



# 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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### A CHRISTMAS RECIPE

Light a fire under your billy. Place in your billy one dead and plucked cockatoo together with an axe head.

Cover both with water, and heat.

When your axe head is melted your cockatoo is ready for your Christmas table.

Add your Bill Wannan Sauce

*Caution. Don't try this today. The cockatoo is now protected! You can still use the axe head though.*

THE ADAM LINDSAY GORDON COMMEMORATIVE COMMITTEE INCORPORATED  
WISH ALL OF OUR FELLOW WAYFARERS, MEMBERS AND SUPPORTERS,  
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

OUR ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING  
Held in Ballarat on Sunday 16 October 2016

President: Allan Childs  
Vice President: Viv Sellers  
Secretary: John Adams  
Treasurer: Travis M Sellers  
Committee Members; Lorraine Day; Dr. Helen Dehn;  
Virginia Barnett; Jenny Childs; Terry Maher.



### OUR APPEAL FOR FUNDS

1919 Oct 3 Annie Lindsay Gordon re-interred, from Ballarat, with her father. The year Maggie died. "Age" 4/10/19 Page 6 (Maggie is buried at Bordertown Cemetery) Left 4 sons and 3 daughters.

The remains of Annie Lindsay Gordon, the infant daughter of the poet, which were brought from the Ballarat Cemetery on Wednesday, were reinterred yesterday afternoon in Gordon's grave in the Brighton Cemetery. The Rev. W. H. Adeney, who was at the Ballarat graveside 51 years ago, conducted the funeral service. Among those at the graveside were Mr. W. May, who was present at the original burial in the Ballarat cemetery, Mr. and Mrs. Low (formerly Mrs. Gordon), and their son, Mr. Benjamin Hoare recited Gordon's poem, "The Sick Stockrider," and Mr. J. H. Taylor and Mr. W. Smithers-Gadd delivered appropriate addresses.

The visitor to the Ballarat Old Cemetery today will see no trace of Adam Lindsay Gordon's only child, Annie, aged 10 months. Died 14 April 1868 and buried the next day.

Her grave site is now taken by another. Our Target of \$300 to provided an entry into the Memorial Book of the Brighton Cemeteries is nearly reached. \$225 raised so far. Donations to The Adam Lindsay Gordon Commemorative Committee are welcome. BSB :633-000 Account 129958567 with your name as reference. Donations so far: [www.adamlindsaygordon.com](http://www.adamlindsaygordon.com)



This plaque was instigated by Allan Childs and carried out by Lorraine Day.

We thank the City of Holdfast Bay for arranging and funding the manufacture of the plaque.

Left to right:  
Allan Childs; Lorraine Day; Jenny Childs; Elrae and John Adams

### THE COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE

**Australia's national poet Adam Lindsay Gordon lived in a house on this site in 1865-66** while a Member of the South Australian House of Assembly, representing the electorate of Victoria, which covered all of South Australia between the Murray River and the Victorian border.

Situated on about three acres of land between Brighton Road and Penzance Street, the house Lindsay Gordon resided in, then designated as No. 59 Penzance St, was built and owned by John Monck, a prominent Freemason, having bought the land in July 1851 from John Neales. Mr Monck, who arrived in South Australia on the HMS Buffalo in 1836, designed and laid out the West Terrace Cemetery, where he resided as caretaker for many years before his appointment as pound keeper to the Glenelg Council.

On 13 April 1883, 8 allotments in Penzance Street and Brighton Road, New Glenelg, property of the late John Monck, were sold for £700. The house where Gordon had lived comprised two small cottages under one roof, both occupied by the poet, and surrounded by a number of trees including a large fig, almond and gum trees. By 1895, the house was derelict, with some of the back rooms already removed, and the rest destined for demolition.

