

Jones - diary - orange + New Zealand

041-1-6




Holiday at Orange. N.S.W.

Dec 9<sup>th</sup> 99 - Jan 26<sup>th</sup> 1900.

We had been planning for some months to spend the Long  
vacation in N Zealand, and had written to the Bishop of Nelson  
asking about accommodation and cost of living there -  
But after my attack of Influenza had left me so weak, that  
we were afraid of incurring the risks of a sea voyage, and  
at the last moment we ~~decided~~ changed our plans and  
decided to go to Orange, - a district highly recommended  
for consumptives - and spend some part if not all of the  
vacation there. - Several people who had been there spoke  
of it as a pretty town, with a very agreeable climate - where  
we could always depend upon having cool nights -  
We left Sydney by the 10-15 a.m. train - It was a morning of  
sweltering heat - And as far as Penrith it was frightfully hot -  
we found a little relief in crossing the Blue Mts. At Mt Vic-  
toria - which we reached about 2 p.m. we got out for refresh-  
-ments, and a party of females got in and took possession  
of our corner seats - on our return I expostulated, effect-  
-ally - we regained our seats, but the aforesaid females  
seemed ~~seemed~~ to see something ludicrous in the situa-  
-tion, for they were periodically convulsed with laughter  
all the way to Bathurst, where they left the train, I had  
looked unconscious & dazed - soon after leaving  
Mt Victoria, we began to descend, we went down the



famous Lilliput Zigzag, by which the train descends the Great Western Wall of the Blue Mt. range - the fall from the top to the bottom is 657 feet - the zigzag is in three sections thus  and its length is about five miles as you run along the top section you can see the two lines beneath you.

It was terribly hot again as far as Bathurst, after leaving which place we once more began to ascend - to Blayney 2800 ft - Milthorpe over 3000 ft - and Orange 2800 again -

Evening was closing in during this part of the journey, and a Thunder Storm, and heavy shower promised to cool the air. We also liked the appearance of the country - The grass actually had a tinge of green, and the harvest was being cut - & gathered in shocks - we arrived at Orange about 8 P.M. - we learnt to our regret that the Thunderstorm had missed Orange, it was still very close and hot. A cab conveyed us and our luggage to the Royal Hotel - where we had separate rooms, and where we purposed staying for a few days until we found more permanent quarters. - We stayed here a week. we had a comfortable suite of rooms - a sitting room - and two bedrooms opening out of it - and on the other side opening on to the balcony - The terms for myself, G. and the two children - £5.5.0 a week. - The hotel was very quiet, and the table an excellent one, It was however too expensive for a permanent abode, and we resolved to look round - The next day being Sunday - we went to Church which was very large, very dusty, very empty - probably because the day was very hot, after service I interviewed the Parson (Rev. Henry Taylor) in the vestry, who was very pleasant, and very ready & unobtrusive to help us in our search for



accommodation. The Search began on Monday - Mr Ben Tillet who seemed to be agent for everything from a hair restorer, to a house sent us to several addresses - but our quest was fruitless, in some cases, we arrived a few minutes too late, the houses had been just let, in other cases the owners decided not to let. We evidently could not get anything decent in the shape of a furnished cottage under £2. 10. 0 a week. Furnished apartments were also difficult to get, either too small or too dirty. On Tuesday morning Mr Taylor drove me out to a cottage in the country, which Mr Ben Tillet said I could get for 30/- furnished - it was a very lonely spot, but high up & seemed healthy. The owner Mrs Blawie seemed hardly willing to furnish it unless we would promise to stay for 3 months. This I was unwilling to do - however I took of out to see the place, next morning - we actually walked there and back, it must have been a good 5 miles. And I seemed to think it was not a bad sort of place - So as it was Hobson's Choice, we agreed to take it for a month at £2 per week with the option of retaining it a 2<sup>nd</sup> month at 30/- and a third month at £1. So that if we stayed the three months, we should pay an average rent of 30/- a week. We were staying out our week at the hotel, and so out to our country residence on Wednesday 16<sup>th</sup>. Mrs B promising to get it furnished by then.

The week spent in Orange was on the whole very pleasant - the weather changed on Sunday night after which we had a week of bright days, and cool nights, when not house hunting we sat on the Balcony reading, and then in the evening after tea would take pleasant walks -



The week was also brightened, by the reception of the results of the Cambridge Prelim - our six men - all through, and three of them "First Class".

