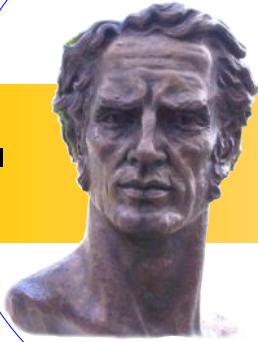




ISSUE 42 – JUNE 2017



# 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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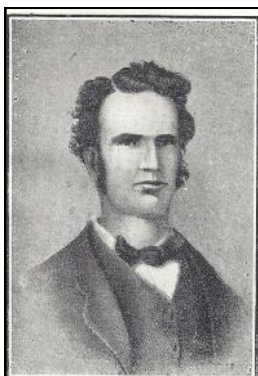
Adam Lindsay Gordon's great disappointment, or indignation, lingered on over the affair at Worcester in 1852. He stole the horse Lallah Rookh from the Pound Keeper in order to race it, and was fined. In his sketch (above) he calls to the horse "Woa! My lass. They won't let us rook (swindle) the stumpey (Pound Keeper) this time *Woa! My shall be fined for winning.*" The horse then says something but it is crossed out. What did the horse say? Could be "*Don't slow me down-squire. What's that for?*"

1868

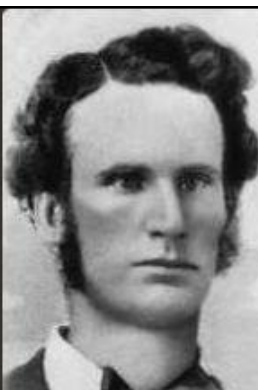


1863





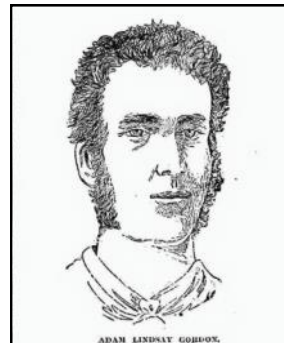
A Photograph of Gordon taken in 1850.



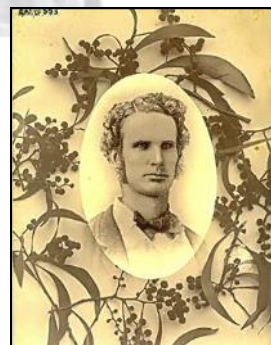
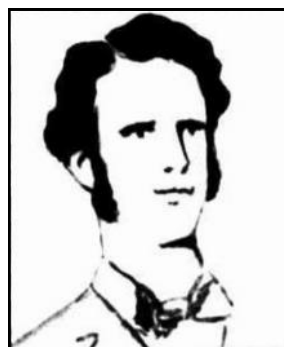
Adam Lindsay Gordon in 1864



Photo taken at the Autumn Equinox, at Solar Noon, showing that the grave of Adam Lindsay Gordon, in the Brighton (Vic) General Cemetery, was placed facing True North.



ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.



His life was the whirl and the rush of a race,  
Whose breeze was his breath, and his joyous face  
Would light with love or with laughing scorn  
As he rode or wrote, to the manner born.  
He was swept thro' our sky to the realms afar,  
With the splendid blaze of a falling star;  
But a luminous track remains behind,  
The blossomy drift from a noble mind.  
Peace to his bed! May the red rose twine  
With ivy\* in love-knots, above his head;  
*And a modest stone with a manly line,*  
WRIT BY HIMSELF, *stand over the dead.*  
This be the spot, when, tempest-toss'd,  
By doubts and fears, in dear wishes cross'd,  
Where I may come to pace and pray,  
Or at golden dawn, or in evening gray  
Here to invoke the spirit above,  
And commune with the poet of life and love.

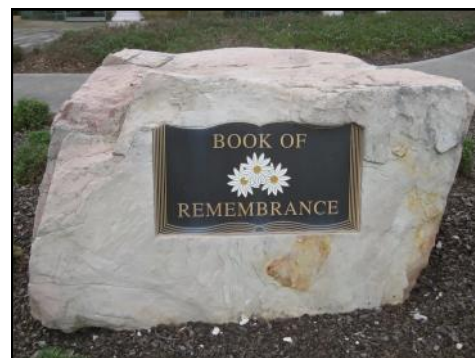
George Gordon McCrae

\* The ivy is the Gordon badge.



