



THE WAYFARER

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

THE POET OF AUSTRALIA 1833-1870
WHO LAID THE FOUNDATIONS FOR LITERATURE AND THE ARTS
IN AUSTRALIA

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POEM A BROKEN LIFE

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ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

REJECTION ANONIMITY AND PRAISE

The Complex Life of a Genius

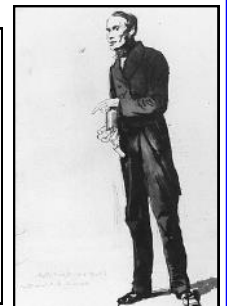


Photo of Gordon taken at the time of his marriage in 1862



The head of the Manor gave his servant maid the following character reference the other day:- "The bearer has been in my house a year—minus eleven months. During that time she has shown herself diligent—at the Manor front door; frugal—in work; mindful—of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—towards men; faithful—to her lovers; and honest—when everything had vanished." We have no doubt the services of this attractive creature have been in immense request wherever she has presented her wonderful character reference.

A young male was being interviewed for a servant's position in a stately Manor. His prospective boss asked, "Are you a smoker?" "Not even a little," said the young man. "How about alcoholic beverages?" Never touch em," he replied. The boss smiled and asked, "So you spend a lot of time with girls?" The applicant said, "No, not really." "So you don't have any vices?" "Well, I do have one," he admitted. "And what would that be?" the boss asked. "I tell lies."



ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

REJECTION ANONYMITY AND PRAISE

The Complex Life of a Genius

1868 Oct 10 Gordon wins three steeplechases in one day.. Flemington Racecourse, Melbourne. "Age" 12/10/68 Melbourne Hunt Club Cup on "Babbler". Metropolitan Steeplechase on "Viking". Selling Steeple on "Cadger". Sold Cadger for £40.

1868 Oct 6 First record of Gordon's acquaintanceship with Marcus Clarke . (Hugh Anderson "Last Letters").

1868 Oct 17 Unplaced on "Palenurus" in Master's Cup (Vic)- "Australasian" 24/10/68 . Page 523.

1868 Nov 7 Won V.R.C. Steeplechase on "Viking" - "Australasian" 14/11/68 Page 618.

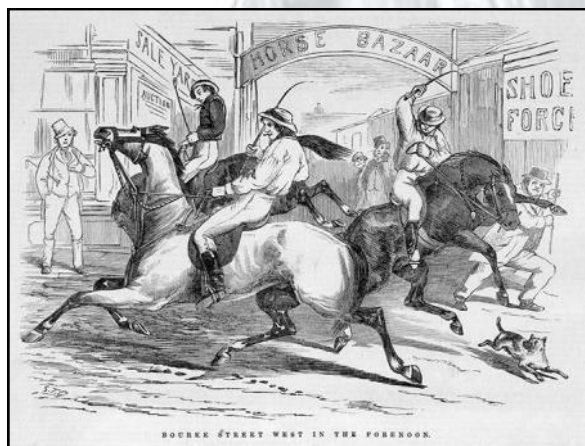
1868 Nov 14 Gordon joins the "Yorick Club". Friend of Marcus Clarke. (My Father and My Father's Friends. Hugh McCrae).

1868 Dec 5 Won Ballarat Steeplechase on "Babbler" - "Australasian" 12/12/68 Page 746.



Sketch of Gordon by Frank Madden 8 years later 1870.

THE DREGS OF THE CUP. By THE HERMIT. The Australasian 26 Dec. 1868 p10 and 2 January 1869 p10 ("The Hermit" was the pen name of Adam Lindsay Gordon for this article. (Gordon had many pen names).



This print from the woodblock, Bourke Street West, illustrated by Samuel Thomas Gill, engraved by Frederick Grosse was published in Australian News for Home Readers, 24 March 1864, State Library Victoria. Accession no(s) IAN24/03/64/4

Bowes' Tattersall's Club, Bourke Street West, with the Victoria Club, were the places for the settling of bets from race meetings.

The area was the centre for horse saleyards and horse shows.

