

24/060

Clyton College Alice St
New Farm

GEORGE PEACOCK,
WHARF, HOBART,
BOX POST OFFICE, SYDNEY.

Sydney.

Sept 30th 1883

Dear Paaré

I feel sure that you are annoyed with me in this matter of Conway but really I did what I could. I naturally thought he would arrive in Melbourne as he was to open his firm. The first I heard of his arrival here was his presence at a picnic last Saturday in Sunday's paper and I made up my mind to go to town next day to see him. That day I got your telegram and upon making enquiries in Sydney learned that he had gone to Melbourne about an hour ago. However I think you may set your mind at rest if you have not done so already for I am persuaded he will visit Tasmania professionally. In my opinion, into whose hands he has fallen, I think luckily for the pecuniary success of his trip, never misses Tasmania where he has always done pretty well. Remember Proctor and Clark and others who were no better known than Conway. In my opinion he managed to do well with his outfit. Still I will undertake to have an interview or present a letter when Conway returns if you like. Regarding the matter of the Kendall Subscription

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tell me if you have yet received any acknowledgment as promised. I visited Kendall's farm one Saturday afternoon and had considerable difficulty in finding it. A small piece of tin stuck in a small up right stick with his name alone, marks the place of the poet. He went on to Waverley and Croajal Bay and gathered some of the wild flowers he loved. The wild flowers here are particularly brilliant and varied and we often have a Saturday or Sunday walk to collect them. These walks are about the happiest times we have. I am not over happy myself and fear I am gradually losing the light heartedness for which I think I was once famous among my immediate surroundings. "Errow and her family of Sigs" comes and live with us from time to time and we are apt at such times to take a glomy view of all things. I have sent for my books and will do a little more reading than I have of late and will write a bit for the Tasmanian Social evenings. As to most of all things I cannot help taking a great interest in our Carrikin Club which we have now started under the name of "The Young Australian Club" in Ultimo where many of

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them one. The first night we opened we had about 30 boys whom we kept busy all night with all kinds of parlor games and picture books. The ladies sang songs between but we had no music though we are to have a piano. The ladies were very quiet but I was much amused with the ladies who though elated with success were quite sorry that the boys were so well behaved, as it seemed to them that the club would not do so much good after all. I knew their latent capabilities for mischief however and experienced it too for on going away I found my hat had been knocked about. If the girls stick to it and attend one or two each evening I feel sure it will do a great deal of good. Taking advantage of a cheap trip to a land sale I went to the Blue Mountains last Saturday up the famous zig-zag, 70 miles and back for 3/- and a free lunch thrown in. The place Katoomba is a rough mountain where there is nothing but one grand hotel but the small building allotments brought from £30 to £50. After a lunch in the old camp part of Germania Acker & I started for Katoomba hills about a mile away. The first came to a large hole

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or dell, with a waterfall at the end, filled with beautiful ferns. and about 300 yards further I saw the grandest scene I have come across. We reached a promontory of coarse sandstone by climbing and a view of unsurpassable grandness was before us. Before us was a oval mountain situated in a vast hollow filled with trees so that the compact mass of their foliage only was visible from above, and round the top was ridge after ridge of blue mountain chains stretching miles and miles away. The face of the mountain before us showed the bare rock along which ran a terrace in a straight line like a mighty battery. On each side of the ragged promontory we stood upon was another into a deep gully between. The one to the right had a coal mine with engine house chimney and winding gear right on its edge and adjoining it was a pillar of rough rock over a hundred feet high with trees growing on its sides and summit. In the gully on the other side was the famous Katoomba falls only heard from where we were but when seen from the coal mine appeared like a veil of white lace falling, ever falling, over the huge wall of brown rock. This other side

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also carried out into a promontary which terminated
 in three sphinx-like rocks the last one having a tree
 right in its summit. The scene has drowned the
 memory of a miserable journey in a crowded
 train on a wet day. Thus a "sermon in stones" became
 a unquenchable thirst for its mute eloquence. I have
 been pushing Mr. Allen who is favoured of the muses to
 go into verse on it. If I succeed you shall have a
 copy for it needs a metrical description.

Love to all

Yours very truly
 J. O. B. Howard