About 1916, the original property between Penzance Street and Brighton Road was sub-divided and a parallel laneway put through. Four houses were already erected on part of the land. At this time, the house in which Lindsay Gordon had lived was reduced to a pile of rubble at the back of the property (now No. 58 Penzance Street) near the laneway. From this rubble, three bricks were retrieved bearing the initials 'ALG' and these were incorporated in a row of bricks on the north-facing front wall of the present house, built in 1916 for Stanley Vernon Hicks, a Glenelg bank official.

The house changed hands a couple of times before Douglas McGregor Brook sold it to Simon Thomas McMahon on 19 November 1926. Mr McMahon was an Adelaide publican and licensee of the Thistle in Waymouth Street (now the Rendezvous) and the Seven Stars in Angas Street. After the house was sold in 1953, unfortunately, new owners at some time had the bricks painted. However, more recent purchasers restored the brick work to its original state.

When Gordon lived here, he would usually ride his horse Cadger in to Adelaide to attend Parliament, stabling it at Hunt's Stables nearby in Bank Street. At Glenelg the stables Gordon used were about a mile from his house, in an old bakehouse on a property owned by Jonathon Hawkes. Gordon had a stable boy James Sugars who, when he was about 15, used to feed and groom Cadger and the grey mare Modesty which Gordon's wife Maggie used to ride.

Sugars also helped Gordon exercise the horses on the beach at Glenelg.

Left to right:

Steve Georganas, Federal Member for Hindmarsh. S.A.  
Justin Lynch, Chief Executor Office, City of Holdfast Bay, S.A.  
Beth Sampson, Great Grand Daughter of Gordon's Widow,  
Maggie Low. Ellen, Great Great Great Grand Daughter.

We thank Robert and Sharon Duncan, the present homeowners, for happily accommodating our plaque unveiling.





THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING-THE JOHN SHAW NEILSON SOCIETY INC.  
Sunday 20 November 2016  
at the 56 Paisley Street branch of the City of Maribyrnong Library Service.  
The library holds a special archival collection of material relating to the poet.  
A guest was Maggie Sommerville pictured above beside  
President Graham Dunkley and Secretary Murray Parker.

Other guests were James Howard (pictured left) as Henry Lawson  
and Weston Bate (pictured right) who, with his wife, Janice are  
Patrons of The Adam Lindsay Gordon Commemorative Committee Inc.  
Neilson lived in Gordon Street Footscray for the last years of his life.

James Howard performed a reading, and Maggie Sommerville performed her own songs, mostly set to the poems of the poet  
Guest Speaker, was Professor Weston Bate OAM, Australian Historian, who spoke on the subject  
"Reliving Poetry: The Colonial Opportunity."

A SUMMARY (With apologies for any errors).

I have always been interested in poetry. Interested in Democracy and writers.

Gordon was interested in Byron, Swinburne, Shelley. Atonement his fault. Gordon was a driven man, all for "getting it out of him". Gordon was short sighted. Neilson was a man of the land, alive to all of the hardships that abounded. Thanks to his father, he was given a literary foundation.

Australia is a huge country to cover, Neilson and Lawson had great opportunities. Lawson was led into poetry by Louisa, his mother. Gordon in his 'Sick Stockrider' gives a sense of Australia. *Weston reads with gusto* "Hold hard Ned....." Like a Google map, he sees the country. He was alive to it.

The daring, he was always into it. Reads the final verses of "How we Beat the Favourite". He is riding the poem. Reads from "A Dedication" In the Spring, when the wattle gold trembles....." He redeemed himself, but had many falls.

Neilson had no formal education and wrote in the romantic tradition. Reads from "The Hour is Lost" The most moving poem The hour is lost, we are going to lose what we've got. It's going to go. Reads from "Surely God was a Lover" Surely God was a lover. He certainly had been through it. The depth of experience always comes out in poetry. Reads from "Say This For Love". The immeasurable Lawson, wrote mainly in prose. Gained from the New South Wales experience. Like Gordon riding it, Neilson walking it, Lawson was bullock teams and settlers. He was there and loved what he saw, those bush people. He was doing what he wanted to do... in The Bulletin with editor A.G. Stevenson .

