Round the World Tour by Two Intrepid Ladies
Diary of a trip lasting fourteen months between 1911 and 1912
by Ursula O'Farrell

'Bought immense dragonfly - a boy had it on a string - and liberated it'.
(China)

'The natives are most polite,
Nearly all lower their sunshades (umbrellas) or take off their large round hats when one approaches.
The most respectful crouch quite low to the ground. This I found rather embarrassing at first but am now becoming accustomed to it'.
(Java)

In 1881, eighteen year-old Emily Birckett from Pimlico in London, married Charles William Townley Yielding and came to live in Glenastar Lodge in Ardagh, near Newcastle West, County Limerick, a family property.1 Three years later she was widowed with one son, Richard (Dick), and in 1885 she was joined by Josephine Cornelius, aged 17 (probably from London) who remained her companion until Emily died in 1949. She divided her time between London, for the Season, and Glenastar, but when on her travels it was Glenastar that remained vivid in her mind. Waterfalls and glens in Java compared unfavourably with Glenastar and the best view was 'almost exactly like our Turn Hill Road - plain and all'.

In Glenastar too, she gave monies to various causes. In 1913 ten shillings went to the Old Mill Sports, ten shillings for 'Sheedy deed', and the same amount for 'Jack Brander going to Australia'. Willie Hurley received 2s.6d on returning to school, and at Christmas time a 'travelling' beggar got 6d. The postman was given 7s.6d. as a Christmas box, and on St. Stephen's Day the Carrickerty and the 'Russia'2 wrenboys got 5s.0d. each. In December 1914, 6s. 0d., a large muffler and four pieces of tobacco were her gift to a 'soldier (lived near Windle) going to front', and 10s.0d. for the Volunteers.

In London she was an avid theatre-goer, and her account book is filled with entries about tickets and programmes for the Palladium, Drury Lane and others. It also gives a picture of a lady of the time, handing out small monies wherever she went and keeping careful record of these. Tips for men securing cabs, for station masters and porters, chambermaids, bellboys and waiters, and even for a policeman who rescued her hat when it blew off in a gale.

In 1911/12 by boat and train, bullock cart, sedan chair and rickshaw, she must have been both exhausting and hazardous, and at times very scary.

Emily kept a diary which is both factual and brief, merely recording temples and gardens visited, with very little personal insight or impact. Some letters to her son Dick, written between India and China, also survive, and these contain a more personal record of the impact the sights and journeys had on her. Since the diary was kept over fourteen months rather than a year, the entries for two months - (mid-September to mid-November 1912) - are written sideways over the 1911 dates, making them almost impossible to decipher.

Emily also kept some notebooks about what she packed, how she spent her money, souvenirs she bought and sent home, but reading the material gives almost no picture of their real selves, and even their relationship is unclear. Josephine was a friend, a paid personal maid, and a companion who did shopping, paid bills and yet at times travelled and ate separately. It would have been interesting to read more of Josephine's thoughts and ideas, how she would have looked at the...
different sights, and would she have agreed or disagreed with the opinions expressed by Emily Yeilding — for example about getting accustomed to the obsequies of the natives! As she is rarely mentioned in the diary it is difficult to remain aware that she was part of the trip and the memories!

On 7 September 1911, the two ladies set out from Victoria station in London for Calais, having paid excess on their luggage, and it took two weeks to reach Bombay, travelling by express train to Marseille where they boarded the SS Arabia. This took them to Port Said, on through the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Aiden, and across the Indian Ocean to Bombay. The company at meals was good and the evening dances entertaining, but the passage was rough enough at times to cause sea sickness, and they were glad to arrive in Bombay. They travelled around India by train, which they enjoyed:

What has struck me most up to the present is the living moving pictures — pictures from Bible stories. Herders minding their sheep and cattle and groups of natives squatting under trees — they all squat to work.

But the provision of a ladies’ carriage was a mixed blessing due to a passenger ‘...I fancy connected with missions ... whose coolies ran off with my boots.’

In the north of India near Darjeeling, she went up Tiger Hill to view Mount Everest, and sent a photograph home with the caption ‘Self in centre — J immediately behind me carrying wrap on Tiger’s Hill having fine view of Mt. Everest’.

Another photograph taken on a train was captioned, ‘The huge figure with light motor veil is myself (don’t on any account show it to anyone).’ (On second thoughts,

I am sending one to ET so no matter who sees it. I have a blue serge coat on, over that my long molskin coat, and over that again my large froze. Even then I was perished and J, who was not so warmly clad, began to turn blue before we came down. J is in black holding my grey fur’.

