

Buried in the Bendigo Cemetery - Who was he?

BENDIGO CEMETERY Monumental Inscription notes for Robert Ross
HAVERFIELD
(for unreadable and broken headstones.)

This inscription for images
HAVERFIELD_C6_458.JPG
HAVERFIELD_C6_458A.JPG
HAVERFIELD_C6_458B.JPG



In memory of
ROBERT ROSS HAVERFIELD
died April 20th 1889
Aged 70 years
One of the Fathers of Bendigo
Erected by his old friends



Robert's wife Marianna Emmiline
HAVERFIELD (aged 92 years) was
buried in this grave on 8 Mar 1934
but is not named on the headstone.

The Argus (Melbourne, Vic. : 1848 - 1957) Mon 22 Apr 1889 Page 3
DEATH OF AN EXPLORER AND JOURNALIST.
(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)
SANDHURST, SATURDAY.

Mr Robert Ross Haverfield died at his residence, Quarry Hill, at 8 o'clock this morning, and will be buried tomorrow. For over 35 years past Mr. Haverfield has been connected with the Bendigo Advertiser, acting as editor, and he was also the founder of the Riverine Herald (Echuca).

Mr Haverfield attained the 70th anniversary of his birthday a couple of months ago, and his fellow journalists of Sandhurst called on him in a body. A year prior to this the fiftieth anniversary of Mr Haverfield's arrival in Australia was celebrated by a dinner, at which the guest was presented with a purse of sovereigns. Mr Haverfield was born in 1819, and left Portsmouth a youth of 19, in the ship Perfect, on 1st October, 1837, arriving in Sidney on 1st February, 1838.

He first went to the Goulburn district of New South Wales, and afterwards came over to Port Phillip, where he did a good deal of exploring, notably in the Upper Murray, Tatiara, and central districts. He came to Bendigo in March, 1852, and has since been associated with this district. Mr. Haverfield was a native of Devonshire, and was the son of Captain R T Haverfield, RN The deceased gentleman married in 1863 and leaves a grown up family of five.

SUNDAY

Mr Haverfield funeral took place this afternoon, and was largely attended by public men, The Melbourne, Sandhurst, and Echuca papers were all represented, and several visitors were present from Melbourne. The pall-bearers were Messrs J H Abbott MLC, R Burrowes MLA, George Lansell, Thomas Brown, T H Henderson and A M Lloyd. Canon M'Cullagh conducted the burial service of the Church of England, and eulogised the deceased gentleman.

and

Bendigo Advertiser (Vic. : 1855 - 1918) Wed 29 Jun 1859 Page 2

TESTIMONIAL TO MR HAVERFIELD.

THE Testimonial to Mr Robert Ross Haverfield was presented to him last evening, at the Lyceum Theatre, in the presence of a large meeting of his friends and well-wishers. The addresses of Mr Benson the Chairman, of Mr Sullivan the spokesman for the occasion, and of Mr Haverfield himself, are pretty lengthily reported in another portion of the paper. They are very appropriate, and do credit to all concerned. With most of the sentiments expressed we cordially agree - with some we are inclined to differ. This is, however, no occasion for discussion.

We say it emphatically, that this Testimonial is one of the most appropriate that has ever been given on this goldfield, on broad public grounds. We object to the testimonial being regarded chiefly as an expression of private friendship. Mr Haverfield is fortunate in adding to his other merits a kindly and conciliatory manner - a true index in his case of a generous and kindly disposition. This has of course given him warm friends, who have entered heartily into this matter. But this testimonial is a recognition of something more than the claims of friendship. Mr

Haverfield has the distinction of having first established the Press in this district, and on the goldfields of the colony. The BENDIGO ADVERTISER was the first journal started upon the Australian goldfields.

Those who remember the period will also remember how chimerical (*meaning highly improbable or illusory*) it seemed to attempt to establish a newspaper among the roving population of the olden days of the goldfields, - the "vagabond diggers," as they were so politely named. Now, the man who projected what seemed so hopeless an undertaking was Mr Haverfield, and the seed thus sown five years and a half ago has since grown into a vigorous tree. Although he ceased to have any proprietorship in this journal four years ago, he has been more or less connected with it up to the present time. Mr Haverfield's merits as a journalist are known to the public, and we shall merely bear testimony to his painstaking and conscientious discharge of the onerous duties of that position.

