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.
And then after I had a

 rush and then my tea. I make my way to

 the Criterion Theatre. The event of which is

 the popular managers Isaac Broughton and

 the piece produced is a Comedy by Robert

 Buchanan, called the Two Buses and is witnessed

 by a very fair house. The is a very small

 but still a pretty Theatre, far more so than

 Her Majesty's in my opinion. The decor

 scene is exceedingly pretty in design it is

 the landing of Captain Cutty Sark, the bay,

 and round the edge is a smaller painting.

 taken from the play of Shakespeare which

 looks very pretty and I would remind one of

 Teric Terry's. The performance was over at 10.30 p.m.

 Great morning after having

 breakfast I went to the Redfern Station and

 booked myself to Newcastle. The train leaving

 Newcastle at 6:25 a.m., and I had a very pleasant

 trip. The scenery on the Hawkesbury River is the

 best I have ever seen for surmise, it is that

 of the Blue Mountain, and reminded one

 of the English Lakes

 Branching off the Great

 Western line at Strathfield Junction

 you enter some very hilly country, and

 before you reach Brooklyn Station you

 pass through five tunnels which appear to

 be from about 1/4 to 1 mile long, and through

 which the train travels 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 Bulliet Creek. The reason of this is that they have had some trouble with the part of the line at Bulliet Creek. It runs almost at the water's edge, and at one place it is built on a rock that is sloping 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.

The Hawkesbury Bridge is a neat looking structure. It has 4 spans of 40 ft each making the total length of the Bridge 297 ft 3 in from abutment to abutment.

The Steamer in the Great Gordon. 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 the Steamer you may have a good lunch if you feel so inclined (there being no refreshment stations along this line). For the modest sum of 2½ d, if you have a cup of tea with bread and butter. Then, they only charge you 1½ d if you arrive at Brooklyn at 11 10 a.m. and reach Bulliet Creek at 12 39 so that it takes you 1 hour 20 minutes to travel a distance of nine miles in this Steamer.
Driving at Mullan Creek you again embark in the train in which I see the tea is slight, for after leaving this station we pass through a very long tunnel nearly a mile long and then over a minute to pass through. Then we pass through the following stations stopping at each: Yorke, Oxford, Barana, Parintinah, Yarap, Yee, Thiriof, Aurora, Sawpurna, Inalla, Cockle Creek. It is from this station that you take the steamer for Lake Macquarie, Adamstown, Broadmeadows, Hamilton. Honeychurch point Newcastle. After leaving Cockle Creek you gradually come into the rolling country, and here and there you see the inner rooms 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 in the outside with tar which preserves them from the weather. Driving at Honeychurch 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.

At last we arrive at the Newcastle Station at 3.40 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 come John Burns a s a lady who
I afterwards find out to be Miss Lamont, and how much the other couple I knew for it is Don.

Then Burns and Lucy and as I look at Dave I see that he has wonderfully improved, and as the afterwards tell me he has put on 2 stone in weight since he left Melbourne, as it seems that the hot climate round Bourke suits him.

And as I come up to the first couple I shake hands with Mrs Lamont and when waiting for an introduction just as if I had known her for 20 years. We then walked up to the residence of Mrs Lamont, and was met at the door by our hostess and her youngest daughter Emma, who received us most cordially.

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

After leaving here we went 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 small light also a fog bell, which is kept constantly kept ringing in a fog which
obscura the entrance to the Harbour.

Returning along the breakwater we see the Look and Signal Station on Fortification Hill, as we reached the door we met Miss Mathilda 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. And Mrs. 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 Barrington, 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 Beaco, we also had a very good view of Wils Wood and Evis Jenkin's 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 baths, 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.

Leaving the Baths we took a path over the Hill and past the Rille Bells and then made our way.
As the Castlemaine Hotel, which is next
by an Old Datchetton, Iam named Connell
and who is a friend of D Busy we had
dinner at this place, making our way back
as Datchetton Terrace, in time to take the
till off to the Stockbridge. The vessel that
this ship had embarked for Lisbon, after
Stockbridge, viewing the vessel we adjourned to the
Cabin and joined John Burns and the,
first make in a glass of wine wishing
on Voyage. Leaving the vessel we went
on Shot, the leaving the girl, we went
and had a look at a stream of football
playing Rugby football, and after looking
at them for some time, we went to the
Castlemaine Hotel. I had our tea.

