



The Chronicle

JOURNAL of the LAKE MACQUARIE FAMILY HISTORY GROUP Inc.



We acknowledge the Awabakal people as the traditional custodians of this region we know as Lake Macquarie and pay respect to their Elders past and present.



Aerial photography of Lake Macquarie donated by Karen Myers adapted for use with her kind permission

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A Word From The President...

As I write this introduction to this edition of The Chronicle I have been reflecting on the fact that we often find it difficult to talk about the final resting place because we are conditioned not to talk about or dwell on the end of life.

However, as family historians, final resting places play a major part in our research as we explore the lives of those who have gone before us. When this topic was first suggested my mind immediately went to cemeteries, a place of special significance to family historians, however for many the final resting place is not always a cemetery and not known to us. For many, however, the cemetery is a place of special significance.

Taken very literally “the final resting place” can be viewed as the place where a person is laid to rest. But in a country as young as Australia many of our ancestors left their country of birth and travelled, for whatever reason, either by choice or by the decisions of courts or their parents to settle in the new colony, which then became the final resting place for many.

For those serving in the military, the final resting place often became a foreign field that many families never got to visit.

The majority of our forebears perhaps are resting in their country of origin and perhaps for some because of the magic of travel, these resting places have been sought out and visited.

Quite often the information provided on final gravestone markers can provide much-needed clues about the ancestor’s life but as we all know often this is not the case. Of course, the passage of time can play havoc on the information recorded there, sometimes details are recorded by local authorities, other times not.

The other thing I have been thinking about is my tenure on the position of President of LMFHG. When I took on the role I did not know what I did not know and the past twelve months have certainly seen me on a very fast learning trajectory. It has been overall a very positive experience and I thank all the committee members for the support they have given me each month to keep the Group humming along. Without this group of dedicated volunteers, LMFHG would be a very different organisation and on your behalf I thank them. I would also encourage you to give some thought to taking on a position on the committee at the next AGM as a means of assisting the Group to move forward and meet identified goals. Please find the AGM notice and nomination forms in this edition.

I have had some rather “serious” health issues since taking on the President’s role and I am very grateful to the other committee members for the manner in which they have supported me through these difficulties.

Thank you to the Group members who have contributed to this edition of The Chronicle and special thanks to The Chronicle sub-committee on the behind the scenes work undertaken in getting the edition to you.

I trust that all will find it enjoyable and useful in furthering their research goals.

Cheers,

Anne Gleeson

Lake Macquarie Family History Group welcomes the following new member:



Jonathan Harris Member 311

We trust you will find your stay with us to be pleasant and rewarding!

Disclaimer

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SAD NEWS....

Vale Helen Windon

It is with great sadness that we share the news of Helen's passing.

A long standing member of LMFHG, having joined in our inaugural year, Helen's contributions to our Group included committee membership, being instrumental in the transcription of the St Matthew's parish registers and the R.M. Evans funeral director records, donation of books, and for many years organised our volunteer roster for family history research assistance at Speers Point Library. Through her library employment Helen contributed to the library's local history database through the digitisation of council rate records and Sulphide/Pasminco newsletters.

We thank you for your support and service to our Group and take this opportunity to extend our appreciation of your generous donation that has enabled members to participate in Zoom sessions.



A FINAL RESTING PLACE

Faith Simon Member 303

This is about the final resting place of a man named John HUTCHINSON born in County Down, Ireland in 1810, and his great, great, granddaughter Faith McCLELLAND SIMON born in Sydney, NSW in 1944, who will soon share the same final resting place at Sandgate Cemetery.

When John, whose wife had only recently predeceased him and was buried in a Dungog cemetery, died in September 1894, he was buried at Sandgate Cemetery. Although he left a sizable estate (probate value of £8,600) there had never been a grave memorial built on his plot in the Anglican 1 section.



A descendant of John with me at the burial site in 2013

This is the short story of a brave, adventurous, literate, hardworking and honourable man who at age 30 years, together with his young wife Eleanor aged 21, sailed from the north of Ireland on the ship *Formosa* as bounty immigrants. They arrived in NSW in July 1840 just four and a half months before their first child, Isabella HUTCHINSON (my paternal great grandmother), was born.

John is actually the only one of my great great grandparents with whom I share a 'living connection or memory' in that before my dad died, he recorded a conversation he'd had with Grandma Isabella

'I well remember her telling me how she had helped her father clear the land so her father must have been a farmer. She also mentioned the 'Chichester', probably the river, before the dam was built.'

Research shows John and his wife settling first at Clarence Town and then in 1857, by which time Isabella would have been 17 years old, at New Park, Bandon Grove. Altogether they had 13 living children. John jnr, was the oldest son who never married, and together with a younger brother, carried on the farm after the father died.

Today, from <https://www.newparkfarm.com.au/> "New Park Farm is a privately owned pastoral company in the Upper Hunter Valley. It is located near Chichester Dam, 15km west of the township of Dungog.

The farm is set on 365 hectares (902 acres) of land that enclose the eastern sloping ridges and river flats near the Chichester river. Nestled alongside the Barrington Tops National Parks, the property enjoys a higher than average rainfall in the area - anywhere between 900mm to 1300mm per annum.

The property was first settled in 1857 by the Hutchinson family who ran it as a dairy farm. In 1906 they built a Victorian-style homestead from brick and locally sourced materials that featured decorative, rendered quoins. Its impressive design and interior detail stand today as a testament to their success as dairy farmers at the time."

Newpark Farm >>>>

<https://www.newparkfarm.com.au/>



THE LATE JOHN HUTCHINSON.
An old resident informs us that the father of the late John Hutchinson arrived in New South Wales with his wife and child in 1840. They came from Ireland and settled at Clarence Town. His position was that of constable and his pay was 2/9 per day. When John was 16 years of age, he and his father, with some others, went to the gold diggings. They met with luck, getting enough gold to come back and take up New Park in 1857. It was then in its virgin state. One of Nature's gentlemen, John Hutchinson lived a clean, honest life. As a young man he was one of the smartest and strongest men around Bandon Grove. One of his feats of strength was to carry 3,000 feet of cedar up a steep hill a quarter of a mile long a board at a time. He had to cut footsteps in the hill as it was too steep to get up. One of deceased's sisters is living, aged 93 years. Other members of the family were Susan, Elizabeth, Sarah, Mary, Maggie, Jim, Ellen, Rebecca, William, Vince and Tom.

Above: Obituary, *Dungog Chronicle* (Trove)

On Friday 10th June 1932 the obituary for John jnr reads as per extract pictured at left from the *Dungog Chronicle*.

This gives interesting information about John Hutchinson snr and how *the family 'met with luck, getting enough gold to come back and take up New Park in 1857.'*

*Clarence Town history (via Google in 2023) records: "The earliest economic activity in the Clarence Town area was cedar cutting."

** The sister of the deceased mentioned as being aged 93 years is my great grandmother Isabella who died the following year.



Refurbished grave with headstone >>>>
(Author's collection)

Now in 2023, my great great grandfather John, finally has a grave memorial at Sandgate Cemetery thanks to the work of 'Edstein Creative Stone'.

It awaits the burial of my own body as well as that of a limited number of other family members who wish to have their ashes interred there.

No destination was too remote for the thousands of Chinese that moved to other parts of the world looking for a better life but for most it was important for them to return to China for their death and burial.

Grave locations were selected according to feng shui - a master helped them choose a cemetery and location, often on a hill and never under a tree. During the funeral ceremony, the casket stays open. That is considered respectful. A grieving family may burn incense.

Funeral guests can be expected to give money to the family. White flowers symbolise grief, red flowers are for people 80 years and over.

Chinese had 3 options: Return to China and retire till death.

Remain and be buried overseas.

Be buried overseas and have their bones repatriated to China several years later.

Maybe this is why I can not find any trace of my Great Grandfather, William Tong LEE in Australia, born 1864 in Canton. My father's mothers side. He returned to China a few times but on his last trip there is no record of his return to Australia. Maybe he stayed there till he died and was buried there, taking the first option.

My Great Grandparents on my father's fathers side Tiy LOY and Di LEE and sister died in the Bubonic plague in China the late 1800s. Records say that bodies were buried quickly and in mass graves, maybe that was their burial. Grandfather, Charles LING survived, he was in a boarding school.

My Grandparents, Charles Ling and Eliza Bertha (Tong Lee) Ling are buried in a small Cemetery, Rowes Hill/Mittagong where they lived most of their married life.

Chinese tombstones inscriptions are more detailed giving full name and home town. Usually buried in the province where they lived. Many Chinese are buried in countries overseas, USA, Canada, many other Asian countries.

Rockwood Cemetery, Australia has a large area of Chinese tombstones starting as early as 1828, over 1,000 have been recorded. More recent headstones are Imperial red stone with 24 carat gold leaf lettering and all facing in the same direction. In Chinese culture red has a meaning of good luck, also the number 8.



Above: Some of the more recent Chinese graves
(<https://www.facebook.com/RookwoodCemetery/>)



The Quong Sing Tong Shrine (above right) is located in a central and dominant position in the Chinese section of the cemetery. *Quong Sin Tong was one of the earliest Chinese societies in NSW. It was a local Chinese society whose task was to help with the exhumation of Chinese graves from Rookwood cemetery for reburial in China. The process was, at the time, in accordance with the beliefs and practices of the community and was fairly common until the 1950s.* (<https://monumentaustralia.org.au/>)

A few years ago, I was fortunate to be able to visit the land of my forebears, and although the research at that time had not been able to point to a specific location, we were able to see around some of the possible areas in Mid Jutland of Denmark.

Calling in on a church at Knebel, Mols, Randers Denmarkⁱ, I observed differences in how there a departed family member is acknowledged. If you are visiting Denmark, you may be disappointed if you expect to find existing gravestones of the family of a relative who left Denmark in the mid-1800s. Due to limited space in this small country, unless a family is willing to make special arrangements, a plot can be reused after twenty years or when an urn is used for the burial, it is only ten years.



Figure 1 : Knebel Church yard 2019. Photos from personal collection

Another tradition frequently followed in Denmark, is that when a person is close to death to open the window for their soul to depart. Candles are also left on the windowsill to honour and remember the deceased personⁱⁱ. Typically, a funeral is held eight days after the death and if it is a religious service the priest prepares the songs, messages, and eulogy in conjunction with the family. Or the family could do the whole service themselves. Flowers selected are often in bright colours to represent the personality of the deceased. Sometimes the flowers are laid down the centre of the aisle leading to the coffin. After the service there is a procession to the graveyard and the minister collects all the flowers and places them on the grave.

It is generally the preference to be buried in a church yard and the surviving members make the area surrounding beautiful and take good care of it. The church yard is seen as a special place to keep in contact with your deceased family members. In Denmark each citizen is provided with a personal email (digital mailbox) just for official items, tax, and banking. This email of the deceased is immediately blocked by the authorities. Access is only available to surviving family after proof is provided with a probate certificate.