Mr Haverfield's next great claim to public recognition consists in the fact that to his intelligent and persistent advocacy of the advantage of quartz mining, is beyond question chiefly owing the great enterprise manifested in this branch of mining. His writings in the earlier numbers of this journal unquestionably first directed attention to our quartz reefs. He was laughed at as a visionary, and his arguments treated as absurd; but we are rapidly, realising his prediction that the district would ultimately have to depend upon its quartz reefs. A district whose wealth and prosperity depend in a great measure upon its quartz mining, acts a becoming part in recognising the merits of the man who was chiefly instrumental in directing public attention to its inexhaustible quartz resources.

Bendigo Advertiser (Vic. : 1855 - 1918) Mon 22 Apr 1889 Page 3

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF MR R R HAVERFIELD

On Saturday morning, Robert Ross Haverfield, a noted journalist of Victoria, and editor of THE BENDIGO ADVERTISER breathed his last at his residence, Quarry Hill, Sandhurst. The intimation of his death spread fast throughout the district, and was received with a general feeling of deep regret, as he was held in great esteem and ever affectionate regard by the whole community. He was a man singularly simple and unostentatious in his mode of life, of unbounded good nature and a disposition overflowing with the milk of human kindness, while the singleness of mind, strong sense of justice, and earnest desire to act fairly and impartially towards all parties in the discharge of his important duties secured him the good will of the general public and the warm admiration of his friends. While modest and unaffected in his demeanour he was full of hearty geniality and kindly humour and an exceedingly pleasant companion.

The style of the man in some respects is neatly brought out in the names he gave his residence "Norton Holt hut," the two former being the respective names of the persons from whom his property was purchased, and the latter with which his young life and first impressions of the country were associated. With his companions in literary work he was on the friendliest and most familiar terms, and they looked on him with the respect and confidence of a father. His rare ebullitions

of temper at shortcomings were as startling as a clap of thunder, but transient and invigorating as an April shower. In private life he was a most gentle, amiable and estimable man, very fond of his wife and children, of whom there are four boys, the youngest six years of age, and one grown up daughter. By his writings he exercised an influence on the public and political life of Victoria and of this district, the full extent of which it is difficult to estimate, and he leaves a void in the Sandhurst journalistic world that will not be readily filled.

He was born in Bideford, North Devon, England, on the 20th February, 1819. His father, a commander in the Royal Navy, was the son of a German, who held the position of curator of the Royal Gardens at Kew, and his mother was an Englishwoman, the daughter of Mr Robert Ross, a Scotchman, who owned valuable estates in Jamaica, and who was married to a Creole. It is thus seen that he had four different strains of blood coursing in his veins. He was educated partly at a private school in Great Torrington, kept by the Rev Morgan, rector of Torrington, and at the public Grammar School at Bideford, of which the Rev. Henry Alford, was the principal, and he read privately in classics with Mr Alford till he was over seventeen years of age. From this preliminary training he was to have gone to Cambridge, but that expectation was not realised, owing to a sudden and serious curtailment in the family resources. His mother's income, which amounted to about £1,500 a year from the estate in Jamaica left her by her father, fell, on the emancipation of the slaves, to about £300, while very little she ever saw of the compensation money voted by Parliament to the planters. Just then there was great talk in England about Australia, and as he found himself shut out from any of the learned professions, and had to think of shifting for himself, he elected to go to Australia, though with very indefinite ideas indeed as to what he should do there. But the family being large he saw it was necessary to clear out somewhere in consequence of the great reduction in the income. His mother managed to raise the money to pay for his passage and outfit, and gave him £80 for a start in the world. On 1st October, 1837, he sailed from Portsmouth in the ship *Perfect*, of Greenock, Lieutenant Snell, R.N., commander, and arrived at Sydney on 1st February, 1838. The ship cast anchor at night, and a memorable event took place in the fall of a shower of rain, which is stated to be the first which had fallen in Sydney for three years. In the morning when the first flush of the rising sun spread on the placid waters of the bay, the impression made on him was that though born and bred on the sea coast of a lovely part of England, he had never before beheld so fine a sight of combined land and water.

