Andrew Barton Paterson, through his writings, has come to symbolize the Australian outback. His poetry, ballads and novels reflect the spirit of rural Australia. The vast distances, the harsh climate and the beauty of the landscape are the background to his stories, which invariably reference horses. Paterson’s characters never give in, but endure with stoic determination and laconic humour to survive and often succeed. Banjo Paterson loved horses and horseracing and was himself an accomplished horseman and student of horse breeding. His best known works include ‘The Man from Snowy River’, ‘Clancy of the Overflow’ and inevitably ‘Waltzing Matilda’. The latter is known worldwide as the unofficial anthem of Australia. This paper references his life and times and an Irish racing connection - The Kennedys of Bishopscourt, Kill, Co. Kildare.

Born on February 17 1864 at Narrambla, near Orange, New South Wales, A. B. Paterson was the eldest of seven children born to Andrew Bogle Paterson (1833-1889), a Scottish migrant who married Rose Isabella Barton (1844-1903), a native born Australian. ‘Barty’, as he was known to family and friends, enjoyed a bush upbringing. When he was seven, the family moved to Illalong in the Lachlan district. There, the family took over a farm on the death of his uncle, John Paterson, who had married his mother’s sister, Emily Susanna Barton. Here, near the main route between Sydney and Melbourne, the young Paterson saw the kaleidoscope of busy rural life. Coaches, drovers, gold escorts and bullock teams together with picnic race meetings and polo matches were experiences which formed the basis for his famous ballads. Once able to pony ride, Barty attended a bush school at Binalong, six miles away, having initially been taught at home by a governess. His contentment was expressed in later life, when he wrote, ‘I think Australian boys who have never been to school in the bush have lost something for which town life can never compensate’.

Rose Paterson had an arduous life, rearing her expanding family in economic difficulty and remoteness. Her husband, who suffered from ill health, was often away from home for long periods. Andrew went from owning three stations to being a hired servant on a meagre wage of £200 per year. Still, Rose coped, as her letters to her sister Nora testify. Nora was thirty five when she married a fifty three old aristocratic Queensland widower, Thomas Lodge Murray-Prior. He had twelve children from his first marriage and with Nora, had nine more children. As might be said in Ireland, ‘wasn’t he the great man!’ In a letter of September-October 1880, Rose informs Nora:

> we have been killing our ducks and turkeys all the week and last, with the laudable intention of having a ‘good feed’ for you when you should make your appearance instead of which we have to eat them ourselves in sadness and gloom without even a master to carve for us ... will you tell Barty from me that I don’t like little boys to be pert to their elders, more particularly to their mothers and I herewith send him 2/6 in stamps with which to buy a book about a good boy-nothing of Mark Twain’s, with which to improve his mind.

So a literary atmosphere prevailed in the young Paterson’s home.

In 1874, Barty was sent to Sydney Grammar School, where he matriculated at sixteen years of age. He served the customary articles and was admitted a solicitor on August 28 1886.
Now a young man, Andrew Barton Paterson enjoyed the Sydney sporting and social life. He was a keen tennis player and rower. However, horses were his chief interest. He rode to hounds with the Sydney Hunt Club and was an accomplished polo player and amateur rider.

During his school days, Barty lived at Gladesville with his widowed grandmother, Emily Mary Barton (1817-1909). Her late husband was Robert Johnston Barton (1809-1863). Robert, a commander in the Hon. East India Merchant Marine Fleet, had emigrated to Australia in 1839 for health reasons on board the ‘Alfred’, arriving in Sydney in January 1840. Also migrating on this ship was the Darvall family from Yorkshire. A shipboard friendship developed between Robert and Emily Mary Darvall, the eldest daughter of Major Edward Darvall, which resulted in their marriage in Sydney on July 30 1840. Emily was the sister of Sir John Bayley Darvall, barrister and politician. She had been Paris, and London, educated and was a writer of verse all of her life. Emily kept a diary of her voyage to Australia. On Thursday, September 19 1839, she wrote:

The sun set in beauty, the moon arose and danced upon the waters, the band played and the whole of the inhabitants of our floating home came out on deck and the whole scene became a mass of movement. Hornpipes and reels were performed on all sides and the straw bonnets of the little emigrant children gleamed in the moonbeams showing that they were not left out on this jubilee.