**Durbar in Delhi: 5-23 December 1911**

A Durbar was a Royal court reception, and the newly crowned King of England, George V, and Queen Mary travelled at the end of 1911 to India to be further crowned Emperor and Empress of India, at the Coronation Durbar. This event went on for five weeks, and was held in a specially constructed tent-city of twenty-five square miles outside Delhi, capable of housing 25,000 people. Emily spent £140 for her accommodation here. More than 500 Indian princes and maharajas attended and their camps and pavilions were designed to make impressive statements about the wealth and importance of their owners. The Durbar afforded an opportunity for the Indian princes to publicly pay homage to the British crown, and also to show off their own wealth. With their attendants and armies numbering more than 5,000, it provided a magnificent spectacle.

The Indian princesses and important ladies had to watch events from behind specially constructed lattice walls, to see but definitely not to be seen. However, at a purdah party on the morning of 9 December 1911, Queen Mary met with about one hundred Indian princesses, who presented her with an address and a magnificent jewel. The Queen spoke in modern fashion:

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_above: Snow capped Kangchenjunga, seen from the hills of Darjeeling._

_left: View of Hong Kong harbour._
I have learned with deep satisfaction of the evolution which is gradually but surely taking place among the inmates of the purdah ... convey to the sisterhood of this great Empire my warm thanks.3

Emily's diary is curiously blank for these Durbar days, merely mentioning the main Royal event for each day, including the magnificent State Entry, the impressive Royal Procession and the Presentation of Colours, statements of equal splendour and importance. The Queen wore a white satin dress and a lace train which was made for her by sixty lace-makers at the Presentation Concert in Youghal, County Cork, over a period of six months. This magnificent train reputedly contained more than 5,000,000 stitches. The final event was a garden party, with the King and Queen seated on a marble balcony overlooking the vast plain, while the ordinary people of India, waving, singing and yelling with delight, surged past in lines of fifty abreast, a mighty and multicoloured torrent of people celebrating the occasion.

The following day must have been quite an anti-climax. Forty cars took the King and his retinue on a tiger-shooting trip, the Queen went sightseeing, and Emily and Josephine went to a church service: 'Extremely dull service, no choir, no soldiers and dull old missionary preaching.' But she was off to Simla for Christmas Day dinner at the Viceregal Lodge. (On the train to Simla she felt ill but 'found smoking stopped it' - this must have been quite daring even though a medicinal excuse was used!) Then onwards to Agra and the Taj Mahal, to Jaipur to ride on elephants, and to Calcutta to see funeral pyres being lighted on the river and to visit the Black Hole of Calcutta, where so many had died tragically and horrifically. So her final days in India regained both interest and novelty, as she prepared to leave for Rangoon.

*Burma (Myanmar): Sunday 28 February - 8 March 1912*

There must have been a new excitement and apprehension about moving on, having spent two months in India, which was still very much part of the British Empire. The real 'unknown' lay before them as they travelled to Burma (Myanmar today), but true to form, her first action on reaching Rangoon was to go immediately to visit the Shwedagon Paya pagoda. This is a religious symbol for Burmese identity which over the years has accumulated fifty tons of gold leaf and a spire encrusted with diamonds.

They travelled on to Mandalay, cruising down the Irrawaddy in an unhurried manner, probably reminiscent of a description by 'Tiege' in his book *The Other Side of the Lantern*, (which was among Emily's papers), of a native pilot on an Irrawaddy boat:

... usually a wrinkled old man ... as placid as the river. The movements of his hand which guide the ship are as mystic as the river language, as the caddies, the line of ripples. ... He signs to the ship in this water language, and the ship understands. ... He is the priest of the river. He passes his days in watching her face. ... And one day his love, the river, will carry him away with her to sea.

After three blank diary days, Emily saw lights being floated down the river, and on shore saw a local fair, a play in a bamboo tent, and gambling, although she did not take part! She may have seen sunsets which reminded her of Rudyard Kipling's verses:

'On the road to Mandalay, where the flying-fishes play
And the dawn comes up like thunder
Out China across the bay.'

She did see flying fishes: 'If they had not been pointed out to me I should have thought (I was a good way off) they were small dark birds flying a little way above the water.' They travelled mainly by train and by boat, perhaps because the roads were not of a high standard, and continued on to Java via Singapore, where she stayed in the famous Raffles Hotel, having been driven from the boat by the manager himself.

On this part of the journey they met travellers hurrying to Japan to see the famed displays of cherry blossoms. As they got on the boat from Rangoon to Penang, there was a medical examination before going on board, 'the men by a man, the women by a woman - an absolute farce - the woman felt pulse for a minute', then all allowed on board. The heat was severe - almost 90 degrees in her cabin, but despite this, later that evening she was escorted down into the engine room to see the workings of the engines, so she was always open to new experiences.

