

E-MUSTER

Central Coast Family History Society Inc.

August 2024 Issue 39



***THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CENTRAL COAST
FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY INC.***

CENTRAL COAST FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY INC.



Members of NSW & ACT Association of Family History Societies Inc. (State Body)
Australian Federation of Family History Organisation (National Body)
Federation of Family History Societies, United Kingdom (International Body)
Associate Member, Royal Australian Historical Society of NSW.

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Secretary: Lorraine Greve
Treasurer: Brent Jones

Public Officer: Ken Clark

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Robyn Gregg, Yvonne Potts, Jacqueline Smith, Heather Yates.

RESEARCH CENTRE

Building 4, 8 Russell Drysdale Street, EAST GOSFORD NSW 2250
Phone: 4324 5164 - Email admin@centralcoastfhs.org.au
Open: Tues to Fri 9.30am-2.00pm;
Thursday evening 6.00pm-9.30pm
First Saturday of the month 9.30am-12noon
Research Centre Closed on Mondays for Administration

MEETINGS

First Saturday of each month from February to November
Commencing at 1.00pm – doors open 12.00 noon
Research Centre opens from 9.30am
Venue: Gosford Lions Community Hall
Rear of 8 Russell Drysdale Street, EAST GOSFORD NSW

THE E-MUSTER

August 2024 – No: 39

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All articles to:
admin@centralcoastfhs.org.au

E- MUSTER deadlines are
March 20th
July 20th
November 20th

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EDITORIAL

As the Editor of your August 2024 **e-Muster**, I thank the contributors who have provided such interesting stories and articles for our enjoyment. In this edition we have two stories researched by separate members from our society but coincidentally describing a connected topic. You will read about how those who lived in those restrictive environments succeeded against the struggles they encountered with help and care from others. It is in this way that we come to understand the human aspects of the factual history of our forebears and their strength of character.

Also, the next instalment of an article from member, Rosalie Donnelly- about a distinguished family member and a series of recollections from his life.

Heather YATES Member 675

PRESIDENTS REPORT

August has come around very quickly and the year is flying by. This winter has been cooler than what we've had previously so I'm sure everyone is looking forward to some warmer spring weather. In the meantime, why not find a cozy corner, curl up and enjoy the latest edition of the E-Muster.

The Society is moving forward in leaps and bounds with some great guest speakers at the monthly meetings and several training courses aimed from beginners to experienced researchers. We've had a couple of trips to the State Records at Kingswood and the State Library where a great deal of information was acquired by various members.

Our library is increasing in size so many thanks to those members who have donated or have bought books on their travels around the country to add to the collection.

The book sales continue to be a great source of income to boost our coffers so many thanks to those members who assist with that. The committee and all the helpers who carry out the day to day operations are helping the Society power onwards, so many thanks to each and every one of you for your time and efforts. The Society wouldn't function without your commitment.

Here's a very big welcome to all of our new members. We hope the journey to find your ancestors will prove successful. If you require assistance, we have some very capable research assistants available, so call into the Research Centre if you require any help. And don't forget to preserve your memories in writing and share them in the coming editions of the E-Muster, the next one is out in December.

Rod HORTON Member 1280J
President CCFHS.

LATEST NEWS

MEMBERSHIP

The Management Committee is entrusted with the appropriate operation of the Society and this includes the health and wellbeing/safety of the members while on the premises and during activities. By law we are required to comply with the directives of the Gov. Medical Authorities.

We are also required to comply with any directives applied by our landlord, Central Coast Council/Properties. We have to consider the general age and health of our members.

E-JOURNALS

Societies and Groups send their journals and newsletters to us via email. They are downloaded on to Pelicanet and are available for you to read on Computers 1-4 and 7-10 at the Research Centre. How? From the desktop select the Pelican logo, and then select E- Journals.

SPEAKERS 2024



Guest Speaker August 3rd 2024

Ruth Graham is the Chief Executive Officer of the Society of Australian Genealogists. Ruth is a family historian with a professional background in education and research management.

Since 2021, Ruth has been a member of the management committee of the NSW & ACT Association of Family History Societies and in May 2023 of the executive committee of the Family History Federation as their international representative. When she has the time, Ruth regularly researches her own family and their time across England,

Scotland, Ireland, Italy, India, and America.



Guest Speaker September 7th 2024

Merril Jackson is a university history graduate, respected heritage steward and creator of the Anzac and Remembrance Day POPPY projects across the Central Coast since 2015. Merrill is the content creator of the Instagram page [#SaveGosfordLibrary](#).

Merril has extensive heritage knowledge of the Gosford Library and has agreed to share some of the Instagram image posts about the heritage of this Modernist building.

| | |
|---|--|
| Thursday 1st | Virtual Library Session, <u>2.30pm - 3.30pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| Saturday 3rd | GROUP: Legacy Software Users Group <u>10.00am - 12.00pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| Monday 5th | COURSE: 2024 Certificate in Genealogical Research enrolment <u>7.00pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| Tuesday 6th | SPECIAL EVENT: FamilySearch - Tips and Tricks to Enhance Your Experience <u>10.00am - 11.00am</u> , 2/379 Kent Street, Sydney |
| | WEBINAR: Mining the English Censuses - Beyond Discovering Your Family, <u>7.30pm - 8.30pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| Thursday 8th | GROUP: The Writing Group <u>10.30am - 12.30pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| Saturday 10th | GROUP: Family Tree Maker User Group <u>10.30am - 3.30pm</u> , Library/Online via Zoom |
| Tuesday 13th | FAMILY HISTORY CONNECT: General questions on Ancestry and AncestryDNA, <u>10.30am - 12.00pm</u> , 2/379 Kent Street, Sydney |
| | Virtual Library Session <u>2.30pm - 3.30pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| | WEBINAR: SAG Book Club / Meet the Author - Vron by Lee Boehm <u>7.30pm - 9.00pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| Thursday 15th | SPECIAL EVENT: Which ancestor would you most like to meet? <u>1.00pm - 1.30pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| | WEBINAR: The lure of the local: local history, local collections, and truth-telling in Australian histories, <u>7.30pm - 8.30pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| Saturday 17th | <i>Conference: Gold Rushes</i> SAVE THE DATE - Details TBC, Online via Zoom |
| Tuesday 20th | FAMILY HISTORY CONNECT: How do I search for my family in the library collection? <u>10.30am - 11.30am</u> , 2/379 Kent Street, Sydney |
| | FAMILY HISTORY CONNECT: General questions on Ancestry and AncestryDNA, <u>2.00pm - 3.30pm</u> , and repeated <u>7.00pm - 8.30pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| Wednesday 21st | WEBINAR: Which flags are you flying? Family history, identity, & cultural heritage explored, <u>7.30pm - 9.00pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| Wednesday 28th | WEBINAR: Memorial Park Friends Groups (What they do in our parks) <u>7.30pm - 8.30pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| Thursday 29th | SPECIAL EVENT: Which ancestor would you most like to meet? <u>1.00pm - 1.30pm</u> , Online via Zoom |
| Friday 30th & Saturday 31st | COURSE: Beginners Practical Introduction to Family History <u>9.00am - 5.00pm</u> each day, 2/379 Kent Street, Sydney |
| <p>SAG Family History Research Centre & Library open, 10.00am - 4.00pm Each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays 3rd & 17th August</p> <p>To book in for events, session times are clickable links to our website or contact (02) 9247 3953 / admin@sag.org.au</p> | |

Useful links for accessing information about the State Archives Collection.

State Archives Collection Home Page

<https://mhnsw.au/collections/state-archives-collection/>

Subjects A-Z

<https://mhnsw.au/archive/subjects/>

Digital Shipping Lists

<https://mhnsw.au/guides/assisted-immigrants-digital-shipping-lists/>

Ask an Archivist

<https://mhnsw.au/collections/state-archives-collection/ask-an-archivist/>

Plan your visit

<https://mhnsw.au/visit-us/state-archives-reading-room/plan-your-visit/>

Webinars

<https://www.youtube.com/@MHNSWStateArchivesCollection>

State Archives Collection Catalogue [https://records-](https://records-primos.hosted.exlibrisgroup.com/primos-explore/search?vid=61SRA&sortby=rank&lang=en_US)

[primos-](https://records-primos.hosted.exlibrisgroup.com/primos-explore/search?vid=61SRA&sortby=rank&lang=en_US)

[explore/search?vid=61SRA&sortby=rank&lang=en_US](https://records-primos.hosted.exlibrisgroup.com/primos-explore/search?vid=61SRA&sortby=rank&lang=en_US)

Convict Reference Sites

This is a short list of various sites which are of assistance when researching convict ancestors. Hopefully it will be of use to those just getting started on this journey.

There are also many helpful Facebook groups which are worth searching for.

Free Claim a Convict

<https://www.hawkesbury.net.au/claimaconvict/search.php>

Established by genealogist Lesley Uebel, the Claim a Convict website originally went online on the 19 August 1998. The site offered researchers a free service that enabled those researching the same convicts ancestors to contact each other directly by email.

Irish Convicts to NSW <http://members.pcug.org.au/~ppmay/cgi-bin/irish/irish.cgi>

Provides a free searchable database thanks to Peter Mayberry Digital Panopticon

<https://www.digitalpanopticon.org/>

This website allows you to search millions of records from around fifty datasets, relating to the lives of 90,000 convicts from the Old Bailey. Use our site to search individual convict life archives, explore and visualise data, and learn more about crime and criminal justice in the past.