On the whole our first week at Orange was a very pleasant one, and we concluded it was a very nice place - The town is very much like other Australian towns, broad streets laid out at right angles - The country around is undulating, and mostly under cultivation -

On Saturday <sup>(16<sup>th</sup>)</sup> we set out for our desirable furnished Country residence - With much speculation as to what the furniture would be like - We laid in a stock of provisions, and then packed ourselves & our luggage into a large Cab, drove out one road about 2 miles, bumped up another, about a mile, and drew up at the front entrance - I told G, we could depend upon one thing, a large portrait of the Queen - And sure enough when we opened the door, there she was, over the mantle-piece - in a wealth of coloured flory - G at once sat down to recover. Then we proceeded to investigate - Our four roomed Cottage was certainly not overdone <sup>in furniture</sup> - That was my general impression but it takes a wife to fix on details - G says there is no chest of drawers, wonder where she is to keep her dresses - no crock for the bread, no safe for the meat, only one saucepan - how on earth are the potatoes to be boiled, when there happens to be a pudding for dinner - Mrs B our landlady that I turn up and smiles pityingly, at the suggestion of a chest of drawers tho she undertakes to supply the smaller needs - We unpack and settle down for six weeks residence



Our house is a four roomed Cottage - with a <sup>small</sup> garden, full of shrubs and dead grass in front, and a yard full of dead grass & weeds behind - It is a four-roomed Cottage a sitting room dining room & 2 bedrooms - with a lean to kitchen behind - A verandah runs round 3 sides of the house - and is covered with a most prolific grape vine - looking east, the view is pretty, an orchard of 50 acres, full of all kinds of trees, but alas! This year without fruit - then beyond, other orchards, and paddocks with a range of Blue Mts in the distance - looking South - we see large paddocks from which the harvest is being gathered in - to the west the inevitable Australian grass paddocks with its dried up grass, and bleaching stumps of dead gum trees looking like faint speckles in the moonlight. The front of the house looks north, and we see more stubbles and orchards, and the long dusty track, which does duty for a lane, and connects us with the Ballumburra road. Our nearest neighbour is  $3/4$  of a mile away.

Our first week was one of intensely hot weather, we were unable to venture out - Our nights ~~are~~ <sup>were</sup> bad owing to the bedroom being badly ventilated. On Friday (Dec 22<sup>nd</sup>), I ventured to walk to Orange, and nearly fainted with the heat coming back. We moved our bed into the sitting room so as to get it in a current of air, as a result we slept better - Saturday was an awful day of heat with a hot North wind, and the night was one to be remembered, we lay gasping for breath at last we took refuge on the verandah, where I slept in the hammock, and J on the sofa - Sunday was a frightful day. - The atmosphere clouded with dust or smoke in a hot North wind blowing.



Monday was Christmas Day, we tried to feel festive, munch-  
-ed Almonds & raisins, & even <sup>drank</sup> a glass of Port - but it was  
no good, it was too hot - Boxing day was equally hot.  
Then came a change for the better, after 10 days of intolerable  
hot weather we got a cool change, and from Dec. 27 to 31<sup>st</sup>  
it was comparatively cool - Indeed during the whole six weeks  
we were at the Cottage we did not get another spell of hot  
weather - We had hot days - but generally a thunder storm would  
cool the air towards afternoon - and very frequently at night  
we were able to appreciate a fire.

The six weeks of our stay were rather bare of incidents, nothing thrilling  
happened and every day was very like its predecessor -  
I generally used to get up about 7 a.m., and light the fire, then  
loaf about till breakfast. at 9 a.m. the first excitement of the  
day took place, the arrival of Blouse's boy, with the milk  
the daily paper, and frequently letters. These used to delay  
us over breakfast till 10 o'clock. Then we had prayers, some  
times 'Matins' of & Maisie taking the responses - Then the house-  
work had to be done, my share was to do the duties of Chamber-  
maid: assist to wash up, and chop wood, - by this time it  
would be after 11 a.m. I would cook the dinner, I would  
adjoin to the front room, ostensibly to study, too often alas, to  
sleep - While Maisie and Inje would be closeted in the bed-  
room appearing at intervals in different costumes sometimes  
as circus Artists, more frequently as Australian Aborigines  
as far as audacity was concerned - After dinner, we used to  
sit out on the Mandah reading, and sometimes in the evening  
go for a walk, When it was chilly enough for a fire, I used  
to do a fair woman's work.

