

THE DIARY OF CHARLES

THOMAS HOLMES

1864 - 1926

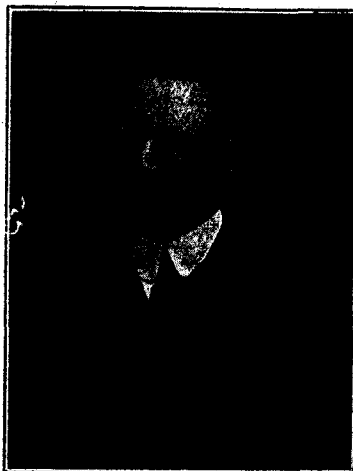
TRIP TO NEWCASTLE DATED

29TH MARCH, 1889

OBITUARY

CHARLES THOMAS HOLMES.

It is with regret that we place on record the death of Mr. Chas. Thomas Holmes, of the firm of Holmes and Butterworth, wholesale saddle and harness manufacturers, of Wrights Lane, Melbourne. Death followed an illness of about six weeks, at the age of 62 years.



Born at Richmond, Victoria, Mr. Holmes spent practically the whole of his life at Melbourne—with the exception of two years in Hastings, N.Z., when a young man. He was a son of the late

Mr. John Holmes, who carried on a saddlery business at Bridge Road, Richmond, for very many years. Instead of following the usual practice by learning the trade in his father's shop, he was apprenticed to the late Mr. T. Booth, an English riding saddle specialist, who carried on a manufacturing business in the city. Here he made the acquaintance with a fellow-apprentice in the person of Mr. Harry Butterworth, in partnership with whom he was afterwards to take over the business of his employer. Mr. Booth retired in 1897, and under the old name the business has since been successfully carried on by the two partners; both of whom are experts in the making of riding saddles, a line in which the firm has always specialised.

As one of the representatives of employers on the first Saddlery Trades Wages Board, which was appointed in the year 1900, the late Mr. Holmes put in a considerable amount of solid work in the interests of the saddlery trade. The Saddlery Board was one of the first appointed under the new factory legislation introduced in Victoria at about this period, and in their task of fixing hours of labour and rates of pay for all employed in the numerous processes in this many-sided industry, the members of the board had a most difficult and responsible task. They had no precedents to assist them in the drawing up of a piece price list for all the various processes carried on in a saddler's shop, but after about 50 meetings, extending over a period of 7 or 8 months, a price list of close on 2,000 different items, and arranged to suit the

wholesale and retail trade, was eventually evolved. This list, in the compilation of which Mr. Holmes took a prominent part, became the basis of all similar lists afterwards issued in other States and New Zealand.

Mr. Holmes served on all wages boards that have been appointed, and identified himself with all movements having for their object the betterment of the trade, and his loss will be felt over a very wide circle of friendship. He leaves a widow, but no family. Owing to the fact that at the time of her husband's demise Mrs. Holmes was seriously ill, a private funeral was arranged.

Criterion
Theatre

And then after I had a
brook and then my tea. I make my way to
the Criterion Theatre the boxes of which are
the popular Managers Messrs Broughs Boucicault
and the piece produced is a comedy by Robert
Buchanan call The Two Roses, and it is witness-
ed by a very fair house. This is a very small
but still a pretty theatre, far more so than
Her Majesty's in my impression. The drop
scene is exceedingly pretty in design. It is
the landing of Capt Cook at Botany Bay.
And round the edge, is smaller painting
taken from the play of Shakespears which
looks very pretty and would remind one of
Eovic Genjens This performance is over at 10.30/a

From
Sydney
to
Newcastle

Next morning after having
breakfast I went to the Redfern Station and
booked myself to Newcastle. The train leaving
at 9.25 a.m., and I had a very pleasant
trip, the scenery on the Hawkesbury river is the
best I have ever seen far superior to that
of the Blue Mountains, and reminded me
of the English Lakes

Branching off the Great
Western line at Bathfield Junction
you enter some very hilly country, and
before you reach Brooklyn Station you
pass through five tunnels which appear to
be from about $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 mile long, and, through
which the train goes at full speed.

At Brooklyn Station
you leave the train and embark on a Steamer
called the General Gordon, which takes
passengers and luggage to the other side of

The Hawkesbury river and almost to the source of Mullet Creek. (The reason of this is, that they have had some bother with this part of the line at Mullet Creek it runs almost at the waters edge, and, at one place it is built on a rock that is slanting or perhaps what you would call a shelving rock and I am told that at this place, the line appeared all right at night, and in the morning it had disappeared altogether, this my informant tells me has occurred several times. And, I will not be surprised if ever I hear of a great railway accident at this place, although my companion tells me that it is quite safe now.

