



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

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

- "AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY" 2
- THE PLAY "RECKLESS" 7
- POEMS:
- "THE SWIMMER" 8
- "HOW WE BEAT THE FAVOURITE"

We give acknowledgement to the National Library of Australia-Trove Newspapers for these articles.

Membership forms are available on our website, listed below.
New memberships \$20
Membership renewals \$15

ISSN 1834-4070
ISSN 1834-4089

THE ADAM LINDSAY GORDON COMMEMORATIVE COMMITTEE INC.
(A0049425F)

PATRONS:
PROFESSOR WESTON AND JANICE BATE

PO Box 158
FLINDERS LANE VIC 8009
AUSTRALIA

Phone: (+61 3) 5261 2899

info@adamlindsaygordon.org
www.adamlindsaygordon.org

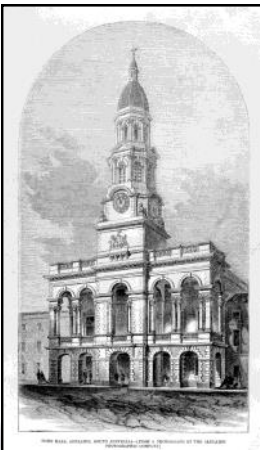


IN MEMORY OF MRS MAISIE GWENDOLYN MITCHELL

24th January 1926—13th May 2016

A service of thanksgiving was conducted at Holy Trinity Anglican Church Coleraine on Wednesday 18th May 2016 at 12 Noon
Minister-Reverend Robin Elliott

Gordon was a taciturn, reserved man, and was out of his element amongst politicians who played the game of "ins" and "outs" with great cunning. Debating was not his forte nor intrigue his conception of government. Reflective and Imaginative, he soon sickened of the continual caballing, and withdrew from politics.



The Adelaide Town Hall
SLV. IAN25/10/64/4

But at least one good score stands to his credit. A long-winded member announced that he was dividing his speech into twelve divisions. Gordon interrupted him, and begged to be allowed to tell a story which could not be introduced at any other moment.

A drunken man was, he said, passing the Town Hall one night, and heard the clock chiming twelve. He counted the strokes, and when it had finished he exclaimed, "Damn you ! Why couldn't you give us all that at once?" The speech was not delivered.

Punch Melbourne Thu 15 Jun 1905 Page 4

The Adelaide Town Hall (150 Years) was officially opened on 20 June, 1866 and was considered the "largest municipal building south of the Equator" at the time. The Albert Tower was also significant as the only civic building outside of England to house a full peal of eight bells. Today it also holds a three-faced clock, donated by Sir J. Lavington Bonython in 1935. The Adelaide Town Hall incorporated four other buildings on the same site: the Prince Alfred Hotel, the Queens Chambers, the Eagle Chambers and the Gladstone Chambers. [See Newspaper record of opening.](#)

See the 150 year celebrations at; [Celebrating 150 Years.](#)

Adam Lindsay Gordon, who was a S.A. Parliamentarian at the time, was invited to the opening festivities. Whether he attended or not, isn't recorded.



ADAM LINDSAY GORDONREJECTION ANONYMITY AND PRAISE

The Complex Life of a Genius

1868 Dec 5 Received a letter from England stating he is heir to Esslemont – "Sladen- Humphris xxx11".

1868 Dec 26 Contributed "The Dregs of the Cup" by the Hermit- Prose -Pen name of Gordon. "Australasian" 26/12/68 p810.

1869 Jan 1 Victoria's First Grand National Steeplechase-Third on "Babbler" "Australasian" 2/1/69 Page 11. Turf Register p37. Gordon's horse Viking won, ridden by D.Callanan "Hobart Mercury" 14/7/1917.

1869 Jan 2 "The Dregs of the Cup by the Hermit" concluded "Australasian" p10.

1869 Jan 2 Went to Yallum Park SA to stay with John Riddoch. Wrote "From the wreck", "The Sick Stockrider" and Wolf and Hound". On the way home wrote "A Basket of Flowers"-a Valentine- for Miss Riddoch. "Sladen-Humphris xxx11."

1869 Jan 16 "An Unsentimental Journey" by The Hermit-sequel to "Dregs of the Cup" appeared. "Australasian" 16/1/69 p74-75.