Our Sundays, were rather dull, I went to Church twice <sup>in</sup> and



The six weeks. It was too far to walk, and we had to depend up-  
-on the charity of our landlady to ~~drive~~ <sup>drive</sup> us. Still I endeavoured to  
mark off Sunday from the other days of the week, by putting on a clean  
shirt, and blacking my boots, one morning we held morning service  
among ourselves on the Mandala.

Gracie was never able to get out - we were to a large extent prisoners.  
The roads were too rough for walking, we did attempt a walk one  
or two evenings, but what with cart ruts, and dust, and grass seeds  
it was not very enjoyable. We were not overdone with society, the  
Vicar called on us once, and some neighbours, the Morrises called once  
we returned their call just before leaving, and were rather sorry we had  
not cultivated them more. Mrs M is a cousin of the landlady's of Sydney.  
She and her daughter were both very nice. They were the whole of our visitors  
except ~~the~~ the Butcher's boy. Butcher's boy and Blowski's boy -  
I went into Orange several times, but as it was a long dusty walk, &  
I seldom had chance of a ride - not often.

Mrs B would sometimes bring us a supply of groceries, when she went to  
Orange, and it was one of the excitements of the week to examine the  
parcels when they came home. It is wonderful what interest we mani-  
fested in 6 lbs of sugar, and a lb of rice.

I maintain the place was haunted, she saw one Sunday morning  
a man in the back yard leaning over a gate, and as she went up  
to see what he wanted, he faded away, for my part phos-  
phors appear by daylight, don't affect me, but I was one night  
disturbed by mysterious shuffling about the dining room floor  
my first thought was burglars, my next the children scuttling  
about the floor. When I got up to investigate I found it was  
a mouse trying to walk off with a newspaper, that was the  
worst ghost I experienced.

In the midst of all this monotonous existence, one or two things



Stand out in relief. The evenings between sunset and dark were enjoyable. Australia has little twilight - but the short interval between sunset and dark, has a peculiar charm. The whole scene is suffused with a warm rosy light, suggestive of firelight in a room with red window curtains - The sky is gorgeously illuminated, the west being banked up with clouds of all colours and the eastern sky catches the reflection. Then as dusk closes in it is pleasant to lie in the hammock, listening to the shrill chirp of the locust, and the weird cry of the laughing jackass - On moonlight nights too, the verandah is very pleasant. That is if the mosquitoes are not too aggressive, I could sit or lie for hours looking up into the clear ~~star~~ star-spangled sky, and dream of days gone by. Those moonlight nights at Orange always carried me back into the past, I remember sitting one beautiful night out with G. and telling her the whole history of my past life, going over the scenes of my boyhood and youth.

Then a wet day, in the bush has its peculiar charm, after a prolonged drought, when every thing is dry and choked with dust and you are sick of the continuous glare of the sun, it is delightful to stand and watch the rain pouring down, and to smell the wet earth; And if after a spell of very hot weather you get a wet-day which is cold enough for a fire, your cup of bliss is full - One Saturday stands out in my memory as a very pleasant day, it was about a week before we left - (Jan 20<sup>th</sup>) After several days of hot close weather, I woke up in the morning to find it raining steadily, I had to go in to Orange & was driven in from Brown's farm, enjoying the drive through the rain immensely. Got back in time for a nice dinner, rather a rare event when you have to do your housekeeping three miles from all shops.) And an especially nice tea; after varying chops &



Steaks, <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ Steaks and Chops, for six weeks, a bit of cold boiled ham is a luxury to revel in, besides we had a clean table cloth. for the first time during our stay; newspapers had done service for us all along, it being easier to burn a dirty paper than to wash a dirty cloth. I.e. we had a table cloth, and tho the spout was knocked off our tea pot, and our tea set consisted of two cups, and two tin mugs, yet that Tea was a meal to be remembered - Then we built up a good log fire, and after tea was cleared away, and the lamp lit, we sat round it, and I read aloud to G, out of "The Cricket on the hearth". What a wealth of joy can be got out of little things, a clean cloth, a bit of boiled ham, ~~and~~ a wood fire, and a nice book. They seem trifles yet I look back on that Saturday as one of the pleasantest days I ever spent.