Hawkesbury
Bridge,

The Hawkesbury Bridge is a neat looking structure it has 7 spans of 400 ft each making the total length of the bridge 2900 ft 3 in from abutment to abutment.

The General
Gordon
Steamer

This steamer is of the most ancient model that was ever built, it has only one paddle box, and that is placed at the stern, making it very ancient looking. On board this steamer you may have a hot lunch if you feel so inclined (there being no refreshment stations along this line) for the modest sum of 2/-, or, if you have a cup of tea with bread & butter, then, they only charge you 1/-, you arrive at Brooklyn at 11.10 a.m. and reach Mullet Creek at 12.30 p.m. that it takes you 1 hour & 20 minutes to travel a distance of nine miles in this steamer.

Arriving at Mullet Creek you again embark in the train in which I see the Gas is slight for after leaving this station we pass through a very long Tunnel nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile long and takes over 3 minutes to pass through. Then we pass through the following Stations stopping at each, Hoy Hoy. Inford. Parara. Kurimbah. Woyung. Wye. Throssel. Auraba. Lawfern. Leralba. Cochrle Creek. It is from this station that you take the Steamer for Lake Maguarie. Adamston. Broadmeadows. Spamilton. Honeycuckle point. Newcastle.

After leaving Cochrle Creek you gradually come into the mining country, and here and there you see the miners houses, which are principally built of blocks of mud dried in the form of bricks, but not being burnt; some of them look very neat, they are as a rule painted on the outside with Tar which preserves them from the weather.

Arriving at Honeycuckle point we have our tickets taken from us and it is also from this point that we get the first view of Newcastle and it looks very pretty, situated as it is, on a hill almost on the Pacific Ocean, and as I look from here it is a great deal larger than I had expected to find it.

Newcastle

At last we arrive at the Newcastle station at 3.30 p.m. and as I gather my luggage together, I wonder will there be anybody to meet me, and as I am leaving the carriage, I see my friends coming towards me first comes John Burns & a lady who

I afterwards find out to be Miss Lamont, and afterwards find out it is Dave Burns and Jessy and as I look at Dave I see that he has wonderfully improved and as he afterwards tells me he has put on 2 stone in weight since he left Melbourne so it seems that the hot climate round Bourke suits him. And as I come up to the first couple I shake hands with Miss Lamont not even waiting for waiting for an introduction just as if I had known her for 20 years. We then walked up to Wattleford the residence of Mrs Lamont, and was met at the door by our hostess and her youngest daughter Emma, who received us most cordially.

Newcastle
Life-Boat

Well then after we had a rest and some slight refreshments we commenced sight seeing, and the first place was the Life-Boat where we were shown over the boat by Mr R Low who is Captain of it and who explained everything in connection with it to our party.

Nobbys
Light-
House

After leaving here we next made our way to the Nobbys Lighthouse and inspected the Light we also met Mr Johnston who is in charge, he was the only man saved off the wreck of the Dunbar at Sydney Heads, this is the Beacon light for entering the Hunter Harbour at Newcastle you also get a good view of Newcastle from here, outside the Nobbys is built a Breakwater on which is situated a smaller light also a fog bell which is kept constantly kept ringing in a fog which

Obscures the entrance to the Harbour.

Returning along the Breakwater we see the Fort and Signal Station on Fortification Hill, as we reached the door we met Miss Matilda Lamont, who had just come from school where she is engaged as a teacher, also at Sea I met Robert & George Lamont.

After Sea we had some music, then Mr Aird & Mr Jones came, who favoured us with their vocal powers, till 9.45 p m when our happy party broke up. John Burns and Dave Burns, having to go down to catch the Ferry for Carrington, and after seeing them off we went for a walk along the Breakwater, returning home at 11 p m.

Next morning it being Saturday I met D Burns by appointment, and we went for a very long walk through the Reserve and over the Hill, past one of the Beacons, we also had a very good view of Mr & Mrs Woods nee Essie Jenkins house and then on to the Bogie Hole where we had a swim. This is a hole cut out of the solid rock which is used as a swimming bath, it is something new to have a bath in the Pacific Ocean, the water is very salt and buoyant, and which they charge you 3 and they provide you with a towel.

