as treasures hid, till enterprize
Takes hold upon the country, when them forth
Some accident may bring—a tempting bait,—
Alluring thousands into fortune’s chase,
Who people may this isle in future days!

Where hard the struggle is, when victory’s gain’d
So the rejoicing’s great o’er what’s achieved!
Much like the politician, when to express
His pleasure at the advancement of his cause,
O’er some opposing party, he’d illumine
The night with ev’ry fancy work of fire!
So the volcanic mountain, as with joy,
At being raised high ’bove the briny floods,
Would now send up its volumes of red flame,
Oft burnishing around the face of heaven;
While squirting high its jets of liquid fire,
With stones, which fly like meteor’s through the air,
Sublimely dreadful all to be beheld!
Such would, indeed, no ordinary fear
In human breasts create, to be within
The reach of such dread demonstrations shewn
Of joy, lest danger to their lots accrue;
So lavish in expenditure from out
Exhaustless magazines, and much elate
At being thus exalted from that state
Of low depression ’neath the welt’ring waves,
Where long they lay; no matter now how much
They’re rent as ruinous by powerful spasms,
Since mounted to their attitude, as forced
Above the level of surrounding hills!
Recalling now our thoughts to other scenes,
That speak of progress, be it e'er so slow,
From rude beginnings, to developments
Of great achievements, Nature in her aims
Effected have along the course of time.
As one returns from a protracted tour
'Mid foreign climes, and hails his boyhood's home,
Recounting many changes, all for good,
That has occurred since when he left, in truth,
Impressing much his heart with hallowed joy;
So see this valley, as it now exists
In all its native grandeur, cov'ring much
Of elemental rudeness with the garb
Of vernal beauty; it can tell its tale
(Ev'n so of others may the same be said)
Of mighty revolutions undergone,
As marvellous as when above the waves
Yon mountain summits rose and stood on high.

The Erratonga, now, that sweetly winds
Down the long vale, can tell the time has been
It had a shorter course to traverse, ere
It reached its goal, or lost itself amid
The welt'ring brine! The basis of those hills,
Sea waves have washed when rolling up their sides,
Whose surges have worn off the base's slopes
Leaving a steep, oft rugged; while the floods
Would oft engulf what avalanches brought
From off the mountain brow, in clay and stones;
Which, having been, by suction of the waves,
Well undermined, the superincumbent weight
Have, from the slippery rock with dashing plunge,
Slid down into the waters; thus embrowned
With clay dissolved, the surging waves have borne
The particles, discovered wide, till they
Have got deposited as future soil,
Commixed with rolling stones. Yon gravel pits
Dug deep by roadmen, out of which to bring
Material to construct the solid way;
These give concurrent testimony true,
To that, erewhile declared, by boulders there
Deposited, and made compact, 'mid stuff
Grown hard through ages!—Once they've subject been
To raspings of the billows under surge
Till smoothed into some shape. Above this floor
The clay deposits pilfered from the hills
Have been o'erspread, as sediment, but mixed
With various stones upon the surface strewn
Agreeing with the mountains shattered rocks,
Yet bearing marks of being water worn
By flowing tides, ere they at length retired!

Retired! and why? When subterranean powers
Again applied were, with resistless force,
When to its centre, earth again convulsed
Shook mightily the mountains, and upheaved
The land-lock'd sea floor 'bove prevailing tides.
Now where the submerged valley lay, appears
A mud flat smoking to the sun, where lie
A host of shell-fish swelt'ring in distress
'Mid seaweed, which no shelter can afford,
For lack of wonted moisture; so they die!
Thus down the, then, sea arm, between the hills
The tides recede, though slowly their degrees;
As when a beaten army would retire
Before a braver or superior force;
As if such to the last would fain retain
Position, yielding only inch by inch;
So briny waters slowly have retired,
As years on years had intervened between
Each retrograding pace of their retreat;
And that retreat forced more by earthquake’s power
Than other means, that else might be employed
For scooping out some greater depths abroad
For their reception; or upheaving still
The floor above their level. (1) Much indeed
Is visible of what has been achieved
In the upwashings, by the rolling waves,
Of what the river carried from the hills,
Accumulating thus such sediment,
As might in after ages be the base
Of fertile soil! Thus ocean’s sway must yield
When He, who in the hollow of his hand
Takes up its waters, circumscribes its bounds,
And says—“Give place for other things ordained!”—
When “Scrutiny” begins to look around
Contemplative, he fails not to descry,
How the appointed agencies of change
Have had their mystic fingers in the work
Of revolutions great! For since the time
The naked hills rose from the briny deep—
A mass, unsightly in their nakedness!
A vegetation has upon them sprung
Them clothing much with beauty, as attired
For festive pleasures, and a state of joy:
But much of time, in all external things
Concerning nature, or regarding man,
Must speak of change; as pleasures fresh arise,
They've but their space allotted to give joy;
Beyond that space are weariness and cares!
So Nature's loveliness—her first debut—
Has also got its time glass, where the sands
In constant running order soon may cease,
And shew her liable to other change!
The change, no matter when it may occur—
To-morrow—or, may hap, a thousand years—
Yet still 'twill come, and so perform its work,
Inductive to some future good, although
Its aspect ruinous might such deny!

The sun may smile benignly on the scene,
'Tis for a little; gathering storms will rise
And waste such pleasures oft so highly prized,
And spread abroad a desolating gloom:
But lo! such desolations oft have proved
A prelude to a nobler state of things
Laid forth, on Nature's ample plan, and seen
To be admired, when such a work's complete!
The genial influence of light and heat
Pour'd on the stranger usher'd into life!
As they had been commissioned to fulfil
A special duty, with the nightly dews,
And fertilising showers in aid, have raised
Such herbage, plants and trees, as fit 't adorn
This offspring of the ocean. These brought forth
At their appointed seasons—each in turn—
As one preparing, in its own decay,
The elements that aids another’s growth!
So time its revolutions has performed;
The ravages of storms have done their part;
When forest trees matured, have been o’erthrown
To moulder into dust, and so prepare
For others to succeed. While many thrown,
By the descending avalanche of clay,
Shook by some earthquake, or the weight of storms,
From steep and slippery rocks, on which they grew
Into the river’s current; whence the whole
By undersapping have been washed away
On sweeping floods, into the foaming brine,
As off’ring made to Neptune, which received,
As well accepted, they, with generous grace
Have been restored afresh! By surging tides (2)
They have ashore been cast and anchored there;
In sand and gravel; thus embedded deep
Their roots and branches, useful have become
To form receptacles, and means, to stay
The deposit of sediments till formed
The basis of a superincumbent soil:
For such a confirmation must we search
The ancient archives of the river’s bank
For records that might sceptics well confute!
There, the remains of trees, and other wreck,
Borne hither by the floods are buried deep
In gravel beds which once have formed a beach
Cast up by Neptune’s forces, upon which
The sea wave rolled; now 'neath a depth of clay
And other soils accumulated high
Above the summer level of the stream;
And over which, old forests since have grown,
Whose size gigantic would some age declare!

So now, as we yon woodland scenes survey,
The question will arise—Whence this display?—
Could from another land the seeds have come
Borne in the crops of birds, which hither came,
And planted been by droppings? Or have they
Been borne by some far inland stream along
Into the ocean, and by tossing waves
Have hither driven been, while to and fro
They have been buffeted, yet floating light
Upon the surface—happ'ning next to catch
Upon the hills, as from the deep they rose,
And thence have germinated?—But the like
According as some travellers assert
Are nowhere to be found! We must conclude
That these, as when earth first was gaily clad
By the creating word, as "Let there be!"
And so the thing commanded was produced;—
Although that "word"'s unaudible to ears
Of human curiosity, yet still
Its power can well be felt in all due time
Where it must be applied. As when a law
Of nature is transgressed, it has a power
To render punishment, in which the weal
Of the delinquent is impaired, or lost
By the transgression made! Or when that law
Is duly well observed, it brings its gift
Of best rewards, and on the faithful one
With liberal hand bestows the promised joy!
So here creative power has been at work
Developing that law which is impressed
On nature and its agencies ordained,—
Though human wisdom scarcely such perceives;
The want was visible and must obtain
Its measure full!—The naked must be clothed!

Let not the purblind soul attribute more
To simple agency than what is due.
If such a law’s established, (it is seen
In the effects of light and heat upon
Organic things, inactive,) and that law
By some one agent, upon whom devolves
A certain duty, is performed aright;
Still He, who formed that “law” and such imposed
Upon the proper “actor,” must be wise,
And worthy the first homage of our hearts,
When we the wonders of His power survey,
As seen in Nature’s vast productiveness!

At first, ere vegetation covered earth,
The instruments of all fertility
Must first according to good order come
To their appointed tasks! The light and heat,
The air and vapoury cloud, have still the same
Connection in the business of all life,
In which they mutually perform their parts
Without the sign of discord to defeat
The purpose each must serve! In all due time
This newly raised isle’s uncouth nakedness
Must disappear, and some adornment have!
The springing moss begins to tinge with green,
Of faintest shade, the rock and clammy clay
Of hill and plain, as indicating now
Life's earliest throb! The naked surface feels
Itself productive, though of simplest tribe
Of vegetation, yet it augers well
For what in future time it may bring forth
When that time has arrived. Still grows the moss
And that of various kinds, according to
The beds from which they spring, as 'twere to show
There will be no neglect of aught that adds
To beauty from variety. Yet that moss
Had its appointed time to be alone;
For with it would associate the ferns
Each kind in its appropriate place would come—
In swampy soils, the rushes—on the dry
Such other plants and herbage in their kinds,
Which might have ends assigned, to be fulfilled
Progressively, initiating new,
And hitherto unknown, earth's faculties
Productive of fresh vegetable life!
So had we—when those periods had revolved,
Each in the other merging, as it came,
Long after the first passed—been straying found
Upon some sunny hillside, or the plain,
Our eye might hap' to light upon some plant
Of promising appearance, differing much
In leaf, and stalk, from what around prevailed,
As lately germinated, or come forth,
To seek the rights existence ever claims
Upon the influence of sun and air
To bring it to maturity; and do
Its share in reproduction of its kind!

As science, now, strange secrets would reveal
In other ancient countries, which bespeak
Creative wisdom, and omniscient care,
With forethought unmistaken in its aim;
In other instances than only one,
Are manifest as shewn in changes wrought
Upon creations structure, in the lapse
Of untold ages, not to be o'erlooked,
Recorded all in Nature's archives, which
Depositories prove of what has been;
For plants now found extinct are buried deep
In earth's dark bosom, petrified, and changed
To other solid substances, the work
Of wond'rous revolutions long ere man
Was known to have existence; while their place,
And high above the stratum, they enjoyed,
Another race of vegetation fills!—
So whence the origin of those that be,
Replacing those of yore? but through that power
Invested in the laws of nature, which
Fills up the void, where needed, of a kind,
And in such power proclaim "a Great Supreme!"
Whose wisdom in the working of such laws
May well be traced, when truth is duly sought
T' impart instruction without erring aim,
Or such rebuke, as silence would "Conceit;"
Or prove some vain philosopher "a fool!"
Thus ages upon ages as they've rolled
Unchronicled—save by the mystic marks
Of Nature's hieroglyphics, often spelt,
Yet ill pronounced, nor read to give the sense,
And import, true,—they've not been idly waste
Though only lately they have been explored;
Now all those mystic prints unfold a tale
Of greatest import, while illustrating
Creative power impressed on Nature's laws!

But to return from this digression made—
Thus every soil, according to a law,
Peculiarly adapted, might be seen
To send its own best firstling into life,
As one of Nature's family, in the form
Of herb, or flower to decorate the ground;
While here, and there, some other plant would spring
Of such a kind, as might hereafter prove
Most beneficial for the use of man,
As monarch of the forest yet to be!
Again, when length of ages have revolved
Come various other trees, to fill the gap,
As under the protection of the first
Production, which have grown to stately height;
Then next the under-bush of lesser note,
When other years have passed, as filling up
Remaining vacancies, till stands confessed
A forest dense in ev'ry verdant hue!

So see what vegetation now adorns
The mountains to their summits, daily clad
With living foliage, various shades of green,
In harmony with ever-during spring!
As well set music sung which charms the ear,
And thrilling harmony sends through the soul,
And makes it feel, 'mid pressing cares, elate!
This scene, as much enchanting to the eye,
When well considered, may reflections stir,
Which would sensations sweet send through the mind
And prove to grieving hearts a soothing balm!

This mass of forest in the vale below,
Though high from earth the trees uplift their heads,
Yet they, so closely packed, and verdure like,
Partake the semblance of a level lawn [graze;]
Where, one might think, great herds could safely
Such shews how Nature's work has been fulfilled
'Mid change and revolution, since the time
Its ground was occupied by briny floods,
Or since the simple moss was all that grew!

Though many a country differs in itself
From those adjacent, or apart from all
Connexion with great continental shores;
Yet still their stores of vegetable life
Either of herbs or plants or woods or flowers
May oft agree, and in variety
Might seem to vie; while other lands, reversed,
Would rather differ, as if they'd declare

We no relationship with either claim;
Meanwhile such lands, in vegetation's stores,
Have each its own assimilating best
With its own clime, and nature of its soil
On which they grow!—So, here may we enquire
Whence has th' original Phormium Tenax come?
Since this is not indigenous elsewhere;—
And whence the Rata, Totara, and Pines,
Which in appearance seem of earliest birth?
And many others of the forest tribes,
Of later origin as younger sons,
Since such-like are in “neighbouring climes a blank!
Descending down to shrubs, we instance might
Manukaus, Naiobs, Kawakawas, and
A host of others, no where else are found;
(What in this clime are looked upon as shrubs
Would in another be accounted trees!)
While in return, Blue Gums, and Stringy Barks,
The Oak, the Ash, the Hawthorn and the Larch,
Are in this country but exotics, brought
With many others, which one’s fancy culls
As a variety, far-fetch’d, and strange,
To be accounted “tasteful”—in advance
Of those content with homely native things!
All such bring evidence within themselves,
That the New Zealand forest nothing owes
To other climes for seeds to sow her soil
In ancient days!—Nay more, they well deny
That a connexion ever did exist
Between this land, and large Australia;
Or, that betwixt, large tracts of country sunk
Are lost in ocean; see another proof,
Of quadrupeds this country ne’er could boast,
That native are, like those of other climes!

Now turning from the valley, let us view
Another scene behind us, worthy note:
This swamp of Mungaroa—the long arm—
Which well its name imports!—(and may not such
Well others represent?)—seen from this height
Attention would demand! There, toward the north.
A wooded vale a goodly distance runs,
Where flows a rapid stream, meand'ring wide
And contrary to Erratonga's course,
Which southward flows; so that where both unite
A double distance is the fate of this,
Compared to that, ere reaching to the sea. (3)
Behind yon eastern hills which rises from [south,—
This spacious swamp, and stretching to'ard the
Whose range is to its summit gaily clad
With other vegetation, than obtains
Upon the western Hutt, which indicates
Some other kind of soil, which there abounds
Much differing from the west!—Behind this hill
There seems to lie a spacious area
Ere reaching yonder loftier alpine range
Which rears its head as insurmountable,—
And to its summit wooded. In this space
Some valley must exist, yet unexplored,
In all its pristine solitude, as lone,
Expecting gladness in some future day;
When "Enterprise" makes search for greater scope
To exercise itself in industry!
But lo! this swamp,—as from this height 'tis view'd
It bears the semblance of a level lawn;
Or meadow, clothed with a luxuriant sward,
Of large extent, begirt with birch clad hills,
A place attractive for sequestered life,
As from the world apart, but yet within
The reach of social fellowship, when such
Is felt desirable! Here, fancy might
Depict a scene of happiness and ease
'Mid flocks and herds, which undisturbed might graze
In rural quiet, save when hills around
Might echo back the bellowing of some bull!
Or, when the bleatings of the playful lambs
Are answered by the baa of dams sedate,
Each careful of its own, with well known call!
Or, when in early morn the forests round
Are vocal with the songs of earliest birds,
Whose strains from hill to hill reverb'ratin,
As striving, which in gladness can excel;
Whose sweet exertions, well might sloth rebuke,
Endeavoring man to rouse to dutious praise!
Such fancied pleasures, as embodied here
In all reality, would one remind
Of paradizian joys found in that vale
Where Rassless lived, in ancient story famed!

Descending now from fancy's Pisgah height
The scene t' examine;—it declares itself
The former basin of an inland lake,
Connected once with briny tides, which laved
These mountain steeps. Its outlet was the sea,
As it existed once in that deep vale—
"The Upper Hutt,"—deep when compared to this! (4)
But since the briny waters have retired
The Erratonga now a tribute claims
From Mungaroa's gatherings, which, those hills
By deep indented dells, give to this marsh,
No more the flowing lake! There was a time
When welt'ring waters laved its ferny shores;
And plenteous water fowl sailed o'er its surf
Like little fleets for pleasure, or for need
In catching prey; and on that little isle,
(A mound-like terra firma when compared
With the deep slimy marsh which it surrounds.)
They've sunned themselves, as they their plumage trimmed,
When resting from their sports or fishing toil;
But change has passed his hand o'er all this scene,
As one obliterates writings on the sand;
Save such small vestiges remaining, which
Reminds one of the softest whisper made,
When a great secret's told, and scarcely heard! (5)
Along the sloping basis of those hills,
Which formed the shingle beach, on which the waves
Have broke with dashing din; for several miles
The margin form'd a good material map,
As if explaining geographic terms;
As promontories, capes, sounds, gulfs and bays,
As once they were along this little sea,
When welt'ring waters curl'd to the breeze,
Ere they were driven hence when earth upheaved;
For see another scene has such displaced!
Since then, the gatherings of the mountain springs
Have only met, comparatively small,
T' extend in shallowness o'er spacious ground;
So that the waters stagnant have become,
While basking in the sun; whose beams exhaled
Their rising vapours, while residuum, left,
Have much accumulated mud produced!
As seasons came and went, with changing times,
The moss and rushes grew, and in their turn
Decayed and moulder'd down, but more t' increase
Deposit, decomposed to sliny mire;
And all, to send a fresh abundance forth
Of varied vegetation in their kind:
Thus death would seem the essence of new life
While change must mark the steps of passing time!
See now accumulations high have swelled
Above the former bottom of the lake,
To near four fathoms deep, of boggy mire
And vegetive remains; as high is piled
One generation on another, while
Their matted roots increasing; so that now
A seeming solid peaty turf encrusts
The complicated mass, now thickly clad
With mosses, rushes, ferns, and woody shrubs,
Adapted by their natures, there to grow,
With phormium tenax in abundance rank,
As such by flowing streams, or in a marsh
Take great delight; thus all marsh loving plants,
Wherever found, their roots still intertwine,
To form the basis of productive soil
For other vegetation in its turn!
But at you farther end, an ample space,
There is, which well may termed be "a vile slough,"
Where nought of vegetation can exist;—
A semblance good of dire despondency
When no sweet thoughts occur the mind to cheer!
Thus the whole space, of spongy texture, tells
Its tale of yore authentic, and 'tis still
So dropsically plagued, as 'twould defy
All possibility of being drained,
Unless at some adventurous expense;
CANTO FOURTH.

A total quagmire deep!—where slimy eels
Delight to burrow, as they there abound;
Where much ingenious enterprise is shewn
By natives in the capture of such prey!
Here, as elsewhere, must civilization's power,
In industry, in enterprise, and skill,—
All three with ardent energy combined,
Must rise and conquer nature's wildness, and
Upon her work far other changes bold
To bring her to subjection; thus, must mind,
As aided by pecuniary means,
Be stamped on stubborn matter, as a die
An image would impress on plastic things;
The while effecting in reality,
What fancy paints, a pleasing happy scene!

CANTO FIFTH.