I am afraid I did not make the most of the time in preparing lectures, I rewrote most of my lectures on "Pearson" and that is about all I did. There was a very good lending library at Orange which we joined - We read the folo:

Bricks of Hammermoon } Scott.  
Heart of Midlothian }

The Hand of Ethelburga - T. Hardy.

Lovewell - Lola

Christmas Stories - C Dickens.

I certainly improved very much in health - When I went up I could hardly walk, had a bad cough, and my temperature used rise at night - to 100° 70° before I left. I had nearly lost my cough, my temperature was down to normal - and I had gained in weight from 11 Stone 5 lbs. to -

11 Stone 8 lbs



On account of my improved health we decided to take the trip to New Zealand - We wrote down and secured berths on the Monowai - which was to sail on the 27<sup>th</sup> Jan -

On Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> we had a big days sweeping, and packing. On Friday 26<sup>th</sup> we had to be up at 5.0 clock. got and eat our breakfast - at 6.45 the Cab came to take us to the Train, and we were packed in, with luggage under us over us, and wedged in between us - after half an hours drive in fear and trembling, we reached the station, got a very good carriage, and had a fair journey, except that it was very hot from the Blue Mountains to Sydney.

I arrived home with a very bad headache, and had to go to bed. Mr Fadden met us at the station, and kindly took charge of our luggage, Mrs Dix made us comfortable for the night at Moore College - then the morning for New Zealand.

Orange we have decided, is on the whole, not a bad place. The climate (excepting the very hot weather about Christmas) was very pleasant. and if we had a comfortably furnished cottage - and were nearer town, so that house keeping would not be so difficult - it would not be at all a bad place to live. -

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The Rev Frank Faithful had had his eyes opened considerably during the last few days -

He had been in Melbourne little more than a week, having left England by his doctor's advice, because of symptoms of weakness in one of his lungs.

When the doctor first suggested Australia, as a good climate, it must be admitted, Frank had very hazy notions as to the Geography of that part of the world. He had an idea that there was a settlement called Botany Bay, and that Victoria was a town somewhere in it; he had also some recollection of a town called Melbourne, he had seen a picture of it in some magazine when he was a boy, which represented it as consisting of a long straggling street, with a Church at one end, a few large warehouses, ~~and~~ the rest of the buildings being mainly one storied wooden cottages.

The doctor however had spoken of the Interior, as having the most suitable climate for chest-complaints, Riverina in particular was mentioned, but Frank Faithful had no particular desire to rough it in the Bush, and up country to his mind conveyed the idea - of a fortnight's journey in a bullock wagon, through districts peopled by hostile blacks, ultimate settlement in a bush township, where the inhabitants were rough men, dressed in shirt and trousers wearing slouch hats, and carrying revolvers and bowie knives.

And then there <sup>would be</sup> ~~was~~ bushrangers, lurking round, and perhaps escaped convicts. Frank was not fond of adventure, but he was young, and life was sweet; he felt it was better to live even amidst discomfort and danger, than to shorten his life by staying in the fogs of old England.



About this time he saw a notice in the Guardian, to the effect that the newly formed diocese of Burrumburra, which embraced the North Eastern portion of the Colony of Victoria, <sup>was badly in need of clergy.</sup> The climate was described as dry, and bracing, and the Bishop was anxious to secure several English University men, who were young, unmarried, fond of riding, and open-air life generally and who were not afraid of anything else.

This seemed just the opening, but Frank with characteristic caution decided not to offer himself straight away for the work to the Bishop's Commissaries in England. He decided as the more prudent course to take with him letters of introduction and go first to Melbourne, where he would be in a better position to get full particulars of the new diocese, and where he could enter into communication with its Bishop. And so he had come to Melbourne accompanied by his Sister Mary, arriving about the beginning of December, 1890.

