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Our "Son of the Woods"

Henry Clarence Kendall

and

His Poetry

By Mrs. A. M. Hamilton-Grey

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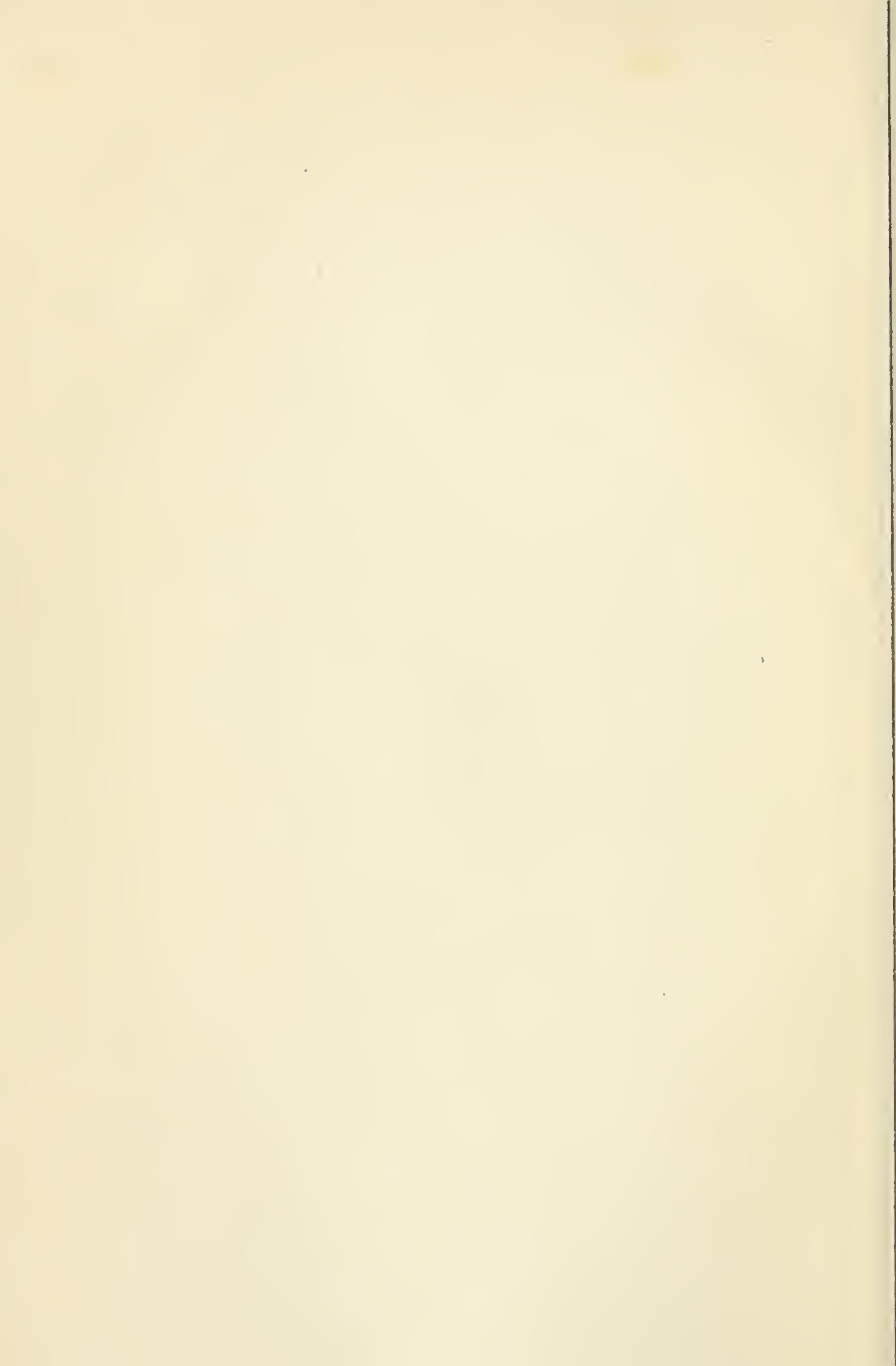

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL AND HIS POETRY.

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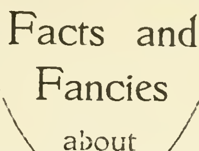

Our "Son of the Woods"

Henry Clarence Kendall

and his Poetry.

Descriptive of the Sights and Sounds of
Australia's Mountains, Shores and Woodlands:
"A Home of Many Dreams."

HENRY C. KENDALL
as
Australia's Patriot Bard "A Singer of the Dawn."

"Australia broadens like a tropic moon."

"The fame of her across the years to be
Will spread like light on a surpassing sea,
And graced with glory, girt with power august,
Her life will last till all things turn to dust."
—*Kendall.*

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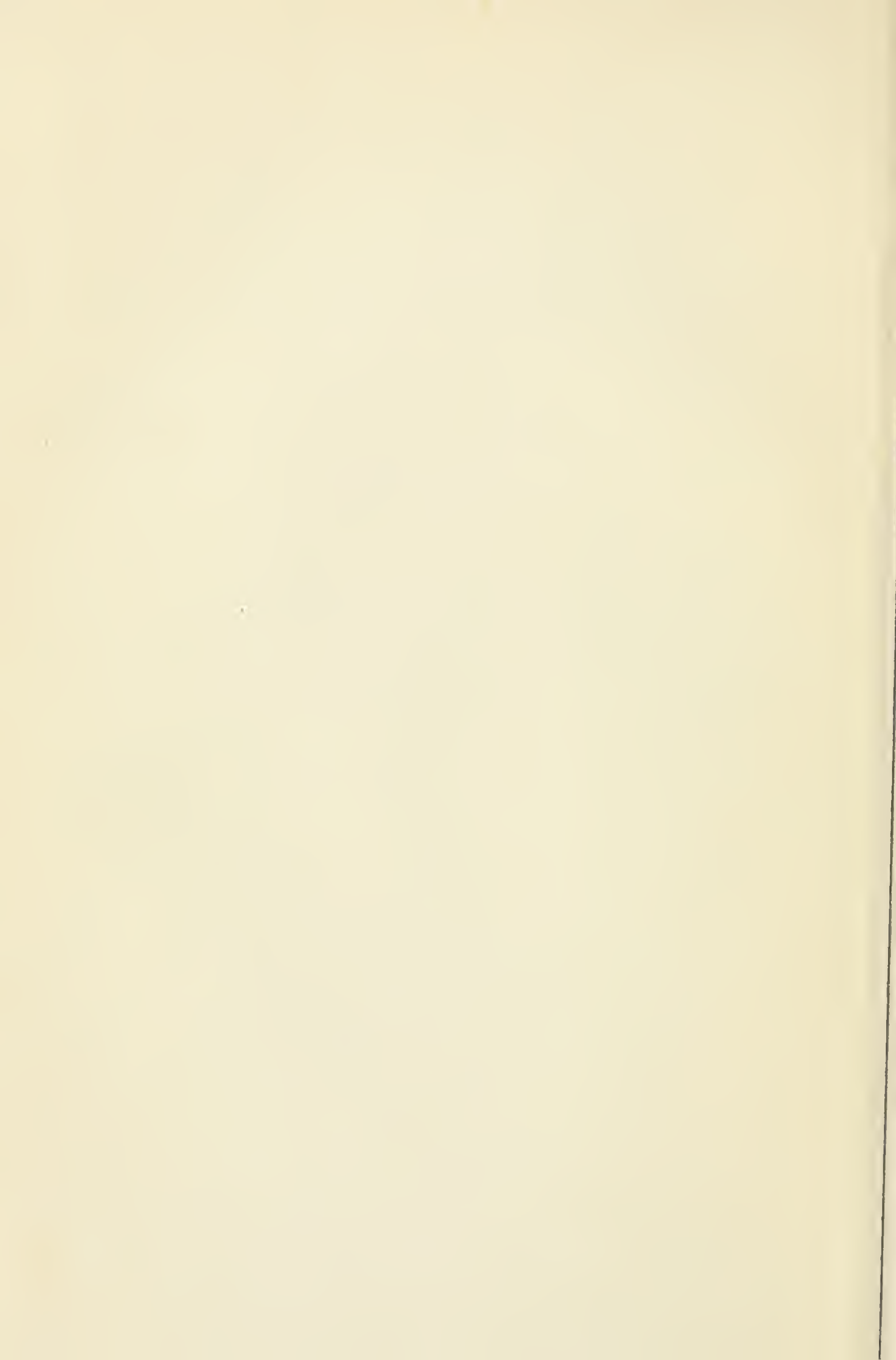
1920.



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Dedication.

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY PARKES, EDITOR OF THE EMPIRE

(THE LATE SIR HENRY PARKES).

IN GRATITUDE FOR HIS *PROMPT* AND *TIMELY* RECOGNITION OF THE KEEN-EDGED WIT AND CLEAR INTELLECTUALITY OF MY DEAR FATHER, THE LATE ROBERT MELVILLE, TO WHOSE LITERARY TASTE AND CULTURE I OWE MY EARLIEST IMPRESSIONS OF AND INTEREST IN POETRY AND DRAMA, WHICH HAVE BEEN TO ME A NEVER-FAILING SOURCE OF PLEASURE, A SOLACE IN LONELINESS, AND A RENEWAL OF THE ARDOUR AND ENTHUSIASM OF THE FAITH AND HOPE OF YOUTH. UNDER THE PRESSURE OF LIFE'S DULL, "LEADEN-FOOTED CARES," "THANK GOD" FOR POETRY; FOR THE POETRY OF "THE LAURELLED THRONG," AND FOR THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE:—THE ELIXIR OF SOUL.

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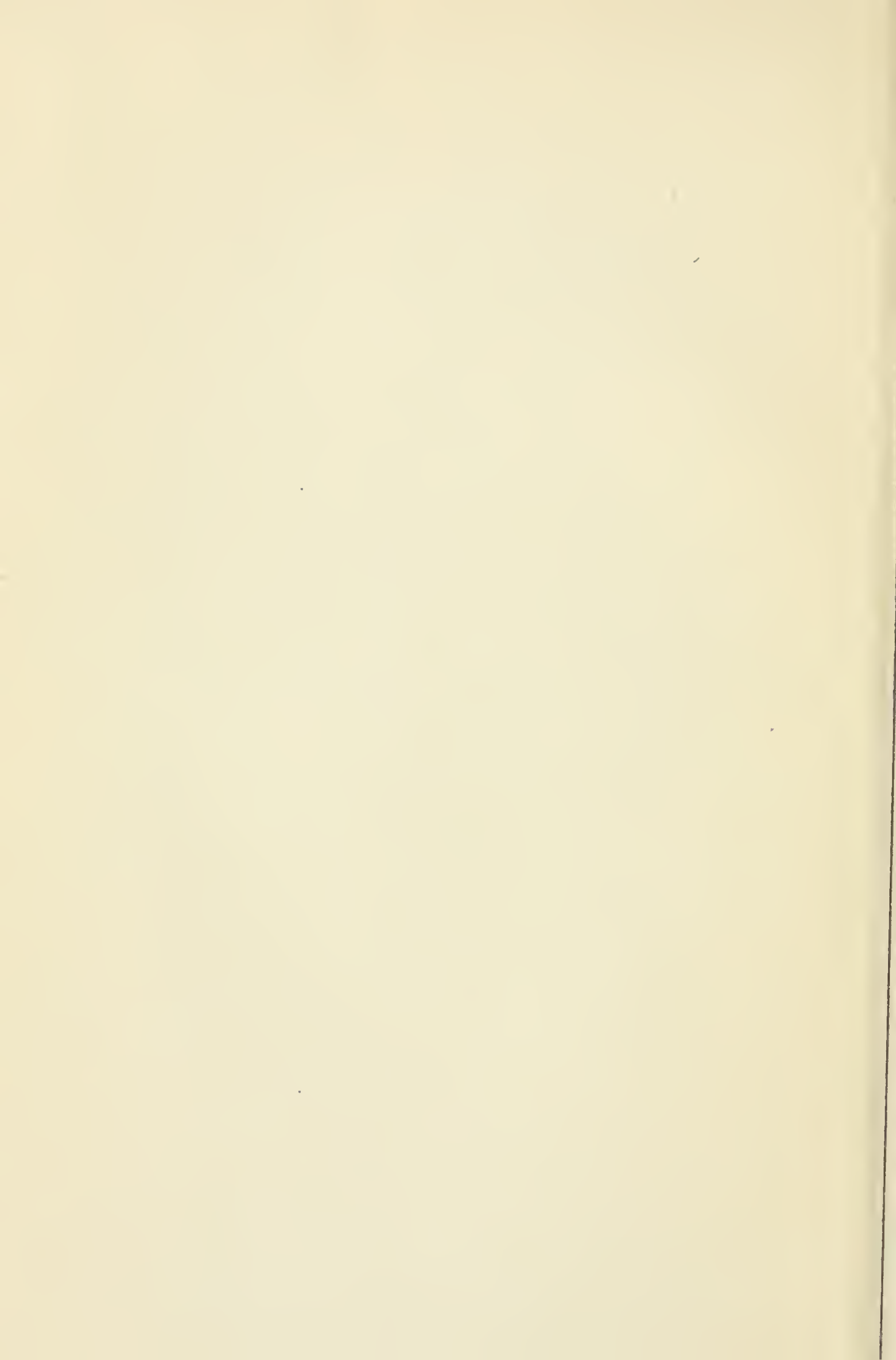

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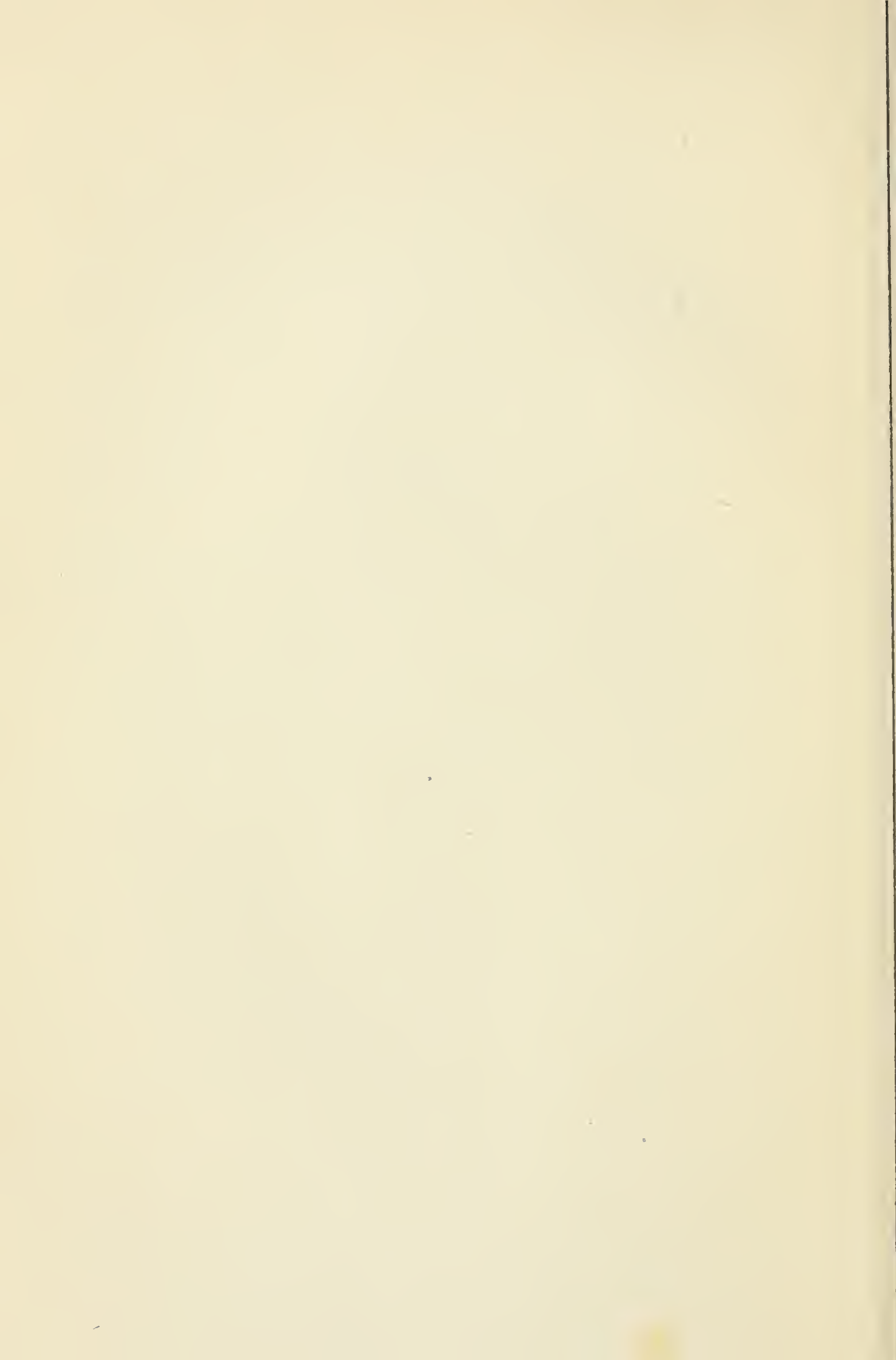
PREFACE.

From the unpretentious title of this Essay—one may call it—on Henry C. Kendall and his poetry, my readers may understand that it is written simply as a kind of Preparatory Reading-book to the higher study of the more perfect songs of the poet known to the general public through the medium of the volumes of his works, entitled "Leaves from the Forests," "Songs from the Mountains," and "Kendall's Poems." The homely manner in which "Facts and Fancies" are herein retailed may not be considered an objection by the class of readers desired—that is, those who wish to know something of the private life of the poet, his character as a man, and his aims as a writer. We do not assume the office of a critic in this Essay, nor yet that of a biographer, in the strict sense of that word. At the same time this humble effort may possibly throw certain sidelights on both the character and works of the poet, such as shall have the effect of helping to clear away many misrepresentations and misunderstandings of that genuinely good and wonderfully gifted man, to whom we have given so little and to whom we owe so much. To his "would-be detractors" I would say, "If thou hast heard a word, let it die with thee."

And to those who would decry Kendall "as a personality" because he was extremely delicately framed (which, strange to say, I have heard put forward as a reason why one should not be too enthusiastic in one's admiration for the poet), to such decriers I would recall the words of the Psalmist as to whom the Creator of all chooses to favour with His special gifts, as a rule:

> He delighteth not in the strength of a horse,
> He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man:
> The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in
> those that hope for His mercy.



INTRODUCTORY.

ABOUT two years or more after the death of Henry Clarence Kendall, I was engaged by the Secretary of the Sydney School of Arts to deliver a lecture, or lecture-recital, on Patriots and Patriot Bards. I spoke, as was my custom then, from memory. The patriotic songs of different countries were recited in the course of the lecture, and the piece chosen by me to illustrate patriotism in Australia, my native land, was Henry Kendall's verses, "To the Muse of Australia." It was the first time Kendall's poetry had been presented to a public audience by a lady, and utilised for illustrating a theme demanding the expression of the noblest sentiment in appropriate language. It was a large and cultivated audience, for the School of Arts Lecture Hall was then double the size it is at present, and at that time the hall in which distinguished lecturers, such as the late Rev. Charles Clarke, often gave their literary entertainments. For it was, as a mere girl, hearing the Rev. Charles Clarke in his lecture on the poet Goldsmith (in the course of which he described his peculiar memory), that first gave me the idea of utilising my own memory (which was then exactly similar to his) on the lecture platform, though ladies, as public lecturers, were not then as numerous as they are at present; and I was the first of my sex, Australian born, to challenge criticism throughout Victoria and New South Wales in that capacity. But to return to the Sydney School of Arts of those days. The Lecture Hall then was comfortably fitted with a private entrance from a room at the back of the platform, which has since been done away with, probably to enlarge the actual library accommodation.

The various pieces of poetry recited in the course of the lecture on "Patriots and Patriot Bards" were all very heartily received amidst rounds of applause from the audience. But the verses from Kendall came as a surprise, and were greeted with deafening sounds of approval. I had to hold my hand up repeatedly to "waive off" the applause, so that I might give the concluding words of the lecture.

This reception of Kendall's poem, "To the Muse of Australia," resulted in the Secretary asking me to give a lecture on Henry Kendall and his poetry exclusively.

This was almost an impossible task for me to undertake at the time, for I had never handled a volume of Kendall's poems, and knew absolutely nothing about him except his lines, "To the Muse of Australia," which there was no difficulty in recognising as the song of a true poet imbued with a passionate love for his country. I had no books of his poetry, nor had I happened to have read any of the various reviews then written. No one could lend me the "Songs from the Mountains." I could not buy it anywhere. I inquired for it ,and it was out of the School of Arts lending library at that moment. However, on informing the Secretary of my difficulty, Mr. Henderson kindly found me a volume of "Leaves from the Forests," and a review by Mr. Alexander Sutherland. Perhaps I could not have had better material to work upon as a start, for Mr. Sutherland gave very useful details, and viewed the poet's life and works in a broad-minded and sympathetic manner that strongly appealed to me, and the verses referring to Kendall's earliest surroundings found in the volume, "Leaves from the Forests," decided me to confine my attention principally to the childhood of the poet and his earlier writings for my first venture in the purely Kendallite domain of literature. I then remembered that a friend and relative of mine was a great admirer of Australian poets, and I wrote hurriedly to him (for the lecture had to be delivered within three weeks from date of notice, and time was passing), and I asked him if he could lend me any volume of Kendall's poems or give me any information of his life. I am glad now that all he could send me was the volume of Poems and Songs, published when the poet was little more than nineteen years old, and not then on the market, most of its contents consigned to oblivion, for that volume particularly appealed to me; and, after many years, I return to it with no abating interest in the author and his work, and have chosen to quote from that volume almost exclusively, with the exception of the few gems of literature selected from "Leaves from the Forests," and a few detached verses only from "Songs from the

Mountains." I do this for the simple reason that I think that first volume should not have been suppressed, as it is a key to much that Kendall wrote in more mature years—a key to his later poetry, and still more, a key to his character as a man. The child is father of the man. It seems to me that many mistakes made by some of his critics and reviewers might have been avoided—at least, in the effects upon the reading public—had Kendall's early disposition as a poet (to view despondently his own efforts, always questioning their merit) been fairly recognised as merely one of his idiosyncrasies, not to be taken too seriously.

We very often are taken at our own valuation. And if we under estimate, there are few generous enough to think better of us than we think of ourselves; and fewer still sufficiently discriminating to penetrate beyond the surface, passing over mere defects of manner, and (like the diver searching for the hidden pearls beneath), leaving the merely floating straws for the interest and amusement of the idiot or the idle. Among his detractors we do not include the late P. J. Holdsworth, who, as far as we know, was always the poet's most sincere and practical friend, and who also took exception to some of the critics and reviewers of that time, claiming that the "wail of failure" which ran through many of his poems meant anything beyond the fact that Kendall's own ideals of what might be sung had not yet been realised. One reviewer particularly, in a Sydney quarterly magazine, seemed to aim at impressing his readers with the idea that this yearning of the poet for the attainment of his own ideals really meant the comparative failure of anything he had yet accomplished. Whereas the sympathetic reader of Kendalll's verses (unbiassed by such one-sided views) would only have been all the more keenly interested in the aspirations of the poet, and would have regretted that the silence of the tomb precluded our hope of ever hearing again on earth our sweetest singer's "perfect song" in new and varied symphonies. For this reviewer's opinion on the defects (as he saw them) of Henry Kendall and his poetry was published some years after the death of the poet, when his few actively sympathetic friends were endeavour-

ing to get a sufficiently wide circulation of the poet's works to give some (then much-needed) pecuniary assistance to the widow and the fatherless.

The reviewer's final words seemed rather contradictory, after his scathing criticism of Henry Kendall, both as a man and as a poet, for he wrote, in concluding: "But, to his honour be it said, that the work was a noble work; and none beside has yet dared to attempt it as he did. He has been the pioneer to point out the way; others must follow in his footsteps. Though in time to come other Australian poets may arise, men will yet hold his memory in honour; for he is truly, in a sense, the "Father of Australian Poetry."