After tea we made our
way to Corrington to the Cross Keys as I wished to say goodbye to some friends there.
We afterwards made our
way to the Duke. Taking the ferry to New-
castle, we made our way to Datchetton, to
say goodbye to Mr. Lamont, after which
we took a walk along Hunger 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
Sunlight 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 7.49

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 heads, in lots of tub boats. I was, then we watched her till she was clear of the Heads, and the tubs leaving her in safety. She spread her sails and sailed swiftly on her way. The wind had a most beautiful morning, for the first day of the voyage, and with a fair wind she was sent out of sight out of the horizon.

Sunday morning after breakfast, Serge Lamont and myself left home, for a walk and going up Pacific St. I noticed a house with the sign of a cab proprietors and underneath was written "no connection with next door," and then the next door people to retaliate had written on their house, "no woman floggers here," and noticing these two signs here, they both my fancy at once, but they have got in a very good place of profit, the door of an hospital, and on making inquiries I found out that these people were always quarreling and also that the cab proprietors was in the habit of beating his wife.

Continuing our way at the hill we reached the Peacock 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.
We 3½ m. Dave Burns came back to Goulburn by appointment and then we took a walk through the Reserve, Newcastle and over The Cliff, to the spot where the steam Newcastle steam ship was wrecked. The boat one foggy night, thinking that she was making the Newcastle Head came up to almost under the Cliff before they knew where they were. The passengers were all landed safely. But of course the boat was destroyed to the rocks and if you look down you may still see her boiler at the bottom of the cliff.

After having tea, we went to the Congregational Church, and had a very good sermon by the Rev. W. The Newcastle 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 shining on the water looked very pretty.

Monday morning at 8.35 am I went down to the Newcastle railway station to see Dave Burns off to Sydney, to meet his Aunt and Brother, the former which was to sail for Trinco in the following Wednesday.

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 4½ hour. But as the Court adjourned for 30 minutes I did likewise and walked back to Myrtleford.
After having my dinner, I went to my writing, and then as it was 6 o'clock I took them to the post, and then came back in time for tea. At 7.30 p.m. we went to hear the Handel Quartet Society, which practice in the Hall in connection with the Asylum for the Insane, under the direction of Mr. Sack Plane; the grounds of this place are very nicely laid out.

Next morning being Sunday 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. At the end of the Broadwater, but on account of the rain had to turn back and defray my trip till another time. In the afternoon we took the Lwy for Stockton, and went and had a close view of the Wreck of the Berbis where she was wrecked about June 22 last night. Her Captain, wishing to get safe anchorage at the Sparbole, 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 lay dismantled of all her rigging and fittings and lay there on the bed in which she was firmly embeded and even all the copper and wood, taken off her hull.

He returned by the 5.40 p.m. Boat to Newcastle, reaching home at
at 10 am, after enjoying our pleasant walk very much.

The Dyke, viewing the Dyke, which is on the south side ofBillingham, a pretty place, where the ships are loaded with coal. They are loaded here by hydraulic cranes and then sent by the quick way, the ships are there. The body of the ship is lifted off the carriage, by these loading cranes, and then taken over the hold of the ship, and when the bottom of the ship which is on top is knocked out, and the bottom of the ship opening, the coal drops into the hold of the ship. Another way of loading is this the ships are drawn up an inclined plane, till almost over the vessel, and the bottom of the ship being opened, the coal falls into the hold through a large chute.

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

Thursday afternoon, Mr. And Mrs. Lambert and myself, by the kind invitation of the latter, we went to the Newcastle Local Mining Company pit arriving there at 3 pm, 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 in the surface for the holidays. Leaving this place, on our left we continued our way further along the drive, till we came to the furnace, which is kept constantly filled with coke, thus giving a good draught, and

align to create a draught, here it is so hot
that we have to tug the opposite side of the drive. We kept still further along the drive, till we reached a place where it branches off in another direction, and as the miners are returning from their work, we can see their light glimmering in the distance. It looks quite like a small town as seen by daylight, and then as we are looking at this pretty sight, there 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. To stop and when filled, back to the mouth of the pit in the same manner. Having examined the drive and walking a considerable distance, we take a sample of coal and ascend to the surface, and returned to Bishopton at 5.30 p.m., after enjoying ourselves very much, and having an interesting lecture on Coal.