"What shall I do with myself was the question uppermost in my mind one morning some few weeks ago. Having rested ill, and risen late, and cut myself shaving, and kicked my favourite corn against the bed-post. And almost jibbed at my bath, and refused my breakfast point blank, I felt thoroughly egotistical and proportionately wretched-to use a vulgar, but not inexpressive figure of speech, I had evidently got out of bed on the wrong side. What shall I do with myself? The question, though often recurring, was in one sense superfluous. I had no choice, for the Spring Meeting was just over, and I was bound to put in an appearance "under the clock," that *dies irae* (day of wrath) settling day having come at last like every other inevitable sublunary infliction.. I have no desire to resuscitate the late lamented Cup. a cup of bitterness to many, to me among others. What I fancied, or to what tune I backed my fancy, matters little. Yet should the victorious New South Waler take it into his astute head to erect a triumphal arch *dire afieno* (voiceless), my share of the foreign metal will have been fairly, if not freely, contributed. Well I lounged up to the yards, and paid, and made an abortive attempt to look pleasant at all events. I saw many others in a worse plight than myself, to judge from the expressions of discontent which I heard on every side of me, the wonder was, where were all the winners gone?

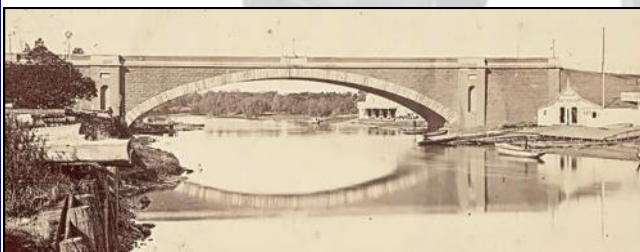


Frederick Grosse 1828-1894,
Engraver, State Library Victoria
Accession no(s) MP00/00/56/50

There was "Fleecer," fat and well favoured, with benignant countenance and bland persuasive tones, and Doublecross jaunty and debonaire as ever in spite of a succession of bad nights, and Corpeemonger, the cadaverous, in a suit of seedy black like a vampire dressed for a prayer-meeting, and Flint Skinner, looking leaner and more hungry than usual, with stealthy step and wolfish eye; and the Mc Levi brethren, wise as serpents, if not harmless as doves, with many more of the "profession," both Jews and Gentiles; and these men are all good generals, and nearly all good losers, yet most of them have been bit so hard that they scarcely care to dissemble.

The race is not always to the swift, but when the fleet ones are outpaced, the slow ones have no right to complain. I console myself by reflecting that I have lost in good company. Men wiser, if not better, than I have in many instances fared worse. My business is soon done, and I don't know why I loiter; I certainly have no intention of starting afresh just now. The Ballarat Handicaps can't tempt me, and I have no weakness for the Port Phillip; here are plenty who linger like myself without any fixed purpose. It may be the force of habit that keeps us, it may be sheer idleness, or it may be that vague listless curiosity that makes one feel indisposed to leave a crowd of talkative men, though their conversation to the listener stale, flat, and unprofitable enough.