The late P. J. Holdsworth was most sincerely attached to Henry Kendall as a man, as well as appreciative of him as a poet. I had a somewhat singular demonstration of that the first time I met him, on the occasion of his acting as chairman at the Kendall lecture. Mr. Holdsworth was introduced to me by the Secretary as I was about to go on the platform. His keen anxiety lest anything should be said that would be hurtful to the poet's memory made him forgetful of all formality, as if absolutely sick with fear; and, breathlessly, he informed me that there were present in the audience those who would be much pained by any unkind allusions to the poet or his poetry, and he hoped I would say nothing disparaging. This was delightful to me, and I remember I smiled up into his anxious face and quite reassured him. The relieved look that succeeded the absolutely black cloud of anxiety made such a comical contrast that I had some difficulty in suppressing a peal of laughter; for it seemed so very ridiculous to be afraid of me. And once the ice was broken he seemed to see the absurdity of it himself; for his face became illumined with the most purely happy, almost joyously boyish smile I have ever seen irradiating the face of a man.

This was just the little episode necessary to help me to feel happy and grateful in my work, having the consciousness that I had the moral support of a kindly nature near me who would be pleased that I had nothing to say against Kendall; and that I was enthusiastic when

speaking of or reciting his poetry. For I was somewhat anxious on my own account (in the position, for the time being, of the poet's interpreter) lest my voice should not be tuned just to that pitch best suited for the fine music of Kendall's verses—my past work and training having been among "the laurelled throng" of the older countries and requiring a very different manner of delivery to that which would be in harmony with the breezy swing of some of the metres of Kendall's versification. However, Australian woodland scenery was familiar to me, and I felt at home with the rivers and the creeks and the mosses, and even the bell-birds, and I had the satisfaction of at least not offending the presiding chairman, for I received very kindly words of encouragement from him in the following letter a few days after the Kendall lecture:—

"1st Sept., '84.

"Dear Mrs. Hamilton,

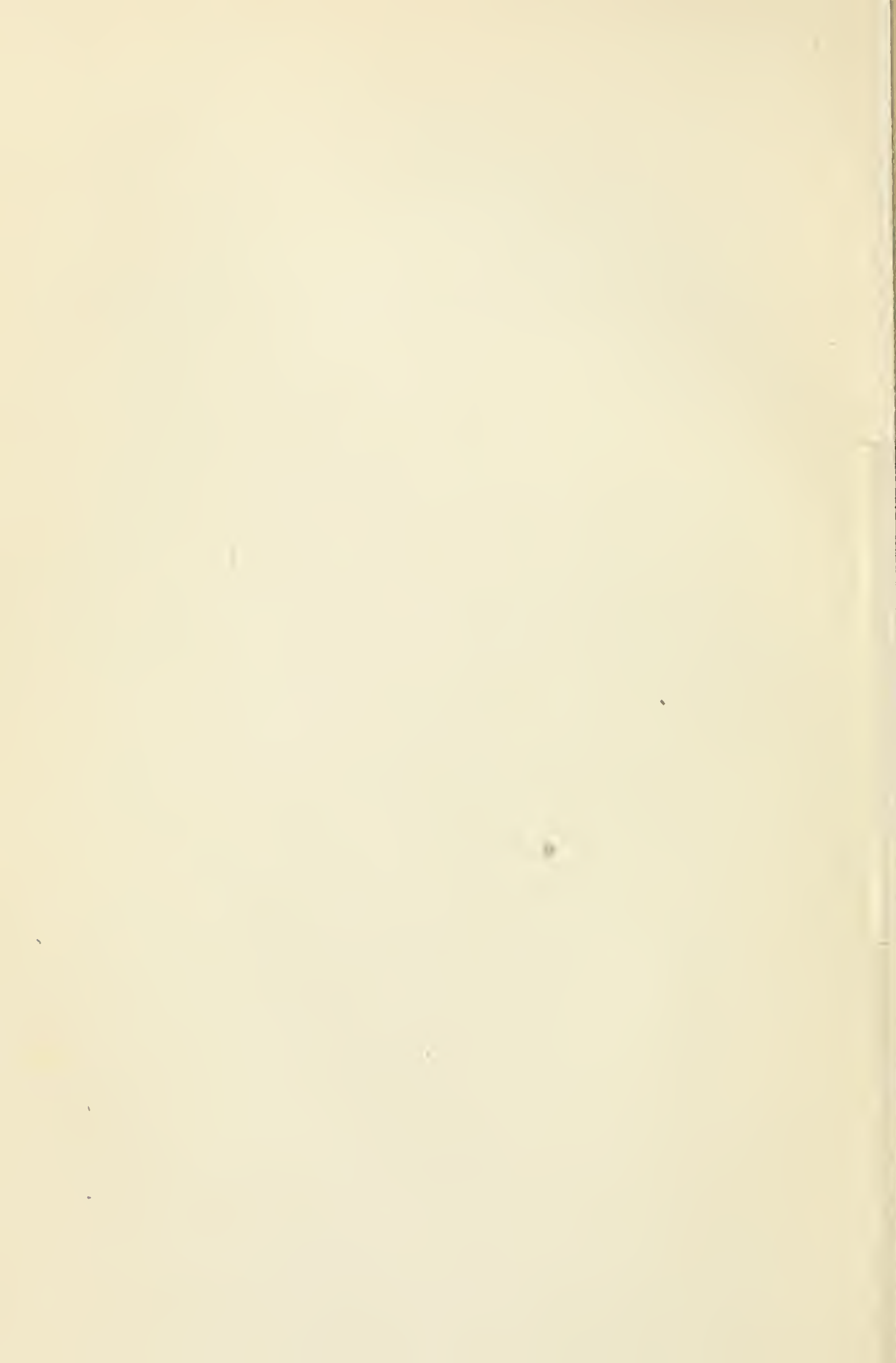
I hope you are satisfied with the success you achieved on Saturday night. It was, without doubt, very pronounced, especially when one considers that in the matter of lecturing, ladies are more severely handicapped than the sterner sex.

I should like to see you grapple some further subject, and I do not think you would have any difficulty in duplicating Saturday's success.

"Yours very sincerely,

P. J. Holdsworth."

I hope I do not weary the reader with this diversion from the chief subject of this Essay. Further on we shall lose ourselves in Kendall's poetry and sink personal feelings, sentiments and reminiscences in our all-absorbing interest in the genius of the poet.



PART I.

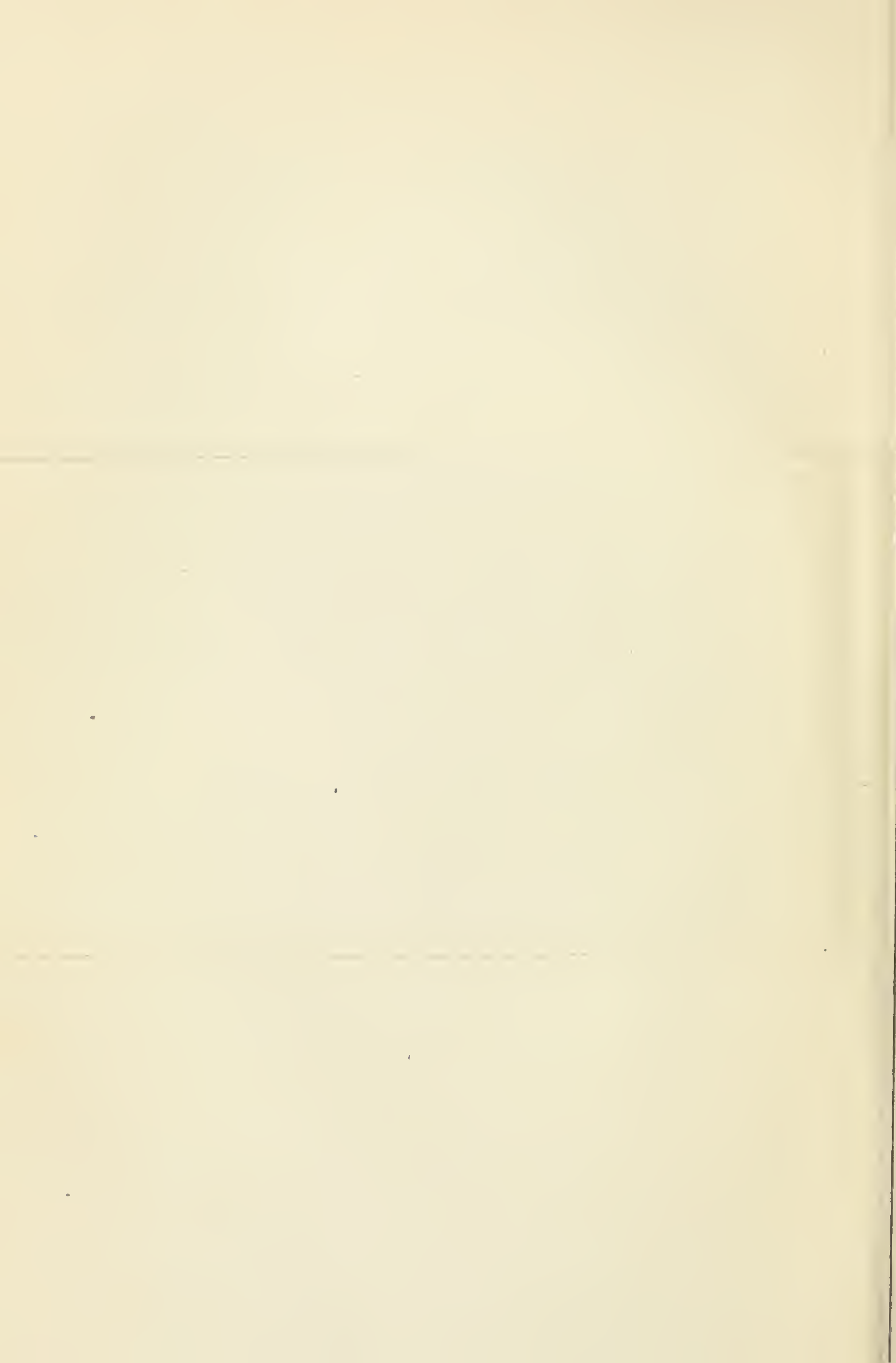
THE POET FRIEND OF HENRY KENDALL,

ERRATA.

Page 25.—Line 11, for "tolls" read "sobs."
Page 35.—Line 14, for "of" read "to."
Page 43.—Last two lines should read:
perhaps (even very observant and aesthetic in taste) would never have thought of before reading his poetry. Any
Page 45.—Line 29, for "about" read "of."
Page 52.—Line 17, omit "which."
Page 52.—Line 21, omit "as."
Page 64.—Line 20, for "of" read "or."
Page 78.—Line 10, insert "him" after "acclaim."
Page 84.—Line 5, for "respect" read "regret."
Page 85.—Line 27, should read "Walking o'er the earth for me."
Page 86.—Line 2, for "over" read "e'er."
Page 105.—Line 1, for "floes" read "floss."
Page 113.—Line 1, for "has" read "hath."

passionate lays,
Of her first and her favourite child."

And no doubt Charles Harpur's warm, expansive nature and generous sympathy with the aspirations of the then little more than boy poet in years, must have been helpful to the shy, nervous, retiring young man only feeling his way, socially, among known men of letters. For it was on his first visit to Sydney that he met Harpur, who was then writing, I understand, on the staff of "The Empire," a daily paper edited by Henry Parkes (Sir Henry Parkes), afterwards Premier of New South Wales,



PART I.

THE POET FRIEND OF HENRY KENDALL, CHARLES HARPUR.

While referring to Kendall as the Father of Australian Poetry, we know it would not be his wish that we should forget Charles Harpur, who wrote "The Storm among the Mountains," a grand poem, and also other good pieces: but not enough to give him the place that Kendall holds, though Kendall himself hailed him (Harpur) as "the pioneer" in his own graceful language, always so generously appreciative when referring to others, yet so depreciating when speaking of himself. Surely, if modesty is the virtue we are so often told is "becoming," we must give Henry Kendall the palm for that. It is Henry Kendall who writes to Charles Harpur:—

"I could sit at your feet for long days
  To hear the sweet muse of the wild
Break out through the sad and the passionate lays,
  Of her first and her favourite child."

And no doubt Charles Harpur's warm, expansive nature and generous sympathy with the aspirations of the then little more than boy poet in years, must have been helpful to the shy, nervous, retiring young man only feeling his way, socially, among known men of letters. For it was on his first visit to Sydney that he met Harpur, who was then writing, I understand, on the staff of "The Empire," a daily paper edited by Henry Parkes (Sir Henry Parkes), afterwards Premier of New South Wales,

a man always ready to recognise and give a helping hand (by some employment) to the talented in need of some means of living. This was not a distinguishing feature of some of his successors in the Ministry of New South Wales, unless, perhaps, the late Sir John See, who was a man of more than average kindly feeling; and had his position at the head of affairs been longer and more consolidated, would, I think, have been a gracious patron of art and literature. I only met him once personally, but I shall never forget the impression of "Nature's gentleman" that I carried away with me from the interview, which was on a public matter in which I was then engaged in opposition to a Government measure then exciting wide public interest, and Sir John See had himself solicited the interview. Though I did not fall in with his view of how we might compromise matters and cease the agitation (if it might be so called), he gathered from the floral decorations of his reception-room at the Chief Secretary's office, all the beautiful white flowers, and presented them to me in recognition, he said, of "the purity of my intentions."

Men who are thus truly chivalrous to women are, as a rule, generous in their appreciation of all that is pure and refined in sentiment, and therefore (other things being equal) are the willing patrons of poetry and art.

Besides, I have heard of several other acts of the late Sir John See that were touching in their unaffected, spontaneous and yet dignified courtesy, where he might have been supercilious and indifferent, and even arbitrary. I may never be writing again in such a way as to afford me an opportunity of thanking him for those pure white flowers which have never faded from my grateful memory.

The friend and relative I have already referred to in the first pages of my introductory chapter, as being an ardent admirer of Australian poets generally, was the late William Charles Melville, a solicitor, at that time, on the Manning River. In response to my appeal for help in search for specimens of Kendall's poetry, and for some information regarding his life, my friend, when sending me the volume of "Poems and Songs" as a loan,

wrote the following, which is given as nearly as possible in his own words at the time, as I remember them, and as far as I can gather from any manuscript now at hand; and though he has long since passed away, I know he would have no objection to my making use of his letters on this particular subject, in any way helpful to the full appreciation of the poet's work. For one of the features of Kendall's poetry is that all those who read his poems and like them—like Kendall himself, as well—with a tender sympathy as though for a much-gifted but delicate, sensitive brother whom we would shelter from pain or hardship of any kind if we could. And surely if angels from Heaven ever visit this earth of ours, and are hovering about us, it is when we feel thus. At least, I have always felt through life the protective instinct towards another human being as the angels whisper.

My friend writes:—

"Dear A.,

I wish I could give you some assistance in this matter, but I really know very little, comparatively, about the poet's life. While he was living here he was very much away from home on his travelling duties in the forest-ranging lines, and I did not meet him more than half-a-dozen times or so. I first met him at the conclusion of a lecture he had been delivering on Australia, in the Cundleton School of Arts. He asked me what I thought of his lecture, and, of course, I said it was splendid; in fact, his lecture was good, but was certainly not well delivered. It was a very short lecture—indeed, rather an essay than a lecture, and occupied less than half an hour in delivery. He read it, and he eked out the half hour by giving us a few readings from his own prize poem on Australia, written on the occasion of the International Exhibition held in the Garden Palace, Sydney. His elocution, probably because of his nervous self-consciousness, was affected, and his gestures were awkward, and he looked shy to the verge of childishness on being introduced to the audience. It was during the intermission, between his lecture and the subsequent concert which was to close the evening, that I met him; and he soon hurried home, not waiting for the concert.

He was almost as childishly shy off the platform as he was when in the presence of the audience; but his shyness wore off to a great extent after some acquaintance. He could take any amount of praise. As I like praise myself, I could quite understand that; so I won his heart completely the second time I saw him by quoting a line from his first published volumes of Poems and Songs, edited when he was little more than nineteen years of age, and which has always been treasured by me as one of my pet volumes of poetry, not only because of the sweetness and melody of many of its verses, but also because my familiarity with the Australian bush and river and coastal scenery enabled me to appreciate the wonderful truthfulness of his poetic descriptions of the main features of the land that gave me day. 'Mountains' was the name of the piece from which I quoted, when I much pleased the author by doing so. It was on the occasion of his trip to Tinoonee his first visit there, I think). Some of us were taking him for a walk to show him one of our pretty river views of which we were very proud. The conversation happened to turn on scenery generally, and New England scenery in particular; whereupon I, with as much enthusiasm as my quiet nature is capable of, exclaimed: 'Ah! That is where you'll see "Long hillocks looking like to waves of ocean turned to stone." ' This excited our sensitive friend so much that he almost jumped in his child-like glee as he clutched me by the arm, exclaiming ,'Do you remember that, old man?' I forgot what I said in reply, but I made an effort to say something appropriate and pleasing; for, as I caught this faint glimpse of the inner chamber of the poet's soul, in his rapture that one of his spiritual off-spring had met with some just appreciation, I painfully realised the intense sorrow he must have suffered under the fire of unmerited harsh criticism, or the equally disheartening effect and hope-benumbing influence of faint praise. 'Vex not the poet's soul.'

"The following is a specimen of Kendall's prose, from which he occasionally lapses into poetry; and as he did not give it a place in his published works it may be interesting to those who want to know something of the

private life of the poet when he was not thinking of the public, and simply gave expression to an experience in his hours of recreation and leisure. It was shortly after he went to live at Cundletown, on the Manning River, where he gave the lecture mentioned in the preceding page that he wrote the following:—

"About a mile from Cundletown I came unexpectedly upon the loveliest bit of river scenery I ever saw in my life. It is a crescent of the surpassingly beautiful little stream called the Dawson, which empties itself into the Manning River near this point. The half circle formed by the clear, soft river round a copse of rich, dark foliage is as perfect in kind as if it had been measured by art. The bank opposite the brushwood is a great green slope, falling away, with its verdure, into limpid water. Some one of these days the floods will more than half ruin the picture, but I dread to think of the time; for

"Here, indeed, the soul of song
Might stay a life and dream;
And strain of harp would echo long
The music of the stream.

Here in this spot of soft green light
I saw that perfect thing—
The poem I can never write,
The song I cannot sing.

Some great glad lustre floods my face,
All life seems joy to-day,
And I will carry from this place
A radiant dream away.

Hard toil may weary hand and heart,
But it will comfort me
To know a bit of fairy land
Is now so near to me.

"He was then living, I believe, at Cundletown, where his wife and family were also residing with him on leaving Camden Haven, and while he was Inspector of Forests, a position given to him by Sir Henry Parkes.

"In some of Kendall's poems you will find grammatical constructions that may seem a little unusual, yet scarcely ungrammatical. At a meeting held in the School of Arts, Sydney, shortly after the poet's death, for the purpose of inaugurating a movement for the substantial recognition of his worth, the late Dr. Badham (then of the Sydney University), humorously apologising for his taking a leading part in such a movement, said: "What have I to do with such a man as Kendall? I am a literary man, 'tis true—but of how different a stamp—I am a verbal critic, if anything. What have I to do with one who will 'tear language to tatters,' but it shall express his meaning?" It was to the generous appreciation of the late Dr. Badham's predecessor as the head of the Sydney University, Dr. Woolly, that Kendall had free access to and use of the University Library. That was, I believe, after the publication of his first volume of "Poems and Songs."

"When you ask me to name some of the verses of Kendall's that take my fancy, 'the embarrassment of riches perplexes me,' but one entitled 'Womberall' has always been a special favourite of mine. The poet picks up a shell—a sea-shell—'just a shell to which the seaweed, glittering yet with greenness clings.' But how that shell speaks to him. He is not like Wordsworth's hero who viewed 'a primrose on the river brim.' Just a primrose 'twas to him, and it was nothing more. This shell was much to Kendall—just a shell—but how vividly it makes past scenes and past events pass in review before him. Deniehy, one of the poet's early friends, defined genius as "the soul working through the organs of intellect." Tell me what the *soul* is and we will tell you the secret of the poet's power.

"Womberall" does not seem to have found a corner among any of the poems published in book form.

"Before Kendall came to Cundletown he had been living at Camden Haven for some years, principally employed, I believe, in keeping books for his friend, Mr. Hagan, and others.

"His life all through seems, from all that I have heard, to have been almost an unchequered plain of misfortune. Trouble followed trouble, each subsiding only to give place to another, like the waves of a rising tide. Whether his misfortunes were caused partly by his faults, or his faults caused by his misfortunes, or whether each was cause, in turn, acting and reacting on each other I will not attempt to say. If there was some little grain of dross mixed with his fine gold, it is our part to forget that, seeing that we have not paid him half the debt we owe him.

"That unhappy master
  Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,
  Till its song one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope
  The melancholy burden bore,
    Of never, never more."

SIR HENNIKER HEATON.

Mr. Melville also informed me that Kendall had been dead over two years, and nothing was done towards raising a monument to perpetuate his memory until Mr. Henniker Heaton (Sir Henniker Heaton) took steps to raise one at his own expense, over his grave, and to place his bust in the University. Apropos to this neglect, the Sydney "Bulletin" published some lines at that time:

"He sleeps beside the sea,
  The Lord of Song,
For fame what now cares he,
  And what for wrong?

He sang the land's first strain
  Of tears and fire,
And broke the world's old chain
  That bound its lyre.

He brought to homeless homes
  A soft sweet light,
Garnered from sea-foam crest,
  Sharp and bright.

He died. The natives
  Did, to mark its loss,
Some sign arise,
  It did—a wooden cross.

Whereon go grit your teeth,
  Who fame would win—
There, hangs a nation's wreath
  Of painted tin."

I do not know who wrote these lines, and am sorry for that, as he certainly deserves our thanks. If I remember rightly, I read these lines in the course of my Kendall lecture, and they had the desired effect; for when these lines were sent to me, just before my lecture on Henry Kendall and his poetry at the Sydney School of Arts, under the patronage of the School of Arts Committee (Mr. P. J. Holdsworth, as chairman), there had been really no practically energetic measures taken by the public for the erection of a suitable monument to his memory; or if any such measures had been started immediately after his death, they had been, comparatively, dropped. But the ball was, so to speak, again "sent rolling" with a set purpose of some public recognition of the Sydney citizens' gratitude and esteem for his works as a poet, with the result of a suitable monument being erected over his last earthly resting-place in the cemetery of Waverley, "by the sounding sea," where he had, I understand, desired to be buried. With the copy of the lines from the Sydney "Bulletin," and from the same source were sent me the verses of the In Memoriam piece on Marcus Clark, the author of the Australian story, "For the Term of His Natural Life," and many other brilliant writings appearing mostly in the columns of the Melbourne and Victorian Press and various magazines. The verses were written too late for publication in the volume entitled "Songs from the Mountains," which was

the last volume published during the poet's lifetime. And they do not appear in the volume, "Kendall's Poems." published some years after his death, and edited by Mr. Alexander Sutherland. As Marcus Clark had many admirers, one of whom, particularly, I remember having heard speak highly of his writings (the late Richard Birnie, B.A., who was for many years the essayist of the "Australasian," Melbourne), some verses of the In Memoriam piece are inserted here:—

MARCUS CLARK.

"The night wind tolls on cliffs austere,
Where gleams by fits the wintry star,
And in the wild, dumb woods I hear
A moaning at the bar.

Here, sitting by a dying flame,
I cannot choose but think with grief
Of Harpur, whose unhappy name
Is as an autumn leaf.

And domed by deeper depths of blue,
'Apart from fields of forest dark,'
I see the eyes that once I knew—
The eyes of Marcus Clark.

Their clear, bright beauty shines apace,
But sunny dreams in shadow end,
The sods have hid the faded face
Of my heroic friend.

Few knew the cross he had to bear,
And moan beneath from day to day,
His were the bitter hours that wear
The human heart away."

Alluding to Marcus Clark, probably, as a journalist from necessity, instead of being able to devote himself to a more independent exercise of his literary talents, Kendall writes:

"His laurels in the pit were won,
He had to take the lot austere,
That ever seems to wait upon
The man of letters here.

His soul was self-withdrawn; he made
A secret of his bitter life
Of struggle in inclement shade,
For helpless child and wife.

He toiled for love, unwatched, unseen,
And fought his troubles hand by hand
Till, like a friend of gentle mien,
Death took him by the hand.

He rests in peace—no grasping thief
Of hope and health can steal away
The beauty of the flower and leaf,
Upon his tomb to-day."