Denmark has a long Viking burial history as wellⁱⁱⁱ. Many believed that the Vikings had long boat cremations at sea, but modern investigations go against this theory. Boats were the symbol for a safe passage into the afterlife and if you were wealthy you were buried with your boat^{iv}. This ritual was not just for men but also observed for wealthy women as shown in the *Oseberg Ship*^v, a well-preserved Viking artifact in Norway. Regardless of how the body was disposed of, it was draped in new clothes and buried with tributes and gifts called grave goods^{vi}.



At Jelling^{vii}, in Central Jutland is a World Heritage royal monument to Gorm and Thyra which consisted of two large, turfed mounds. Their son Harald Bluetooth is credited with building a Christian church between the mounds and creating a transition between the Nordic ways and Christianity in the tenth Century. But at Lindholm Høje, near Aalborg Northern Jutland, is a gravesite dating back to maybe 500 C.E. where each gravesite consists of large rocks in either the shape of a ship, a circle, or a triangle^{viii}.



*Figure 2: top Mounds & church at Jelling.
Grave site at Lindholm Høje*



Figure 3: James Burgess d 1910 -Find a Grave

I thought back to my ancestors' memorials who I have found on the website Find a Grave^{ix}. Speaking personally, I find it reassuring to know they are there maybe for hundreds of years if, the words on the monument are still readable. But how sad does the surrounding area look in comparison. This is the final resting place of my great grandfather at Newcastle's Sandgate Cemetery, only 13 kilometres from my home! Do I need to say more?

End Notes

ⁱ <https://mols-helgenaes.dk>

ⁱⁱ <https://blog.sevenponds.com/cultural-perspectives/why-leave-the-window-open-a-danish-death-tradition>

ⁱⁱⁱ Museum of Danish America: <https://www.danishmuseum.org/explore/danish-american-culture/viewed-through-the-lens/funeral-program>

^{iv} How Did the Vikings Honor Their Dead: <https://www.history.com/news/how-did-the-vikings-honor-their-dead>

^v Oseberg Ship: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oseberg_Ship

^{vi} Norse Funeral Wikipedia: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Norse_funeral

^{vii} Jelling Mounds, Runic Stones and Church: <https://whc.unesco.org/en/whc/unesco/if>

^{viii} Blog- Explore a Beautiful Viking Burial Site in Denmark: <https://www.destinationdaydreamer.com/explore-a-beautiful-viking-burial-site-in-denmark/>

^{ix} Find a Grave : <https://www.findagrave.com>



Twisted Twigs On Gnarled ... Branches Genealogy

At my funeral can someone dress in all black with an umbrella and watch from a distance so my family thinks I had something big and mysterious going on



My husband and I love to travel to distant lands where we enjoy visiting sites of historic interest or natural beauty. While we often visit cemeteries, graveyards and memorial parks on our geneajourneys we also go to cemeteries for pleasure. Cemeteries tell so much about the life, history, and customs of the places we visit. The monumental masonry can be spectacular or quirky and the landscapes can range from stately to stark.

We have visited final resting places from **Albania to Zambia** and many places in between. Perhaps our interest in cemeteries is macabre or maybe it has developed from our interest in family history. We enjoy being Tombstone Tourists.

Please join me as I reminisce on some of the deadly sites we have visited.

Albania. In the Communist era [Martyr's or Partisan's Cemetery](#) in Tirana, Albania we were surprised to see that all of the graves were exactly the same. The cemetery looked boring like many communist buildings we have seen. The bonus from this visit was that the cemetery is on a hill overlooking the city of Tirana, the views were spectacular.

Buenos Aires. Sometimes we are drawn to a cemetery by a famous name as was the case in Buenos Aires, Argentina when we visited the grave of [Eva Peron](#). It was convenient that the hopon-hopoff bus stopped close to the [La Recoleta Cemetery](#). Evita lies in the Duarte Family Mausoleum (pictured at right).



China. Sailing through the Three Gorges in **China** we were fascinated to see the ancient [Hanging Coffins](#) of the Bo people. These suspended ship-shaped wooden coffins were placed in crevices high up on the steep sides of the rocky gorges.

Dublin. Among the top ten attractions listed on Tripadvisor in Dublin is [Glasnevin Cemetery](#), Ireland's National Cemetery. We learnt so much when we took one of the regular tours. Our tour guide gave us a lesson in Irish history as we visited the graves of many Irish patriots and other famous and infamous Irish folk. One of the highlights of the tour was a visit to Daniel O'Connell's crypt. Our guide told us that it was good luck to touch O'Connell's lead-lined coffin, so we made sure that we did. See: <http://geniaus.blogspot.com/2016/08/tombstone-tourist.html>



Edeline Island. On our visit to this uninhabited island in the Kimberley Region of Australia our guide indicated that there were some old pearlers' graves in the scrub. It took us a while but we eventually spotted and photographed the lonely markers (pictured at left).

French Polynesia. On our recent visit to Bora Bora in French Polynesia as we were travelling along I saw what looked like graves in some front yards. Our guide told us that, as there is no cemetery on the island, most residents bury their family members in their gardens. We saw a dog resting in the sun on one of those tombs (pictured at right).



Gomersal. Unique were the burial grounds or God's Acres we visited in [Fulneck](#) and [Gomersal](#) in England. In these well-ordered sites men and women are buried in separate sections of the graveyards in order of date of death. The grave markers are all uniform small rectangles, and the inscriptions only give the number of plot, name of deceased, date of death and sometimes age at death. The inscriptions on very solid stones of the 1700s were still very easy to read.

<< *Our ancestor's grave marker in Fulneck*



Havana. [El Cementerio de Cristóbal Colón](#) in Cuba's capital is another magnificent 19th century cemetery that was open and still accepting interments during our visit.

<< *Monuments in Havana*

India. The most famous tomb in the world is probably the [Taj Mahal](#), a mausoleum in Agra built for two. When we shared our visit with thousands of other tourists the serene atmosphere that the builder Emperor Shah Jehan probably envisaged was lost.



Jersey. On organised holidays we often find an excursion to a cemetery is included. When we called into the [St Saviour Churchyard](#) in Jersey, Channel Islands, the minister came out and chatted with us. He related the graveyards history and pointed out some of the famous folk interred there including [Lillie Langtry](#).

Lillie Langtry Monument >>



Kranji. My prize for the most beautifully tended cemeteries goes to [The Commonwealth War Graves Commission](#) for their sites. As well as Kranji in Singapore (pictured at left), Mr GeniAus and I have visited CWGC cemeteries in Belgium, Egypt, England, France, Greece, Thailand and Turkey. They are fitting memorials to our fallen.

London. When we visited [Brompton Cemetery](#) on Open Day I felt that the carnival like atmosphere with stalls and displays detracted from the tranquility of this Victorian Cemetery. We enjoyed looking at the graves, headstones and mausoleums along the major paths. Many of the minor paths are left unmown so the beautiful graves are hidden amongst undergrowth and inaccessible. Despite the undergrowth we would love to return and further explore. See: [20 Something Snaps - Open Day](#)

Manila. From the washing hanging on the line and clothes on hangers it looks like someone was living in this mausoleum in an old cemetery we toured in Manila, Philippines.

Clothes hanging in a mausoleum >>



New York. When we visited the beautiful [Green-Wood cemetery](#) in Brooklyn, New York we found a huge plot and monument naming several Gowans family members. We saw that this huge cemetery offers [walking and trolley guided tours](#). As we didn't have time on that visit, I have added it to our bucket list. See: [Our visit to Green-Wood](#).



Prague. We had to join a long line to enter the crowded [Old Jewish Cemetery](#) and Museum in Prague, Czechia. The bodies in this historic site are buried in up to twelve layers. On entering we found a forest of lopsided grave markers resting amongst tall trees.

<< *Graves in Old Jewish Cemetery*

Punta Arenas. The historic [Cemetery of Punta Arenas Sara Braun](#), a National Monument of Chile, was the last stop on our tour of this southern city. It houses some beautiful mausoleums, monuments, crypts and brightly painted graves in a parklike setting. We were surprised to see tall constructions containing several rows of compartments which provided a more economical option for a final resting place. **Puntas - Aboveground burials >>**



Qarsaalik. We stopped at a cemetery on the edge of the fiord near the Greenland capital Nuuk's airport. Google maps indicates that the closest suburb to this cemetery is Qarsaalik. Each of the graves in this stark landscape was covered in a blanket of plastic flowers and adorned with a tall white wooden cross.

Rochdale. On our visit to [Rochdale Cemetery](#) in England in the early days of our research we found more than what we were seeking. We discovered that a Great-great-grandfather was buried there with two wives. We didn't know he had been married twice.

South Korea. We were surprised to see the wealth buried with deceased in ancient tombs and burial mounds. We were blown away by the gold items we saw on [our visit to The Flying Horse Tomb](#) (Cheonmachong) in South Korea.

Tunisia. In our walk around the Punic Cemetery in Carthage, Tunisia we passed very old graves from the 3rd to 1st Century BCE. **Punic Grave markers >>>**



Ullapool. Having exhausted the tourist sites in Ullapool, Scotland we stopped in at the 19th century [Mill Street Old Burial Ground](#). The cemetery, which had many old graves, was in a commanding position above the harbour. It wasn't a stroll; it was rough going as there was a lot of subsidence throughout the site.

<<<Ullapool - Tombs with a view

Vietnam. Hurtling down the freeways in **Vietnam** we noticed several graves in the gardens of rural properties. These domestic graves contrast with the enormous edifice in centre of Ba Dinh Square, Hanoi that is the [Mausoleum of Ho Chi Minh](#).

Western Australia On our day in Broome last year we managed to visit four cemeteries. The most unusual was the traditional [Japanese Cemetery](#). This cemetery houses the remains of the Japanese divers who came to work in the pearl industry in the 19th century.



Broome - Japanese Cemetery >>



Zambia. In the [Mosi-oa-Tunya National Park](#) we saw a few zebras, some other wildlife and lovely vistas of the Zambezi River. I was thrilled with what we found in a clearing in the park. It was a sign from the Northern Rhodesian era that declared the area as a National Monument, the [Old Drift Cemetery](#)!!

<< Old Drift Cemetery

Recently while looking through an old copy of *Irish Roots* magazine (Issue No. 25, page 4, 1998), I came across a short article titled *Apartdied*. The opening sentence of the article reads, "*After burial, coffins can move a considerable distance. Underground springs and certain types of soil facilitate such movements. This phenomenon was of great concern to the Catholic hierarchy in Belfast in the last century.*"

I was instantly intrigued by this statement and endeavoured to learn more.

