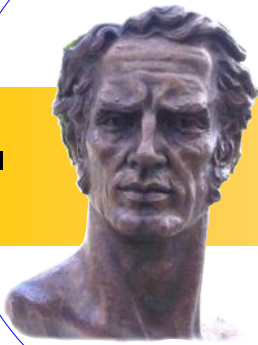




ISSUE 41 — MARCH 2017



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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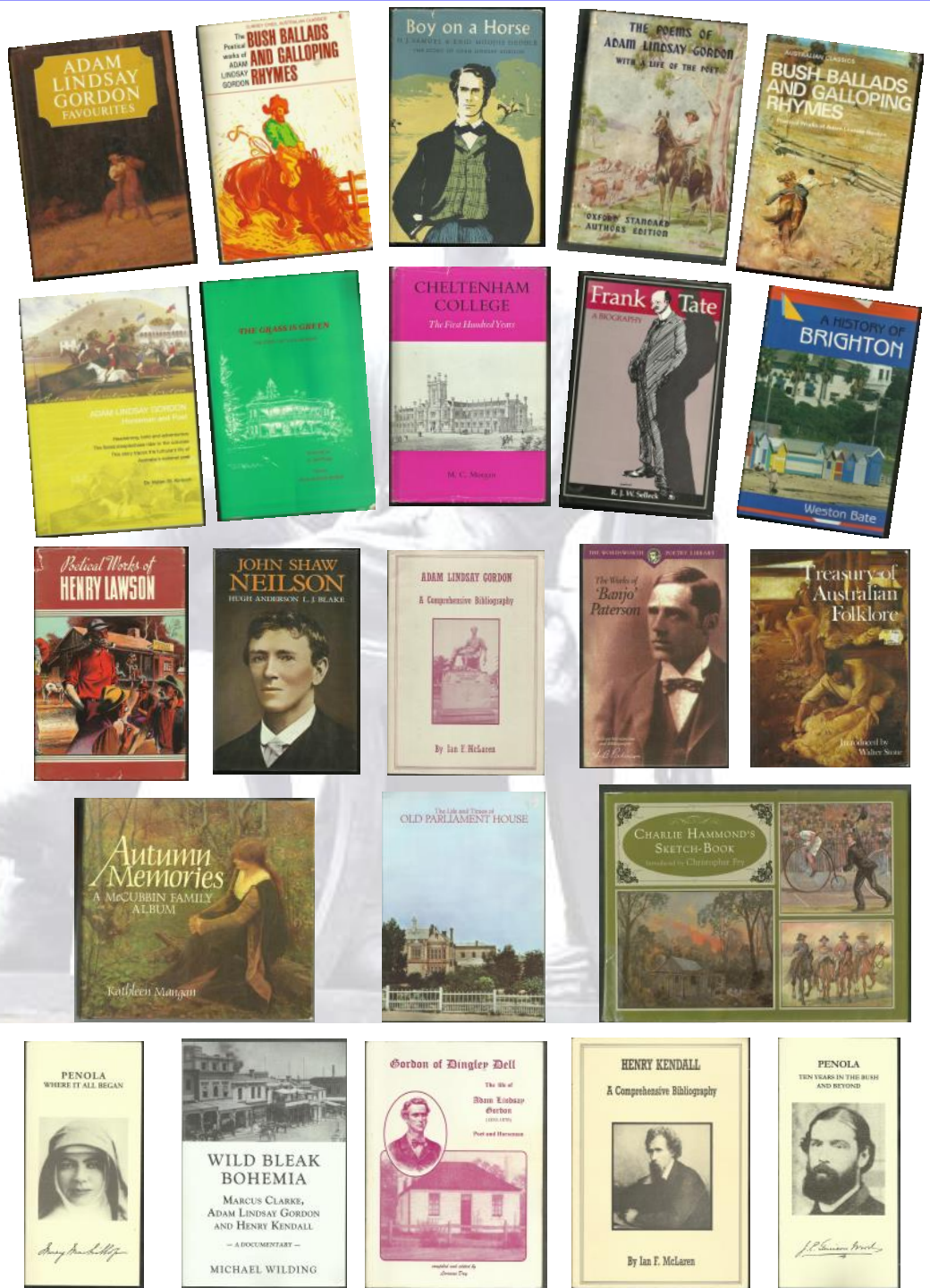
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In an outback pub a bloke began to skite about his droving exploits.
After a while he turned to a hard bitten old character.
"And what's the longest droving trip that you've been on?" He asked.
The old character looked him squarely in the eye,
"From Cape York to Hobart, son –
and we walked them all the way".
(*Treasury of Australian Folk Law- Walter Stone.*)

(Photo from Microsoft Media)



Photo Wikimedia Commons
"Notes Tracker"

WATTLE PARK WATTLE—MELBOURNE- Riversdale Rd, Burwood VIC 3125

The Argus, Melbourne. Wednesday 22 October 1930 Page 4.