It was in referring to Kendall's verses on Marcus Clarke that I remember Mr. Richard Birnie spoke of the works of that writer admiringly. He quoted Kendall's words, "The eyes of Marcus Clark," and gave us, his select audience (my husband and myself). an essay extempore in Collins Street East, as was his custom whenever we met leisurely out of doors, just after dining "au restaurant," which happened very often in those days. I regarded these impromptu essays (enriched with quotations from almost every standard author, and in various languages) as my most valuable lessons in literature and in elocution. I remember Mr. Birnie telling me, with a suspicious twinkle in his eye (as if slyly laughing at his own frequent "deliveries" in Collins Street to the "select audience" just referred to), that a speaker's desire should be for "fit audience, though few." Fortunately, the police in those days were much more gentlemanly and forbearing than they would be now, under similar circumstances, for we were never ordered "to move on." The essays were begun and ended on the Collins Street pavements, generally at the Town Hall

corner, during which we never moved an inch, but obstructed the pathway oblivious of all else—such a continuous flow of eloquence did that wonderful old gentleman of eighty or thereabouts, perhaps ninety, pour forth, almost hypnotising one by his super-abundance of mental energy and power of concentration. Dear old Mr. Richard Birnie, his photo and a volume of his essays are besides me now, and his snuff-box, though I don't indulge in the use of snuff. But the snuff-box—that same one—is associated with those verbal essays, for it came into use occasionally during his discourse. Perhaps that was the reason it was thrust into our hands when parting for the last time on leaving Melbourne. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Richard Birnie was no ordinary essayist. Many were subscribers to the "Australasian" of those days, especially because of "The Essayist." And even some Sydney people had the "Australasian" from Melbourne for the same reason; because those essays were not only masterpieces in a literary sense, but always carried a high moral tone with them that found a permanent resting place in one's memory. These grand old men it is always a life long privilege to have met and known; for their influence for good is, as a rule, abiding. Mr. Richard Birnie was a younger son of Sir Richard Birnie, baronet. He was B.A. of Cambridge, a barrister by profession, and one of the most eloquent lecturers in his younger days (so I was informed by the gentleman who first introduced him to me, who was old enough to remember those days) that has ever favoured Australian audiences. He could be most severely critical in his own refined way, but with that broad-minded spirit that did not carp at the mere trivial irregularities of an otherwise admirable individuality. That is, he did not point his finger disdainfully (like so many petty man do) merely because "Cet homme la n' a pas un bouchle sur sou soulier," which quotation, I remember, was a favourite one of his, and fixed itself on my memory. But he made so many startlingly apposite quotations in the course of his conversations of a literary kind that one would be somewhat embarrassed to find space for them even in a volume dedicated to their use exclusively.

OUTRE MER.

But to return to Kendall. My correspondent, W. C. Melville, from whose letters I have already quoted so copiously, afterwards posted to me "Outre Mer," which was not, I think, to be found in any of the volumes of poetry edited at that time, but which is the concluding poem of the volume "Kendall's Poems," edited long after the time we are speaking of here. Mr. Melville wrote: "The poet's own requiem might be fitly sung in his own exquisite words written about six years before his death, beginning:

"I see as in a dreamscape,
  A broad, bright, quiet sea;
And over it a haven,
  The only home for me.

Some men grow strong with trouble,
  But all my strength is past,
And tired and full of sorrow,
  I long to sleep at last.

By force of chance and changes,
  Man's life is hard at best;
And seeing rest is voiceless,
  The dearest thing is rest.

Beyond the sea—behold it,
  The home I wish to seek,
The refuge of the weary,
  The solace of the weak!

Sweet angel fingers beckon,
  Sweet angel voices ask
My soul to cross the waters;
  And yet I dread the task."

"Poor Kendall! at last, he did dare the task of crossing the waters. Let us think that he has there found the rest pictured in his dreamscape, and that 'safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution.'

"He lives, whom we call dead."

CHARLES HARPUR.

As most of Kendall's ardent lovers and admirers were also much attached to the memory of the poet, Charles Harpur, and have sometimes been much disappointed, if not irritated, by the fact of his poems being so little prized after his death that there was no effort made to collect them into volume form, a few verses of Kendall's, to the memory of the genius of his poet-friend, as well as to the warm-heartedness that characterised him as a man, may, perhaps, be more appositely introduced here than later on; for Charles Harpur (I have been informed, very many years ago, by those who spoke of him from personal acquaintance), though sensitive (as all poets are), was not a shy, nervous, retiring man like Kendall, but, on the contrary, very genial in his manner and equally at home with social life and interests, as he was a passionate lover of Nature. All this Kendall portrays in his poem:

CHARLES HARPUR.

"Where Harpur lies the rainy streams,
  And wet hill-heads, and hollows weeping,
Are swift with wind, and white with gleams,
  And hoarse with sounds of storms unsleeping.

Fit grave it is for one whose song
  Was tuned by tones he caught from torrents,
And filled with mountain-breaths, and strong,
  Wild notes of falling forest currents.

So let him sleep! the rugged hymns
  And broken lights of woods above him,
And let me sing how sorrow dims
  The eyes of those that used to love him.

As April in the wilted wold
  Turns faded eyes on splendours waning,
What time the latter leaves are old,
  And ruin strikes the strays remaining.

So we that knew this singer dead,
  Whose hands attuned the harp Australian,
May set the face and bow the head,
  And mourn his fate and fortunes alien.

The burthen of a perished faith
  Went sighing through his speech of sweetness,
With human hints of time and death,
  And subtle notes of incompleteness.

But when the fiery power of youth
  Had passed away and left him nameless,
Serene as light, and strong as truth,
  He lived his life, untired and tameless.

And far and free, this man of men,
  With wintry hair and wasted features,
Had fellowship with gorge and glen,
  And learned the loves and runes of Nature.

Strange words of wind, and rhymes of rain,
  And whispers from the inland fountains,
Are mingled, in his various strain,
  With leafy breaths of piny mountains.

But as the undercurrents sigh
  Beneath the surface of a river,
The music of humanity
  Dwells in his forest-psalms for ever.

No soul was he to sit on heights
  And live with rocks apart and scornful;
Delights of men were his delights,
  And common troubles made him mournful.

The flying forms of unknown powers,
  With lofty wonder caught and thrilled him;
But there were days of gracious hours,
  When sights and sounds familiar thrilled him.

The pathos worn by wayside things,
  The passion found in simple faces,
Struck deeper than the life of springs,
  Or strength of storms and sea-swept places.

But now he sleeps, the tired bard,
  The deepest sleep; and, lo! I proffer
These tender leaves of my regard,
  With hands that falter as they offer."

This is a very remarkable poem, when we come to think of its minute description of a gifted intellect and a noble character, in the compass of a few verses. What reviewer of poetic work could so graphically and so eloquently portray, in a whole column of literary criticism, the characteristics of Harpur's poems as Kendall has done in this graceful tribute to the memory of the author of "A Storm among the Mountains."

Would that we had some bold, free-spirited men like Harpur among us now, for he wrote of Australia as "the Cradle of Liberty," which it was when he wrote about it. But the Cradle is empty, and Liberty, "thrice sweet and gracious goddess," has "turned her face to the wall," in her bereavement for her first-born, amidst her vast domains, for which at present she has no inheritor. She has cast her "pearls before swine" who have trampled them beneath their feet, and who would turn again and rend her.

But to return to Harpur. He also had the experience of the life austere "that ever seems to wait upon the man of letters here"—that is, where the fire and ardour of the poet must be, comparatively, quenched in the more prosaic work of journalism, simply to earn a livelihood. For the Muse waits on no man, but exacts instant and undivided attention to her "call," and will admit of no rival claims on the time or the mental energy of the mortal who would aspire to Fame as the recipient of Her favours. The moment of inspiration must be seized as "the pearl of great price" for the loss of which nothing else can compensate. And even then one must ignore the present and work for Eternity.

PART II.

KENDALL.

That a sad spirit breathes through most of Kendall's writings, from the earliest to the latest, cannot be denied Sometimes it is a vague yearning after something indefinable, as in "Mountains":

"Yearning for a bliss unworldly,
  Yearning for a brighter change,
Yearning for the mystic Aidenn
  Out beyond the mountain range."

Sometimes it is because of the "faithless face of Rose." Here it may be mentioned that his mother attributed the misfortunes of his later life to a disappointment in love, which impression she expresses in verse:

"Then came to his heart a great first love,
  Which could never be conquered by time,
Hence his muse was oft draped in sadness,
  And he wore it sometimes in his rhyme.

A first disappointment is bitter,
  And may bring in its train many woes,
Though it seems but a trifling matter,
  To be baulked in just plucking a rose."

However that may be, the name of Rose is more than once introduced to the readers of his poems, and in Rose Lorraine he writes:

"No woman lives with power to burst
  My passion's bonds and set me free,
For Rose is last where Rose was first,
  And only Rose is fair to me."

In his earliest poems, published when he was little more than nineteen, be it remembered, and which (most of them) must therefore have been written when he was little more than a boy, the sadness of his song is sometimes from disappointed ambition, as in "Bells beyond the Forest."

"Like to one who, by the waters
  Standing, marks the reeling ocean wave
Moaning, hide his head all torn and shivered,
  Underneath his lonely eave.

So the soul within me glances at the tides
  of Purpose where they creep—
Dashed to fragments by the yawning
  ridges circling Life's tempestuous Deep!

Oh, the tattered leaves are dropping—
  Dropping round me like a fall of rain,
While the dust of many a broken aspiration
  Sweeps my troubled brain.

With the yearning after Beauty, and the
  longing to be good and great,
And the thought of catching Fortune flying
  on the tardy wings of Fate."

There is something of the same sort of sadness in the "Dark-haired Maid of Gerringong." And even in his happy reminiscences of Wollongong, most unexpectedly, in the midst of gladness, he brings in that exquisite image:

"Merry feet go clambering up the old
    and thunder-shattered heap.
And the billows clamber after—
    and the surges to the ocean leap—
Scattered into fruitless showers—
    falling where the breakers roll,
Baffled—like the aspirations of a
    proud, ambitious soul."

Poor Kendall! what did he know of disappointed ambition at his then time of life, being little more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, or thereabout. Had he some mysterious foreboding of what was awaiting him in his future life? Of the thorny path he would have to travel, and the neglect and the scant sympathy he would have to endure? Did *he foresee* "The lot austere ever pressing, with its hardship on the man of letters here?"

COOGEE.

In the stanzas on "Coogee"—our Coogee that every Sydneyite or visitor to Sydney knows so well—there is still the same strain of sadness, though written in early manhood, probably when residing in Sydney, which he did for some years after publishing his first book entitled "Poems and Songs," Sir John Robertson, then Premier of New South Wales, having given him a position as clerk in the Chief Secretary's office, or some Civil Service clerkship, which position he occupied when he married Miss Charlotte Rutter, the daughter of Doctor Rutter, then of Woolloomooloo, at that time one of the fairly fashionable suburbs of Sydney, though now quite out of date as "a choice suburb for private residence," Mr. and Mrs. Kendall's first meeting was at the Sydney School of Arts, where, after a lecture on "Love, Courtship and Marriage" by the poet (which old-fashioned subjects we don't trouble ourselves about now, for lectures), Mr. Rutter was introduced to the lecturer by a friend of his, and then introduced his sister, in whom the poet became at once so warmly interested that his own courtship began and continued with such ardour that he and Miss Charlotte Rutter were married the following year, and in the first year of their marriage resided in one of our suburbs of Sydney called the Glebe. Whether he wrote "Coogee" before or after his marriage I do not know, but it was not published in any volume until "Leaves from the Forests" was presented to the public in Melbourne (some few years after his marriage), where he and Mrs. Kendall were then residing. But he was always

very fond of Coogee, and gives us verses that we who "know the place," and have wandered there in our own very young days, when it was much more beautiful than it is now, in its then purely natural state, with its growth of wild vines and foliage so near the sea, we know how faithful to Nature his picture really was of Coogee in those days when he wrote the stanzas:

"Sing the song of wave-worn Coogee—
Coogee in the distance white,
With its peaks and points disruptured—
gaps and fragments filled with light.
Haunts of glade and restless plovers
of the melancholy wail,
Ever lending deeper pathos of the
melancholy gale.

Here, my brothers, down the fissures,
chasms deep and worn and wild,
Grows the sea-bloom, one that blushes
like a shrinking, fair, blind child.
And amongst the oozing forelands,
many a glad green rock-vine runs,
Getting ease on earthy ledges, sheltered
from December's sun.

Often, when a gusty morning, rising
cold and gray and strange,
Lifts its face from watery spaces,
vistas full of cloudy change,
Bearing up a glowing burden which anon
begins to wane,
Fading in the sudden shadow of a
dark, determined rain.

Do I seek an eastern window, so to
watch the breakers beat
Round the steadfast craigs of Coogee,
dim with drifts of driving sleet;
Hearing hollow, mournful noises
sweeping down a solemn shore,
While the grim sea waves are tideless,
and the storm strives at their core."

This is a faithful representation of Coogee as I knew it when a very young girl. "Extremes are ever neighbours," and Coogee was transcendently bright and hope-inspiring in the golden glow of sunshine, serenely sweet and beautiful under the silvery light of a bright Australian night, but lonely, mournful and melancholy under the shadow of "leaden coloured clouds," such as do not seem to affect, in the same way, the English coastal views, unless it is because of the usual brightness of our scenery that makes the contrast so sadly striking. So that our poetry (Australian poetry) cannot be judged by the same standard as that of other countries, and, therefore, no one can fairly judge our poetry who does not know Australia. But a close and careful study of Henry Kendall's works will enlighten the Englishman far more than any merely flying visit to some of our principal cities, with no travel through, or sojourn in places remote from the more largely populated areas. It will, at least, enlighten him as to Australia as a country, especially Australia as it was in Kendall's days; for much is already changed; yet the pictures still retain some of their leading characteristics—sometimes entrancingly bright, as if all Nature were joyous; sometimes, deeply, darkly, intensely melancholy—but always interesting. One of the very striking features of our coastal scenery in the early days was the luxuriance of wild flowers, and other foliage, so near the sea, even among the rocks, before the shores became popular resorts for every-day excursions.

It was also a very special feature of Manly; and only those who can remember the Manly of years gone by can have any idea of the fairy-like beauty that has passed away. There must have been a great lack of poetic sentiment and artistic culture in the community to have allowed her to become so "pillaged of her loveliness."

But to return to Coogee, the strain of sadness is more particularly marked in the last three verses, which we have not space to give here.

We were comparing his sea-scapes, or rather seashores, and while on this theme we must not miss his

lines on "Womberall," which place I drove out to see, with some difficulty, in those days, of getting a conveyance "just to see a bit of scenery," when visiting Gosford as a stranger. But as I had read "Womberall" then, I was determined not to miss it, and the recollection of it is very pleasant, and seems to bring one nearer to the poet in his work.

Kendall describes himself (or we draw that inference from his words) as picking up a shell somewhere near its native element; for it is still "glittering" and the companion of seaweed, and this shell awakens memories of distant Womberall:

Just a shell to which the seaweed
  glittering yet with greenness clings,
Like the song that once I loved, so
  softly of the old-time sings,
Softly of the old-time speaketh, bringing
  ever back to me
Lights of far-off lordly forelands,
  glimpses of the sounding sea.

Now the cliffs are all before me;
  now, indeed, do I behold,
Shining growths, and cold, wet hill-head—
  quiet pools of green and gold.
And across the gleaming beaches,
  lo! the mighty flow and fall
Of the fast in-gathering waters
  Thundering after Womberall.

Back there are the ponderous mountains,
  there the dim, dumb ranges roam—
Ghostly shapes in dread, grey vapours,
Half-seen peaks august with gloam.

There the voice of troubled torrents
  hidden in some fallen deep,
Known to moss and faint green
  sunlight, wandering down the oozy steep.

There the lake of many runnels
nestles in a windless wild,
Far among thick-folded forests,
like a radiant, human child.

These are the only verses I have of "Womberall." There may be more. Womberall, if I remember rightly, is not in any of his published volumes mentioned here. But I cannot be certain on that point, as I have not the volumes to refer to at hand. Perhaps there may be many new editions of Kendall's poems that I know nothing of, as I have not been in touch with any libraries for many years, and am writing from old recollections, which, for my purpose, I prefer to do. If I have been anticipated in my work, and so thoroughly anticipated as to make any information or "facts and fancies" I have to offer quite superfluous, all the better for Henry Clarence Kendall and his poetry.

PART III.

CAMDEN HAVEN.

After the Kendall lecture I was introduced to Mrs. Kendall and her brother, Mr. Rutter, and was invited to spend a day with them. It was then that I learnt from Mrs. Kendall and the elder children, Fred and Frank, about the poet's life at Camden Haven, as well as having received some details from other equally reliable sources. For some five or six years he resided at Camden Haven with his wife and children while in the employ of his good friend, Mr. G. L. Fagan, who had started a cedar business there and gave Kendall the position of trust as accountant and book-keeper. Camden Haven was a beautiful place, and there he led a very quiet, peaceful life, enjoying the society of his wife and young family, all of whom he was very fond.

There was nothing he delighted in more than taking all the children (those old enough to walk) wandering in the bush, finding the bushes that he liked the smell of when burning. He prided himself on knowing the best wood for burning. The black myrtle was his favourite, and he found the burning of gum-leaves also gave a delightful aroma. He knew all the trees and the scent of them. He was very fond of the scent of the wattle, and would talk to the children of all the different trees, giving their names and derivations. In his playful moods with the children he called the trees Mr. and

Mrs. Tree, and the Misses Tree, and Master Gum Tree, and Miss Wattle. He would come in and tell them the news that "the old Grandpa Gum Tree was felled the other day, leaving poor old Grandma Tree a widow." He used to like to think of those very old trees having grown old together, and he used to talk of those old trees, especially, to his eldest children, Fred and Frank. He would look up at the trees and call them "grand old trees"; and for those decayed with age he had a great veneration. He used to say: "They do not care what anyone says about them. They grow their own way, and laugh at the opinion of man." He gloried to see those old trees in their purely natural form. This reminds me to quote, as apposite, an extract from one of the works of George Elliot, which always came to my mind when reading, years ago, the various essays, reviews and criticisms published on the life and poetry of Henry Kendall, where, instead of confining themselves to doing full justice to the poet, they, in some cases, exercised all their skill and licence as critics of literature, to injure the reputation of the character of the man, in some cases giving praise (which they were obliged to do), as it seemed to me, "grudgingly and of necessity" as regards his work as a poet, but so intermingling this praise with reflections on his personal character as "a man among men" (as they interpreted it from the few comparatively defective portions among his many excellent pieces, admittedly, even by them, as "perfect of their kind,") that the result was, the general reader took often the impression of Kendall being a failure as a poet, because his career, in a wordly sense, was, in a measure, a failure. This I have known of, and where they, therefore, did not trouble to read his poems and judge for themselves.

Besides, many of the townsfolk, and the then rising young population of the cities, knew little of the characteristic features of Australian bush scenery, and therefore would not, perhaps, have recognised the wonderful faithfulness and vivid portrayal of our woodland beauties, in Henry Kendall's descriptions, without some true connoisseur in art to point out how the facile imagination

of the poet had "woven into verse" even the very sunshine of our favoured clime, and had attuned even the very leaves lying on a waterpool, or the pebbles embedded in the streams, to the undying music of the poet's verse. The general public of Australia have only, during the last ten years or so, awakened to the full realisation of the fact that our scenery, of its kind, is unrivalled in its beauty and its charm of novelty, which beauty and novelty the poet Kendall first illustrated, with the poet's pen, nearly fifty years ago. To use his own words, as applied by him to Charles Harpur: "The air is full of the sounds that have passed into his poetry. The hushed voice of far torrents, the low thunder of heavy, remote waves, the seaward travelling song of high mountain winds, the dialogue of leaf and bird, and the inarticulate melodies of running waters are all here." Yet how few, comparatively speaking, know anything of Kendall or his poetry; nor has there been any appreciable effort to present it in attractive form to the youthful population to inspire a genuine and ennobling sentiment of love of home and country, which is at the *root* of all *true* patriotism. But to return to the words of George Elliot, from which we have made so long a diversion. George Elliot writes: "It is with men, as with trees; if you lop off their finest branches into which they were pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over by some rough boss, some odd excrescence, and what might have been a grand tree, expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty; and the trivial or erring life which we visit with our harsh blame may be but the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered." Fortunately for Australia, the young poet's "best limb," as a poet, was not withered; however, at times, it may have been benumbed for a season, and to what "heights sublime" he might have risen had he lived longer (for he died when scarcely forty years of age or thereabout), we cannot tell. "Songs from the Mountains," his last publication during his life, was written and prepared for

printing while he was still in his 'thirties; and a few years after, ere he had time to prepare further literary work (for he had his duties to perform as Inspector of Forests, which was no sinecure, the duties of which position took up much of his time away from home, absorbing his energy, for he was naturally, a very delicate man), he caught a severe cold when travelling in the forest on his rounds as inspector, from which he never recovered, and he died shortly after.

Whatever he may not have written, he wrote enough and far more than enough, to have well earned the gratitude of Australia, and the gratitude, also, of England, the Mother Country, if she (England) is generously interested in our progress as a Nation among Nations. While the names of adverse critics and censurers are forgotten, his (Kendall's) name has still held its unrivalled position among those who have essayed to become poets under the Southern Cross, as "Australia's Sweetest Singer," and "The Father of Australian Poetry." There was no attempt to place him in a position where he could have followed his natural bent for poesy, so unmistakably evident, and so distinctly stamped with the unique mark of original genius as opposed to mere imitative talent, that there is little excuse for God's gift to a nation (in his case), having been regarded indifferently and left to perish if it would.

No professor of literature, no system of education, no school, no college, no university can *make* a poet. That is a gift to a nation that man has no hand in. But man can destroy the human instrument endowed by the Creator with the spiritual fire of the poet's soul. He can still the lyre for this world, whatever may be the conditions for the poet when he shall have "crossed the waters" to "the bourne from whence no traveller returns." But man does this at his own peril, spiritually, and at a nation's loss, not only spiritually, but intellectually and morally. We, as a nation, are at present under a blight in that respect, for where is the man among our public men, who is evidence in himself that "God is never left without a witness among His people?"

CAMDEN HAVEN.

At Camden Haven Kendall found consolation in thinking that the forest trees, at least, could live their own life as Nature alone dictated.

A patch of beautiful green on the river bank was his delight. He *loved* the rivers, and he did "so like" to go into all the nooks and corners of the winding streams. He used to go out with his wife and children in a boat: and there was a bright green spot on the banks that grew greener there than at any other part. He used to look out for that, on every one of their numerous little excursions. Mrs. Kendall and the children got so accustomed to it that they took no notice of it; but to him it seemed ever a fresh delight—"a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." It used to amuse Mrs. Kendall and the boys to see "Pa" so zealous not to miss another view of "that green patch," as the boys called it.

There were two immense trees about a hundred yards from the river, of which he always spoke as "Grandpa" and "Grandma" to the little ones. He also used to show the children the different mosses, and collect old, forsaken birds' nests, to give them: but was very solicitous not to disturb a nest that was occupied. The birds he was most interested in were the curlew, the bell-bird, the mopoke, the whip-bird, and the cat-bird. He would often, after his walks, come home laden with ferns: and whenever he found a tree-fern the children would have to go out with him to inspect it.

Among ferns, the maiden-hair was his special pet, and leaves on a waterpool, and water lilies or water blooms of any kind, were never objects of indifference to his keenly observant eyes in all that partook of the woodlands. Waterpools of even a very small and shallow nature, in Australian-bush scenery, often form very pretty sketches, especially with a flash of sunlight on one part and the shadow of foliage on the other. Kendall writes "Where the waterpools glisten" in one of his poems, and he often pictures, in his verses, what many perhaps, have thought of before reading his poetry. Any (even very observant and aesthetic in taste) would never.

lover of Nature will find his "pleasure in the pathless woods," and his "rapture in the lonely shore" doubly enhanced by the study of Kendall's poetry; and will discover new beauties both in the woods themselves and in the "songs" of our "Son of the Woods."

Of garden and cultivated flowers the heliotrope was one of his special favourites, and the ivy, or any plant that had a clinging tendency. But wild flowers, ferns, mosses, forest-leaves and trees were more dear to him than any cultivated plant, though it were the choicest and rarest exotic. He called himself "Son of the Woods," and it was certainly a most appropriate term applied to him both as a man and as a poet. His wife said of him that "he would have lived in a humpy, with the trees, if he had his way."

> "Singer of songs of the hills—
> Dreamer, by waters unstirred,
> Back in a valley of rills,
> Home of the leaf and the bird."

