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The complimentary letter of Mr. J. G. Riley reminds me of a little circumstance in connection with the poem of "How we beat the favourite" which may not be uninteresting to some admirers of Gordon & the poem.

<sup>& winter's evening</sup>  
~~One afternoon~~, I met Gordon at the Melbourne Hospital where my brother the late Dr. Motley was a resident Surgeon, and who was one of a literary <sup>and</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> very friendly with Gordon, Kendall, Marcus Clarke, & George Gordon McBrae <sup>of Melbourne</sup> who were often his companions. Gordon produced & read the manuscript of the poem and I with ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> fine assestiveness of a young Australian expressed, I am afraid somewhat rudely, my objection to the Gordon's reading of ~~the poem~~ <sup>it</sup>. I may say Gordon was, I think one of the worst readers of poetry I ever heard. Gordon took my censure in good part & asked me to read it for him which I did - and he presented me with the

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manuscript. Some time after this  
I read ~~seeing~~ ~~to be~~ being strongly  
impressed with the beauty of the  
poem and its fitness for recitation.  
I recited it on the occasion referred  
to by your correspondent. I had the  
manuscript for some years but in  
the course of a long bachelor life  
with more than one moving I  
lost track of it and ~~as I did also of the~~  
~~manuscripts of "Rose Lorraine" "Passing~~  
~~away" & "Rodolphus" by them presented~~  
to me by Henry Kendall.

I hope this communication will  
not be taken as a desire to thrust  
myself upon the notice of your readers  
through the accident of an incident  
connected with ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> poet  
but I often think that ~~being~~ <sup>having</sup> my  
unlawful privilege of ~~being~~ <sup>being</sup> one of  
the few now living who had <sup>personal</sup> ~~personal~~  
knowledge ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> very intimate knowledge  
~~indeed of one of them~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~various~~  
Blair & Gordon & Kendall &  
who knew the men in their habit as they lived



it might be interesting by ransacking  
my memory to tell of what manner  
of men they were as they came under  
my observation.

I may say of one of them Marcus  
Clarke was one of the most interesting  
& fascinating men I ever met. As  
a talker of his kind he stood alone  
and as a companion - and I had  
many trips with him - he was without  
a rival. All day long his conversation  
would flow and what redeemed  
it from boredom was - it was  
never egotistical. It may not be  
without interest to say that I was the  
means of killing Rufus Daves  
in "The term of his Natural Life"  
When Clarke was rewriting his  
Natural Life - and enlarging  
it into Book form from the  
story as it appeared in "The  
Australian Monthly" published  
by the late Mr. A. H. Messina he  
called at my brother's house  
as his habit was almost daily



Who was then in practice in London  
It opposite the Melb Hospital & some  
time after dinner Marcus & I set out for  
a stroll. It was a beautiful moonlight  
night and we got up and our walk took  
us past the Melb jail & up & down  
there with occasional incursions  
into the Carlton Gardens for several  
hours. Marcus discussed with me  
the closing chapter of his book in  
which he had determined to take  
Rufus Daves back to England.  
I was strongly opposed to this  
convention & ending & I argued  
with Clarke that he would kill  
Art & nature - that should  
demand the death of Daves  
I said that <sup>the effect</sup> his life could not  
but be tragic sad with those  
awful memories but though  
he was no party willingly to  
the degradation he had suffered  
yet it would stain his memory  
of the past and that as a



Sensitive ear he would be dragging  
a long chain of misery. These &  
other arguments I advanced which  
Clarke at first would not entertain  
and as it is said Charles Dickens  
killed Little Nell only after much  
turmoil of thought & sorrow so  
Clarke wished to save Rufus Davis.

Finally my words had much effect on  
him. We returned to my brother's  
house at dawn & Clarke putting  
the question before him - he took  
my part, and so Clarke agreed  
to kill Rufus Davis. There was  
an epoch as there is a tide in  
the affairs of men which takes  
at the flood leads to fortune so  
I cannot help thinking that this a  
Cup presented to Marcus Clarke  
was recommended presented  
but he put it by - <sup>importantly</sup> put it aside. I refer to a  
letter which Lawson I think  
it was who had started a  
paper, <sup>the Daily Telegraph or Daily News.</sup> which was being then  
making great headway in London



He wrote to Clarke offering him £1000  
a year to commence if he would go  
over and be one of the Staff. Clarke  
had done some writing for him and  
from his letters Lawson appeared  
to have a very high opinion of Clarke's  
literary ability. Indeed it was a  
very strongly worded letter of invitation  
to him. If Clarke had taken that, I  
think in the literary atmosphere of  
London and the stimulons he would  
have found there the various literary  
aspects I think he would have been  
a great success and have done  
high class work. London is the  
literary market of the world  
and in those times anything  
coming from Australia in the  
way of literary work would  
have been looked at as strange  
by the literary language of  
the time.

It has often surprised me  
that no publication since his  
death has appeared, for I know



that he left some unfinished stories  
and a half finished novel. I had the  
pleasure of seeing this last and I  
thought the literary workmanship of  
was superior to anything he had written.  
I remember well how we of an older  
generation long passed waited for  
truly peripatetic philosopher  
as we did the ~~weekly~~ dramatic  
criticisms of Dr. Keild and Mr. Jar Smith  
the one weekly for the Australasian  
the other for the Argus. What fine  
food for thought and discussion  
they afforded their admirers.  
Dramatic criticism has unfortunately  
passed as the food for it is no  
longer with us or if occasionally  
with us is but slightly noticed.

You will find now a column or two  
of our best papers devoted to display  
of theatrical art and the dresses of  
the ladies occupies the largest part  
The lady the actress who can say  
she has 50 dresses makes 20 changes  
as a part is the one the public new to



takes to its heart instead of the actress  
who robbed us of our tears, and  
stirred our deepest emotions fifty  
years ago.

~~In those long times past heart  
and brain with their emotional values  
were the equipment of the actor  
and actress, now it appears, the~~ James Moloney