Bogie Hole

Leaving the Baths we took a path over the Hill and past the Bible Butts and then made our way

to the Castlemaine Hotel, which is kept by an old Daylesford Man named Connell and who is a friend of O'Burris we had dinner at this place, making our way back to Daylesford Terrace, in time to take the Gills off to the Stockbridge, the vessel that ship John Burns had embarked for Frisco, after Stockbridge, viewing the vessel we adjourned to the Cabin, and joined John Burns, and the First Mate, in a glass of wine, wishing bon voyage, leaving the vessel we all went on shore, the leaving the Gills, we went and had a look at a team of footballers playing Rugby football, and after looking at them for some time, we went to the Castlemaine Hotel & had our tea.

After tea we made our way to Carrington to the Cross Keys as J B wished to say goodbye to some friends there.

We afterwards made our way to the Dyke, taking the ferry for Newcastle, we made our way to Daylesford, to say good-bye to Mr Lamont, after which we took a walk along Hunter Street, and on our way down we went to the School of Arts which is a very nice 2 story brick building with a wide balcony from which a good view of Newcastle by Daylight is obtained.

And then as John Burns had to be on board at 10 p m. we all bid him a long adieu and wished him a very pleasant voyage with a speedy return to his old friends.

Sunday morning at 7 AM

sawing
of the
Stock-
bridge

I was awakened with the salute, come and see the last of the Stockbridge, and when I went on to the balcony, there she was, grandly sailing out of the Newcastle Harbour in tow of two Steam Tugs, then we watched her till she was clear of the Heads, and the Tugs leaving her in safety. She spread her sails and sped swiftly on her way. She had a most beautiful morning, for the first day of the voyage, and with a fair wind she was soon out of sight out of the horizon.

Sunday morning after breakfast, George Lamont & myself left home for a walk and going up Pacific St. I noticed a house with the sign of a Cab Proprietor and underneath was written no connection with next door, and then the next door people to retaliate had written on their house, No woman flogger here and noticing these two signs here they took my fancy at once, but they have got in a very good place opposite the door of an hospital, and on making enquiries I found out that these people were always quarreling and also that the Cab proprietor was in the habit of beating his wife.

Continuing our way up the hill we reached the Reserve a most popular place on a Sunday afternoon or on a holiday we continue our way on for about 1 mile returning home in time for dinner.

Wreck of Newcastle Steam Ship
 WA 3 1/2 m. Dave Burns ~~and~~ came to Myrtleford by appointment, and then we took a walk through the Reserve, and over the Cliffs, to the spot where the Newcastle Steam Ship was wrecked. This boat one foggy night, thinking that she was making the Newcastle Heads came up so almost under the Cliffs before they knew where they were. The passengers were all landed safely. But of course the boat was destroyed by the rocks, and if you look down you may still see her boilers at the bottom of the Cliffs.

Congregational Church Newcastle
 After having tea, we went to the Congregational Church, and had a very good sermon by the Rev. - Whittle. The hill upon which the church is built is very steep.

Instead of returning home we all went for a walk along the beachwater which proved to be very enjoyable, as it was a bright moonlight night and stuning on the water looked very pretty.

Monday morning at 8.55 a.m. I went down to the Newcastle railway station to see Dave Burns off to Sydney, to meet his Aunt and Mother. The former which was to sail for Frisco on the following Wednesday.

Newcastle Police Court
 Taking a walk along the street I took a look in at the Police Court and saw several cases tried and several persons walked off to do their 48 hours. But as the Court adjourned for 30 minutes I did likewise and walked back to Myrtleford.

After having my dinner, I

The
Spandel
Quartett
Society.

wrote 4 letters, and then as it was 5 p.m. I took them to the post, and then came back in time for tea. At 7.30 p.m. We went to hear the Spandel Quartett Society which practice in the Hall in connection with the Asylum for the Insane, under the directorship of Mr Frank Lane, the grounds of this place are very nicely laid out.

Next morning being Tuesday it rained all day. I stayed at home only venturing out once the whole day.

