



ISSUE 45 – MARCH 2018



# 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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PATRON SINCE 2010  
JANICE BATE

PO Box 158  
FLINDERS LANE VIC 8009  
AUSTRALIA

Phone: (+61 3) 5261 2899

info@adamlindsaygordon.org  
www.adamlindsaygordon.org

## ASHTAROTH - A DRAMATIC LYRIC BY ADAM LINDSAY GORDON Selected Verses



THE CASTLE  
AND  
MAIN CHARACTERS

REFERENCES (With the help of George Edmiston)

ASHTAROTH:- ASHTAROTH and BAALIM. Hebrew plurals of ASHTORETH AND BAAL. Canaanite goddess of fertility, reproduction. Patroness of the hunt. Her Star-The Planet Venus. (Confused with Aphrodite, Artemis, Diana, Juno and Venus)

ASHTAROTH represented the conceptive powers of nature, as BAAL which means Lord, Master, Husband, Owner which, represented the generative.

ASHTORETH symbolised by the moon. BAAL, the sun. Greek ASTARTE

Bible references- Genesis 14.5 Deut. 1.4 Joshua 9.10 & 12.4  
Judges 2.13 1Samuel 12.10 & 31.10 1Kings 11.5 & 11.33 11Kings 23.13  
1Chronicles 11.44

**AGATHA**- The daughter of an old friend of Hugo's, Count Baldwin. Count Baldwin's dying wish is for Hugo to place his daughter into a Convent on the Rhine.

**HUGO**- A Norman Baron and a Scholar. Married in Denmark to Thora. They travelled south over deserts and acquired "Castles and serving men, lands and revenues." Hugo has since withdrawn into his studies but is dragged away, firstly by Orion for travel and then by the dying request of dying friend Count Baldwin to take his daughter, Agatha, to a convent on the Rhine. Hugo's old love for Agatha is rekindled and when the convent is attacked by robbers, Hugo and his men fight them off. Hugo is killed but his dying request is for his horse "Rollo" to be well looked after.

**ORION**- The manservant of Hugo and one of the masters of the Spirits of "Earth, Air and Sea", and of Spirits "Unclean" and Spirits "Untrue." Orion has an influence over Hugo, urging Hugo to travel and broaden his outlook. Orion and Hugo spend a night visiting all the "Spirits."

For Acknowledgements See Home Page Link to website <http://www.rangerjohn.com>



The Leader Newspaper 11.6.1898 page 7

It was in Dingley Dell Cottage near Port Macdonnell in S.A that Gordon wrote "Ashtaroth". Published in June 1867. Here, it was said, the poet spent the happiest years of his short life. The cottage was owned by Gordon from March 1864 to March 1867 and he treated it as his holiday home. Into this poem Gordon inserts his own life experiences. Hugo being himself, and the plot probably drawn from visits with his mother, when a boy, to Europe, and his readings from books. There was a Mistress, and the cliffs on the edge of the sea could well be Cape Northumberland near to the cottage. In this very long poem, over 100 pages in book-form, Hugo continually struggles with the influences of good and evil which have also bedevilled Gordon's own life.



**Scene-1 A Castle in Normandy. A Study in a Tower:**  
*HUGO seated at a table covered with maps and charts of the heavens, astronomical instruments, books, manuscripts, etc. ORION is persuading Hugo to leave his studies which Orion calls "vain imaginings".*

**ORION sings a lullaby to his tired Master.**

Still the darkling skies are red,  
 Though the day-god's course is run;  
 Heavenly night-lamps overhead  
 Flash and twinkle one by one.  
 Idle dreamer-earth-born elf!  
 Vainly grasping heavenly things,  
 Wherefore weariest thou thyself  
 With thy vain imaginings?



**Scene-2 A Cliff on the Breton Coast, overhanging the sea. Hugo, awaking the next morning, decides to take Orion's advice for a change of scene and air. Hugo takes his friend Eric, and a follower, Thurston, with him.**

**HUGO**

Down drops the red sun; through the gloaming  
 They burst- raging waves of the sea,  
 Foaming out their own shame- ever foaming  
 Their leprosy up with fierce glee;  
 Flung back from the stone, snowy fountains  
 Of feathery flakes, scarcely flag  
 Where, shock after shock, the green mountains  
 Explode on the iron-grey crag.