On Tuesday, October 22 1839, she wrote:

Nothing extraordinary except an entire day of rain so that we could not go on the poop for one moment all day. Mr. Barton made his first appearance but not having spoken to me I cannot give anything like a description of him.

The Bartons set up home at Boree Nyrang Station near Molong. There, eleven children were born, of which nine survived. The talented Emily devoted herself to being a pioneer wife in challenging conditions where e.g. the nearest doctor was based one hundred miles away. Yet Emily took time to write verse. In 1843 she wrote a poem, ‘Our First Little Home on the Plains of Boree’, part of which reads:

Oh, proud are the halls of our own British Land,
And fair are the cottages round them that rise;
And oft, in my dreams, on the green hills I stand
Whence in my childhood I gazed on the pale northern skies.
I was blessed, I was blessed! Yet I would not retrace
No, my husband, I gaze on thy bright honest face,
And I love the wild land that made me thy bride.

Robert Barton died in 1860 and his rundown property was sold. Emily moved to Gladesville, Sydney where she pursued her cultural interests. She was a major influence on her grandson, Barty Paterson.

Andrew Barton Paterson began writing verse when he was a law student. His first poem, ‘El Mahdi to the Australian Troops’ was published in The Bulletin in February 1885. Unwilling to use his full name, he adopted the pen name ‘The Banjo’ which had been a racehorse owned by his family. By 1895, his ballads had become so popular that a collection ‘The Man from Snowy River and Other Verses’ was published. Seven thousand copies were sold in a few months and won approval in England where The Times compared Paterson to Rudyard Kipling. Paterson’s identity as ‘The Banjo’ was finally revealed and he became a national celebrity.
With the outbreak of the South African War in 1899 Paterson was commissioned by the *Sydney Morning Herald* and *the Melbourne Age* as their war correspondent. His graphic reports on the conflict attracted the notice of the English Press and he was appointed correspondent for the international news agency Reuters. Banjo Paterson met Winston Churchill at this time when the latter was *Morning Post* correspondent. He wrote of Churchill as someone ‘with great social influence, his aggressiveness and undoubted ability make him a man to be feared if not liked’. Banjo wrote twelve ballads based on his war observations while in South Africa. These include ‘Johnnie Boer’ and ‘With French to Kimberley’.

Paterson returned to Australia in September 1900. In 1901 he went to China as a roving correspondent for the *Sydney Morning Herald* where he reported on the aftermath of the Boxer Rebellion. On one occasion he reported on an all-nations drinking competition in Shanghai. ‘The Russians are in a class by themselves’, he wryly observed. While in China, Paterson rode in a pony race meeting at Chefoo. After this, he went to England and spent some time as a guest in Kipling’s home in Sussex.

In 1902, Banjo Paterson returned to Sydney and published another collection ‘*Rio Grande’s Last Race and Other Verses*’. In November of that year he ceased his legal practice. In the following year, 1903, he was appointed editor of *The Sydney Evening News*. Also in 1903, on April 8, he married Alice Emily Walker of Tenterfield Station. They settled at Woollahra where a daughter Grace was born in 1904 and a son Hugh followed in 1906. A novel ‘*The Outback Marriage*’ was published in this year also. Banjo ceased newspaper editorship in 1908. The Paterson family then took up farming where they controlled a property of forty thousand acres at Coodra Vale, near Wee Jasper. Here, occupied with freelance journalism, Banjo wrote an unpublished treatise on ‘*Racehorses and Racing*’. However, his grazier enterprise was not a financial success and he then briefly tried wheat farming, near Grenfell. By this time, his reputation had spread to America, where Theodore Roosevelt enjoyed the ‘speed and gusto’ of Banjo’s ballads.

