

**JOSEPH  
HARWOOD,  
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Joseph Harwood, and other poems by Wilmot Powell

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**WILMOT POWELL**

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1885.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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TO MY READERS,

I have placed these few poems, or rather fugitive pieces, in a collected form, at the request of a few of my friends. Some of them have appeared at different times, under a *nom de plume*, in the columns of the press, others are now published for the first time. In one or two, I have endeavoured, and it has been indeed a labour of love, to depict scenes and events, which, though lingering in the minds of the older settlers, are yet unknown to the rising generation, or to those who have only lately come amongst us. With many of those who took a prominent part in the troublous times of the Colony, I was on terms of warm personal friendship. This great Colony of New Zealand, our adopted home, and in which I have spent many long and eventful years, has become very dear to me. Its rugged snow-capt mountains, its lovely plains and valleys, its silent lakes and rapid rivers, its wonderful health-restoring springs and crystal terraces, all combine to make it in the not far future, the home of millions of the Anglo-saxon race. The Maori of the good old times, who with all his faults was sincere and brave, is now rapidly passing away. Many of them rendered great and lasting services in very perilous times, and deserve the very kindest recognition of the white settlers of this North Island. It is this feeling which has prompted me, not unkindly I trust, to write "A Heathen Maori," and to make allusion to the fight at Moutoa, when the friendly Maories, at heavy loss to themselves, defeated the Hau Haus and prevented them from descending the river, and carrying murder and destruction amongst the outlying settlers. In "The Dying Miner" I have attempted to pourtray the perils of a digger's life. They are a rough, but brave and generous lot of men. The character of Jack is taken from life. I met many such during some years spent on the gold fields.

In conclusion, I dedicate with much pleasure this little brochure to the people of Wanganui.

THE AUTHOR.

WANGANUI,  
NEW ZEALAND,  
30th May, 1885.

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ERRATA.—In "Three Gilded Balls," fourth line, for *There*,  
 read *Their*. In "An Acrostic," second line, for *though*,  
 read *through*.





JOSEPH HARWOOD.

“**C**OME up, my boy, the setting sun  
Is sinking in the west :  
The day is o'er, thy work is done,  
Come up, my boy, and rest.

“ I cannot move,” the lad replied,  
“ The yielding, treacherous sand  
Is falling quickly from the side,  
And holds me where I stand.”

“ Oh, father, help !” the wailing sound  
Uprises from the well,  
And brings the startled neighbours round—  
’Tis like a funeral knell.

They gaze into the living grave,  
And spy the upturned face—  
With starting eye implore to save  
From out the fatal place.

But who amongst them all will dare  
Descend the yawning spot ?  
And seek to save, perchance to share,  
The poor boy's dreadful lot.

A moment, see the pendent rope  
Is grasped with daring hand :  
A fit embodiment of Hope  
Beside the boy doth stand.

And as the seaman midst the storm  
Close reefs with dauntless hand,  
He tries to pluck the trembling form  
From out the deepening sand.

And willing arms help from above—  
They pull, but all in vain :  
The lad cries " Hold, for God's dear love,  
I cannot bear the pain."

But soon, too soon, another slip  
Encloses to his waist ;  
With dewy brow and quivering lip,  
He falters out, " Make haste !"

And strong men view with awful fear,  
They labour but too late :  
Unbidden falls the starting tear,  
For such untimely fate.

His brave companion now makes fast  
A double strand around,  
And barely 'scapes with life at last  
From 'neath the falling ground.

Again they strain upon the rope,  
Amid the gathering gloom ;  
And strive, with desperate strength and hope,  
To avert such piteous doom.

"Pull one, pull all," is now the cry—  
Oh, sure 'tis not too late ?  
The poor boy bears in agony,  
And calmly waits his fate.

Oh, sad, the rotting rope doth part—  
The sickening scene is o'er ;  
Upon that young and hapless heart  
The ruthless earth doth pour.

Brave Harwood once again with speed  
Descends into that grave:  
No thought of fear, nor death doth heed,  
If only he may save.

And though he risked his life in vain,  
His work shall never die,  
But prove to him a tenfold gain  
In realms beyond the sky.