What is Australian? Gordon and Neilson were English. Lawson was faces in the street. That's what makes Lawson so angry at the state of things. Reads part "A Song of the Republic" ...and the land belongs to you....and the land belongs to you!

Well C.J. Dennis, he was different to the other poets...a bit of a conundrum. I will not dwell long.

Lawson's "Faces in the Street" have a depth of feeling in them. Even the simplest folk, in a preface of Lawson on 1 September 1915 wrote a preface to Dennis' book "The Sentimental Bloke" Reads in dialect "Me name's Doreen....."

Dennis was a bush man writing about the city, not the other way around. Weston read another poem of Dennis'.

Now the *Australianis* . Dennis' "The Sentimental Bloke" went through 57 editions with a total of 285,000 copies by 1976 and is adding to it. *Australianis* is a very special quality. Weston Bate "You are such a daunting audience!" (Mislaidd book to read from - found) Reads "To a Departed Bushranger" John Shaw Neilson. Same sense of *Australianis* as Lawson. Reads "The Man on the Barge". He met them, he knew them, a sense of where and what they've become.

Gordon's *Australianis* Reads a passage "From the Wreck". "Turn out boys....." The poem is a bit like Browning's work. The other bit Australian. Reads the last verses of Ye Wearie Wayfarer Fytte 8 "Hark the bells..."to the end. Gordon is being very English/Australian. He sings about Australia.

Lawson! "Freedom on the Wallaby" Blood should stain the wattle. Personality. Lawson called balmy when young. He had a sense to make things right and was influenced by his mother. Neilson. The hard life. Gordon. Had many falls. Had a sense to try to redeem himself. Reads Poem "To my Sister" Bellied my pedigree....." He's got so much to make up.

So I began with pioneering stories in the south. (South Australia and Victoria).

In the north, NSW, they were face to face with the suffering of people which began with the convicts. John Hirst wrote about the influence of farming in Victorian goldfield's markets. There was nothing like it in NSW. Merino sheep which had glands to store water. If not for the merino sheep there would have been no labour party through shearers in the sheds. Lawson through The Bulletin was a great expert on the News South Wales story.

Of course we all take it in through our poets. COMMENTS FROM AUDIENCE. CJ Dennis' Ginger Mick was just the right size to fit into the soldiers breast pocket along with his army record book, and carried through the Fromelles battle were there were thousands of casualties. Weston Bate replied because of General Sir John Monash, that war didn't keep going on. That was Dennis' deepest work. It carried more of the soul of the man, rather than in "The Sentimental Bloke" Lawson was deaf and an introvert. Neilson and Gordon were short-sighted, both inward-looking. *Finished at 4.30 pm with refreshments.*

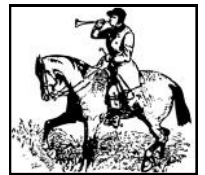


A gathering of huntsmen in a valley. Coloured lithograph. Creative Commons Wellcome Library V0021924

out like a flock of pigeons. A judicious cast or a lucky one. There is a whimper, uncertain but instantaneous, then loud and clear as the clang of a fire-bell

comes the challenge of old Jovial, a deep-mouthed southern hound. A single twang of the horn is half-drowned in a burst of many-throated melody. They have given us the slip, and are off at score. I have everything in my favour to-day, with the weather given in.

"Set his head quite straight wherever you mean going, and sit on him," was the only injunction given me by my friend when he lent me Kingfisher. On such a horse and such a day, nine men out of ten will ride respectably. It is all plain sailing for a while. A sward almost level, and springy enough in places, and the hounds have a longish start and carry a hot scent. A heavy swell from "the Corner" on a pulling hard-mouth'd screw has a little the best of us, but then, his horse has a little the best of him. Tompkins, rampant on a mammoth steed, pressed him hard. A fat farmer on a corpulent cob, and a wild Irishman on a cantankerous colt, are as forward as anything else; and a small boy on a lilliputian pony, and a lady and gentleman on wheels, are well up. The pace is merry, nevertheless, and we are overhauling the pack fast, but we are also nearing the enclosures, and it will be bellows (*ed. folding roofs*) to mend, with the buggies at all events. A sudden elevation of feathery ferns and a flutter of scarlet skirts. Huntsmen and hounds have flash'd over a log-fence into Wilberforce's paddock.; The charioteers and some of the equestrians diverge to the left, but the jump is an easy one, and the bulk of the field hold on. For a moment, everybody finds some-body else in his road; but Tompkins, not to be denied, *takes instar montis equum* (*Ed. A horse as big as a mountain*) to the front and strides over the impediment and establishes a clear lead.



