

BELFAST IN AUSTRALIA.

FORMERLY CALLED PORT FAIRY.

TO the town of Belfast I've rambled at last,
Like an Arab I'm seldom at rest ;
But I'll wait a few days to gather relays,
And put up at the "Star of the West."

I prefer the hotel which aims to excel,
For the pleasures of home I have none ;
Far better your lot though you dwell in a cot,
Than the life of a poor rolling stone.

Your sources of wealth are conducive to health,
The position is right by the sea ;
No frosty winds blow o'er white shrouds of snow,
Where all nature exults to be free.

Your gardens are nice I've been over them twice,
Once alone by the light of the moon ;
The beautiful flowers, mid grand shady bowers,
Are as gushing as lovers who spoon.

Now before six o'clock I'll just do the block,
And take stock of the sights to be seen ;
The best of them all are on bank and church wall—
The rich ivy incasements of green.

No sacred steeple and very few people,
No gorgeous blustering array ;
But the click of the cart goes right to the heart,
For what e'er the cart carries holds sway.

The produce of toil from the richest of soil,
On the wharves of Port Fairy may be ;
Port Fairy unique ! round the world you may seek,
For a port more secure from the sea.