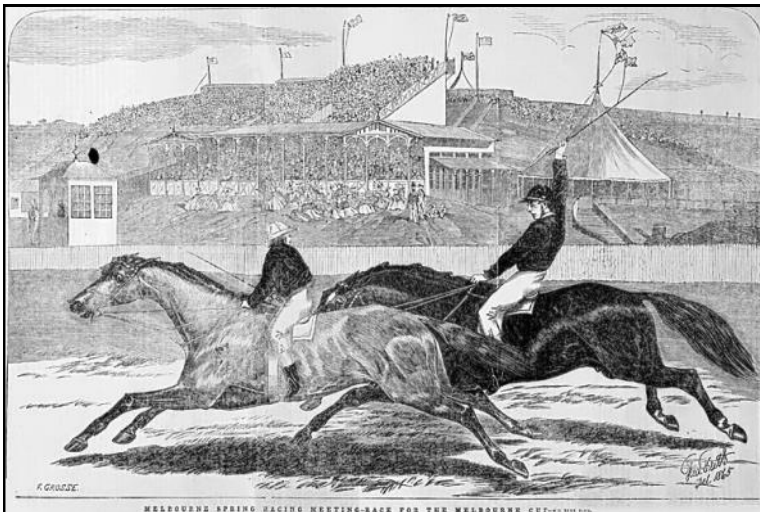
The horror of a great dullness seizes me when Canon Poole suggests an adjournment to "the field of the cloth of green," where a quiet tournay may be held. I know Poole's form so well, he can always give me just enough points to beat me by, and his slow method of lighting a cheroot between two dribbling hazards at the end of the game is intensely aggravating. I excuse myself and join Fitzplunger, who has lost rather heavily of course, but ignores his losses with a sublime indifference that fill me with envy; he is full of sanguine anticipations, which only can be realised by a succession of miraculous flukes. His friend Littlejohn bores me insufferably with an account of the size, shape, pedigree, performance, and engagements of his new purchase, a worn-out third-rate plater, with three favourite legs, with which he intends to go hurdle-racing, having no fear of Martin's Act (Ed; one of the first pieces of animal welfare legislation) before his eyes. Lushington, the most sensible man I've met, proposes a modest quencher, and to this I assent readily, for the truth is, I was up rather late last night, and the roof of my mouth feels like the side of a brick-kiln. A draught of mineral waters qualified with a little absinthe somewhat refreshes me, and I return to the yard to find midday merging into afternoon, and the company beginning to disperse. Where shall I go? Lushington invites me to lunch with him, but this I decline, having no appetite. The fleshpots of Egypt are a delusion, and strong drink is a snare. "Then come and dine with me, old fellow," he asks; "Say seven sharp; you know the crib." I know it well, having earned a headache there before; now, however, I give him a half promise with a reservation, and we part.



Princes Bridge Melbourne Circ. 1870 State Library Victoria
Accession no(s) H31510/26

My homeward route takes me some distance along the St. Kilda road, and I turn my steps towards Prince's-bridge. My acquaintance Griffin is going my way, and offers to accompany me till our paths diverge; but Griffin is not a desirable companion, he piques himself on being always in hard condition, and has a mania for keeping flesh down; he will want me to walk at the rate of six miles and a half an hour. I dismiss Longman on the plea of a little business, and he vanishes round the corner like a pair of animated tongs. As for me, I

saunter slowly to the bridge and then follow the river side and finally stroll into the gardens, musing as I walk on matters of thought suggested by the scene I had just quitted. Setting aside those who make horse-racing a livelihood it is rather hard to account for the all-absorbing and all-engrossing attraction which "the turf" exercises over such a large bulk of our countrymen at certain seasons.



The Melbourne Cup 1865 State Library of Victoria
Accession no(s) IAN25/11/65/9 Fredrick Grosse Engraving

Why do people of both sexes and all ages and nearly all occupations congregate in such masses to see which horse out of a dozen, or may be a score, can do a given distance at the quickest rate? For my own part, I, who have seen as much racing as the ordinary run of men, not absolutely "turfites", have seen, often wonder why I go to a racecourse. I don't care for gambling, and, as a rule, bet very little, and I have not even the Irishman's predilection for a crowd. As for the actual struggle for mastery between two or three horses, these things are all so much alike, and I have seen so many of them, and some that I have seen were better and more fiercely contested than any that I am likely to see.

I had nothing on this race, and really I felt very little interest in it. What was Kettledrum to me, or I to Kettledrum? Some of my acquaintance are lest apathetic than I am, but some are more so. I know a man who, on the last day of the Spring Meeting, being present on compulsion in the saddling paddock, shut himself in one of the horse boxes and smoked his pipe while Tim Whiffler and Glencoe ran their tremendous race for the Queen's Guineas, and this man has- "*Lived by the saddle for years a score*"- And might reasonably be expected to take some little interest in his own profession. But there is no accounting for eccentricities. After all, as an amusement for the million, horse-racing is, perhaps, as harmless as any other pastime. John Thomas and Sarah Jane must have their holiday sometimes. They may as well put on their Sunday clothes and see the company, and eat their sandwich, and drink their beer, and spend a shilling or two, and enjoy the open air at Epsom or Flemington, as anywhere else. The morality, or immorality of the turf has been done to death, with no very beneficial results, but the turf, as a business, is a different thing altogether from the racecourse as a recreation. In every business, the speculative or commercial, the shrewdest and cleverest are the most successful; you must outwit your neighbours on 'change as well as on the turf-in a monetary sense, your hand is against every man's, and every man's hand against yours. Scribblers may air their literary talents, and get rid of a little superfluous spleen at the expense of a few scapegoats; but the scapegoats, as a rule, are the reverse of thin-skinned, and the censure of Penny-a liner makes very little impression on them. We do not really expect to do much good when we have and occasional moral fit. If we were virtuous (which most of us don't pretend to be), we should all have sense enough to know that the supply of cakes and ale would not be materially affected. You cannot reform the world. If you smother one vice partially for a time, three other vices rear their heads, hydra like, in its place. Society, on the whole, is no worse than it was many centuries ago. The riders of that most ancient and honourable Ring, "The Round Table," were fine fellows no doubt, but they had their weak points-