ADAM LINDSAY GORDON





Gordon, Annie Lindsay  
Died 1868 aged 10 months Daughter of  
Adam Lindsay GORDON & Margaret PARK

1868 Apr 14 Daughter Annie died. Aged 10 months. "Entered in Ballarat Old Cemetery Records" Headstone was designed by her father. The body was reinterred 3 Oct 1919, to be with her father, at the Brighton (Vic.) General Cemetery. The above record is retained in the Ballarat Cemeteries Book of Remembrance.



Photo Dingley Dell Cottage Museum

#### DISCONTENT

*October 6, 1868, and June 24, 1870*

"I do not fancy (I'm scarce fit to ride)  
That luck will ride with me on Saturday.  
I'm loth to *look* at horses now, old friend;  
And since that fall of mine  
I drink to kill the pain.  
I get so awfully low . . .  
A sleeping draught with strength enough  
To send me to sleep I'd never break  
Would break this misery . . .  
Old fellow, I do not exaggerate."

So Gordon wrote to Riddoch. But he lived  
Two years, then saw ambition melt  
Like lawyers' wax upon his melancholy will.  
He lived on fallowed discontent, then dared  
The earth to leap from him at Brighton as he lay to drill  
The mind which fitfully had signalled his despair.

Among the trees at Brighton, Gordon died—  
Pipe, shilling and hat placed neatly by his side;  
The branch of ti-tree which he used to press  
The trigger of the rifle on his breast  
Was forked like lightning, lightning-swift his end;  
An instant's clamour cleft him from those men  
Whom he would love and speak most kindly of.

Death, the "mournful meaning of the undersong"  
As Kendall wrote in his memorial poem,  
Came to Gordon like a known  
Conclusion; no other race  
But that to death could place  
Him surely as he passed the post; he died  
Knowing the certain victory of his last short ride.

*From "Citizens of Mist" by Roger McDonald. An anthology published by  
University of Queensland Press. 1968.*

*With thanks to Jan Hale for supplying this poem to "The Wayfarer".*



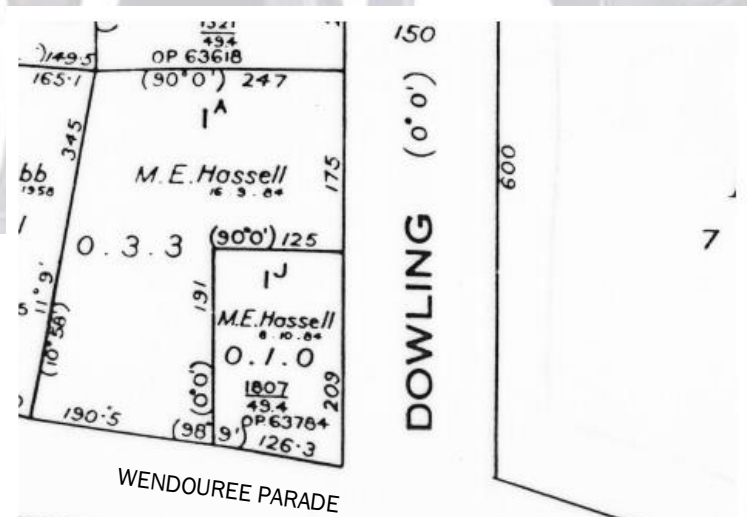
**The house, pictured above, stands at 3 Dowling Street, Ballarat, and it will be contended that this house was once occupied by Adam Lindsay Gordon.**

Adam Lindsay Gordon (ALG) arrived in Ballarat in November 1867. He leased a livery stable business from Walter Craig, which was conducted from the stables at the rear of Craig's Hotel, on 22 November 1867.

There was a cottage adjacent to the yard at the rear of the hotel and it has been widely assumed that Gordon lived in this cottage, but available evidence indicates that Gordon and his wife and daughter lived in a six roomed weatherboard house on the shores of Lake Wendouree, and the cottage at Craig's was used as a "doss" and/or for storage. This cottage was relocated to the Ballarat Botanical Gardens in 1934, but the subject of this paper is the cottage Gordon is thought to have lived in with his wife and baby daughter.

Reference was made to the Lake Wendouree house by Gordon's friend William Brazenor, but the most credible evidence is found in advertisements of an auction of Gordon's household goods and chattels just prior to him leaving the city for Melbourne. The auction was to cover his lease debt to Walter Craig. Both local papers state that Gordon's home could be found near to the Lady of the Lake Gold Mining Company.