The cemetery in question is the Belfast City Cemetery. As a result of rapid population growth and a large increase in deaths in the 1840s, the Belfast Corporation was under pressure to provide a municipal cemetery. In the 1860's the Corporation purchased 101 acres of land on the Falls Road from Mr Thomas Sinclair at a cost of £12,000 and set aside 44 acres to serve as an interdenominational burial ground.

So, why was the underground movement of corpses in their coffins such a concern to the Catholic hierarchy and did this phenomenon actually occur or was it just religious sectarianism?

A simple Google search resulted in links to several websites enabling me to learn more and not one mentions the movement of coffins!

The cemetery opened on 1 August 1869 but the Catholic clergy had argued that according to canon law the ground could not be consecrated if it was shared with Protestants. The result was the construction of a nine-foot deep *underground wall* to divide the Catholic and Protestant sections of the new graveyard.

However, it seems the underground *peace wall* was not enough. Following further disputes the Catholic bishop was awarded £4000 compensation and this was used to purchase land on the other side of the Falls Road - this became Milltown Cemetery. It wasn't until the 1970's that Catholics were interred in the Belfast City Cemetery - for a little more than 100 years they were routinely buried in Milltown Cemetery.



Appearing as a pathway the ground indicated by the arrow lies directly above the underground wall.



An excavated section of the underground wall.

(Images are screenshots from the YouTube videos indicated below)

At least 250,000 souls are buried in the Belfast City Cemetery which includes a Jewish Cemetery. If you wish to learn more about the history of the Cemetery, the underground wall and the people from all walks of life buried there I recommend viewing a very interesting 27 minute video written and presented by Tom Hartley. Tom talks about the workers, women, children, military, people of note and the 80,000 poor who are interred in the grounds, referring to those buried within the cemetery as a *repository of Belfast history*.

Written in Stone, Exploring Belfast City Cemetery can be found on YouTube: <https://youtu.be/6fNV0LbkD3Q>

A short video about the underground wall can be viewed at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uPbWFi3VFbM>

One of my more interesting gravestone discoveries is that of my 3x great grandfather Anthony WEST. Baptised on the 29th November 1812 at Shenly, Buckinghamshire, England, he died at North Lambton, NSW on the 11th May 1898.

When I visited his grave at Stockton Cemetery I found that the headstone was damaged. Although still readable, it was broken and lay on the ground. Years later, Newcastle Region Library started adding images to its online collection that they had produced from the glass negatives of Ralph Snowball, a renowned early local photographer. Amongst these images I found was one he had taken of Anthony's headstone. By purchasing a copy of the image from the Library I was provided with a high definition version which I subsequently added to the database of *Find a Grave* - it can be found at:

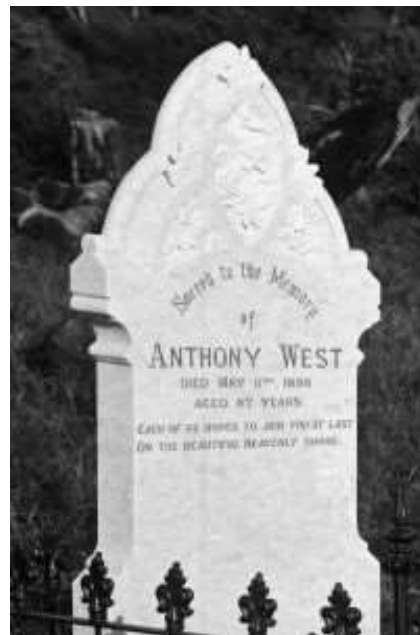
<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/49507016/anthony-west>



<< *The headstone as it appeared when I visited the cemetery.*

The image received by purchasing a copy from Newcastle Region Library - note photo taken prior to the death of daughter Annie in 1920. >>

Below: Anthony's funeral notice as it appeared in the NMH&MA. (Trove)



FRIENDS of the late Mr. ANTHONY WEST are invited to attend his Funeral: To leave his late residence, Jesmond-road, North Lambton, **THIS (Friday) MORNING**, at 11 30, to meet Ferry Newcastle Wharf calling at Stockton, thence for Stockton Cemetery.
THOS. BEVAN, Undertaker.

Newcastle Morning Herald and Miners' Advocate (NSW: 1876 - 1954) / Fri 13 May 1898 / Page 3

The Snowball Collection: "Originally more than 8,000 glass negatives were stored in the cellar of Ralph Snowball's Clarence Rd house. Most had not seen the light of day since Snowball's death in 1925 right up until the beginning of 1989 when around the 800 or so boxes were rediscovered by Norm Barney and Bert Lovett.

Most were of two sizes: whole plate, approximately 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in (21.6 x 16.5cm) and half plate, approximately 6 1/2mx 4 1/2 in (16.5 x 12.7 cm).

All were examined and around 2000 were subsequently dumped due to being destroyed by a combination of age and dampness. We estimate that around 5000 were donated to Newcastle City Council's local history library.

A total of around 990 glass plates remained with Norm Barney in 44 boxes, the 'cream of the crop' that was kept with the family to prepare Norm Barney's publications. Included are also some archival registers and notebooks belonging to Ralph Snowball."¹

¹ <https://archivesoutside.records.nsw.gov.au/windows-to-another-time-ralph-snowballs-glass-negatives/>

Kate Elizabeth STANLEY's birth was registered in Pancras (London) in the first quarter of 1881. Kate's mother, Catherine Ann Stanley nee CODY, died of Bright's disease in March 1884 leaving husband William Hamilton STANLEY, 35, and their children Lily, 8, George, 6, and Kate, 3.

William and his three children left England in July 1884 on the *Scottish Prince*, and arrived at Moreton Bay on the 27th October 1884. On arriving in Australia William deserted his children who were placed in the care of the Diamantina Orphanage in the Brisbane area. (Since researching family history, I believe men who were on their own often deserted their children until they found work.)

Kate's father married Charlotte JENKINS in January 1890. After marrying, William and Charlotte moved to Newcastle, taking William's three children with them.

I grew up with the story that Kate's siblings didn't know what happened to Kate. With the help of my friend, Elspeth Bradbury, we found that Kate died in August 1890 at Newcastle Hospital for the Insane and was buried at Sandgate Cemetery.

On a visit with our family history group, a copy of Kate's case notes from the hospital were obtained from originals held at the NSW State Archives (now known as Museums of History NSW). On the 6th May 1890 Kate was admitted with Congenital Mental Deficiency with Epilepsy and died on the 23rd August 1890; she was nine years old.

Kate is buried in the Church of England area - No.1, section 14, grave 85. There was never a formal grave for Kate and the original cemetery registers show this as Kate's grave (I have seen the original records), but in later years the site was sold to another family whose son is also buried on the site. I was told that it was quite common to do this in that time. My husband and I found this very emotional.

When Sandgate Cemetery records were digitised in 2012 there was no record shown for Kate because of her unmarked grave. I contacted the cemetery and asked them to please give recognition of her burial despite her being in an unmarked grave. Below is the record:-

Stanley, Kate Ann

Por: ANGLICAN_1 Sec:14 Lot:85 Buried on: 25/08/1890
Lat:37.871098571 Long:151.707290714

(Note: Kate's death was registered as Kate A. Stanley.)

My husband Ralph made a wooden cross with her name on it and we were able to place it on the grave. To this day the cross remains.



I will always be grateful to Elspeth for finding the grave, and it was Elspeth who named her *Little Kate*.



Roermond Kapel in 't Zand Cemetery, Netherlands
(Find a Grave)

The pictured grave headstones date to a time in Dutch history when Catholic and Protestant graves were strictly segregated.

Jacobus van Gorkum, a Protestant, married Josephina van Aefferden, a Catholic, in 1842. With the knowledge that when they died they could not be buried in the same section of the local cemetery the couple devised a unique solution.



Jacobus died in 1880 and was buried accordingly in the Protestant section. When Josephina passed away eight years later, having made her wishes clear - that she did not want to be interred in her family tomb but wished to be buried as close as possible to her husband - the solution became evident. Their graves lie either side of the cemetery's segregating wall and feature the two tombstones with a pair of hands connecting over the brick divider.

His hair was white and very coarse. It had a wave but it was not curly. The hair, and his fingers, were stained yellow by nicotine from the continuous cigarettes he rolled himself and smoked non-stop. He had the hands of a worker having worked with timber most of his life. His hands were square, large and strong, in keeping with his frame. One finger on his right hand (I can't remember exactly which one) was missing as a result of an earlier workplace accident. He was a handsome man, his olive skin and blue eyes adding to this allusion.

John (or Jack as he was known) married Mary, the love of his life, in 1924. Their union was a happy one but came at a considerable sacrifice for Mary as her family disowned her for marrying a Catholic. They had six children in a few short years and whilst there was never much money they were happy together. Mary met an untimely death in 1938 when she passed away as a result of pernicious anaemia. There was never anyone in Jack's life to take Mary's place.

My father, who was the oldest child in the family, was just 12 years old at the time and it fell to him to leave school and care for his younger brother and sisters. Ultimately this was not viable and the younger siblings were separated and sent to orphanages. This led to a great degree of animosity in the family, however Dad and his brother were always there to support their father.

Pop lived all his life in Broadmeadow – close to the Premier Hotel, a favourite watering hole. In 1974 Pop had a major stroke and was taken from his Broadmeadow flat to Royal Newcastle Hospital. Mum and Dad decided that the only solution was for Pop to come and live with them but a meeting with the doctors said he needed a greater level of care than they would be able to provide. His speech was badly affected as was the function of the left side of his body.

A placement became available at Allandale Aged Care facility, outside of Cessnock, and it was arranged for him to be transferred there. He appeared to be quite happy in his new accommodation. Some months after his admission in June 1975 there was a dreadful electrical storm one evening which raged all night and caused extremely cold temperatures. Pop left the home and after preliminary searches by the staff at Allandale, Pop was reported as missing. Dad received a phone call late on the Friday night and he was informed this was not the first time Pop had gone AWOL. On the previous occasions the staff at the home had been able to locate and return him. I think he wanted to get home to Broadmeadow.

The following morning search parties were organised and Dad, my uncle, my brother and my husband all joined with the SES and Police to search for him. Weeks passed and no sign or sightings were reported. It seemed as if he had vanished into thin air. Terry and Dad arranged time off work and continued with the search even after the authorities withdrew. Because of the stress of the situation and the long hours spent trudging through thick bushland and rough terrain in the cold and sometimes rain Dad became very ill with pneumonia and was forced to cease.

Some five weeks later a prisoner escaped from Cessnock Corrective Centre which was close to the aged care facility. The bush and undergrowth in the area was very thick and as two warders were looking for the escapee they discovered Pop's body in the undergrowth. The area was so wooded that one warder had to stay with the body while the other went and notified the police. Dad and Terry both said they had walked through the area close to where the body was discovered but did not see him.