Wednesday morning also broke out wet, but I determined on going out to the end of the Breakwater, but on account of the rain had to turn back and defer my trip till another time. In the afternoon we took the Ferry for Stockton and went and had a close view of the

The
Wreck
of
Berbis

Berbis where she was wrecked about June 20th 1888. One stormy night her Captain wishing to get safe anchorage in the Harbour, and although her Captain had not been there for 17 years, he thought that he could run in without the assistance of a pilot and the result was a wreck although he only missed the entrance by about 500 yards, and there she lies dismantled of all her rigging and fittings and lay there on the sand in which she is firmly embedded and even all the copper and wood taken off her hull.

We returned by the 5.40. a.m. boat to Newcastle, reaching home at

at 6 p m, after enjoying our pleasant walk very much.

The
Dyke
Carrington
Means
employed
loading
Coal

Thursday morning I spent in viewing the Dyke, which is more properly called a Wharf, where the ships are loaded with coal. They are loaded here by Hydraulic Cranes and the way the trucks are there. The body of the truck is lifted off the carriage by these cranes, and taken over the hold of the ship when the bottom of the truck which is on hinges a bolt is knocked out, and the bottom of the truck opening, the coal drops into the hold of the ship. Another way of loading is this the trucks are drawn up an inclined plane till almost over the vessel and the bottom of the truck being opened the coal falls into the hold through a large shoot.

This place as one might expect is very dirty, with as much coal about.

Newcastle
Coal
Mining
Company's
Pit

Thursday afternoon Mr Bird, Misses Lamont's and myself, by the kind invitation of the former, we went to the Newcastle Coal Mining Company's pit arriving there at 3 p m, we were met by the under manager, who having procured us lamps we went on the cage and descended to the depth of 250 ft and arriving at the bottom the first place we visited was the stable, which at present was rather empty, as most of the horses were taken on the surface for the holidays. Leaving this place on our left we continued our way further along the drive, till we come to the furnace which is kept constantly alight to create a draught, here it is so hot

that we have to hug the opposite side of
 that we have to hug the opposite side of
 the drive. We keep still further along the
 drive, till we reach a place where it branches
 off in another direction, and as the miners
 are returning from their work, we can see
 their lights glimmering in the distance,
 it looks quite like a small town as seen by
 night, and then as we are looking at this pretty
 sight, here are some trucks passing us on the
 way to the face, and as we see them flying
 past us at a very good pace, we then think
 of the dangers of a miners life when down
 in a pit. These trucks are taken along the
 drive on rails by means of an endless wire
 rope worked on the surface, which takes
 them as far as the Old workings, and then
 they are taken to the face by Horses and
 when filled, back to the mouth of the pit
 in the same manner. Having examined the
 drives and walking a considerable distance,
 we take a sample of coal and ascend to
 the surface, and returned to Marbleford at
 5.30 p.m. after enjoying ourselves very much
 and having an interesting lecture on Coal.

On our return our Hostess
 informed us that she had received a Telegram
 from Mr Lindale, to say, that he would arrive
 at 8 p.m. to night so after tea Mrs Lamont
 Jessie & myself walked to the station and
 there met him, After going to Marbleford,
 and stopping there for about 30 minutes,
 we went down Hunter Street, to meet Miss
 Louisa & Lily who had gone to Choir practice
 on Carter Sunday and having met them
 For Easter Sunday

Mr. Tindale,

we returned home, Mr Tindale on his way home met a few old friends of his who was very pleased to see him back again.

Good Friday

Friday morning being Good Friday, John Lamont & myself by the kind invitation of Mr Aird we went to the Market Wharf and took a boat for a fishing excursion, and only caught 3 fish (Flathead) but the cause was that we had started so late in the morning, and as we had to be home in time for dinner, we raised our anchor and made for the shore after a very pleasant if not profitable morning's fishing.

In the Pacific Steam Beach

In the afternoon we all made our way down the back beach, and indeed it was astonishing to see the number of people that congregated here, and my friend tells me that it is always the same on holiday time, the people all come down to the beach from country places even as far as Maitland.

Then comes Saturday yes Easter Saturday, a most important day in and about Newcastle, for this is what is termed pay Saturday, that is, the miners being paid fortnightly, on the previous Friday night, their wives come into Newcastle to make their purchases, making this a very busy day in Newcastle.