Though these surrounding scenes, where'er the eye
Of observation turns, have undergone
Great revolutions buried in the past:
Another of importance yet awaits;
Nay, is it not in progress even now?—
It is not always revolutions come
With sudden change, as of an earthquake's shock;
Or, as in politics, when discontent,
Through insurrection, long in secret hatched,
Bursts forth in civil war, o'erturning all
Authority and customs, working new
Effects upon the aspect of affairs!
Oft revolution comes by slow degrees,
Developing itself in every turn
Of circumstance, or seeming accident
That may occur; oft imperceptible
To many, who pretend to note events;
Yet who unheedingly pass such details
That make up full particulars, as one
Would sum up farthings to produce a pound!
As providence has willed it, so it is!
For bygone ages had their times of change,
Preparatory to some future plan
To be accomplished in its season due;
And, as the earth has first to be subdued
Ere man, its lord, can bring it to his use;
So now a mighty change is passing o'er
Those scenes; however slow may be its course,
Its progress, like the stealthy steps of time,
Is certain, with improvements in its train,
To tame this once unbroken wilderness
Of savage grandeur! Yon majestic trees,
Which have for ages stood the stormy blast,
Are destined soon to feel the settlers axe;
And by it be laid prostrate, as they are
Considered now mere cumberers of that ground
He means to turn to fields of growing grain;
A noble change indeed! Thus nature wild
Must wear another aspect, feel renewed
With civilization introduced, where once
The wildest solitudes supremely reigned!
When Cook, the navigator of the globe
Explored this, then esteem'd, earth's utmost bounds,
He found upon this island a wild race
"From all the world disjoined!" His visit then,
To them was like the earliest, faintest break
Of greyish dawn, upon the coming day;
And long before the sun, with upward rays,
The eastern sky paints in vermilion hue!
It told them (if such tidings they perceived)
There were elsewhere another race of men
Of more extensive knowledge;—that themselves
Were not the only people of the world;—
That they themselves, compared with what they saw
In all their wonted pride, degraded were!—
For nothing dreamed they of more cultured state,
Or civilization; (if to them such phrase
Intelligible were;) nor could conceive
Such state of mind, so as to feel debased
With that degraded state in which they lived,
When seeing something of a nobler kind;
No more than when they could their great canoes
Compare with that great ship the stranger own'd!

This visit must have given their stagnant thoughts
A quite unwonted stir! another theme
Of converse, of unfathomable depth,
When conjuring fresh conjectures oft,—Whence he
Has come? and wherefore?—What results might be
Anticipated, or for good or ill?—
For such a sight, of import omenous,
As that great bark to them had ne'er occur'd
Before,—and was to ancient sires unknown!

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For days, for weeks, for months, the theme anew
Would start in conference, either as around
Their fires they sat, or when the chiefs would meet
In council, or when revelling at feasts
Or other rites; when some vague thought would spring
Perchance of startling aspect, as of wars,
(As those of peace scarce harboured in their minds)
Which, when got utterance, would excite to loud
Bravadoes in their kind, when the war-dance
Would be resorted to, till madd'ning rage
Got vent in shouts ferocious, as to shew
What deeds of daring they would undertake!
But when to breathe, their fury ceased awhile,
Then some old prophet versed in all the lore
Of incantations, would exert his powers
Of rhetoric, in defiance of the foe;
Or would perchance repeat some ancient saw
Tradition had rehearsed from age to age;
"That when some great canoe with lofty wings
Appeared, then know, the time is coming on
When all their independency would cease!"
Such speeches when rehearsed with vapouring pride
Were only meant to stir up fury more,
In expectation of the struggle near.
But when such demonstrations would subside,
In mere exhaustion, then would they debate
Upon defensive means; or how effect
The best retreat, should hapless be their lot!
At early morn, as they'd through custom sit,
Wrapped in their shaggy mats, upon the beach,
With vacant gaze on the horizon's bound,
Across what seem’d a shoreless ocean vast,
The thought of the white stranger would occur
To the dark mind, arousing it from sloth,
Exciting speculations strange, the which
May be compared to the first earthquake’s shock,
That raised this land from ocean’s depths, in that
Such gave the mind fresh energy, and formed
An era new, the basis of great change,
To be effected in some future day!

But whence this solitary race of men?
How have they here got planted?—may be asked.—
A race of savages without a date,—
Or record of their early history
To trace their lineage!—They're ever prone
To deal in wonders, and tradition's lore
Much mixed with fable, contrary to aught
That's probable, or may be reckoned true;
Crude fancy's pictures ever over drawn
On some poetic, but untutor'd mind,
Which would try to expound the reason why
The ancient sires got landed on these shores;
While facts with fictions of the basest kind
Are so comingled, no dependance can
Be placed upon each theory declared:
But what can be expected from such minds,
Whose ignorance was darkness multiplied?
Whose ideas, the shades of wand’ring dreams
Of evanescent nature, hard to hold!
Or like the ignus fatuus wand’ring wide,
And leading the benighted far astray
From the sure path, till lost 'mid swamps and mire,
Whilst seeking shelter by some cottage hearth!—
So judged they, that,—"Upon some ancient time
Beyond their ken, their common father raised
This island, as he plied his fishing art,
With his old bone hook, from the ocean's depths!
Though much of their traditions in their kind
May bear comparison to what of old
Would Ovid tell, (1)—how things in present form
Had their existence by transforming spells;
Yet the untutored natives, more debased,
Knew not how advantageously to turn
Such ev'n to good instruction, in the guise
Of fiction's elegance, with morals chaste!
But such in uncouth state have been conceived
As 'mid pollution, so produced unclean,
And told, while such have passed as current coin
Through generations, much transformed and patched
With fresh additions of unseemliness
And horrid shapes; while, upon which the minds
Of infancy were fed, and puerile thoughts
Were cherished, till such in their nature's wove!
Thus superstition's canker on them grown
Has gnawed into their souls! Thus pristine truths
Are made extinct, while falsehood bears the sway;
Wild superstition as with reptile's coil
Have in the bonds of mystery wound their tail!
The which t' unravel, who will take the pains?
So much 'tis wrapped 'mid degradation's stench! (2)

But when and whence this people hither came?
A dubious question still; though some indeed
Have hazarded a guess, as one would dare
Dive in uncertain depths in search of gems,  
Which never may be found! But this is true,—  
They've wander'd far from that great parting scene  
On Shinar's plain! Some providential hap  
Must have some families brought toward these shores  
As forced by tempests from their fishing grounds,  
Unable to return; so they've become  
Mere outcasts from society, as 'twere  
To prove to a philosophising world  
What man is when apart—left to himself  
With nought but corrupt passions for a guide,  
With reason overpower'd! Then far below  
Civilisation's standard will he sink  
Till scarcely 'bove the level of a brute!—  
Thus have they had such dire experience,  
As from such stocks they multiplied, and grew,  
By numerous generations, into tribes,  
Forgetful of all morals, which mayhap  
Their sires have held, although however small,  
'Mid ancient social circles in old homes!  
Yet notwithstanding such degraded state,  
They shew themselves to claim a kindred tie  
To all of Adam's race, ev'n by their works,  
However rude, formed through necessity;  
Yet some bespeaking fancy, also skill,  
Ingenious in their kinds, with lack of means,  
Which others would for similar purpose use:—  
All speak a claim, as ardent to support  
This their memorial of a brotherhood;  
As much, as would, on Jordan's banks, when reared  
The testifying altar of the Jews!
Their instruments of warfare, or of chase,
On sea or land, when hunting for their food,
In absence of what commerce might supply;
Such, shews deep thought in the contrivance formed,
Or happy hit upon the plan pursued,
When urged by stern necessity, by those
Who may have been their sires, put to their shifts,
When like some wreck cast on these shores unknown,
With nothing but their hands, their helpless hands,
To gain a sustenance, though mean, in aught
The nature of their new abode might yield;
And so their offspring train, that they alike
In wildest hardihood themselves might send!

Ah poor degraded race! Thus exiled far
From ancient relatives and friendship's joys,
So long, till true remembrance have been lost
Of such they may have had; from sires forlorn
They've sprung a num'rous progeny; and now,
How much through foul distrust and variance strange,
They have asunder parted, and become
To either aliens, reft to separate tribes,
With every tie of brotherhood annulled!
Of common comforts, such that cheer the poor
Of other lands, how much they've been devoid!
To them in kindness has the ocean's breeze,—
As bidden by an overruling power,
They knew not how to own,— wafted at length
That generous hearted "Cook," who wisely sowed
Upon their shores, the seeds of various use
In wholesome fare; and useful animals,
To them unknown, let loose to multiply,
To serve their needs, imparting benefits
To which they strangers hitherto have been!
Their's, when compared with those whose glory is
Advancement in the civil arts of life,
Has been a lot unenviable indeed!
Oh! what is worse than sympathy extinct?
And human hearts become the demon's den?—
Then man, the greatest enemy to man
Becomes, when dire ferocity is roused
Each 'gainst his fellow, through necessity,
Urged by a craving lust like beasts of prey!
Nay worse!—and more degrading—'gainst their kind
None's ravenous, though they might disagree,
A fellow to devour!—Their scarce supplies
Of all that craving appetite demands
Have driven them oft to sad revolting deeds,
The source of fierce exterminating feuds
For sake of plunder; when the "weak" must fall
To "might" a prey, as when the smaller fry
Of ocean, by the greater, are devoured!
But has there not for them been in reserve
A better day of cheer—a change for good?
When prosp'rous peace with blessings—like the dew
Which falls on parched nature—would distill,
Their souls refreshing with abundant joys!

Cook's visit was the prelude to a new,
Though seeming distant, era, in their page
Of blotted hist'ry, hitherto a blank,
As cut off from all knowledge of the world,
And social arts of peace! That ancient who (3)
Of late departed life,—who in his youth
Was witness to Cook's visit, an event
Auspicious, though to all its full extent
He no conception had! Since, come to years,
He must have felt unbounded gratitude
To Providence, (when Him he learned to know),
And such a benefactor of his race,
After a lapse of years, to see what grand
Results his later progeny enjoyed!
No doubt, each circumstance oft in review
Passed through his mind, as oft he loved to tell
Of the heroic man of peace, and his
"Kaipuka"—his majestic looking ship—
As monarch of canoes; and how he felt
Sensations strange of wonder, and of awe
At such a sight; and well he could relate
Of fearful broils in which he had engaged
Since such a time, as savage manhood grew
Upon him, fond to shew himself for war
Courageous and expert, inflamed with zeal
To drink the blood of foes; but having learned
Some lessons, in his later years akin,
To sacred truth, impregnating his soul
With feelings of humanity, so now
The past has been abhorred, as he compared
Such times and scenes, with what he in old age
Has favored been to see!—a happy change!
And in such change rejoicing, satisfied
With such a glory shed upon his day!

And next to Cook, he could remember well
When dauntless rev'rend missionaries came
Amongst them, wild and savage though they were,
CANTO FIFTH.

Proclaiming mercy's message to them, strange
To ev'ry thought accustomed to their minds;
He also could remember, how amazed
He felt, and thought it folly to believe,
At first, such tidings of the gospel grace,
Thus offered to the vilest like himself,—
Him, full of pride! and in degraded state!—
Much wondering how the Lord could be so kind!
So, could he testify of changes wrought
Upon his soul, when he began t' abhor
His former life; and earnestly to strive
To make amends for errors; giving heed
Attentively to truths of heavenly love!
Such truths imbibing, so he felt their power,
When thirst for war had ceased his heart t' inflame;
While ope'd his eyes to much he had to learn!
Then aimed he at the cherishing of peace,
And good will to his neighbours, now felt due!
Thus in the desert sweet refreshing springs
Began to flow,—the desolate to sing!
The change, to him, was blest felicity,
Compared to aught of former life endured!
While on his race, he saw the early rays
Of a new Sun arising,—even that
Of Righteousness—and peace, dispelling quite
That darkness, which enveloped all the past;
While introducing a new day of grace!

What happy feelings must he have enjoy'd
At length, when tottering on the verge of time,
To learn the worth of social, civil, life;
While civilized society the hand
Of friendship him extended, and indulged
His rev'rend age with comforts erst unknown;
And highly favoured truly was his lot
'Bove many equals, must he then have felt,
If e'er such promise he in early life
Received;—"That light upon his darken'd state
Would yet arise!"—next, see it on the eve
Of being realized, when prospects bright
Have dawn'd,—nay ris'n, to bless his future race;
Who are as passing from death's darken'd vale,
Emerging into life and cheering light!—
Ah, yes! he could not but feel gratified,
At the fulfillment of the promise given,
When bidding earthly cares and toils farewell!

But still reverting to those savage times
When double darkness may be said t' have reigh'd;
Could this unhappy people, as they were,
Be called the true possessors of the soil?
Their occupancy never seemed secure;
And dread debarred their aiming to improve
In cultivation's art, or ev'n t' extend
Their labours more than served a present need;
Or what some exigency might demand!
But not for social intercourse in trade
Among their neighb'ring tribes; for jealousy
Debarr'd such efforts, lest they'd fall a prey
To lawless lust; and, as their wants were few,
So even these with little must be met;
Unless it were when plund'ring was the rule!

The wilderness remained an idle waste!
The land was uninhabited, while those,
CANTO FIFTH.

Who should have own'd it, set themselves the more
To make it doubly desolate by wars,
Whose nature was t' exterminate and waste!
So that whole tribes, by others more of power,
Have butcher'd been, their places left a blank!—
A lawless land!—a den of anarchy!
It might have well been called—without defence
Against the grasp of avaricious powers
That might have seized it, while without remorse
The natives doomed to hard slavery,
If not t'extermination; as the kite,
In fable told, pounced on contending frogs,
When both were losers, in one common woe!
But otherwise, by a kind Providence,
Has been ordained their welfare to secure; (4)
For as the land, in peace, could not have rest
By those to whom at first it was bestowed,
Another race of gen'rous temp'rament,
And skill sagacious, coming from afar
Must gain possession, not by violence,
But by true purchase: both remun'rate
In price, and in advantages to flow
From civ'lization's intercourse, the best!
And whose experience, in field culture's art,
Will shew them how they to account might turn
Those principles of comfort, long inert,
Found richly to exist in such a clime;
And who would shew, "How good to cultivate
The social arts of peace;"—a blessing long
A perfect blank upon their history's page,
As if it never could existence have,
Or, be to expectation hopeless still!
Thus 'mid the revolution of events,
When Time, in passing, as a courier acts,
Dispensing from his budget wondrous things,
Or mercies great, on earth to comfort man;
So has New Zealand favoured been at length
Of being recognised, a place on which
A dispensation good might be bestow'd!—
While, guided by a Power, that's oft ignored
By many, who to scepticism are prone,
Have enterprizing Britain sent her sons
Themselves t'establish here; another germ,
Of some great future nation to implant,
Britannia's institutions to extend;
As if that Power who rules,—and overrules
The world's affairs by man himself,—had chosen
This agent, best some purpose to fulfil,
As tending to the happiness of all;
Thus to Britannia's guardianship is giv'n
New Zealand, where a nation may be reared
To prove "a Britain" of the Southern Seas!
As grows the babe in health, and strength, and gives
Good promise yet to see maturity;
So does it feel an impulse to excel,
As worthy such a guardian's fost'ring care!

As 'mid the revolution of events,
Old Nature's aspect wild must be transformed,
And fresh resources be developed, where
Such seemingly once no existence had!
So now we see the work of bliss begun,
Appearances display a wonderous change
CANTO FIFTH.

Upon surrounding scenes, in clearing's new,
Like Melancholy's glooms transformed to smiles;
Yea smiles of promise and realities
Conjoin'd, the fruits of hardy enterprize,
And well aimed energy, in bushmen's toils,
Who thus take hold upon the country wild,
Subduing it to new fertility!
The natives too, are happy and at peace,  [hand
Where terror once had reigned! (5)   With heart and
Appreciating civilization's lore,
To their new friends they bid God-speed, and join
Improvement's march—all zealous to pursue
Th' advantages held out, "a worthy prize,"
The more contested for, the more esteemed!—

But shall the time arrive when foul distrust
Shall take possession of the Native's heart,
And there arouse cupidity and strife,
Forgetful of advantages enjoy'd
From friendly intercourse of settlers round;
That war must interrupt the course of peace,
And sorrows consequent on all to bring?
Peace is the gen'r'al order of the day
With British hearts; and war their strangest work!
But when to war they must arise, it is
To bring good order from confusion's mess;
Not to exterminate with ruthless ire,
Like that of savage breed, but to subdue
Th' unruly, and such to repentance bring!
If Natives will indulge a thirst for war
To them 'twill be like some relapsed disease
After some hopeful signs, toward a cure,
Which sad relapse would only end in death!—
Ev'n so their love of war would on themselves
Bring retribution just, and disrespect,
Self punished, and mistaken in their aims!—
Still such may be—for corrupt passions oft
Will in rebellion rise 'gainst reason's reign;
So civilization, from barbarity,
Is sure to meet some opposition, which
May check its progress, and annoyance give;
'Tis thus an evil principle that's held
In check, will ever battle to be free;
Free to destroy that peaceful righteous cause
Which providence ordain'd should rule o'er all;
And which vile principle to be subdued,
Must be as firmly grappled with, to keep
It under; so that virtue well might reign
The source of all prosperity and peace!

The ultimate design of providence
In peopling earth, subduing desert wilds,
Is now in progress; where a clearing's formed,
A good beginning's seen, prelusively
Of happier events to be brought forth,
Though still in future hid; as harvests good,
Of plenteous return, are the results
Of industry in spring; so future things
Indicative of great events to come
In the still further future, are results
Of small beginnings buried in the past!
Thus ev'ry humble effort that's put forth
In such a wilderness, to make a home,
That effort bears its own proportion to
The future history of the country’s weal!
When, over all, in universal sway
Shall peace and plenty mutually reign!
However such a state may be desired,
’Tis but as embryo—imperfect yet,
And will be, through a long progressive stage,
Until that time appointed has arrived!
But as at first, “the earth must be subdued!”
So the command is still imperative
For ev’ry such a country, wild as this,
Through generations all, as the first step
Of man’s advancement to a higher sphere;
While, even there, his rudimental task
Begins,—but who can tell where such may end!
’Tis by the work of a progressive toil,
Which perseverance only must maintain,
Ere to account this forest land is turned:
Long has it shaded been by lofty trees
From th’ influence of the sun! Nor has it been
Yet subject to the cultivator’s skill
For use; but lying waste, it has brought forth
Aught, save what may of civilized life,
Or human comfort tell!—Yet there are here,
In timber large, the means of fair employ,
To bring to market, such, reduced to shape
Fit for the builder’s use; or other craft
Of neater work, as furnishings for homes,
Remunerative to the man of toil,—
But the chief aim is, to subdue the land,
By the strong arm of industry, and bring
From nature’s secret treasures, such rewards
As amply would remunerate his pains,—
Yea such rewards, akin to virtue's own,
Adapted to man's nature, are still best
T' encourage him in the advancement of
His moral faculties; ev'n be he sage
Or of the savage race, the while he aims
T' increase his temp'ral interests of life,
And lays the best foundation, upon which,
His progeny their fortunes sure may build!

Ye pioneers! who thus have ventured on
A life of hardihood, and ample toil,
"Have courage!" be not flagging in your aims;
Though much there is before you, that bespeaks
Hard labor without end, as fain to mar
One's perseverance; yet, before you lie
Rewards to be obtained! Fresh courage take!
'Tis manly still to cope with trials; and
To overcome them with true energy,
Is victory worthy praise, in which much joy
May be experienced with exalted mind;
Convinced that self-reliance is a gem
Worth all the jewels in a monarch's crown!
Your's is the task of reformations great,
Although such may be hard to be perceived,
Not only on this land, but on your race,
While training them by good example, which
Says more than precept ever could enforce,
To industry and hardihood, which scorns
All idleness, and every want defies!
While happy circumstances,—your rewards—
Shall them surround, imparting mutual joy!
CANTO FIFTH.

While such reflected on the native tribes—
As when the planets pour reflected light
Upon the earth;—so shall your virtues shine,
Enkindling in their hearts new ardours, once
Unknown, to their affections, serving all
To melt the savage nature, purging off
Th’ impurities of degredation’s dross;
Refining them to social life and peace!
Such blest achievements, gaining ground, at length
E’en after you have done with earthly things,
Shall be like sounds of praise re-echoed far,
And to posterity your virtues tell! (6)
What though your names by some ungrateful race
Should be forgot, your works shall testify
Of your brave hardihood, and never be
Obliterated, while the earth endures
As your memorial, which may still condemn
The idly foolish, who might scorn your toils
As useless; while such will declare how much
Ye should in due rememb’rance be esteemed!
Go on! nor e’er supinely yield to cares;
These may afflict, as progress to retard;
But let brave spirits triumph o’er them all!
Your works shall shew where virtue claims to dwell
While musing o’er the past; for as in yore
The founders of a nation have been held
In awful veneration; so may you
Brave pioneers! of futute greatness, be
In th’ annals of the country held endeared!

END OF THE POEM.
CANTO I.

NOTE 1, PAGE 5.