Convict Records

<https://convictrecords.com.au/> This website allows you to search the British Convict transportation register for convicts transported to Australia between 1787-1867.



RAHS/WEA Workshop – Stitching Stories: Crafting personal narratives using interconnected online resources

This event is in partnership with WEA Sydney.

Event Date & Time: Wednesday, 21 August 2024 @ 11.00 am – 1.00 pm

Event Location: History House, 133 Macquarie St, Sydney NSW 2000

Cost: RAHS members \$35 | Non-members \$39

[CLICK HERE TO BUY A TICKET](#)

Event Description:

This workshop will equip participants with the knowledge and skills to delve into the rich tapestry of online resources available for uncovering life stories. By exploring interconnected platforms and databases, participants will gain the ability to piece together historical narratives and paint a comprehensive picture of a person's life. It will showcase the wealth of information available in digital format (indexes, newspapers, government archives and genealogical websites), provide tips on effective search strategies, and highlight the importance of corroborating information across multiple sources to ensure accuracy.

About the speaker:

Christine Yeats is an archivist, historical researcher and active supporter of local historical societies. Her research interests include the history of the Romani (Gypsies) in nineteenth-century Australia and attempts to introduce a silk industry into the Australian colonies. Christine has undertaken a range of consultancy projects, including significance assessments, biographical and local history research. She is President of the Federation of Australian Historical Society, Senior Vice President of the RAHS and a member of the Professional Historians Association (NSW & ACT). Her recent publication is *Handy Guide: Convict Records of NSW: The Human Stories of the Transportation System* (2021).



Mount York, c.1920 (RAHS Collection)

NEW MEMBERS

We wish to extend a very warm welcome to our new and returned members. We hope they have many happy researching and social hours with us. Please remember to lodge your Members' Interest form with Brian Davies for inclusion on the Website.

| | | | |
|------|-----------------|------|-----------------------|
| 2240 | Karen Hickson | 2244 | Margaret Christiansen |
| 2241 | Petra Horwood | 2245 | Amy Hoye |
| 2242 | Vick Jansson | 2246 | Ray Waldron |
| 2243 | Jenny Delbridge | 2247 | Elizabeth Burke |

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION



A Gold coin donation is gratefully received when attending the Research Centre to assist in offsetting the cost of online subscription sites. A Day Research fee for Non-Members is \$10.

All workshops will incur a fee of \$10 for members unless otherwise stipulated and must be paid for prior to the day.

OUR MEMBERSHIP FORM is available to download from the website. From the front page click on the ...read more information Tab under Membership on the banner and all will be revealed.

Remember the website is www.centralcoastfhs.org.au

Please read the two additional questions on your membership form regarding the Rotary Raffle to the value of \$10.00 and/or a once per year donation of \$10.00 to the Equipment Maintenance Fund.

You can choose to collect the Tickets from the Centre or send in a stamped addressed envelope and we will post them to you.

Next Issue

No. 40 December 2024 E-MUSTER

Deadline for articles for the next edition of the e-Muster

20th Nov, 2024.

ARTICLES

Bob-The Railway Dog by Olwyn PARKER

According to William Seth Ferry, the first time he saw the scruffy mixed breed puppy was in a cattle truck at Terowie (where he was a special guard with the railway) with about 50 other stray dogs from Adelaide who were destined to become rabbit hunters. Ferry took a fancy to the pup and offered to buy him from the rabbiter. Several sources say the rabbiter refused to sell him but said he would swap him for another dog so Ferry found a stray dog loitering by a police station and made the swap. However, according to Olwyn Parker, author of *The Railway Dog*, Ferry paid five bob for the puppy, hence he got his name.



For five years Bob lived with Ferry, first in Terowie then in Petersburg (now Peterborough). He followed Ferry to work and rode with him in the guard's van, sometimes in the engine car, traveling thousands of miles around the South Australian countryside. Bob eventually became a free spirit, hopping on trains by himself, so when Ferry was promoted to Assistant Station Master in Western Australia in 1889 he decided to leave the adventurous dog behind with the railway men. Bob travelled far and wide but he would always come back to his home base around Petersburg. He loved riding the trains, his favourite seat being on top of the coal box, and he loved the men that worked on them. At night, Bob would follow one of the railway workers, usually the driver, to his home where he would be fed and looked after. Bob was a real charmer and became well known in the towns he passed through - the sight of a dog on top of the coal fender brought much joy to adults and children alike.

In 1939, *The Advertiser* said Bob travelled freely "like politicians" on the trains, suburban trams and even the Murray steamers, and attended official functions: "He was a guest at the banquet for the opening of the railway from Peterborough to Broken Hill and appeared at the opening of the Hawkesbury Bridge in New South Wales."

Bob was well-liked by the travellers and the children adored him. The kind-hearted dog made many friends during his travels and even helped, at least one man, during a difficult time. Bob sat next to the man, Thomas McMurtrie, who was lost in grief after the death of his daughter-in-law and five grandchildren in a diphtheria outbreak. Parker wrote in her book "The man gave little sign of having noticed the dog's presence, except once or twice when his hand came down and rested gently on Bob's head - just for a moment, but the comfort was mutual ... This dog, though he'd never know it, had saved his sanity these past long hours."

In 1892, Bob disappeared for four months. He was taken by a sheep farmer and it is not sure if Bob escaped or was seen by one of the railway men. Parker thinks he was spotted when he came into town with a mob of sheep and the railway men angrily took back their dog from the sheep farmer. After this incident one of Bob's friends, a commercial traveller, had a special collar made for him with the following inscription: STOP ME NOT BUT LET ME JOG FOR I AM BOB THE DRIVERS DOG - SAR (South Australian Railways).

Bob died in 1895 at the approximate age of 13 years. His collar is on display in the National Railway Museum in Port Adelaide and in 2009 the people in Peterborough and wider South Australia raised funds for a statue of Bob.

Parker, Olwyn M. (2014). *The Railway Dog: The True Story of an Australian Outback Dog* (Paperback). Australia: Brolga Publishing. ISBN 9781922175397.

Female Convicts transported on the *Midas* in 1825



Elizabeth Fry and the Convict Women, engraving by Jerry Barrett.

A woman named Elizabeth Fry had formed a committee called the British Society of Ladies for the reformation of female prisoners. These ladies visited the ship before departure and gave each prisoner gifts listed as: one Bible, one hessian apron, one black stuff ditto, one black cotton cap, one large hessian bag (to keep her clothes in), one small bag containing one piece of tape, one ounce of pins, 100 needles, four balls of white sewing cotton, one ditto black, one ditto blue, one ditto red, two balls of black worsted, 24 hanks of coloured thread, one of cloth with eight darning needles, one small bodkin fastened on it five stay-laces, one thimble, one pair of scissors, one pair of spectacles when required, two pounds of patchwork pieces, one comb, one small ditto, knife and fork, and a ball of string. It was thought the women could sell the quilts on arrival, and so obtain ready money, or to show them as examples of the work they could do

Mary Snook

Born: England 1805

Native Place – Frome Somersetshire

Trade – Weaver

Committed to Shepton Maudslayi Gaol on 26 Feb 1825.

Place of Trial – Somerset Assizes

Date of Trial – 26 March 1825

Sentenced 14 years

Dep from The Downs 26 July 1825

At Female Factory, Parramatta

Had a son John when she arrived – Born at sea

Ship “Midas” arrived from London 17.12.1825 (Master: Baigrie)

Nov. 1828 Census of NSW

“Mary Kearns

Age 24

Midas 1825

7 years

Convict

GS = Government (or assigned) servant

Ref: K0111

Kearns, John

Age 3

BC = Born in Colony

C

Ref: K0112”

Married Thomas Kearns 1 August 1826

Certificate of Freedom 15 July 1840 Parramatta

FEMALE CONVICTS.

The following letter has been lately received by one of the members of the British Society of Ladies for the reformation of female prisoners, from the female convicts who sailed on board the ship *Midas*, under the care of Mr. CHARLES CAMERON, Surgeon, R.N., and in confirmation of the truth of their statements, it is accompanied by extracts from the letter in which it was enclosed from the Surgeon to Captain Y——, R. N.; also by another from the same Gentleman to one of his friends in London.

“ *Sydney, on board the Ship Midas, Dec. 16, 1825.*

“ A LETTER OF SINCERE THANKS FROM THE UNFORTUNATE FEMALE CONVICTS ON BOARD THE MIDAS, CAPTAIN JAMES HAIGRIE, TO THE LADIES IN LONDON.

“ WORTHY MADAM—Permit us to indulge a hope you will pardon the liberty we have taken by this. I most willingly set down to comply with the request of all my fellow-sufferers to acknowledge our most grateful thanks to you, likewise to those Ladies who took any part in the kind and Christian charities we received at your hands, before we sailed from Woolwich.—Madam, we have never lost sight of the most kind and friendly advice you were pleased to give us on your different visits, and particularly on the last that we had the happiness of seeing you. We therefore beg leave that you will accept of our sincere thanks. It shall be our constant endeavours that our future conduct and behaviour shall prove our respect and gratitude; we shall continually pray for you, and may the Almighty pour his blessing on you, and that is the earnest prayers of us unfortunate women, who feel a heartfelt sorrow for those past misdeeds. We shall conclude, and with all due deference, shall beg leave to subscribe ourselves, Madam,

“ Your very much obliged, humble servants.