Receiving the news of the discovery of Pop's body after such a period of unknown, whilst difficult, provided Dad with some closure around his passing. I do not know the exact location of where Pop fell – it was conjectured that he had suffered a further stroke and most probably died on the night he went missing. It saddens me to think that he died alone and in such isolation.

Pop's body was released and transported to Sandgate Cemetery where he was buried with his wife Mary.

Jack with his sister Gladys, shortly before his death >>



It was a bright sunny day after several weeks of rain. We were at Sandgate Cemetery for my dear father's burial. The weeks of rain had meant that he could not be buried on the day of his service because there was a problem with the water table, in the section of the cemetery where Dad was to be buried. So, for the family it was a day filled with sadness but also a sense of relief, Dad could finally be laid to rest.

Then something happened which gave my husband Vic and I goosebumps.

Our grandson was three and a half, too young to be at a burial some would say, but Thomas and Dad shared a very special bond. He stood quietly through Dad's burial respectfully holding my husband's hand.

Thomas turned to his grandfather and said, "Poppy lets go over there". Of course, his grandfather said we need to stay close and not wander off. Tom persisted that he wanted to go to the area where he pointed. Thomas was not going to be put off.

Poppy was shocked by his insistence. Thomas said, "Poppy that is where my son is buried". In an attempt to humour Tom, Poppy asked, "what's your son's name"? Tom's response, "Michael, he died in a car accident, he was in his 20's." My husband's immediate thought was, if there is a grave with a headstone Michael, he would drop dead.

Up a few rows and halfway down, Tom pointed to an overgrown plot covered with weeds, "that's the one Poppy, that's where he was buried after car accident".

In retrospect I wish Poppy had been able to remember exactly where it was and perhaps we could have checked the cemetery records, to see who exactly was buried there. But we were shocked by what Thomas had told us and sadden by laying Dad to rest.

I sometimes wonder about the event at Dad's burial and think if Thomas was in touch with someone on the other side, or if indeed he may have been reincarnated. Who knows? He is now a teenager and gets somewhat embarrassed when we talk about the incident.

Many people have remarked over the years that he is an old soul.

GRAVESTONE SYMBOLISM



ANGELS - represent the belief that the departed continues to exist in another form and will watch over those they have left behind.

CALVARY CROSS - a cross mounted on three steps signifies the trinity - the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The ascent represents the climb Christ made to Calvary.



CELTIC CROSS - combines the cross representing the crucifixion with a circle representing pagan sun-worshippers. Legend claims that St Patrick, Ireland's patron saint, introduced the Celtic cross in Ireland as a way to guide pagans to Christ.



The letters **IHS** are said to represent the first three letters of the Greek word for Jesus. They may also stand for the Latin phrase *Iesus Hominum Salvator*, or Jesus saviour of mankind. The three letters are often depicted intertwined.

IVY - an evergreen plant representing eternity, fidelity, and attachment to the deceased.



LILIES - symbolise purity and devotion.



OAK LEAVES and ACORNS symbolise strength and wisdom.



FLOWER BUDS are often found on the grave of a child, signifying a life ended too soon.



It is now forty years since I first visited the ruins of Strata Florida Abbey in Ceredigion, Wales. I went there to explore the ancient site that was said to be associated with the Holy Grail and also to view the burial place of Dafydd ap Gwilym, the renowned medieval Welsh poet. The abbey was founded in the 12th century as a Cistercian monastery – the monks here compiled the manuscript that forms the basis for *Brut y Tywysogion* (*Chronicle of the Princes*), one of the most important primary sources of Welsh history¹.

Strata Florida's impressive arched entrance photographed on a return visit in 2012



This was before the Welsh Government's historic environment service, Cadw, came into being so I'm not sure who oversaw the site then but there was an elderly lady manning the entrance gate. I still smile when I recall the encounter: she politely enquired where I was from and why was I visiting this somewhat isolated place. As I began to explain how my interest in Arthurian legend had led me to learn of the site's possible connection to the Holy Grail, she interrupted me with a deep sigh followed by "I'm so sorry dear, you have come all this way, but it isn't here now".



With no Holy Grail to view I headed over to the nearby St Mary's Church and the yew tree that reputedly marks the grave of Dafydd ap Gwilym. The church was built in 1815 but records indicate that it has been the site of a church since at least the 17th century. The building incorporates stones salvaged from the abbey and is possibly the site of the abbey's original chapel.

St Mary's - Dafydd's yew indicated by arrow
(<https://teififaithtrail.wales/strata-florida/>)

While there is no record of his burial here Welsh scholars cite as evidence the poem written by his contemporary, Gruffudd Gryg:

To the Yew Tree Above Dafydd ap Gwilym's Grave

*The yew-tree for the best young man
by the wall of Strata Florida and its mansion,
God's blessing on you, paradise of trees,
That you have grown to be Dafydd's house.
(Strata Florida Trust)*



(Wikipedia)

It is said that during the reign of Henry VIII there were 39 yew trees. By the late 19th century three yews were described and recorded but today only two survive. The one nearest the church is said to mark the bard's burial place and has been protected and memorialised (as pictured above) although it has been suggested that it was so honoured because it was the more impressive of the two.

Pictured at left is the slate memorial installed by the *Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion* (meaning *the original inhabitants*) whose goal is to promote the practice and development of the Language, Literature, Arts and Sciences of Wales.

Like many family historians I can lose track of time while perusing graveyard inscriptions and this place had much more to offer. It was here that I came across a very unusual headstone - it marked the burial place of a *limb*. It reads: *'The left leg and part of the thigh of Henry Hughes Cooper, was cut off and interr'd here, June 18, 1756'*.

Apparently, when Mr Cooper met with an injury necessitating the amputation of his leg, he requested that the limb be buried in the churchyard and the spot marked so that when the time came the rest of his body could join it. Well, that was the plan but time passed and Henry, seemingly not impeded by the lack of a limb, decided to emigrate to America. With no evidence of his return to Wales it is said that he died and was buried far from the land of his birth. He likely took comfort in the belief that he would be re-united with his limb in heaven.



While searching online for some background information for this article I found the image as seen above at left. I discovered that the headstone now has a celebrity status that rivals many of the more illustrious occupants of the graveyard. My first thought was that the headstone had been restored but I was dismayed to find on further reading that the photographer claims to have smeared the stone with shaving cream to enhance the engraving. The image (above right) is converted from a slide I took in 1983.

The graveyard is also the resting place of an *unknown man*. Locals raised funds to provide a headstone - the epitaph relates his story:

UNKNOWN - Died in a snowstorm by Teify Pools Feb 1929

He died upon a hillside drear alone where snow was deep

By strangers he was carried here where princes also sleep

(<https://gravmistakes.blogspot.com/>)



Pictured at left are some of the graves of princes that are referred to above. (<https://www.walesonline.co.uk/>) During the 12th and 13th centuries there were eleven Welsh princes buried here.

There is more to be discovered - the Strata Florida Trust is to conduct an archaeology field school at the site this coming northern summer.

Sources: <https://en.wikipedia.org/>
<https://teifyfaithtrail.wales/strata-florida/>
<https://biography.wales/>

I sometimes wonder if our three times great grandmother Rebecca Larkin thought of her life as a struggle or did, she take it all in her stride.

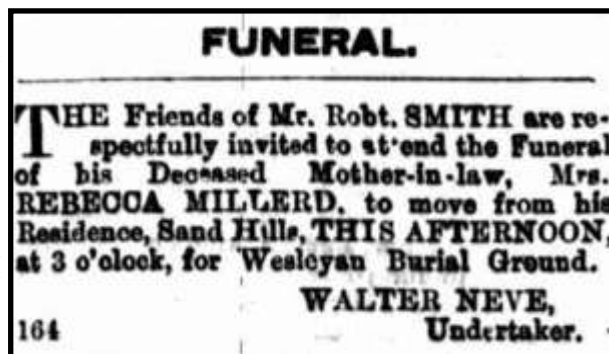
Rebecca Maria LARKIN was born in Kent England, probably late in 1820 or early the next year. Her baptism was held at Saint Dunstan Anglican Church, West Peckham, on Sunday, 18 Mar 1821. Her father was not listed at the baptism. This may have been Rebecca's first loss.

Her mother, Elizabeth LARKIN, married George JARRETT a few years later. In 1838 her family, which now included three younger siblings, left the UK on the *Lady Nugent* as Bounty Passengers, and settled in Brisbane Waters, Gosford.

Over the next few years, records show Rebecca married convict James ATKINS in Singleton in 1839. However, no records of James Atkins after that date were found. It is assumed that he may have died because, in 1846, Rebecca married convict Emanuel MILLARD in the same area. They have nine children, of whom six outlived her, between 1846 and 1880. Lots of twists and turns continue for Rebecca as she is recorded being at Neotsfield Patrick Plains, Wollombi, Mudgee, Singleton, the Burwood Estate and finally at Sand Hills Newcastle.

In 1880, Rebecca suffered a significant infection for "some months". Living in a time before antibiotics, one can only imagine some of the tried remedies. Her death certificate refers to the cause of death as gangrene of the leg. What a terrible way to die, and she was only just sixty. I do not know whether she developed this disorder from other underlying health conditions, such as Diabetes or from an accidental infection. Several of her granddaughters, born in the 1880s and 1890s, are recorded as having died from Diabetes Mellitus so a predisposition may have existed.

Her funeral was announced in the Newcastle Herald on the 8th of January 1880 by her son-in-law Robert SMITHⁱ. Another loss seems to be her husband, Emanuel. The notice in the paper is very brief and does not mention anyone in the family, sadly. A kind person would say Emanuel was away improving the family's fortunes, but her husband remarried in Sydney a very short period later. I noted with pleasure, however, that his first child from his second marriage was named "Rebecca". Is this a gain?



Rebecca was laid to rest in the Wesleyan Methodist section of the Honeysuckle Point Cemetery in Newcastle West, also known as Cottage Creek Cemeteryⁱ. It was situated between Hunter Street and the main northern railway line. The first interments were in the early 1840s, with the Catholic section commencing in 1842, followed by the Presbyterian portion two years later, and the Wesleyan section in 1858. The cemetery was one and a half miles from Newcastle, and close by was a government cottage, thus giving its name to the creek, the bridge, and the cemeteryⁱⁱ. The officer who controlled the convicts and prisoners who were engaged in road building occupied the cottage.



Plate 2 'View from Tower A.J.S. Bank, Wickham, NSW' by Alfred Sharp in 1894 (Courtesy Coal River Working Party). This illustration depicts the Cottage Creek Cemetery in the foreground
Image from Wiki Tree^{vi}

Newcastle was growing quickly. In 1861 the population was 7,810, and by 1900 the population had exceeded 53,000. The city was expanding, and a new cemetery was required. Just after Rebecca's interment, Honeysuckle Point closed in 1883 as the Newcastle City Cemetery opened at Sandgate 1881 on crown land. It seemed even after death, Rebecca was subject to loss. The Newcastle West Cemetery remained for many years until the Railway Department resumed the site in early 1900.