In memory of poets who have written of the wattle, the Australian Literature Society will plant a number of trees on Saturday afternoon at Wattle Park. The ceremony will take place at 4 o'clock.

Trams will leave Batman avenue at 10 minute intervals.

AN AUSTRALIAN "POETS' CORNER" Nature's Cathedral At "Wattle Park," a popular pleasure resort for picnickers and sports clubs—a brief tram ride from Camberwell, Victoria—a portion of the picturesque parklands has been allotted to the Australian Literature Society, Melbourne, through the courtesy of the Tramways Board, for the purpose of commemorating the names and fame of departed Australian poets by the planting of wattle trees in their honour at a spot near the kiosk.

On 25 October 1930 the interesting ceremony was carried out by about 60 people, including Mr. A Cameron, Chairman of the Metropolitan Tramways Board, and Mrs Cameron, Mr Forde Secretary The Henry Lawson Society, Footscray, Mrs G.H James the officials and numerous members of the Australian Literary Society, to which the movement owes its origin. They met on the hillside, from which is obtainable one of the finest views out of the city radius, the president of the society, Dr. James Booth, conducting the proceedings and delivering a short but effective opening address.

Healthy young wattle trees were in readiness for the planting, under the superintendence of the Curator of the Park, Mr W Bickerton The poets chosen were those who had sung memorably of wattle blossom, and included Adam Lindsay Gordon, Henry Kendall, Henry Lawson, Victor Daley, Jennings Carmichael, John Bernard O'Hara, Essex Evans, J. Brunton Stephens, John Bright, Robert Richardson, A.W Brazier and Joan Torrance. J. L. Cuthbertson is also mentioned. Selections from the poems of each were rendered by well-known elocutionists, and speeches on several of the poets were given respectively by Dr. Booth, Mr. S. Ford (secretary of the Henry Lawson Society, Victoria), Mrs. Britomarte James (president of the Wattle League), and Mrs. Marion Miller Knowles, novelist and poetess, who planted the tree in memory of John Bernard O'Hara, author of " Lyrics of Nature" and several other volumes of cultured verse. Mr. A Cameron, Chairman of the Metropolitan Tramways Board expressed his pleasure at being able to be associated with the project, planted the tree in the name of L.J. Villiers, formerly a tramway employee.

(*Southern Cross (Adelaide Friday 7 November 1930, page 4; Northern Star Lismore, NSW Monday 3 November 1930, page 11)*)

Over the passing of time, the poets' corner can no longer be found, save that it will remain in our memories.

**AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY— Concluded — By "The Hermit" (Pen name of Adam Lindsay Gordon)
This "Part 3" Published in The Australasian Melbourne Saturday 3 April 1869, pages 11, 12.**

Waking in a night camp, probably Casterton, on his way to visit his great friend, John Riddoch, at Yallum Par South Australia.

'Did I dream that it rained? Hardly so. My slumbers were too sound for any definite dream, and yet at intervals in the night I was dimly conscious of heavy rainfall and dull thunder. After protracted drought, rain is a narcotic and thunder a soporific, so much so, that the war of the elements, which often accompanies a refreshing change from dry heat to cool bracing weather, has been found soothing even by the exposed traveller who camps with only a few branches between him and the stars.

I was roused by the voice of one who informed me that "the 'osses was fed, and the sun was hup," and departed, carrying with him my boots and my blessing, which latter article may have been scarcely orthodox, for I was drowsy, and could have slept again with ease and satisfaction. However, the sun was up beyond a doubt, and the rain had also cleared off, or very nearly so—there was no excuse for a second snooze, and I had been called by voluntary pre-arrangement. After a plunge in the deepest of the waterholes which, chain-wise, form the bed of the river, and a few other preliminaries, I was once more on the road. "A wayfaring man though a fool shall not err therein," (*Editor. Isaiah 35:8*) but there are two branches, and I took the lower track, which, though shorter than the new one, is infinitely worse in summer, on account of heavy sand, and this did I through sheer carelessness.