On the outbreak of World War I, Paterson went to France hoping to cover the fighting as a war correspondent. This he failed to achieve and instead, at the age of fifty, he drove an ambulance attached to the Australian Voluntary Hospital. His wife Alice joined the Red Cross and served in an ambulance unit near her husband. The Patersons returned to Australia in 1915. As an honorary vet, Banjo made three trips with horses to Africa, China and Egypt and was commissioned in the 2nd Remount Unit, *Australian Imperial Force*. On promotion to the rank of Captain, Paterson served in the Middle East and was wounded in April, 1916. He rejoined his unit in July of that year and was promoted to the rank of Major, where he served until mid 1919, when he returned home.

After the war, Paterson resumed journalism and became editor of the racing journal ‘*The Sydney Sportsman*’, a position he greatly enjoyed. In 1930, he retired from active journalism and devoted his time to creative writing. By now a celebrity, Banjo became a broadcaster with The Australian Broadcasting Company. In 1933 he published a book of children’s poems, ‘*The Animals that Noah Forgot*’. The following year he wrote ‘*Happy Dispatches*’, where he described meetings with the famous including Churchill and Kipling. His novel ‘*The Shearer’s Colt*’ was published in 1936. On the January 1 1939 Banjo Paterson was awarded a C.B.E. for his services to Australian literature. He died on February 5, twelve days short of his seventy-seventh birthday, and was cremated with the rites of the
Presbyterian Church. He is buried in the Northern Suburb Memorial Gardens and Crematorium, Sydney. His will was valued at just £225 and during his final seven years, Banjo’s income from broadcasting was small and the couple were lucky to have an income from his wife Alice’s inheritance.

Many of Banjo Paterson’s writings show triumph in adversity. ‘Father Riley’s Horse’ is one such example. It references the outlaw and his relentless pursuit by the police as well as the green (Catholic), underprivileged and the orange (Protestant) establishment and their interaction. Part of the work reads:

FATHER RILEY’S HORSE

‘Twas the horse thief, Andy Regan, that was hunted like a dog
By the troopers of the Upper Murray side;
They had searched in every gully, they had looked in every log
But never sight or track of him they spied,
Till the priest at Kiley’s Crossing heard a knocking very late
And a whisper ‘Father Riley – come across!’
So his Reverence, in pjs, trotted softly to the gate
And admitted Andy Regan – and a horse!

‘Now, it’s listen, Father Riley, to the words I’ve got to say,
For it’s close upon the death I am tonight.
With the troopers hard behind me I’ve been hiding all the day
In the gullies keeping close and out of sight.
But they’re watching all the ranges till there’s not a bird could fly,
And I’m fairly worn to pieces with the strife,
So I’m taking no more trouble, but I’m going home to die,
‘Tis the only way I see to save my life.

‘And there’s nothing in the district that can race him for a step –
He could canter while they’re going at their top:
He’s the king of all the leppers that was ever seen to lep;
A five-foot fence – he’d clear it in a hop!
So I’ll leave him with you, Father, till the dead shall rise again,
‘Tis yourself that knows a good un; and, of course,
You can say he’s got by Moonlight out of Paddy Murphy’s plain
If you’re ever asked the breeding of the horse!

Then the races came to Kiley’s – with a steeple chase and all,
For the folk were mostly Irish round about,
And it takes an Irish rider to be fearless of a fall;
They were training morning in and morning out.
But they never started training till the sun was on the course,
For a superstitious story kept ’em back.
That the ghost of Andy Regan on a slashing chestnut horse
Had been training by the starlight on the track.

And they read the nominations for the races with surprise
And amusement at the Father’s little joke,
For a novice had been entered for the steeplechasing prize,
And they found that it was Father Riley’s moke
He was neat enough to gallop, he was strong enough to stay!
But his owner’s views of training were immense,
For the Reverend Father Riley used to ride him every day,
And he never saw a hurdle nor a fence.
Oh, the steeple was a caution! They went tearin’ round and round,
And the fences rang and rattled where they struck.
There was some that cleared the water – there was more fell in and drowned –
Some blamed the men and others blamed the luck!
But the whips were flying freely when the field came into view
For the finish down the long green stretch of course,
And in front of all the flyers, jumpin’ like a kangaroo,
Came the rank outsider – Father Riley’s horse!

And the poor at Kiley’s Crossing drank the health at Christmastide
Of the chestnut and his rider dressed in green.
There was never such a rider, not since Andy Regan died,
And they wondered who on earth he could have been,
‘Mongst the bushmen and the people on the course,
That the devil had been ordered to let Andy Regan out
For the steeplechase on Father Riley’s horse!