"May not these
Cascades of solitude, which long have spent
Their force in vain, as having none to guide,
Be brought in requisition yet to aid
Laborious enterprize;"

If we look on the map of the Southern Hemisphere one may easily perceive that it requires no great amount of prescience (especially to a mind of thought and enterprize, even although such spirit of enterprize may not have the power or means to put thought in a practical or tangible form) to see and shew to others how New Zealand shall yet become the Great Britain of the South. Take into consideration the genial climate of New Zealand, then its extensive seaboard, its numerous harbours and navigable rivers, such that may be much improved upon, and again its multitude of inland never failing streams, many of them well adapted, with little expense or trouble, for the driving of any kind of machinery for manufacturing purposes, where perhaps steam engines would be of less service through the want of a cheap supply of coal, should such prove to be scarce. Those streams with their waterfalls and rapids, how easily could they be brought into actual service in aiding the enterprize and industry of those who may yet discover their interests lying in that direction; so that instead of sending the wool of the country away to be spun and manufactured elsewhere—only to be brought back again with heavy charges attached,—such could be spun and manufactured here, to be dispersed among markets elsewhere. Standing on this point of view and looking toward the numerous islands and their populations, on the vast Pacific ocean, and taking into consideration the extensive field of wealth there will be to work upon, in the development of their resources, from which every kind of raw material in cotton and other produce may be had to be manufactured in New Zealand for the markets of the southern world. On the one hand, not only see the naked wants of the Pacific islanders, but also see the whole
range of the western coast of America, far from other manufacturing districts, whose chief occupation is the raising of grain and agricultural pursuits, such Western American states would readily absorb a vast amount of manufactures of the textile class; and, on the other hand, Australia and all the islands lying between that and China, and even China itself—all on each hand lying on the way direct, without the disadvantage of doubling stormy capes, all lying more natural to the future mart of New Zealand than to any other manufacturing country in the world. Thus the new Great Britain of the South may yet be able to share in the profits of commerce as inward flowing wealth like that of the old Great Britain of the north. Long have I regarded the practicability of the Panama route to the southern world with such desire, which creates wonder why those at the head of affairs cannot see the benefits that would accrue by having such a way opened, yet felt assured that the time would yet arrive amid the changes which occur in the world's affairs, that such would eventually be adopted; now that such a course is about to be pursued I cannot but regard it again as the first step in the march of improvement among the isles of the Pacific, but also as the laying of the grand foundation upon which may yet be reared the future greatness and power of New Zealand as the second Great Britain of the world. And may I here also add—if Wellington can mind her "P's and Q's," as the saying is, she may become the London of the South, while many a flourishing Glasgow and Manchester may spring up among the other Provinces. Though such may belong to the future, yet who would not congratulate the rising generations on the prospects before them, with the hope that they may rightly use the privileges bequeathed from their fathers.

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**Note 2, Page 9.**

"The floods progression, in its rise as through
The forest flowing greatly is in check
As there are great obstructions to its course;
But when into the clearings it has come
The current seems momentum fresh to gain
In its free course, which no small damage bring
Upon the cotterage, by washing off
His seed sown soil, thus rend'ring labours vain."

When observing the natural progress of events one cannot but mark the changes which occur. The periodical floods of the Hutt river have often been a serious annoyance to the people of
the valley, and many a plan has been discussed, of how the river might be kept within its bounds, but all such plans were never tried, save when a few of the inhabitants of the village near the bridge, at one time clubbed together to try the experiment, of casting up a dike or mound along the bank of the river for a few chains, but such soon shewed itself a failure, a work of no avail. But in the course of time nature seems to be bringing round in her own way the amelioration of an evil complained of by the substitution of another in its stead, which affects the few comparatively, rather than the many; so that the floods of the Hutt, in regard to their general overflowing, may yet only exist in the history of the past. There was a time when the forest was standing in its pristine glory, and when the river was of narrower dimensions than now, that a day's heavy rain from the north or north-east would bring down a freshet from the Tararua ranges enough to make the river overflow its banks at various points, thereby spreading a sheet of muddy water over the greater part of the valley. I have seen upwards of an acre of potatoe land, a few days after being planted, by such a kind of flood totally swept off; the loose soil of which had lately been ploughed and harrowed; and along with the soil went the seed, leaving only the hard subsoil, with the mark of the plough on its face where the furrows were drawn. That same piece of land I believe is now not molested with such visitations. Wheat patches in newly formed clearings were not safe sometimes from such devastations, especially where the force of the water formed a current in a clearing. When the water subsided, it was no uncommon thing to see all one's labour greatly damaged, for instance, by log heaps, which were piled up ready to be burned at the proper season, being sometimes scattered and swept all over the wheat patches; and the springing wheat, being robbed of the soil through which it had sprung, would be lying flat, being held to the subsoil by a single fibre of its roots; such damage being greatly detrimental to the expected crop. Again, in summer floods, which generally took place about the approach of Christmas, at the time when people begin hay-making. The season looking propitious, the sun shining brightly in an azure sky betoken nothing but prosperity, and so the labours of the season proceed. Fields of hay are cut down, hay-makers are busy tossing about the hay to the influence of the sun, while preparations are being made for stacking, the husbandman dreaming of nothing but that all appearances are in his favor. Some may have succeeded so far well, but with many it has been otherwise,—when a seemingly sunny shower of rain has come on, thickly gathering clouds would add their disheartening signs in regard to the state of the weather; rain pouring
copiously all day, and continuing all night; next day the river begins to rise, and by and by it overflows its narrow boundaries, and swelling into a flood, it carries the hay along, cleaning up the newly mown fields, where most subject to its force. When the flood has subsided then may be seen the damage,—lots of hay sticking against the fences wherever the current has borne it; the hay so much mixed up with sand, that it is utterly worthless. Such has sometimes been the effects of a rainy day in hay making time at no great distant date, while the river kept its widely circuitous course of narrow bounds. But now since the last heavy earthquake of the year 1854 when the ground got such a heaving, undoing its somewhat solidity, many acres of land—land cleared of the forest and in cultivation—have been swept away with the river. Thus the river has opened for itself, in several places, fresh channels more direct, instead of going round, as formerly, long circuitous bendings; while in doing so, some people have lost a good deal of fertile soil, having left in its place an expanse of shingle, with a great many half embedded trunks and roots of trees. So now that the river course in many places has become more straight and from three to four times wider, the greater number of the inhabitants of the valley reap the advantage, seeing such floods as depicted above are becoming more rare both in winter and in summer, on account of the more rapid escape of the water from the upper part of the valley. Here a circumstance of note may be worthy of being recorded, namely, after the earthquake of 1854 a more serious flood occurred than had been experienced since the beginning of the Colony, for the water came in such a body and rose so high that it not only was the ruin of some small haystacks which were considered safe, while also carrying off sundry pigs and cattle, but also by lifting two houses from their steadings and carrying them off into the current with their inmates—families who had lately come into the neighbourhood—who unfortunately were lost. It was several days after the subsiding of the flood before the lost bodies of the unfortunate were found, when they were discovered here and there partly buried among the sand and shingle and other wreck left by the flood. Such a melancholy occurrence cast a gloom over the minds of the people of the Hutt; while the natives declared that such a flood had not occurred within the memory of their time, or that of their predecessors, so far as they had learned.
CANTO II.

NOTE 1, PAGE 13.

"Time verily there was, as all around
Can testify, 'gainst risk of much dispute,
When o'er those summits rolled the ample waves
Of boundless ocean."

Although I have not been more than about 60 miles of a radius away from Wellington, still in that compass much may be observed to show that New Zealand as a country has nothing to boast in regard to its antiquity. For instance—its sandstone rocks are but in what may be termed a puerile state. In a sandstone formation, at the depth of about two feet I have come upon a species of granite boulders, three in number, which had no appearance of being connected with the locality; they were incrustated with a substance similar to oxide of iron, and seemed to have been dropped there together, and so got thus embedded when such formation was in a soft and plastic state; which sandstone formation is on the top of a hill from five to six hundred feet high. Such sandstone formations do not shew the same shattered state as those of a harder nature, which seem as if they had not yet got over the damage they have sustained from the rendings and throes and upheavings of the earthquakes, which forced the mountain framework of the country from beneath the waves. Nothing as yet have I seen as a consolidated rock, from which a grindstone or a gravestone, or a piece of pavement can be made; or from which building material can be had like what is obtained in other countries, whose geological records tell of earlier dates. Again, looking at the "Flora" of New Zealand. There is no appearance of its birth being beyond a thousand years, and probably not yet exceeding two-thirds of that period. For instance when we range the forests of the country, even upon the hills, how few old fallen trees comparatively, are to be found; and those that are standing do not shew much appearance of any great age. True it is that the remains of some ordinary sized trees are to be found in the Hutt Valley buried, some of them about twelve feet below the surface, and over which other sizable trees have grown; but such a climate as this country enjoys gives vegetation generally a rapid growth, so that trees shoot up and grow in bulk more rapidly than in a colder climate, where it would take a hundred years to effect what forty or fifty years would produce here. Taking into consideration the nature of the periodical floods taking place several times a year, and leaving behind, over the valley, goodly layers of mud; in a very few years, after the sea had retired, a
good accumulation of soil would be raised, to allow the growth of forest seeds to take place; so that the forest of the Hutt, as it appeared when the colony was first planted, could scarcely boast of a tree whose age was much over 300 hundred years, while many which shewed dimensions large enough especially those of soft woods, might not reckon half that age; though on the hills where the soil is of more sterile nature, and the clime somewhat colder, the trees of a like girth of those in the valley might claim a greater age, but not comparatively "old."

CANTO III.

NOTE 2,* PAGE 27.

"Deep was thy bed."

The following is an extract from the journal of a missionary, relating to a journey from Wanganui to Taupo, which I found in an old colonial newspaper sometime after the poem was written, and which I here transcribe in support of the above expressed idea. "June 19, 1846. — We left Pipiriki after morning service, calling at a small kāinga (village or dwelling place) where our natives were presented with a pig. Thence, we stopped at some curious caves called pura rota, where I heard there was some limestone. The scene was very romantic; half of a stream falls down a precipice of 100 feet, and the other through a cave out of which it comes with a rushing noise. There is an amphitheatre of rocks, in the middle of which is a cave fifty feet high, into which we entered. In this we saw some stalactites. I picked up one, which had fallen from the roof, about two feet long. We went to the end of this cave, the roof being white with a calcareous deposit. As we receded from the light, I noticed with astonishment innumerable spots of light which at first I thought came openings in the top, but on further examination of some on the sides, I found the light proceeded from innumerable little worms of a luminous nature crawling upon the damp rock. * * * Afterwards I lit a newspaper and we explored the termination. It is an immense rent in the cliff formed most probably by an earthquake, and extends nearly a quarter of a mile. The rock is soft sandstone containing sea shells, in great quantities similar to those found on the shores; the cliffs of the river, there, are from four to five hundred feet high.

* This note ought to have been (1) and the following one (2), but they are thus marked to agree with the numbers in the text, which were overlooked till too late to correct the error.
NOTE 3, PAGE 29.

"Havock's motley mass."

At the time of the heavy earthquake which occurred on the 23rd January, 1854, as a certain coasting vessel was on its way to Port Nicholson, some 200 or 300 miles, and in a great part of its voyage, it passed through numerous shoals of dead fish of every description tossing about on the waves, while at many places a great many of the dead fish were also thrown up on the beach by the rolling of the waves of the sea. These facts are given as a coincidence of what is likely to have taken place in earlier times.

CANTO IV.

NOTE 1, PAGE 35.

"Or upheaving still
The floor above their level."

In the earthquake of 1854, we had a good illustration of the upheaving of the land. Previous to that time the river Hutt was somewhat navigable for large boats, coming up for cargoes of sawn timber, with the rising of the tide to some distance—say a quarter of a mile above the bridge which spans the river. Since the time of the earthquake, the tide does not come, by the course of the stream, to within a mile of where it used to flow. Formerly a great deal of land had Yankee water frontage, being then generally overflowed even at low tide, especially near the mouth of the river; but now the same land is high and dry, being raised above the water’s level even at high tide, and is made available as grazing runs for cattle and sheep. By the same causes as above alluded to, large swamps full of N. Z. flax, which luxuriate amid water and mire, stretching across the valley and could not be drained to any advantage, as every tide proved an obstacle to such work; but now all such obstacles are removed, and drainage can easily be effected, such lands are now ready for the improvements of cultivation, and much has already undergone a cheering change from what such formerly was. The above remarks are applicable to other places I have seen. The bay of Pahautunui for instance, the waters of which formerly washed up to the side of the road, but now even at high tide, some hundreds of acres may be said to be reclaimed land without the interference of human skill or labour. Such
instances of the land’s upheaving as above, and which have taken place from time to time in former periods are easily discernible in several places of the different valleys opening out towards the sea, by the ridges of beach shingle left as the waters were obliged to retire. In the Wai-nui-o-mata for instance, where a drain was made alongside the formation of a road, I could see among the shingle stones the remains of cockle shells, showing that here the sea waves once have washed. As this place was considerably more elevated than the Hutt at the time when the upheaving of the land caused the waters of the Wai-nui-o-mata inland lake to retire, leaving the drainings of the hills in possession of the deeper hollows to form a swamp in other times, a considerable portion of the Hutt valley must have been covered with the briny waters of the sea; the sea beach then being somewhere about the Taita or the Gorges.*

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**NOTE 2, PAGE 37.**

"By surging tides
They have ashore been cast and anchored there
In sand and gravel, thus embedded deep
Their roots and branches useful have become
To form receptacles, and means to stay
The deposit of sediment till formed
The basis of a superincumbent soil."

As an illustration of the above lines, I may mention that at two different places in the Hutt valley, I had occasion to dig wells for water. After digging down through different strata of clay and sand, and then clay again to the depth of about 12 feet from the surface, at each place I happened to strike upon a log, apparently about the place where a limb of the tree had been broken off a small piece from the body; for it was in the fork among some splinters, somewhat decayed, I got my spade, and wrenched up some of them. Finding at length that the body of the log seemed to cover the breadth of the well, and had not yet got to water, with no small trouble I managed to dig down in the fork of the log about eighteen inches, when the water

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* Since the above was written I have visited Manawatu. Travelling up the coast I could not but observe that from Paikakariki, and as far as I have been northward, the sea waves have washed up against the mountain ranges at no distant date—at the same time when the sea beach of the Hutt was about the Gorges. And since then, by the action of the N.W. gales on the waves of the sea, throwing up the sand, the country chiefly has been formed upon the extensive shallow mud flats which were left when they were raised above the level of the tides.
began to rise, and very soon the well was filled to a few feet from the top. The incidents relating to the bottom of each well being the same, could not fail to impress my mind with coincidences not easily forgot. But it is to the circumstance of finding the logs at the depth referred to above that I allude, to shew what was once a mere mud flat similar to what now may be seen at the mouth of the river at low water, is thus so many feet buried beneath the present surface of the land. Besides the above instances others may be seen along the banks of the river, where not only large logs or bodies of trees of no small dimensions may be seen, but also a quantity of the smaller kind of brushwood, with their roots and branches entire, are obtruding themselves to view, as if to declare something regarding their former history seeing the land has risen over them from six to ten feet in height. On examining the nature of the wreck, I could see that such was of a kind that is now found growing on the face of the hill along the western side of the valley.

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**NOTE 3, PAGE 45.**

“A double distance is the fate of this
Compared to that ere reaching to the sea.”

*What* is called the Mungaroa river comes from another valley, now called Whiteman’s valley, from the name of a person who made its discovery, and took up his abode in it, and afterwards made it known to the Government, which time was considerably after when the poem was written; which valley was but lately (about 1863) surveyed in forty acre lots and sold by the Government. The stream referred to, coming from this valley, issues out from a gorge in the hills with a rapid current, and runs along the Mungaroa Valley northwards, for about three miles from the place of its outlet, when it unites with the river Hutt, taking a southward course.

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**NOTE 4, PAGE 45.**

“Its outlet was the sea,
As it existed once in that deep vale
The Upper Hutt—deep when compared to this!”

That the Mungaroa swamp was at one time a kind of lake or loch there can be no manner of doubt, into which the stream of Whiteman’s Valley emptied itself. Traces of sea may be seen in the quantity of boulders, but partially buried, found at a
considerable elevation above the present level of the Hutt River, farther up the valley. Taking the comparative levels of the swamp and the Upper Hutt road, opposite the present Criterion Hotel, into consideration, and supposing the depth of water in the old loch to be about 22 feet, which is the present depth of the swamp in the centre, known by driving a pole down till it reaches the hard bottom, the depth of water in the Upper Hutt Valley, where the road now is, would be about 322 feet, but where the course of the river is the depth would have been considerably more. When examining both sides of the hill we find that, on the swamp side, descending with a gradual slope to the margin, and so on the other side till coming down to about the level of the swamp, when the descent of the hill on the Hutt side becomes more steep, and in some parts nearly perpendicular, as showing how the action of the surging of the waves have worn down the hill side, and so have spread the mud as residuum over the face of that part of the valley on the top of a deep bed of boulders.

Note 5, Page 47.

"Save such small vestiges remaining, which
Reminds one of the softest whisper made
When a great secret's told, and scarcely heard!"

On the eastern side of the Mungaroa swamp, about a mile farther south from where the stream from Whiteman's Valley issues into that of Mungaroa, the shores slope from the margin gently upward, which places were covered with ferns on a black surface mould. When here looking around there may be seen here and there small quartz pebbles lying on the surface of the ground. How such pebbles have come there is a problem hard to be solved, (as to all appearance they are not natural to such a place) unless we take into account the probability of their being brought hither from a distance by the birds which frequented the scene, as it then was, as their place of resort at certain seasons, perhaps for incubation, and so have been dropped; or may have been the remains of such who have here ended days in their old age, or have fallen a prey to others of a ravenous nature; so the pebbles have remained, as monuments of the past history of the place, like the whispered secret scarcely heard! In corroboration of the above may be mentioned that one of my neighbors, after having burned off some bush, which he had felled on the top of a hill on his lot of land, he discovered some remains of an extinct species of bird, called the
Moa, such as part of legs and thigh bones of the bird, and over
which the roots of a large rata tree had extended in their growth
along the surface of the ground. After such a discovery, when
searching about the place for more of the remains of the bird,
from pieces of charred bones which he picked up he could trace
to a nearness the direction and manner in which the skeleton
lay, so as to ascertain the probable size, which was reckoned to
stand about sixteen feet high, and about the place where the
crow or crop of the bird appeared to have been he picked up
some pebbles or round smooth stones, which were supposed
to have belonged to the bird, as they were in their natures
unlike any other of the stones found about the place as natives
of the soil. So in like manner, reverting to the vestiges ac-
counted for above, such pebbles found on the shores of the
swamp referred to above must be indicative of the feathered fre-
quenters of the ancient loch.

CANTO V.

NOTE 1, PAGE 54.

"Though much of their traditions in their kind
May bear comparison to what of old
Would Ovid tell."

Among the many fanciful traditions belonging to the Maories
concerning the primeval growth of the forest, a Wesleyan Mis-
sionary when lecturing upon the manners and customs of natives
of New Zealand informed his audience that they gave as their
opinion, according as they had it from their ancestors, that the
trees were produced at first by a man who became transformed
into a tree by having his head buried into the ground, when his
hair became the roots of the tree, and his legs and toes expanded
into limbs and branches, while from his fingers grew the many
interlacing karawas and other parasite climbers among the forest
trees, and covering the ground with runners. Similar ideas to
the above may be found in Ovid's metamorphoses, in which he
informs his youthful student of the Latin tongue how some
swain or lady lover have been transformed to trees and other
things.

NOTE 2, PAGE 54.

"Wild superstition, as with reptile coil
Have in the bonds of mystery wound their tale"
The which t' unravel, who will take the pains?
So much 'tis wrapped in degradation's stench!

There is scarcely a tribe or nation on earth but has not a few superstitions peculiar to itself, some of which may be traceable to some cause or event in its past history: but those connected with the Maori race are in many respects so devoid of common attraction that they are not worthy of being enquired into as regards their origin, however much their foolishness may provoke a smile. Some superstitions connected with their taboo (tapu) system are not only painful, but, in fact, are unendurable in regard to impositions laid upon the unfortunate victim brought under its power, so that to be taboosed is dreaded as a severe punishment, while at the same time the superstition is ridiculous enough. For instance, one may be so under the influence of the taboo, that though he were hungry and victuals were within his reach, yet the person dare not help himself or even touch them, unless some one comes to feed him; and to get rid of such a state it requires no small amount of painstaking ceremony, performed under the direction of some prophet or priest. Such like instances I have heard related by the lecturer referred to above. In a book called “The Mahoe Leaves” may be found an account of a ceremony performed, as connected with one of the phases of the tapu superstition, as calculated to remove some sickness which had been prevalent at the pa where the author of the above-named book had been staying. “Some days,” says the author, “after receiving news of the arrival of the poropiti, (prophet) I was out near the pa, when I suddenly came upon a group of individuals promenading in a circle, apparently engaged in the search for something, and arranged so that if the first man missed it, the next, being close to his heels, might have a chance of finding it. It was Beelzebub and Malachi (two principal men in the group) and a number of people at work lizard hunting. ** The circular promenade continued for some time, when suddenly they came to a dead stop, and Beelzebub pounced like a tom cat at something in the fern! This was lizard number one. The procession continued gradually contracting the limits of the circle, and by the time they had finished Beelzebub had caught two more. All this time the greatest solemnity was observed. The poropiti then kindled a fire, and proceeded with the greatest coolness to roast these wretched reptiles—repeating, in a low mourning tone, an incantation, as the poor lizards slowly frizzled. The lizards being nearly calcined the poropiti shouted something, and the whole crowd at once covered their faces and dropped into the attitude of prayer. I was subsequently given to understand that at this identical
juncture the souls of the departed vacated the bodies of the lizards (as well they might). Whether they became stars in the firmament or entered the bodies of other lizards I did not enquire. Baalzabub swore hard and fast that he ‘saw them go,’ so I suppose they did. Anyhow the ‘tapu’ was gone, and no one going over that spot could catch lumbago, colic, or any other disease. So far the arrangement was satisfactory.”—For other superstitions regarding the taboo and other customs I would refer the reader to another book entitled “Old New Zealand.”