God's mercy and a very loose bridle-hand, has crossed me three times running. On the right, a small patch of cultivation is fenced with the ruins of a low two-railer, made still more ruinous by Tompkins as he drives *instar montis* (*Ed. Horse like a mountain*) through the shivering woodwork, and ploughs up "cabbages and cauliflowers," to the intense disgust of the proprietor, going out again in the same fashion, and leaving a gap that a pony phaeton (*Ed. form of sporty open carriage*) might have driven through behind him. We are close on the pack now, and the huntsman looks back rather anxiously, for the scent is getting colder as we ascend a long rising ground, and with the best intentions, such a crowd may be unruly. The heavy Corner swell is too far forward on the left; he pulls hard, too, but his horse's shoulders will get in the way of his spurs; and

Tompkins has bucketed "the equine mountain" past the bewildered Barmaid, the last of the tail hounds, in his zeal to maintain the pride of place.

But the chase bends to the right sharply and suddenly, and over the brow of the hill. The front rank are suddenly smitten with consciousness of too forward riding, for the hounds have put a formidable flight of rails between us and them, and the huntsman is with the hounds, the five-year-old rapping the timber smartly. There goes St. Maur, fast and straight, on a clipping brown mare, low and lengthy; and Gerrard, of the civil service, on a handsome grey; and a stranger on a white-legged bay, and a steeplechase-rider on a hot chestnut, and Wering the renowned, and Diggins the redoubtable and Tollgate and Otherwise, *arcades ambo*, (*Ed. two persons with like occupations*) gluttons both, and one or two more, and they do plenty of slogging amongst them, but the rails take their punishment well, and I experience a qualm, but harden my heart like Pharoah, and loosen the head of Kingfisher, who rises like a roebuck, and lands like a wild cat, and as we swing down the hillside I glance round with much satisfaction.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY PART THREE.

The Australasian Saturday 3 April 1869, pages 11, 12

By "The Hermit" Adam Lindsay Gordon.

We met, 'twas in a crowd," on just such a day as this, the "Buninyong Blazers" and "yours truly."

Let me recall the scene. Horsemen and horses of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, with pedestrians not a few, and a tidy sprinkling of *sunt quos curriculo* (*Ed. there are those whom it pleases*) have mustered on the skirts of the Common of Manyclairs. A few of the regulars, acting as special constables, keep the field aloof, while the huntsman, velvet-capped; red-coated, top-booted, and mounted on a great raking five-yr-old, draws quietly away with the pack clustering at his horse's heels, till a wave of the hand and a word of encouragement spread them

Tompkins has got well over, but by some mischance has left "the mountain" on the wrong side, and his dilemma resembles that of the great prophet. "The mountain" won't come to Tompkins; in short, will see Tompkins d—d first; ergo, (*Ed, therefore*) Tompkins must go to "the mountain." Somebody (Griefseeker, I think) has carried away about two panels and a half, and is blessed for his consideration by those behind, and cursed for his clumsiness by those before; the ruck are swarming like bees at the breach, and putting their knees in jeopardy with praiseworthy hardihood.