So our "Son of the Woods" writes of himself; and it is interesting to trace, in the characteristics of the every-day life of the man (when he was in his native element) some of the sources of the intellectual graces of the poet.

We of Australia needed just such a poet to weave the beauties of our country into verse, and yet one of the sorest complaints of certain critics against him as a poet was, that he did this—and most excellently, beyond anticipation—instead of using his poetic genius to portray "human feeling, passion and sentiment," which it was not necessary to be born and bred in Australia to do, and would have been no use, actually, as literature to refer to for any patriotic purpose in far-future years. Henry Kendall was just the poet for Australia when Henry Kendall first presented his works to the Australian public; and had we been then more advanced as a nation, that fact would have been more generally recognised, as it will be, undoubtedly, in the future. His poetry should live in the minds of the Australian people,

mingling with their thoughts and memories of Australian sights and sounds.

It cannot always be comparatively shelved; and the sooner it is more in evidence and presented to the public in an attractive form, the better for Australia. How beautifully his poems might be illustrated with our wild flowers, our trees, our birds, our forest leaves, mountains, rocks and sylvan scenes, and all the lovely coastal views side by side with his exquisite verses. How dull we are, and how slow, to make the most of the riches that have been showered upon us by a bountiful Providence, to grace "our fair young land."

Is it not humiliating to the Australian, that when we want some ornamental book of poetry for a gift, we must seek some American author, or English, or Scotch poet, while our own remains unread, unknown except to the favoured few who have chanced to come into touch with Australian poetry? It is now commonly admitted that our scenery is beautiful, our wild flowers exquisite, our birds as varied as they are lovely in plumage, our sunshine a glory in itself, our sands golden, our very air glittering—the sky so bright and clear above us, the sea so "beautifully blue" around us; and all this wealth of Nature has been sung, as only the poet can sing, in lyrics of surpassing sweetness and melody. Yet we have Shakespearian memorials and Burns' centenaries, etc., etc.; but Henry Clarence Kendall's bust in the University and monument in the Waverley Cemetery is about all that the general public knows about the poet of our own land.

There were three mountains, "The Three Brothers" they were called, at least by Kendall, being all the same size, at Camden Haven, in sight of the house. The sun used to rise over these mountains, and Kendall used to talk about them and call them North, South and West; but it was not explained to me why he so named them.

His wife said he was like a pussy cat for sun. He loved the cheering comfort of sunshine, and used to stand against the post in the verandah at Camden Haven, in view of the mountains, resting (a halfpenny clay pipe and

tobacco his comfort) and thinking, when he was engaged over a poem. He would sometimes write for hours. But his best things were often written in the snatches of time between his services (for he was a book-keeper and accountant for Mr. Fagan at the time he was preparing his volume published as "Songs from the Mountains"; and in the midst of his compositions he was often called away on his duty in that capacity.

He naturally liked to be quiet when he was writing; and when seriously engaged in that way the children had to be sent out all day.

When composing some of his poetry he used to walk up and down crooning and murmuring and speaking not above a whisper; and sometimes he would be walking up and down for hours murmuring to himself and absent-minded to all else; or he would wander in the bush by the twilight in reverie.

He would read his poems (in the course of composition, sometimes) to his wife, who used to be called away from her domestic work; for there were young children and babies to attend to, and they were living in the homely way of the country there. When he was reading aloud he was very nervous of interruption; to use the words of his wife, "the air had to be hushed."

These little accounts of him in the privacy of his own home prove that the social and domestic nature was warm and glowing underneath his usual shynness and reserve when among new acquaintances.

His wife says (and who should know better) that he was peculiarly refined in his regards for the opposite sex, and of strict moral sentiment in that respect. He hated a bold woman, and, in his own words, considered that "anything less than strict morality between the sexes contaminated the soul as well as the body." One of his expressions was, "I hope you now see the wisdom of giving Delilah a wide berth; a man is not less masculine because he is chaste." In his poem "Lilith," his fear and horror of the woman of loose morals is therefore realistic, from his point of view.

In his despondent moods he always used to say "the public would look after his wife and children and that it would be a good thing for her (the wife) and the children if he were to die."

But when actually dying, perhaps, he was not so assured of this, for all his anxiety then was on account of those he was leaving behind, unprovided for.

That he was an affectionate father, and tender and thoughtful in his regard for their helplessness, there was no doubt, any more than there was a shadow of question as to his being a faithful husband, in the affectionate and moral sense of that word. His wife recognised all that fully; and his worst enemy had no opportunity of laying to his charge the frailty of his nature either as it regards what is termed the "moral" life of a man, or as it regards his most strict honesty and integrity of purpose in his business relations with his fellow men. In his position—a position of trust at Camden Haven, and afterwards as Inspector of Forests when residing at Cundleton—he was conscientious in the discharge of his duties. Perhaps when he was Inspector of Forests at £500 per annum, had he been less scrupulous, and more careful of his own health, leaving those under him to do the more arduous work (for which his delicate frame was scarcely fitted, though he was a good horseman and fond of riding), he might have taken more care of himself and left the "sleeping out on the ground in all weathers" and general "roughing it" to others, and not have met his death so early in life.

But all these virtues, and the difficulties under which he wrote his poetry, some of his least generous critics passed over, even though admitting his genius as undeniable.

He was far too sensitive, himself, regarding his own shortcomings (if any) for others to have needed to remind of him of what would have been better for him, and all concerned to forget, especially after his decease, since there was really nothing on his part that needed our forgiveness, though much, that we should regret, in our general attitude towards him. He owed us nothing. We were, are, and will ever remain his debtors.

For his one failing or weakness (and for which there were many excuses) he bitterly repented; he candidly confessed; he was no hypocrite; he never spared himself the whip or the scourge; and for that, no doubt, he is now wearing a crown of imperishable glory in the higher world, where even the honour and reward due to intellect and genius will pale into significance in the light of "the supremacy of the moral sentiments."

AT CAMDEN HAVEN.

Not only was our "Son of the Woods" a good horseman and fond of rowing, but he was also a splendid swimmer, and could dive and tread water. He taught the children to swim in the river below their house at Camden Haven. Here the three youngest were born—Athol, Persia, and Roma. The eldest children then living, Fred and Frank, were, if I remember rightly, born in Sydney. As youths, when I met them, they remembered their father most affectionately, and told me their pleasant recollections of his pastime with them at Camden Haven, much of which has been repeated here almost in their own words; for they were both, then, intelligent boys (not at all shy), happily communicative, and seeming to take a very hearty pleasure in looking back upon those days with their father. There could be no question of his geniality with his children when not engaged with his writings, the success of which, financially, he was far more anxious about for their sakes than for his own.

His son Athol, or Atholston, was so named after King Atholston. When he was being "weaned," which was at Camden Haven, where the poet was then, as already stated, preparing some of his "Songs from the Mountains," Kendall, naturally, could not bear the crying of the child during the process of weaning, because of his nervousness; and Athol had to be sent away across the river to a neighbour's. However, Kendall used to walk across a shallow part of the stream on stilts, taking one of the boys on his back, carrying the milk in a bottle for the child, lest he should not have the very freshest milk.

His boys told me that he could walk splendidly on stilts, and often, to amuse them, he danced on them. Another thing which he did for their pleasure was to make bows and arrows out of the myrtle wood, and splice knots and slice them, having learnt the latter while he was at sea, as a youth, for two years, with his uncle, Joseph Kendall.

He was even so domesticated that he used to nurse the baby, especially Persia (called after the country of Persia), and he used to "hush" her to sleep. She was a sensitive and very precocious child, as a baby, and "walked and talked" when only very little more than a year old. She used to be much concerned when her father was obliged, sometimes, to go out very early in the morning before it was light. She would then say, "Pa has to go out to earn our bread."

The following are a few of the verses written on this little daughter Persia:

I have given my darling the name
    Of a land at the gates of the day,
Where morning is always the same
    And spring never passes away.

With a prayer for a life-time of light,
    I christened her "Persia," you see;
And I hope that some fathers to-night
    Will kneel in the spirit with me.

She is only commencing to look
    At the beauty in which she is set,
And forest, and flower, and brook,
    To her are all mysteries yet.

I know that to many my words
    Will seem insignificant things;
But you who are mothers of birds
    Will feel for the father who sings.

Like most lovers of children, flowers and birds, Kendall was also fond of domestic animals. The cat, especially, came in for his kindly attentions. He liked both

dogs and horses, but his favourite was the cat. This was how Master Fred and Frank Kendall, between them, told me all about their cat, in their own words, often in boyish chorus: "We had a big black and white tom-cat and Pa used to tell me he had a white shirt; and directly Pa got up in the morning the cat used to run to him and purr round him. Pa used to make Tom see that there was a tumbler of milk on the counter (that was Mr. Fagan's counter, just near their cottage, where he kept the books), and Pa would leave the milk in the bottle to see how Tom would get it, and would watch him walking over the account books. Tom used to put his paw in and then lick it. He could not get his nose in. Then Pa used to leave a trap for the cat, and watch him licking his paws; and when Ma would complain of the milk being used in that way he would say: 'Why should not the cat have it? Why should not the calves have the milk? What right, after all, had we to it?' "

He could not be unkind to anything; and he was hyper-sensitive about causing pain to a living thing, even a mouse; and he could not bear to kill one. He had so little of the destructive faculty in his nature that, when once there was a big black snake in the house, and his wife suggested putting it into the fire, he said, "No, they are warm-blooded; they feel." And he could not bear to give even the snake unnecessary pain. I forgot to ask the ultimate fate of the big, black snake. That snake, saved from torture by the poet, was an historic snake. It ought to have been preserved for the historical relics to be treasured, in future ages, in the museum that "is to be," at Canberra. According to Mrs. Kendall he smoked "a great deal too much," and naturally as he did that, he had not a good appetite, though he was very fond of tea and very partial to toffee. He did not like to hear any one talk about eating. If any one spoke at the table about what he "liked" or "disliked" to eat, Kendall would rise and leave the room.

Of fruits, he was fonder of the wild passion fruit than anything, and he greatly enjoyed grapes, though in one of his juvenile pieces of poetry he writes of his pleasure when he "sucked the soft pulp of the plum and the

peach." One peculiar taste was for the "gum" of the wattle tree. He used to go out and gather this, and was particularly fond of chewing it. He also used to gather the leaves of the sarsparilla and chew the leaves. When he was away from the children his thoughts were often with them, and in writing or sending anything to his wife he would ask her to kiss them for him, saying, "I love them very much."

All these little anecdotes are interesting as showing the genuine kindness of heart, tender affection and devotion in the domestic circle, as husband and father. And in his friendships we know, from other authentic sources, that he was equally sincere, constant and confiding in his affections, and as tender as a woman in his gratitude for kindly interest and faithful regard.

All these traits of character are those of a good man. And if, as Tennyson says, " 'Tis only noble to be good, kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood," then Henry Kendall, as a man, quite independent of his glory as a poet, has a claim on our respect, and is worthy of our love and reverence, besides having earned the right to have been our Poet Laureate, whether acclaimed that or not by the powers that have been and "the powers that be."

Kendall had a great regard for the aboriginals, the "wild men," as he called them in his poems. King Billy, at Camden Haven, was a special friend of his and used to bring him oysters. Some of the tribe gave him an oppossum skin, with which he covered the seat where he wrote his poetry. In return he used to give them tea and sugar. They all liked him. Different tribes used to come round, for there were many more of the pure aboriginals then than there are now, as most readers well know. He used to like to talk to them and go among them; and he amused himself with their replies to his questions. On one occasion they wanted to buy a saddle for eight pounds, for the tribe. Kendall asked them would they give one of their babies (piccanninies) for the saddle, but they answered in chorus, "No, no; too good, too good!" That these "wild men," as he called them in his poems, had their affections and their

passionate loves and griefs, several of his poems illustrate, as, for example, one of his earliest pieces, "The Ballad of Tanna," and again, "Kooroora," in the same volume, They seem to me appropriate figures, with their backgrounds of forest depths and wild, bush tracks; so I have placed them among his scenes of the interior. To one who has seen these "wild people" near their native homes—in the bush—(as I have done when very young and keenly interested in novel sights and scenes), the picturesque writings of Henry Kendall bring home to me the wonderful gift he had to sketch just such leading features of Australian bush scenery and Australian bush life as should preserve for us and for posterity, some imperishable record of its distinctive peculiarities and distinctive attractions and notes of interest and charm, before man's too oft destroying hand had marred or blotted out the land marks of Nature; which no mere human hand, whether that of engineer, architect or constructor in any way, whatever may be his genius in his own particular line, can ever restore to its pristine wonder, splendour or interest of whatever kind, as a natural phenomenon.

This is one no small reason why we owe a debt to Henry Kendall that we can now only very partially repay in giving his works their due, and placing them within the range of every school girl and school boy in Australia, presented in a suitably attractive manner for old and young, and where, also, our flowers, birds, forest trees, glimpses of creeks and rivers, mountain rocks and valleys, fountains, waterfalls, ferns and mosses would be represented in pen and ink sketches and in colours by some artists equal to the work. How interesting it might be made; how valuable as a work of art, and how instructive and inspiring to young and imitative talent. At the same time it would be the tribute to the memory of Henry Kendall far more precious to the spirit of the poet than any monuments of stone. Later on some of the verses of his boyhood will be given in which he ingenuously expresses the desire of his heart that his verses should be read, that we should know his country, our country, as he knew it.

The objection of one of Kendall's critics was that, however unquestionably beautiful Kendall's descriptions of Australian bush or woodland scenes were, "that they lost much of their attractiveness because one must see them in solitude." This was an absurdly unreasonable objection, as criticism. Had they been described as peopled, they would have lost the intrinsic merit of truthfulness; for the solitude of the Australian bush was, in those days, one of its most distinctive features. Kendall was not describing "The Homes of Merry England," nor its rose gardens; nor yet was he describing the homesteads of any thickly populated older countries.

The same critic gnashed his teeth at Kendall because he did not write of people instead of scenery, and also because Kendall had not his "bonny Jean," and was more in his element telling us of some glorious mountains, or hidden mountain spring, or wild, untrodden glen, or lonely shore of surpassing beauty, instead of raving, "I love thee," to some woman of superlative charms, imaginary or otherwise, that no one could ever see or wanted to see. Then, when poor Kendall, in an amiable desire to please these "social" critics, introduced Jim the Splitter and Billy Vickers, and Bill the Bullock-driver, exactly as they were in those days (and about the only society you would meet in the forest, and then only on the fringe of it), poor Kendall, for being faithful to what he was asked to introduce among his landscapes —human nature—was most unmercifully switched, right and left, by both friends and foes in the reviewer profession, that no wonder he looked up to the old unpruned trees of the forest and envied them their "natural bent," independent of what men said or thought of them. But sad as Kendall's life often was, in its "lopped-off branches," and all the "pruning" processes that he had to endure, it affords us one valuable lesson to remember in any walk in life where the wayfarer treads the plains "heart within and God o'er head," and that is, "Take no notice of critics." Be like the trees of the forest: "They do not care what any one says about them. They grow their own way, and laugh at the opinion of men."

The same critic who so lamented that Kendall had no "Bonnie Jean," and did not hold garden-parties in the depths of the forests, and knew nothing about mixed bathing on his lonely sea shores, and held no rendezvous in Ghost Glen, and never recounted the hilarity of a picnic party on the peak of a mountain, etc., etc.—this same critic, when reading Kendall's "Fainting by the Way," was quite confident that "the weak one" in that dialogue represented Kendall's own character, because written by him; unreasonably forgetting, so it seemed, that the heroic brother, cheering "the fainting one" on his way, was also the poet's creation, and might just as well be accepted by the reader as describing Henry Kendall himself as the other. But the words of the faint-hearted one, only, were given in the review referred to, thus giving the reader, who had no chance of familiarity with this or the other poems, an utterly false idea, and casting a sort of blight on this very interesting and, by some, much admired early production.

This unjust criticism, which appeared in a Sydney quarterly magazine some few years after the death of the poet, did much to stem the then gently rising current of popularity that might otherwise, ere this, have been more akin to a tidal wave than a current; for the few stray pieces of his poetry that had reached the public ear had pleased and interested many.

But the Sydney public were not then independent thinkers on matters of Australian art or literature as a rule, and Kendall's poems were not then freely on the book market. Besides, there were some envious of his fame, and willing that he should be neglected and shelved for the time being, if not almost forgotten, like Charles Harpur.

But though mediocrity may flash very brilliantly for the hour (and finds acquaintances readily among the vain and superficial), the celestial fire of genius is alone unquenchable, and Kendall's poetry, even among his detractors, was recognised as that which in the far future would be proudly claimed by Australia as inspired by her muse.

The Kendalls left Camden Haven for Cundleton as a place of residence somewhere about the time of his publication of "Songs from the Mountains," after which Sir Henry Parkes gave him the position of Inspector of Forests at £500 per annum, thinking life in the forest would be congenial to him. The family were residing there when Kendall contracted the severe cold that ultimately caused his death, which occurred while he was in Sydney, his wife being with him in his last illness; and it is said "he passed away tranquilly with his arms around his wife's neck." Mrs Kendall was a brave, courageous, energetic woman and faced her position, with a family of young children to provide for, heroically. Fortunately she had her generous-hearted brother, Mr. Rutter, to be a protection to her and her little ones in her first years of widowhood, and she had also the friendship and practical business help and advice of the late P. J. Holdsworth, who was one of the trustees, I believe, of the deceased poet. At least, I know he spared neither time nor energy to do all in his power in the interests of the poet as regards appreciation of his works, as well as the pecuniary interests accruing from the same for the benefit of the widow and the fatherless.

PART IV.

BRISBANE WATER, BROKEN BAY, THE HAWKESBURY.

The Hawkesbury, the favourite river of the poet, Charles Harpur, and called by some the Rhine of Australia, would become familiar to Kendall during his residence at Brisbane Water. Womberall, just out of Gosford, would then be no distance away. When he wrote "Womberall" I do not know; but his best writings, as far as I can gather, were, as a rule, written when living comparatively remote from the great cities. He had much the same special love for Narrara that Charles Harpur had for the Hawkesbury, speaking of it as "the river of my dreams." But "Orara" is, in the opinion of many of his readers, the most exquisite of all his river poems. Some one writes of "Orara" as "The ideal. It is the poet. Here we have the poet." We do not quote from these poems because they may both be found in his last volumes, no doubt, now easily procurable on the book market. But to return to the Hawkesbury, he writes of it:

"The strong shining Hawkesbury,
Spacious and splendid and lordly with blooms,
There, between mountains magnificent, walks bury
Miles of their beauty in green myrtle glooms,
There, in the dell, is the fountain with falls by it;
There is the cave with the hyaline halls by it—
Haunt of the echo and home of the dream."

He again refers to it elsewhere as the "home of many dreams."

The echo on the Hawkesbury, somewhere not far from Wiseman's Ferry, but in an off stream or winding corner of the river, is equal to the echo heard on the lakes of Killarney, Ireland, and reproduces every sound; the cow bells, laughter, songs, voices, are all here echoed and re-echoed as perfectly as melody is echoed on one of the Killarney lakes, especially, where the "guide" used to play on a cornet "The Meeting of the Waters," for the pleasure of the tourists hearing Moore's favourite melody returned to them by the surrounding hills in this mystical music. The great singer, Adelini Patti, in the Albert Hall, London, at the time of the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee, when singing "The Meeting of the Waters," imitated this echo with her voice, and it was simply enchanting. I had heard the echo on the Hawkesbury and the echo at Killarney, and therefore recognised the echo introduced in her song by the diva.

After Kendall's unfortunate experiences in Sydney and Melbourne, where struggles to make a living for wife and children by literature had failed disastrously, two much respected merchants of Sydney—the Fagan Brothers—knowing Kendall, gave him a position as clerk in a branch of their business at Brisbane Water, the Fagan family, generally, never failing to befriend Kendall in his extremities; for it was the Fagans of the same family who gave him employment at Camden Haven.

BRISBANE WATER.

It was while at Brisbane Water that he wrote several of his masterpieces—"Narrara Creek," "Mooni," and "The Voice of the Wild Oak"—which latter only of these three pieces are given later on; at least, some of its verses, for reasons already stated—the desire to dwell on those poems that have been comparatively neglected rather than on the works of his more matured years, or the pieces more generally read; because the latter would be more appreciated if read with the understanding of the idiosyncrasies of the

poet, and the early experiences of his child life and boyhood, which fostered them. For Kendall's character itself, apart from his writings (if one can seperate them) is a poem—a sad poem, it is true—but deeply interesting and a fine study for the psychologist. A romance writer in search for a poet-hero has his opportunity in Henry Kendall, but he would need to be somewhat of a poet himself (at least in feeling and sentiment) to make an effective use of his material.

As the personal disposition of Kendall and some of his many admirable qualities are occasionally being referred to throughout these essays, the circumstances under which he wrote his lines, "On a Baby buried at the Hawkesbury," decides us on introducing here these lines, which the sympathetic, gentle-hearted poet wrote and sent to a young mother in her bereavement.

Whether the poem, or the kind sympathy that actuated the poet in writing them, is the more beautiful of the two, it would be hard to determine. But the act shows Kendall in a light that must touch the driest critic. The verses in themselves are very lovely. It is not his own child, be it remembered; it is a stranger's child; and these lines were written specially for the young mother. Yet he writes with the all-embracing spirit of the poet, "We buried our bird by the river." The grief of another is his grief for the time being.

ON A BABY BURIED BY THE HAWKESBURY

(Lines sent to a young mother.)

The grace that was lent for a very few hours,
    By the beautiful Spirit above us:
She sleeps like a flower in the land of flowers,
    She went, ere she knew how to love us.

Her music of heaven was strange to this place;
    Her voice is a silence for ever;
In the bitter, wild fall of a sorrowful year,
    We buried our bird by the river.

But the gold of the grass and the green of the vine,
And the music of wind and of water,
And the torrent of song and superlative shine,
Are close to our dear little daughter.

The months of the year are all gracious to her,
A winter breath visits her never;
She sleeps like a bird in a cradle of myrrh
By the banks of the beautiful river.

A funeral on the Hawkesbury is peculiarly pathetic (as it seemed to me when I was witness of one during a visit there), for the mourners follow the last remains in boats. The splashing of the oars and gay laughter of the pleasure-seekers cease as the mournful train approaches and slowly passes down the stream. I am speaking of twenty years ago or more. It may be different now.

In the last few verses of "Names upon a Stone," which are written in connection with "Narrara of the Waterfalls," though not the poem "Narrara," he refers to his old friend Mr. Fagan, one of that family, who in the poet's direst necessity always held out the generously helping hand that gave Kendall employment and the means of providing for his wife and young family. He writes:

"A beauty like the light of song
Is in my dreams that show
The grand old man who lived so long
As spotless as the snow.

A fitting garland for the dead
I cannot compass yet,
But many things he did and said,
I never will forget.

In dells where once we used to rove
The slow, sad waters grieve,
And ever comes from glimmering grove
The liturgy of leaves."

He wrote this poem some years after living at Brisbane Water, and he continues:

> "But time and toil have marked my face—
> My heart has older grown,
> Since in the woods I stooped to trace
> Our names upon a stone."

In recalling his friend Mr. Fagan, referred to in the above verses, he writes:

> "I wonder if the leaves that screen
> The rock pool of the past
> Are yet as soft and cool and green
> As when we saw them last.
>
> I wonder if that tender thing,
> The moss has overgrown
> The letters by the limpid spring,
> Our names upon a stone."

The more beautiful verses of the same poem are found in "Songs from the Mountains," or "Kendall's Poems."

The remarkable dog, Rover, of whom he wrote such a full description (true to life), belonged to the Fagans at Brisbane Water, so Mrs. Kendall told me. The Piccaninny, King Billy, Black Kate, and Lizzie, were all aboriginals coming about their residence at Camden Haven, and therefore found a place in the volume of "Songs from the Mountains," prepared partly while residing there. Billy Vickers, Jim the Splitter, and Bill the Bullock-driver, were all identities of the country places where he resided. If I remember rightly, Mrs. Kendall told me they were all in the neighbourhood of Camden Haven.