Aelbert Jacobsz (1620 –1691) Wikimedia Commons.

I had ridden perhaps three miles when I met an old acquaintance leisurely driving four head of milch cattle (*Editor. Cows in milk.*) towards the township. I had not seen the man since I was droving in his Company about nine years ago (*Editor about time of Admella Wreck*), but I have heard of him casually. During our brief dialogue he informed me, among other matters, that his "Uncle Jock," a Liddesdale grazier and sheep farmer, had departed this life; also, that his "wife's sister," Elspeth Logan, had got twins; and, moreover, that "the deil" knew what was come over "Bluey," his best bullock. I need hardly say that I never had the pleasure of Uncle Jock's acquaintance; also, that I never, so far as I know, even heard of Mrs. Logan; likewise, that the deil has certainly never confided the secret of Bluey's ailments to me; however, I feigned interest, and expressed concern civilly enough, and we parted with expressions of mutual esteem.

But before I had gone twenty yards, I was called back, and made aware of the fact that "Aunt Merran" (uncle Jack's widow, perhaps) had sent enclosed to my friend a letter to "cousin Randal" (Jack and Merran's son, probably), of whose whereabouts she was ignorant, and that there was some siller left to Randal. He, my friend, concluded in this wise:

"Your road lies ben Penalva. Ye'll just speer for Randal Kerr; he's a carrier, ye ken; and all the folk ken where he bides. You're a carefu' body" (this statement was erroneous, but I let it pass); "you'll just deleeve this epeestle to Randal yersel'." He produced a large pocket-book of antique pattern and obvious longevity, and began to search for the epistle alluded to; but I told him that Woolcombe-park, whither I was bound, lay some miles beyond Penalva; that my halt, if I made any in the town would be brief; and that Cousin Randal, as a carrier, would be away from home as likely as not at this time of the year. "I'll post the letter," I added; "but why not post it yourself; the mail passes your door three times a week, and the post-office is within sight of where you live." Then, "quothe, my friend, "ye ken Randal's, no a carefu' body. (This I can well believe from what little I've heard.) "If I paid the postage, mon, would Randal - refund?" (This was a poser.) "Na', I'll just keep the epeestle for the present. Gin ye see Randal, just tell him what I tauld ye."

My acquaintance is a thriving man now, with a nice property of his own, three allotments in the township I had quitted, also a few sections of very good land, freehold and unencumbered, not far off. I think he is rather well off, but he would not risk losing twa bawbees on cousin Randal, though the letter he held was, perhaps, worth a good deal to said Randal.

Editor. Here Gordon shows an in-depth knowledge of Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Gordon was known to rattle off poems and stories from memory. The rhyme below could be an example of this, as if it was written from his memory, there are slight errors. Perhaps he also obtained the "Hairbee neck-verse" from the "Select Works of Lord Byron."

From the shore of Caithness to the northern bank of the Tweed there is a mild species of mammon money-worship, which affects the son of the soil, with those few exceptions to which, every rule is subject.

When William of Deloraine writes, or rather composes (he couldn't read, so I conclude he couldn't write), an epitaph for his dead foeman, he begins mildly, meaning, doubtless, to drop all rancour and speak charitably. Thus, the manslaughter of his "sister's son" had been squared by the justifiable homicide of "the fraternal Musgrave," and William admits this, but when he remembers the "siller" that was extorted to purchase his own release from durance vile he waxes exceeding wroth—

"And when I lay in dungeon dark
Of Newark (*Naworth*) Castle long months three,
Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
And Richard (*Musgrave*), could our lot be tried,
And wert thou now alive as I,
No living (*mortal*) man should us divide
Till one or both of us did die"



Naworth Castle
Cumbria
From "Baronial Halls"
Wikimedia Commons.
Flickr Commons

And his anger, though unchristianlike, was not quite unreasonable, for really a thousand marks seems rather a long price for a mosstrooper who had been five times outlawed on both sides, of the border, whose education, too, had been so lamentably neglected, and who rarely tarried for-mass or prayer, and could not even repeat his Hairbee neck-verse. (*Ed. Reciting V1 Psalm 51 for release before the moment of execution*) Probably the ransom-money was found, by Branksome or Buccleuch, but that made no difference in William's eyes. The reiver (*Ed. English/Scottish border raider*) had some good points about him, and was independent ; and, indeed, barring a weakness for Cumberland beef, honest—as the times went.