NOTE 3, PAGE 57.

“That Ancient who
Of late departed life—who in his youth
Was witness to Cook’s visit, an event
Auspicious, though to all its full extent
He no conception had!”

The native alluded to, was called Te Tanewha. He was the last of Captain Cook’s Maori contemporaries, he died during the year 1853. It is said that he was a youth of 12 or 13 years of age when first he beheld the wonderous spectacle of a foreign visitor, in October, 1769.”

NOTE 4, PAGE 61.

“But otherwise, by a kind Providence,
Has been ordained their welfare to secure.”

It was truly a very remarkable coincidence when, as it is understood, the savans of the British parliament, in the year 1839, had been considering whether or not they should take possession of New Zealand, while about the same time a New Zealand land company had started into existence, and also had just sent a batch of emigrants as a preliminary of what were to follow. About the same time the Government of France had come to a conclusion to do what the British Government were not quite sure of doing; and so also had despatched a man-of-war ship with some emigrants, as a prelude of what were to follow. But before the French expedition had arrived, Governor Gipps, of New South Wales, had got apprized of the arrival of the New Zealand Land Company’s staff of officials, &c., and acting on behalf of his Sovereign, he sent Captain Hobson to take possession of the New Zealand islands in the Queen’s name, which mission he had only fulfilled in time to prevent the messengers of the French Government from establishing their claim and authority there. Had it been otherwise, instead of the Natives being dealt with according to the rules of common justice, by
the purchase of territory, such territory in all likelihood would have been taken possession of without any regard to the Native's claims for compensation, and they would have been severely dealt with if offering any resistance to such proceedings. Such has been the expressed opinion of many, when taking into consideration other precedents of the French system of colonization.

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**NOTE 5, PAGE 63.**

"The Natives, too, are happy and at peace Where terror once had reigned."

The peaceful and happy state of the Natives round Port Nicholson, when the above lines were written, may be known from the fact, that many of them had got located in places, and that in open camp, where in former times they dared not venture. Before the arrival of the first settlers in the Colony, the pas or villages of the natives, were strongly fortified, so as to resist the sudden intrusion of an enemy; but since then, their fortifications are greatly at a discount—as now they are not required. At the time when the first settlers came, the Port Nicholson natives were in a state of warfare with some of their neighbours, though they seemed to have the upper hand, yet they were in a state of dread. But by-and-by one of the chiefs, who one day being in his garden, was surprised and killed by one of the enemy, who was there lying in wait, and his head was taken away, I believe, as utu or payment for what damage the enemy had sustained. Since then no alarm of war has troubled them, save when they were a little startled at what was called the Maori row of 1845. Now, all their pa defences have fallen into disuse. With the natives, their spears and clubs have become plough-shares, spades, and hoes; and the only defences they now require are such as may keep their cattle and pigs from their crops.

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**NOTE 6, PAGE 67.**

"Such blest achievements, gaining ground at length, Ev'n after you have done with earthly things, Shall be like sounds of praise, re-echoed far, And to posterity your virtues tell!"

Looking back upon the history of the past, in so far as it regards that of the colony; and taking into consideration the hard beginnings of many a worthy old colonist, and how they faced hardship and privations with spirits of bravery; and having through arduous perseverance and toil got, as it were, through the hardest of the struggle, and coming out, so to speak, to the prospect of a time of rest and enjoyment; then, at that time,
having become broken down in health, and sinking at length beneath the effects of their hard exertions into a premature tomb—premature indeed, seeing they have come far short of long cherished expectations! Such is in itself a theme for reflection which surely cannot but excite the deepest sympathy and commiseration for their lot, and make one feel that such a one's memory, above all others who have had an easier lot, ought to be held in the highest yet most solemn estimation! True it may be, that many cannot see any merit in such thoughts, and may but lightly regard such victims of sterling industry, and look on their fates as a mere passing event: yet such an estimation is, however, most unworthy in its nature, speaking nothing in favor of those who entertain it. The labours they have undergone, and the works they have left, shew how willing they were to do their duty to the utmost, not only as agents in preparing the way for the rising generation, but also in striving to raise their adopted country from its degraded savage condition, so as to make the wilderness rejoice, and make the gloomy desert become like a garden of delights, even although they were unable to gain the ultimate desigs—designs impressed upon their minds by the remembrance of scenes they had left, coupled by a desire to make the gloomy wastes around them to appear as a counterpart of those they held in memory dear! But seeing disappointment was theirs, and having a strong affection for the scene of their labours, how feelingly have they requested that, after they have ceased to be, their remains should be deposited in the grounds they have called their own, and upon which their strength has been spent, at the same time hoping, as they have made a last appeal, that those who remain, would for their sakes, take possession and retain the inheritance, keeping it as an heirdom to future posterity. Although such wishes in many respects have all been performed, yet there their works remain, as a starting point for the next possessor, who for a trifle owns the estate and sees his advantage in a light to which the dispossessed were blind. How sad to think such industry and toils have been held at something of discount by those whom they were destined to benefit, yet that substracts nothing from their value, while the parting from them declares the small esteem, and that to their own reproach, in which they have held the life of a worthy man! But you who are now the possessors of such estates, disturb not the ashes of the dead, but rather let their resting place remain, securing it as sacred to the memory of such an one, and the deeds of industry they have left, as the best memorials of their worth, as heroic early colonists!

END OF THE NOTES.
AN ODE ON MANAWATU.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THAT DISTRICT, JUNE 28, 1866.

"Hail Manawatu!" may each stranger exclaim,
When come from a country surrounded by hills,
As pressed by some need-be or virtuous aim,
He, seeking a home here, a duty fulfills;
The country's extent gives an impulse, which makes
His heart beat with freedom; while forth he must view
Thy great spreading plains, he prospective partakes
Much pleasure in store upon Manawatu!

Such pleasures in prospect, for joy unsurpassed,
When future's in contrast with all he has known;
Old bound'ries, thought ample once, now have at last
Grown straightened, as he had all limits o'ergrown;
More room, is the wish of his heart, to extend
His sphere, as the field of exertions anew;
Surveying the scope enlarged means would commend,
To him quite a prize becomes Manawatu!

Long, long have those plains been enveloped in glooms—
That gloom of lone solitudes dreary and wild;
Though nature's prolific in much that presumes
On richness, yet here every pleasure seem'd foiled,
For want of that culture, inhabitants bring
With them so enlightening, whence blessings accrue;
Maysoon thy time come of good change, when willspring
New beauties around thee, lone Manawatu!

Let enterprise now have its freedom unchecked,
Give industry scope for its energies new;
So blessings shall multiply, aye to reflect
Fresh glories on Pioneers, worthy and true,
Who venture again on fresh toils, as at first,
Themselves to establish, and offspring anew;
Beginning life o'er again—eager, as thirst,
T' acquire a large holding on Manawatu!
AN ODE ON MANAWATU.

Now movements auspicious begin to declare,
   “That solitudes round thee no longer must reign;”
Of good cultivations thou wilt have a share,
   With flocks and herds cheering each desert-like plain:
While that winding river much commerce may bear
   Afar to bless others, thus wealth must ensue,
No longer in waste capabilities there,
   Must lie unimproved around Manawatu!

Britannia may boast of the Thames or the Clyde,
   What were they once, but like this wild looking stream,
Till science, progressing, had made them her pride
   For commerce, and worthy a nation’s esteem;
The time is approaching when enterprise may,
   With many improvements thine aspects renew,
When cities around may spring up, and display
   Bright glories enchanting to Manawatu!

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PAIKAKARIKI.—A SONNET.

On Paikakariki, what a beautiful view
Opes up to the traveller, inviting to rest,
The scene to enjoy, ere he’d farther pursue
His journey—thus feasting on pleasures the best:—
So, see far below, scudding sea-waves would seem
Small ripplings, and sea fowl pursuing their prey
But tiny;—While Kapiti’s high beacon isle,
Though storm-beaten, yet with grove-green’ry looks gay!
The sea beach of sands, north, outstretching one’s gaze
Would border wild prairies, lost far in yon haze!
From west, o’er the Straits see Kaikoura’s peaks gleam
‘Bove dark clouds that float by its side; as, to smile
O’er sorrows, ’t would teach! While the sun, shining free,
Paints all with bright glories most charming to see!
ADVERTISEMENT TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

In regard to the poem on the Crystal Palace, I beg to offer an introductory remark, viz., That though living, I may say, at the ends of the earth, I yet feel a deep and lively interest in whatever takes place in fatherland, when the object of the movement or occurrence tends (or is so meant) to the great and beneficial advancement of man in his social capacity. Thus I could not but regard the project of the great exhibition, with some admiration, feeling convinced that its ultimate results might lead to great moral revolutions, all tending to the welfare of the human family at large. Such were my conceptions of the great scheme when I first heard of it, and such do I still regard it, esteeming it as a precursor of great moral events yet to take place in the history of the world. To me such sentiments presented themselves when contemplating a picture of the Crystal Palace.

W. GOLDR.

March 4, 1853.
THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A POEM IN TWO CANTOS.

Canto First.

"A picture is a poem without words;"
I've heard it said, or somewhere have it read;
But here, I see it,—aye, and something more!
I see in this, th' imaginary past
Of strange romantic story, as a dream
Brought to reality, as with the wand
Which necromancers in their arts employ,
To conjure up some spell;—a palace great,
Of iron pillars rear'd, inlaid with glass;
And of dimensions spacious, vaulting high
Its roof o'er lofty trees, as one would take
A child within the shelter of his cloak!

Imagination well might conjure scenes
Of fairy temples, amid flowery lawns,
Or ample orchard lands, with jets de eau,
And statues tastefully arranged around
Enliven'd by the songsters of the grove;
But this surpasses all that fancy sought
Of pleasure, from realities apart;
For this contains them all within itself
Eclipsing quite the visionary scenes.
Of fairy lore!—Another era this
Of palaces and temples fit to charm
The unpoetic mind—nay more amaze
The driest prosy intellect that lived
In generations past, though much inclined
To doubt of aught yet quite untangible.

In this I see the hand of Providence
Marking the course of great events to come;
Aye such events, that will an aspect give
Unto the history of the world, which have
Been never dreamed of by the wisest sage
Deep read in politics; and who has conn’d
Th’ economy of nations, or the affairs
Of man, as he’s connected with the world.

God’s ways are on the waters! who can mark
His foot-prints? or upon the passing winds
Discern His movements? How He hastes along
Appointing, to His servants, each his task
To be performed, and that with ready mind!
For in their hearts alone His will’s declared;
And blest indeed is he who thus receives
Some great appointment of importance full
To all mankind, bespeaking one esteem’d
As worthy of that trust on him imposed!—
And well may Britain as a nation rise
To show obedience ready, and rejoice
At being so distinguished as the scene
Of much that’s good; but more to be employ’d
As Heav’n’s great Herald, in proclaiming peace
And concord to the nations far and near,
Aye, ev’n though ’twere with her artillery’s force
When belching forth a chastisement on such
That will prove stubborn to a milder call!—
Nay more, along with freedom's precepts she
Would teach,—as lessons worthy to be comm'd—
She sets th' example, as to shew a proof
That such may be accomplished, no hard task
Ev'n for the least capacity, when will
To acquisescence is subdued, which ope's
The way for 'tendant blessings in their train.

Britannia may in gratitude be glad
To think that hitherto she has enjoyed
The confidence of Heaven, when still engaged
In high commissions on her trust enjoined
Of various import; and more grateful prove
Since enterprise and nobleness unite
In ALBERT, father of her future kings
In whom she owns much greatness to her name
Thus added, lust'rous as the morning star
That leads the brighter glories of the day!—
So he, by this ingenuous mode devised,
Displays a genuine aptness for good deeds,
As Heav'n had writ His orders on his soul,
And left them for fulfilment in due time;
While prompt to execute at once that will
That must not be despised, he proves his worth,—
A mean to gather strangers from afar,
A happy mean indeed! to aid the bonds
Of mutual friendship;—Brethren long apart,
Who to each other strangers had become,
Are thus together brought with happy art
Again to interchange kind looks, and words
Of social feelings, and to sympathise
With either's trials, as a proof that they
Are brethren!—children of one common sire:
Nay more, to see and learn how each has sped
Since that great parting made on Shinar's plain,
In the advancement of his lot on earth
Where'er 'tis cast,—(beneath the torrid clime
Or genial temp'rate, or the frigid zones)—
To civilizations goal, or to the heights
Of truth and science, as his means could aid;
Or where each has made failure, when he sees
The progress of another, so that all
May prove instructors of a neighbour, while
They're emulously striving to excel
In either's estimation; yet with all
Those social feelings envy can't destroy.

The representatives of nations great—
And barb'rous powers, who scarce have gained a name
Among the various princes of the earth,
Who on a brother's welcome scarce presume—
They've come as fond to see and learn what they
Could ne'er conceive, while in old habits pent
Beyond improvement's reach! They well may look
Upon our ALBERT, as the harbinger
Of better times; of social intercourse,
A centre of attraction, as would move
The Planets with attendants round the Sun!
A way of Providence revealed to shed
An influence on the world, as would the dawn
That brightens, till 'tis lost in the full light
Of morning's sun!  *  *  *  *  *
And, lo! that motley group
Of varied hue and visage,—which bespeak
Them distant strangers to Britannia's shores
And to each other, though partaking all
Of either's kindred feelings—now see things
In their true colours, such as they before
Ne'er dreamed of—that they long had been deceived
By their wild fancies, when they thought themselves
Reposit'ries of wisdom; and they knew
All worthy to be known! Thus prejudice
Like a huge serpent of volum'rous length
Around its devotees had twined itself
In strangling folds, and long withstood th' attempt
By philanthropic aid, to be expell'd
As riddance much desired—while they themselves,
As slaves would hug their chains, in ignorance
Of freedom's blessings,—would such aid contemn
Declaring vengeance at the first essay!—
But now the serpent has a mortal wound;
'Tis sickening to death!—Soon must fly off
Such shackles, which impede advancement in
The progress of the intellectual march.
To civ'lation's height. Fresh ideas
Impregnate now their souls with nobler thoughts,
All which may prove like seed cast in the soil,
Though some time dormant, yet at length to spring
The source of future good!—So long shut up
In their dominions, where barbaric pride
Admitted no improvement, there, they look'd
Upon themselves as super-excellent
And needed no dictation; now they see
How worthless their pretensions, and how far
In ev’ry thing important, they have lagg’d
So sluggishly behind. They feel impressed
With the importance of the claims of truth,
And freedom to their serfs in bondage held
Like malefactors—or degenerate slaves,
Which proves their wisdom has been all a LIE!—

So China claiming kindred with high Heaven
As the celestial empire, and who look’d
Upon all others as barbarian, quite
Unworthy of regard; she comes to shew
Through pompous representatives her pride,
As to herself presumptively she’d claim
Supremacy,—but silent now she stands
Outwitted, dazzled by a greater light
Like Mercury unseen beside the Sun!
She sees how far behind she has been left
Though boasting of her age—aye, long before
The era Britain was to human ken
Brought forth in savage rudeness, as to claim
A mere existence ’mid the stormy deep,
Disjoined from all the world. When China rose
To being in the nameless hazy past,
And started on her course her race to run
To gain perfections prize, determined quite
To leave all else behind, herself she deem’d
Then first; and as fatigued, she fell asleep
And dreamed her progress great, securely hugg’d!—
Now waked, she feels how much she’s self deceived
And much has yet to learn!—

So other lands
That send their wares and representatives
To gain applause,—they come to read a page
Of British hist’ry, that they thence might draw
Instructive lessons on the arts of peace,
Of freedom, and of enterprise, conjoin’d;
With a high tone of morals, which pervade
Society as attendant, seen from high
To low degree, compared with all they know
Among their own,—as on an ample sheet
In characters both legible and plain
Laid forth before them. Now they feel impressed
With the necessity of some great change,—
If such they could accomplish,—to amend
What long contentedly they have allow’d
As very best; while studious to conceive
How to adopt what long they have contemn’d;
Or to erase those errors upon which
They’ve blindly doated as their country’s pride.
Britannia may feel glad to look around
Upon her offspring spreading o’er the world,—
As would a matron on her children smile
With innate satisfaction, when she sees
Them blooming round her, all in roseate health,
And holding by th’ instructions they’ve received
Through her maternal guidance,—going on
Improving as in years they grow, until
They shew a disposition to outshine
Their parents knowledge in the useful arts
Of peace and civilization!—Sure ’tis thus
Her children do her honor, glad to shew
Such guidance and instructions were bestow’d
To good advantage, thus imparting joy!—
So may this colony, New Zealand, though
The youngest of her progeny, yet prove
In its importance not the least, and shew
Itself full worthy of Britannia's care!
And when to full maturity 't has grown
In after-ages, as a nation great,
May the descendants of that gifted line
Of Anglo Saxons found be to retain
That parents best instructions who gave birth;
And by her stand, should sad reverses fall
Her lot amid the changes of the world,
Her honors still sustaining through all time.

How Tyranny is here put to the blush
To see a happy people who possess
A nobleness of soul,—ev'n 'mongst the poor;—
Which quite outshines that of their pompous peers
In outward splendour clad;—while among whom
All freedom circulates, as through one's veins
Flows the life-giving fluid in good health
Imparting joyous vigour through the frame;—
Such freedom that appreciated can be
Best by its daily use—becoming part
And parcel of existance—and exempt
From aught that tends to turn it to abuse:—
And among whom their Queen can walk at large—
Save but for equipage and princely show
Becoming dignity—without that dread
Which calls for great precautions of defence,
As despots use 'mid their degraded serfs:—
Nay, more, receive a welcome that resounds
Through heaven's expanse, in a full burst of joy
From hearts delighted by her presence, which
But gives the barb'rous lord the greater pain!—
A chastisement inflicted, as deserved,
Upon his sordid soul, too blind to see
The best foundation of his power should stand
Upon his people's welfare and their love!—
At seeing such a contrast with himself
'Mong those he rules, how envy makes him sigh,
While here a lesson from a thousand tongues
Is taught him, loud as deaf'ning shouts of joy
Can well exclaim—"Go! make thy people free
And then shalt thou be happy in their weal!"

And Superstition fain would hide the head
Convinced of folly in its rigid rites
Of formal services, and outward show,
Where mammon more is served than Him who claims
The humble heart's devotion as his due.
Come from a sterile soil, where stunted views
Of holy life but grovel upon earth,
And never can expand to heav'nly heights,
Nor peace nor charity extend to all
Who differ may in conscience from his rule;
He finds some strange misgivings in his heart,
As there, some voice for first to him reveal'd,
A deep impression makes, as 'twould declare
That with his former ideas of truth
Were mingled much of error!—such bestirs
Reflections on the history of the past
With sighings for the future, while he strives
To raze what habit long has rooted deep!
And lo! the Idolater, who nothing knew
Beyond his range of vision where he lived,
Or heard from vague traditions of his sires,
While serving his imaginary god,
In ignorance of Him who rules o'er all.
Now hither drawn by some attractive force,
He sees great statues, as a numerous race
Of other gods, ridiculous to his mind,
Yet all demanding admiration, due
To those who made them, for such skill and art
In workmanship; which shews that they are all
But things of man's invention, to preserve
The mem'ry of originals pourtray'd
In their construction;—and still more amazed
To find no rev'rence paid them, and the while
Their sculptors give their hearts to One unseen;
Such cannot but in him enquiries raise
Concerning whom his soul desires to serve!

The evangelic Convert, who must pay
In secret his devotions to his God,
And must live where hot persecution's ire
Is like the simoon's pestilential blast
Upon his heart; where inquisition's power,
With sly suspicion, ever on the watch,
Would scare his pious efforts to do good,
Or openly confess to sacred truths!
But here, he feels as breathing purer air,
Regaling, and of vivifying force
Upon his soul expanding into praise!
And meeting with congenial souls who can
A fellow feeling share in his desires,
Those ardent longings for that blessing which
His heart holds dear,—A freedom God to serve!
He finds protection here, t'express the full
O'erflowings of his heart; the while his soul
Yearns deeply for his native land enslaved;
And prays that time may speedily arrive,
When Truth shall reign, and set his brethron free!