The adverse critic already referred to was also contemptuous, or took exception to Kendall having written some of these pieces at all, because the subjects did not please his aesthetic tastes, or were not handled, as he thought, in a manner to please the aesthetic taste. This was, it seems to me, in some degree narrow-minded and unreasonable. Kendall could not possibly address Black Kate or Lizzie as he would "The Muse of Australia," and

he could not very well poetize, in ideal verses, on the superlative charms and graces of Billy Vickers, who was not an Adonis or an Apollo; but these characters were all met in Australian bush places, and it seems to me that Kendall should be admired for his versatility in being able to deal in rhyme with subjects so different in form and colour from flowers, ferns, mosses, and such fairy-like ornaments of nature, to which certainly Billy Vickers, for example, could not very well be compared for beauty, grace or sweetness.

Bob, that he wrote about, Mrs. Kendall informed me, was a boy at Camden Haven (if I remember rightly), in the service of Mr. Fagan, and this young lad had at one time been on the *Vernon*—placed there as a homeless, friendless waif. These latter verses also are founded on fact, for the story of the "Cap," that so pleased the boy, really happened in Bob's life. This poem is a general favourite with Kendall's readers; all the other characters at Camden Haven the poet naturally sketched as identities of the place, and included them in the volume of "Songs from the Mountains" in the course of preparation while residing there. They all lived and breathed as human beings under the shadow of "The Three Brothers," and the mountain, in all its lordly, regal splendour (which the poet apostrophises in some of the finest lines that have ever been written in the Englih language), the mountain did not scorn to shelter these specimens of humanity, however objectionable the mere thought of them may be to the aesthetic tastes of critics of poets. Perhaps it would have been better (in the idea of "nice" people) if Billy Vickers could have been drawn somewhere "behind" the mountain, and poor Bill the Bullock-driver "bogged" in one of its valleys, and the Piccaninny ought not to have been born at all. But fortunately or unfortunately, poets are the products of nature, and they see nothing incongruous in nature's variety, even extending (where human nature is concerned) from the sublime to the ridiculous which Nature presents for their study. Critics are (as a rule) a very artificial crew; at least that has been my impression of them since I read certain criticisms on Henry Clarence Kendall and his poetry.

But some verses from "Bill the Bullock-driver" are in themselves the best retort to the criticisms referred to.

BILL, THE BULLOCK-DRIVER.

(A few verses only.)

"Through beautiful, bountiful forests that screen
A marvel of blossoms from heat,
Whose lights are the mellow, and golden and green—
Bill walks with irreverent feet.

The manifest splendours of mountain and wood
By Bill, like nonentities, slip;
He loves the black myrtle because it is good—
As a handle to lash to his whip.

And thus, through the world, with a swing in his tread,
Our hero—self-satisfied goes—
With the cabbage-tree hat on the back of his head,
And the string of it under his nose.

Poor bullocky Bill! in the circle select
Of the scholars he hasn't a place:
But he walks like a man, with his forehead erect,
And he looks at God's day in the face.

For rough as he looks he would shudder to wrong
A dog, with the loss of a hair;
And the angels of shine and superlative song
See his heart, and his deity there.

Few know him indeed; but the beauty that glows
In the forest, is loveliness still,
And Providence, helping the life of the rose,
Is a Friend and a Father to Bill."

THE POET'S DAUGHTER "ORARA."

The poet's second daughter, who also died in infancy, was called (like his first child) after one of his favourite rivers—"Orara"—a tributary of the Clarence. His poem "Orara," though long, should be read in full; for it is

intensely poetical, if one may use that expression, and not at all morbid in sentiment. If there is a vein of sadness, it is a sadness—

> "That is not akin to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles
> rain."

Mrs. Kendall told me where Orara was born and where buried, but that has escaped my memory. She did not dwell on her as she did on the memory of her first-born, the little Araluen, who died in Melbourne (the subject of one of the poet's masterpieces, published years after, with "Songs from the Mountains.")

BRISBANE WATER.

At Brisbane Water the nerve breakdown that had been gradually coming on (from his sufferings in Sydney and Melbourne, and disappointed ambition as a poet, for it was impossible to earn a living by that loved work) came to a climax. For some time he was unable to continue his duties as clerk in the employ of the Fagan Brothers. On his recovery he was therefore again for a season obliged to struggle hopelessly in the city for some means of living to maintain himself, his wife and eldest children. He again became very low down in despondency. It was then the Fagan family, a second time in his extremity, came to his relief by giving him help to earn a regular living in the calm and quiet of Camden Haven, as already described. Mr. Fagan was always remembered by Kendall with intense gratitude, and was referred to by him in his own eloquent prose, saying: "Mr. Fagan was the man who led me out of Gethsemane and set me in the sunshine."

The Fagan family were his friends, tried and staunch, from first to last. It is lovely to think of them. Such as these are the true saints of this world, reflecting Divine love.

THE VOICE IN THE WILD OAK.

In what eloquent phrases he refers to the Native Oak, which he writes of as "the widowed sister of the grove," and again as "The Niobe of Trees." On the strange, weird sounds coming from the fantastic forms of her "drooping foliage" he writes:

"Those high authentic syllables,
Whose voice is like the wintering wind
By sunless mountain fells."

In another verse he speaks of her as "That Elphin harp of the solitudes," which "reiterates its mysterious music year after year." These terms he applies to the Wild Oak when he returns to her after many years. His first verses on the Native Oak appeared in his first volume of Poems and Songs, his Juvenile Poems, and the second set of verses, perhaps more stately in rhythm, but not more interesting than the earlier effort, appeared in his volume, "Songs from the Mountains."

In the same volume there is also another poem going back to early reminiscences, of memories of the earliest years of his young manhood. In "After many Years" the last few verses recur to his first love:

"I trust that yet the tender screen
That shades a certain nook,
Remains with all its gold and green,
The glory of the brook.

It hides a secret, to the birds
And waters only known:
The letters of two lovely words—
A poem on a stone.

Perhaps the lady of the past
Upon these lines may light,
The purest verses and the last,
That I may ever write.

She need not fear a word of blame,
Her tale the flowers keep—
The wind that heard me breathe her name
Has been for years asleep.

But, in the night, and when the rain
The troubled torrent fills,
I often think I see again
The river in the hills.

And when the day is very near,
And birds are on the wing,
My spirit fancies it can hear
The song I cannot sing."

Kendall's memory and continuity of thought, allied to a delicate nature, made it very difficult for him to throw off in happy forgetfulness any past experience associated with the affections. When giving a sketch of the domestic life at Camden Haven, some slight reference was made to the seafaring life of the poet. He was two years at sea among the islands of the Pacific, with his uncle, Joseph Kendall, the owner of several ships. But it is noticed that he never referred to these islands in his poems; the only one of which that might possibly have been in some measure suggested to the poet's fancy by the strange beauty of the islands, is "Hy-Brazil," one of his latest. This is, of course, only a fancy of mine; but as those islands have been described to me, I could imagine the poet's memory of such scenes suggesting some of the lines of the poem named.

"There, indeed, was God's own garden,
Sailing down the sapphire sea,
Lawny dells and slopes of summer,
Dazzling stream and radiant tree!
Out against the hushed horizon—
Out beneath the reverent day
Flamed the wonder on the waters—flamed
And flashed and passed away."

He only once, we are told, reached the northern hemisphere at Yokohama, and at the end of the two years he gave up the sea, and never again left the shores of Australia, so that in every sense of the word he was an Australian poet. He had a painter's eye for landscape, but the only scenes he cared to paint were those of Australia. He had a musician's ear for melody, but the only music he studied was that which would enable him to sing of the beauties, the pathos, some of the tragedies, and all the glories of Australia. And in what he has written he will remain unrivalled, for the scene is changed, even as he foresaw it would be changed when his genius was simply budding. He took time by the forelock and concentrated his attention to his country's natural features. He was true to his mission; he fulfilled his destiny; he gave undying verse to the typical features of the Australian forests, now fast disappearing, and to its mountains, shores and woodland treasures as they were then. Though they, too, are changing so rapidly, that were the poet to return to the scenes he has himself so vividly depicted, he would soon have reason to say, "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."

PART V.

MR. LIONEL MICHAEL.

After giving up the seafaring life with his uncle at sixteen years of age, he entered the office of Mr. Lionel Michael, a solicitor at the Clarence River, in order to study for the law. Mr. Michael, fortunately for Kendall's literary ambitions, was a highly cultured man of poetic tastes and some ability in versification. He therefore soon recognised the lad's talents and allowed him the use of his extensive library, well supplied with the works of all "the laurelled throng." We are informed that Kendall always regarded the few years he spent with Mr. Michael as his training school for literary work, and it was while there that he began, in a very humble way at first, to get his poems into print in small papers, etc., until, emboldened by his moderate successes, he sent some to the Sydney papers, where he eventually gained recognition in the columns of the "Empire," then edited by Henry Parkes, before Parkes actually entered the political arena as a candidate for election to Parliament. It was in this way that Kendall first became acquainted with the poet Charles Harpur, and also the talented Deniehy, of whom he wrote some verses in memorium on the passing away of that brilliant writer.

He writes on Daniel Deniehy:

Take the harp, and very softly for our brother touch the strings—
Wind and wood shall help to wail him, waves and mournful mountain springs.

Then in another verse he continues:

"Other voices, sweeter voices, shall lament him year by year—
Though the morning finds us lonely
Though we sit and marvel here."

In this poem he speaks of his friend as having—

"Suffered all the poet's pain;
Dying, with the dead leaves round him—hopes which never grew again."

Deniehy, like Charles Harpur, helped the young poet by his encouragement. But like all the more brilliant writers of the early days of Australian literature, he was not successful in a worldly sense.

Kendall, after all, on the "troubled sea of life," braved the storm more successfully than any of them in one sense; for the works of his hand and brain are with us still, however comparatively neglected.

It was, I believe, after meeting Harpur and Deniehy that Kendall made a little packet of his juvenile poems and sent them to England for critical opinion, with the favourable result of their being well spoken of, "The River and the Hill" and "Ghost Glen" being two of the ones selected for publication in the "Athenæum." This decided the young poet to publish his first volume, "Poems and Songs" (given, many of them, in these essays later on), which publication, though not a pecuniary success, brought him more prominently into the notice of a select circle of those interested at that time in the progress of Australian literature. It also secured him the position in the civil service (already alluded to in preceding chapters) given him by the then Premier of New South Wales, Sir John Robertson, when (at about twenty-three or twenty-four) he married.

This reminds us of a sonnet he wrote called "Clari," which concluded his first collection of poems and songs, and shows him beginning to be critical as to "the fair one" he would make his wife.

CLARI.

"Too cold, O my brother, too cold for my wife,
Is the beauty you showed me this morning.
Nor yet have I found the sweet dream of my life,
And good-bye to the sneering and scorning.
Would you have me cast down in the dark of her frown,
Like others who bend at her shrine;
And would barter their souls for a statue-like face
And a heart that can never be mine—
That can never be thine or mine?

Go after her, look at her, kneel at her feet,
And mimic the lover romantic—
I have hated deceit, and she misses the treat
Of driving me hopelessly frantic.
Now watch her as deep in her carriage she lies,
And love her, my friend, if you dare;
She would wither your life with her beautiful eyes
And strangle your soul with her hair,
With a mesh of her splendid hair.

As "Ghost Glen," though an early poem, was not included in his first publication, we do not introduce it here; but prefer "The River and the Hill" as more in harmony with the general tone of the selections under study. It is an allegory that seems very appropriate to Kendall's own stream of poetry, that flowed on so long, meeting no adequately warm response from the general public. Yet, as he wrote it before he was nineteen, he had not then any actual experience of the cold indifference that the "River" met from the "Senseless Hill."

THE RIVER AND THE HILL:

The Roses.

"And they shook their sweetness out in their sleep
O'er the brink of that beautiful stream;
But it wandered along, with a wearisome song,
Like a lover that walks in a dream.
So the roses blew,
When the winds went through,
In the moonlight so white and so still;
But the river, it beat,
All night at the feet
Of a cold and flinty hill—
Of a hard and senseless hill.

I said we have often showered our loves
Upon something as dry as the dust;
And the faith that is crost, and the hearts that are lost—
Oh! how can we willingly trust?
Like the stream which flows,
And wails as it goes,
Through the moonlight so white and so still,
To beat, and to beat, all night at the feet
Of a cold and flinty hill—
Of a hard and senseless hill.

River! I stay where the sweet roses blow,
And drink of their pleasant perfume;
Oh, why do you moan, in this bleak world alone,
When so much affection here blooms?
The winds wax faint,
And the moon, like a saint,
Glides over the waters so white and so still;
But you hear me and beat all night at the feet
Of that cold and flinty hill—
Of that hard and senseless hill!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Of all "the laurelled throng" Alfred Tennyson was Kendall's favourite. And Kendall's face, as a young man, much resembled Tennyson's (that is, there was a striking likeness), though, perhaps, if analysed, the features would be very different. I have never seen either of these poets in life, though almost equally familiar with the works of both these masters of verse. I speak from the likeness of their photographs at a certain age—Kendall's when quite young, and Tennyson's when not old. But as it regards their poetry, though the metre of "Locksley Hall" is sometimes employed very happily by Kendall in some of his earlier poems, the manner in every other respect is quite different. They are not at all similar except in purity of taste and sentiment—the elder son of song being, of course, more matured and the very nature of his themes requiring more "stately" treatment. Tennyson was not a "Son of the Woods." There would be no work for a Son of the Woods in England as a poet, and all those attempted "comparisons" of Kendall with other poets was unreasonable. The subjects of his poetry are so different in a world which he has pictured in his own absolutely original way.

Indeed, to compare one poet with another and to think we pay a compliment to a poet when we say he is like some other poet that is much admired, is always a mistake. Every poet has his own particular charm, and we don't want that special charm duplicated by another. It would then cease to be a charm. The soul of genius is creative—not imitative. These are truisms, yet we sometimes forget them.

THE LATE P. J. HOLDSWORTH.

Knowing of Kendall's attachment to his friend and brother-poet, the late P. J. Holdsworth, I very much regret that I have no volume near me of Mr. Holdsworth's, and, strange to say, I have never had the opportunity of reading (to my knowledge) any of his writings on Henry Kendall, which, however, I have heard spoken of admiringly, many years ago, by those whose judgment com-

manded respect. I have only two selections here which may give the, as yet, uninitiated reader of Australian poetry some idea of his style in short pieces; though I should imagine that Mr. Holdsworth excelled in prose, or at least in blank verse rather than in the more ordinary measures employed in versification. I also regret the lack of any verses of Charles Harpur's to introduce here. However, if "The Vision of Mirza," by Addison, foreshadows the Land of the Hereafter, Charles Harpur, Henry Kendall, and P. J. Holdsworth may possibly be, even now, re-united as kindred spirits, in some Amaranthine bower among "the islands of the blessed."

The following verses were kindly given to me, in type, by the author, some short time before he left the Forestry Department. I believe he had just composed them—that is, the three first verses of the poem. Whether they were ever published after, I do not know. The last verse formed the concluding lines of a small volume of poems he published some few years after the death of Henry Kendall, more, I think, for presentation among his friends and acquaintances than for general circulation. The volume kindly presented to me by the author at the time, I unfortunately lost while travelling. The following verses may possibly never have been published, and may therefore interest the curious reader, though not perhaps the best selection that might be made from the works of that accomplished writer.

In times like the present, brainy men like Mr. Holdsworth, apart from his literary attainments, would have been useful in public life; for he was straightforward and public-spirited, as I remember him, before he left the civil service. I never again met him afterwards, for I was much away from Australia.

QUIS SEPERABIT.

P. J. Holdsworth.

"All my life's strange years had been stern and sterile:
I stood like one whom the storms blow back:
As with shipmen whirled, through the straits of peril,
So, sharp foes menaced my every track.

But I steeled my soul to a strong endeavour,
I bared my brows as the fierce strokes fell:
And I said to my heart, "Hope on, hope ever—
Have courage, courage, and all is well."
Then bright as the blood in the heart's rich chalice,
O, Blossom, Blossom, you came from afar,
And Life chimed Love, till the world's loud malice,
Shrilled to the edge of our uttermost star.
And I cried, on me let the rough storms hurtle;
The dense clouds gather and shroud my sun,
But you shall be queen where the rose and myrtle
Laugh with the year till the year is done."
So my dreams fell dead and the fluctuant passion,
The stress and strain of the past re-grew;
The world smiled on in its wayward fashion—
But earth reeled—worthless, because of you—
In the Lake of Tears which my grief discovered
I laid dead love with a passionate kiss,
And over those soundless depths has hovered
The tender wraith of that banished bliss.
Heart clings to heart: let the strange years sever
The fates of two who had met—to part;
Love's strength survives, and the harsh world never
Shall crush the passion of heart for heart.
For I know my life, though it droop and dwindle,
Shall leave me love till I fade and die,
And when, hereafter, our souls rekindle,
Who shall be fonder—you or I?"

Whether the late P. J. Holdsworth was regarded as a poet, in the full acceptation of that title to esteem, by his contemporary men of letters, I do not know; nor am I sufficiently familiar with his writings to form any judgment for myself. But as I recall to memory his thought for another, in his tender solicitude for the cause of his deceased friend Henry Kendall, as already related (in connection with my first interview with him) in the introductory chapters of this Essay, I know that the heart of the poet was "all there," and I have the same idea of what is "only noble" as Tennyson—the desire to spare another pain is always a desire that has no "grain of dross" in it, and is therefore wafted heavenward to be

recorded in the Book of Life. Let us hope that the "Straits of Peril" were safely crossed, and have given place to a haven of calm and peace—"the peace that passeth understanding"; and that the "sharp foes" and their "fierce strokes" are long since forgotten—forgotten and forgiven "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Another short extract from the same author, P. J. Holdsworth, illustrating his patriotic sentiment and his loyalty to the Mother Country, may be appropriately given here:

ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA.

"Also, we will make promise—so long as the blood endures—
I shall know that your good is mine;
Ye shall know that my strength is yours;
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That our house stands together, and the pillars do not fall."

In Mr. P. J. Holdsworth's referenee to Armageddon, one might infer that he takes the materialistic view of "that last great fight of all," as a war of nations against nations. Some believe that it will be a fight between the forees of good and evil for the suprmacy of good, and if so, in that last great fight there will be no "trench" for prejudiee; no "shelter" for self-interest; no "glory" for mere empire. The fight will be for a kingdom, but it will be for a spiritual kingdom—the Kingdom of God. And the side that does not fight for that will "go under," like the "house built upon sand;" "and great will be the fall thereof."

If Victor Hugo is a true prophet: "In the twentieth century war will be dead. For all, there will be but one country; that country the whole earth. For all there will be but one hope; that hope the whole heaven." He continues: "Have faith then; and let us realise our equality as citizens, our fraternity as men, our liberty in intellectual power. Let us not only love those who love us, but those who love us not. Let us learn to benefit all men. Then,

every thing will be changed; truth will reveal itself; the beautiful will arise; and the Supreme Law will be fulfilled.''

Another poem, just come to hand, of Mr. Holdsworth's may be appreciated by some readers. Mr. Holdsworth was undoubtedly broad-minded intellectually, and generous in sentiment. He was that as a man, personally, and not merely in his writings. If any very serious failure ever came into the life of such a man, I, for one should be inclined to think there was something radically wrong in the community in which he lived. I remember, some few years before I met Mr. Holdsworth, he was pointed out to me by an old sage (from a window in Hunter Street) as ''one of Australia's most promising sons.'' His words were, pointing to Mr. Holdsworth, who was at that moment about to enter the ''Herald'' office: ''There goes one of the noblest men I have seen in Australia. That is a man who has such a naturally fine disposition that he might be ''a law unto himself'' and not go far astray. Yet that was the man who after years of most efficient and faithful service to the State as a civil servant, was sent adrift to seek a livelihood in ''fresh fields and pastures new,'' and I know that he felt it most keenly, for it was about the time he anticipated that upheaval in his life that I happened to meet him again. It was, I believe, the Carruthers Ministry that had the ''distinction'' (rather opposite to that of Sir Henry Parkes' policy) of dismissing from the civil service a then much respected citizen of recognised talent and ''broad public spirit.''

P. J. Holdsworth writes of Ireland in the famine year of 1880. These verses have the grace of warm-hearted sympathy, untainted by prejudice:

''What voice is this, which, wailing past the waters,
Rolls dirge on dirge of anguish in our ears?
What Rachel mourns, anew, for sons and daughters?
Mourns, with a mother's tears?
Joy's beams once brightened round her; but thereafter,
Grief whirled strange blasts, and now sharp woes have come;
What ails your ancient mirth, O lips of laughter?
What smites your music dumb?

Sobs mar, indeed, your face where beauties blended;
Sighs shake your voice of song, and, in your eyes,
Tears blot that brilliant light, once soft and splendid
As Heaven's own faultless skies.
Of old, your jovial jests made glad the nations;
Wit's radiant self hung raptured on your lips—
Who wrenched your lyric mouth with lamentations?
What clothed you with eclipse?"

Mr. Holdsworth was an Australian by birth. The poet, Lindsay Gordon, is misnamed "an Australian poet." He was neither born in Australia nor did he make Australia especially the theme of his muse. His masterpiece, "How we beat the Favourite," might have been written of "a horse race" in any country, and though his verses are all graceful, it is not fair to term him "an Australian poet."

PART VI.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE POET AT ULLADULLA.

It was the childhood of the poet that I dealt with, almost exclusively, when lecturing on Henry C. Kendall, as referred to at the beginning of these essays, and I have, therefore, purposely left that time of his life, and the poems descriptive of his childhood's surroundings and associations to the last, with the exception of such poems as are necessary to illustrate his aims as a poet, and to answer the requirements of a patriot bard. And following his history in this way, I think the reader will perceive my reason for doing so when he comes to the "finis." If there seems some irregularity in giving the chief incidents of a life-story backwards, so to speak, I hope it may be acknowledged that there is "method in my madness." The first time I ever thought of Henry C. Kendall it was as "the Patriot Bard," and I am at present working back to that statement, and endeavouring to prove it to be correct, though at the time I first said it I based my argument purely on the impression made upon my mind by the first reading of Kendall's lines "To the Muse of Australia," having no knowledge whatever of any of his other earlier or later poems.

Familiar as I am, at present, with all the published works that I know of, I marvel at the fullness and correctness of that "first impression."

Our "Son of the Woods" and "Australia's Sweetest Singer" are pretty terms, and appropriate, as far as they go; but Henry Clarence Kendall was much more than

that. And reader, I want you to recognise that it is so, when you turn the last page of this unpretentious little volume. For, as there is no "art" in my writing, no literary grace or embellishment to dazzle the judgment of the reader (as was the case in the adverse criticism of Kendall, particularly referred to in preceding pages), but, on the contrary, many weak points (in a literary sense) in my manner of expression (which you will pardon for the sake of its sincerity), it will be Kendall's worth that will win you to acclaim "our Patriot Bard," and

> May "Patriot and Patriot Bard
> In bright succession rise, our ornament and guard."

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE POET.

Including his verses descriptive of the scenery surrounding his birth-place, Ulladulla, and its neighbouring localities. And some of his juvenile poems not, so far known to the present general public, his first volume "Poems and Songs" never having had a second edition.

Though Henry Clarence Kendall was not born to affluence and never enjoyed the usual advantages for the acquisition of scholarship, he was not of rude or unlettered parentage. It was his father who gave him his first lessons in reading and writing, and related to him stories of Greek mythology, etc. But even these lessons, somewhat irregular, ended before he was eleven years of age, and we have no account of his ever having attended any school, but only that he got his education by reading and self-study, eagerly taking advantage of any opportunity for self-improvement. Perhaps this was rather favourable than otherwise to the development of his poetic genius, for Sir Walter Scott and other notable writers in the higher fields of literature knew no "school routine" in their tender childhood or their very earliest youth. As his father told him stories of Greek mythology he (Mr. Basil Kendall) must have been a man fond of reading and with a taste for classic literature: and this, in itself, would influence the impressionable mind of the then poet-embryo.

In one of his earliest verses he affectionately refers to his dead father's last resting place:

''In the depths of a forest secluded and wild,
  The night voices whisper in passionate numbers,
And I'm leaning again as I did when a child,
  O'er the grave where my father so quietly slumbers.''

He was born one of ''twins''; but whether the brother Basil, of whom he writes, was his ''twin'' brother, I do not know, and only infer as much from his frequent reference to that much-loved ''friend and brother'' as though they had been specially together in their childish years and very early boyhood. In his lines to his brother, Basil E. Kendall, he writes:

''To-night the sea sends up a gulf-like sound,
  And olden rhymes are ringing in my head,
  The many lilts and songs we sang and said,
My friend and brother when we journeyed round.''