Most men are familiar with the story of the two soldiers—of which, by the bye, there are many versions—but I believe the tale is founded upon an episode which really occurred in a battalion of Scottish mercenaries.

One of the men was under sentence of death, and was guarded by the other.

The pair gambled to pass the time, having each a good bit of money (loot, most likely), for they were in the enemy's country.



Wikipedia Commons. Francis Grose Military Antiquities

The doomed man was lucky; he won the last gold piece from his comrade. Quoth the loser, "I can play no longer, friend; but stay, the money will be of no use to you except to purchase masses for your soul, which I fancy you don't care about; give me another chance; our captain, though a severe man, is not a bad fellow, we can make it right with him; I saved his life the day before yesterday.

I'll play you one game for all you've got about you, and if I lose you shall go scot free, and I'll suffer death in your stead."

"Agreed," replied the other, and they played again.

The condemned soldier won, and his brother in arms took his place, quite cheerfully, and observed afterwards, "The stake was more than I'm worth, you know, and I might have won."

Perhaps you think this anecdote illustrates the passion for gambling rather than the love of greed. Maybe there are many better examples from which I might have selected to show how a true Scot can reduce the most incongruous matter to-a mere £ s. d. standard far more simply and naturally than his equally commercial southern neighbour.

Bear with me, oh Bradshaw! (Ed. Link goo.gl/IZYRKH)

— me comitem et consanguinitate propinquum (*Ed. my companion and kindred*)

With, admiration rather than with ridicule would I fain contemplate your nationalities.

Nay, my irascible (hot-tempered) Scot, truly if I sought for trenchant satire I need search no further than the pages of your illustrious poet, (ed. Robert Burns) who, from your own showing, has outshone Homer and thrown Shakespeare in the shade_

"And surely you'll be your pint soup
And surely I'll be mine." (*Editor From Auld Lang Syne Last Verse*)

As somebody observes, "You can't expect a man to be poetical and original in one breath," but it is hard that I can't say a good thing but what some officious fellow has forestalled me by saying it first.

A glorious day. And that's a common expression, but I can't find a newer nor a better one. If glorious days are common, we ought to be thankful for the same, instead of worrying ourselves to coin fresh words in braise of them. After my own graceless fashion, perhaps, I am thankful for such a day. The country is poor, with white sand fetlock-deep in the track, despite last night's rainfall; in the track, rank fern-growth and rough grass tree scrub in lieu of herbage, and bastard stringybark growing in all shapes, uncouth and unsightly; but there is no mistaking the weather. The skies are rarefied to an intense liquid blue; the few fleecy clouds resemble tinted snowflakes; the sunshine, like the fabled stone of the philosopher, turns everything it touches to pure gold, and a double allowance of oxygen is condensed in the atmosphere. On such a day as this a man feels younger, unless, indeed, he is very young, almost in his infancy. Says the child, on her seventh birthday :—

"Ah, show me your nest with the young ones in it,
I shall not steal them away;
I am old, you may trust me, linnet! Linnet!
I'm seven-times-one today." (*Editor; Jean Ingelow 1820-1897*)

Perhaps at such an age there may be nothing to gain by feeling younger, but now-a-days every grown-up person is, or ought to be, prematurely old, from Sam's light—weight stable-boy, who begins with "When I was a lad," when he retails his experiences to a juvenile peripatetic (*ed. travelling philosopher*) who refuses to "tarry at Jericho till his beard hath grown." (*Ed. 2. Samuel 10:5*)

"Majora canamus," (*Ed. Let us sing of things a little more elevated*) as Dr. Burcham facetiously observed when he doomed Smith major and Jones do to the cane, and left off the younger brothers with twenty lines apiece. On such a day as this, probably, a certain Circensian entertainment was held at a place called "Farnborough," and two gladiators (*Ed. boxing*), well matched in everything but size, met.

Quoth the big one, "Good day; a fine day this." A commonplace, remark enough, but there seems to have been spice of unconscious philosophy in the reply of the little one as he sniped the morning air through his battered nostrils, and made answer, "Yes, if a man can't fight to-day, he'll never fight."