If Frank Faithful had suddenly been dropped down in some city of the Arabian Nights, he could not have been more surprised than he was when he first stood in that great city of the Southern Hemisphere, <sup>he walked</sup> ~~with~~ its broad well paved streets, he gazed up with open mouth at the great and handsome buildings 8 and 10 stories high and he sat in the beautiful Cathedral, during Evensong and the fine rendering of the service carried him back in spirit to his days at Oxford, and the services at New College and Magdalen. He walked miles and miles out of the city looking for the Bush, but he never seemed to get beyond the suburbs which stretched out in all directions, with noble mansions and picturesque villas nestling



Amidst gardens of tropical beauty, and he saw not a single black, nor did he encounter in all his wanderings a single bushranger.

On his arrival in Melbourne he had at once posted his letters of introduction to the Bishop of Burdeumburra, and had written asking for full particulars about the nature of the work in that diocese; by return of post, he received a letter from the Bishop urging him to come up at once, and offering him charge of the parochial district of Wakefield with an income of £200 a year. The tone of the letter was warm, but no particulars were given about the district, the people, or the nature of the work. Our cautious friend still associated in his mind, bushrangers, and other horrors with ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Up Country, and was rather timid about closing with the Bishop's offer.

Among his letters of introduction was one to a Professor Stokes an old college friend of his father's, and now one of the teaching staff in the Melbourne University; Frank faithfully resolved to look him up and seek his advice on the subject.

Professor Stokes was delighted to welcome the son of his old friend and after the customary greetings put the question invariably put to new comers.

"Well, and what do you think of the Colonies?"

"I have hardly had time to form an opinion" said Frank "I am simply amazed at finding such a magnificent city in Melbourne, surely its growth must have been very rapid, the impression I had formed of it from what I had read as a boy was that it was a very primitive sort of place."



"Ah" said the Professor "it has indeed had a marvellously rapid development. The discovery of gold in this colony accounts for that. Do you mean to settle in Melbourne?"

"Well" said Frank hesitatingly "I hardly know, I have come to get your advice on the matter. The fact is I have been offered a district in the diocese of Burrumburra, and before accepting the offer I am anxious to learn some thing of the character of the country."

"It is just the place for you" said Professor Stokes, "The diocese contains some of the finest land in Victoria, also some of our richest gold fields, while the climate is delightful & eminently suited for those who suffer from weak lungs."

"I suppose" suggested Frank "that the work is almost entirely of a missionary character?"

"Pshaw my heart, no!" exclaimed the Professor "do you take us Victorians for Savages, you will find the people quite as religious as they are in England."

"But what about the natives?" asked Frank "I saw in the Argus yesterday, a notice of a meeting of the Australian Natives Association to be shortly held at Burrumburra, and I concluded there must be a number of them in the country round about."

Frank stopped, for he saw a broad grin on his companion's face. "Well, Well", said the latter, and to you were looking forward to a regular Corroboree of Australian Blacks. How disappointed you will be, why my friend the natives, are not the Aborigines, but simply our own sons born in the Colony and as white, and as English as you are yourself."



## Trip to New Zealand -

We arrived in Sydney from Orange Fri Evening Feb 26<sup>th</sup> and left for N Z by the Monowai at 1. p.m. next day. It was a terrible rush to get off - I had to be taken to the doctor to have her ear syringed and I had to go to the Bank and Register - However we got off all right. Stephen went with us, Maisie was left in charge of Mrs Dix so as to go to school.

We had a lovely voyage, the sea was like a lake all the way. The passengers were very pleasant, the stewards very attentive, and everything very nice. On Sunday night, Rev Julius of Christ Church who was on board conducted service, & I read the lessons for him. On Monday, a concert was extemporised in the Social Hall. It was a dream of a voyage, the days balmy and lazy, the nights still and warm. We used to sit on the deck till quite late, listening to the swish of the waves, reading, or dreaming, it recalled the "Hornbinger" very much to my mind, especially when I could hear a concertina and dancing on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor deck.

There was one thing which happened to mar the pleasure of the voyage, as I was sitting reading on deck Mon Morn<sup>g</sup>. (Jan 26<sup>th</sup>) I unexpectedly coughed up some blood, I went down, and a Dr who was on board advised me to keep still for a few hours. About two table spoonfuls came up, <sup>4.</sup> without any apparent cause. It was rather disturbing, and made me feel very anxious, also unsettled about continuing the work in Sydney. However there was no recurrence, only the mucous continued discoloured, but that disappeared by Wednesday.