Banjo’s recall of Irish idiom and accent is so accurate and is surprising, given his own non-Catholic background. However, on reflection, it is to be expected that he would have captured the Irish attitude and cadence, given that before the 1850s, it is estimated that about one third of the Australian population was of Irish extraction. This proportion extended to the settlers and nomads of the Bush.

Another of his poems was written in response to the following report of a horse rider’s death in the *Melbourne Wire*: ‘Richard Bennison, a jockey aged fourteen, while riding William Tell, in his training, was thrown and killed. The horse is luckily uninjured’.

**ONLY A JOCKEY**

Out in the grey cheerless chill of the morning light,
Out on the track where the night shades still lurk,
Ere the first gleam of the sungod’s returning light
Round come the racehorses early at work.

Reefing and pulling and racing so readily,
Close sit the jockey-boys holding them hard,
‘steady the stallion there – canter him steadily,
Don’t let him gallop so much as a yard.’

Fiercely he fights while the others run wide of him,
Reefs at the bit that would hold him in thrall,
Plunges and bucks till the boy that’s astride of him
Goes to the ground with a terrible fall.

‘Stop him there! Block him there! Drive him in carefully,
Lead him about till he’s quiet and cool.
Sound as a bell! Though he’s blown himself fearfully,
Now let us pluck up this poor little fool.

‘Stunned? Oh, by Jove, I’m afraid it’s a case with him;
Ride for the doctor! Keep bathing his head!
Send for a cart to go down to our place with him’–
No use! One long sigh and the little chap’s dead.

Only a jockey-boy, foul-mouthed and bad you see,
Ignorant, heathenish, gone to his rest.
Parson or presbyter, Pharisee, Sadducee,
What did you do for him? – bad was the best.

Negroes and foreigners, all have a claim on you;
Yearly you send your well-advertised hoard,
But the poor jockey-boy – shame on you, shame on you,
‘Feed ye My little ones’ – what said the Lord?

Him ye hold less that the outer barbarian,
Left him to die in his ignorant sin;
Have you no principles, humanitarian?
Have you no precept – ‘Go gather them in?’

Knew he God’s name? In his brutal profanity
That name was an oath – out of many but one
What did he get from our famed Christianity?
Where was his soul – if he had any – gone?

Fourteen years old, and what was he taught of it?
What did he know of God’s infinite Grace?
Draw the dark curtain of shame o’er the thought of it
Draw the shroud over the jockey-boy’s face.

Unlike much of his work, which was often jolly and romantic with a happy ending, this poem reflects the outrage which Paterson felt at the condescension and low social status shown to jockeys. Indeed, to this day, jockeys tip their caps to trainers and owners and refer to them as Mister. Furthermore, stable staffs are still called ‘lads’, a throwback to the time of this powerful ode.

A classic example of Banjo Paterson’s ability to marry description with details of human interest is a piece he wrote for the Bulletin in 1892. In it, he described a tug-of-war held at Darlington Hall, Sydney:

...Then came what was supposed to be the tug of the evening, Australia v. Ireland. As the teams took their places you could feel the electricity rising in the atmosphere. The Irish were a splendid team, a stone a man heavier than their opponents all round, but the latter looked, if anything, harder and closer knit. As they took their places the warning yells rang out all over the building; 'Now boys, sunny N.S.W. for it!', 'Go it, Australia!'. And from the Irish side came a babble of broad, soft, buttery brogue: 'Git some chark on yer hands, Dinny!' 'Mick, if yez don’t win, never come to the wharf no more', 'For the love of God and my fiver, bhoys, pull together!' It was a national Irish team right through – regular Donegal and Tipperary bhoys. They were genuine; every other man answered to the name Mick. They wore orange and green colours, to give the Pope and Protestants equal show. They spat on their enormous hands, planted their brogues against the battens, and at the sound of the pistol, while every Australian heart beat high with hope, the Mickies simply gave one enormous drayhorse drag and fetched our countrymen clean away...

