

**THE EMIGRANT,
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The Emigrant, and Other Poems by F. M. Hughan

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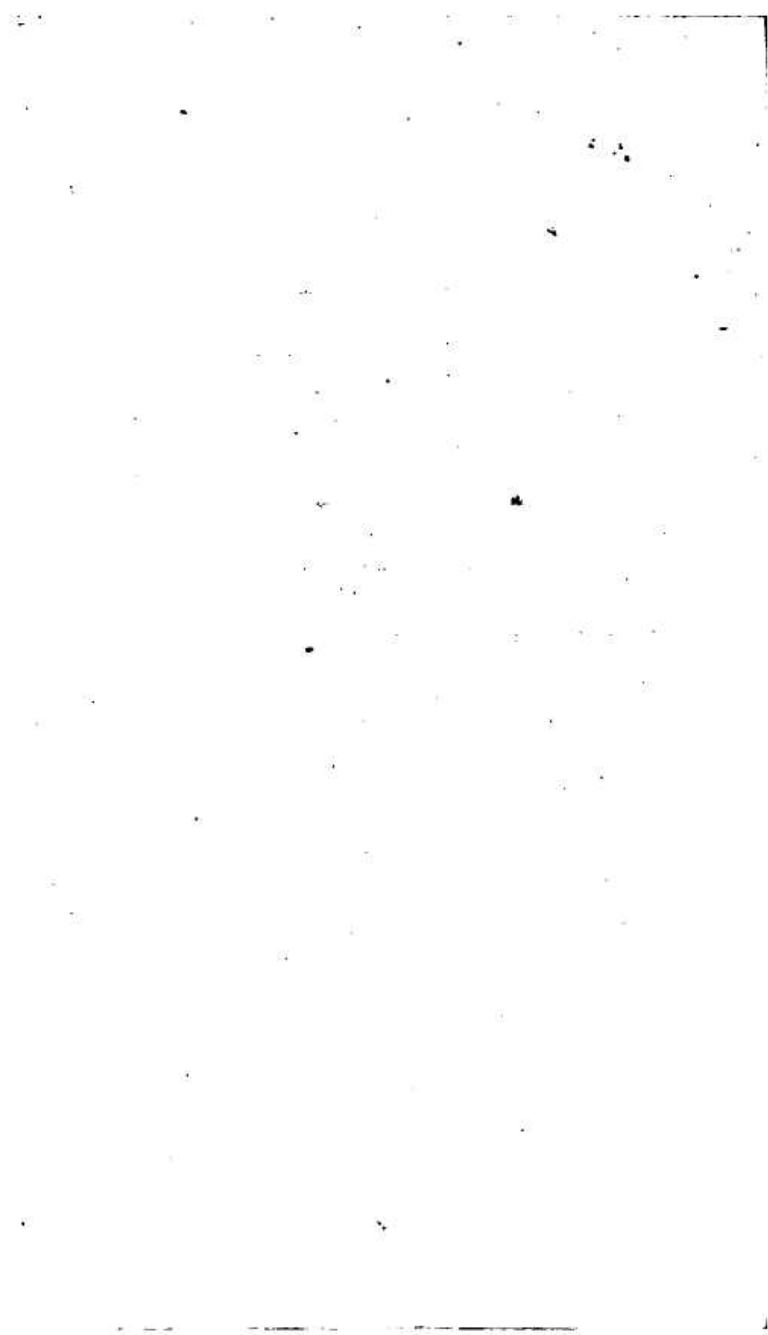
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F. M. HUGHAN

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PREFACE.

With mingled hopes and fears, I introduce my "Emigrant" to the kindly notice of the Public. I cannot but feel that much might have been done in dressing him in far more fashionable garb than he now wears.— Unsophisticated in speech, he doubtless is; but, to those who attentively study his character, a truth may here and there shine forth, and an intimate acquaintance may fan the spark of appreciation into a flame of affectionate regard. Timidly stands he at the door of public opinion; and, should a kindly hand let him in, and a loving hand place him in the comfortable nook of the glowing hearth, whence the light may stamp upon his brow—the surest sign of welcome—great will be the joy of my heart.

With regard to the other Poems, they are but old acquaintances—hurrying up from the depths of the past, eager to know how they will be received by those who have ere now smiled at their approach, and spoken kindly things of him who sent them on their journey.

Myself—I am but young—and, consequently, inexperienced; but, should the same success attend me in the future, which I have received in the past, I shall have no fear that unkindness will hamper my thoughts, or break through that dream which has made my life so pleasant—a dream which wafts spices from the land of the sunny sublime to my soul—made doubly sweet, by that applause which, unmerited, I have received; and which, if I write as I have hitherto done, not so much for profit as for the benefit of my fellow-colonists, I feel assured will not be withheld.

On the sympathy of the Public, therefore, I throw myself, and anxiously wait the result.

F. M. HUGHAN.

*Somerille Cottage,
Herne Hill, Geelong, March 13, 1856.*



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THE EMIGRANT.

PART I.

I.

FASHION and pomp, nobility of birth,
And deeds of knighthood, furnish not my lay.
From gilded domes and costly palaces
I turn aside, and wander on my way
Thro' pleasant groves, where rustic children sport,
And wake the echoes of the wooded hills
With their glad voices; or, with trembling hands,
Launch out their tiny boats upon the rills,
Whose rippling wavelets dance, to turn the water mills.

II.

There is a treasure, in the quiet fields,
Of calm delight gleaned from ambrosial hours;
When, from her couch the blossoms' Queen appears,
To summons forth her band of smiling flowers;
When buttercups and cowslips, hand in hand,
In fairy circles mingle o'er the wold,
And wave their banners to the coming day,
As heaving billows on THAT sea of gold,
Of which old bards have sung, and nursery fables told.

III.

Now, from his ocean bed in glory drest,
 The world's great orb of warmth and light appears !
 Nature awakes, and dons her brightest robe,
 Kneels at his feet, and bathes them in dew tears.
 The feathered choir, within their forest halls,
 Chaunt with glad hearts a morning song of glee,
 Which finds an echo in the peasant's soul,
 As to his toil he journeys o'er the lea,
 Contented with his lot, immured to poverty.

IV.

In honest toil true nobleness appears ;
 The ploughshare is a sceptre in the hand
 Of him who sways it, that the wilderness
 May change from sterile to a fruitful land ;
 By useful industry and genius made
 To yield the sweets which gratify mankind ;—
 Sweets which the seeker, if he hath the will,
 At every turn, in every scene may find,
 In fields of golden grain, in fruit and flowers combined.

V.

"Sons of the Soil!" ye are my pleasant theme :
 I weave my story from your plodding band,
 Of one who bent 'neath unrewarded toil,
 Fled for advancement to a foreign land,
 Where poverty's chill breath is never felt,
 And plenty's foot-prints stamp the vernal ground ;
 Where freedom stands upon the rocky shore,
 And crieth "welcome" with a merry sound,
 Where treasures unexplored in countless hoards abound !