But can such various foreigners return
Each to his home, without some idea fresh,
By observation drawn from what to him
Is novel, worthy imitation? While
Through self-examination, as recurs
To him his by-gone history, he discerns
Much that needs mending, and much to be chang'd
From present state of things, to introduce
A healthier atmosphere in what concerns
Th' affairs domestic and political,
As all true patriots would, who have at heart
The welfare of their country. Although such
Desires may be but embryo—scarcely form'd
To thought upon their minds, yet these may grow,
By more reflection cherish'd, to the seeds
Of wond'rous revolutions; yet a work,
Though each should in himself the task begin,
Which future generations must complete;—
When in their country's history must arise
Another era worthy to be known
Through time, recorded as another birth:—
A fresh advancement to'ard perfection's height!—
A hast'ning of that time "when shall rejoice
The wilderness, and blossom as the rose!"
CANTO SECOND.

Of Fame’s proud temple poets oft have sung
According as their minds have been impress’d
By fancy’s sunbeam tissues, which pourtray’d,
In all its loveliness, the holy Fane;
As if each would his part of prophecy
In hieroglyphic lore pronounce, though that,
In its reality, he but conceived
A shrine of treasured virtues and good deeds.
So is not this Fame’s temple, where transformed
To something real, in sublimity,
Are various thoughts? as one a structure rears
Of gross materials, wherewithall to match
Some preconceived design; a building fair
Of mystic structure, active minds have plann’d
As emblematic of some charming scene,
Which gladly they’d enjoy; and where converse
With those of worth, whose kindred one would claim,
Or there admire their works! So here displayed
Are num’rous products of the human mind,
All proving immortality in man!
In such an active principle evolves
A struggling strife to rise to something great!
Thus stern endeavours to achieve a name
Cause many works to be produced, ordained
By providence to benefit the race
Of man, in his progression from a low
To higher state of being, upon earth.
Such works, results of lab’ring thoughts, while hands
Mould stubborn things the idea to match—
Ev'n the objects pattern drawn upon the soul,
From which must be wrought out the full design!
Thus from the mind,—emblem of deity,—
Though finite, aiming yet at mighty deeds,
Proceeds the fiat, that must guide the means,
When giving forth its efforts in some shape
Of awkward rudeness first; yet such in time
Must have improvement's polish, shewing much
Of man's advancement with the age; and course
Of civil'zation and the arts of life:
As what in one age is conceived, descends
To other generations to receive
Some fresh addition or improvement new,
As way marks that bespeak man's progress, in
The march of intellect, or how far advanced
From degradations (into which he fell)
Upon the road that leads to perfect bliss.

Thus geniuses, however much or small
Their toils may have appreciated been,
They've had their share allotted them to do:—
As certain implements have each their use
In hands of skillful artizans,—so they
Are means which Providence employs to bring
About some distant blessing for mankind:
And when such is obtained, what is it? but
A prelude of some others yet to come!
Whatever scheme on which the mind's engaged
In active labour to unfold its web
Of intricacies, while the attempt is made,
With failure often meeting, yet that scheme
Before the mind's eye pictured, faileth not,
As urged by a directing Providence,
To stamp determination on the soul
To conquer ev'ry difficulty met!
Yet ev'ry difficulty has its charm—
A spirit stirring influence—which prompts,
As one would blandly whisper—"Try again!"
Though first inventions have been duly prized
In th' author's estimation, and in that
Of others, at such novelties entranced,
Who with their usefulness felt greatly blest,
And thought they'd reach'd perfection; yet must rise
Some others in their kind—may not of quite
Original conception—yet acute
To see where vast improvements might be made
So as t' extend th' invention far beyond
The author's first design: He happy felt
To serve a present need, nor further saw
What future might demand!—Why instance one?
Since many offer to support the creed!
For industry's progression will declare,
How the rude mattock primitively used
To till the ground, has moulded been to ploughs,
Thus bringing bestial labour to assist
In time of need! The sickle too must yield
To other strange contrivances to reap
The ripened grain, where much of toil is saved!
In means of war, the sling was reckoned once
A grand discovery to assist the arm
In hurling stones against a coming foe;
Next came the archer, and with his long bow
Displaced the missile sling;—the which again
To fiery ammunition must give way!
And the first matchlock, formidable once,
Must to the Minie rifle yield its palm;
While the great battering ram must now retire
To let the booming ordnance do its work!
See the rude wain, or sled, how it has grown
To light spring chariots or the railway train!
The spinning wheel, was once esteem'd a grand
Contrivance o'er the distaff and the pirn;
But such, by Arkwright's ingenuity,
And dauntless perseverance in his aim,
Must superseded be; while much improved
His spinning jenny, since, has been by those
Whose skill by practice has much aided been!
The simple loom, the ancient matron's care,
In which she wove fine fabrics for attire,
Which now would reckon'd be of coarsest kind;
That mode of toil how varied, and become
More complex as new fabrics will require—
And which machinery offers much to do,
As handicraft could not demands supply!
The oaten reed Arcadian shepherds play'd
Well pleased with its rude harmony of sounds,
(The subject too of much inventive thought)
That now is silent—drown'd by the full choir
Of various sweet toned instruments, of late
Invented, all by skill'd musicians prized;
From the shrill octave with its lofty strain
To the deep diapason's hoar'est bass.
And see the first steam-engine Watt produced
For mere coal-heaving; was it not itself
A more completion of those rude attempts,
Made ere his day, to turn to some account
Shrewd observations on the force of steam?
The problem solved, how much improved upon,
And much transformed his work, as 'tis employed
In many other parts of human toil!
But why enum'rate more?—Let these suffice
To shew progression's nature, in the arts
Of life, so beneficial for mankind!—
Yea, all revealing to th' awaken'd mind
The ways of Providence,—how He pourtrays
On this, or other mind of chosen ones
Some problem to be solved, if not in full,
Yet partly, as their finitude can reach!—
Thus such inventions shewn, either for power
Concentrated, much weakness to assist;
Or such as would out-strip the lightning's speed;
Bespeak great blessings, making due descent
In course of time, and calculated all
For lessening oppressions griefs and groans
And aiding to the happiness of man!

Besides, how much the works of industry
Must have increased, and those, how much improved,
As one age on another has advanced;
So the barbarian here is skill displays
According as necessities would urge,
Though somewhat rude compared to what is shewn
By the sage artizan, yet much is seen
That might surpass th' adept would means allow,
As proof that he's a unit of our race!—
In such, see him, a living type of what
Our earliest progenitors have been!
While in our skill we mostly have improved
On what they had projected in their day!
Here ev’ry nation that existence claims [made
Would fain make known th’ advancement each has
In all those arts becoming social life;
And what that industry has most engaged
Its subjects as their bond of common weal,
Displaying what proficiency they’ve gained
In all their undertakings worthy praise!
While some who their deficiency must own
In handicraft—or some productive skill—
Would substitute such produce of their clime,
Whose rarity and richness might delight,
As something own’d, and worth the world’s esteem:
Much like some one of innate virtue void,
Who would of his ancestral greatness boast!—
Contemplating gigantic means of power,
And various things of great utility,—
But for which now, how mis’rable were man!—
Well pleased, one can’t but be induced t’ exclaim,
WELL DONE! Ye benefactors of mankind;
Whatever be the countries of your birth,
You well deserve the thanks of ev’ry age!
For well ye have fulfilled your trust,—improved
That talent once allotted to your care
By Hm who chose you as a means to shew
Mankind His mercy, when He looked upon
Their toils multifarious; and suggested how
Such might be eased; a proof of love divine,
Though earthly, pointing to infinitude!
How varied other works around display'd
Of ornament, whose elegance bespeak
Much cultivated taste of those who such
Devised, or patronised, as others would
Man's sternness for utility; thus Art,
Like a sweet sister Grace, as handmaid to
Broad shoulder'd Industry of rougher mould,
Her trust fulfils, endeavoring to smooth
Th' asperities still left our nature's face;
And clothes that nakedness which oft appears
As the result of man's primeval sin!—
While multiplying much of beauty left,
As worthy admiration, tending all
To cheer from melancholy's painful glooms!
Thus all proclaim the greatness of those minds
While lab'ring, guided by the prompting muse,
In giving needful birth to noble deeds,
Enlarging happiness among mankind!

May Britain ever glory at the call
Of Heav'n upon her, as an instrument
For spreading truth and science through the world!
Of sacred truths a blest repository
She proves—and whence proceed to ev'ry land
Such treasures rich; and an example meet
She sets surrounding nations; while t' engage
In such like undertakings with good will
She shews that nought she loses! Well she may
Be styled a "Nation of Philanthrophists,"
As shewn through all gradations of her sons;
As prompt to raise the fallen, help the weak,
And sympathise with fugitives in woe;
While th' humble copper mite, from Sunday schools,
With coins of gold, from treasures of the great,
Unite in one grand purpose, with their prayers,—
"That God will bless each effort to advance
His kingdom on the earth, and bless mankind!"

Alas for such exceptions that prevail
'Mong many proud of being "British born!"
As tares among the rip'ning wheat that grows
To mar the beauties of abundant grain;—
Or like the blight amid an orchard full
Of fruit trees in luxuriant display
Of promising abundance; or disease
'Mongst a community who would presume
On general health;—such as to teach proud man
His frailty—all the emblem of this truth,
"On earth there's no perfection—and no good,
Without that blessing which descends from Heaven!"

Oh! may this means its best effects produce
Where Paxton's genius of construction well
Has been developed to Britannia's joy!—
Although, alas, 'tis destined like a dream
To disappear as it had never been:
Yet for the grand conception of the scheme
May future generations rise to bless
PRINCE ALBERT'S mem'ry, and his enterprise!
And may results upon the world yet crown
The bright achievements of VICTORIA's reign!

END OF THE POEM.
CONDOLENCE.

ON HEARING OF THE DEMISE OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

BRITANNIA weeps!—Ah! well she may
Shed fond affection's tear o'er loss sustained,
In "ALBERT," now no more!
But not like those who have no stay
Of hope to lean upon: such hope maintained,
May comfort yet restore!

She weeps!—Because no more such deeds
Of high renown like those he has achieved,
Exalting high her name,
Can be performed, like sowing seeds
Of peace throughout the world;—all well received,
Much adding to her fame!

On him she reckon'd with delight,
As source of many virtues, yet in time,
Upon the world to shine,
While at his torch might others light
Their tapers, gladly prizing the sublime
Of deeds, they'd call "divine!"

Or share in bliss of Freedom's cause,
As planets take their lustre from the sun,
His honors fain t' assume!—
Now him she sadly mourns, who was
So hopeful once!—Her ALBERT'S race is run,
And now he's in the tomb!

BRITANNIA weeps!—Nor are the isles,
Afar, insensible to all that grief,
Which pains a loving heart!
Pleased with her kinship, filial toils
They urge to give condolence!—Yea, in brief,
In loss they claim a part!
But, need she weep?—as he remiss
Had been in duties Heav'n to him assigned;—
Such tasks he did fulfill!
And now to his reward of bliss,
As he is called, so may she be resigned
To the great Master's will!

Great hopes has she for future good,
Seeing he trained his youths to virtue's cause,
Her princes and her kings;
Corruption checking in the bud,
Aspirants bending to respect the laws,
Bespoke great future things!

Yea, grand events of vast import
To the advancement of the world at large,
As the commands of Heaven!
May such console, and cheer her heart,
While th' honors feeling of so great a charge,
In worth immortal given!

Now, future generations shall
Look back and pay respect to all his worth
Avowed for imitation;
A grand criterion this of all
That's great or good, in heaven or earth,
Or worthy in a nation!

Thus taking comfort in such hope,
Thy tears be dried, nor droop despondingly,
But quite dispel such gloom;
His fame exemplar having scope,
In every heart he'll live transcendingly,
Though lying in the tomb!

February, 1862.
ENGLAND'S HOPE.

IN ANSWEE TO A CERTAIN QUESTION.

What think I of the Prince of Wales?—
   For my opinion hear me;
If true the purport of such tales,
   I trow he yet may cheer thee!

As some philosophers can tell,
   From jutting rocks what's under;
Or from a feather show as well
   The nature of its owner;

So may not we some knowledge gain,
   Of virtues in some bosoms,
Since naughtiest looking seeds contain
   Oft nature's choicest blossoms?

When seen 'neath governess's rule,
   The future man displaying;
Such shew'd him nothing of a fool,
   No spirit dull betraying,

Whatever Madam might declare,
   He's conscious of his station;
Though froward deeds told what he'd dare,
   If thus he'd rule the nation;

Such spirit growing with his years,
   And knowledge right increasing,
While preparations 'mongst his peers,
   Mid studies good increasing,

For that great trust—his future lot,
   The ruling such a nation;—
Such spirit well informed, I wot
   Must fit the situation!
When on the empire's stool he's raised,
Britannia's sceptre swaying;
The prudence, then, of Sire be praised,
Who trained him to obeying!

Though hard to learn such lessons well,
(And much it needs good schooling)
Yet how the advantages will tell,
When he is set to ruling!

For best he rules, who best has learn'd
Obedience to his Maker;
Whose blessing on each honor earn'd
Rejoices such partaker!

All ages this have testified:—
So he in his relations,
Examples good have well enjoyed,
And best of preparations.

Thus, with the spirit of his youth,
Observant and improving;
He must be fervent for the truth,
The nation's weal behoving!

So loyal hearts his worth shall prize,
While councilors good are near him;
Combining all in enterprise,
No base intrigue may fear him.

Yea, this we may engage in truth,
He'll ne'er be the subborner
Of wicked acts 'gainst public faith,
But keep from such a corner!

Whatever difference might arise,
'Tween this and other nations;
He'll see our rights without disguise
Maintain'd 'gainst usurpations.
A growing empire thus sustained,
Might envy raise in neighbors,
Who fain might try to have restrain'd
His powers, by warfare's labors;

Then shall his spirit rise in strength,
And make such foe a mourner;
Thus solved shall problems be at length,
Of putting in "the corner!"

THE TWO GUIDES.

How true it is, that rising youth
Progressing needs a wise adviser;
One who is earnest for the truth,
And is no false or vain enticer.

But two attendants ready are,
And each against the other striving,
As each the youth would lead with care
In their own beaten paths, contriving

How to supplant each other: yet
One must in exercise be braver;
As strength subdues the weak, to get
Advantages in his own favor.

How blest when Reason gains to rule,
She's sure to keep her charge with honor,
As her endeavors ne'er befoul
That precious truth, of which she's owner!

But oh! when Passion bears the sway,
What troubles oft come rolling o'er us;
For when constrain'd his powers t' obey,
We but assent to painful sorrows!
THE TWO GUIDES.

On some life's problem to be solved,
Oft Passion's side's by Fancy brighten'd;
While that of Reason is involved
In much obscurity, unenlightened!

Thus, some are lured, and in their choice,
Are drawn by Fancy's fascinations;
The while they dream of reaping joys,
Which fill their hearts with pride's inflations,

Until some other days advance,
When Reason's part becomes enlightened;
The soul awakes as from a trance
Amazed, at being so benighted!

Ah! then she grieves o'er what before
She doated on with fondest pleasure;
When Fancy's light expires, no more
To cheer; of joys, no more her measure!

But ah! to be recall'd the past
Can never, to reverse old choosings!
There's where the misery lies, to last
Eternally, with painful musings!—

(Unless we can obtain in time,
That aid which cancels all past errors,
And to the soul gives peace sublime,
With heav'n-like joys displacing terrors)—

'Tis thus we Reason should prefer—
'Tis wisdom, worthy all painstaking!—
And so her guidance seek with care,
While Fancy's 'lurements false forsaking!

As Wisdom's ways are pleasant ways,
So Reason with them harmonizes;
There true enjoyment's found, as says
That "Truth" which ev'ry truth comprises
May all have grace from Passion's sway
   To wrest themselves as from all sorrows;—
But human nature, apt to stray,
   Must still defer till far to-morrows!

THE DEATH WARRANT.

Th' Imperial Council sat in state,
   The virgin Queen presiding there,
Her first debut, with joy elate,
   Her bosom void of other care!

Peace to all lieges of the land
   Was in her heart, when with his bill
Stern Justice came with grave demand,
   That she a duty must fulfil.

A convict's fate must settled be,
   Her signature confirms his doom;
To which her thoughts could ill agree,
   Which filled her peaceful mind with gloom.

Sweet mercy in her heart arose,
   As if indignant at the deed
Her hand must do; and would oppose
   A task, to which she's called t' accede:

"Alas!" she sighed, while Justice stern
   The duty urged as "must be done!"
While pity made her bosom yearn
   O'er the poor captive's fate undone!

"Must such be so?" she sighed, when press'd,
   (The law would not evaded be)
As stirr'd the emotions of her breast,
   The tears bedew'd the sad decree!
IN MEMORIUM.

AN INCIDENT HITHERTO UNECCORDED.

A gala day it was when loudly roar'd,
From British ordnance placed on London Tower,
Glad tidings to the world; that now was gain'd
On Waterloo a glorious victory;
Which gave to Europe's kingdoms, troubled long,
And sore, with war oppressive, peace restored!

A gala day it was! from every spire
Rang loud acclaim, as echoing the joy
Of grateful hearts to Him who has the power
T'o award all vict'ries; sealing thus the fate
Of the disturber of each nation's weal,
While forcing him from turmoils to retire!

A gala day it was! each heart was glad;
The British Isles rejoiced from shore to shore;
And now St. James' Park a scene display'd
Of dazzling beauty, seldom to be seen,
As art and nature had become allied
In cheerfulness, opposed to all that's sad!

The sun seem'd brighter in the azure sky,
And seem'd the grass to show a lovelier green;
For all felt gratitude to Him, who holds
The balance just of Power, dispensing right
The awards of justice to the fallen foe,
Of peace, as prelude to prosperity!

The nation thus held holiday, agreed
Was old and young, the high, the low; yea, all,
Without exception, felt it duty right
To quit all toil and business of the day;
The rich and poor seem'd in good brotherhood,
While from restraint each joyful heart was freed!
Among the many promenading there
In groups, a cordial sympathy is felt;
For where joy reigns, companionship is sought
Such feeling to reciprocate, and join.
In converse sweet, while drawing friendship's tie
More close, each other's confidence to share!

'Mong promenaders, there was one who wore
A soldier's uniform; who in his hand,
Between him and his friend, a boy he led,
Some five years old, array'd in kilt attire;
For cleanly neatness, quite becoming those
Of higher grade, while thoughtful mein he bore!

They walked along; the father and his friend
Were most intent in conversation's bless
Concerning battle fields, or heroes known;
Besides expressing admiration oft,
Of all they saw of beauty that delights
The heart and fancy—happiness the end!

The boy, of tender years, at length descried
Upon the green sward, some short distance off
From the pedestrian's path, some flowers which drew
His young attention, to admire and cull;
So breaking loose, unheeded, off he ran
To the attractive spot, as if decoy'd

By fancy's powers, into a fatal snare!—
While there engaged, his father and his friend
Passed on unheeding, save quite absorbed
In topics of the day; now see the boy
Much wrapt in admiration of the flowers
He gather'd, while considering them with care!

Such things before he scarce had ever seen,
As nurtured had he been 'mid barrack squares;
To him they were a novelty, so sweet,
He felt constrain'd to abide by nature's charms,
Unconscious quite of being in danger's way;
He such could not discern, though near I ween!

A band of horsemen, each on mottled steed,
Came coursing up abreast; while all engaged
Were on the absorbing topic of the day,
Each with his fellow, while their route direct
Was that where sat the boy; he, so engaged
Admiring flowers, to danger gave no heed!

But danger was at hand; and one's quick eye
Him spied, while walking on among his peers;
He broke off conversation, ran and snatch'd
In time the boy from where a courser's tramp
Had been his woe: he had been unperceived
By riders prancing on unconsciously!

The kind deliverer now enquires his name:
The boy declares it, and his father points
Some distance off; who, being hail'd, look'd round;
Then hast'ning back, amazed was he to find
The Regent Prince the saviour of his child!
While glow'd his heart with gratitude,—and shame

At being so neglectful! When explain'd,
How sweet the Prince's condescension shewn;
As apt to cheer, he praised the blooming boy
While him restoring, stroking fond his cheek;
Then next the father's welfare to enquire.—
Thus kindness was with royalty maintained!

How well it is when nobleness of soul,
Combine with other nobleness of birth;
For then a worth is shewn, which other eyes
Can never look on but with pure delight;
Such worth engendering that love which e'er
Can be displaced, nor held 'neath pride's control
Averse to gratitude! Let such a deed
(Which through one's life remember'd is with joy)
Be held as worthy imitation still
For gentlemanly kindness, giving cheer
With good deeds render'd others, so that they,
As thus, for other's failings fain might plead.

So cease invective! pour not out your rage
Of venom'd malice on his memory now:
Because in less enlighten'd times his lot
Had been forsooth, while many virtues lived
Within his heart, which had been better known
Had he enjoyed th' improvements of this age!