**Scene-3 The Castle in Normandy.**  
*Thora (Hugo's Wife) working on embroidery, Elspeth (Thora's Nurse) spinning. Thora is longing for the return of Hugo from his trip.*

**THORA**

We severed in autumn early,  
 Ere the earth was torn by the plough;  
 The wheat and the oats and the barley  
 Are ripe for the harvest now.  
 We sunder'd one misty morning,  
 Ere the hills were dimm'd by the rain;  
 Through the flowers those hills adorning—  
 Thou comest not back again.



**Scene-4 The Castle in Normandy.- The Castle Hall.**  
*Hugo has returned from his trip. Harold, a mysterious Danish Knight, meets the followers of Hugo in the castle hall. Harold sings them a song.*

**HAROLD**

On the current, where the wide  
 Windings of the river  
 Eddy to the North Sea tide,  
 Shall I in my shallop glide,  
 As I have done at her side?  
 Never! never! never!



**Scene-5 The Castle in Normandy.- The Castle Hall.**  
*Hugo enters the hall. Harold delivers Hugo a letter from Count Baldwin, a friend of Hugo's. It is a dying request written at the Holy Wars in Palestine requesting Hugo to take Count Baldwin's remaining single daughter, Agatha, to a convent.*

**HUGO**

Where the storm in its wrath hath lighted,  
 The pine lies low in the dust;  
 And the corn is withered and blighted,  
 Where the fields are red with the rust:  
 Falls the black frost, nipping and killing,  
 Where its petals the violet rears,  
 And the wind, though tempered, is chilling  
 To the lamb spoiled by the shears.



*Scene-5 A Room in the Castle.  
Hugo is with his friend Eric and is preparing to leave for Count Baldwin's Castle to take Agatha to the Convent on the Rhine.*

**HUGO**

The morn is fair, the weary miles  
Will shorten 'neath the summer's wiles,  
Pomona in the orchard smiles,  
And in the meadow, Flora!  
And I have roused a chosen band  
For escort through the troubled land:  
And shaken Elspeth by the hand,  
And said farewell to Thora.



*Scene-6 A Road on the Norman Frontiers. Hugo and Company are on their way to the Convent with Agatha. Hugo's mind is full of dull thoughts. Agatha is musing at the coming loss of her liberty.*

**AGATHA**

We were playmates in childhood, my sister and I,  
Whose playtime with childhood is done;  
Through thickets where brier and bramble grew high,  
Barefooted I've oft seen her run.



*Scene-7 A Wooded Rising Ground Near the Rhine. Hugo and Agatha resting under the trees. Thurston, Eustace, and followers a little apart, Orion. (Noon-day.) The Towers of the Convent in the distance. Agatha is frightened to go inside the Convent. Hugo is beginning to realise that he is in love again with Agatha. AGATHA sings.*

I sit on the greensward, and hear the bird sing,  
'Mid the thickets where scarlet and white blossoms cling;  
And beyond the sweet uplands all golden with flower,  
It looms in the distance, the grey convent tower.

And the emerald earth and the sapphire-hued sky  
Keep telling me ever my spring has gone by;  
Ah! spring premature, they are tolling thy knell,  
In the wind's soft adieu, in the bird's sweet farewell.

Oh! why is the greensward with garlands so gay,  
That I quail at the sight of my prison-house grey?  
Oh! why is the bird's note so joyous and clear?  
The caged bird must pine in a cage doubly drear.



*Scene 8. The Chapel of the Convent. Ursula, Agatha, Nuns and Novices.*

Jehovah! we bless Thee,  
All works of Thine hand  
Extol Thee, confess Thee,  
By sea and by land,

By mountain and river,  
By forest and glen,  
They praise Thee for ever!  
And ever! Amen!



*Scene 9. Hugo discovers that he is deeply in love with Agatha, and ORION takes him into the world of the devil*

From fathomless depths of abysses,  
Where fires unquenchable burst,  
From the blackness of darkness, where hisses  
The brood of the serpent accurs'd;



*Scene-10. A room in the Convent Tower overlooking the Gate. Ursula at the window, Agatha and Nuns crouching or kneeling in a corner. The convent is being attacked by Norsemen and Huns. Hugo and his band hold back the invaders but Hugo is killed, his dying words were to look after his horse Rollo. URSULA SINGS*

See, Ellinor! Agatha! Anna!  
While yet for the ladders they wait,  
Jarl Osric hath rear'd the black banner  
Within a few yards of the gate;  
It faces our window, the raven,  
The badge of the cruel sea-kings,  
That has carried to harbour and haven  
Destruction and death on its wings.