In 1916 an Act of Parliament - Honeysuckle Point and Henty Cemeteries Act No.3 - was assented to ensuring that use of the site was regulated^v:

1. *This Act may be cited as the "Honeysuckle Point and Henty Cemeteries Act, 1916."*
2. *The Secretary for Public Works may cause the remains of all persons buried in the land at Newcastle known as the Honeysuckle Point Cemeteries and in the land at Henty known as reserves for the preservation of graves, and respectively described in the First and Second Schedules hereto (so far as such remains can by reasonable diligence be discovered or identified), together with all slabs and tombstones in relation thereto having any legible inscription thereon, to be collected with due care and removed respectively to the Sandgate Cemetery at Newcastle and the General Cemetery at Henty, or some other cemetery agreed upon with the representatives of the said persons so buried, and shall there cause such remains to be reinterred and such slabs or tombstones to be re-erected.*
3. *The cost of such removal, re-interment, and re- erection shall be defrayed from funds to be voted by Parliament for the purpose.*
4. *No compensation shall be payable by the said Secretary or the Government to any person in respect to the performance of any act authorised by this Act.*



Sandgate Cemetery^{vi, vii}

However, it seems not only my great, great, great grandmother, but so too is Newcastle West Cemetery lost. All remains were reportedly exhumed and reinterred, mostly at Sandgate but a few at Swansea. Again, it seems that misfortune has followed Rebecca. There appears to be no record of her after the cemetery's closure. Others in our family buried in Honeysuckle's Presbyterian section are recorded at Sandgate but not our Rebecca from the Methodist section. Her story of "loss" continues to be uncertain right up to the present day.

Urban development in the Newcastle West precinct in the last 25 years has created the need to investigate this original Government Farm area further. One of those impact statements done on the historical archaeology of the former cemetery for Newcastle Light Rail Project in March 2016 noted that: - *Previous excavations in this area suggest that human bone, coffin fragments and grave cuts are potentially still present in this area at approximately 1.25 metres below ground surface (AHMS 2001). Although there is evidence of shallower grave furniture; one burial vault appears to have been removed just below ground level c. 1916 and then covered with fill of approximately 40 centimetres (AHMS 2001:15) and thus was less than 1.25 metres below ground surface. Intact burials (top of coffins) were noted during the excavation at a depth of around 1.5 metres below ground surface. These burials were noted but not disturbed during the archaeological works. It is considered there is high potential for archaeological deposits to occur at, or below 1.25 metres below ground surface.*

So, is Rebecca Larkin Millard in her final resting place as one of those coffins in situ, or could she be at rest under the Ibis Hotel, Hunter Street, Newcastle West?

ⁱ Trove NMH 8 Jan 1880

ⁱⁱ Publication: *Newcastle West New South Wales Wesleyan Methodist Burial Ground 1858-1881*
Newcastle Family History Society Inc ISBN 1 875916 19 9 Pub Oct 1999

ⁱⁱⁱ Free Settler or Felon: <https://www.freesettlorfelon.com/searchaction.php?page=2&surname=cottage&ship=&firstname=>

^{iv} Wikitrees: [https://www.wikitree.com/wiki/Space:Honeysuckle_Point_Cemetery_\(Defunct\)](https://www.wikitree.com/wiki/Space:Honeysuckle_Point_Cemetery_(Defunct))

^v Act No.3 1916 http://classic.austlii.edu.au/au/legis/nsw/num_act/hpahca1916n3419.pdf

^{vi} Australian Cemeteries Index: <https://austcemindex.com/cemetery?cemeteryid=6452>

^{vii} Find a Grave: [https://www.findagrave.com/cemetery/2543542/honeysuckle-cemetery-\(defunct\)](https://www.findagrave.com/cemetery/2543542/honeysuckle-cemetery-(defunct))

FUNERAL KEEPSAKES

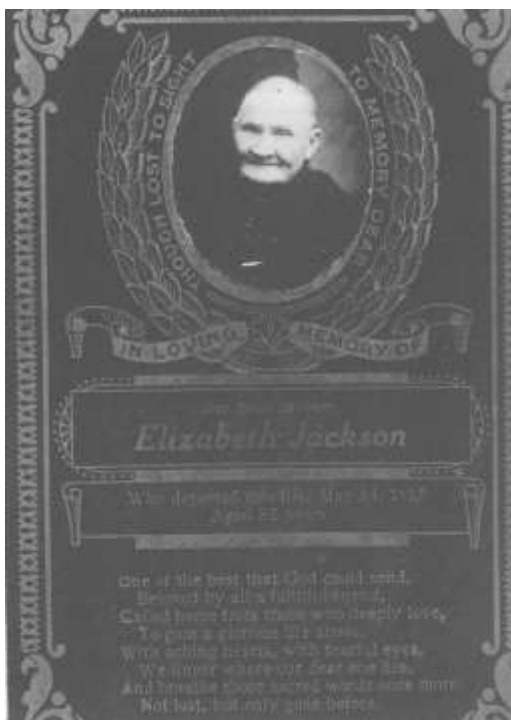
For us a prized family keepsake is the memorial card of our 4x great aunt, Elizabeth Harcus REID. She was born in the Orkneys in 1851. Eliza's parents were William REID and Robina MAINLAND from Westray and Papa Westray, Orkney, Scotland. Elizabeth married Robert BURGESS, also from Westray, in Newcastle in 1876. Sadly within a few years of her marriage, Elizabeth died. The funeral cards were distributed to family and friends at the time.

Memorial, remembrance, or funeral cards were made of paper, often with black borders, ornate lettering, and illustrations of monuments, cemetery scenes, or other imagery. They appeared in England in the 1840s and were quickly adopted in other countries. The cards listed information about the deceased such as names, birth and death dates, and as the art of photography developed the cards could also incorporate an image of the deceased. The cards were (and still are) distributed at funerals or mailed as announcements or invitations.



Whilst funeral cards can be used in any religion or even non-religious ceremonies, it has traditionally been those following Catholicism that have used the distribution of cards as part of their religious traditions. The earliest known holy card is a woodcut from Germany in 1423 depicting Saint Christopher.

These days the tradition has continued at many memorial services, where funeral cards are now more often used to commemorate the deceased. In 2022 we attended a service for a departed relative and were given a modern version of a funeral card in the form of a bookmark. No longer is a memorial card in black and gold but has photos, messages and required details, all in the colours the deceased would have loved.



Images: Editors collections

Funeral Cards History - <https://clements.umich.edu/exhibit/death-in-early-america/memorials/#:~:text=The%20cards%20included%20the%20name,mailed%20as%20announcements%20or%20invitations.>

I once had a missing great uncle.

All I knew of him was a vague family story about my maternal grandmother's favourite brother who had, as a youth, run away from his Glasgow home in the early years of the twentieth century. I wasn't even sure which of her five brothers it was: Alexander, Henry, George, James or John.

Had he enlisted in the military and met his fate in the Great War? Or perhaps he had run away to sea, following the family tradition as a sailor in the merchant service. The family believed he had gone to Australia, but nobody really knew, and so much time had passed that I wondered if there was any way this mystery could ever be solved.

I was keen to find out more details about my grandmother's siblings, following the advice that building a family tree 'sideways' is a good strategy for identifying common ancestors among DNA matches, so I started with the 1911 and 1921 censuses, where I learned that of the five sons and three daughters born to my great grandparents Alexander and Maggie McBain, one child had died. In both of these censuses three of their five sons are shown living with them in Glasgow. Neither Alexander junior nor Henry are listed. A search quickly revealed that Alexander junior had died in infancy, leaving just one missing brother - Henry McBain, known as 'Harry'. That was a lightbulb moment. Now I could assign a name to the mysterious missing brother. Maybe I could find him.

I started searching online, and found myself ploughing through lists of UK based Henry and Harry McBains that offered nothing to identify any of them as my great uncle. Then I decided to follow up the idea that he might have come to Australia, so I entered his name into *Trove*, not expecting much of a result. That would be too easy.

But that was when the tide turned. Newspaper stories popped onto my screen immediately. "Harry McBain", "native of Scotland". Arrested for vagrancy, drunkenness, begging, stealing - oh dear. This man wasn't quietly working away somewhere, with a wife and children that I could add to my family tree. Every reference I found showed that this Harry McBain had spent his whole adult life in trouble.

Who would want to find this kind of ancestor? Well, not me. But we can't choose them, can we?

Piece by piece the picture formed of a poor, lonely man who spent his life wandering the eastern states of Australia, in and out of gaol, and in the newspapers for all the wrong reasons. He was at various times a labourer, a shearer, a cook, a swagman, a beggar, a thief, a disorderly drunk and a public nuisance, with convictions in several Australian states and New Zealand. But was this the right person? How could I be sure?

In an attempt to trace the beginning of his wanderings I searched shipping lists for his name, and found, departing London on 27th October 1910 on the *SS Rotorua* bound for Wellington, New Zealand, a Mr J.G. McBain.

There's no supporting evidence for this passenger being my ancestor, but the timing and destination are interesting, because just a year later, in 1911, at Carterton, near Wellington, a Harry McBain made his first appearance in the New Zealand Police Gazettes, and in these records I found, miracle of miracles, a physical description and a photo! In fact two - face and profile views. He's the right age, of Scottish birth, and he has physical features such as colouring and height that would fit right into my mother's family. I have pictures of some of his siblings at around the same age and there's a definite family resemblance.

CARTERTON.—8th instant, on warrant of commitment to Wellington Prison for forty-eight hours in default of paying £1 10s. fine and costs for a breach of his prohibition order, **Harry McBain, alias Charles McBain**, age nineteen, height 5 ft. 7 in., labourer and steward, native of Scotland, medium build, fair complexion, brown hair and eyes, clean-shaven; generally wears a dark-grey tweed suit and cap. He left Carterton on the 19th ultimo by train for Wellington, and may endeavour to obtain work on a Home-going steamer under the name of Harry West. (See *Police Gazette*, 1911, page 434.)



New Zealand Police Gazettes 1912 (ancestry.com)

I zoomed in to this photo to check that I wasn't simply imagining what I wanted to see. No - his nose in profile is just like my mother's, his eyelids slightly hooded like hers, his mouth, chin and face shape so like others in the family. The description tells me he had brown eyes, another family trait. He had also decided, it seems, to invent a number of aliases. I wondered at this point if his younger brothers George, James and John might have had something to do with the initials of Mr J.G. McBain, travelling to New Zealand on the *SS Rotorua* in 1910.