When we got on deck Wednesday Morn<sup>g</sup> we were in sight of land which we kept in sight most of the way till we reached Wellington about 4. p.m. Then we were detained through having to undergo a painful medical examination - so as to make sure there



Was no case of bubonic plague on board. By the time this was over it was 6 o'clock. The passenger ~~and~~ agreed to remain slaying aboard all night, so we had to rush off and look for lodgings. We took a walk round in the evening, and had another walk in the morning. The town looks rather pretty from the harbour, there are high mountains at the back. and many of the houses rise in terraces up the slopes. Wellington is the seat of government for N.Z. and consists of about 40,000 inhabitants.

At 12 o'clock on Thursday (Feb. 1<sup>st</sup>), we transhipped to the Nelson boat (The Takapuna). Set sail about 1 p.m. it was cold & rough crossing Cook's Straits, but after about 3 hours we entered Tory Channel, where we were in calm water - The channel is like a very wide river, with lofty mountains on either side. After an hour's steaming, the channel widens out into Queen Charlotte Sound, N Zealand is famous for its sounds, which are said to equal the fjords of Norway. This one is like a great inland lake, shut in by mountains on every side 2000 & 3000 ft high. ~~At the~~ Running up an arm of the Sound, we came to the little town of Picton, nestling at the foot of lofty mountains. This is a great port for frozen mutton, which is shipped here for England. Our boat got in about 6 p.m.; and as we did not leave until midnight, I had time after dinner to go ashore and have a look round in the twilight, I should not think it is a place of more than 400 or 500 inhabitants, but it beautiful for situation and verdure.

I believe the boat passes through some grand Coastal scenery between Picton and Nelson, The French Pass is very celebrated, the current literally rushes through this channel, which is so narrow, that standing on deck you could toss a biscuit on to the land on either side. We however saw nothing of it as we



were fast asleep in our berths - - When we woke up on Friday morning we were in sight of Nelson.

I have long had a wish to visit Nelson - Its beauties, and climate have been so extolled - Some one has said of it -

"Thou everlasting Spring abides, And never withering flowered" -  
And Max Orell described it as "a <sup>miniature</sup> modern Arcadia, an idyll <sup>a gem</sup> a sleeping beauty" Its climate is supposed to be one of the best in the world for delicate people, because of its equal temperature. On landing, we drove to Panama House, where we secured rooms 25/- a week. - Then I called on a Dr Mackie, who examined me and gave me something to check any hæmorrhagic tendency. Then I called on Mr Knipley the Registrar, from whom I learnt that the Bishop was away, Miss Mules, the Bishop's daughter was at the Registry, and promised to call on us that afternoon, and invited us up to Bishop's Court next day to lunch. In the afternoon I looked round the town, and found it a truly lovely place, on one side the bay, on the other three high lofty mountains rise peak above peak, some I should think as high as 5000 feet. The town is literally embedded in foliage Oak, ash, lime, horse chestnut beech, and all sorts of English trees - none of your everlasting gum; The houses are mostly of wood but not plain, and uniform like the Australian weather board houses, they are built in imitation of brick and stone, and painted red blue, or grey, the colours prettily contrasting with the foliage around. Every house is literally embedded in trees and flowers - There are mansions, with lovely lawns, and drives shaded with limes, and there are pretty gabled cottages nestling in gardens which are a wilderness of flowers, the neatly trimmed hawthorn hedges are interlarded with red geraniums - Right through the centre of the town runs a river, the "Maitai"



Not a bed of dried up mud, nor channel of yellow water such as the Australian rivers are, but a clear limpid stream, rippling over a bed of pebbles, fringed with willow bushes and arched over with graceful weeping willows. I crossed the river over a rustic wooden bridge, and entered a sort of park, called the Botanical Gardens, tho' that is clearly a misnomer, it is a real old fashioned English meadow, with a belt of great shady horsechestnuts & weeping willows around it, a lovely place to come on a warm day to sit, and read and dream. We made good use of it during our stay.