Newcastle

of Mr C A L M

Having met Mr Tindale by appointment at 10 a m and who after meeting several friends we eventually made our way to the Newcastle Y M C A Hall which is held in a building very suitable for present requirements, but when speaking to Mr. Lamont

in reference to it, he informed me that, they are petitioning the A A Company for a small in Blaine St, which would be very suitable and if they succeed, they will guarantee to build a Hall which would be both a credit and a great convenience to Newcastle. In their present Hall they have a very large stage upon which are both an American Organ, and a piano. And at the far end of the Hall they have a small Gymnasium,

In the Afternoon we went for a walk along the Bredgewater, which is a very pleasant walk, more especially on a bright moonlight night, that is, if you have very nice company, and as I walk down with my friend he also tells me that it is a favourite spot for spooney couples, it seems very much like as though he had been there himself; he knows so much about it.

In the evening I am very much surprised to see Dave Burns and his Mother come to the door, he was so pleased with the ship from Newcastle to Sydney, so he thought his mother would like it; and so now he is here in Newcastle again.

Easter Sunday

Easter Sunday breaks in upon us with a beautiful fine morning, and a keen bracing breeze as it blows in off the sea it seems so beautiful and fresh, that one would almost wish every day in the year to be like that, and even when I do not believe that we would be satisfied if we had that, and all our other wishes

made law.

At 10.45 Am our Hostess

and her daughters go to the Congregational Church, where there is special services for Easter Sunday.

In the Afternoon we wend our way to the Old Burial ground and the Cathedral, these places are on the top of the hill upon which Newcastle is built and from which a most extensive view of Newcastle is obtained. This ground which I am informed is full, contain some very old Tombstones one of which I notice in the Year 1827 A.D

And it is on this ground that they intend building the new Cathedral for the Church of England. People of Newcastle and I see they have the foundation in which by the look appears to be a very large building.

This Cemetery contains all the bodies that were washed ashore off the illfated Ship the Cawara, there was only one person saved off this boat, although the disaster took place almost inside the head of Hunter Harbour, and then what was still stranger, the only person that was saved was brought ashore by Mr Johnston the lighthouse keeper at the Nobbys, who, was the only person saved off the Dunbar of which I have already written in the first part.

Monday morning we were all out at a very early hour making preparations for our picnic at the Lake, and as the day broke out beautifully fine we have every prospect of a very Enjoyable day after having breakfast we make a start from Myrtleford.

Easter
Monday
Picnic
to
Lake
Marion

at 8.30 AM, with two conveyances and our party

number 10. 5 Ladies & 3 Gentlemen. We reached Lake Inaguarie at 10.30. AM after a very pleasant drive. The view from some of the hills is very beautiful.

Lake Inaguarie

This Lake is a very large sheet of water 360 miles round the water's edge, after having our lunch we went our way along the road and down to the shore, here a most beautiful view greets the eye, a view which would be more striking on a nice Spring morning when the Sun was rising to throw its beautiful light on the scene. I am told that this is a favourite fishing ground people coming all the way from Sydney for a few days holidays in that line, they also have a Yacht Club and are indulging in some races today. We returned home at 6 PM after spending a most enjoyable day I have had either in or out of Newcastle.

Monday night most of our party went to the Victoria Theatre to witness a performance of Hans the Bootman (Chas. Arnold) which they enjoyed very much. The house being crowded to the doors.

Tuesday

Tuesday morning I went to the Station, to see Mr. Burns & Dave Burns of Sydney by the train, but missing it by about 2 minutes they were left behind in Newcastle for another day. So Dave and myself after going down town some distance, we altered our course and went to have another dip in the Bogie Hole, which was very enjoyable, and after having a shower which takes all the salt water out of your hair and

leaves none of that sticky feeling so often felt after a dip in the sea.

Leaving the baths we again descend the hills, past the town, and down to the Market Wharf, where we take the ferry for Carrington, where we have dinner at the Crosskey Hotel, this place was formerly called Bullock Island but since the arrival of Lord Carrington they renamed the Island after him it is from this place that they load the coal of which I have already written, and on our way home we call in at the Castlemaine Hotel to see our old friend Colonel.

Wednesday

On Wednesday morning Mr. Bird and myself went for a drive as far as Waratah which is a fashionable of Newcastle and it is a very pretty drive when you reach the highest part of Waratah, you may look back at Newcastle or up the Hunter River which looks looks very pretty in distance. Wednesday afternoon I spent at home writing letters and also answering some other correspondence.

Victoria Theatre Newcastle

Wednesday night Miss Lamont and myself went to the Victoria Theatre to witness a performance of Ham the boatman by Chas Arnold which was played to a very appreciative audience. This building is very old and the entrance & stairways very small and narrow which makes it very dangerous in case of fire or a panic, but I hear it is the intention of the owners to have it rebuilt on a much larger scale which will be a very great improvement

to Newcastle.