On our return our host informed us that he had received a telegram from Mr. Ludlow, to say, that he would arrive at 8 p.m. to-morrow night. So, Mr. Lamont, close to myself, walked to the station and there met him. After going to Bishopton and stopping there for about 30 minutes, we went down to the Hotel, to meet Miss Living & Sally, who had gone to Choir practice to Easter Sunday and having met them.
we returned home, we met a few old friends of his who were very pleased to see him back again. Friday morning being Friday, John Lambert and myself by the kind invitation of Mr. Ard we went to the Market, Harf, and took a boat for a fishing excursion, and only caught 3 fish (Haddock). But the cause was that we had started too late in the morning, and as it 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 fishing.

In the afternoon we all Pacific Point made our way down the back beach, and indeed it was astonishing to see the number of people that congregated there, 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 Mooloolaba. Then comes Saturday, Easter Saturday, a most important day in and about Newcastle, for this is what is termed pay Saturday, that is, the money being paid fortnightly on the previous Friday night. They will come into Newcastle to make their purchase, making this a very busy day in Newcastle.

Having met Mr. Tindale by appointment at 10 o'clock and after meeting several friends we eventually made our way to the Newcastle G.M.C.A. Hall, which is held in a building very suitable for present requirements, but when speaking to Mr. Lanost...
and a good custom of looking up in the morning to see what new thing they have done. The morning is often a time of great excitement, as all the happens and good.

In the evening, we have a chance to relax and enjoy the company of others. The evening is often a time of quiet conversation. It is also a time to reflect on the events of the day and to prepare for the next day. We always try to make the most of our time together.
and her daughters go to the Congregational Church, where there is special service for Easter Sunday.

In the afternoon we went 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 1627.

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 contain all the bodies that were washed ashore off the ill-fated ship the Camara. There was only one person saved off this boat, although the disaster took place almost inside the head of Gunter Harbour, and then what was still stranger, the only person that was saved was brought ashore by Dr. Johnston, the lighthouse keeper at the Nab, who was the only person saved off the Camara of which I have already written in the first part.

Monday morning we were all astir at a very early hour making preparation 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 prepared pitchboards we made a short trip from Deptford.

Easter Monday Picnic to Lake
at 8.30 am, with two conveyances and our party

number 10. 5 Ladies & Inflamors. We reached Lake
Maquarie at 10.30 a.m. after a very pleasant drive.

The view from some of the hills is very Beautiful.

This Lake is a very large

sheet of water 3½ miles round. The waters
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 most striking on a ma-
dlying morning when the Sun was setting &
throwing 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 area. They also
have a Yacht Club and are indulging in
some races today. He returned home at 2 p.m.
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 Shaw's The Bankman (Hardwicke)
which they enjoyed very much. The house being
crowded at the doors.

Tuesday morning I went to
the Station to see, but from 2 days travel of the
Sydney by the Train, but missing it by about
2 minutes they were left behind in Newcastle
for another day. I have and myself after
going down from some distance, we altered
our course and went to have another dip in
the Bath Hole, which was very enjoyable,
and after having a Shower which takes
all the Salt Water out of your hair and
leave none of that sticky feeling so often felt after a dip in the sea.

Leaving the baths we again descend the hill, past the Town, and down to the Market Wharf where we take the ferry for Carrington, where we have dinner at the Crown Hotel. This place was formerly called Bulloch 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 Coshlomina Hotel to see our old friend Donnel.

Wednesday

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

Wednesday night Mr. Lamont and myself went to the Victoria Theatre to witness a performance of Ham the Prodigal by Mr. Arnold which was played to a very appreciative audience. The building is very old and the entrance a staircase very small and narrow which makes it very dangerous in case of fire or a panic, but I had it to the intention of the owner to have it rebuilt on a much larger scale which will be a very great improvement to Newcastle.
Thursday I again visited Harbath, and still found more beauties in this city; and in the afternoon I again took another look round Newcastle.

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, our host showing us some of the different collections made during his travels.

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 Northumberland 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 locks at South Shields, a hill at the head of 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 locks which he expects will occupy about a two years.

Friday evening at the kind invitation of my friend Mr. Lanont.
I visited the Newcastle U. P. C. A. Parliamentary Debating Club. The Bill before the House was debating 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 4th A. C. Hall, and was attended by about 30 members.