This is journalism at its very best with a great touch of style and description. Again, he captures the Irish attitude and accent with uncanny accuracy and humour.

Banjo Paterson’s best known work ‘Waltzing Matilda’ has an interesting story connected to its origin. In 1885, Banjo was on vacation with his then fiancée, Sarah Riley, at Dagworth Station Winton Queensland, which was in the possession of the MacPherson family. The property was managed by Robert whose sister, Christina, was Sarah Riley’s best friend. Christina, who was musically inclined, played an old Scottish tune ‘Bonnie Wood of Craigielea’ on the autoharp, which Banjo took a liking to. During the vacation, while riding around the station with Robert and his brothers, Banjo came across a dead sheep with a fore quarter missing. It was pointed to him that it was most likely taken by a passing swagman,
who could not preserve the meat and therefore only ate what he could cook on the spot. Near another waterhole, Paterson was told of a local legend about ‘a wanted man who drowned himself rather than surrender to the police’. He also heard the expression ‘Waltzing Matilda’ which means to carry a swag. Banjo composed a song to the air. It was then first performed at a nearby station – Oondooroo, North of Winton in Queensland, which was owned by the Ramsay family at which Herbert Ramsay, a competent singer rendered the famous ballad. Herbert even dressed up as a swagman to sing the song. Banjo Paterson was disinclined to discuss the circumstances surrounding the writing of the ballad. This may be explained by the fact that he did not marry Sarah Riley. There are unproven suggestions that Banjo and Christina had ‘a fling’ at this gathering. In any event the engagement ended and it was said that Christina and Sarah quarrelled over Banjo and never spoke again. His marriage in 1903 to Alice Walker is probable reason as to why he did not want to revive old memories of the song’s creation. In the same year, Banjo also sold the rights of the song for a token amount. At the beginning of World War 1, Banjo was watching troops parading at Randwick Racecourse when some of the men began to sing ‘Waltzing Matilda’. Paterson turned to a companion and exclaimed, ‘I only got a fiver for the song, but it’s worth a million to me to hear it sung like this’.

The original words of the ballad read:

WALTZING MATILDA

Oh! There once was a swagman camped in a Billabong,
    Under the shade of a Coolabah tree;
And he sang as he looked at his old billy boiling,
    ‘Who’ll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?’

Who’ll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling,
    Who’ll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag-
    Who’ll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the water-hole,
    Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him in glee;
And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker-bag,
    ‘You’ll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.’

Down came the Squatter a-riding his thoroughbred;
    Down came Policemen – one, two and three.
‘Whose is the jumbuck you’ve got in the tucker-bag?
    You’ll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.’

But the swagman, he up and he jumped in the water-hole,
    Drowning himself by the Coolabah tree;
And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the Billabong
    ‘Who’ll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?’

In honour of this great Australian, Banjo Paterson’s image appears on the (AUD Australian Dollar) $10 note along with an illustration inspired by ‘The Man from Snowy River’. The text of the poem is used as part of the copy protection microprint. In 1981, Paterson was again honoured on the 5c postage stamp by Australia Post.

Kilrenny, Fife County, Scotland. One Alexander Lumsdaine was tried at the Old Bailey, London on 17 January 1680 for high treason for being a Romish priest (a Dominican Friar). The verdict was set aside but six other priests, who were co-accused, were found guilty and executed. Edwin had been a solicitor who became an Anglican clergyman and they were married in 1884. Three daughters were born to the couple which included Doris, their middle child. Doris (Dorie) visited her cousin’s property, the Barton estate at Straffan House, Co Kildare in Ireland as part of the ‘Grand Tour’. Doris’s great grandfather, General Charles Barton (1760-1819), was a brother to Hugh Barton (1766-1854), who purchased the Straffan Estate. The Barton family were established in Ireland by Thomas Barton of Norwich who is said to have accompanied the Earl of Essex to this country in 1599. The family were established at Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh in 1610. A descendent, Thomas Barton (born 1694), from Curraghmore, Co Fermanagh, established himself in the wine industry in Bordeaux, France in 1725. However, he was forced to flee France during the infamous Reign of Terror. In his absence, the business was managed by Daniel Guestier. When Thomas returned there in 1802, he entered into partnership with Guestier. In 1822, he purchased the Château Léoville, where his descendants still live. Their famous wines trade under the name Barton and Guestier to this day. Hugh Barton purchased the estate from the Henry family in 1831, where he built a chateau-style mansion on the banks of the Liffey. Hugh and Charles were the sons of William Barton (1723-1792) of Grove, Co Tipperary and were Grandsons of Thomas Barton, who founded the wine dynasty. Straffan was sold by the Barton family in 1949 and is now a luxury hotel, spa and golf complex, known as the K Club, Straffan. It was the venue for the Ryder Cup Golf competition between Europe and the U.SA. in 2006.