“ ANN UNWIN

“ MARY JONES

“ SOPHIA DAVIS

“ MARY BULLINGHAM

“ ANN WRITE

“ ANN CROSS

“ MARY MONTAGUE

“ MARY SNOOKS

“ MARGARET BURT

“ ANN COLSTON

" We beg permission to give you a short account of our voyage.
" Madam. We arrived at Sydney this morning, after a troublesome voyage. It would be a gross mistake to omit mentioning the charitable gifts that you had the goodness to leave with Mr. CAMERON, our Surgeon, who had the goodness to distribute to us in proper time. Our patchwork kept us employed some time. Our black caps and aprons, we found them very convenient, and every other gift very useful, and shall for ever be most thankfully remembered by us. We put into a small isle three weeks after we left England, and there we had a fresh supply of water and fresh beef. Our Surgeon went on shore and bought fruit, such as the isles produced; oranges, lemons, and plannins, and had the goodness to give to each mess at different times, an equal complement, and to be distributed to each woman equally. It is not in our power to speak too highly for his praiseworthy kindness and fatherly goodness to us, and still, what makes it appear more pleasing, in extreme need, and at the time they were most wanting. Madam, we hope that we do not too much trespass on your time. There has been a great deal of sickness in the ship: thank God we have lost but one woman and one child. We expected at one time to have lost a great number. We almost despaired our surgeon could ever have stood it, and had not the Almighty been on our side, he never could: there never could be a Gentleman so constantly attentive to unfortunate women: he was for ever below in the hospital with the poor sick—and never appeared satisfied but when discharging his duty. We can never be thankful enough. We have had two women delivered of two fine boys, *Lydia Moffat*, and a *Mary Snooks*: the children were baptised by the surgeon, and the women churched by him also. The woman that died was buried at sea: we were all present at the funeral, and the burial service was performed most solemnly by the Surgeon, and the Captain took the part of chief mourner, and the whole ceremony was very solemn. We have had divine service regular: the Captain and Officers, us, and the free passengers, all attend. We have had great indulgence and good examples set forth by the above Gentlemen. We arrived at Van Dieman's land three weeks ago, and there we left fifty of our women, and eleven that were from Newgate; and happy to say, Madam, that by the good character our Surgeon was enabled to give of them, that the greater part of them was provided for when we left. We expect to land in a day or two, and we hope that the Almighty will be our guide, and keep us from every temptation. We are quite sure our Surgeon will do all that lays in his power for us. If there should be any of our fellow-sufferers

that should be about to leave England, we strongly recommend them to behave well while in prison, so that they may have a good character from the prison; but to be particularly careful after they come on board, for if their Surgeon cannot give them a good character, it will be greatly to be lamented. We all hope that they whom you may please, Madam, to read this letter to, will impress it on their minds, and it will be for their good; and I hope that they may meet with the same good treatment that we have. The Captain has been very kind, and the Officer likewise, also the seamen who sailed from Woolwich.

“ On Saturday the 23d of July, Mr. CANE, the owner of this ship, honoured us with his company until Sunday, when he took his leave of us all at Margate, and recommended us to the protection of the Almighty. The bearer of this letter will be, we expect, Mr. CAMERON, our worthy Surgeon, as we mean to ask him the favour, and God grant him a safe passage to England and a happy return to his family. Madam, we are about to beg a great favour of you and the Ladies, and that is if the expense should not be too great, and should meet with your approbation, to allow this letter to go to the press, as we have disconsolate friends living in different parts of England, and as it would be likely this would meet the eye of some of them and give them great satisfaction. We beg pardon, Ladies, and hope we have not in any respect insulted your understanding. Could this request be complied with, your humble Petitioners would for ever be bound to pray.

“ Madame, We all with one accord,

“ Subscribe as on the other side,

“ Your humble Servants, &c. &c.

“ The writer of this begs ten thousand pardons for every imperfection, as she is a bad writer and bad speller.

“ Madam, this prosecution will prove profitable to our poor souls we hope.”

Mary Kearns nee Snook whose information is shown on page 11 above, travelled on the *Midas*.

She was my Great great grandmother.

Sue HORTON Member 1280J

The Rajah Quilt

Between 1804 and 1853 12,500 female convicts were transported to van Dieman's Land (Tasmania) in 86 ships. One of these ships was *The Rajah*.

It arrived on 19 July 1841 with 180 women; and with what has become a work of great historical importance in Australia's history, a work of extraordinary art and beauty produced by the hands of women in miserable circumstances.



The Rajah Quilt. 325 x 337 cm (128in x 337in). 2,815 pieces.

The matron on board was a young woman, Keiza Hayter (1818-1885) who was interested in prison reform and a strong supporter of Quaker Elizabeth Fry's work improving the lives of female prisoners. Keiza received free passage and on her arrival was to assist Lady Jane Franklin, wife of the Governor of Tasmania.

Elizabeth Fry and her supporters visited prison ships before they left England. They gave each woman a substantial 'care' package. It included a bible and useful items as string, knives and forks etc. as well as lengths of material and sewing tools to be used on the long voyage; to encourage useful skills making articles such as quilts for their own use or to be traded on arrival.

Tangible evidence of useful, cooperative work that could be achieved under difficult circumstances.

During the voyage, Keiza was instrumental in the creation of the Rajah Quilt. It was to be a presentation quilt for Lady Franklin, who was also interested in prison reform.

Lady Franklin was an admirer of Elizabeth Fry and had tried, unsuccessfully, in 1841, to form the '*Tasmanian Ladies Society for the reformation of Female Prisoners*'.

She believed it was '*kindness, religion and needlework that would reform women*'. When Lady Franklin returned to England in 1843, she took it with her to present to Elizabeth Fry.

It is not known if Elizabeth received it or even knew of its existence before her death in 1845. In 1987 the quilt was discovered in a Scottish attic and gifted to the National Gallery two years later. It is thought that at least 29 women were involved in its making.

15 convicts were listed as seamstresses or tailors. There is a cross section of ability displayed and marks that are thought to be bloodstains, perhaps from the pricked fingers of the less skilled workers. It has never been used or washed so that has certainly contributed to its survival for over one hundred and eighty years.

To the Ladies of the Convict Ship Committee.

This quilt worked by the convicts of the ship Rajah during their voyage to Van Dieman's Land is presented as testimony of the gratitude with which they remember their exertions for their welfare while in England and during their passage and also as a proof they have not neglected the ladies' kind admonition of being industrious.



Centre panel at bottom of quilt worked in cross stitch

Notes: The Rajah quilt was on display at the National Gallery as part of ‘*A Century of Quilts*’ until August 25.

The book, ‘*Dangerous Women*’ by Michael Joseph (2021) imagines the voyage of the Rajah and the making of the quilt.

U Tube: *The Rajah Quilt up close*. National Gallery of Australia.

Marie Riley Member 795.

CECILIA PAYNE

“Since her death in 1979, the woman who discovered what the universe is made of has not so much as received a memorial plaque. Her newspaper obituaries do not mention her greatest discovery.

Every high school student knows that Isaac Newton discovered gravity that Charles Darwin discovered evolution, and that Albert Einstein discovered the relativity of time. But when it comes to the composition of our universe, the textbooks simply say that the most abundant atom in the universe is hydrogen. And no one ever wonders how we know.”



Cecilia Payne Gaposchkin
credit: **Royal Astronomical Society**
are of the **Smithsonian Institution**

Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin was a British-born American astronomer and astrophysicist. In her 1925 doctoral thesis she proposed that stars were composed primarily of hydrogen and helium.

Early Life

Cecilia was born in Wendover, England. Her mother was interested in lots of different topics like nature, music and theatre. Cecilia spent lots of time reading in her home's library. At the age of 19, she won a scholarship to Cambridge University to study science. During that time, Cecilia went to a talk given by Arthur Eddington. Arthur talked about his recent trip to Africa to observe the stars near a solar eclipse. This sparked Cecilia's interest in astronomy.

Career Highlights

In 1923, Cecilia finished her studies. However, she did not get a degree because Cambridge would not give them to women at that time. Cecilia knew that to work in astronomy she would have to leave the UK. So at the age of 23, she left England to go to Harvard College Observatory, USA. She became one of a handful of women there studying astronomy and was the first to earn a PhD.

Cecilia's research used spectroscopy to find out what stars are made of. Spectroscopy involves splitting the light from stars into a spectrum. Cecilia was able to match the spectra of stars to their temperatures. During her work, Cecilia found that the stars contained much more hydrogen and helium than the Earth.

This challenged the view of other scientists that the stars and the Earth were made of the same material. Cecilia was persuaded to admit she may have made an error. A few years later, one of her examiners got the same results as Cecilia. He got the credit for her discovery.

Cecilia stayed at Harvard studying stars until she died, aged 79. For many years she received little pay and did not have an official job. After 15 years work, she was given the title of 'astronomer'. Three decades into her career, a new Director took over the Observatory and Cecilia became the first female professor there. She also later became the first woman to head a department at Harvard.

Legacy

Cecilia was a role model for many women who were interested in physics and astronomy. An asteroid and a volcano on Venus are both named after her in her honour.

Jeremy Knowles, discussing the complete lack of recognition Cecilia Payne gets, even today, for her revolutionary discovery. (Via alliterate)

OH WAIT LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT CECILIA PAYNE.

Cecilia Payne's mother refused to spend money on her college education, so she won a scholarship to Cambridge.