*Java: March/April 1912*

Travelling from Singapore to Java, Emily and Josephine 'crossed the date line' but give no mention of celebration - just the stated fact.3 There were Americans on board who 'ate nearly all the ice at dinner', and she describes the bathing facilities with both amazement and disbelief:

The Bath Room... leads out into the Dining Saloon which is most inconvenient. ... I was shown to one containing what looked like a cistern covered with wood, except for a square hole on one side large enough to dip a child's sea-side bucket in. There was a kind of small brass bucket with a handle on one side. This one has to dip into the cistern and pour over oneself. I did not attempt this feat, but had a fairly large pail of hot water brought to my cabin.

They landed in Batavia at 7 a.m. and stayed indoors for the rest of the day, merely venturing out to buy 'various things' from peddlars, as well as a basket of flowers for their room.

The following day she went to the Tourist Bureau and mapped out her route through the island. She hired a guide 'John, a Christian who speaks English', which was essential 'otherwise I should see nothing

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*Raffles Hotel* at the turn of the century.
Greatly disturbed at night by some rowdy person playing the piano in the recreation room at 2 a.m. Heard afterwards it was a lunatic! In Jakarta ... People are saying Peking not safe – these rumbles of trouble in China shows the spread of rumour was rife long before mobile phones!

'It does not feel in the least like Easter here. Also I must not forget to say I am not going to have any more birthdays (for at least 110 years) and I have also decided that you are my step-sen. Much love all the same. M.' I get the sense of some old shared joke here, which I cannot decipher, beyond a guess at feelings of not wanting to appear her age, to wish she were younger.

Reaching Buitenzorg they stayed at the Hotel Bellevue, and true to form were out immediately after breakfast to see the 'Botanical Gardens and Residency museum – pleasant director. Near the gate saw a poor frog being swallowed by a snake.' This would not have been a pleasant event to see! It is echoed when she arrived at the Solo Zoo (central Java). 'Poor chickens in snakes' cages, pecking about until the monsters should wake up! Wonderful monkeys and birds.' On the following day she ‘drove to Zoo again and took J. Most of the chickens still alive. Gave them biscuits.’

Western Java is a countryside of volcanoes and waterfalls, sulphur lakes and groves with vivid colours, and at Lake Bagendit she found warm baths, a market, and a tapioca manufactory. As she drove around, she expressed surprise at the growth everywhere: 'It is very curious to see the rice crops in all stages of development – some fields just starting, others half grown, and others being gathered.' She also noted large areas of sugar cane flourishing owing to the ‘daily shower’, bananas and apples, mangoes and bread fruit, and durian fruit, which Josephine liked but which Emily described as ‘having a pulp something like a custard but smelling of a mixture of apples and onions. The taste is not so unpleasant as the smell, but I fancy it would make one bilious’. They also took note of Krakatau off west coast of Java, the island that blew to pieces in 1883 with a sound that was heard 5,000 km away, and they saw Bromo, part of the volcanic landscape of East Java, with three peaks emerging from a huge caldera.

In Djakia: a very pleasant Austrian couple lent me their carriage to visit a Sultan’s palace. Emily was not too easily impressed: 'Some of the numerous Royal family have a dancing lesson every morning except Fridays and I watched for some time – not really dancing, posturing. The princesses were not very prepossessing. Tint plain girls with frightfully ugly long bare feet with spreading toes and enlarged big toe joint – caused I expect by straining the muscles..... A table with coffee etc. was brought always in case the Sultan should put in an appearance; however he did not come that morning. A small prince in a state of nature fled when Mr. Demeter tried to snapshot him. We also saw the fighting cocks kept by the Sultan. They were not fighting but being carried each by his own attendant.

On 17 April, while booking her ticket in Sauralaya to go to Singapore, she records seeing a bridal party with a weeping bride and an American groom. These few words conjure up several potential stories, but like so many of her diary entries, we hear no more! On to Singapore, where she was held up for two weeks waiting for the boat to Hong Kong. She had the distinct feeling of beginning their return journey: 'At last I am turning my face homewards', but her adventures were by no means ended.

A letter to Dick from Singapore is filled with gossip from social magazines. She writes: 'I am thankful you have no penchant for Honor – I am sure an alliance with that family would not be conducive to your happiness'. It would be great to know what family is so totally dismissed! The Southern Cross was pointed out to her: 'Not at all what I expected (it is of course possible that I may have been looking at the wrong group of stars).'

She decided to call to Macao and Canton on the way to Hong Kong, despite hearing rumours of violence along the way. They were told there were pirates everywhere, and her guide was about twenty and carried a gun! But although Macao was very poor, she thought it most beautiful: 'reminds me very much of the Riviera'.