A Captain Kennedy, a retired officer of a Highland regiment, who was a fellow passenger, obtained a grant of land about twenty miles from Goulburn, and invited Mr Haverfield to accompany him there. His next neighbour was Mr John Murchison, an adjutant in some light infantry regiment, and brother officer of Kennedy. Both he and Mrs Murchison showed Mr Haverfield great kindness, and when they afterwards came over to Victoria the friendship was continued to the time of Mr Murchison's death, some years ago. After remaining a few months with

Kennedy, and at the strong solicitation of an old English friend, Mr Daniel Stodhave Campbell, who was in business with Mr Alfred Woolley in Melbourne, Mr Haverfield came to Victoria. In Melbourne, which at that time was not much of a township, there being only a few wattle and dab huts, with some wooden buildings scattered here and there, and only one small brick house, he met Mr Joseph Holloway, of the firm of Verner, Welch, and Holloway, to whom he had letters of introduction, and went with him to the Hume, on the Upper Murray, where the firm had a cattle station called Jingellac, about 60 miles above Albury. Cattle were very dear at the time in Melbourne, and the firm had parties on the road with drafts for that market, having been purchasing cheaply at Twofold Bay. For a considerable time he was employed in bringing mobs of cattle from Jingellac to Melbourne, and, although a new chum, got good credit for careful management.

As a variation to his employment he had an adventurous journey in placing some of their cattle on the Warrenheip station, which he took up. He had got the cattle as far as Mount Ida (near Heathcote) and had to camp on a creek in which the water was nearly all dried up. The weather was fiercely hot, and as the cattle had little water during the day they would not rest that night. The men engaged to watch the cattle had no heart for the work, and they occupied themselves otherwise. The cattle grew mad for want of water, and at last broke away at a gallop. The night was dark and nothing could be done with them. At peep of day, however, he was off on a horse he had tethered the previous evening, following up their tracks. He passed all the crawlers, and after a fifteen miles' ride came up with the leaders, 300 strong bullocks, just the half of the lot. After watering them he turned them towards the camp, and eventually got them over the Mount Ida range and on to the M'Ivor Creek.

The men who were with him left him for Melbourne, and told his employer what had happened, and two good men were sent up to assist him. The mishap was reported to his employer, Mr Holloway, in this fashion: "That d - d fool of an overseer of yours has let all your cattle go - lost 'em all." The late Mr D S Campbell, who was present, told Mr Haverfield subsequently that Holloway laughed quietly and remarked, "If 'that d - d fool' has lost 'em, he will find 'em again, or lose his life." He did find them all, except three or four head, which found their way on to a cattle run near the Goulburn, the owner of which bought them from his employer. When the firm discontinued the cattle traffic he was introduced to Mr Lachlan M'Kinnon (of Wilson and M'Kinnon, of the "Argus"), who had brought 6,000 sheep from New South Wales to the Goulbourn river, and was engaged to take charge of them there, take them to the westward and place them on a new run, and he took up MacCallum's Creek. The sheep were subsequently sold to various parties, and he proceeded again to Melbourne. Mr George Cavanagh was proprietor and editor of the "Herald," then a morning paper, on which Mr Edmund Finn ("Garryowen" of the "Herald") was then chief reporter, and being an old friend of the family, Mr Cavanagh gave him a billet to keep the office books, but the work did not suit him. He used to draw faces, a practice he maintained until his latest years, particularly pretty female faces, but as this was on the margin of

the books, Mr Cavanagh disapproved of the practice, and besides complained of the incorrectness of his additions. Soon after he left the office of his own accord to take charge of a sheep station at Honeysuckle Creek (Violet Town) for Mr Lilburne, and remained there about a year, when Mr Lilburne sold out.

After this he did some cattle work, for Mr Holloway, which took him a good deal into the Grampian, Glenelg, and Tatiarra districts. Next he went into partnership in 1847 with Mr Joseph Jardine in about 3,000 sheep, and took them to Lake Tyrill, where they occupied a run which he called Eureka. This journey partook of the nature of exploration, as he was the first to cross the Mallee from Lake Tyrill to Lake Hindmarsh. Jardine went wrong in his head, and there was considerable trouble with him. In addition to this there was no permanent water at Tyrill, and altogether he had such a bad time of it, that he was glad to get rid of the connection, and the Victorian goldfields having then been just discovered (1851), he sold out and went to Bendigo with £1,400 to his credit in the bank. Of course he tried the digging for gold, but only did fairly well. Though a law abiding subject, he was, like many another good man, taken up for not having a license, and it happened thus. The diggers had been allowed to the 14th of the month to take out their licenses, but a new order of which he was ignorant, had just been issued, making it compulsory upon them to take them out on the first of the month. The police pounced upon him and his mates while they were at work in their claim on the first White Hill. Mr Foster, the police magistrate, misunderstood something he said when they were marched before him at the point of the bayonet, and he was ordered to be put in the lockup for four and twenty hours. However, his mates came up about an hour afterwards, and the lockup keeper released him on their paying him £5. But he felt the indignity put upon him so much that he took off his serge shirt and moleskin trousers and never dug again, but took up the pen determined to make an effort to put down the tyranny of the Government, the corruption of officialdom, and the rule of the bayonet.