But the huntsman also glances round. and his brow is overcast, for the pack are at fault in the gully, having overrun the scent where that shallow watercourse meanders through a strip of brighter green, and the first flight, with the ruck in the rear, are coming down the hill fast and furious. It is rather a trying moment, for in the front rank one horse is quite unmanageable, and three riders are nearly as bad but Blount is equal to the emergency. Handling the great raw five-year-old as though he were a child's pony, he wheels and serpentine in front of the leaders, and admonishes them fairly and without much unnecessary bullying. "Steady St. Maur! Give them time, old fellow. Hold hard Tollgate, we may go home if we over-ride them here. Gently, Griefseeker, you'll find it hot enough directly, if you've patience. Diggins, I can depend on you, help me to keep them back. Now then you, sir, where are you coming? There is a tinge of asperity (*Ed. harshness*) in the last remark, and Blount thrusts himself, horse and man, between the careering Corner swell and the baffled "Blazers," and lays two fingers, of the horn hand on the bridle of the runaway. "Look here, man," Blount continues, "you're hanging on the nearside bit and off bridoon. Get your foot in the stirrup, and let out your curb chain three links, if you've time. Hark-to Rattler! Hark For'ard! For'ard away!"

And Blount it off at a tangent to the right again, with the pack in full cry, and is over a new and nasty five-wires and a cap before we have gathered up our reigns. There is a momentary pause, and St Maur singles out and charges the fence with a *Fenian yell* (*Ed. a member of a legendary band of warriors defending Ireland in the second and third centuries*), flourishing his whip shillelah fashion (*Ed. Irish stick or cudgel*). "Girl of the Period" goes awfully fast but she flies the fence like a bird. Now Wering is over with a rap. and Diggins with a scramble, Griefseeker with a bang, and Tollgate and the Stranger have landed simultaneously on the right, While Gerrard and Otherwise are in the air together on the left, and I take Pharoah for my model, not without an effort of will, but Kingfisher never puts a hoof to the cap, and lands lighter than ever. I think: we have shaken off some of them this time.

Among hunting men I think a little jealousy is justifiable. We may like to see our companions enjoying themselves, and yet wish to see our share of the sport without let or hindrance. We may be (I know I often am) very thankful for a lead over an ugly place, especially if a stiff rail is broken by a better rider than ourselves; and yet we may object to being crossed, cannoned, and jumped upon by cowlts colts, pullers, ponies, and mammoth steeds. Of course, the jealousy of a real timber glutton is quite another thing, but though inexcusable, even this is not usually dangerous except to the individual gluttons. Men like Pounder Tollgate or Griefseeker generally take a line of their own, and if they cannot be happy unless they can get at a superfluous fence a little bigger than anything their neighbours have had, so much the worse for them.



*Illustrirte Zeitung (1843) 09 140 2 Die Hasenjagd (Wiki Commons)*

At the meet, before the hounds were laid on, I was talking to Captain Paget of the "Flying Fencibles." The gallant, caption was in a misanthropical mood in spite of the weather. I asked him if he liked hunting. "Yes," he replied, "but I don't care for fishing on horseback, and then, the ground is so hard, and the sport so atrocious. I don't think I shall care to follow far." Now, the captain never does follow far across country; but as for hard ground, I've known him hammer along a macadamised road, when such was available, with wonderful energy. He can talk about hunting, and he often speaks of giving a long figure for a good horse, but such an article would be thrown away upon him, I fancy. His figure at the cover side is imposing, and his get-up is faultless; he wears immaculate leathers and irreproachable boots, but his performance would, I fear, disgust any straight honest horse, if it did not spoil him. The truth is, the captain can ride well on mahogany over claret, but on pigskin over fences not a little bit. It is all very well and quite harmless for him, and those of whom he is a type, to recount what they have done and are still ready to do in the hunting line after a good dinner; but when they are over censorious about our attempts to get what sport we can—when they cavil (*Ed. make petty or unnecessary objections*) at our horses, and sneer at our hounds, and ridicule our riding, and lampoon our game, and damn our country, they do harm, because they are listened, to, and their words have weight. Now, my friend Biddulph simply says, "I don't like your country because I dislike timber except on a very safe horse."