Spare your jibe, O pale peripatetic! (walking philosopher) most rugged of modern cynics! However deeply initiated you may be in the mysteries of a Bourke-street Elysium, (paradise after death), you have never graduated in the hippodrome, (place for horseraces) and are clearly out of your depth there. A taste for light literature and a facility for mis-quotation will not carry you through where more practical men have been discomfited.

In the rush of steeds, in the roar of tongues,
With a hundred thousand pair of lungs
Together in concert straining,
I saw Dictator struggle afar,
Kildonan beat, and the fortunate star
Of "the Guinness" winner waning-
I saw how the Fordham mark was set
On the flinching flank of the Whitehall pet,
I saw how the Frenchman faltered,
And, alone in the race, with the yellow and black,
The tremendous stride of the Colonel's crack
Kept up its stroke unaltered.

"What time among King Arthur's crew,
Thereof came jeer and laugh;
One knight, true mate of lady true,
Alone the cup could quaff."



Melbourne from the Botanic Gardens] [picture] / [Henry Gritten] ca. 1867.
State Library Victoria Accession no(s) H92.191 ate:

Moralising thus, I had come to anchor in a shady and secluded part of the gardens, and was indulging in a full length stretch on the turf—subjects the most dissimilar are oddly enough connected by the train of ideas that constitutes a day dream—with the house-tops hidden by the foliage, and the smoke and bustle of the city, completely shut out from eye and ear, I could almost fancy myself in the country. The spot I had chosen actually recalled to mind a similar glimpse of scenery in the far off wilds of the Western district, where a stream whose waters never mix with those of the Yarra, winds in a similar fashion between ranges laden with acacia and eucalypti. I wish I were there now, I can hardly tell why; there may be something common to most of us in the variable humour of the man who longed for Tiber

at Rome, and preferred Rome at Tiber; there may be something in the re-awakening of old associations, something of that cat-like affection for places from which the veriest Nomad among us is not wholly free.

I should like a trip into the country. I have not earned a holiday, and perhaps don't deserve one, but I want one badly enough, and my business need scarcely keep me, since it has not kept me in salt for the last two months. If I could only coin an excuse—and I can coin one too, for Dr. Mannkeller, who is a good fellow, will prescribe instant change of air if I ask him, and a change of air would certainly do me know harm. There is no physician like nature, no medicine equal to oxygen, and my head was full of bees this morning. Shall I forestall Christmas, and take the New Year by the forelock. Shall I shut up my office, and set my house in order, and go to grass? Christmas in town will be miserable enough to me, and the heat will be almost intolerable for travelling then. This weather was surely made for that express purpose. The fierce midday glare of the Australian sun has already subsided into a mellow golden lustre, softened and toned down by the dark olive-hued foliage of the thickly planted trees that contrasts well with the livelier green of the sward and the clear neutral tints of the sleepy Yarra, threaded with silver here and there where the rays reflect themselves on the sluggish current. This is a bit of artificial scenery; if I stand up and look round me, the illusion is gone; but how will the country look on such a day as this? It is not the correct thing nowadays to grow enthusiastic over the beauties of nature; *Nil admirari* is one of the mottoes of the age; sights and sounds that our ancestors (poor benighted barbarians) would have raved about, are, or ought to be, regarded with sublime indifference by us. I am almost ashamed to own that I have often wished I could paint, and was enabled to travel.