Thursday I again visited Karabak, and still found more beauties in this spot, and in the afternoon I again took another look round Wolly.

The evening was spent at Hamilton, at the residence of the Consul for the United States at Newcastle. Mr Dawson where we spent a very enjoyable evening, Mr Host showing us some of the different collections made during his travels.

Hamilton

Hamilton is the second station from Newcastle, and is a suburb that has sprung up within the last few years. And I hear that it is the intention of the New Railway Commissioners to make it the Changing Station for the passengers for Queensland who now come to Newcastle, it is at this place they branch off for all the Northern districts.

Friday afternoon at the invitation of Mr Bushby we inspected the Fort at Fortification Hill at the Heads or entrance to the Newcastle Harbour, which proved to be very interesting and from the top of this Hill a splendid view of the City is obtained, and one which visitors to Newcastle should not miss, as it is one of the sights. Mr Bushby is the Civil Engineer appointed by the Government of New South Wales to make great improvements and alterations at these Forts which he expects will occupy about a two years.

Friday evening at the kind invitation of my friend Mr. Lamont

I visited the Newcastle Y M C A Parliamentary
 debating Club the Bill before the house
 debating being the payment of Members, and after
 many able speeches both for and against
 the measure, a division of the house was
 taken, which proved to be equal, and
 was settled by the casting vote of the
 Speaker in favor of the Bill. This
 meeting was held in the Y M C A Hall
 and was attended by about 30 members.

Trip

to

Maitland

Saturday morning I
 took the train at 9.25 a.m. for Maitland,
 a very old town about 20 miles north of New-
 castle on the Hunter River, and although
 the day was inclined to be wet it proved
 to be a very enjoyable trip.

This town is situated in
 the centre of a very large and rich agricultural
 district which is noted all over N. S. Wales
 for its Lucerne feed for cattle. This is a very
 profitable crop as it is only necessary to sow
 it every seven years. There is also a very
 large coal here, where all the prisoners
 from the northern districts are kept. There
 are two large shading banks at this place
 which are largely patronised.

Maitland looks to be a
 very thriving place, although there is only
 one business street about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long.
 There are some very good buildings here,
 notably Wolfe Carrick & Co. Drapers & General
 Ironmongers established 1842. It is also
 well supplied with saddlers there being
 no less than six Barden & Bibee, who

employ 18 men & several boys, both Harness makers and Saddle hands. The next best is kept by J. Bouke, and is also a very large establishment, and the others that I noticed were J. Newell, J. Edmunds and E. M. Hornan. The latter comprises both the business of a Saddler and Tobacconist and is a very small shop. All the business establishments of Maitland, are all of a very good order, and some of the Show Windows would be a credit to Sydney.

While on my way to Maitland, I met a well-known Physician of that place, Professor Emerson and when we arrived at our destination, I accompanied him to his place of business, which is situated in the main street, he has a large stock of all sorts, from a Childs toy to a piano. he is also a teacher of Fencing and which he guarantees to make a person proficient in three lessons for the sum of one Guinea, and on his card are some excellent testimonials from the leading men & papers of Maitland. After viewing all the sights of the place, I made my way back to the Station and embarked on the train for Newcastle, arriving there at 3 30 p.m. having enjoyed my trip to Maitland.

And as we had accepted the kind invitation of Mrs Gow to tea, we went there rather early so as to have a look over his beautiful Fernery and indeed it is a great credit to its owner. Having such a rare collection of ferns having such a rare collection of ferns

in such a small Compass, he takes great trouble to get some rare specimens.

Mr Gow is by trade a Saddler, so I spend a very pleasant evening with him, conversing about different things connected with the trade in Sydney and Melbourne, he has retired from the trade and is now in the employ of the Railway Department. After tea we adjourn to the Drawing Room, and indulge in some singing, and are shown some beautiful Shells, collected on the Newcastle beach and round the coast, we spent a very pleasant evening here and arrive home at 11 p.m.

Saturday

This being pay Saturday Newcastle is very busy, all the miners being paid fortnightly, it makes one Saturday very busy, and indeed as you look down the street you would wonder where all the people come from.

Sunday Mr Aird comes to Murtleford to make a Wreath and Cross with some flowers for the grave of the late Capt. Lamont where we propose visiting, so after dinner we took the train for Sandgate where the Cemetery is situated, and after putting the Cross and Wreath on the grave, my friend took me round to see the different Tombstones some of them being of very pretty designs.