Next day. Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> Feb - we were driven out to Bishopdale to lunch, about 2 miles out into the country - Every where was a perfect Arcadia, we went over hill and dale, past rustic cottages and ornamental mansions, and all set in a framework of gardens and orchards. Please don't think of our Australian Orchard, which is a large ploughed paddock with fruit trees set symmetrically in rows, like a magnified Cabbage bed and a post and rail fence round it, no! no! These orchards look as if God planted them, not man; they are rambling, overgrown, and green; a wild forest of fruit trees, the branches intertwining one with the other, while flowering creepers, Jasmine & honeysuckle, fill up the little spaces between. Bishopdale is about 200 ft. elevation above Nelson, and from the front of the house there is a fine view of the town and bay. It is a large rambling old house of many gables, built of wood, painted red, and covered with creepers, the porches around are extensive and beautiful, there is a neatly fitted up little chapel in them, and there is also a small college attached to the house, where the Bishop trains his future clergy - He spent the afternoon there most enjoyably.



On Sunday Feb 4<sup>th</sup>, we went in the morning to the Cathedral  
An ecclesiastical looking wooden structure, with a fine clock  
tower, it stands in a commanding position on a hill, and is the  
most prominent object noticeable on approaching the town. The service  
was rather dull, and the choir only "muddled" - we had a sermon  
chiefly contemptuous, by the absence from it of any flavour of the  
doctrine of grace. It was high and dry - There is another Church  
in the town, which I went to on the following Sunday night. viz  
All Saints, here there was a good congregation, and a warm  
heartly service of a pronounced Evangelical type. My friend  
Rev J Southey was preaching there, as he was <sup>on</sup> a visit to Nelson with  
Dr & Mrs Hudson Taylor. from Feb 9<sup>th</sup> to 13<sup>th</sup>. We had several chats  
during his visit, I also attended an afternoon meet<sup>g</sup> in the  
Bishop's School Feb 10<sup>th</sup> which was addressed by Hudson Taylor.

During our first week we did some long walks -

On Monday<sup>st</sup> we took the train down to the Port, and then had a long  
walk along the Esplanade, the rocks above us, the bay below us.

On Tuesday<sup>nd</sup> we visited the public gardens, which are very pretty -

On Wed 7<sup>th</sup> we went out by train through the Waima plain  
a flat extent of country about 20 miles long, and from  
2 to 4 miles across - which is wholly under agriculture. We  
went as far as Richmond 8 miles from Nelson, the country  
was very homelike. Small fields enclosed with neat hedges  
and farm houses dotted about. The harvest was mostly in, and  
was stacked in neat round stacks, just as in England. We saw  
several fields of barley still unharvested. Richmond is a charm-  
ing little village, with long shady lanes, and cottages nestling  
in gardens and orchards, the hedges are of hawthorn and honey-  
suckle - The little church stands on a slight hill, and is ap-  
proached through an avenue of trees, it is surrounded by



ponies and laurel bushes, and surmounted by a picturesque belfry, while in the immediate background towers a great mountain. The Churchyard only wanted a Lynch gate, and one or two old men in smock frocks, sitting beneath it, then it would have been the perfection of ~~rural~~ <sup>rural</sup> beauty. We sat on a grassy bank under a honey suckle hedge reaching and eating apples till the train was due to take us back to Nelson -

On Thursday 8<sup>th</sup> we took quite a long walk in the afternoon around the bay to the cemetery which stands on a hill 2 miles out of Nelson, the roads are all well made & easy to walk on.

But on Saturday 10<sup>th</sup> we had the gem of all our walks - along the banks of the River Maitai, a good road runs along the edge of the river for about 6 miles as it winds its way between high mountains on either side - The road is shaded with willows & immense poplars, and at intervals crosses the stream by means of a rustic wooden bridge. The whole scenery reminded me very much of parts of the River Dee between Corwen & Blaenfollen. How we walked, and sat, and breathed in the delicious air and exclaimed at almost every step, "how lovely! how quiet!" <sup>and</sup> I think we met more than one person all the morning.

Nelson certainly deserves its name of sunny Nelson, it is spring weather all the year round, on the hottest day in summer, the heat is tempered by a cool sea breeze. In winter they say, that the nights are cold & frosty, the days clear and warm, the climate is said to be like Devonshire, only brighter, and less humid.

In one respect it didn't suit me, I was very wheezy - and several nights I suffered from great tightness of the chest. Someone told me that the place was bad for asthma and rheumatism - & our board house was on a low ground & shut in by hills.