The agitation against the license was then going on, and as he was not a very good speaker he conceived the idea of starting a local newspaper. Mr Arthur Moore Lloyd joined him in the venture. It took all the money they had to buy plant, etc., but after all they started the BENDIGO ADVERTISER in a very small way. Crippled for want of capital they had to sell out at a loss. The first number was published at the end of 1853, and the paper was purchased by Mackay and Co. in May, 1855. Mr Mackay wished him to go into partnership with him, but as he was just then sick of newspaper proprietorship he declined. However, he worked some time for the paper. Then he went, with Mr Bright, afterwards cattle agent, etc., in Eaglehawk, to White Horse Gully, and worked for some time on a quartz reef. At this time a number of printers formed a Co-operative Company for the purpose of starting a second paper in Sandhurst, and they came and begged him to edit it. After much pressing he agreed, and the "*Courier of the Mines*" was started, but it had a short life if not a merry one. He ceased his connection with it disgusted. Then on behalf of Mackay and Co., he went to Heathcote and started the "M'Ivor

Times or News," and having got that under weigh he went back to the 'TISER, and remained till 1859, when he was engaged by Captain Cadell to go to the Darling. When it was publicly known that he had resolved to leave the district and resort once more to adventurous work of exploration, which had a peculiar fascination for him, the leading men of the town determined not to let him go without marking in a substantial manner the high estimate they had placed upon his character and abilities, and the universal esteem in which he was held. On 28th June, 1859, therefore, a very numerous meeting of the friends and well wishers of Mr Haverfield was held at the Lyceum Theatre for the purpose of presenting him with an address and testimonial. Mr R Benson occupied the chair. Mr J F Sullivan, in an eloquent speech, made the presentation. The address, amongst other things, expressed "deep regret at your departure from the district of Bendigo and town of Sandhurst, to both of which you have rendered such essential service by your ability, zeal, and impartiality as a member for so many years of the local goldfields press of which you were the founder and to the residents of which you have endeared yourself by your honorable and amiable qualities in private life." At the conclusion of the reading of the address Mr Haverfield was also presented with a richly-chased silver cup containing £215 sovs.

In referring to this public mark of respect the BENDIGO ADVERTISER of the day said "Mr Haverfield has the distinction of having first established the press in this district and on the goldfields of the colony, although previously Messrs G E Thomson and J H Abbott issued the "Goldfields Advocate," a journal printed in Melbourne. The BENDIGO ADVERTISER was the first journal started upon the Australian goldfields. Many will remember how chimerical it seemed to attempt to establish a newspaper among the roving population of the olden days of the goldfields - the vagabond diggers - as they were so politely named. Now the man who projected what seemed so hopeless an undertaking was Mr Haverfield, and the seed thus sown five years and a half ago has since grown into a vigorous tree." Mr Haverfield's next great claim to public recognition consists in the fact that to his intelligent and persistent advocacy of the advantages of quartz mining is beyond question, chiefly owing the great enterprise manifested in this branch of mining. His writings in the earlier numbers of this journal unquestionably first directed attention to our quartz reefs. He was laughed at as a visionary and his arguments treated as absurd; but we are rapidly realising his prediction that the district would ultimately have to depend upon its quartz reefs. A district whose wealth and prosperity depend in a great measure upon its quartz mining, acts a becoming part in recognising the merits of the man who was chiefly instrumental in directing public attention to its inexhaustible resources.