Unlike many old portraits where the subjects have formal poses and bland expressions, in this image his expression seems downcast, hopeless, and perhaps a little defiant, befitting the situation he was in. I had so many questions. What prompted him to leave his family and his country? What youthful hopes and dreams motivated him to take a ship to the other side of the world? What went wrong for him so soon after he had arrived there, and why? I wanted to know more about the person behind the mugshot.

This sad looking young man wasn't just another potential entry in my family tree; he could well be the lost uncle my mother grew up hearing about, the lost brother my grandmother mourned. I needed more evidence, more documents, something more specific.

I kept searching, following the towns and dates given in the newspaper stories. It appears that Harry soon left New Zealand, and I picked up his trail again in the 1915 South Australian Police Gazette. In 1916 - 1917 he was in Balranald, NSW, where the Police Gazette gives a description too. The features are the same. It could easily be the same man.

He was in Queensland in 1918; then a ten year gap until I found him recorded in the 6th July 1928 edition of the *Canberra Age*, drunk and disorderly on railway premises, before he moved across the border to South Australia again in 1929. He continued to be creative with his name, inventing a few more aliases. The Police Gazettes list them. His real name 'Harry/Henry McBain' is in there too. They knew who he was. He didn't fool them.

In the 1930s and 40s I found him in New South Wales in various locations from Wollongong to Lismore. His story is recorded in all the wrong places, for all the wrong reasons. No military honours for him through two world wars, just a mounting prison record.

Why was I so taken with this disreputable uncle? Why was I so anxious to integrate him back into the family fold, at least as far as my family tree could accomplish? It's mostly because of the newspaper stories. Scattered among the short paragraphs about his arrests for so many misdemeanours are comments from Harry himself. The police did a great job of preserving his image and physical description, but the *Trove* newspaper archives have given me words from his own mouth, and how rare is that in family history?

Each story revealed a little more of Harry's life and personality. According to the *Burrowa News* of 11th January 1929, he hopefully asked the judge for leniency because "he was a Scotchman and on that account was entitled to get drunk at this time of the year." It was New Year after all.

On 1st March 1935 the *Illawarra Mercury* reported how he pleaded with the judge in a Bulli Court to "give him a chance and he would go away." His response was that "he'd had plenty of chances," and gave him 21 days' hard labour.

I learned from the *Nepean Times* of 27th January 1944 that the judge in a Penrith Court listened to Harry's story that he didn't want the kind of work available at that time, that he got his food "here and there", and when asked if he'd stolen fruit from a particular greengrocer, admitted "I may have got a bit." That earned him three months' hard labour.

On 22nd May 1946 the *Northern Star* in Lismore reported his excuse, when arrested for drunkenness, that "he had been bitten by a red-backed spider and was trying to get the poison out of his system." He told that judge "he was carrying his swag through and trying to get work," and "he had worked at shearing last winter."

From the *Adelaide News* of 3rd December 1947 I learned of his arrest for vagrancy and disorderly behaviour at a bus stop, where he described himself as "a swagman", and explained that he "was going to Paradise but took the wrong road." The wrong road indeed.

Another six months' gaol came his way in 1949 after his arrest in Liverpool, NSW, and in March 1950 the *Canberra Times* recorded his sentence of two months' imprisonment with the comment that he had 69 previous convictions and a record of vagrancy in three states. The now 57 year old Harry's reported response? A plea for leniency, "because he had been punished enough in his life."

I found a tantalising 1961 entry in the New South Wales BDM list of the death in Newcastle of a William McBain, 67, parents unknown. I ordered a transcript, and prepared myself for disappointment. It would be too good to be true that his final resting place might turn out to be so close to where I live.

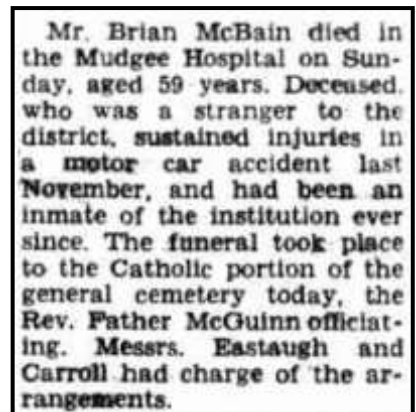
And yes, as expected, it was another McBain, with an Australian birthplace, a career, an address, a wife and children. I would have been delighted to learn that Harry McBain's life had turned around, that he'd found peace, and someone with whom to end his days. I knew the given name was wrong, but it could have been him. A name was a flexible thing for Great Uncle Harry.

The trail seemed to have gone cold at that point. And then, on a whim, I revisited the idea that he might have enlisted. With his long list of convictions, and having located him in various places in Australia during both world wars, I hadn't considered checking service records at all. But why not? I half-heartedly entered his name in the Australian National Archives search box and once again, success! There he was - enlistment documents and letters giving his correct name, age, birthplace and date, and mother's maiden name. It was the definitive evidence I needed.

For just three days in 1917, he was in the AIF. According to the military records he enlisted in June, and was then given two days' leave to travel to Victoria Barracks where he was declared medically unfit and rejected. Poor Uncle Harry.

But lucky me. Those three days were enough to create a document trail. And in amongst those documents were letters from Harry himself, written in April, 1953, bearing his signature and correct name, requesting confirmation that he'd been an Australian resident for the required period to enable him to receive Social Services assistance. And where was he in April, 1953? Mudjee. His letters explain that he'd been injured in an accident five months previously, and had been in Mudjee Hospital ever since.

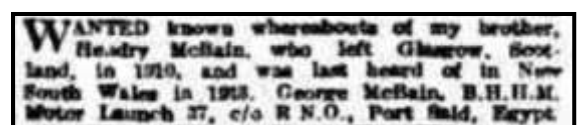
Back to *Trove* to look for accounts of accidents in Mudjee. There it was. In November 1952 one "Brian McBean" (a common misspelling of his surname, I've found, hinting at his Scottish pronunciation) was hit by a car and taken to hospital with two fractured legs. A second article dated 18th May 1953 reported the death, resulting from an accident the previous November, of Brian McBain, "a stranger to the district", and the name of the funeral director and the priest who took care of his burial in Mudjee Cemetery. Searching again in the NSW Births, Deaths and Marriages list I found a Brian Wilson McBain who died at Mudjee in 1953. I sent off a transcription request immediately. This time I was sure. Once more, Harry's name was proving to be a bit slippery, but Wilson was his mother's maiden surname, and how likely is it that two McBains of the same age would have been in Mudjee Hospital for the same six months, injured in the same road accident?



*Mudjee Guardian, p.8,
Monday 18th May 1953*

With 69 convictions there must be police and court records all over the place. I'll keep nosing around. I'd love to find more mugshots, unflattering as they are. But now the biggest parts of the puzzle of my missing Uncle Harry are in place. An email to the funeral directors received a quick response with the location of his final resting place in an unmarked pauper's grave in Mudjee Cemetery.

After piecing together Harry's life in Australia, I wondered if I could discover something more about his movements after his army rejection. And I found in the *Brisbane Courier* perhaps the most touching document of all, a small advertisement placed by Harry's brother George in 1918, searching for his missing brother.



Brisbane Courier, p.7, 7th February 1918

I plan to visit his gravesite, to organise a plaque, to acknowledge him, warts and all, as part of the family.

SETTING THE SCENE

About 20 years ago I had a severe reaction to penicillin when I was to have dental root canal therapy. My dentist wanted 4 days of antibiotics in my system before the procedure.

Trevor was supposed to be at his mate's (Bert's) farm for the weekend to help him with some legal paperwork before hospitalisation. But Trev had a heavy cold and could not risk giving it to Bert so stayed home.

Trev's action saved my life!

I was on the phone talking to Trev's mother (after taking the first penicillin tablets). Trevor was in his shed about 20-30 metres away where he had connected the old house to his shed with a phone line some time before.

THE ONSET OF ANAPHYLAXIS

I suddenly felt sick and my hands became very itchy with red blotches. I knew I was in trouble! I rang Trevor and said, "I need you so come up quickly" which he did.

He dragged me into the bedroom because I was going in and out of consciousness and immediately called our GP. It was apparently about 9am and surgery had just started. But my GP came immediately and took control asking Trev to call the ambulance.

The GP and the two ambulance officers worked alongside for three (3) hours before I was stabilised with a massive dose of adrenalin - much higher than the ambulance officers were allowed to administer.



MY REACTION TO PENICILLIN

I was taken into a world I will probably never see and feel again in my earth life. It was a truly unbelievable feeling that I experienced and I will always remember it. I cannot, however, relive the utterly profound peace on this earth!

I felt the most incredible, profound peace that I can't begin to explain. The depth of the peace is not of this world, either before or since the anaphylactic shock I went through.

What I saw was an incredibly beautiful cloudless sky of blue.

On this blue sky I saw many white A4 pieces of paper pinned using the multi-coloured plastic pins. These pieces of paper each contained a single beautiful typed memory from all the years I had been on earth. Truly remarkable.

CONCLUSION

I was on my bed for four hours but do not remember much of what was going on around me with the GP and the ambulance officers.

When I was put into the ambulance to go to JHH (John Hunter Hospital), I heard the ambulance officers say I was very lucky that the GP attended as they were unable to give the high adrenalin amount needed to save me. They were not licensed to administer anywhere near the GP's allowance.

But after four (4) hours at JHH Trev was allowed to take me home with some medication and clean clothes.

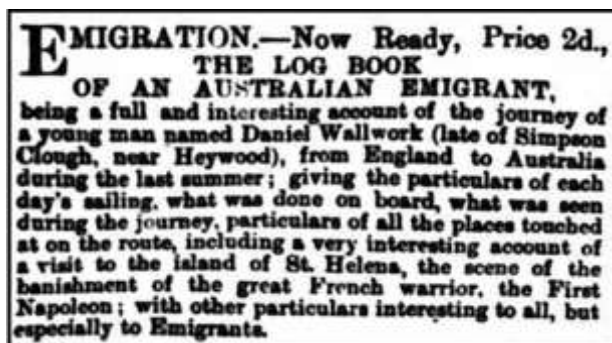
We drove to Trev's mother's place so she could witness that I did indeed survive!



Like many family historians I took advantage of the genealogy and family history resources that were made freely available online during the period of Covid-19 restrictions.

Searching the British Newspaper Archive (BNA) led me to many pieces of information that helped fill gaps in family history time-lines. It also provided a few teasers, such as this newspaper advertisement from the Heywood Advertiser (Lancashire, England) dated 26th March 1864.

The Log Book's author, Daniel WALLWORK, is related to me by marriage, having wed my widowed great, great grandmother, Emily Louisa GOODSIR nee TAYLOR at the Newcastle (NSW) Registrar's Office in 1871.



Enquiries directed to the BNA, relevant newspaper offices, historical and genealogical societies proved fruitless and so I put the matter aside with a note 'future review'.