Beneath us they throng, the fierce Norsemen,  
The pikemen of Rudolph behind  
Are mustered, and Dagobert's horsemen  
With faces to rearward inclined;  
Come last, on their coursers broad-chested,  
Rough-coated, short-pastern'd and strong,  
Their casques with white plumes thickly crested,  
Their lances barb-headed and long:

**Dirge of the Monks**



Earth to earth, and dust to dust,  
Ashes unto ashes go.  
Judge not. He who judgeth just,  
Judgeth merciful also.  
Earthly penitence hath fled,  
Earthly sin hath ceased to be;  
Pile the sods on heart and head,  
Miserere Domine!

*Hominum et angelorum,  
Domine! precamur te  
Ut immemor sis malorum--  
Miserere Domine!*

THE CHAMPION WINNER. The Prophecy (Not) of Capys By Adam Lindsay Gordon. *The Australasian Saturday 29 December 1866, page 9, 10*  
 THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION SWEEPSTAKES. Flemington. 1st October 1859

See: [SEE LINK TO ACTUAL RACE DAY](#)

The Prophecy of Capys - Romulus and Remus return triumphant to the home of their grandfather Capys. When they arrive, Capys - blind and well advanced in years - is seized by a prophetic frenzy: Capys declaims a series of portents describing the future battles and victories destined as the lot of Romulus' descendants.

Now vanquished is our Exile,  
 Who strove to win the Cup,  
 Not one of all our light weights  
 Could keep our prestige up.  
 Gone is the riot forth again,  
 With shouting, and mid'st din,  
 The Melbourne cup of Sydney!  
 Victoria could not win.

Today no sound of business  
 Is heard throughout the land,  
 The shopman leaves his counter,  
 The cabman leaves his stand;  
 The ring of trowel is not heard,  
 The anvil's noise is still,  
 For the citizens will meet today  
 At the Champion, by the hill.

And every Melbourne citizen  
 Hath donn'd his best today,  
 And all the Melbourne ladies  
 Appear in bright array;  
 Their cheerful smiling faces,  
 Their kindly winning ways,  
 Make glad the sky above us  
 On the best of Champion days.

Full seven years have rolled o'er us,  
 Eleven Champions have been run  
 (The twelfth and last in Melbourne,  
 Today has to be won),  
 Since first the speedy Flying Buck  
 Made a glorious run away,  
 And thousands there gave a deafening cheer  
 On the first great Champion day.

The river saw the finish,  
 The Buck in full career,  
 With Zoe running second  
 And Nutwith very near;  
 Old Alice badly beaten,  
 Strop fourth, but far away  
 From the winner of the Champion Race  
 On the first great Champion day.

Now the twelfth and last is near us,  
 Right pleasant 'tis to see,  
 Such a goodly throng assembled,  
 Such a joyous company,  
 To welcome in the new year,  
 To pass the hours away,  
 And see who wins the Champion race  
 On the *last* great Champion day.



SLV. Identifier(s): Accession no:  
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It is a goodly sight, I ween,  
 To see the nags come forth;  
 The grey from South Australia,  
 Two fleet steeds from the north,  
 Sister and brother, youthful pair,  
 And walking side by side;  
 Marching along from Maribyrnong,  
 They are Victoria's pride.

See on the right walks Fishhook,  
 With fierce determined air  
 He proudly bears the white and blue,  
 As a Fisherman should bear  
 The colours which have always run  
 To victory or defeat, -  
 With honesty to try to win,  
 Or honestly get beat.

And on his left walks Seagull,  
 A gallant raking mare,  
 With a Melbourne head and Melbourne ears,  
 And parti coloured hair;  
 A head denoting gameness,  
 Such as a racehorse wears,  
 E'en such an one her grandsire own'd,  
 And her dam still proudly bears.

Behind them walk the Sydney pair,  
 The Barb and Volunteer;  
 Behind them Cowra walks alone,  
 The rest - the rest! ah where?  
 Where are the rest! where is the field?  
 Which once appeared so strong;  
 Alas! like many a gallant horse,  
 It's vanished with the throng.

