

**THE TWO VISIONS; OR,
THE CONTRAST: AN
AUSTRALIAN STORY**

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The Two Visions; Or, The Contrast: An Australian Story by Robert West Mayne

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ROBERT WEST MAYNE

**THE TWO VISIONS; OR,
THE CONTRAST: AN
AUSTRALIAN STORY**



THE TWO VISIONS;

OR,

THE CONTRAST.

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

“The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows,
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined,
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
But they who have loved, the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
And the heart that has slumbered in friendship securest
Is happy indeed; if 'twas never deceived.”—*Moore.*

BY
ROBERT WEST MAYNE.

SYDNEY:
F. CUNNINGHAME & CO., GENERAL PRINTERS,
186 PITT STREET.

1874.



"Haud Immemor."

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS MOORE,

"THE PORT OF ALL CIRCLES, THE DELIGHT OF HIS OWN,"

Whose writings first induced the feelings that prompted a desire
to follow in his footsteps.

This Little Work

IS MOST REGARDFULLY INSCRIBED

BY



THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

IN the subsequent pages, my first attempt at anything continuous, I have endeavoured to carry out the idea of MATTHEW ARNOLD, who says, in his "Study of Celtic Literature," that "the inevitable task for the modern poet henceforth is, as it was for the Greek poet in the days of PERICLES, not to preach a sublime sermon on a given text, like DANTE; not to exhibit all the kingdoms of human life and the glory of them, like SHAKSPEARE; but to interpret human life afresh, and to supply a new spiritual basis to it. This is not only a work for style, eloquence, charm, poetry, it is a work for science."

And I must beg the indulgence of Critics, in thus, as a novice, aspiring "usque ad astra" at the first flight, for I am aware that the doing this renders me liable to the charge of presumption. But I would ask them to remember what the before-mentioned writer tells us in another place, viz., "the



truth is, 'few people have any real care to analyze closely in their criticism; they merely employ criticism as a means for heaping all praise on what they like, and all blame on what they dislike.' And I trust, before they pronounce judgment, that they will examine what has been to me a troublesome though congenial effort, and kindly make allowance for all its deficiencies, in contemplation of the motive which prompted my daring.

And so, with much misgiving, I place my little book in the reader's hands, hoping, at any rate, that the time occupied in its perusal will not be considered to have been altogether thrown away.

ROBERT WEST MAYNE.

Jimbour, Queensland.

January 1st, 1874.

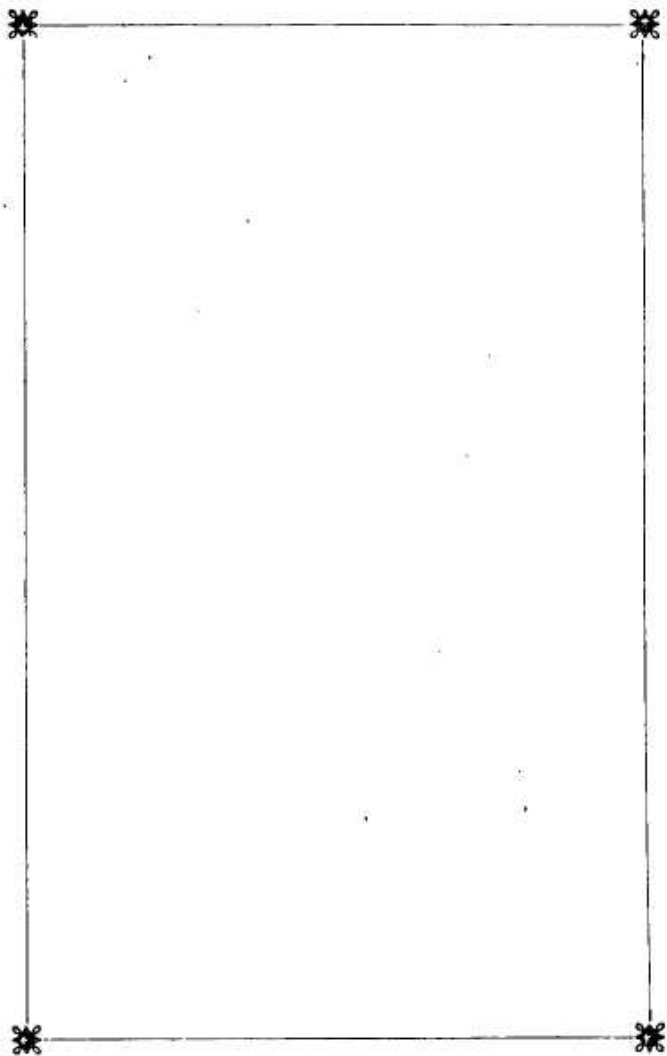
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BOOK I.

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PART I.
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PROLOGUE.

IF you will heark, my reader, you shall hear
What met my eye one summer time at eve,
As in the woodlands green my ponderings turned
On life, on living, and on dying too.

For, though 'tis bright and beautiful to live
When blest by fond affection's holy charm,
'Twere surely more acceptable to die—
If *that* has been denied you—than to bear
A wounded spirit 'neath a loyal breast.

Oh! This is torture—hell on earth—to think
That she, whose little smile you covet more
Than all the mighty globe could else bestow—
A smile that made you feel a better man,