The train that leaves the Mortuary at Newcastle at 3.15 p.m. takes the corpse and the mourners into the Cemetery ground.

where a platform is erected and the Corpse is carried to the Grave the Train waiting and taking the Mourners back to Newcastle.

This evening was spent by the kind invitation of Mr Bird we had the pleasure of having Tea with him after that he showed me his performing dog and some of his paintings, and after that we went to Church.

Monday morning I spent taking my last dip in the Bogie Hole and after saying farewell to that I went down town to say goodbye to some of my friends. In the afternoon I stopped at home as Mr Bird had taken Mr Lamont Emma & Lucy to the Landgate Cemetery I also finished the book on the Life of the Rev J Gainsford the Minister of the Sydney Bethel which proved to be very interesting.

In the evening we had a few friends visit us Mr Bushby & his brother and after spending a very pleasant evening we went at 11 pm to see Mr Bird of Sydney by the N & S Newcastle which is most beautifully fitted up with Electric Light in every berth, a Smoking Room & Spacious Deck!

There is the Steamship The Newcastle & The Sydney take passengers between Sydney & Newcastle one leaving Sydney and one leaving Newcastle every night at 11 pm the Journey taking 6 Hours

So. Spent my last day in Newcastle and as I look back on it, I will think of the many happy days I

spent there and of the many happy hours I passed with Mrs Lamont and her family I will not forget their many kindnesses to me during my sojourn with them.

Tuesday morning was very foggy and as I looked out of the door I could not see yards in front of me, my friends tell me that they have them in the winter very bad these fogs coming down the River Hunter Lodge in the Bay for the best part of the morning and then as I listen I hear the fog bell out on the breakwater, ringing out its warning note to the Mariner. This bell is kept constantly ringing by the Light-house keeper, while the fog lasts.

Return
Journey
to
Sydney

After breakfast I say Goodbye to my friends and went my way to the Railway Station where I start for Sydney at 9.5 a m, and as I say Goodbye to Newcastle I feel sorry to have to leave so many kind friends behind me.

And as I move out of the Station I see my friend Mr Jones waving out his farewell and as we pass on to Gunnedah Creek where I take the Boat and go to Long Island and again embark on the train this is the last trip the General Gordon will take in connection with the Railway, as the Hawkesbury Bridge will be opened tomorrow.

And as we pass through Brooklyn Station I see that it is decorated with Ferris Flag &c in anticipation of the coming event of the narrow here we take on an additional engine to go over the Mountains

We reach Sydney at 3 p.m. and as I go down George St I see Mr Burns on her way to the steamer which sails at 4 p.m.

Criterion Theatre

After I had a wash & some tea I met Mr Aird, and together we went to see the Comedy Sweet Lavender at the Criterion Theatre performed by Charles Thornburn and Company which proved to be very enjoyable, terminating at 10.45 p.m. Mr Aird going on board the Newcastle Steamer, and I to my bed at the Coffee Palace.

Wednesday morning I went to find a friend of Miss Lambonts and after some difficulty I found him at the Railway Commissioners Office, and so delivered my message.

Lady Robinsons Beach & Botany Bay

I spent the rest of the morning visiting some of the Saddlers warehouses. In the afternoon, I went down to Lady Robinsons Beach, which is a very pretty place situated on the shore of Botany Bay. This is a great resort of the Sydney people on a holiday, here is a nice sandy beach & plenty of shelter, there is also a Ladies and a Gentlemans bath and as usual with these places, they have painted on their wall that they are the Largest and best in the world. And another thing I noticed was a sign on the Ladies Baths they were these words (Blackguards are requested to look through at the Ladies gentlemen will please pass on.) This I

took my fancy as soon as I saw it

I should think that some madman had been here, for if they found the people did look through they could very easily stop them if they went the right way to work.

I again took the tram which runs between the railway and the beach (a distance of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles), took the train and arrived in Sydney at 5.15 p.m. I had tea then spent the evening at Her Majesty's Theatre, which I have already described, to see the Roman Rye by George Rignold & Company, which proved very interesting and I am told that handsome George (as he is called), always draws big houses in Sydney, and indeed, if to sight is any criterion to go by it looks as if it was a fact. The performance being over at 10.45 p.m.

Thursday morning after breakfast I go to the Circular Quay