**AN "UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY" BEING A SEQUAL TO "THE DREGS OF THE CUP"**

By The Hermit. (The Australasian Saturday 16 January 1869, pages 10, 11) Trove-National Library of Australia

A man stern and implacable once took and unsentimental journey. A savage sour misanthrope was he. And being terribly bored by his own bad company he sought to revenge himself upon society at large by the infliction of his morbid experiences. In an evil hour a volume fell into my hands. I was recovering from something (I forget what) at the time, and, of course, I had a relapse. A philosopher of the genus Peripatetic would have smiled disdainfully after glancing at a few pages, and pitched the book across the room as a shallow device of "the evil one," to "torment him before his time;" but to a man like me, whose spirits are merely animal, such a trial at a period of convalescence was, to say the least, distressing in the extreme. "Sentiment ain't in my line." I intend to take my journey as practical and matter-of-fact as possible- of course I would like to be a little sensational now and again, but I fear that unless I draw most vividly upon my imagination I shall have no material to work on. As yet I know nothing of the smallest degree sensational has occurred. I have not vanquished, in a terrific broadsword combat, a renowned bushranger, nor even slain single-handed a mighty reptile of the iguana or the Ichthyosaurian species like that really eminent and tragedian an unrivalled elocutionist Sir Wallingford de Montmorency. Alas, it is only to their special favourites that the gods grant a *kudos* so accumulative. My adventures have been lamentably commonplace.

How shall I begin? I am writing in a wayside inn. Some Long-fellow once wrote something or other in or about a "wayside inn." I fear not, I am rather a short fellow myself. I got clear of the metropolis without let or hindrance. Some few of my friends, to whom I mentioned my intended departure, pretended to envy me. Some wondered why I didn't wait till after the new year. Some wished me luck, and some elevated their eyebrows, and shrugged their shoulders. The last man I saw was my young friend Marcellus—that was just before I went down to take my seat in the railway train. I told him that I was going to grass, and even ventured to suggest that a similar change might benefit him also. The talented youth gazed into futurity with an expression of languid mystery, and replied, after a long pause, "Do you good, old boy; you want setting up; as for me"—Here he looked still further into futurity, and became infinitely more mysterious. Presently he added "Take care of yourself. Mind what I told you—digestive organs—gastric ju—" Here I grasped his hand, and fled towards the station. Looking back once, I saw him regarding me with an air of kind commiseration.



Spencer Street Station [picture] S.L.V.

Author/Creator: J. W Lindt (John William) 1845-1926

I daresay, if the truth were known, he told some of his friends afterwards that "H.. was taken worse, poor fellow!" But it's quite likely the circumstance escaped his memory within five minutes. And I took my seat in the smoking compartment and relapsed into moody reflection. That fact is, I was beginning to feel that indisposition towards a long lonely journey which is, I think, natural to many men after months of "town life." I had even been on the point of asking Marcellus to accompany me. The chances are he would have refused, but if by any chance he had complied, and had carried with him those wonderful theories of his, I would certainly have been laid up at the end of the second day's stage, if not sooner. In the very truth, at the time I speak of, the outset of my journey, "The Dregs" had not evaporated, I felt moody and irritable and cross, and by no means in charity with all mankind, and at last the old question came back—

"What shall I do with myself?' Of course I mean when I come back, if I do come back. Live, I suppose, and grumble. What is necessary to life? bread—and what is necessary to bread? sweat of the brow. So we are told, and so I believe. Bread may be eaten without sweat, but alas! it cannot be digested, and it soon loses its savour. Well, a little bread will satisfy my digestion, so I need not sweat much. No, its not that; but I should like to do something to harass and worry my neighbours into a frame of mind similar to my own. I might turn critic like Bitter-as-Gall, Esq., or Wormwood Penn. I have no grudge against artists and authors individually, but they are my fellow creatures, and as such they are fair game; they are always more or less vain and sensitive and thin-skinned, though they will not own it. What are the qualifications for a critic? Ignorant self assertion and intense spitefulness. I am qualified, I can write legibly, and spell indifferently. Could I style myself a 'gentleman rider,' and butcher my friends' horses and smoke in my friends' houses, and expectorate on my friends' carpets like Whipstick? or shall I, like Pat St. Hubert, become 'amateur bookmaker?' A happy thought—I should not do much business, but I might cause some annoyance I would fix on the most nervous of my acquaintance who had 'entered a horse' and chaff him till he lost his temper and took my odds trembling at his own rashness the next moment. Shall I do a little in 'shares' at 'the corner' and develop into a gold merchant, a broker prince, beguiling to their ruin sanguine gamblers feverish with speculation and rabid with auri sacra fumes? (gold fumes) or what else is there feasible by which a modern Ishmaelite can turn his hand against every man's and hate his neighbour as he does himself"— Somewhat in this wise my cynical musings till a bright idea struck me. "Ha! I have it. Eureka! I will turn Handicapper! I will emulate that oracle of The Hippodrome, that Prince of Sport, that King of Clubs Vice Admiral Sathanas." Words cannot paint the satanic satisfaction of the saturnine smile that illuminates and irradiates my sinister features as I speak these last words, half aloud.