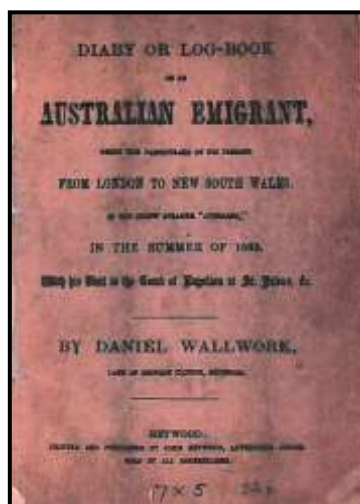
I recently had cause to look in my Goodsir-Wallwork file and happened upon a page I'd printed from Internet Archive (archive.org) - "Bibliography of the town of Heywood" that was printed at the *Advertiser* in Heywood in 1902. It included a reference to both Daniel Wallwork and the Log Book, confirming that it also was printed in Heywood. Light bulb moment! Promptly sent off an enquiry to Heywood Library asking if they could advise if it was extant and if so how could I access it. I received a next day response - they not only had a copy but were willing to scan the booklet and send it to me by email - if I would be happy with that!

I had previously learned that Daniel, a secularist, was politically active in England with connections to Chartism and the Temperance Movement. Agitating for better conditions of employment he became an agent for the "Ten Hours' Advocate".¹ As secretary of the organising committee of the Working Man's Institute he appeared in a court case dubbed "*the secularists v the independents of the town*", whereby "*on taking the book (bible), Mr Kenealy (representing the defendants i.e. the independents) enquired whether the witness believed the volume he was about being sworn on was inspired, as he (Mr Kenealy) understood he did not believe so. Mr Boddington (for the plaintiffs) met the objection by referring to the Act of Parliament empowering the reception of a solemn affirmation where witness refused to be sworn. Mr Wallwork then made affirmation in the prescribed form.*"²

His obituary stated that after arriving in Newcastle in 1863 he gained employment with the Railway Department where he worked until reaching retirement age. During that time he was nominated as the Newcastle delegate in negotiating the eight hour day - "*as Mr Wallwork was a prime mover in this question, it is claimed that he was the originator of the eight hour system in NSW*".³



Grave of Emily Louisa & Daniel Wallwork
Sandgate Cemetery



"He knew no creed in the ordinary acceptance of the term. According to his lights, however, he was not an irreligious man. He asserted his belief in the religion of love, and service to fellow-men. His was in many respects a notable career, characterised by a very strong sense of duty."⁴

The Log Book detailing his voyage aboard the *SS Auckland* equates to 16 pages of A4 typescript and will be serialised over the next few issues of *The Chronicle*. It will appear unedited - despite Microsoft's repeated urging to amend his use of commas!

I extend my thanks to Heywood Library and their helpful staff.

¹ Newcastle Morning Herald & Miners' Advocate: 14th October 1909 p5

² The Birmingham Journal: 25th August 1860 p5

³ Newcastle Morning Herald & Miners' Advocate: 14th October 1909 p5

⁴ ibid

DIARY OR LOG - BOOK OF AN AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANT

INTRODUCTION

Believing that I could improve my position in many respects by emigrating to Australia, I resolved to do so. I started from Dudley on Tuesday morning, April 7th, 1863, amid the regrets of some friends, some of whom accompanied me to the station on the morning of my starting. I left with their good wishes for a prosperous voyage across the great waters.

I got to London three days before the time announced for the sailing of the vessel*, knowing that it would take a little time to provide myself with outfit, such as bed, bedding, and &c, the whole of which cost me only £1 1s. The time advertised for the sailing of the ship was Friday, the 10th April, but it did not sail from Victoria Dock till Tuesday, the 14th. I went on board the ship on Monday, the 13th, and spent the first night on board in the dock. On Tuesday morning we started from the dock and got to Gravesend, about 20 miles, by 11 o'clock, a.m.

We waited some hours for the government officer and the medical inspector; the first to examine the ship and the second the passengers, previous to leaving. All ships carrying passengers are subject to this twofold inspection before leaving Gravesend, and a most salutary measure it is. It has no doubt saved many lives, and otherwise promoted the comfort of the passengers, as the ship must be in a sound condition, and the passengers all healthy before allowed to leave.

THE VOYAGE

Wednesday, April 15. – At length we are fairly on our way to New South Wales. It is usual to stay at Gravesend a day, when the ship is going on a long voyage, for the double purpose of an inspection, and also to supply the ship with dry stores, or rigging that may be found missing. It was found that we were an anchor chain short, and this was got during our stay.

Up to the present we have had as pleasant sailing as we could wish. We have passed Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Deal and the white cliffs of Dover, which extend several miles. These cliffs (which are white) run straight up out of the sea, and are formed of chalk. As you sail along, they have a very pleasing effect. At one place the rock is not so high, but gradually slopes down into a hollow about half a mile wide. In this hollow is found the town of Dover, with good stone houses, and apparently a clean and respectable place it is. The rock then rises again to the height it was before you come to the town; and after some time you enter the straits of Dover, across which, on a clear day, you may see into France. As dusk approaches we go down below, and spend the time as best we may, among our new acquaintances.

Thursday, 16th April. – This morning, on going upon deck, I found that we were passing the Isle of Wight, on the right. On this island is situated Her Majesty's marine residence, at Osborne. This island is about 30 miles long by eight wide. Some portions of the island appear only a few feet above the level of the sea, while the middle rises a good height towards the clouds. The stone houses dotted here and there about the sides of the hills give it a very pleasing effect. St Catherine's Port, where vessels call, appears to be a place of some note on the island. It is a nice town, and offers a pleasant retreat for a summer residence to any one in search of health.

The pilot who had charge of our vessel all the way from London, about 150 miles, left us this morning about four o'clock, all well, and with fair weather; wishing us a prosperous voyage.

After the Isle of Wight we pass Swanage, Weymouth, and Tor Bays. We then reach Start Point Lighthouse, so called from its being the last point of land we see on the English coast. We now bid farewell to the last of the English shores; it may be for years, but we hope not for ever. We are now at the end of the English Channel, and having lost sight of land, there is nothing but a wide waste of waters surrounding us. Up to this time we have had fine and warm weather. The sun has shone so warmly that some of the passengers laid themselves down on the deck in the sun, and appeared to enjoy it very much. When we left London the water was a grey colour; as we left Gravesend it became a light blue; and to-day its colour is a deep blue, almost approaching black. Now we are fairly out at sea, the wind has caused the ship to rock a little, and some of us have shown first symptoms of sea-sickness. Several have had a good dose of it, and the spittoons have, for the first time, been called for; and some have gone up on deck and vomited over the ship's side. I have felt some qualms of it, but not sufficient to produce vomiting. I expect it, though, before long.

* *SS Auckland*

Friday 17th April. – To-day there has been more sea-sickness among us; being out at sea, the waves are larger, and though the weather is fine, the ship rolls about considerably, and in consequence, some of us who have escaped the sickness hitherto, have to-day been violently seized with it. On going down to breakfast, I began to feel queer and sick myself; I felt I must go up on deck, and have it out there. I got to the ship's side, and was soon relieved of the contents of my stomach. I felt better, went down, but could eat no breakfast. Stayed on deck till noon, went down again, but could eat little dinner. I felt neither sick nor well properly. Went on deck again, and walked about as well as I could. I could see here and there one leaning over the ship's side, trying to mend matters as well as they could, while some had gone to bed, not knowing what to do with themselves. To-night I am better, and try to write this. Though the weather is fair, we have had the wind against us nearly all the way, though warm. The captain said to-day, that if the weather keeps thus fine 48 hours longer, there will be no rough weather this side the Cape of Good Hope, which is five or six weeks' sail.

The captain, W. Gibson, is a kindhearted man, and makes anxious enquiries after the passengers, visiting the cabins regularly, especially the ladies. He says he knows what sea-sickness is from experience, as he was sick for three years every time he left port. He had been at sea 19 years. He encouraged the ladies to be cheerful, and they would soon be all right.

Saturday 18th April. – To-day, for the first time, the engines stopped; we felt a little anxious as to what could be the matter; it turned out that it was only the piston-rod that wanted packing. It was put right in an hour, and we were again on our way. Towards night, a good breeze arose in the right direction, and the ship rolled and went along at a good rate. Some of the passengers, both men and women, are still very sea-sick. To see half-a-dozen ladies seated on deck, in shawls and wrappers, pale, and careworn, excites one's sympathy. One lady, a first class passenger, has had her bed brought on deck, where she lay enjoying the warm sun and breeze some time.

Sunday, 19th April. – This is the first Sunday at sea. After breakfast, all on board are expected to appear clean, and in decent apparel, and the day to be observed as religiously as circumstances will permit. At ten o'clock, the crew and officers are mustered on deck, dressed in Sunday attire, their names called over like scholars in a school. After which, the ship's bell tolls, for all who wish to come to service. It is not compulsory upon any one to attend prayers, but all are invited and made welcome. I noticed that being the first Sunday at sea, either from curiosity or choice, nearly all attended the service. Having no clergyman on board, the captain reads the prayers himself. Never having seen religious service at sea, out of curiosity I went with the rest. We were invited into the first cabin saloon, the largest room on board, and quite beautifully fitted up. Being comfortably seated, the captain, at the head of a long table, at the sides at which we sat, commenced to read the prayers and lessons appointed to be read in churches as by law established. The responses given by the audience were much the same as you hear in the church, and were joined in by more than I should have expected, showing that many of them were pretty well acquainted with the church service. The service lasted about three-quarters of an hour. The captain announced that he did not intend to occupy the position of a clergyman, but next Sunday he would read a short discourse with moral maxims, to those who would favour him with their company. This same Sunday morning I rose with a head-ache and had a cold shivering all over me, with diarrhoea, but notwithstanding this, I resolved to see this - to me - the first Sunday service at sea. I didn't care much for the service, as I had heard the prayers so often, and I thought I should not care about hearing them again during the voyage. In the afternoon, finding I was no better, but worse, I consulted the captain, as we had no doctor on board, I told him the symptoms of my case, headache, with cold shivering all over, &c. He listened sympathisingly, and advised me to go to bed, he said he thought I had caught cold. I said I thought so too. I had imprudently opened my window one morning and allowed a cold draught of air upon me as I lay in bed, or my bunk, and in that way caught my ailment. I went to bed, feeling very weak and ill. After I had been in bed a short time he kindly bought me two doses of medicine. The first was called Dovey's mixture, and promoted a good sweating, the other was very good for the bowels; and the result is that I am now (Monday), nearly all right again.

It is a new sensation to feel very weak and ill a thousand miles on the ocean, on a ship where there is no one whom you know or knows you, and not able to communicate with those who are most anxious about you. But there is nothing for it but to keep up one's spirits, and never give up, but determine to get well as soon as possible. This I did, I thought it would be so absurd and inconvenient to die at sea, and so soon after I had set sail, that really I could not allow the thought to remain, so I determined to get well, and get well I did very shortly.