From the same verses we learn that this brother also had the poetic temperament, for Kendall continues:

''Oft in trance I tread
  Those shining shores and hear you talk of fame,
With thought-flushed face and heart so well assured,
  (Beholding through the woodlands bright distress,
  The moon half pillaged of her loveliness.'')
Of this, wild dreamer,
  Had you but endured
A dubious dark, you might have won a name
  With brighter bays and fairer hopes
Than I can claim.

I believe I have heard that the ''dubious dark'' he refers to was his brother's death by shipwreck, and the words in one of his poems also gives that impression to the reader:

"GOD HELP OUR MEN AT SEA."

"Oh, never a tempest blew on shore,
 But that some heart did moan,
For a darling voice it would hear no more,
 And a face that had left it lone—lone
 Lone—a face that had left it lone.

I am watching by a frame,
 Darkened with the gusty rain,
Watching through a mist of tears,
 Sad with thoughts of other years;
For a brother I did miss
 In a stormy time like this."

If this refers to his brother it would probably be his twin brother, and the twin brother would be the Basil he writes of so peculiarly affectionately.

On the death of his father at the Clarence River, where the family had been residing for a few years, the children, five in number, were all scattered among relatives. As this happened when Kendall was only eleven years of age, the separation of twin brothers of such a nature—even only a partial separation—would be more than ordinarily painful to the affections of both. To such sensitive natures the family circle is especially desirable for their happy development. From A. Sutherland's interesting biographical sketch of the poet we learn that Henry Kendall's grandfather was originally a schoolteacher and afterwards a missionary in New Zealand, and on his retirement he was rewarded by the Sydney Government with a grant of land at Ulladulla, where some of his sons settled, one of whom was Basil, the father of the poet. He is said to have been a refined and gentle man, but not of that forceful character necessary, in those days, to success, in a pecuniary way, if thrown altogether on his own resources. After a seafaring life for some years he became very delicate in health. He had married a Miss McNally, the granddaughter of an Irishman who

had gained some distinction in London about the time of Goldsmith, in literary circles there, but whose fame was ephemeral. Basil Kendall's wife was said to have been very pretty in her young days, and she had inherited some of her grandfather's talents, though in a somewhat superficial way, or at least with no set purpose to utilise them. Henry Kendall, on the death of his father, was not with his mother, but was sent to live at Ulladulla with an uncle. So he was again, at a very impressionable age, in the midst of the beautiful woodland and coastal scenery that surrounded the home of his infancy, and the very earliest years of his childhood. As I have never visited Ulladulla, because it would probably be so very different from what it was in the childhood of the poet, I cannot do better for my reader, who may wish to have some knowledge of the surroundings of the poet in his earliest years, and the scenes that so impressed his first childish fancies and afterwards fed the growing imagination of the youth, than to give, verbatim, Mr. Alexander Sutherland's description of Ulladulla, as published by him in the biographical sketch already referred to, which description is in itself a fascinating picture and just forms the background best suited to throw into vivid light those specimens of Kendall's verses that we would introduce in this part of our essay, or series of essays. It may be necessary to explain that when Basil Kendall and his wife settled in Ulladulla the homes of people residing any considerable distance from the centres of population were often what we would now consider very miserable. Even a wealthy squatter, in those days, on first settling on a station, had sometimes for a residence what we would now regard as little better than a hut, though often made very cosy and comfortable (for a bush home) by the ingenuity and adaptability of the sometimes highly cultured occupiers. For sheep and cattle station life was, as many know, the almost invariable choice of the earliest colonists and their sons of the more wealthy and cultured classes, and it was not uncommon to find others, equally refined and cultured, but less wealthy, living in homes little better than bark or slab huts, even in the vicinity of small gradually rising towns.

The biographer of Henry Clarence Kendall tells us that "Basil Kendall and his wife were residing in a wretched slab hut on a farm called Hermington, near Ulladulla, in 1842, when there were born to them a pair of feeble twins, one of whom was the future poet. The spot where the infant first peeped out on a world that was to be to him so full of sorrow is now marked only by a mound and a stunted willow tree, all trace of habitation being long since gone."

"There, tread gently—gently, pilgrim—there
with thoughtful eye look round.
For there was the place of all others
where a poet should be born."

The biographer continues:

"When the boy was four years old the family removed to the Clarence River, where Basil Kendall died after a long and painful period of declining health. Henry had then seen eleven years, all of them years of poverty and wretchedness. They had little of the rosy charm of childhood, and as misery acts upon infancy as a forcing bed upon plants, the lad grew up precocious, delicate, morbid and solitary."

"He was always yearning—yearning
for a bliss unworldly;
Yearning for a brighter change,
He was always listening—listening—
For "The bells beyond the forest"—the voice
of distant streams.
He was always dreaming—watching—
Waiting and wishing—
'Did I hear a low echo of footfalls about
Whilst watching the forest trees stark?
Or was it a dream that I hurried without
To clutch at and grapple the dark?
I loiter by this surging sea—
Here by this surging, sooming sea,
Here by this wailing, wild-faced sea,

Dreaming, through the dreamy night,
Yearning for a strange delight,
Will it ever, ever, ever come to me,
By this surging sea,
By this surging, sooming sea,
By this wailing, wild-faced sea?' "

When it is remembered that he was born one of two delicate twins; that he lived a cheerless life in childhood; that in early youth he was fatherless, lonely and somewhat neglected; and thus, not only had Nature given him a constitution wanting in stamina, but that early unhappy experiences had assisted in fostering a morbid condition of mind, nervous, dreamy, sensitive and melancholy, we can understand both the physiological and psychological causes of that craving for rest—that weariness of both mind and body so pathetically expressed in his sonnet named "Rest," written in early manhood and published in his volume "Leaves from the Forests":

Sometimes we feel so spent for want of rest,
We have no thought beyond, I know, to-day,
When tired of bitter lips and dull delay,
With faithless words, I cast mine eyes upon
The shadow of a distant mountain crest,
And said, "That hill must hide within its breast
Some sacred glen secluded from the sun.
O, mother Nature! would that I could run
Outside to thee, and like a wearied guest
Half blind with lamps and sick of feasting lay
An aching head on thee. Then down the streams
The moon might swim, and I should feel his grace,
While soft winds blew the sorrow from my face,
So quiet in the fellowship of dreams."

Years before this, among his most juvenile pieces, in his boyish effusion he writes:

"My life is as dull as a sluggish stream,
Feeling its way through a world of dream,
For here is a waste of darkness and fear,
And I call and call, but no one will hear."

However, he enjoyed some bright, boyish, hopeful hours when he wandered, if not in reality, in imagination, with the large-hearted Annie with her gentle ways, whom he mentions "with sweet respect" in his juvenile fragment, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and to whom he refers in several other of his earliest lines, at the happy juvenile age when he "sucked the sweet pulp of the plum and the peach":

"So my life was complete and the hours that went by,
and the moon and the willow-waved waters around
Might have known that we rested, my Annie and I,
In happiness calm as the slumber of sound.
On Sundays we wandered as glad as the breeze,
By the rocks and the waves, on a glittering beach,
Or we loitered in gardens melodious with bees,
And sucked the sweet pulp of the plum and the peach."

It was even in these early days that he associated his future with poesy, when the youth's hope and self-esteem were in the first glow of their spring (alas! for the poet's happiness, they never ripened into full maturity), when he conceived the idea expressed in those lines so simple and yet how prophetic:

"The forest shall show me the secret of fame,
I said to myself, in the gum-shaded glen,
I will call every blossom and tree by its name,
And the people shall deem me a man of the men."

In "Bells beyond the Forest" again, but this time in doubt and despondency, he gives voice to his aspirations that he should be the poet:

Bells beyond the forest chiming—where
is all the inspiration now
That was wont to flush my forehead,
and to chase the pallor from my brow?
If the years of strength have left me, and my life
begins to fade,
Who will learn my simple ballads—who
will sing the songs I've made?

Remember, reader, this is the budding poet revealing his natural ambition that his singing shall not be in vain. It is one of the pieces given here not as a specimen of his poetry; none of the verses quoted in this portion have been, so far, given as specimens, but in illustration of the "trend of his mind" as a juvenile. In the poem, "Dark-haired Maid of Gerringong," there is again allusion to his future as a poet, in the words supposed to be spoken to him by the maid. She says:

"Oh, the fond and full belief
  That I yet should hear them hail you
    in your land 'a God-made chief!'
Oh, the eyes that flash upon me
  and the voice that comes along,
Oh, my light, my life, my darling,
  Dark-haired maid of Gerringong.' "

In his early verses "Waiting and Wishing," it is not the ordinary lady-love of the Rose Lorraine species that he is then thinking of, but in the last verse, where he says he "knows some gentle spirit lives searching round the world for him," it is the poet's longing for appreciation of the poet rather than love for the man, that his spirit is hungering for:

"I know some gentle spirit lives,
Some loving, lonely spirit lives,
Some melancholy spirit lives,
Walking round the world for me!
Searching round the world for me!
Will she ever, ever, ever hither come
Where the waters roam,
Where the sobbing waters roam,
Where the raving waters roam?
Overhead the caverns groan,
Gloomy ghastly caverns groan,
Will she ever, ever, ever fill this heart?
Peace, O longing heart,
Peace, O longing beating heart,
Peace, O weeping, weary heart."

And no doubt that gentle, lonely, melancholy spirit was walking over the earth for him—searching round the world for him. "Waiting and Wishing" was probably written before the "Dark-haired Maid of Gerringong" came into his life with her appreciative, hope-inspiring belief that she would one day hear them hail him in his land "a God-made chief," the acknowledged bard of his country.

THE SPIRIT MAIDEN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

The beauteous maidens of the boy-poet's romances were, as a rule, merely imaginary beings, more of spirit than of flesh, yet quite in harmony with the scenes in which they figured. For example, the mystical maiden of the mountains, who faded from his vision when the music that attended her presence ascended heavenwards "like the anthem of a saint."

In "Mountains" he writes:

"I would sojourn here contented,
tranquil, as of days of yore,
And would never wish to clamber, seeking
for an unknown shore.
I have dwelt within this cottage twenty
summers, and mine eyes
Never wandered, ere while, round in search
of undiscovered skies;
But a spirit sits beside me, veiled in robes
of dazzling white,
And a dear one's whisper wakens
with the symphonies of night;
And a low, sad music cometh,
borne along on windy wings,
Like a strain familiar rising from
a maze of slumbering springs.

And the spirit at my window speaketh
to my restless soul,
Telling of the climes she came from,
where the silent moments roll;
Telling of the bourne mysterious where the
sunny summers flee,
Cliffs and coasts, by man untrodden,
ridging round a shipless sea.
There the years of yore are blooming—there
departed life dreams well;
There the faces beam with gladness, that in youth
I loved so well;
There the songs of childhood travel
over wave-worn steep and strand,
Over dale and upland, stretching
out beyond the mountain land."

All this the spirit-maiden tells him of. Then he would learn from her the right course in this world, and questions her:

"Lovely being, can a mortal, weary of this
changeless scene,
Cross the cloudy summits to the land
where man hath never been;
Can he find a pathway through that
wildering mass of pines,
So that he shall reach the country
where ethereal glory shines;
So that he may glance at waters never
dark with coming ships,
Hearing round him gentle language,
floating from angelic lips,
Casting off his earthly fetters, living there
for ever more,
All the blooms of beauty near him,
gleaming o'er that quiet shore?"

The spirit remains to listen to all this yearning of the poet's soul; and he continues:

"Ere you quit this ancient casement,
tell me is it well to yearn
For the evanescent visions, vanished,
never to return?
Is it well that I should wish to leave
this dreary world behind,
Seeking for your fair Utopia, which perchance
I may not find,
Passing through a gloomy forest, scaling
steeps like prison walls,
Where the scanty sunshine wavers, and the
moonlight seldom falls?
O! the feelings reawakened; O! the hopes of
loftier range;
Is it well, thou friendly being, well to
wish for such a change?
But the spirit answered nothing,
and I linger all alone,
Gazing through the moony vapour
where the lovely dream has flown;
And my heart is beating sadly, and the
music waxeth faint,
Sailing up to holy Heaven
like the anthem of a saint."

This is the young poet—the new-fledged songster; his soul is on the wing. He himself retained an affection for this piece, else he would not have been so rapturous when he heard, in his mature years, at Cundleton, the few lines quoted from it under the circumstances as described at the beginning of this volume, which "lines" will be given later on when again quoting from "Mountains." Some of the earliest readers of Kendall were kindled into interest in him by this same juvenile poetic romance.

"AILEEN."

A FLOWER LEGEND.

Aileen is another spirit maiden, a mystical lady led down from Amaranthine bowers by the wishes of the poet, whom he asks:

"Why vex me with delicious hints,
Of fairest face and rarest blooms;
You spirit of a darling dream,
Which links itself with every theme,
And thought of mine by surf and stream,
In glens and caverned glooms?"

He had previously been wondering why flowers grew "so near the shores of sea." He writes:

"I lay in calm; no leaves were stirred
By breath of wind, or wing of bird;
It was so still, you might have heard
The footfalls of the hours.
Faint slumbrous scents of roses filled
The air which covered me,
My words were low, 'she loved them so,
In Eden vales such odours blow;
How strange it is that roses grow
So near the shores of sea!'
A sweeter fragrance never came
Across the fields of yore;
And when I said, 'we here would dwell,'
A low voice on the silence fell—
'Ah! if you loved the roses well,
You loved Aileen the more!'
Aye, that I did, and now would turn
And fall and worship her!
But, O, you dwell so far—so high—
One cannot reach, though he may try,
The morning land and jasper sky—
The balmy hills of myrrh."

It is then he asks her "Why vex me with delicious hints of forest-face and rarest blooms?" The fair visit-

ant from Amaranthine bowers answers him and explains why "roses grow so near the shores of sea." She says:

> "Your wishes led me down
> From Amaranthine bowers,
> And since my face was haunting thee
> With roses, dear (that used to be),
> They all have hither followed me,
> The scents and shapes of flowers."

This is a poetic fancy of the origin of the wealth of wild flowers that (in those days) "fringed" our sea shores. The poet, in this little legend of the flowers, entreats the lady who brings roses in her train thus:

> "Then stay, mine own evangel, stay;
> Or, going, take me too;
> But let me sojourn by your side—
> If here we dwell, or there abide,
> It matters not, I madly cried,
> I only care for you."

But unhappily for the dream of the poet, Aileen was not so obliging as the spirit-maiden, Edris, of Marie Corelli's poet, Theas, in her romance of Ardath, where the spirit of Edris returns to the confines of mortal flesh for the sake of her poet-lover. Kendall's romance ends thus:

> "O, glittering form, that would not stay—
> O, sudden, sighing breeze,
> O, fainting rainbow, dropped below
> Far gleaming peaks of snow!
> And there a weary way I go
> Toward the Sunrise seas."

This piece, Aileen, is, to my fancy, a pretty little fantastic turn of thought, and once read the lines run merrily in one's memory whenever one views "the roses grow so near the shores of sea."

And in reading poetry one must remember all flowers are "roses" to the poet when he chooses them to be so. To him the rose is the emblem of beauty.

"DARK-HAIRED MAID OF GERRINGONG."

This shadowy form, though not a spirit-maiden when first introduced by the poet, comes in storm and rain for their parting vows of "constancy in spiritual communion," when she speaks those words of hope and prophecy that she yet would hear them hail him in his land, "a God-made chief." He describes the scene of their meeting:

"Rolling through the gloomy gorges comes
the roaring southern blast,
With a sound of torrents flying,
like a routed army past,
And beneath the shaggy forelands,
strange fantastic forms of surf
Fly, like wild hounds, at the darkness,
crouching over sea and earth;
Swooping round the sunken caverns,
with an aggravated roar;
Falling where the waters tumble,
foaming o'er a screaming shore.
In a night like this we parted,
Eyes were wet though speech was low,
And our thoughts were all in mourning
for the dear dead long ago.
In a night like this we parted,
Hearts were sad though they were young,
And you left me very lonely,
dark-haired maid of Gerringong.

Said my darling, looking at me
through the radiance of her tears,
'Many changes, O, my loved one,
we will meet in after years—
Changes like to sudden sun bursts
flashing down a rainy steep—
Changes like to swift-winged shadows
falling on a moony deep!
And they are so cheerless, sometimes
leaving, when they pass us by,
Deepening dolours on the sweet,
sad face of our humanity.

But you'll hope, and fail and faint not,
with that heart so warm and true,
Watching for the coming morning
that will flood the world for you.
Listening through a thirsty silence
till the low winds bear along
Eager footfalls, pleasant voices,'
said the Maid of Gerringong."

It is then she speaks those hope-inspiring words to the poet's ambition to be the bard of his country "a God-made chief."

He continues:

"And she passed away and left me,
rising through that dusk of tears,
Came a vision of that parting
every day for many years;
Every day though she had told me
not to court the strange sweet pain,
Something whispered, something led me
to our olden haunts again;
And I used to wander nightly
by the surges and the ships,
Harping on those last fond accents
that had trembled from her lips!
Till a vessel crossed the waters,
and I heard a stranger say,
'One you loved has died in silence
with her dear face turned away.' "

She again appears to him after her "passing," which he has thus heard of from afar. At first, he then half believes her beside him as in life. He says:

"Wondering that I am so happy, doubting that
you are so near;
Sure these eyes with love are blinded,
for your form is waxing faint,
And a dreamy splendour crowns it,
Like the halo of a saint."

Then he asks her:

"When I talk of what we will be,
and new aspirations throng,
Why are you so sadly silent, dark-haired
maid of Gerringong?
But she faded into sunset
And the sunset passed from sight,
And I followed madly after, through
the misty, moony night."

Then he calls her, and he tells us:

"She came not, though I waited,
watching through a splendid haze,
Where the lovely phantom halted, ere she
vanished from my gaze;
Then I thought that rain was falling;
For there rose a stormy song,
And I woke in gloom and tempest
dark-haired maid of Gerringong."

Whether the dark-haired maid of Gerringong was a purely imaginary maiden, or whether she was the ideal Mary Rivers, the pearl-like maiden of one of his latest poems, I do not know; but there seems to me to be a faint, far-distant echo of the old song in the new. Of Mary Rivers he writes:

"With the passing of our Mary, like a
sunset out of sight,
Passed away our pure, first passion—all its
life and all its light.
All that made the world a dreamland,
all the glory and the glow
Of the fine, fresh-morning feeling
vanished twenty years ago.

Girl, whose strange unearthly beauty
haunts us ever in our sleep,
Many griefs have worn our heart out,
we are now too tired to weep.
Time has tried us, years have changed us,
but the sweetness shed by you
Falls upon our spirit daily
like divine immortal dew."

The lines of "Dark-haired Maid of Gerringong" are not all given here, nor yet in "Aileen" has the whole piece been introduced.

Gerringong is on the south-east coast, not far from Ulladulla.

The young poet, even in his rhapsodies, retains his mental balance, and mingles reflective thought with emotion, reining in a frisky imagination. He never deceives himself as to these fair, radiant visitants in his hours of reverie, being other than the mere aerial creations of a dream, and these poetic flirtations with the ethereal residents of Amaranthine bowers were surely very pure, innocent and harmless. These daydreams and moonlight vagaries were, of course, before he had thought of or lamented the "passing" of Mary Rivers, or had seen the flower-like face of faithless Rose, or had basked in the genial, sunny good nature, warmth of affection and steady attachment of the generous-hearted and practical Charlotte.

Even in his most juvenile pieces where he is trying his wings, as it were, the aspirations of the budding poet are always aiming at the same goal—to be the poet of his country. Think what crucifixion of the spirit of anyone so organised (and so naturally gifted in that one line) it must have been to be obliged to divert his best energies from the work for which he was destined by his Creator—obliged to divert them into diametrically opposite channels, in order to earn a living, and a sordid living at best (comparatively speaking) ; for he was not adapted for any other life than that of a poet. The vulgar idea is that poetry is simply a luxury that we can very well do without, and that "writing poetry" is simply a kind of luxurious mental pastime. But the true poet earns his reward by "the sweat of his brow," as fairly as any field labourer does in the manual work which he regards as heavy-handed toil.

In another of his later juvenile poems, "Kiama," there is the expression of the same deep-seated wish of his heart "to be the poet"; and in this poem also he refers

to the wealth of flowers by the seaside, and he associated the passing gloom of the scene with Nature's distress at being "half-pillaged of her loveliness," for he writes in "Kiama":

> "Behold a mournful glory sits
> On feathered ferns and woven brakes,
> Where sobbing wild, like restless child,
> The gusty breeze of evening breaks.
> Methinks I hear, on every breeze
> A lofty tone go passing by,
> That whispers, 'Weave,'
> Though woodlands grieve,
> The fadeless blooms of poesy!
> A spirit hand has been abroad—
> An evil hand to pluck the flowers,
> A world of wealth,
> And blooming health
> Has gone from fragrant seaside bowers.
>
> The twilight waxeth dim and dark,
> The sad waves mutter sounds of woe,
> But the evergreen retains its sheen,
> And happy hearts exist below."

Here we have the poet's consciousness of his "gift" developing, and with this development the sense of his responsibility to use his gift in the interests of Nature's beauties, the perishing flowers, the rock-vines and the evergreens must be interwoven with "the fadeless blooms of poesy." This is a lovely conception, and is so thoroughly Kendallite. "Kiama" enfolds in its verses several graceful images. The poem is given almost in full further on, with another of his later juvenile poems, "Wollongong," both of which are well worth reading and re-reading independent of their intrinsic value as descriptions of those well-known coastal scenes.

"TO CHARLES HARPUR."

In his eighteenth or nineteenth year, having met Harpur, and having received the kindly sympathy and encouragement of the elder son of song, he again alludes, with more confidence, to his own future as a poet in his verses "To Charles Harpur."

The first verse has already been quoted in the first part of this volume, but is repeated for the completeness of the poem:

"I would sit at your feet for long days,
To hear the sweet muse of the wild,
Speak out through the sad and passionate lays
Of her first and her favourite child.

I would sit at your feet, for my soul
Delights in the solitudes free;
And I stand where the creeks and the cataracts roll,
Whenever I listen to thee!

I would sit at your feet, for I feel
I am one of a glorious band,
That ever will own you and hold you their chief,
And a monarch of song in the land.

I would sit at your feet, for I know,
Though the world in the present is blind,
That the Amaranth blossoms of promise will blow
When the ages have left you behind."

And probably the prophecy here may be fulfilled; for many lovers of poetry reading the few stray pieces of Harpur that came to hand by rare chance have regretted (as I do at present) that there is no collection of his poems in purchasable volume form ,unless very recently. His "Storm among the Mountains" and other pieces scattered over daily papers and periodicals of his days won him then ardent admirers who regarded him as Australia's first poet (which he certainly was, in one sense), being the pioneer, so to speak; and Henry C. Kendall does him this justice in the verses just quoted.

Kendall wrote in his usually generously appreciative style, always eager to give his tribute of admiration and praise to others, while only humbly hoping and "waiting and wishing" for himself. Charles Harpur and Henry Kendall were fast friends after once meeting each other, and we are told by his (Kendall's) biographer, Mr. A. Sutherland, that when they were not meeting personally they carried on a voluminous correspondence.

This correspondence, probably, would be most interesting to those who would study the psychology of the poet if they exchanged experiences of "personal feeling and sentiment" which those who are overflowing with the same (as poets generally are) are often disposed to do in their private correspondence with choice friends and boon companions.

But in Australia, psychology, even in the general sense of that soul study, has not seemed to appeal seriously, so far, to the minds of those who are leaders of learning and research. This is unfortunate, for it is a study that brings into active life and energy that specially noble faculty of the human mind termed benevolence, which views affairs human dispassionately and without prejudice, and which, in its beneficence is illustrated in Shakespeare's "Plea for Mercy" and in St. Paul's "Lesson on Charity," without which (as St. Paul tells us) we "have nothing." But those who think we can very well dispense with poets, also think (as a rule) that we can progress very well, either individually or as a nation, without charity—that is, at least the "charity that never faileth."

The following description of Ulladulla, the birth-place of Kendall, is borrowed from Mr. Alexander Sutherland's biographical sketch of the poet, published soon after his death, and already referred to in this part, which description enables one to see clearly some of the sources of several of the poet's sweetest verses. The reader of Kendall's poetry will find his enjoyment of these verses enhanced by familiarising his mind with the portrayal of that now historically interesting little corner of the south-east coast of New South Wales, which was the cradle, the nursery and the playground of the poet.

ULLADULLA.