But only for a moment, and then, I am thankful to say, my better angel prevails. I am bad enough, but there is a limit even to my wickedness. The baleful vision has departed, and horrified at the enormities which I had just contemplated, I begin to wonder whether it was envy, hatred, malice, and all un-charitableness that possessed me, or simply indigestion. "Surely it was bile and not Beelzebub that prompted that last suggestion. No! I might be a "writer," or "a rider," or "a money-changer," or even an amateur bookmaker" but a "handicapper!" never! sooner would I follow the example of Iscariot, having first stolen the rope from a widow woman with a large family."

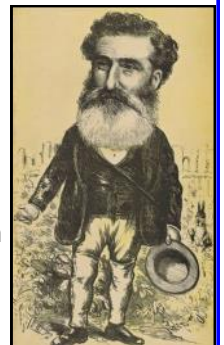
Enough. I will attend to my digestive organs. Marcellus, my son, I thank thee, while I freely confess that thou are right-

"Thou hast conquer'd, pale Peripatetic,
the world has grown grey from abuse
Of that Power, sublime, sympathetic,
that glorious Gastric Juice,
Wise was the great Machiavelli,
Tom Sayers was stalwart in fray,
But the man whose god is his belly
is greater and wiser than they."

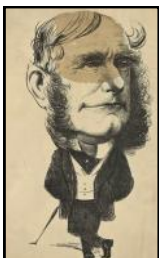


With which respectful tribute to my young friend's appreciation of his favourite poet, I settle myself more comfortably in the cushions and begin to attend to my digestive organs by cutting up some Barrett's twist for present consumption. Dozing into a tobacco torpor, I then and there slumbered and dreamed, and my dream ran in this wise. I thought that at some time, now in the womb of futurity, I was somewhere in the company of two great men, Rev. A.M. Henderson and Dr Mannkeller, and that from their conversation I was made aware of many wonderful truths. I thought that a kind of millennium had arrived. Everybody was good and happy, because everybody enjoyed the unspeakable blessing of gastric juice made perfect. Religion was embodied in medicine, churches had amalgamated with hospitals, physic and divinity were one. The Vice-Admiral had swallowed one box of the philanthropological purifying pills compounded by Marcellus Clodius, and had since made a handicap which had given universal satisfaction; the result had been a dead heat for the Cup between Mr. Tate's "The Barb" (14st.) and the Ballarat horse "Snailsfoot (a feather), and twenty-five others were within a length of the winner. The most extraordinary thing was that even the losers were contented. A.M. Henderson had delivered a great lecture on the Deluge, not by Hugh Millar, the chair being occupied by "The Peripatetic." Henderson had forgiven his enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and the hearts of his enemies, persecutors, and slanderers had been turned to the merits of T.M.H. (their livers having been turned first). The Melbourne hounds had a great run, in which young Pounder and Greefseeker had ridden fence for fence for nine miles without suspicion of jealousy. Johnny Raw had been down once, and Greefseeker had magnanimously omitted to take advantage of an opportunity to jump upon Pounder; afterwards Greefseeker had come to grass, and Pounder had actually caught his horse for him. All these things and many others equally astonishing I learned, showing what marvellous works had been wrought by the disciples of the new creed, and while I listened in admiration and amazement, Henderson's eye suddenly fell upon me and righteous wrath was depicted on his noble countenance. "Wretch," he cried, "have you not heard the commandment, 'Thou shalt not smoke?'" Mankeller looked at me in sorrowful concern. "Put out the pipe," he whispered audibly, "fatal gastric juice you know." In my dream I fancied that I began to argue the question instead of obeying with alacrity, and I was rash enough to remark that I had never heard of the commandment referred to, and doubted its existence in the Decalogue. Then the sublime anger of A.M.H. was awful to behold. "Sceptic!" he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "Infidel! answer me instantly and confute me, 'Will the coming man smoke tobacco?' Then struck with sudden consciousness of my lamentable ignorance, I woke just in time to catch my pipe and show my ticket at Geelong Station, and where I got company for the first time, for I think I had the carriage all to myself from Melbourne.