A map on the wall of the PRO in Ballarat (in 1996) showed the Lady of the Lake Gold Mining Company to have been located on a property belonging to Mrs. Mary Hassell at 100 Wendouree Parade.





As can be seen on the Parish map reproduced above, Mary Hassell owned land on two titles. A hotel was built on the corner block, called *The Waterman's Arms*, while the *Lady of the Lake Goldmine* was located on the adjacent block with its frontage to Wendouree Parade. The rear of this block, fronting onto Dowling Street, was left vacant for many years.

Opposite Mary Hassell's land, on the eastern side of Dowling Street, was a large allotment originally owned by D.Harris, but a parcel of this land was purchased during 1871 by Hassell's mine manager, Theophilus Williams. Williams' land was known as 96 Wendouree Parade. Williams subdivided his land again prior to half of it being purchased by a Mr McLeod and the other half by John Strongman. Strongman's half retained the number 96, while McLeod's half became number 98, causing Hassell's property number to be changed from 98 to 100 Wendouree Parade.

The drawing to the right appears on McLeod's title to the property, which is dated 19 October, 1886, and which was described as fenced land. No improvements were mentioned on the title, yet earlier rate books describe a wooden house on the property which was tenanted by a gardener named Francis Saddler. It is the fate of this house that is the focus of this article because it is believed by this researcher that it was the house once occupied by Adam Lindsay Gordon.

For quite a long time it was assumed that the house had been demolished or relocated by Williams prior to selling the land to McLeod. Interest in it was revived as a result of an interview with one of Williams' daughters which appeared in the Courier during which she stated that her father "had bought Gordon's house on the lake and subsequently sold the land to a Mr. McLeod".

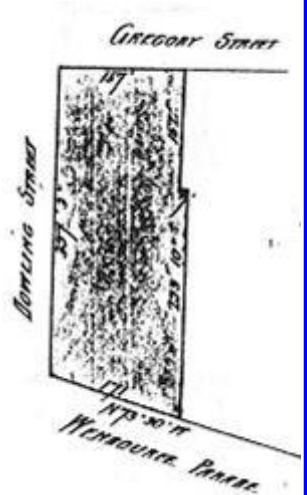
Rate books for North Ward in Ballarat from 1871-1896, being the earliest available, show that a property owned by Williams at 96 Wendouree Parade was subdivided prior to half of it being purchased by Mr. McLeod on 19 October 1886 and becoming number 98 Wendouree Parade.

By 1889/90, Hassell's hotel on the opposite corner had been re-numbered 102 due to further subdivision of Hassell's land on the west side of Dowling Street. *The Waterman's Arms* hotel license was surrendered on 2 December 1886, probably due to a general rationalisation of Ballarat's many hotels. Compensation was paid to publicans of hotels de-licensed by a Licensing Board, which would have given Mary Hassell some money to play with.

Reverting to the interview with Williams' daughter who said that her father had removed a house just prior to selling the land it stood on to John McLeod. It was this house that was identified by William's daughter in 1933, as the house tenanted by Adam Lindsay Gordon when he lived in Ballarat. Miss Williams said that her father "purchased the house and land ... and when he sold the property to Mr McLeod he removed the house to Peake street, Ballarat East." Theophilus Williams lived in Peake Street, but according to relevant rate books, the additional home owned by Williams was previously owned by his neighbours John and Margaret Bowles. The question became where was Gordon's house moved to? The contention is that the home rented by Gordon is the dwelling now located at 3 Dowling Street, Wendouree.

According to a heritage report authored by Dr. David Rowe and architect, Wendy Jacobs, "The earliest recorded dwellings in the Dowling Street precinct were constructed in the second half of the 19th century, although the exact dates have not been ascertained ... An Edwardian dwelling was built at 3 Dowling Street on the original allotment 1A owned by M E Hassell. This house survives at 3 Dowling Street today".