Cecilia Payne completed her studies, but Cambridge wouldn't give her a degree because at that time there's not much exposure for women, so she said to heck with that and moved to the United States to work at Harvard.

Cecilia Payne was the first person ever to earn a Ph.D. in astronomy from Radcliffe College, with what Otto Strauve called “the most brilliant Ph.D. thesis ever written in astronomy.”

Not only did Cecilia Payne discover what the universe is made of, she also discovered what the sun is made of (Henry Norris Russell, a fellow astronomer, is usually given credit for discovering that the sun’s composition is different from the Earth’s, but he came to his conclusions four years later than Payne—after telling her not to publish).

Cecilia Payne is the reason we know basically anything about variable stars (stars whose brightness as seen from earth fluctuates). Literally every other study on variable stars is based on her work.

Cecilia Payne was the first woman to be promoted to full professor from within Harvard, and is often credited with breaking the glass ceiling for women in the Harvard science department and in astronomy, as well as inspiring entire generations of women to take up science.

Cecilia Payne is awesome and everyone should know her.

Photograph: Schlesinger Library.

Also Read about Cecilia Payne

<https://hotflav.com/cecilia-payne-gaposchkin-amazing.../>

Source: Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin: An Autobiography and Other Recollections (1996)

DID YOU KNOW?

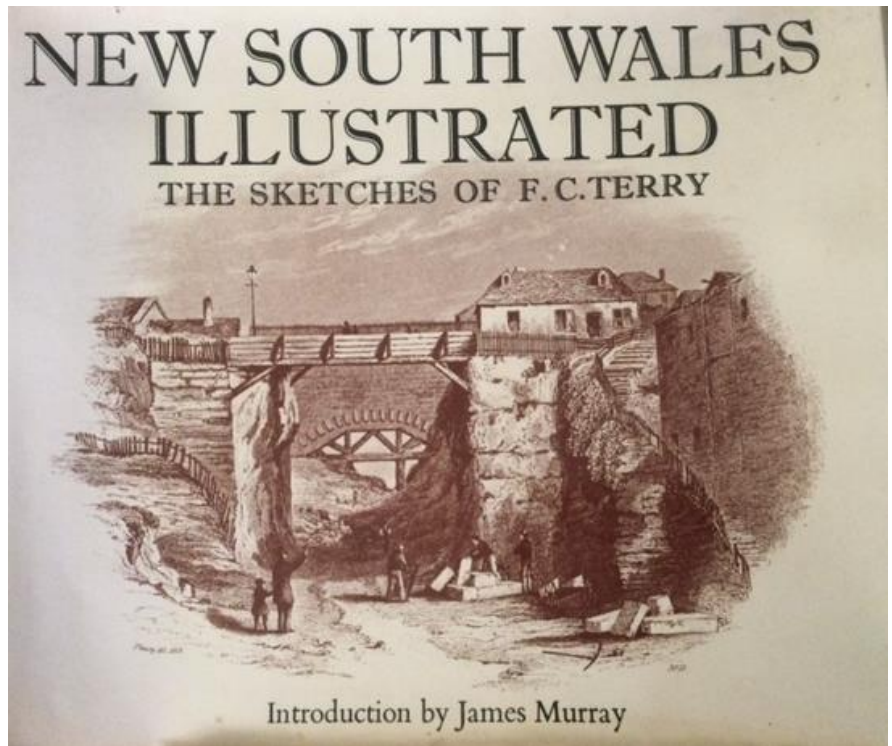
- 🐝 There are live enzymes in honey.
- 🐝 When in contact with a metal spoon, these enzymes die.
- 🐝 The best way to eat honey is with wooden or plastic spoon.
- 🐝 Honey contains a substance that helps your brain work better.
- 🐝 Honey is one of the rare foods on earth that alone can sustain human life.
- 🐝 One teaspoon of honey is enough to sustain human life for 24 hours.
- 🐝 Propolis that bees produce, is one of the most powerful natural antibiotics
- 🐝 Honey has no expiration date.
- 🐝 The bodies of the great emperors of the world were buried in golden coffins and then covered with honey to prevent putrefaction.
- 🐝 The term "honeymoon" comes from the fact that newlyweds consumed honey for fertility after the wedding.
- 🐝 A bee lives less than 40 days, visits at least 1000 flowers and produces less than a teaspoon of honey in its lifetime.
- 🐝 One of the first coins had a bee symbol on it.

Deep gratitude to the humble BEE! 🐝

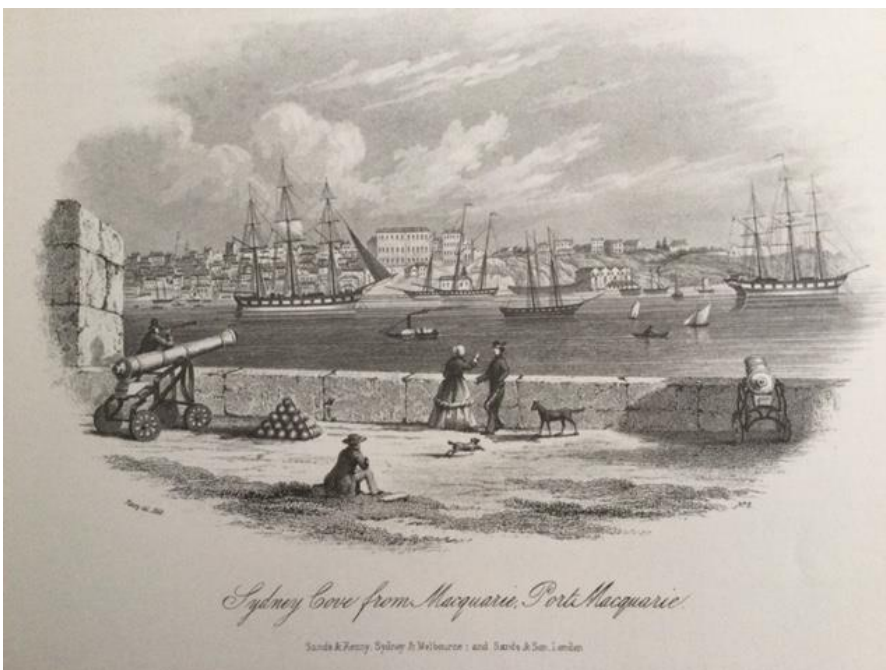
NSW IN THE 1850 S

Many words describe early NSW. Family historians are so excited about small black and white photographs produced by the family's Kodak box brownie camera released in 1900. Oh to have some scenery about the early towns and country side of family pioneers!

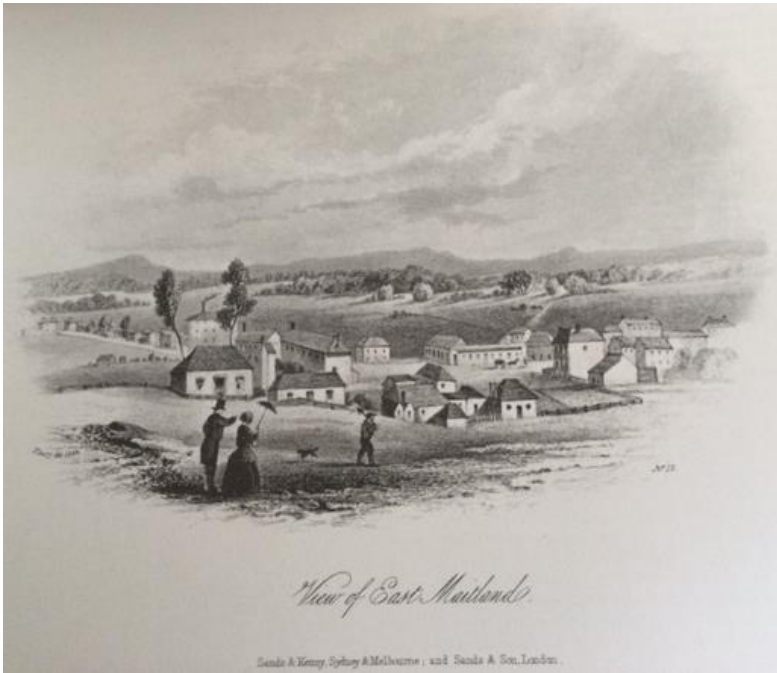
Frederick Charles Terry came to Australia in 1850s aged 25. January 1855, 38 of his sketches were published in *The Australian Keepsake*. "Decidedly the most elegant publication of the new year." He married Mary Reynolds in 1858. Worked for *The Illustrated Sydney News* 1864-66. James Murray in the introduction highlights Terry's career and printing methods of his publications.



Opposite each of the A4 pictorial pages are historic notes. *The rugged nature of the area, and no access to the northern streets the lower streets .. small cottages constructed of stone or wood in convict days are here closely scattered almost without order....*¹



The title page notes the six featured districts .. Sydney, Port Jackson, Parramatta, Richmond, Maitland and Windsor.