He explored a good deal of country, and was the first to cross from the Menindie on the Darling to Booligal on the Lachlan, the intervening country being wholly unoccupied and waterless, and also examined for Captain Cadell and Mr Hugh Jamieson, of Mildura, on the lower Murray, the Barrier and Grey Ranges, and amongst other adventurous feats of exploration he was the first to cross from

the Barrier Ranges to the "Far North" stations of South Australia. At the time when Burke and Wills arrived at Menindie, and started on their journey across the continent he was north-west of that place, and though he did not meet the leaders he became acquainted with most of their party. Finally he returned to Victoria in 1862, and was appointed secretary to the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the causes of the death of Burke and Wills. Afterwards he obtained an appointment as Government arbitrator under the O'Shannassy administration in the re-assessment of runs in the Ovens district. In May, 1863 he was married to M E Collier, sister of Harry Collier, a clever pressman, who from his style of writing, was termed the Sala of Victoria, and went to Echuca to start the "Riverine Herald" for Messrs. Mackay and Casey. There he remained until 1869. During this period he held for a short time a seat in the Echuca Borough Council, but was proceeded against under a law which prevented contractors from holding seats in public representative bodies. Being part proprietor of the "Riverine Herald," and the firm having contracted to insert the Borough Council advertisements in the "Herald," it was held by the court at the hearing of the case, that he came within the operation of the law, and he was consequently unseated.

The Chief Justice in giving his decision said it was one of the hardest cases he had ever known. The injustice of the law in such a case was so apparent that the law was subsequently altered. In 1869, as the paper did not pay very well, Mr Haverfield began to look about for other employment, and eventually obtained a position as sub-editor of the "Age," but as matters did not turn out to his liking, he did not stay long, and on leaving went back to Echuca. In August, 1870, at the request of Messrs Mackay and Co, he undertook the editorship of the BENDIGO ADVERTISER, and he continued in that position until the day of his death. That he should for 18 years have continuously occupied the responsible position of editor, maintained the high standard and steered this journal safely through times of great political excitement, and amidst the difficulties of burning social questions without losing, but rather increasing its hold on public estimation, is strong evidence of unusual ability, great vigor of intellect, clear judgement, and love of fair dealing. Deceased possessed a highly nervous temperament, and as a writer had a facile pen, an easy, smooth, flowing style, strikingly characterised by the absence of bitterness.

At the same time there was force in the language that like the silent powers of nature, surely and effectively served its purpose. Tyranny of all kinds was abhorrent to him, and in his denunciation of wrongs his stroke was incisive as the cut of a two edged sword, rather than the blow of a sledge hammer. A considerable tone of persuasiveness generally pervaded his arguments which won its way frequently when fierceness or vehemence would probably have irritated and rather abused opposition than allayed it. Besides newspaper work, he contributed, in the early days before the diggings, stories and verses to "Ham's Monthly Melbourne Magazine" chiefly under the signature of O.W.N.Y. - that is old woofs, new yarns. About the end of 1869, he contributed tales and rhymes to the "Leader" newspaper and to the "Melbourne Monthly Magazine" whilst under the proprietorship of Mr J

J Shillinglaw, and he also wrote in both these periodicals in his own name. He also contributed to "Once a Month," a more recent publication, edited by Dr Mercer. His lighter prose writings have a vein of humour, and his poetic productions are characterised by a strain of gentle sweetness and of tender pathos. The following pathetic ballad written in 1869 is a good illustration of his abilities in this respect:-

THE QUONDONG TREE.

*One summer eve of a long past year,
 (What a little time does it seem to be!)
 I remember meeting my dear love, here,
 Underneath the shade of this quondong tree.
 I had just arrived at my father's place,
 On the little hillock you see below.
 On the other side of the stream, there Grace,
 And was quite a stranger, here, then, you know,
 I had strolled along to yon sand spit, see,
 Where the waters suddenly change their route,
 When I caught a glimpse of this dear old tree,
 Which was ruby red with its load of fruit.
 Quickly off my stockings and shoes I drew,
 I was young and giddy then, Gracy, dear,
 And I crossed the stream at a leap or two
 For the narrow channel was low and clear.
 In my gladness, trolling some brave old air,
 Lightly up this opposite bank I sprung,
 Noting naught at all but the branches, where
 Red and ripe the beautiful quondongs hung.
 As I reached this bough with still upturned gaze,
 Ah, I knew not how, I suppressed a shriek,
 For a voice begun to my deep amaze
 From within the tree, as it seemed to speak.
 Saying, "Who comes hither," with voice so sweet,
 And a tread as light as of fairy feet,
 Singing songs the happy alone can sing,
 Bringing joy the gentle alone can bring?
 "Tell me what hath brought you this lonely way?
 Thou art wand'ring whither? Sweet warbler, say."
 Then I looked, dear Grace, and beheld alone,
 Sitting here, a youth with an angel's face;
 And I blushed, reflecting I might have shown
 Of my ankles less at the crossing place.
 Standing chained, as 'twere, by my first alarm,
 Seeming close beside him, I could not speak,
 But I heard him talk as he grasped my arm
 While my startled modesty scorched my cheek.*