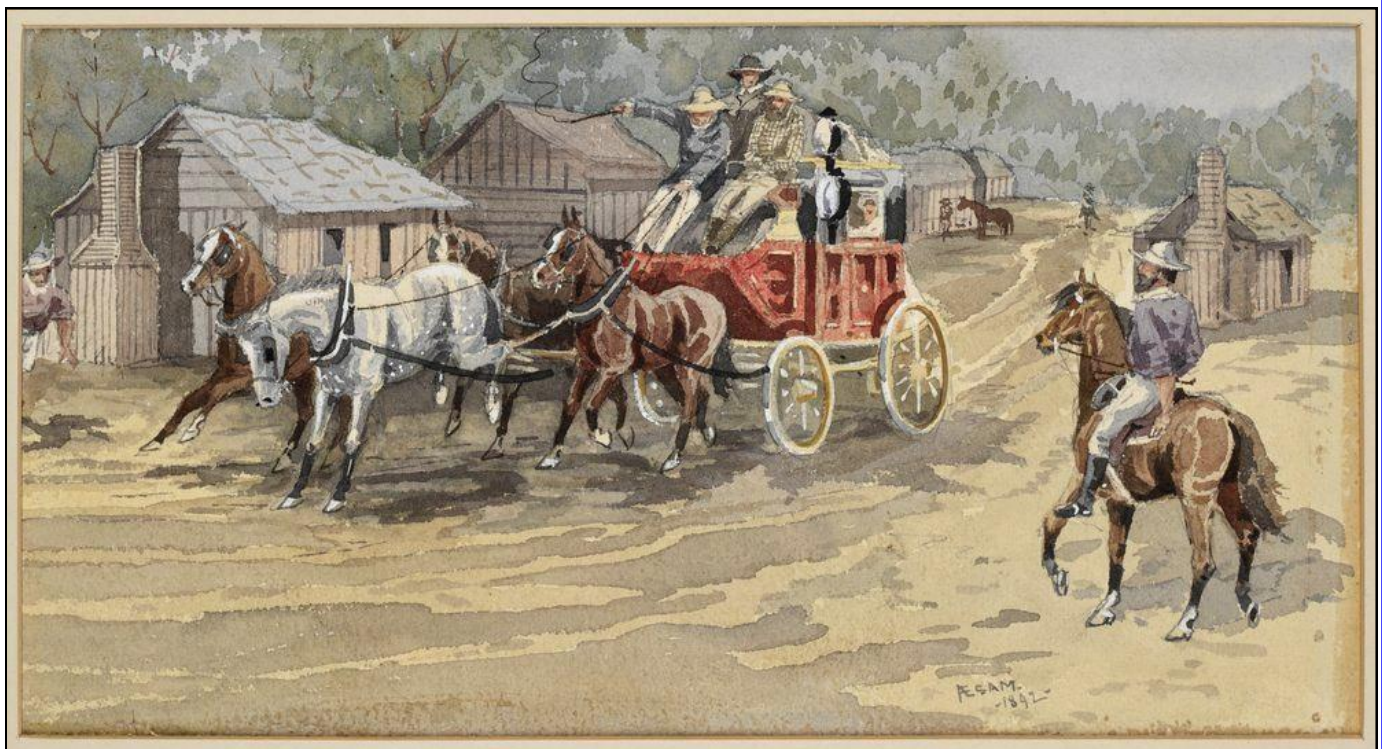
And this is the house believed by the author to have been dismantled before being moved from Theophilus Williams' land across the road to Mary Hassell's land during 1885/86 to be rebuilt over the ensuing several years by Mary's sons, Frank and Edwin, who were both carpenters and/or builders. The first listing of Dowling Street in Ballarat directories was made in 1894 when Mary Hassell was shown as the owner of 100 Wendouree Parade and as a carpenter and owner of a house in Dowling Street. Mary died in 1901 leaving allotment 1A to her children and in the 1903 directory, the house in Dowling Street was shown as being owned and occupied by Mary's son, Frank Hassell.



<sup>1</sup> Courier (Ballarat) 21 October 1933. P.3 Col. 5.

<sup>2</sup> J. Ivan Lock (comp), *Hotels of Ballarat*, self published.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. David Rowe and architect, Wendy Jacobs, *Ballarat Heritage Precincts Study*, Vol 5, Dowling Street Heritage Precinct, July 2006, p.6.



SLV Accession no(s) H15492 Arthur Esam 1850-1934, artist.

Article taken from "The Last Letters" edited by Hugh Anderson, from copies, at the urging of the President of the Royal Historical Society of Victoria, Mr. L.J. Blake.

### THE SEQUAL TO "AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY" — THE RETURN HOME Brighton 15 Feb. 1869

#### My Dear Riddoch

At Coleraine where I caught the day coach that runs from Coleraine to Hamilton & back at 5½PM & I left Yallum at 9½AM. Good travelling. Ben's old horse was tired enough.