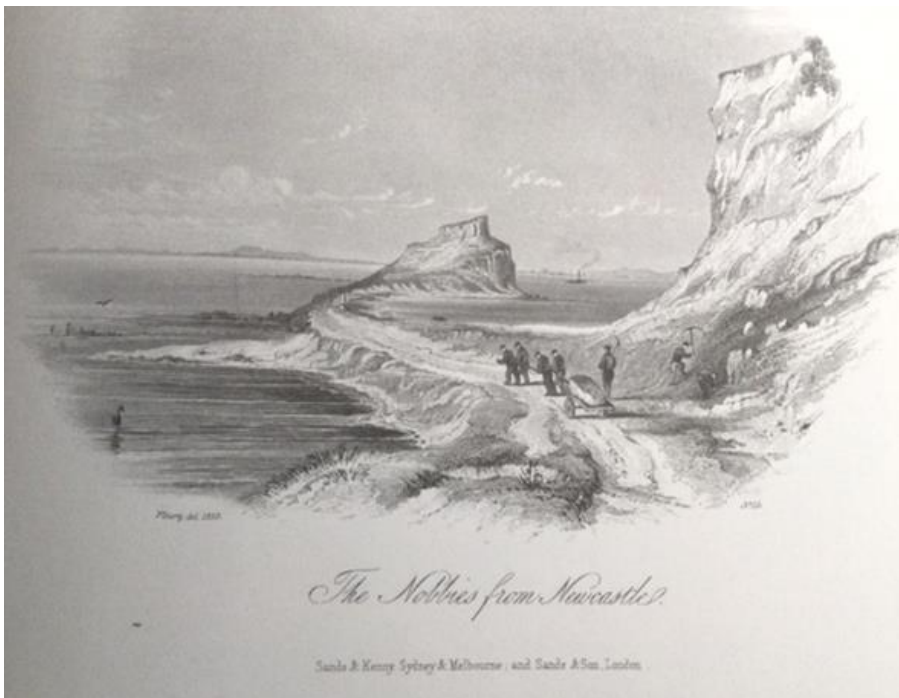
VIEW OF EAST MAITLAND

Yes... in the time of my Irish GGGrandfather at nearby Mulbring

Maitland, East and West, are situated on the river Hunter above Newcastle. East Maitland stands at the junction of the Wallis Creek with the river 120 miles from Sydney, 20 miles from Newcastle and three miles from Morpeth. The town is very pleasantly located but suffers from a scarcity of good water. It has both

Episcopalian and Roman Catholic Churches. The best building is the bank of Australasia. A large gaol is in the course of erection for criminals of the northern districts, but with discontinuation of convictism to NSW, possibly will not be completed. ¹

Eye catching is the sketch of 1850s Newcastle ²



THE NOBBIES FROM NEWCASTLE

The two hills called the Nobbies, at the entrance of the Hunter, are nearly a mile distant from each other; they are connected by a reef or breakwater, made by convict labour.....The convicts bring the stones by hand, along a tramway, in a small wagon.....Gangs of convicts have been employed there for more than thirty years The light upon the Nobby on the main land was closely banked up during the day,

and at night opened out to on the seaside. ³

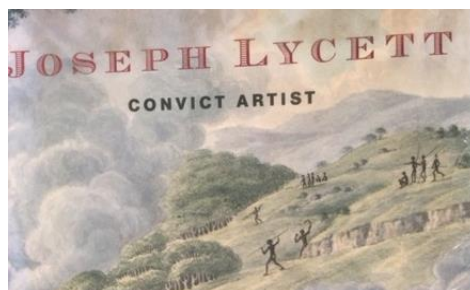
¹

² Page 40

³ Ibid page 40

Another, much earlier view of Nobbies by Lycett.

NEWCASTLE 1818



Joseph Lycett, one of Australia's earliest colonial artists, worked in Australia from 1815-1822. He was responsible for the most extravagantly illustrated account of the colony, published in London in 1824-25. His works in watercolour and oil are among the most important visual records of early NSW and Tasmania¹

MILL, near Parramatta, New South Wales, the property of the Rev'd S Marsden

Watercolour and goache on paper 140x200 cm

Inscribed in pen and ink beneath image *Mr. Marsden's Mill NS Wales, 1820*

Presented by Mrs. E Fuller in memory of her husband, Captain A W F Fuller to Mitchell Library NSW

Provenance 1819-21 Thomas H Scott, his wife 1961—63, then to Mitchell Library



THE LIFE OF JOSEPH LYCETT – ARTIST, ENGRAVER, LITHOGRAPHER, FORGER

John McPhee uses these words to introduce Joseph Lycett's biography.¹

Convict to NSW sentence forgery, Sydney 1813-14, Sydney, time in Newcastle 1815-18, Sydney then till 1822, 1823 returned to England published his book and died 9 February 1828.

I keep turning the 279 pages, of this Lycett publication. His art works are organised into 15 chapters. Each painting includes extensive artistic and historical information. From imaging my family in a landscape I pause and admire the exact details in his botanical works. The fine details of the purple fringed violets (as we called them) remind me of finding these in our little school yard in spring.



Both books, *NSW Illustrated* and *Joseph Lycett*, are in our CCFHS library. May you too be taken back in time with these and your family history.

Marlene DAVIDSON 327L

More about Joseph Lycett (c.1774 – 1828)

He was a portrait and miniature painter, active in Australia. Transported to Australia for forging banknotes, Lycett found work in the colony as a painter specialised in topographical views of the major towns of Australia, and some of its more dramatic landscapes.

Lycett was born in Staffordshire, England, where he became a botanical artist. By 1810, Lycett was described by others as an engraver and as a drawer; he was also noted as being a painter of portraits and miniatures. Lycett had a de facto wife, Mary Stokes, known as Mary Lycett.

¹ Joseph Lycett, *Convict Artist*. P 13

Lycett was convicted of forgery on 10 August 1811, having been prosecuted by the injured party: the Bank of England. He was transported to Australia, sailing aboard the *General Hewitt* and arriving in Sydney on 7 February 1814.

Lycett's first employment in Australia was as an artist for Absalom West and he reported in the October 1814 muster as a limner (painter). West left the colony in December 1814 and Lycett had to find a new position; by May 1815 Lycett was employed in the police office.

At this time Sydney was flooded by hundreds of skilfully forged 5 shilling bills drawn on the postmaster. They were traced to Lycett, who was found in possession of a small copper-plate press. Lycett was sent to Newcastle on the *Lady Nelson*, where he came to the attention of the commandant of the settlement, Captain James Wallis.

Lycett drew up the plans for a church which Wallis projected and, when it was built in 1818, he painted the altar piece; he is said to have also produced the three-light window which still survives in the bishop's vestry of Newcastle Cathedral. On the recommendation of the commandant, Captain James Wallis of the 46th Regiment, Lycett was given a conditional pardon. While there he also painted *Corroboree at Newcastle*, the first known oil painting to depict an Aboriginal corroboree at night.

This painting has also been attributed to Wallis. Lycett painted at least 14 scenes depicting traditional cultural practices of the Awabakal people. The "Chief of the Newcastle tribe", Burigon, is shown in at least one of the works of the convict engraver, Walter (or William) Preston, which were based on Lycett's drawings.

Lycett returned to Sydney and was allowed to practice his art, and in 1820 Governor Macquarie sent three of his paintings including a large view of Sydney to Earl Bathurst. It is generally believed that the absolute pardon which Lycett received on 28 November 1821 was a reward for these pictures. Many of his patrons seem to have been drawn from the military and public service elite, and included Commissioner John Thomas Bigge (who described Lycett's "habits of intoxication" as "fixed and incurable"), his secretary Thomas Hobbes Scott, and Macquarie's aide-de-camp John Watts.

Lycett had possibly married in the colony, for on 21 June 1822 he advertised in *The Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser* that he intended to leave accompanied by his two daughters, Mary Ann and Emma. They sailed together in the *Shipley* on 8 September 1822.

Death

The *Warwick and Warwickshire Advertiser* for Saturday 27 October 1827 (quoting from *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*) reported: FORGERY OF PROVINCIAL NOTES- On Saturday afternoon, the constables of Birmingham, accompanied by Mr Redfern, prison-keeper, proceeded to the house of an engraver named Joseph Lycett, in Bath Row, who was suspected of being implicated in the several forgeries of local bank notes which have lately appeared in that neighbourhood. After making some inquiry, the officer went upstairs, accompanied by Lycett, who, no doubt alarmed at the consequences likely to result, attempted self-destruction by cutting his throat on the stairs, and rushing into the chamber endeavoured to throw himself on the bed. He wounded himself severely near the jugular vein, and bled profusely. In the room was found a portable copper-plate press, with rolls, &c complete, a newly-engraved 11 plate of the Stourbridge and Bromsgrove Bank, with a facsimile of the signature, entry, number and date. He was immediately conveyed to Hospital, and there is every expectation that he will recover from the effects of the wound. His daughter, who was found with him in the house, is in custody, and the press, &c have been removed to the prison-
Aris's Birmingham Gazette."

As above, Lycett died in Birmingham Hospital on 9 February 1828 and was buried in St Mary's Churchyard, Birmingham.

The Recollections of Stephen Augustine Donnelly- Representative of Miners in the Australian Parliament and Public Works Dept. of NSW.

Stephen Augustine Donnelly was an Irish-born Australian politician. He was born in Cork on 01/01/1835 to Cornelius Donnelly and Mary O'Leary, and grew up in Oxford in England. In 1850 he and his family migrated to Western Australia, following the gold rush to Victoria in 1852. He later mined at Lucknow in New South Wales. In 1864 he was elected to the New South Wales Legislative Assembly for Goldfields West, but he resigned in 1866.

On 2 May 1868 he married Catherine Agnes Cummings, with whom he had seven children. He worked for the Public Works Department, eventually becoming roads superintendent at Armidale. He retired in 1896 and around 1898 moved to Waratah, where he died in 1910.