Saying, "Who comes hither, oh tell me, pray,
 Bringing fragrance sweet as the English may;
 From the parted lips that I cannot see,
 Ruby red, I'm sure, as the fruit must be
 At this time of year on the quondong tree?"
 "Art thou blind poor lad," I exclaimed; "Ah me!
 Deep thy heart's dispondonce indeed must be;
 Sitting all alone by the quondong tree,
 And the red ripe fruit that thou can'st not see!
 Little thinking any one here to find,
 Came I quondong picking, thou'rt surely blind?
 Can'st thou see no sign of the western sheen,
 Or it gilding o'er the dark, dark green;
 Of the pipe tops green that at eve appear,
 Like the mourning plumes on a giant's bier?
 Nor the lustre bright that the sunset sheds,
 On the campang's feathery dancing head?
 No, nor yet the river that flows close by
 Here of kindred true to the cloudless sky;
 Yonder far away like a tiny clue,
 Of a silver thread to conduct one through
 To the golden west and the ocean blue?
 Nor the thick polygonum bush scrub near,
 Nor the bow'ry birds at their antics there?"
 With a sigh, then shaking his bright fair head,
 "I've been blind, quite blind, for two years," he said;
 "And alas, 'tis dark to me all around.
 Ah! 'Tis always night - yet my dreams abound
 Oh then gentle voiced one, with forms divine
 That I know full well must resemble thine,
 But with thee beside me they fade away
 Like the brightest stars in the light of day.
 Then I pray thee, lady, to bend thee near,
 Let me pass my hand o'er thy features rare,
 Let me feel thy beautiful lustrous hair,
 For my instinct pictures thee wondrous fair.
 Lady, wherefore timidly shrinking there?
 'Twere a light concession to grant my prayer;
 Oh, 'twere kind to humour a poor blind lad,
 For the luck of company sad - so sad!"
 Being not unwilling, though much ashamed,
 Bending deeply blushing, his form above,
 I conferred the boon he so freely claimed,
 Quite as freely yielding my heart's best love.

*Many hours of joy on this dear old spot,
 In the sweet thereafter, my darling knew;
 And I thank our God 'twas my happy lot
 On his darkened journey to help him through.
 When I told my father that Willie Lisle,
 Of my maiden bosom the faith had won;
 With a tear made bright by a kindly smile,
 Did he bless my love for his neighbour's son.
 Well the love-winged months all too swiftly flow,
 And again the quondongs grew ripe apace;
 And 'twas all arranged in a week or two
 That our bridal rites should at last take place.
 But my dream of love in a moment fled,
 And my hopes of joy were all darkly crushed;
 For before the quondongs had ripened red
 Was my darling's voice in the still grave hushed.
 On an evening, ever remembered, Grace
 With undying horror, I crossed those sands,
 And I found him dead at our trysting place,
 With a strangled snake in his cold clenched hands,
 I but seldom weep; for my first, last love,
 Ever sweetly dreaming of joys to be,
 Now awaits his bride in his home above,
 Through his graveyard gate at this quondong tree.*

A few years ago he delivered at the earnest request of many friends, a series of lectures in the Temperance Hall, giving reminiscences of his experiences in the early days of the colony, and of the goldfields. They proved highly interesting, not none on account of the stirring nature and novelty of the incidents related, but of the literary excellence which characterised them, and the hearty, genial, sympathetic manner in which they were presented. Deceased was a member of the Masonic brotherhood.