I've no time to look for such a thing reasonable, and I can't afford a fancy price for an animal that even then might not suit. Perhaps I could ride a little once, but I'm a heavy man now, and a family man, and my nerve is not to be depended on. Still if I had a clever and temperate hunter, I should enjoy a day with the hounds much. You can't get wild foxes, I know. What then. *Tros Tyriusave mihi.* (Ed. *Tojan or Tyrian, makes no difference*) Stag, drag, or bag, it's all one, as long as you enjoy yourselves, and forget your gastric juice."

My dear Biddulph, I don't suppose you would feel comfortable on a pupil of Blount's or a pet of Griefseeker's, even the "Girl of the Period" would be a trifle too headstrong perhaps for you to consider her a luxury; "but there are horses- and-horses." May you ride Kingfisher some day, and may I be there to see, though I should be sorry to have, to stick to you if the country were big or cramped. We are in the cream of the thing now. This may not be sport-at least, not a legitimate sport-but it is first-rate fun. It is "the chase," to at all events. Nine or ten horsemen are chasing six couple and a half, and six couple and a half are chasing some thing—call it what you like—a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, so would a herring. A man fairly mounted could hardly wish for a finer country—large hilly pasture lands, with good average fences. Kingfisher gives me increased confidence at every leap, but I am not too proud to take advantage of broken panels, of which I get a fair share; for, on the average, seven men at least are in front of me, The scent is breast high, and the mottled minstrels are running nearly mute. Once, when they take a bee line through a large swamp which we skirt, they gain upon us decidedly, though we put on steam. Blount is up in his stirrups, with hands low on the withers of the five-year old, as though he carried silk instead of scarlet; and even "Girl of the Period" is to longer fighting with her bit while the hot chestnut is fully extended, and the "Civil Service swell" is hard on the dapple grey, but the hounds, without flinging up, feather for an instant; and then bear round, and cross our line. "Hold hard; gentlemen," cries Blount, "the varmint (queer name for a herring) is over the creek." We steady going down a steepish hill, and a jagged black line in the valley shows the windings of the watercourse. It is not wide, but the banks are steep, and, in places rotten. The white legged bay mare takes off too far, and lands short, and the soil breaks under her hind feet ; but the rest, with more or less pace on, get well over, and the scent is hotter, and the uphill strain in front is steeper than the *facile descensus*-

And up, up, we scramble, and on, on,  
We scurry- "Who's down in the dyke?"  
"Tis P---e upon Maid of the W---n;"  
"No-Maid of the W---n on P---e."



Microsoft Clip Art

However, "The Maid" has a turn of speed, and Monsieur La Pique is with us again before we have gone far. The chestnut is less fortunate. A low but strong fence turns him over, and his haunch strikes sward with a dull uncomfortable noise. "Is the man hurt? No; he could hardly curse his quadruped so heartily if much damage was done. Besides, falling is his forte.

We have exchanged hills and gullies bald and bare for long-swelling uplands, lightly timbered with gum and blackwood, and a large paddock partially cleared for cultivation stretches ahead. "He is sinking fast," says the huntsman, shading his eyes with his hands. I see nothing of "the sinker," though I strain my orbs of vision to discover his whereabouts. I let Kingfisher out, and at the next fence he rises and lands almost level with Blount, who address a few words to me, and is graciously pleased to compliment me on my performance, as we stride through the clear land. I confess I feel justifiably elated. I shall surely be in at the death, and the field is very select now. Will the huntsman present me with one of the fins, or give me a gill, as a trophy of my achievements. Alas, my sanguine anticipations are premature. I am not yet quite out of the wood. Marchioness is straining to the front, and Madcap is racing for the lead. The herring is doomed, but I shall not assist at the obsequies. (Ed. *funeral rites*)