Both these horses were turned into a first class paddock at Coleraine & they will not be disturbed. Nicolls will see to this. I stood the journey first rate until somewhere between Linton & Scarsdale then I knocked up.

The morning had been very cold & wet but in the afternoon the sun broke out very strong and fierce, then for the first time I began to doze. That old low crowned black wide awake was the worst thing I could wear.

When I was out side, E. Kirby with some lady friends being inside, I could not keep awake yet the sun seemed to take the roof of my head off. Luckily between Smyth[es]dale & Ballarat the sun went behind very black clouds & the storm broke out again. For such an infernal old cripple as I am the journey was rather sharp. When the severe ride is completed with the rough sleepless nights, that coach of Cobb & Coy is only fit to carry pigs.

(Ed.) ON FRIDAY 12 FEBRUARY Came third on "Maude" in Ballarat Miners Steeple. "Australasian" 13/2/69 Page 203; Turf Register 47. (Can we assume that he interrupted his journey home?)

I went to see a poor boy who was in the Hospital having crossed the course and been run down by me. I am glad to say he is all right having only broken the small bones of his leg. I gave him what money I could afford & the stewards of the meeting have promised to give him more.

Moore (Ed. owner of Maude) also will do the same so he is better off than he deserves & has expressed his intention to get run down again on the earliest opportunity. A fine plucky boy, he is too—a son of an miner I believe. Of course, not the least blame is attached to me. It was in the straight running at the finish of the race & finding the mare beat I was pulling her up but only two or three lengths behind the two leaders.

Several men and boys watching the two first horses & not noticing me run between them & I did all I could to pull off them & did avoid some but knocked down two, only one was hurt. 'Maud' was beastly fat, as fat as your horse 'Tommy'. I did not want to ride her when I saw her, but the leaps were all new & very big & I thought the other horses would fall in or refuse.

'Ingleside' was not expected to start, had he been out of the race I think I could have beaten 'Peter Simple' & none of the others could get once round. 'John Thomas' carried one down in true style & was not, as far as I could see or felt, at all tired.



I wish these wanderings soon must end, I'm growing feebler now as the Nymph shaken wanderer of Erymanth avily [sic] observed in Lawrence's fine Ballad. I will write to you again next week as I have a great deal to say. Let me know when you write when you will be down here, soon I hope. I found Mrs Gordon quite well, she joins you in fond love to you all, remember me to all the children especially. I hope Mrs Riddoch is getting stronger.

I will not forget to write again this week.

Yours Very Sincerely

A Lindsay Gordon

P.S. I promised your children for Miss Lord (a valentine) to be sent to your sister (so I understood them). Of course the chances were 100 to 1 against my writing them fairly & legibly [sic] while on the journey & sending them in time, as I had not the time to eat let alone to write & I started without writing material, leaving mine in your office. Yet I got a pencil and some paper and actually did scribble some verses not legibly enough to be copied by anyone but my self—without errors. Still the poem was actually longer than the one I have enclosed." I should have destroyed it as a foolish way of passing the time but I have read it over and I really think it as good as any thing of the kind I have ever wrote though I am no judge of my own scribbling. Read it yourself & see what you think of it. I reopened this letter to enclose it. A Basket of flowers was the ornament & inscription on the Valentine they wanted to fill up [ . . . ]

## A Basket of Flowers — From Dawn to Dusk

### DAWN

ON skies still and starlit  
White lustres take hold,  
And grey flushes scarlet,  
And red flashes gold.  
And sun-glories cover  
The rose, shed above her,  
Like lover and lover  
They flame and unfold.

Love's melodies languish  
In 'Chastelard's' strain,  
And 'Abelard's' anguish  
Is love's pleasant pain !  
And 'Sappho' rehearses  
Love's blessings and curses  
In passionate verses  
Again and again.

The garlands I gather,  
The rhymes I string fast,  
Are hurriedly rather  
Then heedlessly cast.  
Yon tree's shady awning  
Is short'ning, and warning,  
Far spent is the morning,  
And I must ride fast.

And Eastward by Nor'ward  
Looms sadly *my* track,  
And I must ride forward,  
And still I look back,—  
Look back—Ah, how vainly !  
For while I see plainly,  
My hands on the reins lie  
Uncertain and slack.



Still bloom in the garden  
Green grass-plot, fresh lawn,  
Though pasture lands harden  
And drought fissures yawn.  
While leaves not a few fall,  
Let rose-leaves for you fall  
Leaves pearl-strung with dew-fall,  
And gold shot with dawn.