Thomas Johnston (1802-1864), the third son of Hugh Barton, married Frances Erskine in 1830. Also in that year, he purchased Glendalough House and estate at Annamoe, Co. Wicklow. This family line was destined to play a prominent part in Irish public life. The issue of Thomas and Frances included Charles William Barton (1836-1890), who married Agnes Childers in 1876. Their son Robert Childers Barton (1881-1905) married Doris Lumsdaine in 1905, when he was 43 and she was 18. Edward purchased Bishopscourt Estate, Kill, Co. Kildare in 1914 from the 7th Earl of Clonmel, whose ancestor John Henry, the 3rd Earl, had bought the property in 1838.
Prior to this, Bishopscourt had been in the possession of the Ponsonby family. Sir William, 2nd Lord Ponsonby, was killed at the battle of Waterloo in 1815. Of him, the Duke of Wellington expressed ‘his grief for the fate of an officer who had already rendered very brilliant and important services and was an ornament to his profession’.

The Johnstown Kennedy residence was used in the filming of the television series, ‘The Irish R.M.’ The 1980s drama series was based on the experience of a Resident Magistrate in Ireland, as written by Somerville and Ross. It is an irony that one of the former occupants of the house was also a resident magistrate. He was Sir John Kennedy, who presided at Rathcoole Petty Sessions. The house of Johnstown Kennedy is long demolished. The remains of eleven members of the Kennedy family are interred in the family vault in the Church of Ireland cemetery, Rathcoole, Co. Dublin. The vault bears the coat of arms of the Kennedy family and the family motto ‘Adhaero Virtute’ which translates as ‘I persevere with noble conduct’.

Edward (Cub) Kennedy became famous as a stud manager due to the exploits of a famous racehorse ‘The Tetrarch’, which he bred. Bought in 1912 for 13,000 guineas by Atty Persse, who trained him, and ridden by Steve Donoghue, the horse was undefeated in all his seven races as a two year old in 1913. His blinding speed astonished all who saw him and he is still credited with being the fastest horse that ever raced! ‘The Spotted Wonder’, as he was called, due to his dappled grey appearance, only ever raced in England. However, an injury prevented ‘The Tetrarch’ from racing again and he was retired to his owner’s Captain Dermot McCalmont’s stud at Mount Juliet, Co. Kilkenny.

Edward Kennedy’s fame spread far and wide. In December 1914, Banjo Paterson, while awaiting transfer to the French warfront, came to Ireland to see the famous Straffan Station Stud. Banjo and ‘The Cub’ got on well and they discussed every aspect of thoroughbred breeding. Ireland, according to Paterson, was a ‘land of trouble and yet would anyone wish to live anywhere else?’ He was entranced by the green grass of the paddocks and he participated in an Irish hunt. This was a hair-raising experience, which he vividly described in his memoirs ‘Happy Despatches’. Paterson was convinced that Irish and English racehorses were superior to any in the world because of the soil and climate. As he exclaimed, ‘the green grass all the year round to keep their insides clean’. Banjo described Kennedy as being, ‘sturdy, square, stiff built and full of energy. I don’t think he ever read a book on breeding in his life. It is just an instinct with him. He would have made a good cavalry officer.’ Curiously, Banjo Paterson did not mention in his memoirs that his niece Doris was married to Edward Kennedy.