"Where, as last year, the fields begin
A fire of flowers and glowing grass,
The old fields we laughed and lingered in
Seeing each our face in last year's glass.
Felise (kissed goodbye), alas!

The muscular Pagan of the Guy Livingstone type, who weighs 14st. 7lb. in hard condition, and, on the strength of a biceps developed to the verge of deformity, goes to and fro on the face of the earth lording it over his frailer brethren, to the admiration of his still frailer sisterhood—who rides madly over impossible doubles, and slings the left from the hip with a force and fury that nothing born of a woman can stand before—who consumes unlimited strong drink and innumerable cigars, clad in a gorgeous dressing gown of divers colours—who also plays for enormous stakes with his friend, and either calmly pistols his enemy in the *barrière* (fencing?) duel (the *suaviter in modo*) (gently in manner), or cleaves him clean to the chin-strap with a horrible blasphemy (the *fortiter in re*) strongly in deed—who breaks the head of a bargeman at college, and the bank of a gambling company at a continental watering-place, and the Seventh Commandment all over the world, and who, being overtaken and brought to bay by a somewhat tardy poetical justice and overwhelming odds, finally sets his teeth, and dies hard, harder even than he has lived—this man, I say, is, as a rule either stolidly apathetic or coldly contemptuous towards "the beauties of nature."

Let me make some amends to an author who has afforded me many a pleasant hour. It is the fashion to abuse Mr. Laurence, and every paltry scribe who sets up for a critic on the score of being able to string together a few flippant sentences of English Grammar, has a fling at him, and yet, in spite of exaggerated animalism and extravagant audacity, his works are very readable, and even, in a moral point of view, they are rather above the average standard of the day; they are bolder and more outspoken, certainly than the "milk and moral tales" (which nobody ever reads), but the "sin and sensation" novels, whose name is legion,

beat them hollow for morbid sensualism and depravity. Laurence's word-painting is graphic and vigorous, and his dialogue is often highly dramatic. What a scene for two great actors might be borrowed from "Honour thy Father," and I can assure you that I, who am really fond of hunting, would rather sit on a chair and read "The Run from Pinkerton Woods," than sit on horseback and ride through a middling run over an indifferent country. I am fond of hunting, certainly, and this is no boast, for I don't pretend to ride as some men ride. I would not attempt to live through a quick thing alongside of Harry Blount, like his namesakes (Marmion's protégé), a "sworn horse-courser," who has reduced crossing a country to a scientific certainty (bar accidents). Neither would I aspire to follow the lead of that incurable monomaniac "Greefseeker," who esteems three things, and three only, as generally necessary to supreme earthly felicity.

1st. An equally insane and partially ungovernable horse underneath him. 2nd. A crowd of admiring lunatics at the rear. 3rd. Five feet and upwards of the newest and most massive red-gum or stringy-bark right in front. When the flyers of the hunt, "ravenous as

wolves, lusty as eagles, jealous as girls," come down to the first three-railer, I modestly pull off, and pray fervently for a broken panel, and my prayer is often heard and granted; but if I can keep my seat till I get warm on a safe and temperate hunter, I can hold my own with the ruck sufficiently well to enjoy the chase immensely, though I must say I prefer "game" to drag-hunting and bagmen. I dare say neither Blount nor Greefseeker care much what they follow as long as the pace is good and the fencing large. At least I can't answer for Blount—he can hunt a little if he chooses, as well as ride a great deal, so perhaps he would prefer the legitimate sport for choice. As for Greefseeker, I believe it's all one to him, wild or tame, fox or fish, deer or drag, hare or herring. Well, I never saw him absolutely ride over a hound yet, and a miss is as good as a mile, and after all, I suppose it's a matter of taste—taste and smell. Why should Rufillus quarrel with his friend Gorgonius?