At Geelong two men that I knew got in. One was Captain Pict- I daresay you have seen him, he often walks in Collins Street; he wears a straw hat and a cigar, at least I think I've seen him without the hat, I never yet saw him without the cigar, I conclude he sleeps in it, but am not sure about this-he was always wide-awake when I saw him. He wears the cigar in his mouth usually, but sometimes between his fingers for a change. He also wears a flower in his buttonhole generally, but not always. as a rule, racing men change on the turf chrysalis fashion, only they begin with the butterfly and end with the grub. Captain Pict is an exception; he has been on and off the turf for many years. and he still is a butterfly, and, I think, always will be; not that he has omitted to gain experience; he is well posted in racing matters, and when he likes to talk you can get a great deal of information from him. I would ask his opinion of a horse's chance under a certain weight before anyone's, and being good-natured, he would tell me or anyone who asked him civilly, and tell what he really thought too.



Weekly Times; caricatures;
Australia;William McCulloch
SLV.H96.160/2626



My other friend was St. Maur, who lives near Dowling Forest. A sort of admirable Crichton is St. Maur. he can do a little of almost everything, and many things he can do really well. He is equally clever with pen or pencil, though he seldom writes now, and hardly ever sketches; he is a decent scholar, and a tolerable musician, and he plays billiards fairly; but not too well (I hate a man who does that); he is a capital fencer, a crack shot, and a splendid rider, and has many other accomplishments which I can't remember, but he does everything in a desultory sort of way, by fits and starts, as it were, except his business, which , I believe, he attends to steadily enough.



The Station, Buninyong.
The SLV.
H92.150/556
H. C Ward photographer.

St.Maur is not French, as his name would imply, but Irish I think. He and Captain Pict are soon talking horse, for, though similarity of taste might lead two men of this stamp into a hundred different topics with which both are conversant, their conversation is bound to commence with horseflesh, and will probably end where it commenced. And I, listening to the conversation learnt many things, and what I learnt I may publish for your information, if you let me alone, and don't abuse me for digressing. Touching these digressions, you say I ought to write you a strictly sporting article, and not take up your valuable space with a lot of stuff that you don't care to hear, believing, as you do, that I don't quite understand a great deal of what I'm

talking about. Perhaps you're half right, but I can't be "sporting" with no sporting matter before me. I want to tell you how we shot quail and hunted kangaroo at Woolcombe-park, and how well "The Homicide" carried me (till he came to grief), but you must have patience, and let me get to that part of my story in my own way, and I tell you fairly, I've a long way to

go yet, and a lot of digressions to wander into on the road, which you won't be charmed to hear. But surely, my dear sir, as far as racing is concerned, you're not such a glutton but what "Peeping Paul" and "Tom Pry," and all the rest of the severely sporting men who go in for hard tack and nothing else, can satisfy you. I confess I don't care so much for racing as I did once. You mightn't think it, but I used to ride a little on the flat very long ago before I got stout.

"As the ray of a burnt-out ember
Recalls a regret of the sun,
We remember, forget, and remember
The races we've lost and won."



Ballarat (West) Station Morris, Alfred & Co. fl. 1860-1870, photographer. SLV. no(s) H3985

But here I am in Ballarat. I shan't take a night coach, for St. Maur has lent me a horse that will carry me through in three days if I choose. I shall start at daylight tomorrow. One word more. I have alluded indirectly to a certain topic which ought, perhaps, to have been considered out of my line.

What I have written must stand; for all I know, it may be already in type; any way, it has left my hands. My excuse (a bad one, I dare say) is this:-

To a wanderer on this Debateable Land between the borders of the turf and the frontiers of the literary world, nothing that one may see or hear comes amiss as long as it affords material to spin out a desultory article. We - the anonymous scribblers, the Free Companions of the Fourth Estate, the reivers (plunderers) of the Literary Guild - are not over scrupulous as befits the age we write in and the class we present. *Summa injuria, summum jus.* is the device we bear. The greater scandal the more lawful booty. It may be that I am no worse than most of my comrades. I don't pretend to be any better. If I have any of the old prejudices left, these don't trouble me much.