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ON SELF MISERY.—AN EPIGRAM.

Do pity the wretch who can have no enjoyment,
Unless from the help of another;
Whose addle mind him finds no native employment
Adapted heart-sorrows to smother:
For then, he's afflicted with worst of all evils,
That e'er o'er the wretched could come;
His ways would declare, he is haunted by devils,
Which make of his misery the "sum!"

While, how to escape from himself, is a querry;
Oft making him rush into woe!—
Or dreaming 'tis "life" to be thoughtlessly merry,
The pleasures of peace to forego;
How fatal such dreaming!—a snare, the invention
Of foes the most cruel, though sly;
False joys they would offer with blandest pretension,
Whose aim is the soul to destroy!
SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN 1853.

A QUAIN'T EPISTLE TO A POLITICAL FRIEND ON THE INTRODUCTION OF THE NEW ZEALAND CONSTITUTION IN WELLINGTON.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' feth he'll prent it."—BURNS.

"Some honest folks will whiles gae wrang,
When dim grows moral sight;
Weel, gie their een an extra rub
Tae let in better light!"—REASON.

Good morning to you, brother Dunce!
My best respects to you this once
I mean to pay! With pleasure great
I cannot but congratulate
You on your future prospects bright,
As if you from the depths of night
Had just emerged! Another page
Of politics turn'd o'er, a stage
We've got advanced!—How long we've stood
In the A B C with pensive mood,
Unable quite to comprehend
Such mystic lore, nor yet its end,
Though master oft our ears would pinch,
Or hammer like his fist would clinch,
To clear our apprehensions dull,
By knocking logic through the skull;—
May we not yet be quite the dab
In all such lore, as th’ A B, AB
We soon shall master; and besides,
Whate’er on ev’ry hand betides,
From the examples of th’ adopt,
If but we’re wide awake t’ accept
Such lessons freely given,—which
Might to our understandings reach
More easily, than what is taught
By precepts, howe’er much they’re fraught
With cunning erudition;—so,
However much accounted slow
In former progress, we may gain
A march upon our masters; fain
To shew ourselves no longer dunces,
Nor yet be subject to the bounces
Of the more pert,—or more impert’nent!
Than we’re by nature, though intent
To learn the right, and how disoy
The evils to be shunn’d:—But why
Thus further preface?—I’ll proceed
To shew how Dunces can give heed
To lessons by examples given;
Thus, turning all the odds to even!

How clashing int’rests are at war,
As each his neighbour would debar
From all those precious liberties,
Fancied or real, said t’ arise
From this our new born Constitution,
With quite as firm a resolution
As ever fired the fiercest turkey
To pull its neighbour's nose!—So, hark ye!
Those of the grand Association*
Who boast their ratiocination
Against all others, fain would try,
To find the wherefore and the why,
All their united wisdoms should
Be treated as some physic crude,
Instead of axioms; and their skill
Why oft so baulk'd, as with good will
They'd urge their claims as fit to rule,—
Or fain to mould into a tool
His Excellency;—Ha! he forsooth,
Could well discriminate the truth
They wish'd to hide behind the scene
Of fair pretence; but soon, I ween,
Their private aims will out! And now,
Since tables have turn'd o'er, I vow
This grand Association pack
Is of attraction's powers at lack,
Like some corporeal dissolution;
Or earth's eruptions in confusion
And much dishiver'd!—Once they tried,
With all their muster'd powers allied,
To make a long and lusty pull,
To drag our Ruler from his stool;†

* Such consisted of the most pretentious grandees of the place, and of republican spirit; the leaders striving after place and power, who styled themselves "Liberals;" while designating others who followed not with them as "Nominees."

† See a memorial sent to the Home Government praying for Sir George Grey's recall.
Because his shrew'd magnan'mous mind
To stoop to theirs neer felt inclined;
Then, all their rage how like bow-wow
From toothless curs on chain!—But now,
Since 'mongst them Constitution's thrown,
See how they drag each other down;
While some are flounder'd, struggling, crawling,
Or o'er each other tumbling bawling,
Thus scrambling for the honours it
Has got attached to spare, to wit,
Great int'rests, places with good pay;
Or a good stepstone to the way
Of some promotion had in view,
Which they would eagerly pursue!—
For honour?—Nay, but for the fees,
Though out must go the Nominees!
How some aspirants for renown,
So full of promise, big have grown
With puff'd importance—int'rests high!
Now, who but they must dictate!—Aye,
It makes one wonder much to see
How urgent they're that we agree
With them, before we've time to think;—
Thus making all reverses clink
To suit their purpose,—and to raise,
To highest seat, their man of praise,
As the most fit to rule;—who was
The victor champion in their cause
For Compensation Scrip!—But, hark!
Should sober truth be kept in dark?
(While on this subject, I confess,
I feel an impulse to digress;
This champion of those interests large
When first he made his general charge,
Arm'd to the teeth with poor men's wrongs
He took the field! His war-whoop songs
Were but the groans of the distressed,
Taken to serve, as he thought best,
His purpose;—just as borrow'd brats
Which beggars use, exciting flats
To charitable sympathy;—
Which honesty would loud decry
"As downright fraud!"—but differing thus
In subject matter of discuss,—
The beggars pay for what they borrow
To prove the amount of their feign'd sorrow;
But lo! our lordships 'mong themselves
Divide the mighty gains!—no halves,
By way of crumbs let fall, to spare
Those poor unfortunates, as share
In the concern, for wrongs endured
So well employ'd! 'Tis well assured
That those who least deserved, with care,
Have pounced upon the lion's share!

But let us turn this subject o'er
And view it on another score:—
You know, dear brother, when we left
Our comfortable homes, bereft
Of all th' endearments home could yield
Through social bless; no other shield
Of fair protection had we, than
Mere promises!—Now to a man
We've felt how these have been fulfilled;
Enticed by visions, false and wild,
We have been led a fearful dance *
'Mid troublous times undream'd of; hence
Arose much sorrow and distress,
The bane of ev'ry earthly bliss!
Beneath his burden groan'd the poor,
And wrongs unheard of forced t' endure;
Now, were those sorrows seized to tell
As arguments unanswerable,
To gain the ends desired;† as they
Were lordships sacred property;
While such an act one can't deny
Was quite a moral felony!

Still further, I perceive 'twas worse,
Whose bearings shew a greater curse;
If duly weigh'd, you'll there discry
An outrage on humanity!!!
No doubt you give a Dunce's stare,
As dull of apprehension, where
You ought more actively alive
To look, and thy just claims revive.
But you, perhaps, like me, are awkward
In what concerns yourself; and backward,
Through some false modesty, or bother!—
Well, then—could we employ another,
Whom we judge honest, full intent

* Referring to the state of the colony previous to, and during the time of the Maori row in 1854. See notes to the "Pigeons' Parliament."
† See a letter addressed to the Directors of the New Zealand Company.
Our case to espouse, and represent,
Our rights to gain? But, query, who
Is he will trouble take to view
Our case, as we ourselves do feel it?
Aye, there's the rub!—who can conceal it—
Those chosen, may us not a rap
Regard,—at us may fingers snap,
And let our case go to the breeze
While representing absentees,
Instead of us! Ah! sir, I fear
'Tis hard to meet one as sincere
As we would wish! So let me bring
One instance, that may touch the spring
Of your reflections, and give rise
To thoughts that may one quite surprise:—
Just think yourself in such distress
From hunger, and from nakedness,
Brought on thee through no fault of thine,
Which fain ye tried t' escape;—combine
With that, a helpless offspring train
Crying to thee for bread. What pain
Of soul must such thee yield, to know
You have it not, while double woe
Would tear thy feelings, when ye tried
To gain it, and have been denied!—
Next, think of such-an-one, who loud
Would make thy sorrows known abroad,
As help he craved for thee;—but when
Such calls were heard and answer'd,—then
He to himself retain'd, with pride,
Such benefits, and left thee void!
Too horrible to think upon,
As still thou’rt left to suffer on,—
Which is, as all will loud reply,
"An outrage on humanity!"*
So, such the mode to gain us plann’d,
Their compensations large of land!
Those lordships great, who reap the gains
Of poor men’s sufferings, and pains,
Must now in gratitude bestow
The highest honor they can shew
Upon their "man;" with equal cheer
Would add some mighty sum per year,
Which, to be raised, may add to tax
Laid slyly on your slavish backs!
Thus, by the forelock, Time they took,
To have him made by hook or crook,
As through the land with scrolls they’ve run,
For signatures to "Number One;"
Like catch nets for all sorts of fish
To make up one great handsome dish;
So that we’re left in this condition
We have no power of opposition!—
But mark,—is’t not with hopes full high,
To have a finger in the pie,
Each, in his turn, though now content,

*About four years after the disclosures of the compensation question, discussed at the first electioneering season; and when the second time for a general election was drawing on, was compensation granted to the uncompensated, which would have been acknowledged with a far better grace had such been bestowed at the first great distribution of claims. Now that wrongs are put to rights, we can look back and laugh over the past!
To make their friend a precedent?
But what if all that mighty fuss,
Some make, as eager to discuss
The Compensation question, to
Our minds, in ev'ry point of view,—
May prove, at length, to be a fudge,
A mere electioneering dodge,
By which, to make us bend their hacks,
And let them get upon our backs
A footing sure, that they with ease
Might vault to places fit to please
The most fastidious; while mere blanks
To our concerns they prove, with thanks
To our great gullibility,
In aiding them to mount so high?
While in the lurch, we're left to grieve,
They, laughing at us in their sleeve,—
Full glad that they have got such fools
To deal with, as mere handy tools!

But tother day, the poor clod-hopper,
Was one not deemed as fit and proper,
To be accosted with respect;——
But must trudge on through cold neglect,
His living earning with hard toil,
As stranger to the masters' smile;
Whose cold reserve, and looks so gruff,
Would say he had not done enough;
Aye, ev'n though he should wrench his neck!——
Now, o'er his head dark clouds will break,
Through which the cheering sun shines out,
Which makes him wonder, leer, and doubt
If master be in proper mind;
Or if to waggery is inclined;
As favours he would beg most fervent,
As his "obedient humble servant!"

But give hypocrisy its due:
As rogues are to each other true,
Save, when the spoils they would divide
If aught suspected would decide
Some difference in another's favour!—
So, see how strenuous the endeavour,
To prove their boon-companions cheats!—
Thus, such competitors for seats
In first assembled parliament,
From former friendships would dissent,
Their powers of rhetoric employing:—
Though with much grace, yet most annoying
To smother'd feeling oft,—would shew
No good can from his rival flow;
While he himself great good things knowing,
Of liberal measures overflowing,
Will be promoter chief:—For why?—
In self-praise, sure, his interests lie!
Thus soaping well the list'ning crowd;
He in their ears can bawl aloud,
"Oh! how I love the working man!"*—
Aye! love him?—Surely!—that's the plan
To gain his flatter'd favours:—though
'Tis on the hustings, a mere show,
Their special ends to gain!—and then

* At this time working men were held in high esteem, and to be considered one was held at a high premium, even by some who a short time before would have scorned the very idea.
How blandly may they trade again
Our int’rests, and the profits pocket,
And laugh us out of face,—though choked
With rage at our self-folly, and
Our granting powers into their hand
Without control. As such have been
In days of yore, we well may ween
The like might happen, when like sharps
Their tunes will play on our own harps!—
Aye! Brother, ye might well exclaim,—
"Oh! for an honest man, whose aim
Is simply for the public good,
Apart from selfish views!"—Embued
They’re so with innate self-esteem—
Though all most honorable seem
And complaisant,—(ah! that’s their care),
'Tis question, Sir, if such they are
When put to test? Now in this age,
Ye well may act the ancient sage,
Who lit his candle in broad day,
And staff in hand went on his way;
With full intent the world to scan,
To try and find an honest man!

'Tis thus, dear Brother, I’d advise
To save from glamour your weak eyes,
While this maintains that t’other’s wrong
And t’other cries ’tis “this;” when long
Debates upon each side succeed,
As to destroy each others creed;
Or from your mind have yours erased,
Until you’re made to look amazed
With giddy brain,—unfit to reach
Conclusion, as to which is which! —
While some, like those of evil deeds,
Repentant, now must change their creeds
Political; and own that long
They have been followers in the wrong;
From poor men haters, turn their lovers!
When, eagle eyed, each but discovers
His interests lay; and must deny
Himself of former pride so high;
Though 'tis, I ween, but for time being
And nothing more beyond; as seeing
They're like th' unsteady vane, by nose
A-turning, which way the wind blows.—
Some sharers too now look all smiles,
Much like some serpent that beguiles
Its prey by fascinating spells,—
Why? — 'Tis their calling: as it calls
New arguments to work upon
Our unaccustomed thoughts, whereon
We have not yet consider'd,—hence
We're forced to follow in the dance;
Or else gulp down, what we might puke,
If wrong we for the right mistook;—
True!—thus we by experience
Are made to learn, or gather sense,
For future guidance in the art
Of Government;—or take a part
In what are deemed important things,
When just escaped from leading strings!
Thus, much concern'd, my thoughts I task,
And your considerations ask,
While wond’ring who we can employ?
Who faithfully to our hearts joy
Would act our representative;—
Or must we to th’ alternative
Be left, as ’twere ’twixt fire and water
To choose what’s bad, ’cause there’s no better!—
So, taking all things to account,—
Is’t not high time that we should mount
On nose, our best far-seeing gogles,
To keep a sharp look out for bogles;
Other than of the spectre class
Exciting a more loud “alas!”
In us, than when the startled vision
Is puzzled by an apparition?

Some pettifoggers long will draw
Their faces, while the ambiguous law
Expounding; while their versions bland
As genuine,—having full command
Of smoothest terms—they’d down one’s throat
Well butter’d cram!—And, sure, why not?
They see their interests are affected;—
Besides,—(what must not be neglected)—
Promotion, with increase of fees,
Lies that way, well to be respected,
And aim’d at, by their arts to please;
While party, too, must be protected
Against the encroachments of another,
Though clothed with “Right;”—as now they rather
Display their genius in the wrong,
Browbeating justice, ’gainst a long
Array of evidence conclusive;—
So, call they poor men’s claims “delusive!”
Because they’re view’d through optics, known
To turn plain truth, right upside down!
    Ah! brother, while such politics,
Ye’re made to con, enough to vex
One’s senses; of all double dealings
Beware! unless to nature’s failings
You’ll add a conscience saw’d, and proof
Against compunctions in behoof
Of sterling worth!—Oh! dread with awe,
Supplanting “justice” by the law!—
’Tis better far to be a DUNCE!
In all such lore, than ev’n for once
Despise the dignity of truth!
Or butt of self-reproach, unsooth,
Become, through such strange patterns set:—
May ye from deeds that ill befit
True candour be preserved! and still
Be ever ready to fulfil
The duties of a man of worth,
As well as citizen; and forth
Examples better shew, than shewn
By many, who so big have grown
With puff pretence: while that sweet rest
Of charity “to hope the best”
Still let us foster; but, be bent
Withall, and carefully intent
O’er all their movements to keep watch,
Lest they (as some fair fowls would hatch
Young crocodiles unwittingly),
Might from their brains unfittingly
Some selfish crotchet fondly draw,
And next concoct it into law,
Which might prove worse than crocodile
Devouring of its dam!—meanwhile,
It would no common good fulfil,
But prove the source of lasting ill!

But, to conclude this wild epistle,
And so lay past my weary whistle,
I wonder which will prove defendant
(Spectator or the Independent)
Of ev'ry governmetal doing
In the new Session next ensuing;
Or who'll be first in its dissent,
Or most impert with discontent;
Or who will turn each organ's handle,
When piping up some party scandal;—
Or if our legislators will,
When they begin to try their skill
At making laws, be like some rooks,
Who favour best themselves!—or books
In babies' hands, turn'd upside down
When feigningly they lessons con;
Or if, when in some hot dispute,
They either will themselves confute
Instead of fierce opponents; or
Give cause to lengthen out a war
Of opposite opinions, more
Than needful, to clear up some point,—
Though simple, yet with knotty joint,
Grown harder, as 'tis clad with words,
Setting dear friends at drawing-swords?
Or if when tongues get tired, to fists
They will betake—good pugilists—
Enforcing arguments by blows,
Against the rules of ayes and noes:
Or if they will their laws besoof,
And on themselves bring ridicule
At th' end, as much as when they started;
Or in the midst get chicken hearted;
And so break down unfit to move,
As might his Honor's weal behave?
Or if they'll prove, to our confusion,
Good hopes in them were all delusion.
While they disgrace with false solution,
The problem of the "Constitution!"

Or if "Dear Spec" will glasses use
When forth he goes in quest of news;
If so, what optics he might have,
Whether of convex or concave;
Because, cries boasting liberal,
Concave will make great things look small;
And convex lenses have renown
For shewing objects upside down!
If Independent would become
Servility itself, as some
Have ventured to prognosticate?—
Nay, some will swear upon their fate,
That "such he has become already!"*

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* Such was the opinion of some village magnates who nightly met at a certain store in the Hutt to discuss the disclosures and politics of the times; but in those days there was no such thing as an Advertiser with a gag in his mouth, to prevent him from opposing error with Truth, or verily he also might have had a stirring castigation at their hands.
As he's to his supporters steady,—
No matter whether right or wrong.—
While echoing loud, with cuckoo song,
Their mighty claims of high pretence,
To liberality immense!—
A mere fracâ, to help those bent
To get their hands o'er Government.

Or if our Superintendents next,
Will prove a never failing text,
To much of obloquy in store,
Such as was spent on Governor;
Whose worth they could not comprehend,
Though oft he proved a special friend—
While never from the poor man's mind
Shall they his memory rescind,
Who wish, as they their scorn disgorge
Such may but equal good Sir George! *

Or if the force of other creeds,
Will doom the Doctor to his beads *
By way of pennace for his tricks,
On patients yclept heretics!
Or if those worthy lib'ral forces,
Will prove themselves mere biting horses;
Possessing natures fierce as tigers,
With faces fair, turn'd black as niggers:—
In other words, prove promise breakers,
Of chalked-out courses all forsakers,
Or when to rule, they set about,
If they each office inside out

*See the farce played upon the then Colonial Surgeon at that time holding an appointment in the Hospital of Wellington.
Will turn, with full determination,
To purge ev'n to extermination,
All they've discover'd of abuses,
Save some retain'd for their own uses:
Or if they will amid their hurry,
Outbang the civil Secretary?
Or if the Judge will be exempted,
From all the outings that's attempted?*
Or who will act as as judge or jury
Amid their reformado-fury:—
When on such busy work combined
To clear incumbents from their shelves
I wonder if they'll feel inclined
T' a reformation on themselves?
Or if we'll e'er have to endure,
Some low soul'd wretch raised high in power?
Who will upon our shoulders ride,
Whatever sorrows might betide?
All such are puzzles, Brother, though
We'll hope the best till time will shew;
Allow me then to add no more,
Save bid adieu, and draw my score.

ON PRIDE.—AN EPIGRAM.

How vain is pride! It adds no joy to life,
However much ambitious 'tis to rule;
While 'tis the principle of every strife;
And often proves its patron—"quite a Fool!"

* See the cabal raised against Judge Stephenson.
GEORDIE'S RETURN.

Tune.—Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.

Come, Beldame, hae ye heard the news?
Fling bye your patchin’ duds o’ claes,
Bestir thee noo an’ rede the house,
Then deck thee as in bridal days;
Nae time is this for sic like toils,
Nor wi’ rheumatics stiff tae grane,
But brighten up your ancient smiles,
Tae welcome Geordie back again!

Ye ken langsyne, how Geordie toil’d
Tae mak’ us hearty, an’ an’ a’,
And how we thought our fortunes foil’d,
Whan he was forced tae gang awa;,
Though time will aye its changes bring,
Yet steadfast let leal hearts remain,
An’ ower auld favours let us sing,
Tae welcome Geordie back again!

The folk langsyne wha grieved him sair,
An’ did him wi’ their banters bang,
Are busy noo, wi’ great prepare,
Tae meet him foremost in the thrang;
For noo it is they ken his worth
An’ noo tae mak’ amends they’re fain;
So see how they’d stir heav’n an’ earth,
Tae welcome Geordie back again!

Though noo, guidwife. we hae grown auld,
Let’s no be hindmost in the shine,
Nor treat him as wi’ puirtith cauld,
Forgetfu’ o’ his deeds langsyne,
But we shall pledge him freenship’s cup
And join the dance like yonkers fain,
Nor cease till a new day break up,
Tae shaw him welcome back again!
ELECTIONEERING.—A SONG.

A worthy small farmer, a kindly old Joe,
Had finished potatoe plantation,
When straight'ning his back with a hearty "heigh-ho!"
He got quite another inflation.