" Between the coast ranges of New South Wales and the ocean there lies a long narrow plain, which at Ulladulla, about 160 miles south of Sydney, is reduced to only ten or fifteen miles in width. The neighbouring mountains seem to shut the township and its little harbour out from the world, and shelter the district so completely that the vegetation is of distinctly tropical character, and the scenery rich beyond description. Here the boy Kendall, escaping from an unhappy home, learnt to find his chief pleasure in the solitudes of mountain, of tangled forest, and of lonely shore. He wandered along the brooks that, tumbling down by falls and cataracts from the mountains, tossed and fretted with sullen murmur under the groves of palm, or down in dimly lighted gullies chafed round the roots, and over the prostrate stems of innumerable tree ferns. Or he followed the bell-birds deep into untrodden wilds, where palms and cedars and sycamores are densely interwoven with wild vines. Behind stood the mountains he learned to love, all furrowed with lonely gullies and precipitous gorges. In front, there was ever the dash of the greatest of all oceans, forming here, a charming bay, or silent lagoon, where the boy would lie for hours gazing into reflected skies, or there, a rocky headland where even in the calmest and sunniest weather, the sea beats upwards from the base in sheets of spray. Here he acquired that fondness for the loveliness of the Australian forest, which afterwards was a distinct feature of his character. And certainly no spot upon earth could be more fit to nurture a poet in his early days. In such a dwelling-place a temperament like Kendall's was easily moulded into poetry." In such a dwelling-place he first dreamed of the muse of Australia. In such a dwelling-place he first caught "a faint glimpse of her face, and her glittering hair, and a hand with the Harp of Australia."

MOUNTAINS.

As the home where he was born stood beside a little mountain stream, in a haven shut in by mountain ranges, these mountains would meet his gaze almost at every turn. How he loved those mountains! And in these verses, written while yet in his teens, how vividly he portrays them :

" Rifted mountains, clad with forests,
  Girded round by gleaming pines,
Where the morning, like an angel, robed
  In golden splendour shines.

Shimmering mountains, throwing downward,
  On the slopes a mazy glare,
Where the noon-day glory sails through gulfs
  Of calm and glittering air.

Stately mountains, high and hoary,
  Piled with blocks of amber cloud,
Where the fading twilight lingers,
  When the winds are wailing loud.

Grand old mountains, over-butting
  Brawling brooks and deep ravines,
Where the moonshine, pale and mournful,
  Flows on rocks and evergreens.

Underneath these regal ridges,
  Underneath the gnarly trees,
I am sitting, lonely-hearted,
  Listening to a lonely breeze ;

Sitting at an ancient casement,
  Casting many a longing look
Out across the hazy gloaming,
  Out beyond the brawling brook ;

Over pathways leading skyward,—
  Over crag and swelling cone—
Past long hillocks looking like
  To waves of ocean turned to stone ;

Yearning for a bliss unworldly,
  Yearning for a brighter change,
Yearning for the mystic Aidenn,
  Out beyond the mountain range.

Is it fair to the poet or the people to withhold these verses or stanzas from the general public ? They are our Australian mountains, and the writer of them is our Australian poet. They are just like our mountains, and there are no other mountains in the world *just* like them.

That part of the poem introducing "the spirit of the mountains" has already been given to the reader, where the hero of the piece speaks of himself as having viewed the scenes for "twenty summers," and when referring to "mountains," in his mature years, at Cundleton, as related in the first chapter of this volume, it will be remembered how, when in conversation, some one quoted a few words of the hero of the story, he rapturously asked, "Do you remember that, old man?" This was an evidence of his attachment to these earliest works, all of which herein referred to as "juvenile poems," were published when he was only nineteen years of age.

"Illa Creek," "Araluen" (the river), "Mountain Moss," "Moss on a Wall," and "Bell Birds" are later poems from his second volume, entitled "Leaves from the Forests," which he published in Melbourne, at the age of twenty-seven or thereabout. These verses are introduced in this portion of our essay, or essays, because they are (we are informed in Mr. Sutherland's biographical sketch, from which we have already quoted), "vividly descriptive of the coast where he was born."

"Illa Creek" is suggestive of a sweet, dreamy little tune, akin to the melody of the aeolian harp moved to music by gentle zephyrs on a sunny day, the waving of maiden-hair ferns, and the sweet twittering of small birds. If one believed in fairies one might easily fancy this as one of their favoured homes.

ILLA CREEK.

A strong sea-wind flies up and sings
  Across the blown-wet border,
Whose stormy echo runs and rings
  Like bells in wild disorder.

Fierce breath has vexed the foreland's face;
  It glistens, glooms, and glistens;
But deep within this quiet place
  Sweet Illa lies and listens.

Sweet Illa of the shining sands,
  She sleeps in shady hollows,
Where August flits with flowerful hands
  And silver Summer follows.

Far up the naked hills is heard
  A voice of many waters ;
But green-haired Illa lies unstirred
  Amongst her star-like daughters.

The tempest, pent in moaning ways,
  Awakes the shepherd yonder,
But Illa dreams unknown to days
  Whose wings are wind and thunder.

Here fairy hands and floral feet
  Are brought by bright October ;
Here, stained with grapes, and smit with heat,
  Comes Autumn, sweet and sober.

Here lovers rest, what time the red
  And yellow colours mingle,
And daylight droops with dying head
  Beyond the western dingle.

And here, from month to month, the time
  Is kissed by peace and pleasure,
While Nature sings her woodland rhyme
  And hoards her woodland treasure.

Oh, Illa Creek, ere evening spreads
  Her wings o'er towns unshaded,
How oft we seek thy mossy beds,
  To lave our forehead faded!

For let me whisper, then we find
  The strength that lives nor falters,
In wood and water, waste and wind,
  And hidden mountain altars.

This, to my mind, is one of the most exquisite poems that has ever been written, and for years of my life I was so familiar with "the laurelled throng" that I had streams of their poetry "trippingly on my tongue." Of its kind it is unrivalled.

ARALUEN (The River).

His favourite river, Araluen, is also described in exquisite music, though not the haunting melody of Illa Creek. The river Araluen was dear to him from affectionate association

as well as for its beauty if we may infer from his almost lover-like reference to his "friend and brother," for whom he seems to have cherished a most peculiarly tender affection throughout his life. It was, probably, in loving memory of his brother that in later life he named his first child, his little daughter, "Araluen," as well as after the river itself.

River, myrtle rimmed, and set
  Deep among unfooted dells—
Daughter of grey-hills of wet,
  Born by mossed and yellow wells.

Now that soft September lays
  Tender hands on thee and thine,
Let me think of blue-eyed days,
  Star-like flowers, and leaves of shine.

Cities soil the life with rust,
  Water banks are cool and sweet;
River, tired of noise and dust,
  Here I come to rest my feet.

Here are cushioned tufts and turns
  Where the sumptuous noontide lies;
Here are seen, by flags and ferns,
  Summer's large luxuriant eyes.

Araluen! home of dreams,
  Fairer for its flowerful glade
Than the face of Persian streams,
  Or the slopes of Syrian shade.

Why should I still love it so,
  Friend and brother far away?
Ask the winds that come and go
  What hath brought me here to-day.

Solace do I sometimes find
  Where you used to hear with me
Songs of streams and forest winds,
  Tones of wave and harp-like tree.

Ever more of you I think,
  When the leaves begin to fall,
Where our river breaks its brink,
  And a rest is over all.

Ever more, in quiet lands,
  Friend of mine beyond the sea
Memory comes with cunning hands,
  Stays and paints your face to me.

Those who knew the poet personally told me he always kept a very green spot in his memory for this river, and he evidently associated it with his friend and brother, even before he named his little daughter, "Araluen." He could not have possibly written more touching verses in memory of his brother than these ; and the inference is from some of the verses, that they rambled there together in their youth. I regret that when I had the opportunity I did not find out many more particulars about the origin of these allusions to his brother, which would probably have been known to those intimate with him in mature life. Araluen is in the Braidwood district, on the south-east coast of New South Wales, not so very far from Ulladulla.

MOUNTAIN MOSS.

Then comes next in sweetness, "Mountain Moss," as it is here in Australia. After reading Kendall, who would not like to have a peep at that moss in its mountain home ? Mountain Moss, and indeed all the tender woodland beauties, become endeared to us when associated with his verses. And surely that is the true function of poetry. The mind finds relief from the merely material cares of everyday life, and our thoughts soar into a purer and more spiritual atmosphere.

"It lies amongst the sleeping stones,
  Far down the hidden mountain glade,
And past its brink the torrent moans
  For ever in a dreamy shade.

A little patch of dark green moss,
  Whose softness grew of quiet ways
(With all its deep, delicious floss)
  In slumb'rous suns of summer days.

You know the place? With pleasant tints
  The broken sunset lights the bowers,
And then the woods are full with hints
  Of distant, dear, voluptuous flowers!
'Tis often now the pilgrim turns
  A faded face towaids that seat,
And cools his brow among the ferns,
  The runnel dabbling at his feet.

* * * *

O, greenest moss of mountain glen!
  The face of Rose is known to thee;
But we shall never share with men
  A knowledge dear to love and me!"

MOSS ON A WALL.

Kendall spoke of himself as "a son of the woods," and ever in the city felt himself a pilgrim, an exile from home.

This is touchingly expressed in his verses "Moss on a Wall." It is a pet poem, if one may say so. Burns' lines to a Mountain Daisy (though very different) are not more exquisite in their expression of benevolent sentiment inspired by a tender beauty of nature, than Kendall's words to the "little waif," the little "wilful wilding," the little stray-away from mountain and forest glen—Moss on a Wall.

Stoop closer to the ruined wall.
  Wherein the wilful wilding sleeps,
As if its home were waterfall,
  By dripping clefts and shadowy steeps.

A little waif, whose beauty takes
  A touching tone because it dwells
So far away from mountain lakes,
  And lily leaves, and lightening fells.

Deep hidden in delicious floes,
  It nestles, sister, from the heat—
A gracious growth of tender moss,
  Whose nights are soft, whose days are sweet.

* * * *

Oh, friend of mine, to one whose eyes
  Are vexed because of alien things,
For ever in the wall moss lies
  The peace of hills and hidden springs.

From faithless lips and fickle lights
  The tired pilgrim sets his face,
And thinketh here of sounds and sights
  In many a lovely forest-place.

And when by sudden fits and starts
  The sunset on the moss doth burn,
He often dreams, and, lo! the marts
  And streets are changed to dells of fern.

Mr. Sutherland tells us that all these verses on rivers, creeks, and mountain moss, and many other of his most beautiful poems "are descriptive of the place where he was born, and in his song entitled 'Bell-birds,' written in after years, he carries his reader back with him to the delightful scenes of his childhood."

BELL-BIRDS.

By channels of coolness the echoes are calling,
And down the dim gorges I hear the creek falling;
It lives in the mountains where moss and the sedges
Touch with their beauty the banks and the ledges.

Through breaks of the cedar and sycamore bowers,
Struggles the light that is love to the flowers;
And softer than slumber, and sweeter than singing,
The notes of the bell-birds are running and ringing.

The silver-voiced bell-birds, the darlings of day-time,
They sing in September the songs of the May-time,
When shadows wax strong and the thunder-bolts hurtle,
They hide with their fear in the leaves of the myrtle,

When rain and the sunbeams shine mingled together,
They start up like fairies that follow fair weather,
And straightway the hues of their feathers unfolden
Are the green and the purple, the blue and the golden.

October, the maiden of bright yellow tresses,
Loiters for love in these cool wildernesses;
Loiters knee-deep in the grasses to listen,
Where dripping rocks gleam and the leafy pools glisten.

Then is the time when the water-moons splendid
Break with their gold, and are scattered or blended
Over the creeks, till the woodlands have warning
Of songs of the bell-bird and wings of the morning.

Welcome as waters unkissed by the summers,
Are voices of bell-birds to thirsty far-comers;
When fiery December sets foot in the forest,
And the need of the wayfarer presses the sorest.
Pent in the ridges for ever and ever,
The bell-birds direct him to spring and to river,
With ring and with ripple, like runnels whose torrents
Are toned by the pebbles and leaves in the currents.

Often I sit, looking back to a childhood
Mixt with the sights and the sounds of the wildwood,
Longing for power and the sweetness to fashion
Lyrics with beats, like the heart-beats of passion.
Songs interwoven of lights and of laughters
Borrowed from bell-birds in far forest rafters;
So I might keep in the city and alleys
The beauty and strength of the deep mountain valleys,
Charming to slumber the pain of my losses,
With glimpses of creeks and a vision of mosses.

This beautiful poem is also an eloquently worded lesson in Nature studies, as are many others of his poems, even amongst his most juvenile productions.

These last five specimens from his volume "Leaves from the Forests," are, as he wished them to be (as expressed in his own "Prefatory Sonnets" to that volume):

"Not songs, like some, tormented and awry
With passion, but a cunning harmony
Of words and music caught from glen and height,
And lucid colours born of woodland light,
And shining places where the sea-streams lie."

THE SOUTH-EAST COAST.

WOLLONGONG.

"Wollongong," one of his latest juvenile poems, is a bright contrast to the melancholy lines of "Waiting and Wishing." Here he again refers to the wild flowers "so near the shores of sea," where he says, "the waters hurried seaward, fringed with ferns and forest flowers." And he also refers to his "boyhood's golden prime," and the brother's companionship.

"Let me talk of years vanished,
Let me harp upon the time,
When we trod these sands together
In our boyhood's golden prime.

Let me lift again the curtain
While I gaze upon the past,
As the sailor glances homewards,
Watching from the topmost mast.

Here we rested on the grasses,
In the glorious summer hours,
When the waters hurried seaward
Fringed with ferns and forest flowers.

When our youthful eyes, rejoicing,
Saw the sunlight round the spray
In a rainbow wreath of splendour,
Glittering underneath the day.

Sunlight flashing past the billows,
  Falling, cliffs and crags among,
Clothing hopeful friendship
  Basking on the shores of Wollongong.

Lovely faces flit before us,
  Friendly forms around us stand,
Gleams of well remembered gladness
  Trip along the yellow sands.

Here the gold-green waters glistened
  Underneath our dreaming gaze,
As the light of heaven slanted
  Down the pallid ether haze.

Here the mossy rock-pool—
  Like to one that stirs himself in sleep,
Trembled, every moment, at
  The roaring of the restless deep ;

While the stately vessels, swooping
  To the breezes fair and free,
Passed away like sheeted spectres,
  Fading down the distant sea.

And our wakened fancies sparkled,
  And our soul-born thoughts we strung
Into joyous lyrics, singing
  With the waves of Wollongong.

Low breathed strains of sweetest music
  Float about my raptured ears ;
Angel eyes are glancing at me,
  Hopeful smiles and happy tears.

Merry feet go scaling up
  The old and thunder-shattered steeps,
And the billows clamber after,
  And the surge to ocean leaps,

Scattered into fruitless showers,
  Falling where the breakers roll,
Baffled, like the aspirations
  Of a proud ambitious soul.

Far off sounds of silvery laughter
  Through the hollow caverns ring,
While my heart leaps up to catch
  Reviving pleasure on the wing;

And the years come trooping backward,
  And we both again are young,
Walking side by side upon
  The lovely shores of Wollongong.

This poem has its several graceful images, as, for example, where he speaks of the "mossy rock-pool," and, in the succeeding verse, likening the ships to "sheeted spectres fading down the distant sea"; Also in that verse which has already been quoted in an earlier part of these essays, where he makes a reference to disappointed ambition, "Baffled, like the aspirations of a proud ambitious soul." This verse, and indeed all the verses of "Wollongong," are brightly poetical and give us some idea of what *joyous* pieces Kendall might have given us had his earliest efforts been more generously appreciated and practically rewarded by his being allowed such remuneration for his work as would have afforded him the leisure necessary for the exercise of his natural gifts. I have often wondered at not seeing verses from this poem quoted, or referred to in any way, in many of the reviews giving specimens of Kendall's poems.

KIAMA.

The first few verses of this poem, though already quoted to illustrate the poet's forethought, "that he must weave the beauties of the shores into verse while yet in the glory of their pristine,flowerful splendour,"and also to illustrate his increased confidence in himself as "a Singer of the Dawn," are necessarily repeated here, in giving the other interesting verses of this poetic picture of one more of the lovely little bays of our south-eastern coast of New South Wales. The imagery alone employed by the writer in these verses would make them well worthy of notice.

KIAMA.

("Towards the hills of Jamberoo, etc.")

* * * *

"Behold a mournful glory sits
On feathered ferns and woven brakes,
Where, sobbing wild, like restless child,
  The gusty breeze of evening wakes.

Methinks I hear, on every breath,
  A lofty tone go passing by,
That whispers—"Weave,
Though woodlands grieve,
  The fadeless blooms of poesy !"

A spirit-hand has been abroad—
  An evil hand—to pluck the flowers ;
A world of wealth and blooming health
  Has gone from fragrant sea-side bowers.

The twilight waxeth dim and dark,
  The sad waves mutter sounds of woe,
But the evergreen retains its sheen,
  And happy hearts exist below.

These first verses are those repeated. The poet continues :

Kiama slumbers robed with mist
  All glittering in the dewy light
That brooding o'er the shingly shore
  Lies resting in the arms of night.

And foam-flecked crags, with surges chill,
  And rocks embraced by cold lipped spray,
Are moaning loud, while billows crowd
  In angry numbers up the bay.

The holy stars come looking down
  On windy heights and swarthy strand,
And life and love, the cliffs above,
  Are sitting fondly hand in hand.

I hear a music inwardly, that floods
  My soul with thoughts of joy,
Within my heart emotions start
  That time may still, but ne'er destroy.

An ancient spring revives itself,
And days which made the past divine,
And rich, warm gleams, from golden dreams,
All glorious in their summer shine.

And songs of half forgotten hours,
And many a sweet melodious strain
Which still shall rise beneath the skies,
When all things else have died again.

A white sail glimmers out at sea—
A vessel walking in her sleep;
Some power goes past, that bends the mast,
While frighted waves to leeward leap.

The moonshine veils the naked sand,
And ripples upward with the tide,
And underground there rolls a sound
From where the caverned waters glide.

A face that bears affection's glow,
The soul that speaks from gentle eyes,
And joy which slips from loving lips
Hath made this spot my Paradise!"

Kiama, Wollongong and Gerringong are all on the south-east coast of New South Wales, where the scenery is surpassingly lovely. None of these bays would be very far from Ulladulla, and he therefore might easily have seen, and been familiar with all these places in the first flush of youth, and have revisited them in early manhood.

This is not a poem that would be likely to be thoroughly appreciated by an English reader who had never resided long enough in Australia to become familiar with somewhat similar scenes, as the seashores of England are not like our shores in many ways (though English scenes, both rural and on the coast, are very beautiful), but in quite a different light and colouring, and in many other details. Even in the south of France and Italy, though the water and the skies are so often "beautifully blue," and the sunshine more like ours, yet neither the "blue" nor the "sunshine" are the same in shades of colouring, nor are the characteristics of the scenery

in any of these places similar to those of Australia.—a likeness here, a resemblance there, and that is all. So that if we are ever to excel, as a nation, in art or poetic literature, we must look for inspiration, and for our models, in Australian Nature. And we must look to Australians for the first recognition of the same, as the American does in regard to the work of the American-born ; not waiting for the commendation of the outside world before daring to approve of its own productions. But if Australian poetry is comparatively "shelved," there is little chance of our "fair young land" ever becoming renowned for its poets.

THE WAIL IN THE NATIVE OAK.

"The Wail in the Native Oak," though one of his juvenile pieces, I have placed with his pictures of more remote woodland scenes (the recesses of the woodlands) in the last part of these essays, as he has given this "Niobe of trees" (whose plaintive tones even scientific naturalists have wondered at) an almost human interest among the weird sounds in the depths of the Australian forest ; and, as its touch of tragedy does not seem quite in harmony with the ideal rivers, creeks, mountain-springs, ferns, flowers, and bell-birds, among the fairy-like scenes of his childhood's home.

But the voice of the wild oak was one of the many tones of nature that haunted him even in mature manhood ; for in his latest published poems he again recurs to this tree's "mysterious music," its "stately harmonies," "its more than deep autumnal rhyme." Kendall's musician's ear for melody and fine discrimination of every tone was what enabled him to weave the beauties of nature into verses of such exquisite sweetness, the measure employed being always in harmony with the subject of his poem ; but the "tones" he loved were the unerring notes of nature ; and this preference he expresses in his own graceful way in "The Harps we Love" :

"The harp we love hath a royal burst,
   Its strings are mighty forest trees,
And branches swaying to and fro,
   Are fingers sounding symphonies.

The harp we love has a solemn sound,
And rocks, among the shallow seas,
Are strings from which the rolling waves
Draw forth their stirring harmonies.

The harp we love hath a low, sweet voice ;
Its strings are in the bosom deep,
And love will press those hidden chords
When all the baser passions sleep."

DOUBTING.

There is a very touching, pathetic note in lines headed "Doubting." It so naturally reveals the questioning of a young mind that thinks seriously of the serious things of this life, while yet comparatively inexperienced and untried. Faith and veneration here stand proof against the doubting of a faltering hope, and an honest and a grateful heart admits its error. It is in the form of a half dialogue, and needs to be read reflectively, to fairly grasp its meaning.

"A brother wandered forth with me
Beside a barren beach,
He harped on things beyond the sea,
And out of reach.

He hinted, once, of unknown skies,
And then I would not hark,
But turned away from steadfast eyes
Into the dark.

And said : An ancient faith is dead,
And wonder fills my mind ;
I marvel how the blind have led
So long the blind.

Behold this truth we only know
That night is on the land,
And we a weary way must go
"To find God's hand."

I wept—"Our fathers told us, Lord,
That Thou wert kind and just ;
But lo! our wailings fly abroad
For broken trust.

How many evil ones are here,
  Who, marching, go about,
Because we are too faint with fear
  To wrestle Doubt.

Thy riddles are beyond the ken
  Of creatures of the sod,
Remember that we are but men,
  And Thou art God!

O, doting world, methinks your stay
  Is weaker than a reed!
Our Father turns his face away;—
  'Tis dark indeed!"

The evening woods lay huddled there,
  All draped in silence strange,
A sudden wind—and lo! the air
  Was filled with change.

"Your words are wild," my brother said,
  For God's voice fills the breeze,
Go—hide yourself, as Adam did,
  Amongst the trees."

I pluck the shoes from off my feet,
  But dare to look around;
"Behold," he said, "My Lord I greet,
  On holy ground!"

Then God spoke through the wind to me:
  "Shake off that gloom of Fear,
You fainting soul that could not see
  That I was near."

Why vex me, crying day and night?
  You call on me to hark!
But when I bless your world with light,
  Who makes it dark?

Is there a ravelled riddle left
  That you would have undone?
What other doubts are there to sift?"
  I answered: "None."

"My son, look *up*, if you would see
  The promise on your way,
And turn a trustful face to me."
  I answered: "Yea."

MORNING IN THE BUSH.

(A Juvenile Fragment.)

One piece, with the title as above, in his first volume of poems and songs, I have never heard even referred to ; yet it is, for " a fragment," a wonderfully minute and comprehensive description of a morning in the bush. And to anyone who does not know such scenes, living always in cities, it is interesting, quite apart from versification. The landscape painter would be indeed a keen observer, *par excellence*, who could, more minutely, portray a scene similar to Kendall's " Morning in the Bush." Nothing is forgotten—even the dingo, always in the background, in those days, in any bush scene.

Above the skirts of yellow clouds,
  The God-like sun arrayed
In blinding splendour swiftly rose,
  And looked athwart the glade ;
The sleepy dingo watched him break
  The bonds that curbed his flight,
And from his golden tresses shake
  The flashing gems of night!
And wild 'goburras laughed aloud,
  Their merry morning songs,
As echo answered in the depths,
  With a thousand, thousand tongues,
The gully depths, where many a vine
  Of ancient growth had crept
To cluster round the hoary pine,
  Where scanty mosses wept.

Huge stones, and damp and broken crags,
  In wild, chaotic heap,
Were lying at the barren base
  Of the ferny hillside steep ;
Between these fragments hollows lay
  Unfilled with fruitful ground,
Where many a modest floweret grew
  To scent the wind-breaths round ;

As fertile patches bloom within
  A dried and wordly heart,
When some that look can only see
  The cold and barren part.
The miser full with thoughts of gain,
  The meanest of his race,
May, in his breast, some verdure hide,
  Though none that verdure trace.