No. The evening shadows are gathering, and I must make a move. What shall I do with myself? The old question returns as I walk home rather more briskly. I have not made my mind up yet about a country excursion. Sufficient for the day is the evil, but to-night—what shall I do with myself to-night? Shall I avail myself of Lushington's invitation to dine at seven sharp. I know who will be there; they are all bachelors, I fancy, so I need not dress. Really, if I break my fast sparingly and abstain from mixed drink, I may go through the ordeal. Lushington drinks deep, but carries his liquor well, and the feat will not degenerate an orgie, at least not in his house. He laughs immoderately on the very smallest pretext, but he is not absolutely boisterous. I think my nerves will stand the host; but how about the guests? In the first place, I shall be sure to meet that bright particular star of the evening (and all the night long) Marcellus Clodius, Esq., sub-editor of the "Colonial Penny weekly," and contributor to the "Polynesian Peacock."

The young gentleman can be amusing enough when he likes, in spite of his boyish blaséism, and he is decidedly clever, but somehow I don't feel in the humour for clever company to-night, and that extraordinary theory of his, which he is sure to breach—something to the effect that, everything in heaven and earth, is resolved into a question of "gastric juice," is severely trying to one like myself, whose digestive organs are weakly by nature and not strengthened by habit, especially of late. Who else will be there? Goosequill, for certain, and perhaps Gaunt. Goosequill is an artist, and is said to be a man of talent; I believe he always carries pencil and paper wherever he goes. I can only say that I once detected him grossly violating the sanctity of the convivial board by making a hideous caricature of one unfortunate, a very fat man with an apoplectic neck, who had partaken freely, and was sleeping audibly, with open mouth and one eye shut.

As for Gaunt, the man is well enough when he drinks water, silent and somewhat saturnine, but harmless. But unfortunately his head, empty in all other respects, is crammed with any amount of shocking bad poetry; I think some of it must be his own, for nobody else that I know, except Tupper, perhaps could write such rubbish. When in his cups, which with him means one glass, he commences to recite aloud in a dismally lugubrious monotone, husky and discordant, and he continues at intervals till he gets speechless. I am afraid I couldn't put up with all these inflictions in my present frame of body and mind.



Melbourne Hunt Club. State Library of Victoria. Accession IAN01/07/95/13



I have a vivid recollection of a certain supper, at which no less than five members of the Yahoo Club were talking at once. I took notes in shorthand for my own amusement, and I have a good mind to publish them, but no! there's a certain amount of freemasonry in every club, and the Yahoo brotherhood might find me out. They have their own mysteries—

“The initiate pays a heavy price,
And whoso breaks them dies.”

I am no respect of persons, but the *deiune-gericht* (your court of justice) is not to be defied with impunity, Home at last, at the door of my quiet lodgings. My housekeeper is out, as usual, but I know where to find the key . It is dark inside, but being a smoker I carry lights, and I soon find a candle. Leaning against a dissipated-looking statuette of Caesar or D. Johnson (I'm not sure which, but it would do for either) that adorns the mantelpiece, I find a letter directed in a well-known hand:--

“Dear H.—From the tone of your last I guess a change would do you good; come and stop with us as long as you like. You will find your old quarters always ready for you. Isuit is lame, but The Homicide is in fine order, and only wants riding. The dogs are rather fat; I think that we shall have a few snipe this season, and the kangaroo want thinning. —Yours, &c., “J WOOLCOMBE RAMSAY “Woolcombe-park. Nov. 1868.”



I don't think I shall publish an account of how I packed my carpet-bag and took an affectionate farewell of my *Lares and Penates* (Roman spirits of household protection and wealth). I hope my charitable reader will surmise that I settled with my laundress. I have done with “The Dregs of the Cup” now. I have used the present tense freely hitherto, and may do so again if I choose, but the dregs alluded to have evaporated weeks ago, with the smoke of the capital. Those who care to listen may hear from me again under another heading. “An Unsentimental Journey” Published next quarter in “The Wayfarer”.

