



ISSUE 28—DECEMBER 2013

# THE WAYFARER

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE ADAM LINDSAY GORDON COMMEMORATIVE COMMITTEE INC.

## EVENTS

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### CHRISTMAS

Eat, drink and be merry  
For tomorrow you diet.



**Brenton Manser** is pictured (Right)  
With his Uncle, **Wayne** (Left),  
at Dingley Dell Cottage. S.A.

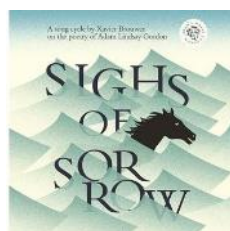
Wayne has won a "Poetry in the Park" prize and Brenton is accepting our donation towards the documentary film Adam Lindsay Gordon, "Rider and Writer" Now in Production.



### MELBOURNE COMPOSER XAVIER BROUWER IS GOING FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

Xavier Brouwer, the composer of Adam Lindsay Gordon's "Sighs of Sorrow," delights in setting words to music.

See Xavier's Web Site  
<http://xavierbrouwer.com/news.html>



### We thank our Committee Member, Lorraine Day

for her research work towards a plaque which we hope will soon be erected at Gordon's old home, 58 Penzance Street Glenelg S.A.

Please go to:  
<http://sdrv.ms/1iokBtC>  
to see Lorraine's draft plaque design.



### OUR ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Saturday September 21 2013

2 .30pm for 3:00pm

at The Marine Hotel Brighton Vic.

We congratulate our elected Office Bearers:

President; Allan Childs  
Vice President: Viv Sellers  
Secretary: John Adams  
Treasurer: Elrae Adams  
Ordinary Committee Members:  
Jenny Childs and Lorraine Day  
Ballarat Representative:  
Dr. Helen Dehn

Our AGM was held  
in the presence of our Patrons:  
Professor Weston Bate and Janice Bate.  
Below:



Photo by Karl Kelers

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ARTICLES



UNDER THE TREES or A VOICE FROM THE BUSH

In the South Australian Register, Geoffry Crabthorn conducted a somewhat humorous, facetious, satirical, spasmodic commentary on public affairs in Adelaide, called *“Echoes from the Bush”* described by one writer as a “scathing fire of wit.” Geoffry Crabthorn was actually the Editor of the South Australian Register, Mr. John Howard Clarke,

Born 1830 - Died 1878

Editor South Australian Register, 1870-1877.

In the South Australian Register Wednesday 26 April 1871, page 5, Geoffry Cranthorn writes:

MY PORTFOLIO.

“Although not In your Geoffry’s style, my Public, the following deserves a place in this Portfolio as a veritable ‘Echo from the Bush’- A melancholy echo, too, - telling of a wasted life and unavailing regrets— not the less melancholy in that the singer has not fathomed the depths of his own failure. How many be there through the length and breadth of this Australian Continent who could fittingly subscribe to my correspondent’s mournful musings?”

THE POEM—UNDER THE TREES (Part)

*High noon, and not a cloud in the sky to break this blinding sun;  
Well, I’ve half the day before me still, and most of my journey done-  
There’s little enough of shade , to be sure, but I’ll take what I can get,  
For I’m not as hearty as once I was. Although I am a young man yet.*

*Young—Oh, yes, I suppose so, as far as the seasons go—  
Tho’ there’s many a man far older than I down there in the town below.*

*Older, aye, but to whom, in the pride of his manhood strong,  
The hardest work is never too hard, nor the longest day too long.*

Geoffry Crabthorn then writes in the South Australian Register Tuesday 2 September 1873, page 5. “Nearly two years and a half ago, to wit in April, 1871, I published an Echo from the Bush bearing the title of ‘Under the Trees,’ and purporting to be a bushman’s monologue, in verse. The lines have since been frequently republished, although in no instance that I know of has the republication been associated with my name. I have not felt much troubled at this,

for so long as you, my beloved Public, are pleased with my weekly reverberations. I do not aspire to a wider fame. But the appearance of the verses in question in *Temple Bar* for May, 1873, with the title of ‘A Voice from the Bush,’ and without the author’s name attached, seems to have startled our local quidnuncs (gossip mongers) from their propriety. The *Kapunda Guardian* conjecturally attributes the verses to the late Mr. Gordon; while the *Wallaroo Times*, after delicately hinting that I may have come by them unfairly, clamorously insists upon being told ‘who wrote the lines.’ The latter ‘contemporary’ has so often amused his readers with wonderful stories about the authorship of the Register’s leaders that it is rather a relief to me to find that he has not drawn upon his imagination for his facts in my case as well, albeit he is woefully out in saying the lines appeared in the Register six months ago. In consideration of his forbearance, I don’t mind relieving his anxiety to a reasonable extent, though, as to telling him the name of the author, he has no more right to ask that than I have to ask who writes his leaders. Briefly, then, my Public, as I have frankly told you over and over again, my weekly Echoes are partly the work of your own Geoffry, partly that of a few valued friends who often send me contributions, which I cordially acknowledge. The lines in question come under one of these categories — which of them I decline to state; But I may add that from the same hand has emanated many another of those pathetic or humorous creations whereof your Geoffry, my appreciative Public, has so long been your willing and indefatigable purveyor. As this is not the only instance in which it has happened that an excerpt from my column has been reprinted on the other side of the globe, I do not see the need of that profound astonishment with which my critic of the *Wallaroo Times* professes to be overwhelmed at such an occurrence, nor do I see what right he has to charge the Editor of *Temple Bar* with piracy. If the author and the Editor understand one another, what business has anybody else to interfere ? “