Edward and Doris Kennedy had nine children. They included John Edward (Sony), born in 1909, who was killed in a steeplechase in Longford in 1930. Another son, Derby Michael (John), who was born in 1919, was killed in action in World War II in February 1945. A daughter, Maev (Billie), (1909-1996) married George Robinson (1901-1958), rider and trainer, from Phepotstown, Kilcock, Co. Kildare, on June 8 1932. George descended from Daniel McRobin (1690-1777), from Cornamuckla, Broadford, Co. Kildare. Their family of five includes Mary Rose, breeder and horse-trainer, who married Seamus Hayes (1925-1989). Seamus was a noted international equestrian rider. His successes include victory as part of the Irish team which won the Nation’s Cup (Aga Khan Trophy) in the RDS in 1967, on his famous horse, Goodbye. Another issue of this marriage is George William Robinson, who has become a legend in Irish racing. G.W., or Willie, as he is known, rode his first winner in 1952 on Reinstated. He successfully combined flat race riding with steeplechasing. In 1958,
riding Paddy's Point, which was trained by his father, he finished 2nd in the Epsom Derby at odds of 100/1. This combination also finished 2nd in the Irish Derby in the same year. Curiously, G.W. rode Longmead in the 1958 Aintree Grand National, in which he fell. Also in 1958, he won the Irish Jockey Championship. From 1962 to 1970, Willie Robinson rode as first jockey to Fulke Walwyn at Lambourne, Berkshire in England. He is one of the few riders to have won the Cheltenham Champion Hurdle (Anzio '62 and Kirriemuir '65), the Cheltenham Gold Cup (Mill House '63) and the Aintree Grand National (Team Spirit '64). His races against his friend and rival Pat Taaffe on the legendary Arkle when he himself was riding Mill House in the 1960s, brought steeplechase racing to an all-time popular high. Arguably, Robinson's greatest achievement was in winning the prestigious Hennessy Gold Cup steeplechase at Newbury on three occasions. He won on Mandarin ('61), Mill House ('63) and Man of the West ('68). Robinson is the only rider to have achieved this feat. On retirement from race riding, G.W. took up training and his successes include a classic victory in the Irish 2000 Guineas in 1971 when King's Company, ridden by Freddie Head, was successful. G.W. is married to Susan (née) Hall. They have two daughters, Emma and Lara, who have training establishments, with their husbands, at Hawkesbury, near Sydney, Australia and Belmont, New York, USA, respectively.

The Martell Aintree Grand National race card of 1996 contained the Banjo Paterson poem ‘Father Riley’s Horse’ under the heading ‘Verses for Courses’. The insert failed to mention the success of G.W. Robinson on Team Spirit in 1964 in the great race, despite him being the great-grand nephew of Australia’s folk bard.

Doris Kennedy, niece of Banjo Paterson and grandmother of G.W. Robinson, lived to the great age of 102. She is interred in Oughterard cemetery, which overlooks Bishopscourt. There, adjacent to her husband, in the Kennedy plot, her cross shaped headstone reads:

Doris
Wife of Edward Robert Kennedy
Of Bishopscourt
Beloved Mother
1886-1988
We shall meet with our loved ones gone before
To the beautiful country over the range.

The last lines are a touching reference to Australia, the distant birthplace of Doris.

Oughterard cemetery also contains the remains of Arthur Guinness, founder of the world famous brewery at St. James’ Gate, Dublin in 1759. Arthur died January 23 1803, aged 73 years and is interred with his wife, Olivia, who died in March 1814 aged 72. The vault inscription concludes:

They lived unusually beloved and respected
And their memory will be cherished
By a numerous circle
Of friends relatives and descendents.

This Kennedy family and their descendants have been an integral part of the Irish Bloodstock Industry for many years. Their lives as breeders, trainers, owners and jockeys have reflected the triumphs and tragedies of the racing industry. They have mirrored in real life what Banjo
Paterson wrote as fiction. Truly, it can be said that life imitated art. Andrew Barton ‘Banjo’ Paterson: poet, solicitor, journalist, war correspondent, soldier, farmer and most of all, horse enthusiast was a great Australian in character, deed and achievement. When Banjo met Rudyard Kipling, he asked him where he got his material. Kipling replied, ‘Some of it I saw, some of it I was. As for the rest I asked questions’. If the question had been asked in reverse, Banjo Paterson might well have given the same answer.

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