I have lingered too long over this episode, but it has passed the time. I have left sand and heath far behind me, I have passed a township without halting, I have got into good country, and am now close to my destination. It is late, for I have ridden slowly. The moon shines cold and clear, and the grasses whiten round the rich dark soil of the track, and I can hear the rustling dew fall in the branches, and almost feel it—

"Drop after drop from the wattle trees laden
With dew as with blossom."

And now I see the lights of Woolcombe Park. (*Ed Yallum Park Homestead*)



I'm not going to describe "my friend's house," as a writer in the Colonial did, nor anything appertaining thereto, nor yet what I did there. I meant to have told you of hunting and shooting in the bush, but I must apologise for the inability to chronicle the same. Even if I could make my story worth listening to, which I can't, circumstances forbid to trespass longer on your time.

Theatrical leave-takings are suited to theatrical stars; from me such things would be unpardonable; it is more than improbable that "The Hermit" will address you again, but because he is forced to wind up more abruptly than he intended to have done; and after all, is it not for the best?

For my own part, having at odd times and seasons partially constructed the dim framework of words that I once thought might be worth saying, I should perhaps rather regret those circumstances which compel me to leave the same unsaid; but in the first place, I doubt their word now; and then, again, I suppose it be for the best, someone else either has said them before me, and if the contrary, what's the odds? Perhaps, also, I should feel flattered if I thought you would like to hear more from me.

But the most tedious journey must finally terminate somewhere, and the most tiresome story must have some definite conclusion. Will a few green patches and sheltered nooks by the wayside atone for leagues of barren sand? Or can words of borrowed worth be weighed in the balance against reams of rubbish? Fresh journeys will be undertaken and new stories will be told, but the old ones are never resuscitated, and "the sooner the better" is a good maxim and a wise one. Let us part, reader with such courtesy as beseemeth us, and though "The Hermit" may not couple au revoir with adieu, wish it not otherwise, but rather thankful be!

"That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That e-en the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

(A.C. Swinburne)

And in this eccentric sphere, where all sublunary matters, sublime as well as grotesque, are the inevitable shuttles of destinies incomprehensible, there may be some comfort even in this desperate philosophy.

THE HERMIT

(Adam Lindsay Gordon)

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

SOME LATE LAURELS WRITTEN BY AUSTRALIAN POETS

*The winds that come "a-moaning" from the shore,
Shake the dark cypresses, and ripple o'er
The graveyard grasses deep.
The sunlight dances on the column grey,
And warms the marble with its golden ray,—
And thou art fast asleep!*

MARION KNOWLES 1865-1945 Born at Wood's Point, Vic. Marion played a leading role in the organisation of the Catholic Laity before World War 1. She expressed her feelings in poetry toward nature, children, love and death. In September 1899 Marion commenced a women's column in *The Advocate* and in 1900 became 'Aunt Patsy' of the 'Children's Corner'.



GRACE JENNINGS CARMICHAEL 1867-1904 Poet and nurse. Born at Ballarat Vic. Moved to Gippsland and began to express in verse her understanding of the sights, scents and sounds of the bush. She became a trainee nurse at the Hospital for Sick Children in Melbourne. She died in England under poor circumstance.

*The wild, free gallop that stirs the blood,
The torrent's roar and the rushing flood,
The cattle-bells on the distant hills,
The far, sweet song of the mountain rills,
They hear their music within thy voice,
And, Sons of Nature, with thee rejoice!*

*Those that are slaves to the magic spell
Of the racing hoofs that he loved so well—
Those that have tried to have lived straight and clean
"For the glory of God and for Gwendoline!"
Shall greet him again as they pass below,
"A good man gone where we all must go."*



WILLIAM OGILVIE 1869-1963 Born in Kelso, Roxburghshire, Scotland. His love of horses and the ballads of Adam Lindsay Gordon turned his eyes to Australia. Ogilvie's writing derived from the Scottish Border Ballads infused into the Australian bush. He returned to England in 1901.