So the five are left contending,  
 And the five can make a race,  
 And the Sydney two and Fisher's two  
 Will strive for pride of place.  
 But Cowra (so the prophets say)  
 By no earthly chance can hope  
 For the honour of the winner's name  
 With the Sydney pair to cope.

So the five marched on quite proudly  
 Before the lawn and stand,  
 And the thousands gathered on the hill  
 Their actions closely scanned.

At the paddock gate an old man stands,  
 He stands at the iron-clad gate;  
 And when Seagull approaches  
 His heart is all elate;  
 Hail! daughter of a famous sire,  
 Old Omen's daughter hail!  
 The best of a glorious family,  
 Thy breeding shall not fail;

Thy form was made for racing,  
 Thy heart is good and true,  
 The bounding of thy wondrous stride  
 Is a sight we rarely view;  
 And the flashing wires shall spread throughout  
 This great colonial isle  
 The wondrous fame, and thy sire's great name  
 Preserve from slanders vile.

Be like unto old Fisherman,  
 Thy gallant sire so good,  
 Be like the dam who suckle thee  
 With the pure Melbourne blood;  
 Leave to the sons of meaner sires  
 Their handicaps, and claim  
 No race but what is weight-for-age  
 As worthy of thy name.

Thy father loved the racecourse,  
 The cracking whip lov'd he,  
 He loved to hear the wild shouts  
 That hailed his victory;  
 He loved a mile, could stay his three,  
*And never shirked the four.*  
 Such was the sire. To us again  
 His likeness you restore.

Thine Seagull be the Champion,  
 The Champion race be thine,  
 Be thine the honour to sustain  
 The prestige of thy line;  
 And in the last great struggle,  
 As you triumph up the straight,  
 Remember what a dangerous foe  
 You're meeting in John Tait.

Cowra will race against thee,  
 From the land of wine and wheat,  
 But her friends will all acknowledge  
 She has met a great defeat.

The Barb shall race against thee,  
 The best colt in the land,  
 Beside him an old hero,  
 Named Volunteer, shall stand;  
 Thy brother Fishhook, too, will try  
 To be revenged today  
 For the beating once sustained by him  
 From The Barb near Botany Bay.

Hurrah, then, for the triumph  
 Old Fisherman has gain'd,  
 Hurrah for his sons and daughters  
 Who have his fame maintained;  
 For Smuggler and for Sour Grapes,  
 Lady Heron and Seagull,  
 They have stamped his name on the scroll of  
 fame  
 And filled his measure full.

And carping critics still may write,  
 And call them leggy weeds,  
 Their calling will not make them so,  
 And words can't alter deeds;  
 And deeds there yet will be performed  
 By Fisherman's younger sons,  
 Which will make the hair of his critics stare  
 Where the river slowly runs.

[LINK TO THE ACTUAL RACE](#)

[Penola Coonawarra Arts Festival 17-20 May 2018](#)



Daughter Annie Lindsay Gordon, Anglican, who resided at Swamp, Ballarat. Died April 14 1868 (150 years ago) Buried Ballarat Old Cemetery and re-interred to be with father at Brighton General Cemetery Oct.3 1919. (Photo Gold Museum Ballarat) Entry in Book of Remembrance Ballarat Cemeteries.



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

THE HENRY LAWSON MEMORIAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY meet monthly on the third Saturday of each month (Feb-Dec.) Monastery Hall rear St Francis Church 326 Lonsdale Street. Entry via church car park in Elizabeth Street Melbourne. 1.30. to 4:00pm. \$5 for afternoon tea.

THE ANNUAL SPRING STREET GATHERING at the Statue of Adam Lindsay Gordon will be held on Saturday June 16 at 11.am. Meet at the Café Excello opposite at 10.30am

"Of course I want my daughter to have some sort of artistic education. I think I'll let her study singing." "Why not art or literature?" "Art spoils canvas, and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."



**VALE DR. HELEN DEHN NEE KINLOCH 2 Dec 1942– 6 Dec 2017**

Helen Warne Kinloch was born in Melbourne in 1942. She grew up in Burwood with her parents, and two brothers: Daryl and Malcolm. Her father Don was Assistant General Manager at Guardian Royal Exchange Insurance, and her mother Thelma was personal assistant to the General Manager of John Lysaght Ltd. Thelma Kinloch was also a talented singer, and was engaged as soloist at Christ Church, South Yarra, for many years. Helen attended Ormiston, a private girls' school, before transferring to MLC Kew for her secondary education.



