

Painfully conscious of the hopes he had wrecked, he yet, with a fine instinct of pride and reticence, asked none to share his remorse.

Kendall is the first poet of Australian birth whose poems have taken a permanent place in Australian literature. His boyhood, passed in the Ulladulla and Clarence River districts of New South Wales, amidst the wild scenery of the coast ranges, by hill and stream, and surf-fringed Pacific shore, was of that semi-civilised character which seemed to his sensitive, impressionable nature, a mental vision saturated with forest sights and sounds, and memories of stories of the early days of the settlers in the oldest Australian colonies. More than any others, his work is redolent of the soil; it is pervaded by that *intimité* not always found in his contemporaries. In his verse there is an echo of the dripping gorges, a perfume of the odorous gum forest, a distinct impress of native influences which have never been crossed by actual contact with the aspects of nature in the Old World.

His reed was of no great compass, but had a few sweet notes that linger in the ear, and bring back visions of the lonely bush in a manner which no other writer has accomplished. His most sustained effort is the poem republished under the title of *Orara*, but better known in Australia as *The Glen of Arrawatta*. It serves as the corner-stone of the somewhat slight temple of Kendall's poetic reputation. It is the story of one of those adventurous spirits who, seeking to open up new country for pasturage, and thereby new fortune for those who stayed with narrow means at home, penetrates farther into the unexplored interior, and is murdered by the blacks while sleeping at night by his camp fire. The sequel is soon told, and the pioneer, transfixed with many spears, is left alone:

"With night and silence, in the sobbing rains,
There he lies and sleeps
From year to year: in soft Australian nights,
And through the furnace noons, and in the times
Of winds and wet! Yet never mourner comes
To drop upon that grave the Christian's tear,
Or pluck the foul dank weeds of death away.

But while the English Autumn filled her lap
With faded gold, and while the reapers cooled
Their flame-red faces in the clover grass,
They looked for him at home; and when the frost
Had made a silence in the morning lanes,
They looked for him at home; and through the days
Which brought about the million-coloured spring,
With moonlike splendours in her garden plots,
They looked for him at home. From sun to sun
They waited. Season after season went,
And Memory wept upon the lonely moors,
And Hope grew voiceless, and the watchers passed,
Like shadows, one by one away."

In this poem Kendall touches the highest point which his measure of poetic force admitted.

A Government appointment of considerable value, as Inspector of State Forests, came too late to restore a constitution undermined by irregularities and bitter conflicts with poverty; and after holding it scarcely a year, the first native-born singer with any considerable claim to the poet's bays died in August, 1882.

Among prose writers Marcus Clarke leads the field. His novel, *For the Term of his Natural Life*, reprinted by Bentley in his Standard Series, gave its author a permanent position in the ranks of men of letters. Much of his superior work appeared in the pages of the *Australasian*, the weekly of the *Melbourne Argus*. Some of his best stories, reprinted from these journals, will live at any rate in Australian literature; though there is besides a good deal of purely ephemeral interest which must inevitably soon be forgotten. Born at Kensington in 1847—the son of a barrister—Marcus Clarke arrived at Victoria at the age of seventeen, and after some attempts at following the career of a bank clerk, passed two or three years in an up-country station in the Winnemara district. Later he held an appointment at the Public Library and Museum at Melbourne, until his death at the early age of thirty-four. Station life furnished him with that close contact with the materials of some of his subjects, and those opportunities of painting direct from Nature invaluable to the literary artist. It has been said that no one has yet succeeded in describing the Australian bush, that vast interminable sea of unchanging gum trees and illimitable distances. In Kendall's verse and certain passages of Marcus Clarke we come nearer to that achievement than in the writings of others.

In another department of literature the works of Dr. Hearn claim a niche to themselves, as by far the greatest productions in philosophic writing which the colonies have brought forth. *The Aryan Household* is a permanent contribution to literature. *The Government of England* and *Plutology* are books of which the Colony of Victoria is justly proud. After twenty years in Australia, Mr. J. Brunton Stephens is perhaps not unfairly, seeing that his works have been produced under the Southern Cross, claimed as an Australian poet. The first place among living men of letters he indisputably holds. A graduate of Edinburgh University, on his arrival in Queensland he became tutor in the family of a squatter, in that semi-tropical portion of Australia, and thus acquired familiarity with the scenes and scenery reproduced with so much power in his verse. His fine poem, *Convict Once*, filling an octavo volume, is far and away the most sustained effort the colonies have yet seen. It is written in hexameters, scholarly, well conceived, unflagging in interest, perfect in execution; it has not, however, caught the popular ear, as was perhaps to be expected.

