

As erst she mourn'd her Park on Afric's sands ;  
 Far in Australia's wilds her \*Leichardt dies,  
 Alone in death, and none to close his eyes.  
 She mourns her Franklin, where Aurora throws  
 Sepulchral gleams upon eternal snows ;  
 Where winter, seated on his icy throne,  
 Sways his rude sceptre o'er his frozen zone ;  
 Where howling storms go forth at his command,  
 And spread their horrors round the dreary land.  
 Here, in this beauteous land of orient day,  
 Where Sol' dispenses his congenial ray ;  
 Fresh as the autumn rain her grief distils,  
 O'er her undaunted †Burke and youthful Wills,  
 Who crossed a continent untracked before,  
 And perished in success—what could they more ?  
 Joy, joy, for thee, meek labor ; they have shown  
 A goodly realm, which thou shalt call thine own :  
 A verdant land of wealth before thee lies,  
 Go forth, young heart of hope, and claim the prize.  
 Go from the crowded cities' ceaseless din,  
 To thee the haunts of misery and of sin ;  
 Go claim thy portion in that sunbright zone,  
 A promised land, thy children's and thine own.  
 And ye, poor artisans,‡ who mourn your doom,  
 Pining in want beside your silent loom ;  
 While bleeds your hearts to see your children fed  
 By public alms, and eat the pauper's bread.

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\* No vestige of that intrepid traveller was ever found to discover his fate.

† The melancholy fate of these two gallant explorers and the benefits resulting from their discoveries, will stand foremost in Australian history in all time to come.

‡ Alluding to the exodus of Lancashire weavers which occurred to that country from Great Britain through means provided by the new and flourishing colony of Queensland during the prevalence of the cotton famine.