Saturday morning I took the train at 9:25 A.M. for Thalland, a very pleasant ride of about 20 miles north of Newcastle 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 center of a very large and rich agricultural district which is noted all over N. T. for its Lucerne seed 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 woolshed here, where all the growers from the northern districts are held. There are five large shearing Environs at this Place, which are largely patronized.

Thalland looks to be a very thriving place, although there is only the business street about 1½ miles long. There are some very good buildings here, notably Mr. Currick's C. O. Drapers General Store and Jordan Bros. established 1842. It is also well supplied with saddles there being no less than six. Barren & Bibeau, who
employ 15 men & several boys, both harness makers and saddle hand. The next best is kept by Mr. Cooke, and is also a very large establishment, and the others that I noticed were J. Deyoull, Edmunds and E. T. Troker. The latter comprises both the business of a saddler and tobacconist, and is a very small shop. All the business establishments of Macleod are all of a very good order, and some of the show windows would be a credit to Sydney. 

While on my way to Macleod, I met a well-known musician 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 child's toy to a grand. He is also a teacher of harmony and which he guarantees to make a person proficient in three lessons for the sum of the dinner, and on his card are some excellent testimonials from the leading men of Newland. 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 Macleod. And as we had accepted the kind invitation of Mr. W. A. Wall, we went there rather early so as to have a look over his beautiful Lenney and indeed it is a great credit to this town, having such a rare collection of ferns.
in such a small compass, he takes great trouble to get some rare specimen.

Mr. Lew 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 arrived home at 11 p.m.

Saturday

This being day 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. Reid comes to Newcastle to make a Wreath and Cross with some flowers for the grave of the late Capt. Lamont where we propose visiting, as after dinner we both 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 design.

The train leaves for the Mortuary at Newcastle at 3.15 p.m. I saw 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 mouth back to Newcastle.

This evening was spent by the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Lamon, I had the pleasure of having tea with them after which 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 to Red Hill and called on some of my friends. In the afternoon I attended a service at the Gardiner's Church, Lamon's Emma and I went to the Lindesay Cemetery. I also finished the book on the Life of the Rev. J. Lindesay, the minister of the Sydney Bethel, which proved to be very interesting.

In the evening we had a few friends visit us at the Church and after attending a very pleasant evening we went at 11 p.m. to see Dr. Lind of Sydney at the J & S Newcastles, which is one of the most beautifully fitted up Board Lodging Houses in this city, a smoking room & Spacious Hall.

The Newcastle & the Sydney take passengers between Sydney & Newcastle, the leaving Sydney and one leaving Newcastle every night at 11 p.m. on 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.
spent there and of the many happy hours I passed with Mr. 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 ten yards in front of me. My friends told me that they had been in the Tinten very bad. These fog coming down the river, Hunter Lodge. In the bay for the best part of the morning and then as I listened. Then the fog bell cut in the procedure, singing out its warning notes to the mariner. This bell is kept constantly ringing by the lighthoues keeper, while the fog signal

After breakfast I say goodbye to my friends and went on my way to the railway station where I start for Sydney at 9.35 a.m. and at 9.35 a.m. 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 L. J. Jones waving out his forehead and as we pass on to Bullen Creek where take the Road 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 flags and in anticipation of the coming event of the morrow how we began on an additional engine to go over the mountains.
We reach Sydney at 3:15 P.M. and as I go down George St. I see 24 pens on
her way to the steamer which sailed at 4 P.M.

After I had a wash & some

sea, I met Mr. Bird, and together we went
to see the Comedy "Lavender of the

Criterion Theatre", performed by Charles

Thornton and Co. which proved
to be very enjoyable, terminating at
12:45 P.M. Mr. Bird going on board the

Newcastle Steamer and I to my bed at

The Coffee Palace.

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

I spent the rest of the
morning visiting some of the Laddies ware
houses. In the afternoon, I went down to

Lady Robinson's Beach, which is a very

noteworthy pretty place situated on the shore of

Botany Bay. This is a great resort of the

Sydney people on a holiday, here is nice,

early beach & plenty of shelter, there is

also a Ladies and a Gentlemen's baths 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

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 not take it through they could very easy stop them if they went the right way to work. I again took the train, which runs between the railway and the beach (a distance of about 1½ miles) and the train and arrived in Sydney at 5.15 p.m.

I had tea then after the evening at Her Majesty's Theatre, which I have already described. To see the Roman Kye of George Rignold & Company, which proved very interesting and I am told that Handens George (as he is called) always draws big houses in Sydney, and indeed 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.