She then attended art school at Swinburne, and later took various positions. One period of her life she always remembered fondly were the years spent working at John Birner's Real Estate in Prahran. During this time she was developing the inquiring mind that was always a defining part of her character, delving deeply into religions and philosophies, and reading widely on a range of topics.

In 1974 Helen and Doug Dehn were married in the chapel at MLC. Doug worked as a physical education teacher, but his abiding interest was in music. He was an accomplished trumpet player, and Helen and Doug made many friends from the world of jazz. But Helen began to yearn for something different, and in 1983 they made the decision to move to the country. They built a house at Beremboke, a tiny settlement south of Ballan.

In her latter years Helen expressed the opinion that while the move was positive in many ways, it was not the best thing they could have done. Without the day-to-day bustle of city life, and with less outside human contact, life seemed rather empty. Then a failed investment made things increasingly difficult financially, and Helen and Doug decided to separate. Helen moved temporarily to Queensland to be near her brother's family, and began to contemplate her future.

Helen's determination to make some sort of an impact on the world soon came to the fore. She moved back to Victoria, trained as a librarian, and then enrolled at the University of Ballarat where she completed a Masters' degree on Adam Lindsay Gordon, followed by a Doctorate on the history of Ballarat's Benevolent Asylum. At the same time she continued to explore other interests, and took a real delight in tracing her family ancestors. She acted as secretary to the local branch of the Liberal Party, and did voluntary work at the Ballarat Gold Museum. Her interest in Adam Lindsay Gordon continued. Helen always enjoyed the activities and fellowship of the ALG Society, an interest that was with her until the end. She also began attending the local Anglican church, and became a member of a handbell group. Even though she was without a car, she regularly visited her former husband Doug, and did what she could to make his life more comfortable.

When Helen passed away suddenly from an aneurism in early December 2017 her family complied with her expressed wishes to be buried, with no funeral ceremony, in the Landsborough cemetery, where many of her ancestors are also buried. Helen was a determined character, always ready for a discussion on almost any topic. Never one to make a soul mate for life, she had a few loyal friends who enjoyed her company and her intellect, and who miss her deeply. Helen's brother Malcolm and sister-in-law Susan, her sister-in-law Pam and family have always been there for Helen, and are still coming to terms with her passing. Rest in peace Helen—you gave us plenty to think about, and happy times we will always remember. And yes, you made an impact on the world around you in ways you would probably never have imagined.

*Dr Anne Doggett*

*Australia*

Sunshine dancing through the trees  
Of narrow leaves and peeling bark;  
Spiky grasses bend in breeze  
And hearts are light but minds are dark.

Strive not to climb up higher peak,  
Australia is a level plain;  
What used to be a winding creek  
Is now a straight and narrow drain.

Gold was here and pastures lush,  
Slums and mansions side by side;  
Axes rang throughout the bush  
And cities swelled with manly pride.

Federation ushered in  
Hopes and dreams of great achievement,  
Wool and wheat and Gunga Din  
Diverted is from our bereavement.

White Australia lost its soul;  
Celtic Brigid stayed at home.  
A mortal queen assumed her role,  
And then it came to lie in Rome.

Glass blocks glitter in the sun,  
Many nations crowd the streets,  
One in three, three in one,  
But love was trapped between the sheets.

So what became of greater love?  
Wide brown land? Rainbow snake?  
Foaming wave? Sheltered cove?  
And weary struggle for its sake?

Gentle rainbow shimmers still,  
Coloured snake of welcome rain.  
Life it gives on highest hill,  
As well as crowded level plain.

Iris, Hera's heavenly made,  
Not black or white but all between;  
Waters every woodland glade  
And turns our deserts into green.

Aspire to love and scholarship,  
Mind and body are as one;  
Some will die and some will trip,  
But regrowth likes a southern sun.

Iris-rainbow-snake and gold,  
Desert Pea and Wattle bloom,  
Chalice, wand and word foretold,  
And reverence for the mystic womb.

Lift our nation off the plain  
Of dull and flat conformity;  
And make her all at once, again,  
A messenger of harmony.