Monday, 20th April. – Before this time I ought to have said something about our cabin arrangements and our provisions on board. Having said something about it in letters just before leaving London may account in part for the omission up to the present.

The cabin in which we are located is a large room the full width of the ship, i.e. about 12 yards long by eight yards wide. The berths, or bunks, are ranged all round, three deep, like big cupboard shelves about six feet long and two feet wide, just long enough and wide enough to hold one person comfortably. The two top shelves only are used for sleeping in. The bottom one has to be used for boxes and luggage. My berth, or bunk, is at the top with a round window about eight inches across. Every top bunk has a similar window; those under us have no window. There are sufficient berths in our cabin for 26 passengers. The cabin is painted a light maple colour. Each bunk has green flowered curtains, and the room has quite a cheerful appearance. At Gravesend, a tradesman who sells small comforts to those who may have forgotten them, and who appears to visit all ships going out, said, when looking at our cabin “It was like a palace compared to some vessels that carry passengers.” Our third cabin, in short, is fitted up as second, there being no other beside first on board. There is a separate cabin for ladies, fitted up still better for their accommodation. The ladies I think number nine. The first class cabin is not full, there being only about ten ladies and gentlemen first class passengers. There are only 80 on board, including crew, officers, &c. Some vessels have between three and four hundred passengers. Our cabin is made up of passengers from England, Ireland and Scotland. There are some from Cornwall, whose conversation is almost impossible to make out. They tumble their words out on the top of one another, so that every sentence seems one word. They don’t take the trouble to speak distinctly or pronounce the words separately, and the wonder to me is how they can understand one another. Though perfect strangers to one another a week ago, we are getting tolerably acquainted with each other. Some are already beginning to play practical jokes upon the others, amid the general laughter of the rest. We have divided the 26 passengers into three messes – two messes of nine each and one mess of eight. A captain is appointed from each mess, whose business it is to see to the getting of the meals upon the table at the time. He has to be cook as well, at the time being, and do the honours of the table generally during his term of office. We are gradually shaking down into position; after breakfast some go up on deck to walk about and look at the great and mighty ocean with its ever restless waves. Some of us play chess, some draughts, some whist, and some at other games. Some of the men are young again, and play at leap frog on deck; now and then one gets a tumble, and then there is a roar of laughter which lasts some time. The ladies having got over the first few days’ seasickness, are getting in better spirits. Some have their crochet work, some needle-work, and some are reading novels, &c. Everyone is getting full of spirits and fun, and the time passes as pleasantly as might be expected at sea. The weather is still fine and warm. We have now been one week at sea, and I find we are getting into warmer latitudes, and the passengers are beginning to put on their light clothing. Many of the passengers brought so many home comforts with them that we have scarcely got to genuine ship fare. When we are more advanced I will say a word or two about our ship’s rations; suffice it just to say that the quantity is ample.

Wednesday, 22nd April. – For the first time we have had half a day’s good rain, with a good breeze in our favour. To-day I read Mackney’s* “Metempsychoses” from *Blackwood’s Magazine*, an interesting tale. [* Editor’s note: the name is Macnish (Robert Macnish 1802-1837), a Scottish surgeon, philosopher and writer; *The Metempsychoses* was originally published in *Blackwood’s Magazine* in 1826.]

Thursday, 23rd April. – To-day we passed the island and renowned peak of Tenerife. The island is some 15 or 20 miles in extent, chiefly composed of rocks which run up very suddenly a great height towards the clouds. There did not seem an acre of level ground about the island – rocks and peaks with points like church steeples everywhere about the middle of the island. The ascent from the water’s edge did not seem so steep, and on the slope a small town of stone houses had gathered together; the tops of the homes glistened in the sun, and looked pretty. At the extreme end of the island the great peak runs straight up like a sugarloaf, but we had nearly missed seeing it at all, though all on board were on the lookout for a sight of it; as it was we only got a glimpse of the top of it.

The sides of the mountain were covered in clouds, we could just see the top of the peak - that was all. The height of the peak was 2½ miles from the level of the sea. As we passed along the coast, we were surrounded by porpoises, fish that continue to jump out of the water in a most amusing manner. The first idea I had on seeing them, was that they were like little pigs jumping out of the water for fun.

They generally swim two or three abreast; and they all jump out together as they swim along, as if racing one another; after having jumped they scud along under the surface of the water, like blue comets running along by the sides of the vessel. All the passengers on board were amused as they watched their gambols for a mile or two. It is the blueness of the water which gave them the appearance of blue comets, when swimming under the surface of the sea. They have sharp noses, and are the colour of loaches on the back, and white underneath. They are about five or six feet long, but seem smaller when seen from the deck. We had no means to catch any, and I was told they were scarcely fit for food.

Friday, 24th April. – We are now talking of being only two or three days from Cape St. Vincent, where shall call for coals. Our steamer will only hold two weeks' stock of coals at once. At this place we can send letters to England. One of cabin passengers has posted a written notice that he will commence a series of lectures upon Australia, to where we are all going. It appears he is a kind of Secretary to the Brisbane Government, and seems to be acquainted with the country. This Friday night he gave the first lecture or reading upon Queensland. The questions asked, and the conversation which followed, made the lecture very interesting. The cabin was full of hearers. The lectures will be continued. The same person kindly offers to form classes, for reading, writing, and accounts.

Saturday, 25th April. – This night the gentlemen above referred to commenced classes in writing and arithmetic. I went round during the day and got the names of those willing to be members of the classes. Some of the crew put down their names to join the classes as well as passengers. I got some twenty names, and the class in writing commenced this evening. The other classes will follow. I formed one of the class in accounts, to refresh myself in mathematics.

Sunday, 26th April. – To-day being fine and warm, the service took place under an awning or covering on the quarter deck. The seats out of the cabins were ranged for the attendants, and to hear their singing to the music of the waves, was an impressive and novel sight. I spent most of the day in reading the very good and valuable articles in *Chambers' Journal*, a book you can never read without feeling instructed and wiser than you were before. This evening about dusk, one of the sailors had caught a flying fish, and he was soon surrounded by groups of us anxious to see the curiosity. The fish was alive, and struggling to get free. It was about the size of a small mackerel. The wings are only large fins which spread out on each side. The fish cannot flap them as a bird does its wings. They are fixtures, and the fish cannot keep out of water long at once. The fish jumps out of the water often to avoid an enemy which is after it, and by this means escapes a bigger fish. They sometimes fly as high as the deck of the vessel. If they see a lamp hung out of the vessel, it seems an attraction they cannot resist, they must fly to it, and thus many of them are caught. They appear to be as foolish as the moth round a candle.

Monday, 27th April. – This morning we arrived at Cape St. Vincent to take in coal. The distance from England is 3,000 miles, half way from England and the Cape of Good Hope. In reply to the British Consul here, who came along side in a small boat, the Captain said we had been twelve days out from England, and he handed him the list of passengers on board. We are at anchor in the bay, which is about a half-a-mile wide, surrounded by rocks running straight up on both sides of the shore, as barren as rocks can be. There are about half-a-dozen ships at anchor in the bay. On shore there appears to be about sixty buildings, separate and of various sizes, but they are chiefly stores for the purpose of supplying ships which may call. It is not long since there was scarcely a building at the place. The houses are of stone, and seem all new. Those that live here are chiefly blacks, who are nearly naked, and who live upon the employment they get in loading the vessels which call with coal. There are a few white people here, who rule the place and employ the blacks in working about the ships for a shilling a-day. The weather always being warm the blacks are all barefooted, and have on just a shirt and trousers, something almost as thin as calico. As we sailed along in coming into harbour here, we were much amused in watching the movements of a monstrously big fish. Some thought it was a whale, it was only a grampus. He would come up and show about ten yards of his back out of the water and blow his nose, sending the water and spray some yards into the air, and then down again, to come up on the other side of the ship. Like the whale he is obliged to come up every few minutes to breathe, or he would die. As we are beginning to enter the harbour we gradually lost sight of this, the first grampus we had hitherto seen. To-day some of the passengers went on shore, and when bathing we saw another monster of the deep, but we were not able to fix its name.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE



R.M. Evans & Sons Funeral Directors Records Index 1921-1991
\$30.00 + \$15.00 postage & handling within Australia.

Pioneers & Settlers of Lake Macquarie
only available as a PDF file on CD ROM.
\$20.00 + \$5.00 postage and handling within Australia.

Whitebridge Cemetery
\$10.00* + \$5.00 postage and handling within Australia.
*** mention Special Internet price when ordering**

For details please refer to our website: <http://www.lmfhg.org.au>

TOPIC FOR THE NEXT EDITION OF THE CHRONICLE

CELEBRATIONS and COMMEMORATIONS

Has your research uncovered instances of people celebrating a special occasion?

Births and birthdays, baptisms/christenings/naming ceremonies, graduations, weddings, welcome ceremonies, anniversaries, successes/achievements, festivals - even funerals can be a celebration of life!!!

Remember we always appreciate items, large or small on any topic!

SUBMISSIONS: close 24th September 2023 - but the sooner the better!!

EMAIL: chronicle@lmfhg.org.au



THE LAKE MACQUARIE FAMILY HISTORY GROUP
CONDUCTS IT'S MEETINGS ON THE THIRD SATURDAY OF EACH MONTH
(WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE CHRISTMAS MEETING WHICH IS HELD
ON THE SECOND SATURDAY IN DECEMBER) AT THE
COMMUNITY HALL, 31B GEORGE STREET, MARMONG POINT.

DOORS OPEN AT 10 A.M.

The Group also opens the hall on the First Wednesday each month from 2pm to 5pm.

Research experienced members are at hand to help with your enquiries.

The Group follows Government COVID -19 guidelines.

We ask visitors not to attend if they are unwell.

All Are Welcome

**All correspondence to be addressed to:- The Secretary
Lake Macquarie Family History Group Inc.
PO Box 639
Toronto 2283
Email: secretary@lmfhg.org.au**

**THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE
LAKE MACQUARIE FAMILY HISTORY GROUP INC.
WILL BE HELD AT THE COMMUNITY HALL
31B GEORGE ST MARMONG POINT
ON SATURDAY 19 AUGUST 2023 COMMENCING AT 12.30PM**

This meeting is to elect the Office Bearers for the year 2023-2024
and to adopt the Auditor's Report for the year ending 30 June 2023.

All the positions on the Committee become vacant and financial members are
invited to nominate for any of the following positions:

President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, & Six (6) committee members

Members are urged to consider nominating for positions.

A Nomination Form is attached below - additional forms are available
from the Secretary Warren Oliver.

LAKE MACQUARIE FAMILY HISTORY GROUP Inc

I, hereby nominate.....

For the position of.....

I, second the nomination.

I accept the nomination