A tale of love and passion and darkest treachery, its pages are illuminated throughout with the intense palpitating light of a glowing Australian sun. There are passages which seem flooded with the fervid heat and tropical life of Northern Queensland:

"Linger, O sun! for a little, nor close this day of a million;
Is there not glory enough in the rose-coloured halls of the west?
Hast thou no joy in the passion-hued folds of thy kingly pavilion—
Why shouldst thou only pass through it? Oh, rest thee a little while—rest!

Why should the night come and take it, the wan night that cannot enjoy it,
Bringing pale argent for golden, and changing vermilion to gray;
Why should the night come and shadow it, entwining but to destroy it?
Bide 'mid thy ruby-trailed splendours, oh stay thee a little while—stay!

Brunton Stephens has published a volume of minor productions in the style of Bret Harte, but the greatest portion of them are suitable only to Australia. A few, however, take an altogether higher standpoint. Of these, *The Story of a Soul*, *Mute Discourse*, and *Spirit and Star* are the most remarkable.

E. S.

A REVERIE.

I WANDER alone at sunset
By the marge of the purple sea,
As the twilight's dreamy shadows
Steal slowly o'er upland and lea.

Like rhythm of sweetest music
Is the murmuring wave to my ear,
And the golden light of heaven
Sheds a glory around me here.

I sought the scene in the morning,
But the peaceful beauty had fled;
The sea lashed the cliffs in fury,
And dark scowled the heavens o'er head:

As fair as an infant sleeping
Was the eve as it sank to rest;
The morn, like mad passions leaping
To wild conflict in manhood's breast.

ZELL.

SCENES IN HAWAII.*

SHORTLY after the coronation ball had taken place and we were wondering "what next," we received invitations to a large "Luau" or feast, to be held at Iolani Palace. The cards were quite as elaborate as those for the coronation itself, and we were asked to present ourselves at twelve o'clock in the day; most fortunately it was a brilliantly beautiful day, the sun shining brightly, but always tempered in its heat by the cool trade winds. At the appointed hour we walked down towards the gate which had admitted us on the former occasions, and found throngs of natives of every class on their way to the same destination, a Luau having much the same attraction for the Hawaiians that an immense feast would have for a lot of school children. All were dressed in their smartest array, the women in the brightest-coloured holokus with in nearly every case large hats with feathers and wreaths of flowers; the men in gorgeous shirts of every hue, and the inevitable straw sailor-like hat, with leis of roses, honeysuckle, and wild ginger, flowers of every kind; they almost always wear snowy-white trousers on gala days, and the result is a very picturesque costume. They laughing and chattering, no doubt chaffing each other, for the natives are very sarcastic, and always see the humorous side of a thing first, no matter at whose expense, we passed through the fast collecting crowd, and gained the entrance to the palace grounds, which were on this day thrown open to the public. Rushes strewn the pathway to the same large enclosure which, with its tent roof and tiers of seats, presented much the same appearance as on the coronation day, except that instead of the small pavilion the centre space in front of the palace was taken up by two enormous tables running their full length between the seats. These tables were draped with white, but the entire tops were covered with ferns and leaves massed together so as almost to form a tablecloth of themselves; quantities of flowers were placed about mingling with the ferns. All manner of native dainties were offered to the guests, who took their places, ate as much as they wished, and then withdrew to the seats to look on at their hungry successors. At every second or third place was a great calabash of the inevitable poi, without which no Hawaiian meal is complete. At each plate was a small bundle of the ti leaves enclosing various fish which, being cooked in the leaves and also served in them, preserves the delicate flavour immensely. Sweet potatoes of enormous size, boiled and baked taro (from the root of which the poi is made), sea weeds of different kinds mashed and boiled and eaten hot, kukui nuts grated up as a kind of salt relish, native onions, bananas, and native fruits in quantities,—all these go to make up a native Luau, and above all the noble pig baked in a hole made in the ground for that purpose, which is filled with hot stones and leaves, covered up for a certain length of time, and finally emerges in a state of perfection unknown to those who have not been fortunate enough to taste Mr. Piggy in such a condition. No Northerner can imagine the difference between the ordinary roasted pork and a pig baked in the ground—the flavour is totally different. Raw fish plays a conspicuous part at Luau too. The method of eating these various delicacies is certainly not appetising, the rapidity with which they disappear being something marvellous. The fish is dexterously torn to pieces and passed to the next neighbour and so on, the last person who receives it probably being the loser. Everything is eaten in that way, so that at the end of the feast the untidiness of the remains is generally something appalling. The only liquid served on the day I speak of was soda water, a bottle of which lay at each place.

We sat down at a little distance, and watched the curious scene. The

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