On 29th January, 1888, the pressmen and ex-pressmen of the city and representatives from the Melbourne and country press held a jubilee banquet in the Metropolitan Hotel, Sandhurst, presided over by Mr R D Mackay, and presented Mr Haverfield with an address and purse of sovereigns as a memento if its being 50 years on 1st February, 1888, since he set foot on Australian soil. The gathering was a most enthusiastic one. Mr Haverfield received a great ovation, and made a characteristic reply while thanking his friends for the honor done him. The following is the text of the address presented:-

*"TO ROBERT ROSS HAVERFIELD, Editor of the BENDIGO
 ADVERTISER, - On the first day of February, 1888, it will be fifty
 years since you set foot on Australian soil. In commemoration
 thereof, we, the undersigned members and ex-members of the Press,*

more or less associated with you in your long career as a pressman, offer you our heartiest congratulations, and ask you to accept this address as a jubilee memento of the event, and as a testimony to the affectionate regard and high respect which have been inspired by your virtues as a man, and your great abilities as a journalist. Your pen has been as a scourge to the oppressor, and has ever been foremost in suggesting, helping forward, and firmly establishing the best social movements of the community in which you lived, and in wisely promoting the progress and political freedom of the people generally. We look back with pride to your fearless denunciation of official incapacity and tyranny in the early days of the goldfields, when the taxes of a law-abiding people were collected at the point of the bayonet; and with equal pride do we acknowledge the rare discriminating justice with which you have held the balance between the rights of labor and the privileges of capital. To you the mining community owes a lasting debt of gratitude, as to you belongs the honour of first pointing out the wealth to be obtained by deep sinking on the reefs, an honour all the greater because you had to combat the plausible theories of dogmatic scientists, and overcome the inertia of deplorable ignorance. It must be a source of the highest satisfaction to you to know that the country has begun to reap the golden fruit which you saw with the glance of a prophet. That you may be spared for many years to give the country the benefit of your ripened judgement and wise counsels is the earnest wish of all who have the pleasure and honour of your acquaintance, and of the friends whose names are herewith attached."

Deceased had for twelve months back been in weak bodily health, though his mental faculties were bright enough. He suffered much from a severe attack of bronchitis. Medical attention and careful nursing brought him round, but he was never very strong afterwards, and seldom moved from home. A week or two ago he very reluctantly had to cease his contributions to the paper in which his heart and soul were bound up. His last illness was one of excruciating agony arising from disease of the kidneys, and operations had to be performed by Dr Penfold, who had attended him throughout his illness, and Dr Hinchcliff, to bring relief. Their efforts, however, were futile so far as permanent alleviation of pain was concerned. It was quite evident the hand of death was upon him, and that the final result was merely a question of weeks if not of days. He was quite conscious a quarter of an hour before the great consummation. Then he had a spasm, under which he sank exhausted and unconscious in his beloved wife's arms. For a quarter of an hour he breathed heavily, then all was still, the vital spark had fled.

His funeral took place yesterday afternoon from his residence to the Back Creek cemetery. There was a long cortege of carriages and a large assemblage of leading

men of the city. Mr Oakley, undertaker, arranged the funeral procession. Immediately behind the two mourning coaches marched on foot a body of the locomotive engine drivers; then followed the proprietors, the literary, composing, and mechanical staffs of this journal. There were representatives of all the Melbourne and Ballarat papers present, and the former employees of the BENDIGO ADVERTISER were represented by Messrs Adams, Pascoe, and Neilson. From the hearse to the grave the coffin was borne on the shoulders of six of the compositors of the paper, while the pall bearers were Mr J H Abbott, MLC, Mr R Burrowes, MLA, Messrs Wm Brown, T H Henderson, A Bayne, G Lansell, W G Blackham, M Moran, R D Mackay, and J Cohn. Around the grave to pay the last mournful mark of respect to a departed literary chief, besides those referred to were Mr A M Lloyd, one of deceased oldest and closest friends, Dr Quick, G Pallett, J T Hill, P Hayes, T S Gibson, D O'Keefe, P A Kennedy, J Robshaw, J Emery, Kershaw, G Minto, C Houston, S Herman, J D Crofts, H Marks, W W Barker, R Williamson, Fogarty, Fahey, D J Moorhead, J G Edwards, E Banks, M J Cahill, P Ellis, M. Brennan, R O'Neill, J Waller, S Max, J Reed, Nicholls, Dr Penfold and others. From this it will be seen that representatives were present from nearly every class in the community.