I did not see quite the end of it, and it fell out in this wise:- Says Blount, "The next is rather a rum un. Take a pull old chap, and give him pepper." And while he speaks the rum un looms large against the sky-line as we emerge from a clump of black wood. Rather a rum un. I should rather think it was, very much so. A staring new three-railer, high and strong—the earth thrown up nearly to the bottom rail, telling of a drain beyond. Our huntsman takes his horse by the head, with both hands on the rein, sits close, and administers steel as a tonic. The five-year-old goes at it gallantly, but hits awfully hard with every leg, and topples head foremost and tail uppermost Tails for a thousand! (Ed. *from game of two-up*). Blount gets a long way back on him, striking the croup with his own shoulder blades, and lifting with knee and hand. Tis a near thing, but between them they just save a fall, with a little luck and a good deal of horsemanship. To emulate Blount I must needs imitate Pharoah again; but ossification of the heart does not seem a good thing this time. The Celtic war screech rings in my ear as St Maur goes by me, and every ironshod hoof flashes in the sunshine as "Girl of the Period" clears the top-rail by inches and flies yards beyond the drain. I hear Griefseeker grinding the few remaining teeth not yet swallowed for the good of gastric juice, as he shoots past me at racing pace. *Vires acquirit eundo*—(ed. *gains strength as it goes*) he ought to get somewhere the other side, and he does too with a most unmistakable crumpler—that big red rail, tufted with the hair of his horse's knees, has never yielded a hair's breadth. My glance wanders up and down for a safer spot, and to and fro from the repelling rasper to the alluring chase, and my heart feels like butter in an oven, and refuses to harden. Even so may have fared the heart of the younger Tarquin on the shores of Tiber, in front of that grimly-guarded entrance where the she-wolf's litter stood savagely at bay, when:

"Thrice looked he at the city,  
Thrice looked he at the dead,  
And thrice came on in fury,  
And thrice turned back in dread." (*Thomas Babington Macaulay 1800-1859*)

A good-looking clipped horse, that has gone well and straight hitherto, refuses twice close to me, though stoutly ridden, and at the third rime of asking gets his fore quarters over and hangs. "Diggins" the redoubtable reluctantly rolls from the slanting saddle, and I ride to the right, and the hounds bend the same way and ran the fence down for a short distance; they lose the scent momentarily, and catch it again with a burst of music almost irresistible; now they are leaving me; Kingfisher is eager to get to them—I believe he could do it—and there is a nice panel lower, and easier than any of the others. I remember Pharoah, and let him rip.

My nice panel comes nearer, but becomes nastier. That red rail reminds me of the Red Sea, where Pharoah hardened his heart once too often. Within five strides of the leap I pull for the panel next on the right, and repent immediately, for that is no better, certainly. Kingfisher's snort is expressive of intense disgust; but he is too honest to turn, though he knows I want him to. He changes his leg, and takes it sideways. [Thinking of these things since, I freely admit that he would not have fallen with St. Maur on him; that Blount would have saved him even in the last moment; and that Griefseeker would have called it a bit of a blunder; but nothing near a fall]

At this particular moment my ideas are slightly confused, yet I can partially realise my sensations without being quite clear about my situation. By a sudden and unaccountable dissolution into thin air of horse and saddle I seem to be left between earth and sky, with a natural earthward tendency, and an unnatural acrobatic impulse urging me to attempt an involuntary summersault—which feat I think I have half executed, when the magnetic attractions of the soil prevail over my aerial evolutions.

"The skies spin like a mighty wheel,  
I see the trees like drunkards reel,  
And a light flash springs o'er my eyes,  
Which see no further."