The sun in declining shone full in his face,
Which shew'd it full radiant with pleasure,
The dimpling smile seem'd dusty cares to displace,
As one had discover'd some treasure.

A treasure, indeed, of sweet fanciful pride,
Which seem'd with him in the ascendant,
As thus he exclaimed, "Well, what harm can betide
Should I try to be Superintendent!"

Oh! he had been reading the papers last night,
That journal which snubbs Independent;
Which told "that our Province would soon be a plight
Without a good Superintendent!"

Now, thought he, who best the big chair could engage
Than himself, the great Small Farm promoter;
And ev'ry small farmer, he well could presage,
Would be his supporter and voter.

He's off to the city next day in his cart,
With a cargo of bacon and butter;
A good double business to do in the mart,
While politics makes his heart flutter.

Determined to make fresh advancements in life,
Though old age be in him the ascendant;
His spirit's still young to engage in the strife
Of being our Superintendent!
ELECTIONEERING.

The price of both bacon and butter he'll spend,
    In support of each fervent oration!
No sacrifice will be too great, that will tend
    To inflate us with his inspiration.
So now, independent electors, beware
    Of the approaching electioneer season;
Lest a hapless full moon should you send to the care
    Of some doctor, bereft of your reason!

A FINE MORNING.

This storm of three days has blown past, do I find
On waking this morn, as a calmness prevails;
Now brightness looks in at the window instead
Of the low'ring grey mists that were driven by gales.
The birds that were silent, as if they repined
This wet chilly season of Equinox change,
Are now all intent their mute woes to estrange
And chant forth their joys; so hear, vocal indeed,
They make the bush ring! thus expressing their praise,
With song answ'ring song in their sweetest of lays,
As grateful for favors—and why may not I
Be as grateful as they? and forbid sorrows sigh
When counting lost time from my daily employ.

Now calm is the bay, like a mirror outspread,
Reflecting the welkin deep blue on its breast!
How alter'd since yesterday!—silent as dead
Are the roaring of waves, with their surgings at rest.
While low creeping mists are ascending on high
Like curling white smoke to disperse in the sky.

How welcome the change as we now can resume
Our labours with pleasure, our earnings to gain,
May fellings of industry ever illumine
Our souls to chase far the dark the broodings of care;
While from the dark cloud the bright sun will assume
The smiles of sweet promise the day to sustain;
As lighting up glooms that would brood o'er the mind,
That we in sweet union with Nature may share
In happiest feelings, if pleasure inclined.

Assured that the goodness of Providence still
Will to our contentment His blessings bestow,
May we ever readily yield to His will;
As He has his purposes all to fulfill,
So the rains must descend, and the tempest must blow
As they are appointed; and never remiss
Are they in the errands on which they are sent
While bearing oft blessings to us, though intent
To murmur, as we their importance don't wis;
So blind is our pride! But as favours must flow
To all in succession, then why should we fret?—
So selfish, as having a right to complain;
We treat unknown reasons with sinful disdain;
Consid'ring all nature is under His care!
Since fair weather's ours, let us never forget
T' employ to good purpose the boon to us given
'Tis thus we our gratitude best can declare
Bespeaking still farther the blessings of Heaven.

STANZAS

To the Memory of Wm. Swainson, Esq., F.R.S. &c.,
Departed hence, December 7, 1855.

Ye sons of science hear this humble strain,
A fellow of your brotherhood's "no more;"
Your Swainson's number'd with your sires of yore—
From earth recall'd to rest from labor's pain;
Whose works still speak his worth, while ye encore
Their merits with your plaudits loud, all worthy such
to gain!

He long has worn your laurels on his brow
Well earned, as worthy that esteem ye show'd
While by such honors paid, his bosom glow'd
As proud to share in your regards. But now
A higher place to him must be bestow'd [may trow.
By Him whose works he studied, much admiring, ye

Though ye may mourn his loss, ye must approve
Of his advancement to a brighter sphere!
Although such loss is worthy of a tear,
Yet his removal to those realms above
Where bliss prevails, your friendship, as sincere,
Will give congratulations due, as proof of social love.

On earth the works of God he has explored,
To aid his fellows of mankind to love
The author of their beings, and approve
His wond'rous ways; and in His will accord
Though seeming strange to ignorance, that strove
To give the lie to truths, which Nature teaches of
her Lord.

As when the bee would revel among flowers
Of richest fragrance and extract their sweets;
So Nature's secrets in her close retreats
He brought to light, drawn by his studious powers,
Expounding and comparing what were feats
Which else might have remained unknown till history's
latest hours.

Such were the pleasures that he most enjoy'd,
And such he sought more than earth's richest gains,
Though much he toiled, yet heedless of such pains,
That might have scared another: unalloyed
With lucre's thirst like that which oft obtains
In many, was his industry, which could not be des-
troyed.

How like the mirror his capacious soul,
Reflecting nature's work where'er he trode,
With careful step communing with his God;
On these he traced, as on an ample scroll,
Hrs glorious attributes, unknown abroad,
What earth and sea combined contain, yet part of
nature's whole.

That seeming endless chain that ever binds
All nature's varied families into one,
He through its interwoven links could run,
And shew how each to either were inclined,
As he had seen creative power begun,
[mind.
To do that work determined in the great Creator's

Air, earth, and sea, in ev'ry kind of clime,
To him was but one field for his employ;
The greater range but gave the greater joy!
Where many others would have lost their time
In doing nought, whose minds could not descry
Those pleasures that to him revealed their holiness
sublime.

No other Fane could he with this compare,
No holier altar could be reared by man;
Here God he served, as Adam first began
To praise his Maker in the open air
With all the creatures round him, o'er whom ran
That fear which own'd him priest and prince, as they
his subjects were.

Thus he amid the wonders he beheld
Could look to Heaven, ascribe Him mighty power;
His goodness trace in tree, and shrub, and flower,
Or the field herbage, or in birds that swell’d
The varied concert—insects of an hour, [impell’d
Minute, to those of magnitude, gave reason that

Him more to praise; and call attention due
Of others him to join the nobler strain
Than worldly cares allow; but oft in vain—
For so it is ’mong many,—while how few
Can value place on what is real gain,
Though all approve such virtue, and own blessings
thence accrue.

But grov’lling cares, the worldlings’ grand pursuit,
Could no attractions yield him, or decoy
Attention from such studies, standing high
‘Bove other pleasures his, while also mute
To politicians’ squabbles, which annoy
That peace beyond the ken of those, whose strifes
themselves confute.

Youth, fortune, and the prime of manhood’s day
Have all devoted been in his career
Of scientific pursuits, as sincere
As any follower of pleasures gay
In search of earthly happiness, where’er
Such might be found; but his was such, few equals
would essay.

Though many would attempt his steps to trace,
They seem’d as children wand’ring on the beach
Of science’ depths—he far beyond their reach
Would beckon them to follow in the chase
Of great researches, fondly them to teach
offace. Such lessons of creative skill they might not soon

Though through all parts of nature, as a whole,
He could each labyrinth and nook survey,
As to him, darkness lighten’d were to day;
Yet versed was he in science of his soul
As much as of his animated clay
With all that certainty of truth, and hope, as to its

Unlike to many a false philosopher
Who feign to search out knowledge in behalf
Of merely framing up some abject proof
That man can claim no more than the brutes' share
Of immortality, condemning safe
Himself to the position of base degradations lair!

As through inverting optic's they would view
The works of great Jehovah, ever good;
So moral darkness o'er such minds would brood!—
While he'd, as with a heav'nly light, pursue
His path, undoubtedly well understood,
Because he more enlighten'd was in oracles most true!

The page of Nature with revealed Truth,
To a relationship he well could bring,
As from one Author both at first did spring,
That one the other might expound forsooth;
While thus their harmonies his soul could sing,
Anticipating bliss above, he bore his heavenward growth!

When age stole on a pace, which said, "Retire
From all those arduous labors undergone."—
He still, as wont, could seldom let alone
Such pleasing ploy; nor ceased he to admire
The beauties of creation! Round him shone
The halo of his early joys, that did his heart inspire.

His garden and his book, familiar friends!
With him, no other could their place supplant;
As these his sources were, whence ev'ry want
Of earthly joys supplied were; and whose ends
Were purest satisfaction! when descent
On heavenly themes he could with peace, which
earthly cares transcends.

Thus, 'mid his garden of selected flowers,
Of every hue of beauty and of bloom,
As sweet memorials that cheer from gloom
The soul reflecting on his earthly powers
Decaying, while their sweetness of perfume
Inspired his mind with peace, to hail departures holy

(Ye flowers, the objects of his daily toil,
Ye now might miss his tendings and his care,
As other hands might happen to be spare
In those attentions ye enjoy'd the while,
When freed from weeds, or having added soil
According to your natures, to repair
Your strength and beauty, as became your loveliness

Thus made he earth agreeable, while he
But waited on until such time would come,
When he'd receive his welcomed summons home,
And be from earth's absorbing cares set free;
When thus, exultingly beyond the tomb,
He'd reap fruitions of his hopes in immortality.

He now must know, what oft he long'd to know—
"Whether our souls, amid the joys of heaven,
Would have to them a kind permission given,
To scan more perfectly God's works below;*
Or range th' extended universe, t'enliven
Extatic praise to love divine, for aye to overflow!"

His thirst for knowledge to exalt his lays
To bountiful Beneficence, no end
Could know, but rather would the more extend

* Such was the theme of a discussion we had, which he advanced,
a few days before his last illness.
The more he gather'd through his length of days;  
And even hoped that Death would him befriend  
In learning's acquisitions more,—perfecting love to praise.

Here let me close this poor imperfect strain—  
Poor, when compared with his attainments high;  
Imperfect, when contrasted to that joy  
His friendship gave;—though late I such did gain,  
And shortlived, yet it was worthy:—social tie!  
That grateful feelings ne'er can sleight, but steadfast such retain!

October 1, 1836.

STANZAS

ON HEARING OF THE SUDDEN DEMISE OF MR. G. COPELAND, ON MAY 22, 1866, AGED 65 YEARS.

Now, one by one, as tree leaves fall  
Upon a sunny autumn day,  
As ripe and mellow'd, Heav'n would call  
Colonial pioneers away!

These twenty-six years have they toil'd,  
And borne the burden of the day;  
While making Nature's face, so wild,  
To look as civilized and gay.

Ere such another time comes round,  
What changes may succeed apace;  
First colonists will scarce be found,  
To tell the history of the place.

So, Copeland's added to the list  
Of veterans good that are "no more,"  
But yesterday, health would persist,  
To-day, his loss may friends deplore!
As one of worth in ev'ry duty
He undertook, all round can tell;
His life has been a life of beauty,
Exemplar, to be studied well,

Colonial pristine wildness, truly
Can from the past his praise declare;
As he in his allotment, duly
Has done his part with special care!

That part which makes the desert drear,
To bud and blossom as the rose;
While his examples left appear
His faith and virtues to disclose!

His finished course was well begun,
Which still for good his efforts best,
His sudden call pronounced "Well done!
Come enter thou into thy rest!"*

Ye friends bereft, 'mid tears rejoice
At his advancement—'tis his joy!
His footsteps follow—hear his voice,
"Be sure to meet me 'bove the sky."

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LINES

ON HEARING OF THE DEMISE OF DR. F. LOGAN, R.N.,
MAY 24, 1862, AGED 84.

From youth I've loved society of the aged
Whose lives unite the history of my day
With the far past; whose tales have oft engaged

* He was sitting reading to a neighbour from the "Sunday at Home," feeling then in ordinary health; and while in the act of turning over the leaves of the book for the continuation of the subject, he suddenly took ill, and shortly after expired!
TO THE MEMORY OF DR. F. LOGAN, R.N. 145

Sweet fancy as they told of much they knew
Which the historic muse fail'd to pourtray
Of things and old events, as hid from view
Unsearched for, unrecorded. Such have served
To wake reflection on improvements vast
Occuring now, with privileges conserved,
Which ancients never knew in the far past.—

Thus Doctor Logan was a special friend
Whose friendship gave in converse more than wealth
Could yield: while retrospection would commend
Itself to him, enjoying o'er again
His manhood's former days, as the refrain
Of life well spent, thus giving mutual cheer,
He feeling less th' infirmities of health
In years advanced! —Thus fondly would he tell
Of hard escapes 'mid dangers which befell
His line of duty, where companions sank
Beneath such woes! Nor could he e'er but thank
An overruling Providence which spared
His life so long; while other mercies great
Were mingled with the events of his career!*—

* Curious are the coincidences which sometimes occur in the history of a life as regards either time or events. The month of February was one which much attracted Dr. Logan's attention, when reviewing his past history, from the stand point of his advanced age. In this month twice had he suffered shipwreck: once on the Skager Rack, on the South of Norway, when a goodly number of his shipmates perished, while the survivors suffered greatly from cold and hunger before they were discovered and relieved; and at another time, on the English coast, somewhere between Hull and Newcastle, when through the fault of the captain in not shutting down the hatches as the Doctor advised, a good number of lady passengers perished, by the heavy seas breaking over the vessel and filling the cabins where the unfortunates were. On the same month twice had he got married, and on each time was happy in the union made. On the same month he landed in New Zealand, and had his share of joys and sorrows connected with a new colony. From such and other events connected with February, he would argued himself into a belief that
TO THE MEMORY OF DR. F. LOGAN, R.N.

All such recounted, and all things compared
A cheering balance shewed of mind's estate
Enjoyed, imparting joy!—Now such confess
Must cease, as he's at length call'd to his rest
Nor can I but his memory revere!

ODE TO THE RISING SUN.

The beauty of the morning sky,
My blessings be upon it,
How it reflects a majesty
Most worthy of a sonnet.

The splendid drapery of the East
(A gorgeous panorama)
Gives to my soul a glorious feast
To cheer life's chequer'd drama.

Dark low'ring clouds and manifold
O'er head seem storms presaging,
But lo, yon orient gates of gold
Are other things engaging.

Engaging that to us will smile
A day the most inviting,
As rainbow-like, in happy style,
Are richest hues uniting.

Emblazoned thus, see lengthened lines
Bespread the face of morning,
Reflecting beauty as they shine
The mountain tops adorning!

his exit from this life would occur in this same month; but, however, such was at length otherwise decreed. In his younger days New Zealand was reckoned beyond the reach of civilization! and there were no such things as ocean steamers, railway trains, nor electric telegraphs; let the present generation thus appreciate the improvements now enjoyed.
ODE TO THE RISING SUN.

Thus from the darkness of the night
Are light and life emerging,
So from earth's sorrows with delight
Come hope and faith enlarging!

Enlarging like the flowing streams
From rocky nooks distilling,
Or the increasing morning beams
Which now the vale are filling

With floods of light, and up the hills
Low creeping damps are chasing;
While waking nature's song that thrills
The soul all glooms effacing.

Thus morning typifies the joy
That springs from parting sorrow,
However much it did annoy
Before the coming morrow.

For hear the testimony sure
'Mid many a precious warning,
Though grief might for the night endure,
Joy cometh in the morning.

So who through life might feel aggrieved
With gloomy cares, as scorning
All patient faith, shall be relieved
When comes the expected morning.

So sure as when the sun shall rise,
With shadowy glooms receding,
Shall prospects bright beyond the skies
Earth's trials be succeeding.

An endless day with endless joy,
With nought thereto relating
To be withdrawn!—Let such employ
All energies in waiting.
Such energies let be acquired
To check all fretful feelings.
As faithful patience is required
'Mid providential dealings.

October 9, 1861.

ON A MEETING OF FRIENDS.

How pleasant 'tis truly to witness friends meeting,
Who long have been parted and strangers become,
When hands are extended and grasped, either greeting
With smiling sweet welcomes—each bosom's a home!

Yes, truly, 'tis pleasant; 'tis like the sun beaming
On nature, who joyous exults in her sway,
Displaying her beauties, with summer flowers gleaming
In all their bright colors, a gorgeous display!

Such tends to enliven the thoughts of the gloomy,
And turn his attention from brooding o'er care,
The mind, once contracted, expanding feels roomy,
As glad the sweet pleasures of life to have share.

So I, as infected, feel part of that pleasure,
Which gladdens their hearts and lights up the sweet smile,
Or, mirror-like, 'tis as reflecting a measure
Of such happy feelings, as cares they would foil.

Such meeting of friends with a glow of affection
So warmly responded, I've felt on my heart
Like sweet music echoed, or sunbeam reflection,
Which gladness would into one's nature impart!
A DINNER HOUR REVERIE.

WRITTEN BY THE WAYSIDE AFTER TAKING LUNCH.

The sun shines brightly in the sky,
   The air is calm without a breeze,
The waters in the bay are still,
   Reflecting deeply hills and trees.

And there the ethereal hue is shewn,
   With drapery thin of clouds so white,
As nature gladly would reflect
   A Deity's perfections bright;

As these are in his works pourtray'd,
   (All worthy admiration's praise,)
T' arrest attention, and allure
   Man's wayward will to wisdom's ways,

Oh! all is charming to behold ;
   What beauties round are now display'd
To cheerful minds; while those of gloom
   See things, though bright, as deep in shade;

My struggling feelings oft t' admire
   And feast my soul on nature's charms,
Would faintly burst the gloomy cloud
   Of care—even trembling in alarms

From some excitement!—Nature spread
   Before the eye's most ample range,
Seems wooing one to taste those sweets
   That would from cares the mind estrange.

Around me, as I'm thus engaged,
   The insect tribes on sportive wing
Buzz forth their joys, from sorrows free
   Such that oft human bosoms sting.
Why thus should fretful thoughts annoy
A rational mind, may one enquire?
When all around, as ready, wait
Our hearts with pleasure to inspire.

'Tis worldly pride, that peace destroys,
And kindles there each baneful strife;
Envenoming the purest joys
That might attach to human life.

The wants of nature are but few,
And eas'ly to be satisfied;
While those created ever grow
More and more complex when allied.

Unto vain glory!—Such would shake
O'er one the tyrants vengeful rod,
Enslaving best affectional still
That should be rendered to his God.

Alas, how many are enthralled
By fashion's chain that binds to earth
In grov'ling mood; contemning peace
Which nature in them might give birth.

Then daily toils would pleasure prove
More than a burden to be borne!—
Why hug such chains of slavery so
That should rejected be with scorn?

'Tis innate folly that prevails
O'er better judgment, and perverts
The best of blessings to a curse
As such were doom'd their due deserts.

How much of heavenly guidance we
Still stand in need of, would we own
Our frailty, and that wisdom seek
Proceeding still from God alone.
See in the works of nature fair
Much of his goodness can be seen,
Such that might make one worn with care
To meet sad crosses with a mien

Of calm composure!—Such that bids
Defiance to each foe of peace,
Could we but look around and so
Say to all rending sorrows, "cease!"

How sad when one so far is left
As to despondency a prey,
To fall, as some have tempted been
Deranged, to cast themselves away!

Like him we lately from the waves
Drew lifeless—a sad wreck, o'ercome
By wayward fortunes; thus forlorn
Of hope, he fled his earthy home.

Alas, temptations such as this
Are apt to rise in minds of gloom,
Oh spare kind Heaven such victims frail;
'Mid dark'ning cares their minds illumine!

How sweet, e'en in temptation's hour,
To have thee as a refuge near,
A safe retreat—there feel secure,
Though threat'ning troubles round appear.

Yes, thither let me ever turn—
There seek sweet comfort to my soul!—
On Him dependence place who can
All wayward ills for good control.

To have this faith within my heart,
And nature's charms before mine eye,
May these still buoy my spirits up,
And cares convert to inward joy.
Still Heaven assist us to o'ercome
Each trial that besets us strong;
And grant us yet through grace divine,
O'er all to sing full triumph's song!

November 12, 1856.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

MET WHEN CLEANING OUT A WAYSIDE DRAIN.

Thou pinky-edged sweet daisy flower,
    Just opening into lovely bloom,
I bid thee hail! while I admire
    The modest air which ye assume;

Though here we meet in awkward place—
    In a New Zealand wayside drain,
When pick and shovel would displace
    Thee as some rubbish, with disdain;

Yet now I rather would thee thank,
    For such a meeting here!—With care
Let me transplant thee on this bank,
    In hopes though long may'st flourish there.

How like two friends in native land,
    That parted once, as 'twere for ever;
When long asundered, fortune bland,
    Must bring again old friends together;

As 'twere that one some balm should bear
    To soothe the other's painful bosom,
While battling with much cank'ring care:—
    So feel I pleased with thy chaste blossom!

Yes! ye from adverse fortune's strife,
    Recall my pensive thoughts, in brief,
To muse on former scenes of life,
    Affording something of relief!
Relief from what?—Not from the thought
Of fruitful toil,—that gives me pleasure!
Though aiming at a better lot,
Contentment still to me is treasure!

But ye remind me when a youth,
How I felt grieved, with careless feet
To tread such beauties down! In truth
I felt so charmed with flowers so sweet!