Creative Commons Author Sobebunny

NOTICES

The Henry Lawson
Memorial and Literary Society Inc.
Meet on the third Saturday of each month,
except January, at the rear of St Francis
Church, Lonsdale Street
Melbourne
in the Monastery Hall
From 1:30pm to 4:00pm
All Welcome
*Pic. State Library Vic.
Accession no(s) H33074*





Our Spring Street Gathering
Saturday 18 June 2016 At 11am
Meet at Café Excello, Opposite. 10:30am



Visit Adam Lindsay Gordon's
Dingley Dell Cottage.
Port MacDonnell S.A.
Phone Allan Childs
0408 382 222

LOOKING FOR LAWSON Lawson's poems to song, with John Thorn. .On at the Bella Union Trades Hall Melbourne Wednesdays 2 March and 9 March 7.30pm [BOOKINGS](#)

PAVE FESTIVAL Sunday 17 April 2016. Poets' Breakfast and Yarn in the morning and The Golden Cow Literary Award in the evening. Further information-Phone Ted Horton 0405 505 858

CONGRATULATIONS To Michael Wilding for gaining another award, The Prime Minister's Literary Award for Non-Fiction. A joint winner with his book “Wild Bleak Bohemia” Adam Lindsay Gordon and Marcus Clarke.

OUR COMMITTEE MEMBER Lorraine Day was asked by The Friends of The State Library of South Australia to contribute an article on Adam Lindsay Gordon. Her closely researched, illustrated article appeared in their December 2015 edition of *Bibliofile*.



Jen Holt as Jane Bridges in C.R. Giles' play "The Also-Ran".
Presented at The Edinburgh Fringe Festival, 2015.
"The Space"- "Surgeons' Hall".
Jen Holt is an accomplished London Actor. [View on Show Reel](#)

Adam Lindsay Gordon's proposal to Jane Bridges, of The Manor Broughton Hackett near Worcester, and her 'spur of the moment' refusal was to remain with the poet for all of his short and tragic life in Australia .

REVIEWS OF THE PLAY

"Absorbing and beautifully acted."
Hayley Mills. Academy Award Winner

"This stunning piece, brought to life by Jen Holt, was so moving it had many of the audience in tears. The atmosphere was dense from the moment we stepped into the theatre and as soon as the play began we were gripped, eagerly awaiting every word that was spoken with such clarity and emotion. Being a frequent theatre goer in London I was very impressed to find such an exciting piece of writing from C.R. Giles. If this play moves to London I will be definitely buying tickets as it is certainly not something to only see once. Of all that I have watched at the Festival this year The Also-Ran is without a doubt the 'must-see'.

Abi Clancey

"Saw this show at the Fringe today and it was amazing. Beautifully written and really well acted." Lisa McCrone.

"An excellent production of a brilliant and entertaining script delivered by a captivating actress. A worthwhile 40 minutes for you to go and appreciate." Roland Macleod

"Powerful and moving story... I was drawn in by the intensity and atmosphere from the start to the end. Seriously impressive acting. Thoroughly enjoyed the experience was lost absorbing it all,," Francis Thornhill

THE AUSTRALASIAN NEWSPAPER 29 APRIL 1865 PAGE 3

A BROKEN LIFE

I wonder, while the sunset-flush
Is reddening through the apple boughs
Where we once stood, and I stand now,
Reminded of our tears and vows—
I wonder where you are, and if
You can afford to smile, like me,
At thought of our old selves, that dreamed
A sweet impossibility!

Do you remember how we stood,
In the sweet-scented evening grey,
With hands reluctant to release
The tender clasp, which seemed to say
More than the grieved and quivering lips,
Or passionate eyes dared to express?
We never dreamed our hearts could change,
We never dreamed they could love less.

And how we lingered in the lane
So odorous of the new-mown hay?
And how the little flower you gave
Was hidden in my breast away?
I found it in my desk last night —
Its leaves are fragrant still, though dead;
The heart that throbbed beneath it then
Can so much of its love be said?

The white stars shone the trees above,
Lights twinkled from the pane,
When at the little gate you gave
A good-night kiss again
That lingered in my dreams, till dawn
Broke through the early mist—
Yon mill-stone is not colder now
Than are those lips you kissed!

A year! as ever by the bridge
The river runs, by flower and stone,
The old trees sigh, the May-flies play,
But I stand here alone;
And young leaves from my listless hand
Dropped idly on the stream
Are floating far, and floating wide,
Through fitful shade and gleam.

Ah! my old heart of that old day,
Down what full-shadowed tide
Of changeful joy and pain dost thou
Drift from me far and wide?
An idle hand! Once held in his,
That drops the gold-green fern—
Thou hast thrown dearer things away
That never can return!

JESSON

A Pen Name of Adam Lindsay Gordon