.....

Marcus Clarke in “Poems of the Late Adam Lindsay Gordon ,” 1880, published by A. H. Massina and Co., in their first copyright edition, published the poem under the title of “A Voice from the Bush.”

In 1884, The South Australian Register, through letters sent to it, leave no doubt that the author of the poem was Mowbray Morris.

Links to letters:

<http://sdrv.ms/ICBIYa>  
<http://sdrv.ms/ICBRLa>

(From NLA Trove Newspapers)

## THE RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM TRAINOR



A Typical Bush Shanty

**William Trainor who became acquainted with Gordon in South Australia in the year 1855 and was intimate by association with him for 10 or 12 succeeding years, furnishes a number of interesting particulars relative to his portion of the poet's history.**

At this time, he says, Gordon was presently unemployed breaking in horses and training a few for the various adjacent country meetings. We were living together about 4 miles from Mount Gambier township, and many a mile have we ridden in each other's company. It was quite a common thing for us to take a short cut across country to a house taking in everything as it came, although I did for years. He was my everyday companion. I find it difficult to describe him. I think I understand his nature as well as is possible for anyone to understand it and yet there appears to be some new or imagined sorrow concealed in ordinary everyday life, however there was no betrayal that despairing melancholy which crops out in so many of his poems. I don't think I ever heard him give expression to these morbid fancies that have a sort of dirge of lost hope about them which is difficult to understand how he worked up that intensity of feelings displayed in many of his writings. He was essentially a dreamer and was continually creating a world of his own. I firmly believe his dream he dreamed, and wrote himself into that condition of mind which begins by moralising and appears to end in doubt, hope and despair. It was no uncommon thing for us to ride for an hour or more together without exchanging a word, and the same thing would happen in the house. I knew his peculiarities so well that I never thought of breaking in on these reveries, believing he was at such times concocting some of the charming pieces afterwards made in public. In fact it was little use of me attempting to make conversation on these occasions. He would immediately show me anything that he had written and ask me my opinion of it, but he was for a long time very modest over his poetic productions. I used corrections to surreptitiously possess myself of the piece he had just written and, without his knowledge, have published in the columns of a newspaper. He would then complain that the piece was not good enough for publication and would say that he could write something better than that. Very good, I would reply. Write something better and the public will have the opportunity to see you at your best. I well remember in the year 1864 he suddenly remembered that he had promised to attend a meeting of the local literary club at Mount Gambier and asked me to accompany him, to which I readily agreed.

Before starting he took a very small scrap of paper on which he fitted a very few brief notes as he was expected to address the meeting, that was all the preparation he made. He strolled leisurely into the township and entered the room where Gordon was evidently expected. When called upon, he rose and entertained the meeting for an hour and a half on the subject of phrenology his presentation with considerable skill and ability. I was agreeably surprised and listened with the greatest possible interest and pleasure to his discourse. He was not by any means an orator but he had the power of giving his incite with dashes of word painting and the choicest of language. His Parliamentary speeches were frequently interspersed with Latin quotations which made it difficult to report and one particular speech so bristled with that kind of thing that the reporters absolutely gave up the attempt in despair.

Some of Gordon's actions were of his impulsive character. So to be little better than foolhardiness.

On one occasion we were riding together along a country road not far from the township of the Western District of Victoria, he on his rather raw bay chestnut and I on an ordinary roadster and suddenly I missed him from my sight, it being nearly dusk, and hearing a rush and a clatter behind I turned in time to see him taking the mare over the fence that bounded the road. She struck it pretty heavily and nearly came down with him, and of course he had to jump it back onto the road again. I pointed out the folly of what he had done, and the fix he would have been in had any accident happened, to which he replied in his usual guileless manner, "well I never gave it a thought,"

I may doubtless say it was some spasmodic impulse of this kind that prompted the now famous and dangerous leap at Mount Gambier.

He was a great reader, and amongst other things, fond of good stories in light literature and would often read a book through without putting it out of his hands. He had also a remarkable memory for anything that interested him. On one occasion he suggested that I ought to read some of these books, to which I replied that I should forget all about them immediately I had read them.