*The sun-gilt wattles pour their golden rain,
The racing hoofs their drumming music beat;
And vanished is the city's roar and strain,
The fog-bound winter and the glaring street,
Thus with your book I tread the foam-fringed strand,
Or urge my steed between the flying trees;
Ah, Poet, I possess the whole wide land,
When bushland music lifts its songs like these!*

TILLY ASTON 1873-1947 Blind poet and Esperantist Born in Carisbrook Vic. Founded The Victorian Association of Braille Writers and The Association for the Advancement of the Blind. Herself as Secretary. King's medal for distinguished citizen service. Twice.





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



The Henry Lawson
Memorial and Literary Society Inc.
Meet on the third Saturday monthly,
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 Victoria
No. H33074

Friends of Box Cottage Museum—Contact Email moorabbinh@gmail.com



OPEN DAYS 2017
LAST SUNDAY OF EACH MONTH
NOT IF A PUBLIC HOLIDAY

Volunteer curators of the Early Settlers' Heritage Museum* known as 'Box Cottage Museum' (BCM), located in Joyce Park, Jasper Road, Ormond* -- hope you enjoy reading Issue 9 of the Moorabbin Mirror Newsletter (link below) and welcome your comments. On page 3 there is a call for fondue sets that the Museum could borrow for a centenary event later on in 2017 -- to mark the arrival of August and Frieda Rietman who settled in the original Box Cottage during 1917. August Rietman was a recently arrived sculptor of Swiss German origin who carved, modified or finished off some of the many white marble 'Lone Digger' WW1 memorials erected across Victoria by Corben & Sons. Rietman also 'rough carved' Paul Montford's famous sculpture unveiled in the foyer of Stonnington (former Malvern) Town Hall in the early 1930s. LINK TO NEWSLETTER goo.gl/np5On3

NATIONAL HENRY LAWSON SOCIETY AWARD 2016—2017

TRADITIONAL VERSE AND SHORT STORY COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZES OF \$1000 TOTAL CASH PRIZES \$3.375 ENTRIES CLOSE 30 APRIL 2017

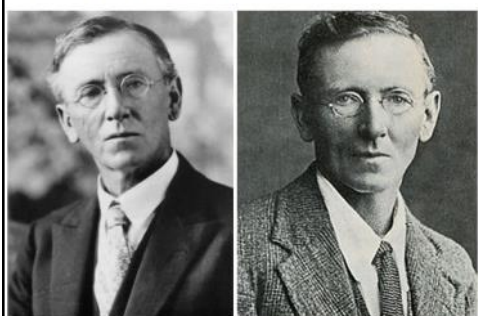
OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

<http://henrylawsonociety.org/wp-content/uploads/2016/12/HLS-entry-form.pdf>



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 now open.

JOAN (TORRANCE) KERR (1873-1943) was a poet and editor who was also known as Joan Kerr. She was born in Scotland and died in Abbotsford, Victoria in 1943. One of her books of poems was *Twixt Heather and Wattle*. She also wrote the lyrics for the patriotic song *Sons of the Southern Sea*. Married to Harold Bertrand Kerr, she had one son Charles Tennyson Kerr (1892-1963) who served with the New Zealand army in the First World War (12/1449). After being wounded, he later tried to enlist in the AIF in mid-1918. He named his wife Gladys as next of kin. Joan also had a daughter Jessie Helen Anges Kerr (1890-1970), who married William Inglis Morison. (*Australian War Memorial Anzac Connections Project*)
Joan Torrance's "Memorial Lines to Adam Lindsay Gordon" appeared in The weekly Times Melbourne Vic. on Saturday 1 July 1899 Page 12. (Photo SLV Image H28050/38)



Adam Lindsay Gordon?

Oh! Gordon though not all our own,
Did not our skies so blue and fair
Make your sad soul break forth in song,
And lay your suffering heart-strings bare?

So deftly did you weave your verse,
The visions gleam upon our sight;
We ride with you, we see with you
The mountains clad in morning light.

The wattle's whisp'rings we can hear
As neath the fragrant shade you lay,
And yielded in that spell-bound hour
To nature and her mystic sway.

The wild bird's song, the jay's weird call,
Were music to your weary brain,
And oft you stood in rapture lost,
To hear the songster sing again.

We can but kneel beside a grave,
The dumb earth cannot hear our call,
Strange echoes o'er the hill-side steal,
And whisper "This is part, not all."

Joan Torrance Joan Torrance

Poem Originally in
The Ballarat ALG
Cottage.
Now with The Gold
Museum Collection
Ballarat.