Born and bred a conservative and a high churchman. I would sell my principles for a pipeful of tobacco, and my orthodoxy for a good mount, with as little remorse as poor Esau (who really was hungry) sold his birthright. But the rising generation have quite eclipsed myself and my peers in reckless audacity. The "Bravoos of Alsatia" can't hold a candle to the "Pages of Whitehall" in sublimity of sacrilege. (Ed. Refers to battle atrocities in the poem "Naseby" by Thomas Macaulay).

(Ed. A description of the literary youth of his time, follows).....The type of literary young Australia would, if the mitre were an available mark, glory in breaking a lance on a venerable bishop. If he would submit his head to the test, I would take a little odds that a pigeon's egg might be hidden in the cavity that represents his organ of veneration. Like Hannibal, according to Livy, he can boast *nulla virtus, nulla religio, plus quam Punica fides*. (Ed. there is no power, there is no religion, it is more than treachery and deceitfulness). And he is clever withall: he quotes Scripture and Voltaire with equal felicity. Plato and Paul de Kock are alike serviceable to him; he reads everything and remembers everything; but his *forte* is the French school, and he has Musset, Guizot, Balzac, and Béranger at his fingers' ends. With a fatal fluency of pen, with a memory that supplies the place of research, with an aptness for spying the joints in an adversary's harness, and a wonderful quickness in taking advantage of the same, and with a real talent for seizing on the ludicrous side of everyone and everything and holding it up to the world to laugh at, it is not surprising that he is usually successful in his raids, and as he is strong he is not merciful, sparing none. Indeed, from such as he is, or effects to be, no quarter should be expected—for has he not in his early pagehood committed the seven deadly sins seventy times seven? - and now "he comes to us sad without feigning, having wearied of sorrow and Joy."

"Less careful of labour and glory
 Than the elders whose hair has uncurl'd
 And young, but with fancies as hoary
 And grey as the world."

What ho! my pretty page of Whitehall!. *Ingenui vultus puer* (Ed. a boy with an honest face)
 (I cannot conscientiously add *ingenique pudoris* (Ed. and free of shame), but modesty is not the *forte* of pages you know). Let me plagiarise you with your own question. "Do'st like my picture?"

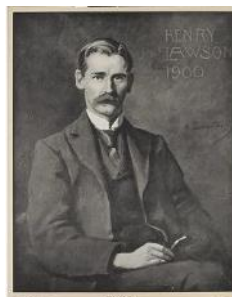
To be continued.. Where Adam Lindsay Gordon sets out on a long horse ride from Ballarat to Yallum Park, West of Penola S.A., to visit his friend, John Riddoch.



R. G Tait; A. V. G. SLV. IAN02/01/93/9



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



The Henry Lawsom
 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



[THE PLAY "RECKLESS" Click to Play](#)

Set at Yallum Park, near Penola on 24 June 1870, at a dinner party, a telegram is delivered to the host, John Riddoch, telling him of the sudden death of his close friend. Adam Lindsay Gordon.



A play by **Christina Hindhaugh**. Christina was awarded the OAM in 2014 for services to the community of Balmoral, Vic. and to women in Agriculture. Community service was a very strong ethic in the Beggs family. She was a noted author and penned many books. After leaving school, Christina worked as a script researcher for the ABC before marrying Christopher Hindhaugh. She had been a regular columnist to "The Age" and "The West Australian" newspapers, as well as a columnist for "Farm Journal". In 1986 she wrote a political biography on her sister Tammie Fraser called "It Wasn't Meant to be Easy", published by Lothian. This was followed by "I love a Sunburnt Torso", a collection of country musings, also published by Lothian. Christina's third book, a novel called "For Better for Worse and For Lunch" was published by Harper Collins in 1992. In 1993 she wrote her first play, an historical drama called "Blackwood—150" which was produced on location at Peshurst in Western Victoria." Reckless was her second play based on Adam Lindsay Gordon and his close friend John Riddoch of Yallum Park.S.A. Her sister Eda Ritchie composing and performing the background music. In 2008 they moved to Buninyong near Ballarat where her life was still full of action. Christina died from cancer on 31 July 2015.