The Ven. Archdeacon MacCulloch conducted the funeral services at the grave, and before concluding he said that when he came to Sandhurst nineteen years ago some of those were present who spoke to him of the deceased as a true and honourable man, a proved councillor, trusted and admired by all who knew him. His duties in the press were arduous and responsible, and though from the position he occupied he was able to inflict deep wounds on those who might be opposed to him he was of too generous a nature and kindly disposition to take such an advantage of his position. He dealt out equal justice to all parties. He was a loving father and a true friend. At the conclusion of his remarks a short prayer was offered up, and the benediction having been pronounced the assembly dispersed.

HAVERFIELD, Robert Ross (1819 - 1889)

Australian Dictionary of Biography Online Edition

Source - <http://adbonline.anu.edu.au/biogs/A040408b.htm>

HAVERFIELD, ROBERT ROSS (1819-1889), grazier, newspaper proprietor and editor, was born on 26 February 1819 at Bideford, Devon, England, son of Captain R. T. Haverfield, R.N. and his wife, nee Ross. His mother, daughter of a Scotsman and his Creole wife, had inherited valuable estates in Jamaica. Robert went to a private school in Great Torrington and to the Bideford Free Grammar School where he read privately in the classics. He intended to study at Cambridge but his mother's income was cut by slave emancipation and he decided to migrate. He arrived at Sydney in the Perfect on 1 February 1838, stayed for a few months near Goulburn with a fellow passenger, Captain Kennedy, and then joined a friend in Melbourne.

Attracted by livestock, Haverfield drove cattle for Joseph Holloway and sheep for Lauchlan Mackinnon. He then worked as a clerk for George Cavenagh of the Port Phillip Herald, but soon left to manage a sheep station at Honeysuckle Creek. He moved west with cattle for Holloway, took up stations in the Wimmera with Joseph Jardine in 1846-48 and on his own account leased Sand Hills and Gerahmin in 1850-51 and Nurmurnemal in 1850-52. On these stations he won the trust of local Aboriginals and learnt their language.

By late 1853 Haverfield had parted with his leases and was working an alluvial claim near Bendigo. In a misunderstanding over licence regulations he was arrested and imprisoned for an hour before his mates released him. Angrily he renounced the diggings and invested his capital in a printing plant and on 9 December with A. M. Lloyd he produced an issue of the Bendigo Advertiser and Sandhurst Commercial Circular, the first newspaper published on the Victorian goldfields. Though fearless in denouncing goldfields administration, he insisted that political rights should be secured by constitutional means. Short of capital he sold out to Angus Mackay & Co. in May 1855 and worked a quartz claim in White Horse Gully. He agreed to edit a second Sandhurst paper, the Courier of the Mines and Bendigo Daily Mail, for a co-operative company in 1856 but this venture failed in March 1857 and he found employment with Mackay & Co. On their behalf he went to Heathcote to start the McIvor News and Goulburn Advertiser in 1858 and then wrote for the Bendigo Advertiser. In 1859 he became manager of Francis Cadell's business on the Murrumbidgee and Darling. North of Menindee he met Robert O'Hara Burke's party and reported its progress for the Bendigo Advertiser. In November 1861 he was appointed secretary to the royal commission on Burke and Wills and next year government arbitrator in the reassessment of runs for the Ovens district under the new Land Act.

At Echuca Haverfield, as editor and part-owner with Mackay and James Joseph Casey, published the first edition of the weekly Riverine Herald in July 1863. He also invested in the vineyard company and was elected to the borough council but had to resign because his firm had contracted to print council advertisements. He became sub-editor of the Age in 1869 but soon returned to Echuca and in August 1870 became editor of the Bendigo Advertiser. On 29 January 1888 he was presented with a testimonial to his outstanding journalistic ability and service to the community.

In the 1850s Haverfield had contributed stories, verses and yarns to the Illustrated Australian Magazine usually under the signature of 'O.W.N.Y.' He sent tales and rhymes to the Leader in 1869 and contributed to the Melbourne Monthly Magazine and Once a Month; in 1884 he lectured on his early colonial experiences. In 1863 he had married Mariana Rubina Collier; they had four sons and a daughter. A Freemason, he was popular and respected, especially by his younger colleagues.

He wrote for the Bendigo Advertiser almost until he died on 20 April 1889. He was buried at the Back Creek cemetery where Archdeacon John MacCullagh read the service.

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