My first impressions of Sydney and New South Wales

The day was dull and all the surroundings were equally dull. A few sailing ships, chiefly English, lined the Quay. A few small steamers were plying to and from the "North Shore", which place rising (or sloping up gradually from the opposite side of the harbour, was at many parts covered with buildings, all, more or less, picturesquely situated, but there was little if anything to foretell or, perhaps, to indicate the numerous and important municipalities that now (1910) occupy those prominent elevations.



Circular Quay, Sydney

While gazing on the scene and my thoughts roving "fancy free", a strange noise broke in upon my ears, which reminded me of the sounds made by old fashioned high-pressure engines which I had heard, as well as had read of while yet in England.

The sound seemed to be coming nearer and neared, and at length, a much larger steamboat than any I had yet seen that morning turned the point at the north-east corner of the quay (Fort Macquarie), and plainly indicated that her engines were producing the mysterious noise. The name painted on her was "Phantom". I always thought phantoms were uncanny, ghostlike and silent phantasms, if so the present "Phantom" was an exception and had a very noisy way of her own when going about.

She carried a good number of passengers and, I as informed, plied to and from Manly Beach, a place I did not visit for nearly two years after.

I now took my way towards St Mary's, passing Macquarie Street, noting the outside of Government House and several other fine buildings, as well as many ugly and mean structures on the way, and, on passing one of the ugliest and dingiest of the lot, which I was informed was the N.S.W. Parliament House, I registered a mental resolution to the effect that in less than two years (if I stayed in N.S.W. for that length of time) I would become a member of the body assembling there, and – I kept my resolution.

After passing the Sydney Infirmary, the Mint and another building of a style of architecture which may be termed "The Macquarian", and was then known as the immigrants' barracks, the street ended in a spacious area now (1910) known, I believe, as Queen's Square, at the farther side of which was Hyde Park – then, perhaps better known as "The Race Course", which seemed of considerable extent, and contained a great many shade trees, pleasant Sylvan avenues, and fairly well kept paths.

Far away, yet in it, but somewhat to the right-hand was a fairly lofty obelisk, then known as "George Thornton's Smelling Bottle".

While immediately on my right, at the west boundary of Queen's Square, and surrounded by a dwarf wall with superimposed XXXX fence there was a huge church built of glaring red bricks, at one end of which was a steeple covered with dingy Muntz metal, the whole of the sacred edifice being, in the then well-known as well represented Macquarian style of architecture.



From the collections of the State Library of New South Wales [a623014 / PX*D 123, 5a]

This, I learned, was St James' (Episcopalian) Church, one of the oldest religious edifices in Australia.

Looking to my left, I saw rising over the tops of the trees, as well as through the open spaces between them the outlines of what evidently was another religious edifice, while from a square tower beside it there came forth the sound of sweet melodious bells, calling the people to prayer and worship – evidently rung by no mere prentice hands. To me, lonely as I then felt, it conveyed a message of the warmest welcome and taught me that wherever there is a Catholic church, a person of Catholic feeling, can ever find a home.

I beat my steps towards the building of which I soon obtained a full view. The main front was before me, - which part of the building, with the view of enlarging the whole structure, had but recently been erected in place of an older wall, - it was built of beautiful bright hued freestone and in the Gothic style. Two fine statues, in suitable niches, very appropriately adorned the noble, yet simple facade, which latter was finished in a massive cross rising above and crowning the whole.

At a glance I saw the ground plan of the building was in the form of a Latin cross. I entered; the sacred edifice was crowded; but, before I had time to make any observations a priest entered the sanctuary and knelt before the altar, whereupon the great organ pealed forth one of three grand old Gregorian tones so dear to the heart of every catholic.

At the same time the priest in a clear and cultured baritone voice commenced the prayers before Mass: "Let us adore the God of Glory" and then the choir burst forth, with a precision, a volume, a force and a beauty that enthralled me: "Let us adore the God of our salvation" and so the glorious psalm was sung, antiphonally, to the end, when all joined together in singing the Doxology.

The congregation knelt while the psalm was being sung, and then, all rose to their feet as the grand procession of priests and acolytes advanced from the Sanctuary, then all the worshippers knelt again, and the solemn High Mass had begun.

Being a stranger, I did not go far into the church but contented myself with a seat near the door. I was lucky in getting even that, for the building was not nearly large enough to comfortably hold a large congregation present – and many having to remain outside for want of room within. I need not attempt to describe the great sacrifice of the Mass, for every Catholic knows, as also do many others know what it is. But on that occasion it was celebrated on a scale of grandeur which I had never before been a witness of. Neither had I ever before worshipped in so glorious a temple of the Most High.

The music of the Divine Service was as grand, sweet and soul inspiring as were the other accessories. I do not remember whose creation the glorious music was, but it, and the way it was rendered, by the choir of sweet, powerful and highly trained voices quite carried me away in a sort of ecstasy, realising in me the power of music to raise a mortal to the skies, or draw an angel down. So although the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Offertory, Sanctus and Agnus Dei to end, one glorious tenor, and one sweet, bright withal powerful soprano, particularly impressed me, but who the gifted singers were, I did not know. I regret that I was too far away from the preacher of the day to hear the sermon.

Mass being over, I, from my point of vantage near the main entrance, was among the first to leave the church; and on getting out remained for a few minutes to note the departing congregation, of whom by far the greater part were well-dressed people, perhaps not many of them in the very latest London or Paris fashions, but nearly all evidencing comfort and a degree of prosperity pleasing to behold. While thus looking on the agreeable sample of the people of Sydney, my young lady acquaintance and fellow voyager of the "Rangatira" came to me and extended her hand to which advance on her part I responded in the usual way.

We began to speak on indifferent topics, and I found she was, like myself, a stranger in Sydney.

Our way to our respective lodgings lying the same direction, we walked on together, until at the intersection of King and Castlereagh Streets, she left one, for as she stated, to rejoin her companions of the Opera Company who lodged at one of the hotels at one of the corners of those streets quite close to the newly rebuilt Prince of Wales Opera House, the home of their future musical displays and which they would open during the next week, and thus ended our brief acquaintance.

I should have stated that while the sermon was being preached, being unable to hear it by reason of my distance from the pulpit, I had time to note much of the interior of the church, and thus observed that most of the fittings were of timber, great pillars of which, arranged in two parallel rows, served as a kind of clerestory down the centre, and the whole of the vast building was ceiled with what seemed in the distance, as well as in the dim religious light to be polished cedar – and unfortunately, as the case proved two years later, suggested to me that fear that it was highly inflammable.

A splendid full sized statue of Our Lord, in white marble, in the dim light was a most striking and beautiful object, erected about half way down, and on the right hand side of the nave. But other details which I might have then (1863), have now (1910) escaped my memory. I soon regained my hotel and the midday meal having been partaken of, determined to see as much of Sydney as I could in the short time of my disposal.

I went forth again and this time directed my steps to wharves along the eastern side of Darling Harbour. The appearance of which part of the town was by no means attractive, but on the other hand, was decidedly repellent, from its congeries of wretched buildings.

The sordid surroundings, and the general untidiness of the people, men, women and children alike, thereby taking the memory back to some of the worst slums I had ever seen in England, and, in that unenviable respect, exceeding anything I had yet seen in Australia. I did not stay there long, but retracing my way passed across Sussex, Kent, Clarence and York Streets to George Street, then, as now, the street of the city. Pitt and Castlereagh Streets were also visited, and while travelling along the nomenclature of the same interested me much.



By [John Black Henderson](#) From the collections of the [State Library of New South Wales](#) [a9467001 / SSV1/St/Pitt/1] (Mitchell Library)

They told of a generation that had long passed away, and which was in its prime at a time when my own parents were in their early youth, they perpetuated the memory of some men, whose existence on this earth might be forgotten with charity to themselves and without injury or loss to humanity, and they glorified the name of one of the most brutal and heartless ruffians that ever disgraced the form or name of man, who, as it were, labouring under the curses of those whom he had wronged and cruelly outraged, sought to find peace in a suicides grave.

Pitt's was the only one of the names worthy of remembrance, but there was much even in his action that was not praiseworthy. Still he lived in a very trying time when England had to encounter the most powerful foe in her history, and to successfully resist him (Napoleon) England's great minister might have had to resort to practices that are difficult if not impossible to otherwise justify – even if then they can be justified. But to continue, in George Street, I noticed a fine and handsome church in course of erection.

The dimensions of which did not seem to be very great, but withal gave promise of it becoming a very beautiful church of chaste design.

Such then was St Andrews Cathedral, the coming chief Anglican Church of Sydney. Going into Pitt Street, I saw for the first time in my life a street tramway, upon which there ran a large railway-like carriage, swiftly drawn by four horses; it had not been laid down very long, but had already disappointed many of the business people of the street, who previous to its construction had been most eager for it.

The noted, or shall I write it, the notorious, George F. Train was the promoter whose subsequent eccentric and somewhat ridiculous career in England and the United States of America – of which country he attempted to become President, had made his name remarkable.



Horse drawn vehicles in operation at old Sydney Railway Station on the corner of Devonshire and George Streets
Museums of History NSW - State Archives Collection

Arriving at length at the Railway Station, I was surprised to find so poor and so temporary a building for the purpose. A low rambling wooden shed 400, or 500 feet long and 50 ft. wide not only contained the necessary offices for the performance of the clerical work of the N.S.W. railways, but also afforded the space for the one platform for the use of the passengers, arriving and departing, two sets of rails ran in front thereof, but of course for the reason stated only one of them could be used by train travellers.