*Helen Dehn*



**THE HENRY LAWSON MEMORIAL & LITERARY SOCIETY INC.**

**The 'GATHERING' Footscray Park Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> February 2018.**

**T**'was a small but a happy, vibrant gathering of staunch Henry Lawson members and followers who attended this year's annual celebration of Henry Lawson's life on a perfect summer's day – where a blue summer sky, gentle warm breezes and the radiant beauty of the Footscray Park gardens all came together to shine on this occasion. Those "Lawson devotees", in attendance were ; HLS President Maree Nikolaou, Richard Tate, John Stainsby, musicians Bruce 'Snowy' Clark and Maurice Judge, Tony Lambides-Turner, Sue Tate – with special guests ; Maribyrnong Council Representative; Cr. Martin Zakharov, Carmel Taig; Secretary of the Footscray Historical Society and Liz Dorsett, leader; of the Baw Baw Poets Society in Warragul and her sister; Lorna Coca. All overlooked by a wonderful 2.5 metre banner; caricature of our Henry (C/o. Jan C. Morris) proudly on display. Maree Nikolaou, opened proceedings with; a recognition of the Kulin nation, we were all treated to a fine feast of renditions of Henry Lawson poetry, readings, intermingled with lively group discussions & insights – all relative to Henry's and life in general, in those early rugged Australian years. It was a most enjoyable day had by all with Maree Niko making comment "I think it's the best gathering we've had so far!"



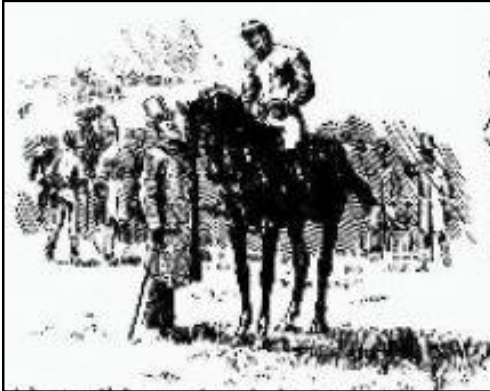
Left to right Tony Lambides-Turner, Musicians Bruce 'Snowy' Clark & Maurice Judge, Liz Dorsett member of the Baw Baw Poetry Group from Warragul and her sister and President HLS Maree Nikolaou.

Tony Lambides-Turner and Bruce 'Snowy' Clark – they each took turns reciting Billy Wye's poem – 'Hail Lawson' (Billy Wye wrote this verse while sitting alongside Henry Lawson's statue in Sydney Domain on the 1<sup>st</sup> August 1943).

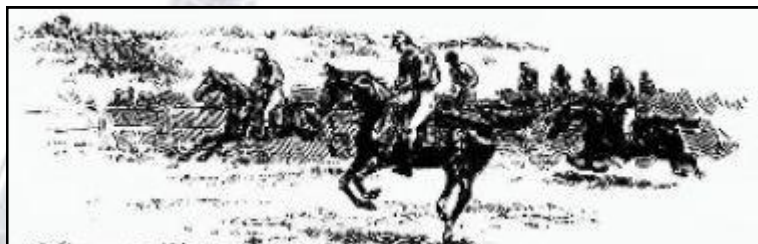


HOW WE BEAT THE FAVOURITE

A LAY OF THE LOAMSHIRE HUNT CLUB — By Adam Lindsay Gordon

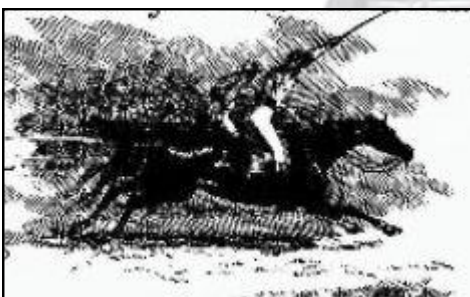


Dark-brown with tan muzzle, just stripped for the tussle,  
 Stood Iseult, arching her back to the curb,  
 A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry,  
 A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.



We started, and Kerr made strong running on Mermaid,  
 Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-bound,  
 The crack, half extended, look'd bloodlike and splendid,  
 Held wide on the right where the headland was sound.

She rose when I hit her. I saw the stream glitter,  
 A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee,  
 Between sky and water The Clown came and caught her,  
 The space that he cleared was a caution to see.



The horse is her master! 'The green forges past her! '  
 The Clown will outlast her! 'The Clown wins! 'The Clown!  
 'The white railing races with all the white faces,  
 The chestnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

*Illustrated Sydney News Thursday 4 April 1889 page 14*