

THE LATE MR. A. L. GORDON.

The monument raised in memory of the late Adam Lindsay Gordon is now finished. It is erected over his remains in the picturesque cemetery of Brighton, and is placed in a conspicuous position by the main avenue, on a gently sloping rise, fanned by the sea-breeze, and looking towards the setting sun.

The monument, although unpretentious, is a handsome one, consisting of a massive bluestone base, diamond-hammered on all

faces with boldly tooled margin drafts, and chamfer. Upon this base rests a finely-rubbed bluestone pedestal, with handsomely moulded plinth. Upon each face of the pedestal die a polished white marble tablet is affixed, bearing the following inscriptions :

On the front face:—

THE
POET
GORDON

Died June 21, 1870,
Aged 37 years.

On the other faces are the words,

ASHTAROTH
BUSH BALLADS

And

GALLOPING RHYMES,

And

SEA SPRAY

And

SMOKE DRIFT.

The lettering is very skilfully and clearly executed, while the inscriptions simply record the titles of the poet's works. From a moulded base, peculiar to that order, a fluted Doric column rises to the height of 10ft. 6in. above the ground. It is then broken off, to complete the sad picture of the poet's life, so rudely shattered by death in the day of its perfection and strength. The whole is finished with a tastefully-carved wreath of bay leaves, executed in white marble. All the bluestone used in the monument is very finely rubbed, and the contrast between it and the white marble sparingly introduced is very pleasing.

The work, we may add, has been carried out to the complete satisfaction of the memorial committee by Mr. J. Simmonds, of this city; and it is intended, when the funds are available, to enclose the monument with appropriate railings. For this purpose about £30 will be needed, but as the colonies abound with those who can appreciate that rare blending of bodily and mental vigour—typical of Australia—seen in our poet's life, we do not doubt that this sum will be quickly forthcoming. We cannot fail to miss the well-known yellow and black on the field to-day of the boldest of our steeplechase riders, and our greatest—we had almost said our only—national poet, and the chord touched in these concluding lines, written shortly before his death, may find an echo in the hearts of

his death, may find an echo in the hearts of many who once enjoyed the sunshine of his friendship:—

"A little season of love and laughter,
Of light and life, and pleasure and pain,
And a horror of outer darkness after,
And dust returneth to dust again.
Then the lesser life shall be as the greater,
And the lover of light shall join the water,
And the one thing cometh sooner or later,
And no one knoweth the loss or gain."

"Tread lightly on his ashes ye men of genius, for he was your brother."

[We shall be happy to take charge of any subscriptions for the above purpose.—

—SP. ED.

1