Where time-worn cliffs were jutting out,
  With rough and rugged edges,
The snowy mountain-lily slept
  Behind the earthy ledges—
Like some sweet Oriental maid
  Who blindly deems it duty
To wear a veil before her face,
  And hide her peerless beauty;
Or like to innocence that thrives
  In midst of sins and sorrows,
Nor, from the cheerless scene around,
  The least infection borrows,
But stayeth out her mortal life—
  Though in that lifetime lonely—
With virtue's lustre round her heart,
  And virtue's lustre only.

A patch of sunshine, here and there,
  Lay on a leaf-strewn water-pool,
Whose tribute trickled down the rocks
  In gurgling ripples clear and cool!
As iguanas, from the clefts,
  Would steal away with rustling sound,
To where the restless eddies roamed
  Amongst the arrowy rushes round.
While scanning them with angry eyes,
  From off a fallen myrtle log,
Whose branches bridged the brushy creek,
  There stood and barked a shepherd's dog;
And underneath a neighbouring mass
  Of wattles intertwining,
His master lay, his back against
  The grassy banks, reclining.

Beneath the shade of ironbarks,
Stretched o'er the valley's sloping bed,
Half hidden in a tea-tree scrub,
A flock of dusky sheep were spread ;
And fitful bleating faintly came
On every joyous breath of wind
That, up the stony hills would fly,
And leave the hollows far behind ;
Wild tones of music from the creek
Were intermingled with the breeze ;
The loud, rich lays of countless birds,
Perched on the dark mimosa trees ;
Those merry birds, with wings of light,
Which rival every golden ray
Out-flashing from the lamps of night,
Or streaming o'er the brow of day.

Amongst the gnarled apple-trees
A gorgeous tribe of parrots came,
And, screaming, leapt from bough to bough,
Like living jets of crimson flame!
And where the hillside, growing gums,
Their web-like foliage upwards threw,
Old Nature rang with echoes from
The loud-voiced mountain cockatoo ;
And a thousand nameless, fluttering things,
Between the rustling sapling sprays,
Were flashing through the fragrant leaves,
And dancing like to fabled fays,
Rejoicing in the glorious light
That beauteous morning had unfurled,
To make the heart of Nature glad,
And clothe with smiles a weeping world.

All details are given in the above word-picture so thoroughly that anyone gifted with talent for such rural scenes (rural in Australia, for, of course, it has no resemblance to a bush scene in any other country), could paint a very bright and attractive landscape typical of Australia Felix. He has not forgotten even the water-pools, so often picturesque in our woodland scenes, nor the branched-log of myrtle forming the impromptu bridge that adds to the rural

charm of the picture. And he has noticed that even the "water-pool" has its "tributary." Then his apposite comparison of the mountain-lily, sleeping behind the ledges, to the Oriental maid's "veil before her façe to hide her peerless beauty," and the following lines of the same verse, comparing the lily to innocence—these are poetic touches to the picture which Kendall, with fine art, so often throws in, unexpectedly, when describing in verse what no one but the poet, or the artist, would discover as subjects for either the pen or the brush. This is true genius.

THE EVENING HYMN.

After wandering in delightful fancy and imagination through verdant vales and valleys, clambering over rocks by mountain springs, seeking "amongst the sleeping stones," the dewy moss in her native home; sauntering by ideal rivers and fairy-like creeks into all the choice nooks and corners of the woodlands, amidst the "green and gold of forest sunshine," rambling by the sea shores and seaside bowers, so fragrant in their wealth of wild flowers, vines and evergreens (not forgetting the radiant Aileen with her train of roses); and, after a quiet "morning in the bush," followed by an afternoon dream of

"Lights and of laughters
Borrowed from bell-birds and far-forest rafters,"

then, gliding into memory, slowly, softly, sweetly, like the solo of some boy chorister wafted, on the stilly air of night from some distant, invisible choir, come the verses of Kendall's Evening Hymn, simple, ingenuously reverent, and in perfect harmony with such sylvan scenes.

THE EVENING HYMN.

The crag-pent ridges sob and moan,
  Where hidden waters glide;
And twilight wanders round the earth,
  With slow and shadowy stride.

The gleaming clouds above the brows
  Of western steeps unfurled,
Look like spires of some fair town
  That bound a brighter world.

So, from the depths of yonder wood,
  Where many a blind creek strays,
The pure Australian moon comes forth,
  Enwreathed in silver haze.

The rainy mists are trooping down
  The folding hills behind,
And distant torrent-voices rise
  Like bells upon the wind.

Night, holy night! in robes of blue,
  With golden stars encrowned,
Ascending mountains like the walls
  That hem an Eden round.

Oh, lovely moon! oh, holy night,
  How good your God must be,
That, through the glory of your height,
  He stoops to look on me.

Oh! glittering clouds and silvery shapes,
  That vanish one by one,
Is not the kindness of our Lord
  Too great to look upon?

If human song could flow as free
  As His created breeze,
When, sloping from some hoary height,
  It sweeps the vacant seas.

Then should my voice to heaven ascend,
  My tuneful lyre be strung,
And music sweeter than the winds
  Should roam these glens among.

Go by, ye golden-footed hours,
  To your mysterious bourne,
And hide the sins ye bear from hence,
  So that they ne'er return.

Teach me, ye beauteous stars, to kiss
  Kind mercy's chastening rod,
And, looking up from Nature's face,
  To worship Nature's God.

TO THE MUSE OF AUSTRALIA.

Kendall's first book of Juvenile Poems and Songs was dedicated "To the Muse of Australia." In these lines the poet, with the characteristic of true genius, is humble and self-abased in his overwhelming sense of the presence of the Infinite; and the whole spirit of these verses indicates the prostration of the soul before the idol of its worship and adoration.

"Where the pines with the eagles are nestled in rifts,
  And the torrent leaps down to the surges,
I have followed her, clambering over the cliffs,
  By the chasms and moon-haunted verges.
I know she is fair, as the angels are fair,
  For have I not caught a faint glimpse of her there,
A glimpse of her face and her glittering hair,
  And a harp with the harp of Australia.

I never can reach you to hear the sweet voice,
So full with the music of fountains!
Oh! when will you meet with the soul of your choice,
Who will lead you down here from the mountains?
A lyre-bird lit on a shimmering space;
It dazzled my eyes and I turned from the place,
And wept in the dark for a glorious face,
And a hand with the harp of Australia."

The Divine afflatus that breathes in the song of the Bard may appear to slumber because of the ignorance of the multitude, or the envy, or indifference of the learned and powerful; but though only partially recognised and long neglected, it cannot be extinguished. It must live forever as a portion of the soul of the universe. It must commingle with the spirits of men who wear the heraldic seal of genius—of men whose God-appointed office it is to proclaim the doctrine of the pure and the beautiful, no matter what position they occupy in the world's social scale.

There is, perhaps, nothing in the life and history of men more touching than narratives of the maddening struggles of young poets to ventilate their inspirations under trials which often lead to despair and self-destruction.

On the other hand, the bright side of poetic life must be exquisite beyond description, if we may judge from the exalting sense of the spiritual realised, when reading the glowing words of the poet triumphing in the all-surpassing loveliness of his goddess—Nature.

The verses to the "Muse of Australia" just quoted illustrate this idea, while the burden of the argument of the poem clearly reveals the patriotic sentiment of Henry Clarence Kendall, and his sense of the value of poetry as a necessity of national progress and intellectual glory.

Even the most juvenile poems of Henry C. Kendall are, unquestionably, luxuriant in language, rich in imagery, melodious and harmonious in versification, pure in sentiment, and ideal in conception. This constitutes the true poet ; and, in combination with this, his passionate love for his country and his choice of her beauties of Nature, her historic events and her interests, as his theme, constitute him her Patriot Bard—" A Singer of the Dawn."

NOTICE.

The concluding part of this essay will be illustrative of Kendall's poetic genius as applied to historic events of Australia, and his descriptive writings of the desert interior of the Australian wastelands, and also the weird sights and sounds of the " far recesses " of the Australian forests, which part we are obliged to publish later, in a separate volume, owing to want of space here, to do this subject full justice.

PRESS NOTICES.

N.S.W. Cyclopædia—"Mrs. A. M. Hamilton-Grey was the first lady of Australian birth and education to challenge criticism as a platform speaker, and when little more than a girl won unqualified praise on the lecture platform."

Press Notices re Lecture-Recitals: — "Patriots and Patriot Bards," "The Brotherhood of Man," "Charity," "Benevolence," "The Grand Conservator of Humanity—Parental Love," "Love, Human and Divine," "Henry Kendall and his Poetry," Etc., Etc.

Melbourne Argus—"The subject was felicitously treated, the language choice and elegant, the poetical illustrations well chosen and appropriate, and the lecturer's delivery easy and agreeable. Mrs. Hamilton succeeded in holding the attention of her audience from first to last, expatiating on a delicate theme with truly feminine delicacy of feeling."

Melbourne Daily Telegraph—"The lecturer possesses a gentle, tuneful voice, which at once placed her *en rapport* with her audience."

Sydney Morning Herald—"Her remarks were, at intervals, embellished with quotations from standard poets, which were given in a manner shat showed she possesses considerable powers of elocution."

Sydney Morning Herald—"The lecture was very interesting, and, though the facts were not new, they were presented in eloquent and forcible language, accompanied by a very impressive and attractive manner."

Sydney Morning Herald—"Mrs. Hamilton's lecture on 'Charity' received, as it deserved, the greatest applause from her auditors, being delivered with clearness, earnestness, and elegance of diction."

Sydney Daily Telegraph—"Her enunciation is very clear and melodious, which makes it very pleasant to listen to her." . . . . The tone of Mrs. Hamilton's address is such as to command the respect of the most cultivated of the community."

Sydney Daily Telegraph—"The lady chose as her subject 'Benevolence,' upon which she delivered a forcible and pleasing address illustrated by apt poetical illustrations, one from Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' being most excellently rendered."

Ballarat Courier—"Several gems from Burns, Shakespeare, Byron and Moore were recited in an exquisite manner with a vigor and pathos seldom heard in this city from the lips of a lady."

Ballarat Star—"The lecture abounded in passages of poetic beauty, and were enunciated with force and clearness, imparting dramatic interest to the discourse."

Sandhurst Advertiser—"Her delivery is clear and distinct, her language is full of beautiful passages and poetical images and quotations."

Geelong Advertiser—"The subject was ably treated and the lecturer spoke in a clear and musical voice."

Geelong Times—"The lecturess possesses a full, clear, and particularly sweet voice, and spoke in a remarkably easy and graceful manner."

Stawell Chronicle—"We have had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Hamilton on more than one occasion, and can endorse the complimentary remarks made about her style and manner in a host of papers."

Portland Guardian—"The lady has a most engaging address and is an excellent elocutionist. The passages from the works of eminent poets and dramatists were admirably declaimed with gesture and inflection that made her authors' meanings obvious to the most obtuse of her audience."

Sydney Morning Herald—"In the course of her address Mrs. Hamilton rose to eloquence and was frequently interrupted by applause."

Sydney Daily Telegraph—"Her lecture was enriched by apt quotations delivered in splendid style."

Hamilton Spectator—"Mrs. Hamilton has a wonderful memory, particularly clear and distinct articulation, and high-class elocutionary attainments."

Bendigo Independent—'All who have had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Hamilton will remember their admiration while under the influence of her eloquence, and the clearness, poetic beauty and graphic force of her descriptions of the strongest, tenderest and deepest passions that agitate and sway the human mind."

"LINES TO A LECTURESS—On Mrs. HAMILTON"

(Mrs. A. M. Hamilton-Grey).

Gifted lady, your loved theme
Hath often made the muses dream,
Your lecture fell upon the ear,
Like music from another sphere.

Thy words of warm description start
A pulse in every listening heart,
And rising from the magic spell,
Thy power our beating bosoms tell.

We listen and we all admire
Thy theme the coldest hearts inspire,
'Tis in itself but nature's claim,
Love is an all-unconquered name.

Now gentle lady with you dwell
The love that you portray so well,
And when the summons comes to thee,
May heavenly love thy portion be."

G.S.—*Geelong Times and Geelong Advertiser.*

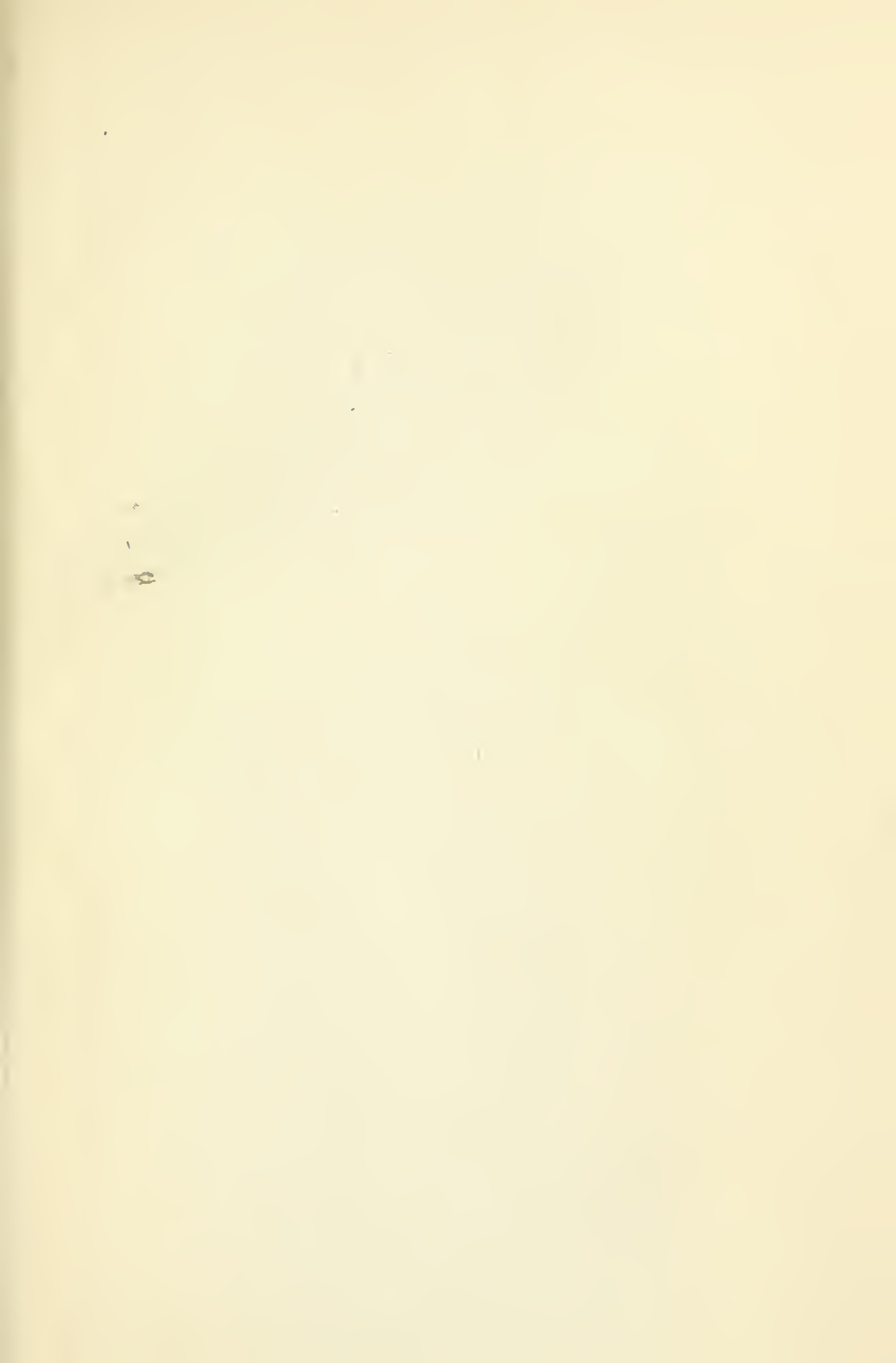
Mrs. A. M. Hamilton-Grey's versatile Lecture-Readings and Recitals from the following Standard Authors :—Shakespeare, Sheridan Knowles, Byron, Milton, Coleridge, Southey, Tennyson, Shelley, Burns, Moore, Goldsmith, Longfellow, Edgar Allan Poe, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Victor Hugo, and Carlyle—Recitals of Pulpit and Parliamentary Eloquence—Popular Ballads and Serio-Comic Sketches.

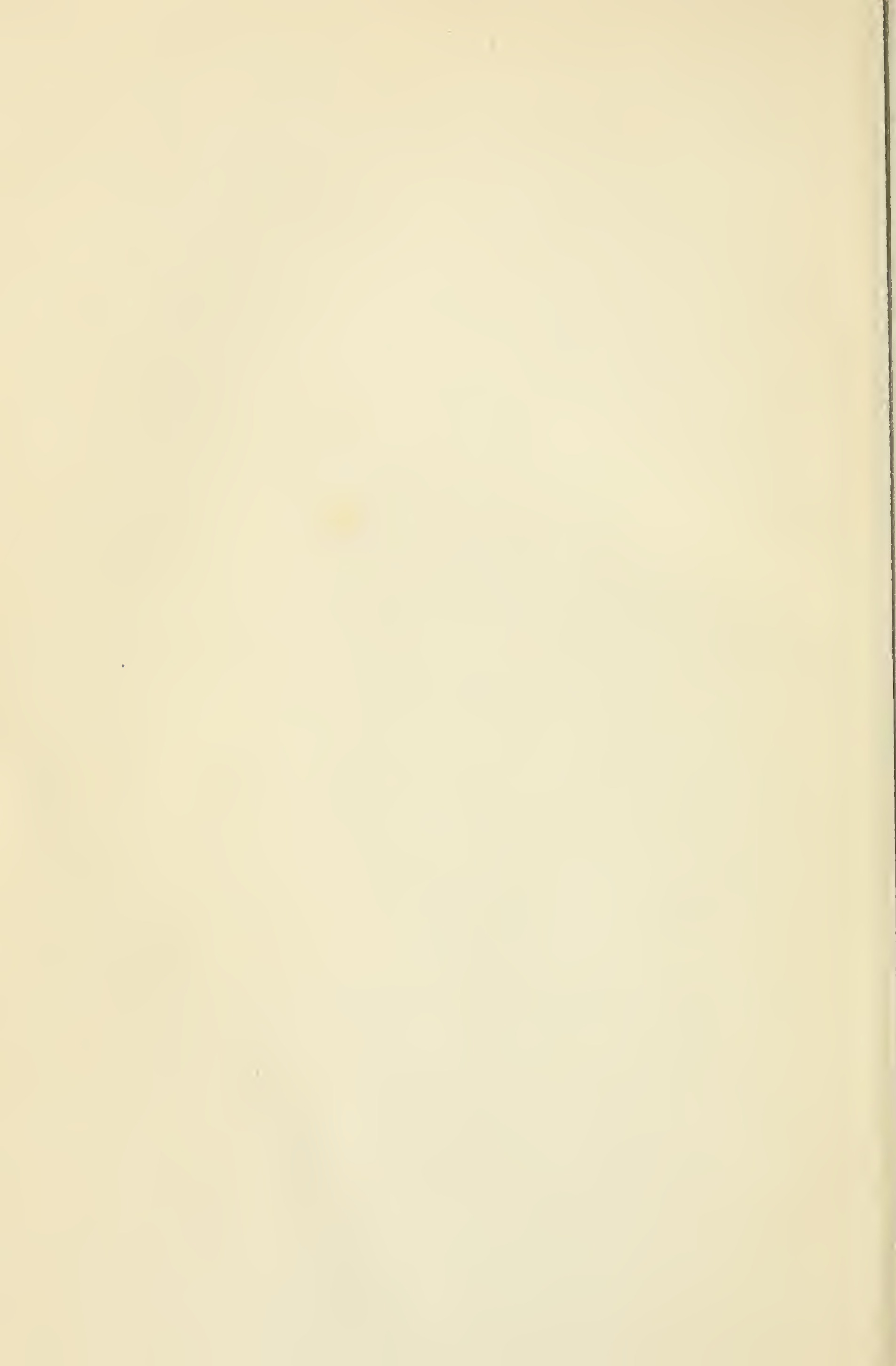
Mrs. HAMILTON-GREY on a Political Subject, "The State Children's Bill."

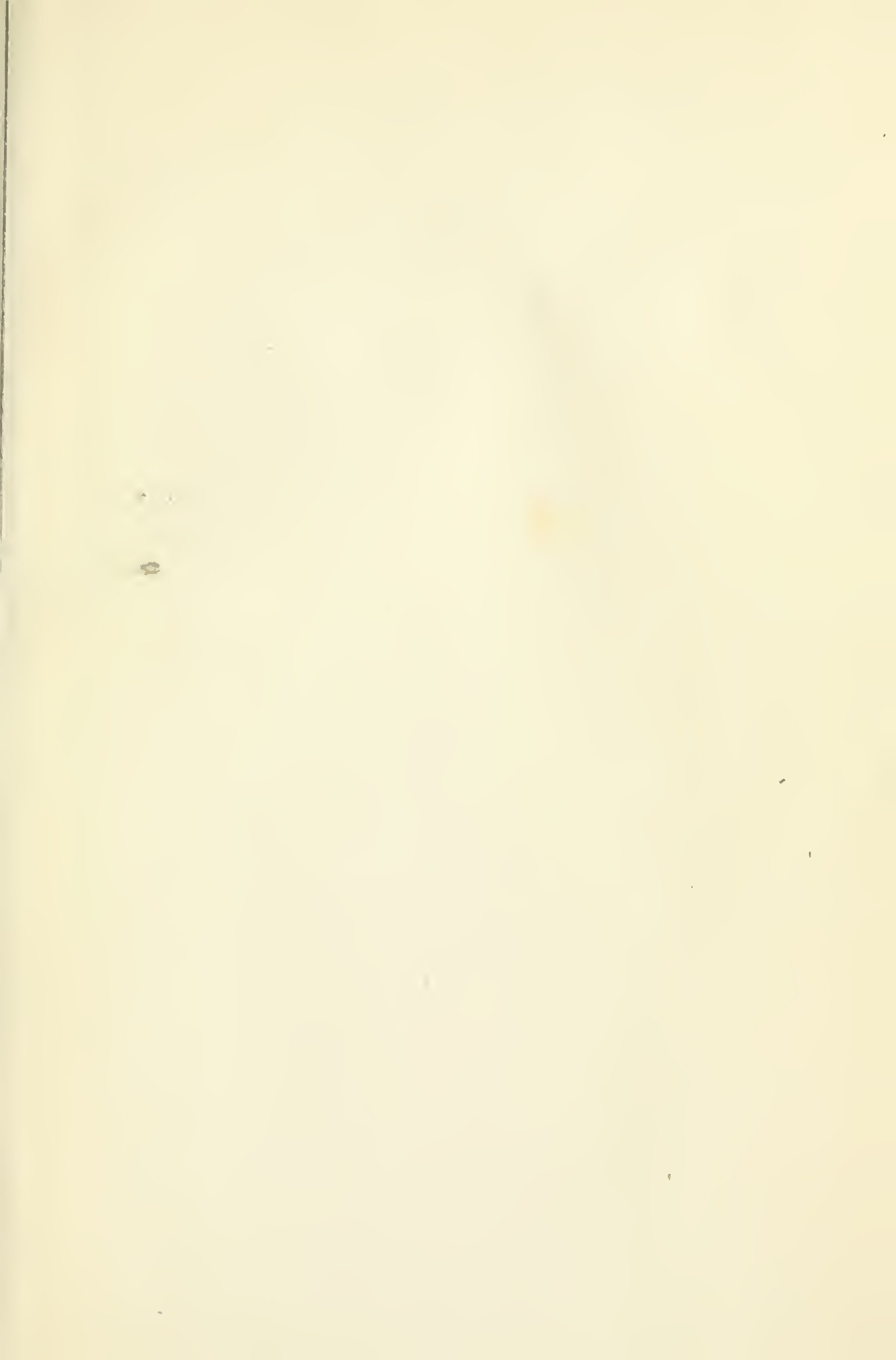
" Mrs. Hamilton-Grey spoke 'as at Bar of Parliament' to a crowded house at the School of Arts, Sydney, and vindicated by virtue of her witty and eloquent speech and masterly grasp of her subject, her right to point out the defects of the Bill and suggest the remedy.—*Manly Times*, 1903.

I have to thank Messrs. Angus & Robertson, Ltd., for permission to use the poems and extracts quoted in this volume.

A. M. HAMILTON-GREY.







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