And I !—I have heard of  
All these long ago,  
Yet never one word of  
Their song-lore I know ;  
Not under my finger  
In songs of the singer  
Love's litanies linger,  
Love's rhapsodies flow.

Songs empty, yet airy,  
I've striven to write,  
For failure, dear Mary !  
Forgive me—Good-night !  
Songs and flowers may beset you,  
I can only regret you,  
While the soil where I met you  
Recedes from my sight.

The warm wind breathes strong  
breath,  
The dust dims mine eye,  
And I draw one long breath,  
And stifle one sigh.  
Green slopes softly shaded,  
Have flitted and faded—  
My dreams flit as they did—  
Good-night!-and-Good-bye!



Does the grass-plot remember  
The fall of your feet  
In Autumn's red ember  
When drought leagues with heat,  
When the last of the roses  
Despairingly closes  
In the lull that reposes  
Ere storm winds wax fleet ?

Fresh flowers in a basket—  
An offering to you—  
Though you did not ask it,  
Unbidden I strew ;  
With heat and drought striving  
Some blossoms still living  
May render thanksgiving  
For dawn and for dew.

For the sake of past hours,  
For the love of old times,  
Take 'A Basket of Flowers,'  
And a bundle of rhymes ;  
Though all the bloom perish  
E'en *your* hand can cherish,  
While churlish and bearish  
The verse-jingle chimes.

.....  
DUSK  
Lost rose ! end my story !  
Dead core and dry husk—  
Departed thy glory  
And tainted thy musk.  
Night spreads her dark limbs on  
The face of the dim sun,  
So flame fades to crimson  
And crimson to dusk.

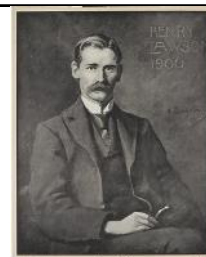
**Adam Lindsay Gordon—Spring Street Gathering** On Saturday June 17 you are invited to mingle with poets and historians at the statue of Adam Lindsay Gordon in the Gordon Reserve, Spring Street, Melbourne. There will be speeches and poetry readings together with bubble-blowing (Life is mostly froth and bubble), and the laying of wattle. We will be meeting at the Café Excello (99 Spring Street, Melbourne) at 10.30am and then crossing to the statue at 11:00am for the gathering. Members of the HLS are invited to attend prior to their monthly June meeting. 17th June will mark Henry Lawson's 150th birthday. Contact: adamlindsaygordon@gmail.com Phone 5261 2899



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



Photo by Ian Adams



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. Above. State Library Victoria  
No. H33074

The John Shaw Neilson Society are having a Pleasant Sunday Arvo of bush verse and song with the local parishioners between 2 and 4 on Sunday August 13 @ St Andrews Anglican Church, 27 St Kinnord St Aberfeldie, (West Essendon). The Henry Lawsons and CJ Dennis Socs. are also involved.

This year's Toolangi CJ Dennis Festival will be on the weekend of October 21 and 22.

## National Henry Lawson Society Award 2016-2017:

**Extended:** Closing date: 30<sup>th</sup> June – 2017.

Theme: *About Australia, Australians, or  
Australian way of life.*

Prizes: \$1,000 Trad. Rhyming verse.

\$1,000 Short Story & \$500 Free Verse.

For Entry forms & conditions, PDF.

*Lawsonian*: December 2016 & March 2017.

Web: [www.henrylawsonsociety.org](http://www.henrylawsonsociety.org).

E-Mail: [info@henrylawsonsociety.org](mailto:info@henrylawsonsociety.org)

Fee: \$10 per entry, members & non-members.

Secretary: Maree Stapledon. M. 0408 100 896

P.O. Box 429 Brighton 3186 Vic.

## 2017 Toolangi CJ Dennis Poetry Competition

hosted by

The Singing Gardens of CJ Dennis

Toolangi

### Rules & Entry Form for Written Verse

Closing Date: 1st September 2017

Prizes will be awarded for first, second and third  
in each category.

Prizes will be awarded at the  
CJ Dennis Poetry Festival on Saturday 21st October 2017

[CLICK HERE FOR ENTRY FORM](#)

"Wholesome" is a word that means 'conductive to moral or general well-being',  
and, furthermore, if you take away the 'whole', you still have some left !