The railway traffic then was not very great, for although the station and platform did duty for both Southern and the western lines, the former was completed and opened only as far as Picton – 53 miles, and on the latter to Penrith 34 miles.

Yet notwithstanding the fewness of the passengers, no less than three classes of them were provided for. Such divisions struck me (especially as I had already learned that certain superior people in Sydney prided themselves on their alleged aristocratic connections at 'ome; or their aristocratic aspirations here) that here was an attempt to perpetuate the contemptible class distinctions, which have been such painful features of English life.

In Victoria then there were only two classes on the railways, and absurdity of having more was soon after recognised and acted upon on the N.S.W. railways. While thinking over the aristocratic aspirations of those Sydney people, my thoughts wandered to armorial bearings alleged to have been designed for such, when Wentworth (I believe) tried to get what was very properly and contemptuously designated a "Botany Bay" aristocracy provided for in his measure for Responsible Government, and the description in mock heraldic jargon (gules):- "two posts standant; one beam crossant; one rope pendant, and a thief on one end" – impressed thereon.

Not far from the railway station, and at the junction of George and Pitt streets, was a police station, the front of which, was covered almost all over with placards offering rewards for the apprehension of the members of the bushranging fraternity which were then terrorising many parts of the colony, special prominence being given to the names of Frank Gardner, Johnny Gilbert, Ben Hall, O'Meally and others.

A policeman at the door, watched me very closely whilst I was reading the posters, but did not otherwise interfere. I suppose he concluded I did not answer to the description of any of these terrible characters, or to those of any other "gentlemen" who might have been "wanted" at the time, I went on my way, but the reading of the announcements did not tend to raise my opinion of the people with whom I was now destined to mix. So having seen a good deal of Sydney for the short time I had sojourned there, and having noted the outside of most of the finer buildings, and the inside of perhaps the best, as it was to me the most gratifying I took my seat in the train to Penrith, and soon was travelling westwards.

Sydney to Wentworth Mines, and first experiences thereat.

We left Sydney railway station at 5 p.m. and the day being dull and cloudy the light was fast fading away. However I was able to note the then straggling suburbs of Newtown, Petersham, Ashfield, Burwood and Homebush (then the only Railway stations so far) together with the many large spaces of unoccupied land between.

All of which gave but little promise of becoming the large, important and populous communities they now (1910) are. Night fell before Parramatta was reached, thus, I may say, I was unable to note any of the country through which the train passed until it reached Penrith, at nearly 7 p.m.

Upon alighting from the train, I found a conveyance awaiting to carry the coach passengers to the hotel from which the Bathurst coach took its departure. I now found the coach for which I had booked while at Sydney, was not Cobb & Co's which company having secured the carriage of the mails, and whose lines of coaches had just been placed on the N.S.W. main roads, by a Victorian firm at the head of which, was Mr James Rutherford.

Hitherto the coaching of the colony had a very unenviable reputation, as to speed, punctuality, comfort and the like, while Cobb & Co gave all the satisfaction that could be fairly expected.

The hotel I arrived at was carried on by the principal proprietor of the line of coaches, which started from that hostelry, while other innkeepers along the road were part proprietors. Consequently their coaches did not travel by night, but stopped at some one of the aforesaid wayside inns – of course very much to the profits of mine hosts. I have no complaint whatever to find with the Penrith Hotel ("The Royal", I think) both food and accommodation were good.

The charges however were fairly stiff, but were the usual ones at such places 2/6 each for meals and for bed. At six next morning the passengers with their luggage, having seated themselves in the coach rattled off down the long straggling street,

This, thereby breaking the stillness of the early hour, much to the annoyance of numerous dogs - Mongrels and others, which resented the disturbance of their slumbers by long continuous howls and more or less viscous barking.

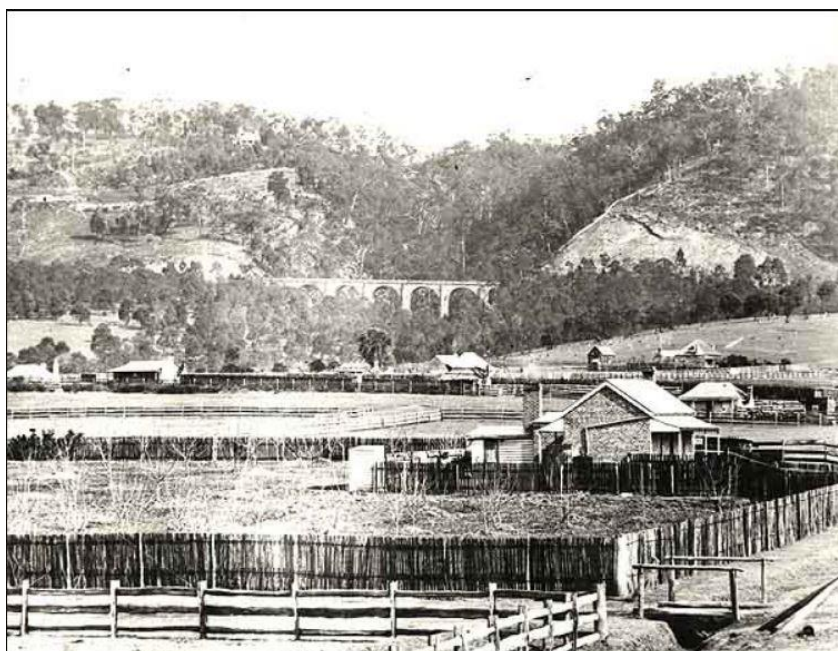
The punt which was to ferry us across the Nepean river was soon reached and the coach with its freight drawn on board. Having already secured the box seat, I alighted when on board the punt, and the light becoming better, I could see the coach was drawn by four, fairly good looking horses. Their harness was also good looking, as likewise was the coach itself, which latter – in the yet dim light appeared either quite new, or had recently been painted, all things so far seemed quite satisfactory. Looking about from the punt, I saw at a short distance some of the piles and beams of a wooded bridge, which up to a recent time had spanned the river, but which had been destroyed by an unusually heavy flood.

My fellow passengers consisted of four other men, one of whom I found to be a military gentleman just come on a visit from India to see some friends, who resided near Carcoar. Another was a pompous and very talkative man who insisted upon furnishing the Officer with all sorts of talk upon recent matters, but especially in reference to himself. He soon made us aware he was Sheriff's agent or chief bailiff of the Bathurst district; he was very effusive in his offers of hospitality to the Indian visitor urging him not to be afraid to call at his place, as "there was always a spare knife and fork at his table" – which phrase years afterwards I found to be quite a stereotyped one with him, and was often addressed to myself, although, I am happy to be able to state, I never had any professional relations with him.

The other two, were quiet everyday sort of people and had not much to say. As we approached the bank of the river at the Emu side I remounted the box, and the barriers of the egress from the punt being removed, and the horses being slightly urged moved off and soon found ourselves on terra firma again; but not before the growling and grim Charon like punt-man expressed his disgust in choice N.S.W. vernacular at something; I did not then understand him but I afterwards thought it might be that none of the passengers offered him or his mate a gratuity.

As we drove along Emu Plains we saw many teamsters harnessing their horses, and yoking their bullocks preparatory to starting their heavily loaded wagons westerly. The morning being dull, light but slowly came thus limiting the view to a very short radius, certainly I could trace the long reach of the river until it seemed to lose itself in a huge foaming gorge, but in almost every direction a haze seemed to be settling down. The coach I quickly found was on the upgrade, the horses merely walking, and when arriving at the foot of Lapstone Hill, the horses stopped and the coach driver called out, "Get out, gents, and stretch your legs".

NSW State Archives



A heavy Scotch-Mist had set in and, thoughts of the sublime and the beautiful in the way of scenery must be temporarily suspended. But so much has since been written in describing the varied beauties and wonder of that romantic region, that amongst the floods of poetry and hyperbolicism bestowed thereon it would be the veriest folly for me to attempt – not to paint – but, to daub the city by any effort of mine in that respect. For which end guide books and eloquent land agents have done all, - nay, more than is necessary. The mountains however, were not appreciated for their many charms before the western railway crossed over them, indeed the land thereon (being deep and) was regarded as almost useless, so much so indeed that I heard a wealthy and prominent legislator - in 1864 - state while giving an election address – that he would not give a sovereign for a square mile of it, and such indeed then was the general opinion of its value.

So I shall hurry on, merely, stating here that while “stretching my legs” by walking up Lapstone Hill, I was interested in the many rounded boulders which lined the road, so nearly resembling the roundish stone which old time shoemakers held in their laps while hammering their leather, that they gave a name for the hill.

It was certainly a matter of interest to find at a height of several hundred feet above the neighbouring river, unmistakable evidence that that high locality had once been the bed of a rapid and turbulent river, but how such a geological change was brought about, I shall not try to investigate. After walking about half a mile and passing over a stone bridge of one arch – the work of convict times – spanning “knapsack Gully”, we came to the end of the metalled road, and the way becoming less steep we remounted the coach which now began to plough through the heavy sand track that for nearly half a century before and for five or six years longer constituted the MAIN western road.

Another half hour, or so, brought us to a wayside inn, a one-storied, straggling, comfortless looking shack, known, I believe by the sign of the “Pilgrim” – not an inappropriate name. A halt was made, the inner man refreshed, and the journey resumed. The driver I found to be a man of fair education, inclined to discuss politics and the like. He denounced the recently passed Land Act of “Jack Robertson” in unmeasured terms: especially condemning the Free Selection before survey clauses – as day light robbery, in which view I disagreed with him.