There is no doubt we know the case with himself. He scarcely forgot any story he had read and asked me to open one of the books upon the table.

And read him one or two lines. This I did and he went on to the end of the page at almost word-for-word as it was written. I tried in different parts of the book with exactly the same result. He made one unlucky speculation in land, but so far as I knew he never at any time owned much land. A good deal of his money disappeared in the many of the loans to needy friends who forgot to pay him back again, and in acts of benevolence his word was his bond and I never knew him to break a promise, once given. In fact there were some things so noble about the man, and some things so upright and conscientious on his otherwise peculiar nature that stamped him as superior to most men that had a close acquaintanceship with him which must necessarily is to be followed by a feeling of admiration. (24 Phoenix Chambers Melbourne 188.... Brierley and Forbes Stock and Station Agents) (Transcribed from documents held at the RHSV)

ARTISTS AND AUTHORS

Geoff Dening

<http://www.starnow.co.uk/geoffdening>  
 CD "The Ballad of Adam Lindsay Gordon"  
 DVD Presentation "Champions" Racing Museum

Brenton Manser

<http://www.brentonmanser.com.au/admella.html>  
 DVD "The Wreck of the Admella" 2009

Lorraine Day

<http://www.freestylepublications.com.au>  
 "Gordon of Dingley Dell": The Life of Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-1870) Poet and Horseman  
 "Reef of Despair." The wreck of the SS Admella - COMING SOON !

Michael Wilding

<http://www.scholarly.info/home/>  
 "Marcus Clarke" Edited by Laurie Hergenhan, Ken Stewart and Michael Wilding  
 "Wild Bleak Bohemia"; Marcus Clarke, Adam Lindsay Gordon and Henry Kendall

Dr. Helen Kinloch

Adam Lindsay Gordon-Horseman and Poet

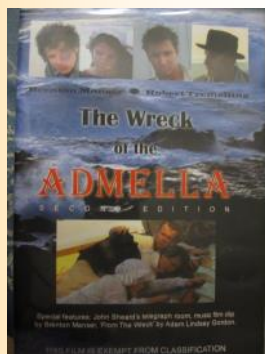
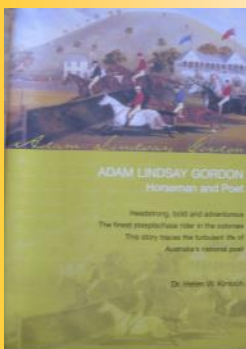
Xavier Brouwer

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Xavier\\_Brouwer](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Xavier_Brouwer)  
 "MacKillop" The Musical and "Sighs of Sorrow"



FILM-A DOCUDRAMA  
 "RIDER AND WRITER"

Based on the life of Adam Lindsay Gordon whilst in the South East of South Australia and Western Victoria.- DVD out in early 2014.  
 Being produced by Brenton Manser with cinematography by Robert Tremelling.



POEM

William Trainor lived with Gordon in Mount Gambier. Gordon had a habit of discarding poems that he was not satisfied with. Trainor would pick them up and send them to newspapers for publication using initials for a nom-de plume.

THE FIRST DEATH

I had a little sister once,  
 But she has long been dead:  
 For many a year the sweet flowers  
 Have blossomed o'er her head.  
 A child, I thought it was unkind  
 Of God to take away  
 The sweet companion of my youth,  
 With whom I loved to play.

They took me to the silent room  
 Wherein my sister laid;  
 Though she was clad in death's array,  
 I did not feel afraid,  
 So sweet a smile was on her lip,  
 And, as her eyes were closed,  
 I thought that this could not be death -  
 So sleep-like, so composed.

Death was, within my happy breast,  
 A secret yet unborn;  
 I knew he could not take the rose  
 We love, and leave the thorn.  
 I wept because my father wept,  
 But did not understand  
 When first he told me she had gone  
 To the good and happy land.

But now long years have passed away  
 A tear I cannot weep  
 That death so early closed the eyes  
 Of her I loved in sleep.  
 But rather joy that angels bore,  
 On white wings far away,  
 The first love of my infant heart  
 To realms of endless day.

I wonder how that God in love  
 Calls not more home to rest,  
 Ere sin's contaminating touch  
 Can mar the destined blest.  
 And while I mark the sufferer's form  
 Glide like a shadow by,  
 When I behold the pallid cheek,  
 And hear the mourner's sigh,

Gordon's sister, Ada.  
 Born 15.3.1832  
 Died 29.11.1847  
 ALG had just turned 14

I look from up this vale of tears  
 To regions bright and fair,  
 And watch the clouds like angels pass  
 In forms of glory there.  
 And shed a tear of deepest joy,  
 That one I loved so well  
 Should thus so soon have passed away  
 In Paradise to dwell.

JOWIHO

(The Australasian 18.2.1865 Page 2  
 State Library, Victoria)

