

## ONE TREE HILL, BENDIGO.

The One Tree hill of Bendigo,  
We hereby let Australians know,  
Still stands where it for ages stood  
Before the rush of Noah's flood.  
There as it rises to the sky,  
Its stately grandeur meets the eye ;  
We look, we gaze, we take our fill  
Of beauty, at our One Tree hill.

The Roman has the Capitol,  
The Greek, Olympus will extol;  
The Scot will boast of Arthur's seat  
With Edinburgh at his feet ;  
The Welshman, placed on Snowdon's crown  
Upon all humbler hills looks down.  
We envy not these mounts their fame  
And glory of historic name,  
But home we turn with pleasing thrill,  
And more admire our One Tree hill.

Not oft do clouds obscure from sight,  
This hill in its perennial light  
Of Austral suns, such brilliant sheen  
Within no other clime is seen.  
Its cloudless vault of sapphire blue,  
Such azure painter never drew,  
The isles of Greece, Italian skies,  
Bright Bendigo each all outvies.

Mount up this hill, and there espy  
The panorama far and nigh,  
Of waving woodlands, cultured farms,  
Each has its own especial charms.  
The wide horizon round survey,  
When flooded with the noontide ray,  
From south to north, from east to west  
It stands in peerless glory dressed,  
As Moses on Mount Nebo, he  
The promised Canaan thence did see.  
So to our eyes these vales disclose  
A land where milk and honey flows.

Look eastward, see Mount Ida dressed  
In radiant beauty, foot to crest,  
In that wide prospect's bold outline,  
Not Homer's Ida looked so fine.  
Southward we look through hazy blue

Southward, we look through hazy blue,  
Mount Alexander looms in view.  
Still farther south, Mount Macedon  
With sometimes crown of snow put on.  
Then, westward, glance to Mount Korong,  
The setting sun there lingers long,  
Those burnished peaks of golden fire  
Like meteor's light shall soon expire.  
Next, northward, gaze toward that vast  
plain,

Where rolls the Murray to the main,  
From source in Austral Alps on high,  
To where the flats of Hindmarsh lie.

Two thousand miles majestic sweep,  
As on it swells to the great deep.  
Let Frenchmen brag the Seine is fine,  
Let Germans sing the noble Rhine,  
And Spaniards their Gaudalquiver,  
But we will chant our Murray River.  
This reason good all men can see,  
'Tis longer than the other three.

Now, nearer home, take in our view,  
Campaspe, and the Loddon too,  
As down these dales they slowly creep,  
By cornfields green and fleecy sheep,  
Types of that peaceful rural life,  
Arcadian, free from Mammon's strife.  
Land booms, mad strikes, and bogus shares,  
The ups and downs of bulls and bears,  
Each freeholder beneath his vine  
And figtree, doth in peace recline.

We turn from pleasant scene like this,  
And look down on Quartzopolis,  
This golden city Bendigo,  
The fame of which, all nations know;  
Each towering stack and poppet head,  
Marks the wide region, where is spread  
From surface unto depths untold,  
What all believe in, yellow gold.  
In scores of tons, from reefs 'twas brought,  
In millions coined, in jewels wrought,  
Vast treasures still in deeps profound,  
As coming ages roll their round,  
Wait to reward the toil and skill  
Of those who guide the diamond drill;  
The antiquarian shall come

The antiquarian shall come  
A chiliad hence, to see Old Chum,  
The Hustler's and the Garden Gully,  
To learn their golden history fully,  
This cultured stranger also will  
Take note of famous One Tree hill.  
Down from these heights on which we  
tread

Look on the city of the dead,  
'That sleeping place of last repose  
For rich and poor, for friends and foes,  
Where men of swag and tent recline  
With quartz-kings, from their mansions  
fine.

The politician gulls no more,  
He's gone across dark Styx's shore;  
And councillors and city mayors  
Are free from all their civic cares,  
Nor spend two months in a sham fight  
'Twixt gas and the electric light.  
And, sad to say, they never will  
Walk the new road to One Tree hill.

A thousand other thoughts arise,  
A thousand objects meet our eyes,  
Fit themes for high poetic skill,  
Inspired by beauteous One Tree hill !

—L.

Quarry Hill, 25th April, 1893.