One of his horses he named "Daylight Robbery" and the other "Free Selection", and as the coach was dragged very slowly through the heavy sand, he seemed to take great pleasure in frequently lashing the pair of inoffensive brutes, who so far as I could see were doing their fair share of the work.

But finding I did not concur with him on his political views, he changed the subject, by asking if I had heard Lyster Opera Company – he already knew we were fellow passengers from Melbourne to Sydney – I had not heard them as yet, but hoped to do so later, whereupon he sang the "power of Love", a favourite operatic melody of the period, and what is more, he sang it, as I thought, remarkably well – 12 years later I knew him as the principal singer in the Anglican Church choir, at Murrurundi. From time to time he sang other songs in an equally pleasing manner. At intervals we came within sight of the railway works, then in an early stage of progress over the mountains.

The driver would then remark to me how remarkable it was that although the road, in the main, followed the course of the track discovered by Wentworth, Lawson and Blaxland, the original explorers of the route in 1813, yet all the railway surveyors, with all their fine instruments and explorations could not find a better line. He went further and affirmed – blasphemously, as I thought – that "even" the "twelve apostles" could not do so, had they tried until the days of their respective deaths.

I looked at him with astonishment, as I thought that statement was impious and unseemly. But seeing my horror at his irreligious words, he explained that he referred to a company of twelve surveyors, which the Government some time before had, with a great flourish of trumpets, brought out from England to show, amongst other things, to the colonials, how to survey tracks for railways over rugged mountains, and that ten of them out of the twelve, were not, to put it mildly – conspicuous for their abilities – or for their virtues, hence, in derision they had been dubbed "The Twelve Apostles"

We passed many teams both of horses and of bullocks, drawing their wagons and carts loaded, not very heavily as it seemed to me, but certainly heavy enough considering the soft sandy tracks, into which the wheels sunk almost to the hubs. Some of the horses were fine stout and big animals, but by the greater number were small scraggy creatures rather low in condition, yet, as wiry as cats, and which stretched themselves out to their work and pulled their loads with a tenacity and endurance that could not be surpassed. As a consequence those sturdy little equines were much prized for the sand soil tracks of the mountains. I have nothing to remark about the bullock teams, except that these were often to (be seen as many as 14 and 16 enormous bullocks drawing one wagon.

From time we would pass a dilapidated and disreputable looking inn, all of these variants of the already described "Pilgrim" style of architecture, some of which had a vile character, as I afterwards learned. One inn we passed was certainly an exception to the above, a commodious and comfortable looking hostelry with surrounding garden, known as "Buss" and situated at a place then known as "Seventeen Mile Hollow", it was a somewhat old established house, the general halting place of travellers who used their own conveyances, horsemen and the like. It with its proprietor and family was well spoken of.

Having left "Buss" we came on to a piece of harder road, and made better progress for two or three miles than had been the case previously. It was now nearly midday, the long morning drive, together with the mountain air and the Scotch mist had sharpened the appetites of all of us. Whereupon Percy, our driver informed us that an excellent dinner was awaiting us at Blackheath

To be continued... **Rosalie DONNELLY Member 2224**

Can anyone identify this child?



This photograph taken at the Relmer Studios at 216 King Street Newtown was found thrown out in the rubbish in Narara recently. It is a silver colloidal photo so most probably dates around 1850-1880. If you can identify the subject please give us a call.

9 Sayings WE USED THAT KIDS TODAY WON'T UNDERSTAND

1) BROKEN RECORD

Few kids today will understand the annoying sound a broken record makes, skipping on repeat. But, most kids know the phrase means someone who sounds repetitive.

2) ROLL THE WINDOW DOWN

Before power-everything, we rolled down the windows of a car with a crank that rolled. Well, ok, so maybe the kids of classic car collectors will understand this one.

3) HANG UP THE PHONE

Back then you actually had to hang up the phone on the receiver in order to end the call. Kids who've only ever used cell phones or cordless phones won't have a clue how we used to talk on the phone.

4) REWIND

Ok, due to the resurgence in cassette tapes, some kids may know what this one means. Remember rewinding machines for VHS tapes? Blast from the past!

5) CLOSE, BUT NO CIGAR

Once upon a time, cigars were among the prizes given out at carnivals. When you inevitably did not win, this phrase was the only consolation prize.

6) BEEN THROUGH THE WRINGER

Back when washing day was an all-day affair, the clothes would need to be wrung out. Even folks who had a washing machine often did not have a dryer. Most kids today wouldn't even know what a wringer is!

7) ON THE FLIP SIDE

The other side of the record is something kids won't experience. They still use this term, many without understanding where it comes from.

🚂 BLOWING OFF STEAM

Back when trains were the main form of long-distance transport for people and for cargo, the steam engines had to occasionally release steam in order to stabilize the whole mechanism. It was so much fun to ride the train back then! Kids today are really missing out.

9) DITTO

Ditto is a popular term these days, but most kids have no idea that it refers to an early form of copy machine. Used from the 1920s to the 1980s, the small machine produced mimeograph-like copies on the cheap.

It's funny how our technology changes, yet our vocabulary still reflects a time long gone.. Even though kids won't know what these sayings really refer to, they'll still be used years from now!

A Different Type of Tree.

I am a tree lover, both my genealogical family tree and also the horticultural variety. I often gaze upon particularly beautiful specimens around the Central Coast.

This e-Muster I have included a beautiful specimen that I spied in Orange, NSW in April this year near Mt. Canobolas. Is it one? Or is it two trees?



I am inviting you to share a tree with us in each issue of the *E-muster*, one that has enraptured you or one that is your favourite. Please email details and a photograph to our email address and we will feature them in our Journal.

SOCIETIES MAILING LIST

The email address for our Society is admin@centralcoastfhs.org.au

You can also Like Us on Facebook!

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ASSIGNED DUTIES

The following is a list of who does what to keep the society running as smoothly as it does.

Bookstall Coordinator

Event Coordinator

Facebook Administrator: -

Grant Applications

Grant Application Proofreader

Guest Speakers

IT and Computer Network

Librarian/Unrelated Certificates

Membership Secretary

DNA Special Interest

E MUSTER P PRESS Editor

Mail Chimp Newsletter

Property Officer

Public Officer

Publicity and Advertising

Raffles

Catering

Website Designer

Welfare and Hospital Visits

Research Officers: -

Workshops: -

Belinda Mabbott

Committee

Anthony Lehner

Marlene Davidson

Brian Davies

Committee

Marlene Davidson

CC Mobile Computers

Jacqueline Smith

Brian Davies

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Heather Yates

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Jacqueline Smith

TRANSCRIPTION AGENTS

Don't forget transcriptions of birth, death and marriage records are available in NSW and only NSW. Cost - \$20 each



Email joy@joymurrin.com.au



Marilyn Rowan – marilynr@marbract.com.au



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The Central Coast's only locally owned and run supplier of copiers, printers and scan devices.

Website Guy



**Jeff Hall is looking after our website needs.
He is situated locally in Davistown.**



Central Coast Family History Society **BOOKSHOP PRICES – 2024**

* Cost of purchase plus Postage and Packaging depending on quantity required.

* To order use the Bookshop order form.

| CODE | BOOK | Year of Publication | PRICE |
|------|---|---------------------|---------|
| 2601 | Back to Bourke, Courthouse Records. | | \$70.00 |
| 2862 | Brewarrina on the Barwon River | | \$50.00 |
| 2547 | Canowindra General Cemetery | 2002 | \$25.00 |
| 1713 | Cemeteries of Gresford & surrounding Districts | 2001 | \$20.00 |
| 1505 | Cargo-Cudal | 2002 | \$40.00 |
| 1507 | Coonabarabran General Cemetery | 2005 | \$40.00 |
| 1510 | Eugowra General Cemetery | | \$25.00 |
| 1504 | From the Mountains to the Marshes | | \$50.00 |
| 1511 | Graves of the Pioneers of the William & Paterson River Valley | 2003 | \$25.00 |
| 1548 | Greengrove Cemetery (formerly Lower Mangrove Creek) | 2005 | \$25.00 |
| 1731 | Holy Cross Cemetery, Kincumber South | 2013 | \$20.00 |
| 1725 | Kincumber Remembered | | \$30.00 |
| 1530 | Lisarow Cemetery-Forget Us Not-Unmarked Graves. Indexed. | | \$50.00 |
| 1530 | Lisarow Cemetery-Forget Us Not-Unmarked Graves. NO Index. | | \$30.00 |
| 1531 | Lisarow Cemetery-Forget Us Not-Headstones | 2015 | \$50.00 |
| 1508 | Manildra District Cemeteries-including Cumnock, Yeoval. | 2003 | \$40.00 |
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| 1524 | Point Clare General Cemetery -Bapt-7 Day Advent-Pres-Meth | | \$25.00 |
| 1503 | St Paul's Church of England Cemetery, Kincumber | | \$25.00 |
| 2863 | They stopped a while in Come-by-chance Vol 1&2 | | \$50.00 |
| 1529 | St Thomas' Church of England Cemetery, Upper Mangrove Creek | 2014 | \$20.00 |
| 1512 | Walgett Cemetery | | \$50.00 |
| 1500 | Warialda on the Northern slopes | | \$50.00 |