After about 10 days in Nelson we decided to go up country for a few days to see if the climate would be any better for me. if I got on higher ground. so -

On Tuesday (Feb 13) We took train for Foxhill a little country place 22 miles from Nelson. and of about 350 feet elevation. It stands on the side of the Road to the West Coast and up to that year was the starting point of the Westport Coach. Now the railway has been extended some 10 miles, and Foxhill Inn has retired from active life, tho it is still a favourite resort of honeymoon couples, and such as are in search of romantic seclusion. It is a quaint old fashioned gabled house, of two stories, with shrubberies around it, and grassy orchard, and farm land at the back. It stands in a long narrow valley with mountains on each side, and a brook running down below it. The house reminds me of some old wayside inn described in Dickens. Mr Gankrodger is a very good specimen of "muncher" and his housekeeper Mrs Lewis, is a first class hostess; quite equal in motherly care and housewifely skill to the famous Mrs Owen, whose cooks, Charles Kingoley, and Tom Hughes were so successful in drawing. Mrs Lewis is a rosy faced burton spinster of between 50 to 60 - Who feeds us on the choicest of mutton, and poultry that melts in your mouth, while cream is put on the table in a fruit jug. The place is a marvel of cheapness. The charge for board, bedroom, & private sitting room for our party is only 8/- a day. Which was the charge for each adult at Orange.

~~Foxhill~~ Foxhill is a great hop growing district, and during our stay the woad was quite lively with parties of hoppers. They set 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> bushel for picking, and a good worker will pick 30 bushels or more a day. The schools close for two weeks holidays & enable the children



We stayed at Foxhill nearly 2 weeks and returned to Nelson Sat Feb 24<sup>th</sup> remaining till full Friday (Mar 1<sup>st</sup>). During this week Nelson was in a state of great excitement over the departure of the Contingent (5<sup>th</sup>) for the war. Little Nelson had managed to equip 8 men & horses, and the whole town turned out to give them a send off on Wed Morning. Quite a grand procession was organized. First came the local band, playing "Will he no come back again"; then the leading citizens in carriages, next the 8 mounted heroes, followed by about 300 cyclists - ladies and gentlemen. Last of all, several hundred<sup>m</sup> horseback, men ladies and boys - everybody who had a horse joined in, including the butchers' boys. On Thursday I had an interview with BP Mules. -

On Friday (Mar 1<sup>st</sup>), we left for Lyttelton - Our boat was an old tub, rejoicing in the name of "The Takapuna". We had the Cabin next the galley, which had an atmosphere like that of a steam laundry, and swarmed with cock roaches. The boat stayed 24 hours at Wellington - so we had another look round; went to the Museum, which is not worth the name, saw the Government buildings, which I believe is the finest wooden structure in the Colonies, had our hair blown off and our eyes and lungs well filled with dust, and finally said good bye to Wellington, without regret. .

From Wellington to Lyttelton is about 14 hours journey - We left W. 11. p.m. Sat, Mar 2<sup>nd</sup>, reached Lyttelton 1 p.m. Sunday.

Lyttelton harbour is very pretty with a range of hills at the back, & the houses built on the sides of the hill, after the manner of Barmouth. We left our boat here as we intended staying at Christ Church for a week, a wharf labourer carries our portmanteaux to the train (about 5 min walk), & charges for his trouble the modest fee 7 2/-



We jump into the train, which at once plunges into a long tunnel, burrowing through the range of hills along the Coast, when we emerge out of the tunnel on the other side of the hill, we are in a large plain, extending for many miles, Half an hour's run brings us to Christ Church, which stands in the centre of this plain, and is one of the most beautiful and prosperous cities of N.Z. . Ch. Ch was founded by a company of English settlers 50 years ago. Their scheme was to found a colony on strict Church of England lines, and build a city which should be an exact counterpart of an English Cathedral City. To some extent they succeeded. In the centre of their city in the midst of a large square, they have built a handsome stone Cathedral with lofty spire, From this as centre, the streets radiate and they are named after the Cathedral cities of the Church of England & Ireland. The Church is wealthy, the Bishop has an income of £1400 a year - there are plenty of churches and colleges, but alas? godlessness abounds as much here as in other less favoured places -