I must have come to myself almost immediately, for the sounds of the chase are still audible in the distance. I recognise my horse feeding, with the reins among his feet. I cannot recognise my hat, but with great sagacity I conclude that a certain shapeless article (not at all like a hat. Nor, indeed, like anything that I'm aware of) once served me as head-gear. Giddy, but unhurt, I pick myself up, and also pick up my whip, which has gone a long way, and mount Kingfisher, who regards me with an air of contemptuous pity. There are close secrets between horse and rider, and Kingfisher won't tell. Guided by a faint horn-blast, I ride on, and have not gone much more than half a mile through a belt of timber when I came out on the Cressford road, and see hounds and horsemen assembled: in front of a public house—the herring has died game. I notice a great many of the field, who never rode through the run on our line, and not a few that I only saw at the meet, and have not seen since. Tompkins is quaffing "tiger's milk," and recounting the wonderful exploits of "the mammoth" to "the heavy Corner swell" They fraternise, and drink *haec olim meminisse*. (Ed. remember these things)

St. Maur hands me a flask, containing something, better than the ordinary; public house liquor,  
Blount offers me a weed, and tells me I rode like a bird —N.B.—I don't feel "like a bird " next morning.



### [Become a Friend of the Festival](#)

John Shaw Neilson (1872-1942)



### [John Shaw Neilson Acquisitive Art Prize](#)

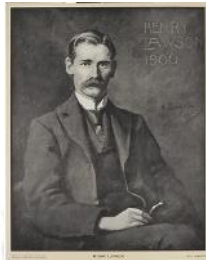
The John Shaw Neilson Acquisitive Art Prize, is open to all emerging and established artists throughout Australia, and entries must be inspired by the works of this early Penola poet. If you've entered before, you already know the rewards that go with being part of this event. For those considering entering for the first time, it really is a wonderful opportunity to be part of a dynamic Festival whilst acknowledging Neilson's place in Penola's history.

Entries for the 2017 John Shaw Neilson Acquisitive Art Prize will open soon.



Visit Adam Lindsay Gordon's  
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The Henry Lawson  
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THIS YEAR IS THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
PUBLISHING IN "BELL'S LIFE" OF GORDON'S POEM  
"YE WEARIE WAYFARER" (Oct.- Nov. 1866) An Excerpt.

Hark ! the bells on distant cattle  
Waft across the range,  
Through the golden-tufted wattle,  
Music low and strange ;  
Like the marriage peal of fairies  
Comes the tinkling sound,  
Or like chimes of sweet St. Mary's  
On far English ground.  
How my courser champs the snaffle,  
And with nostril spread,  
Snorts and scarcely seems to ruffle  
Fern leaves with his tread ;  
Cool and pleasant on his haunches  
Blows the evening breeze,  
Through the overhanging branches  
Of the wattle trees :  
Onward ! to the Southern Ocean,  
Glides the breath of Spring.  
Onward, with a dreary motion,  
I, too, glide and sing—  
Forward ! forward ! still we wander—  
Tinted hills that lie  
In the red horizon yonder—  
Is the goal so nigh ?

Whisper, spring-wind, softly singing,  
Whisper in my ear ;  
Respite and nepenthe bringing,  
Can the goal be near ?  
Laden with the dew of vespers,  
From the fragrant sky,  
In my ear the wind that whispers  
Seems to make reply—

'Question not, but live and labour  
Till yon goal be won,  
Helping every feeble neighbour,  
Seeking help from none ;  
Life is mostly froth and bubble,  
Two things stand like stone :  
KINDNESS in another's trouble.  
COURAGE in your own.'

**The dapple effect**

Driving homeward  
After a long weekday afternoon,  
It's midsummer  
And the sun is low  
But not ready to set just yet.  
The highway before me  
Is striped black and grey -  
Dappled -  
And as I drive forward  
It feels like going through a tunnel  
Or swimming underwater  
In stretches.  
Such a pleasant sensation:  
First black, then grey.  
As I pass through the shade patches  
It relaxes me;  
I am soothed,  
Yet also delighted  
At the visual symmetry before me;  
And the ease of my travel through it.  
This patch of my universe  
Is equally divided  
Between black and grey;  
I am travelling at an even speed;  
I am between work and home;  
It is neither day nor night;  
And this evenness does not render me ambivalent,  
But blissful.  
Here on the Western Highway  
Approaching Ararat  
Is the dapple effect:  
Equilibrium.

Philippa Hale © Summer 2016

[Grampians Writers' Group launch new anthology  
Running Water](#)

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