And ye remind, when I would pore,
And ponder over nature’s page;
No other scenes then pleased me more
Than flow’ry fields, so as t’ engage

My fancy for the while!—But ah!
How like a dream those days have passed!
Yet recollections fond can draw
From those, some comfort, when downcast.

As bygone scenes me oft solace,
Why o’er the present should I mourn?
Let hope in future weal displace
Such cares, that hold sweet peace in scorn!

’Tis well to look upon the past,
Recounting trials triumphed over;
Dispelling glooms that would o’ercast
The mind, and thus its peace recover!

Yet, as the past we can’t recall,
’Tis vain o’er present cares to pine:
While nobler energies may all
Be roused to efforts more to shine

In glorious enterprize; as up
To rise above what tends to pain;
Like passing from one sorrow’s cup
Or spurning it with proud disdain.
For why in gloomy moods indulge?
’Tis as we troubles would embrace!
No more my bosom harbor such
Lest these might happy hopes disgrace!

Yes, welcome thou, and full of worth,
As other pleasures good ye give,
While in thee reading cheering truth,
Revealed that can from cares relieve;

Even as Park ’mid desert cast,
A thirst, and pining in despair;
Whose eyes a little flower at length
Beheld, inspiring comfort there!

For He who cares for thee, sweet flower,
And paints thee with the choicest hue;
Can cherish all in hapless hour,
Who in Him trust, as shewn by you.

As on you shines the light of day,
That makes ye look with joyous smile;
So may His countenance alway
Shine on my soul, all glooms to foil!

How good from thee such lessons pure
To draw, that might dull ignorance teach,
Inspiring hopes, which bliss ensure,
More than dogmatic doctors preach!

A SONG.

TUNE.—WOODMAN SEARB THE TREE.

She walks in plain attire,
Yet who so fair as she;
While nature I admire,
She is the lass for me.
SHE WALKS IN PLAIN ATTIRE.

No borrow'd beauties shine
Upon her person fair;
For comeliness divine
None can with her compare.
She walks in plain attire, &c.

The roses of her cheeks,
Are dimpled with a smile;
Her soft blue eyes bespeak
A heart that's free of guile!
She walks in plain attire, &c.

Her meek and modest mein
Declares no prude is she;
With prudence, as serene,
She's kind as kind can be.
She walks in plain attire, &c.

Her dress she best sets off
No empty pride has she;
So tidy, clean—enough
To warrant love from me.
She walks in plain attire, &c.

ON PASSING TWO LADIES IN DEEP MOURNING.

'Tis most convenient wearing black,
You bear your sorrows on your back,
Instead of in your breast!
When pride adopts the garb of woe,
Such mournings seem mere empty show,
And grief as but a jest!

Such giddy airs and thoughtless gait,
But ill agree with mourning state,
Which now ye fain would ape!
For this display of sable dress,
Strange truths which might you shame, confess
You mock by yards of crape.
Some one departed, who forsooth
When living, might not of such truth,
    Have dream’d, or been aware!—
Go doff such weeds and dress more gay,
Consistent be with this display
     Of manners void of care!

Ah, me! if wearing black could prove,
A charm that sorrows might remove,
    That often pains my heart!
How gladly could I like you wear
The deepest black, that dire despair
Could choose, if that would free from care,
     Or ease me of its smart!

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

_Tune—Lass of Glenshee._

Young Mary sat busy her needle-work plying,
    While stitching a shirt-breast of linen so fine;
With love’s sweetest smile on her rosy cheeks playing,
    Bespeaking heart joys little short of divine.
As nicely she pointed her needle, how neatly
    Each stitch did appear in due order so fair,
Thus closely intent on her task, which completely
    Absorb’d ev’ry thought as the sum of her care.

And oft as her work she review’d, oh! how sweetly
The mark of approval would beam from her eye;
Her bosom still throbbing with pleasure, as meetly
    She thus an expression did give to her joy:
"I know my dear Henry does kindly regard me,
Which makes me delight in such favors to shew,
To see him wear this, oh! how much ’twill reward me
    As proof of that love he would freely bestow."
When first his attentions he paid me, how kindly
He spoke, that I could not but hear to his love;
Though oft seeming shy and repelling, yet fondly
I could not but all his advances approve!
But, oh! the delight that did thrill through his bosom,
To which I was strain'd when I own'd myself his,
I ne'er can forget, as amid my confusion
He warmly impressed on my cheek a sweet kiss.

My parents, though kind, may appear disconcerted,
Yet I am of age, and the choice is my own!
He's active and candid, and ever true hearted,
Nor can I in truth, his kind offer disown!
Through life as we journey, our industry joining,
'Twill not be our fault should we fail in success;
But doing our best will shut out all repining;
As our's is a love Heaven surely will bless!

A PARTING FOR WAR.—A SONG.

There's music in the clash of arms
When Freedom calls to duty, love;
Though parting moves thee with alarms,
And dims the eye of beauty, love!
Yet Freedom's call, like Heaven's own voice,
Must still be heard in season, love;
And freeborn hearts will aye rejoice
To make that their chief reason, love!

There's glory 'mid the din of war,
Though nought ye see but danger, love;
Should Freedom's sons e'er brook debar
From proving her avenger, love!
'Tis thine, indeed, to weep e'er ills
Which tyrant pride inflicteth, love;
But be it mine to thwart that will
Which Freedom's joys restricteth, love!
There's honor on the gory field,
That's worth the pains of reaping, love;
When daring deeds must Freedom shield,
While held in holy keeping, love!
And Heav'n will surely bless the brave
With favors rich and ample, love;
Then who so mean as yield his slave
Who sacred rights would trample, love!

_AULD JAMIE WAFT._—_A SONG._

**TUNE—LAIRD O' COCKPEN.**

_There's_ auld Jamie Waft, that wins o'er in the swamp,
He shews aye a courage that naething can damp;
So come all ye gawkins, what e're be your craft,
And learn from the history of auld Jamie Waft.

Auld Jamie had been a bright weaver of old,
And seldom was favored with silver or gold;
Though early and late he would ply at his craft,
Still blythe as a linnet was auld Jamie Waft.

And when to New Zealand auld Jamie did come,
To follow dame fortune and seek a fresh home;
In meeting with hardships he never shew'd saft,
But stick to his colours did auld Jamie Waft.

For Jamie when landed had scarcely a shilling,
But had a stout heart and twa hands that were willing
For all kind o' wark though professing no craft;
So naething could wrang come tae auld Jamie Waft.

Though whiles he gat fuddled, 'twas seldom kenn'd how,
But aye he contrived to keep out of a row;
While driving a bargain, he never look'd daft,
For gleg was the man that outdid Jamie Waft.

Though Jamie said yes, when he often meant no,
To do what he said he was seldom found slow;
While o'er an advantage he inwardly laugh'd,
Then who was sae chatty as auld Jamie Waft.
Now laird of the land the auld man has become,
With plenty tae mak’ up the comforts of home;
When he sits with a friend o’er a pipe and a draught,
Langsyne is remember’d by auld Jamie Waft.

THE POLITICAL MILLER.—A SONG.

My grist has lang been in the mill,
I’ve halfins lost the mindin’ o’ t,
Which mak’s me rage against my will
While waitin’ on the grindin’ o’ t.
    Oh, weary on the grindin’ o’ t,
    Oh, weary on the grindin’ o’ t,
It mak’s me rage against my will
While waitin’ on the grindin’ o’ t.

I’ve borrow flour baith up and down,
Till now ’tis hard at findin’ o’ t,
My banns be on the millar loon,
That winna haste the grindin’ o’ t.
    Oh ! weary on the grindin’ o’ t, &c.

My bairnies cry for want o’ bread,
’Tis vexing hard the finding o’ t;
The thoughts o’ want maist turns my head,
Since he’s sae lang at grindin’ o’ t.
    Oh ! weary on the grindin’ o’ t, &c.

Though aft tae ane he’ll promise fair,
Yet, oh, he’s ill at mindin’ o’ t;
Since politics is all his care,
He aye forgets the grindin’ o’ t.
    Oh ! weary on the grindin’ o’ t, &c.

Baith night and day he’ll wildly rave,
His tongue, there is nae bindin’ o’ t;
FRAE madness him, oh, mercy save!
And mak’ him haste the grindin’ o’ t.
    Oh ! weary on the grindin’ o’ t, &c.
THE LONELY MAN.—A SONG.

TUNE—Flora McDonald.

The sun brightly shines in a clear azure sky,
Enliv'ning all nature to gladness and joy;
But me, an exception, I wander and sigh,
Though all may seem pleasing, how sad, sad am I.

The beautiful landscape may offer its charms,
Of fields and of forests, of hamlets and farms;
And flowers give their fragrance to cheer, yet I sigh,
All nature looks lovely—but sad, sad am I.

The birds sweetly singing, their happiness tell,
With song answ'ring song, how their harmonies swell!
Complete are their pleasures—no cares them annoy,
Thus nature is joyful, while sad, sad am I.

I muse by the streamlet, and there could I weep,
But tears even fail me, my grief is so deep;
The waters flow softly, and purling in joy,
So cheerful is nature, while sad, sad am I.

Oh, why is such sorrow the doom I must bear,
And why my affections the prey of despair?
My heart now is lonely and makes me thus sigh,
All nature is cheery, while sad, sad am I.

See each has his partner, a kind bosom friend,
Who with all his sorrows her soothings can blend;
But me, I'm forsaken—affection's sweet tie
Assunder is broken—how sad, sad am I!

My fate must I mourn till this life ebbs its tide,
Since she whom I loved has forsaken my side;
So farewell to pleasures while thus made to sigh—
How cheerful is nature while sad, sad am I.
A RETROSPECTIVE REVERIE.

ON RECEIVING THE "HAMilton ADVERTISER" A PRO-
VINCIAL NEWSPAPER, SENT FROM "HOME," 1859.

I hail the news from Hamilton,
And all the little towns surrounding;
How it recalls to memory
Old friendships, and old scenes of joy,
With happy interests abounding.

How like a draught of water cool,
   So limpid, from the rock upspringing,
Unto a parched and feverish soul,
Those pages are; as they console
   The mind, which fondly would be winging

Back to old haunts, as to enjoy
   Again those scenes thus long forsaken:
Now glad to learn of changes fair
Which time has wrought, with tasteful care
   Upon them, if I'm not mistaken.

See all those represented towns,
   And hamlets, which seem'd once unworthy
Of being noticed in the "news;"
Now they have tidings to diffuse,
   And have an influence, now deem'd worthy!

And here, their rising bards, I see,
   Can find indeed a kind dictator!
'Tis quite a bond of brotherhood,
Where each t'advance the public good,
   Appears as virtue's stimulator!

My heart rejoices in the thought
   That all are active in progression!
Though here within my mountain home,
Or through New Zealand wilds I roam,
My mem'ry holds each old impression.

Yes, Stra'ven, foremost scene of youth,
Where boyhood had of joys its measure;
There, schoolmates fondly I'd recount,
Participating, as of wont,
Their happy fellowships with pleasure.

I see on some bland Fortune smiles,
As worthy of her gifts imparted;
And some, like me, have wandered far,
As led by Fancy's guiding star,
And homely scenes of youth deserted.

But like the ship that rides the wave,
Held by the anchor's sturdy cable,
Though each must brave stern fortune's tide,
Associations old have tied
Affections there, once much unstable!

And some I loved, are now no more;
Ev'n such, whom one could meet but rarely;
But I observe another race,
As in succession, takes their place,
Who would in virtue promise fairly!—

Young Giffen imitate my friend,
Thy rev'rend relative departed;
Employ the measure of thy days,
In perfecting thy Saviour's praise,
Though youthful, be thou noble hearted!—

And those soirees of Sunday Schools,
Detailed within this "Advertiser,"
While reading such, I feel as there,
And learn in happy smiles this pray'r,
"Oh! let the rising race grow wiser"
Than that now passing, as to make
A small step onward to perfection!"—
So may each generation prove,
Another shift to holy love,
As leaving far sin's first defection!

And now improvement's onward strides,
I fancy, graceg old Strathaven,
I hail with joy! Could now I there
Myself betake, how I would stare
A lonely stranger wonder-graven!

Full twenty years could not go past,
Without imparting much improvement;
What then was new, has now grown old,
While fresh additions manifold
Must have resulted in the movement!

Well, bless improvement's work, I say,
Though there I'd look a lonely stranger;
And may prosperity attend
The people!—The most High defend
Them from all ills that might endanger

Their social happiness!—Adieu!—
Now, may I on my visit hurry:
There's Glassford, Stonehouse, and Larkhall,
Once reckon'd quite among the small,
But now have grown important, very!

See each has something to relate
Of interest, and worth recording!—
May still advancement's work be found
In active service, and abound
In blessings rich, them joy affording!

Ev'n Chapelton and Larkhall once
Were, without law and gospel, faulted,
Now what a change in both for good;
The Gospel lamp of cheering mood,
T' enlighten, is in truth exalted!

And Millheugh nestling in a glen,
As from the busy world retiring;
Once far from public ken or care,
Amid embow'ring orchards fair
Of plenteous promise, bless inspiring:

This cannot miss improvement's touch,
As it were proof against such infection;
Where lovely scenery abounds,
There rise might villas, spread might grounds
Of pleasure laid to much perfection.

Yes, Avon's haugh seem, now adorn'd,
With arts achievements, giving beauty
To time worn aspects, while new grace
Imparting to rough nature's face
As some had done a moral duty!

All such small villages of old
In public scarce had got a footing;
Now in this "Advertiser," these
Have got a voice—are heard to please,
Or plead their various claims, transmuting

The dross of silence to the gold
Of special worth,—they, long precluded
From urging on improvement's car,
With social intercourse, by far
The best of brotherhood!—included

Is patriotic virtue!—Thus
A nation's in her hamlets honoured!—
So be it ever Britain's boast,
If ever foes invade her coast,
That such shall not her see dishonoured!—
And thou, Rosobank, dear to my heart,
   A source of special reminescence!
Here let me linger, and review
Of pleasures there enjoyed, a few,
   Full oft affording comfort’s essence.

Who could have thought thy name would shine,
   As now, in a provincial paper?
But as thy name would still disclose
The beauties of the blooming rose,
   So mayst thou still display thy taper

In men of worth; such as I've found
   Of old in thee. As thou art rising
To some importance in the world,
Be not of stinted growth—unfurled
   Be all thy energies premising

Great things to come! As garden’s rich
   By dint of science, still progressing;
So let thy rising youths improve
In virtue’s deed, as may behove
   True excellence; ever prepossessing!

’Twas here I once made my debut
   As teacher in this little village,
Where first my energies were prized,
And many pleasures realized,
   While being bent on mental tillage.

Can I forget the friendships there,
   Which were to me in truth accorded?—
How like the rising of the sun
Above the dusky cloud, when won
   Were laurels fair, such joy afforded!

To me ’tis but like yesterday,
   While thus I’m former days reviewing;
But Oh! what changes must have been
From Time’s great budget dealt, I ween,
While he his onward course pursuing!

Now other names I read, than those
I left, which tell of change, consigning
Some to the dust!—Some gone t’ explore
Earth’s utmost bounds,—some frail and hoar
I left in prime, with strength combining!

And what of pupils? yet methinks
I see around me their bright faces!
They to maturity have grown,
And must have families of their own,
Some struggling,—some in easy places!

Aye, such the events of life! But be
Ye energetic in your callings;
Use moderation; on your toil
God’s blessing ask; so shall He smile
On you His peace, and cheer your dwellings!

Rosebank, your scenes are photographed
Upon my heart; in retrospection,
These, oft enjoy’d, make cares a void,
As Milton, Maulslee, Haughs of Clyde,
Rise beautiful in each reflection;

As when in placid lake is seen
Bright mirror’d scenes,—although inverted—
Of azure skies, lawns, woods, and bowers,
Above which, gleaming mansion towers,
All, beauty’s duplicate, asserted!—

These woodland heights in summer garb,
And verdant flowery leas forspreading;
And sunny slopes where cottage bowers,
Amid their orchard shades, and flowers,
Look beautiful, an influence shedding,
Like ecstasy, on strangers minds
   As once I've felt; so now reviewing
Such scenes, again I feel some bliss,
Akin to what old paradise
   Its charms on souls might be embuing!—
But ah! how otherwise would seem
   The fortunes of thy parent village!
DALSERF, how like one in decline!
Oh! what a contrast has been thine,
   O'er thee old age makes fearful pillage!
Thy tales of yore I've heard from eld,
   Whose eyes the while with tears did sparkle;
How in his youth the village had
Its hundred homes with families glad—
   But now they're gone, as fate would darkle*
Thy history with contempt! Thy name
   As yet is left, and church remaining
Memento sole of times that were,
Aristocratic pride must spare
   'Mid ruins made, some whim sustaining!
May yet amid those times of change
   Improvement with its grand achievements
Be on thee wrought; though thou the dead
Must have in charge, as thou wert wed
   To ev'ry kind of sad bereavements!
The ancient village sires, beneath
   Thy sod, who lived in times unreckon'd,
Could little dream each happy home
A desolation would become
   In other times, then, unbeknown'd!
Still may thy name survive, as do
   The old fruit trees those sires have planted;
All such memorials ever true,
In season yield abundance due,
   As virtue ne'er should be supplanted!

* This expressive verb is not found in any dictionary, but its present participle is; why not the principal word? Let lexico-graphers consider.
But here, adieu!—Now Braidwood calls,
As claiming share of my remembrance;
A little village, too, forsooth!
As to the world, a hidden truth [brance!
Is now brought forth from 'neath much cum-

"Why pass Cossford and Nethanfoot,
Both on your way, as them you slighted:"—
I fain would stand and speak with both,
But time is urgent, and I'm loath,
To linger, lest I get benighted.—

"Our Church, you knew, in early days,
When it no gall'ry had provided:"—
I see it added now, as proof
Of large attendance in behoof
Of "wisdom's ways," for good decided!

"And see the bridge that spans the Clyde,
Supplanting the obnoxious ferry:"—
A noble structure 'tis I trow,
Some five and twenty years old now!—
To Braidwood bound—don't make me tarry!

Lo here I've had attraction sweet,
Of which remembrance cheer have tender'd;
Can langsyne quickly be forgotten,
As if one's faculties were rotten,
Or leaky-tub-like, useless render'd?

No!—still retentive mem'ry serves
A solace oft, to painful musing:—
Oh friendship! thou most sacred boon,
How throbbed my bosom to thy tune!—
Thou still hast potency, infusing

Such charms that soothe all cares!—How strange
Man blindly oft his fortune fixes;
It is his act which casts the die
For sweet enjoyment, or to sigh
Through life thereafter; thus, he mixes
His lot with grief or joy! Does yet
Exist those missionary meetings?—
Such wont to be presided o'er
By good old Morton, long "no more,"—
Where friends have met with social greetings:

Now may I hope some mission friend,
Still takes the chair with circumspection;
As changes come—still for the best
May they be guided as some test
Of onward, heavenward direction!

Old friends, perhaps, are scattered far,
Like me from scenes of youth's enjoyments
Or disappointments like a snare,
Fond hopes while checking, unaware
Have o'er them cast their sad annoyments,

Such as might rend one's heart in twain;
But Oh! I hope it is far other;
That every happiness is their
God's blessing freeing them from cares,
With prospects bright, of kind another

Than all this world affords!—May they
Enjoy that peace which passeth knowledge!
As such own'd by each pardon'd one,
Akin to Heav'n on earth begun,
Rich in good fruits, beyond good foliage!

Should I revisit fatherland
Those scenes anew I'll seek, and ponder
O'er all the changes time has wrought,
And those improvements famous, brought
With generations new, as grander

Than all the past have known!—How good
Though spectacled, and on staff leaning
To meet old friends! Thus sunder'd long,
How would we then sing youth's old song,
Nor let old age be overweening!
But here the muse may cease; though fain
I other places in reflection
Would visit, with regards to all,
Not treating with mere passing call,
But fondly with full retrospection.

Would time and space allow! For lo!
Those towns which erst had small probation,—
For instance, Shots, Carlisle, Belshill,
And Motherwell,—all with good will,
Seem aiming at a higher station!

With Airdrie and Coatbridge, they may
Soon equal, with their works enlarging!—
Thus hamlets have to boroughs grown,
With civic honours of their own,
While most important trusts discharging!

E'en Wishaw, whose importance once,
From its distillery arising,
Methinks has now a greater aim,
To quell the pride of Britain's shame
While better means of fame devising!

Now, here may I my thanks repay,
To this provincial "Advertiser!"
As it to me has filled a measure
Of langsyne joys reviewed with pleasure,
As Retrospection's prime adviser.

Heaven bless you all, and ev'ry one,
As being virtue's grand unfolder;
To cheer, as in the darksome night,
Be each a burning shining light;
Such is the prayer of William Golder!

THE END.