David Reed Spent 20 years touring South Australia and Victoria performing a monologue in this play in which he took the part of John Riddoch, a good friend of Adam Lindsay Gordon. He said that he has performed the part 50 times. David started working in theatre in 1973 with the Millicent Company of Seven. He has since worked with the Q Theatre and the Adelaide Theatre Group. In 1978 he joined the Theatre 62, "Theatre in Education" team before moving to Mount Gambier in 1980 to teach Art and Drama at Grant High School. In 1985 David worked for the Patch Theatre Centre before returning to the South East to teach drama in local High Schools. David has appeared in numerous productions including "The Crucible", "The Bear", "Billy Liar", "The New Apocalypse Show", "Jack the Ripper", "Revenge", "A Winter's Tale", "Under Milk Wood", "Pygmalion", "The Threepenny Opera", "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf", "Three Sisters" and "A Stretch of the Imagination". He has also directed productions of "Ruddigore", "The Music Man", "The Boyfriend", "The Bed-Sitting Room", "The Pyjama Game", "The Lion in Winter", "Oliver", "Annie", "Guys and Dolls", "Oklahoma", "Bullshot Crummond", and "Twelfth Night". In 1992 David moved to Adelaide. He has since directed productions of "The Legend of King O'Malley", and "On Our Selection" for the Adelaide University Theatre Guild. In 2013 he came out of retirement to perform a Cameo of John Riddoch for the film Adam Lindsay Gordon "Rider and Writer" produced by Brenton Manser and Robert Tremelling.

Tom Falkai teaches secondary Drama and English. He has been involved in street theatre and Theatre in Education, and has directed productions ranging from one-act plays to school musicals. He and David Reed have worked together in many productions.



Microsoft Images

A typical setting for the play "Reckless", just before the terrible news arrives.

“THE SWIMMER “ BY ADAM LINDSAY GORDON



[Click to Play](#)



[SongmakersAustralia](#). Sally-Anne Russell, Mezzo Soprano.
Andrea Katz, Piano. Music, Sir Edward Elgar. (Sea Pictures)

WITH short, sharp, violent lights made vivid,
 To southward far as the sight can roam,
 Only the swirl of the surges livid,
 The seas that climb and the surfs that comb
 Only the crag and the cliff to nor'ward,
 And the rocks receding, and reefs flung forward,
 And waifs wreck'd seaward and wasted shoreward
 On shallows sheeted with flaming foam.

A grim, grey coast and a seaboard ghastly,
 And shores trod seldom by feet of men—
 Where the batter'd hull and the broken mast lie,
 They have lain embedded these long years ten.
 Love ! when we wander'd here together,
 Hand in hand through the sparkling weather,
 From the heights and hollows of fern and heather,
 God surely loved us a little then.

The skies were fairer and shores were firmer—
 The blue sea over the bright sand roll'd ;
 Babble and prattle, and ripple and murmur,
 Sheen of silver and glamour of gold—
 And the sunset bath'd in the gulf to lend her
 A garland of pinks and of purples tender,
 A tinge of the sun-god's rosy splendour,
 A tithe of his glories manifold.

“HOW WE BEAT THE FAVOURITE THE FAVOURITE “
 BY ADAM LINDSAY GORDON



[Click to Play](#)



[From Xavier Brouwer's Song Cycle, "Sighs of Sorrow."](#)
 Singer, Daniel Todd, Tenor. Pianist, Daniel Carter.

'A gentleman rider—well, I'm an outsider,
 But if he's a gent who the mischief's a jock ?
 You swells mostly blunder, Dick rides for the plunder,
 He rides, too, like thunder—he sits like a rock.

'But none can outlast her, and few travel faster,
 She strides in her work clean away from The Drag ;
 You hold her and sit her, she couldn't be fitter,
 Whenever you hit her she'll spring like a stag.

'And p'rhaps the green jacket, at odds though they back it,
 May fall, or there's no knowing what may turn up ;
 The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady,
 Keep cool ; and I think you may just win the Cup.'

Dark-brown with tan muzzle, just stripped for the tussle,
 Stood Iseult, arching her neck to the curb,
 A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry,
 A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

'Keep back in the yellow ! Come up on Othello !
 Hold hard on the chestnut ! Turn round on The Drag !
 Keep back there on Spartan ! Back you, sir, in tartan !
 So, steady there, easy !' and down went the flag.....