Also 'I forgot to tell you I went to a gambling house at Macao (and lost a dollar), but also in Macao ‘I forgot to tell you that there is a lot of small poke and
plague. Before I left I was lucky enough to see a procession to ward it off – I think to appease the plague devil. Various shrines with fruit and things were carried along, but most interesting a huge dragon of straw carried by about 16 men. I thought at first it had caught fire as I could see sparks on it, but they were just sticks so would only smoke. She mentions a large group of Americans (500 or more) who wished to continue on to Canton, but having caused unspecified trouble, when arrangements were being made, ‘word was sent from Canton that if they came, they would be shot ... so they had to be satisfied with seeing Macao’.

Canton was ‘like a town in the middle ages’, although there were ‘a frightful lot of common rich Americans’ in their hotel. The streets were extremely narrow with ‘barely room for the not wide chairs to be carried. The streets are the great attraction and there are miles of them. I looked hard for a dog in a butcher’s shop, but could see no trace of one, neither could I fancy that taste must be dying out ... heaps of worms and horrible looking flesh and fat of various colours’.

She writes to Dice: ‘Canton in a very disturbed state ... shootings everywhere. But this is Emily Yeilding, and she further writes ‘I nearly had an adventure’. She and Josephine went to a local play-house – almost an hour from their hotel, in chairs, ‘which turned out to be rather stupid’. They were the only foreigners there, ‘each gallery looked at us with curiosity, but perfectly friendly glances’. Having heard that the performance would continue until 4 a.m., they left about 9 and their chairs were waiting. ‘All went well until we got to the gate shutting in the European quarters. That to my horror we found shut ... However the sentry let me and J through and after some argument, the guide, but would not allow the chairs and coolies to pass, so we had to walk. Luckily it was not raining’. She was told the same thing had happened two days before to a Frenchman, who climbed over the gate, but was arrested and locked up for the night. notwithstanding this story, they went back to the theatre the following evening and it was much more entertaining!

Packing for a year

Aged 48, Emily was probably more concerned with comfort than with style, but she must have brought with her several trunks to contain the clothes she lists as being essential. Light coloured dresses were deemed most suitable. In ‘rustic and striped alpaca’, though she also listed ‘thin and thick knickerbockers’ and ‘some wool stockings’. Sensibly she chose ‘loose white and grey low heeled shoes (grey shoes better than brown for dust), not laced and able to slip on easily. Plenty of muslin dresses and thin silk petticoats for tropics’ indicate that she was being well-advised about the extreme heat she would encounter, and she included ‘3 or 4 thin dust coats and 2 green lined sunshades’. The possibility of extreme cold was very real too, and she packed a large flannel coat, 1 thinner, neck fur, fur cape as well as ‘ride astride habits – 2 quite thin, one medium and newly made shaped dandy corsets’. Also listed are ‘2 doz of each thin undershirts. Dress preservers, bodices, chemises, drawers, 4 thick nightdresses, 4 pyjamas, 2 medium black knickerbockers, 4 thin, 2 doz. White silk stockings. ... Any amount of suede gloves – white and cream’. Hats were of supreme importance: ‘On no account bring ordinary straw hats on long travel. Absolutely useless. Solar hats very useful as keep tidy and in shape’. She must have made the mistake of trusting ‘ordinary straw hats’ on previous sunny journeys!

Make-up was not going to be easy to carry in foreign parts, so ‘face cream, hair tonic and paste’ were included with ‘face towels’. Add Josephine’s belongings to all this, and their progress must have been stately indeed! And even with all possibilities thus catered for, there were still mishaps. In Peking she could not go to a Legation party because she had left her dress hats in Shanghai!

Throughout the diary there is mention of items bought along the way. In Peking she bought a ‘set of sables ... and various curios ... so cheap (from a man who gets things from a pawnshop) I fancy they must have been looted ... J is a good bargain maker and these Chinese appreciate the gift’. In Japan Emily bought a picture by a Japanese artist which ‘will go with watercolours in Lodge’, lanterns, silk for flowers, four sable tails and muffs of Russian squirrel, a butterfly brooch, and surprisingly a set of small tools and knives.

Hong Kong and China: May 1912

On the 6 May they were finally on the way to Hong Kong, on a boat which ‘was built for a troop ship’, and which the Chief Engineer ‘a chatty man’ said was the steadiest boat he was ever on. The heat was intense. Never below 90 degrees in my cabin. This was the first time I have had the honour of sitting at the Captains table. Pouring torrents now. On the boat from Hong Kong to Shanghai, the fog was so severe that: ‘No church today as the Captain will not leave the bridge, several children on board and a baby which screams continually. The ship will not get into port until tomorrow, as it has to be fumigated as we have come from Hong Kong where there is a lot of plague’. Hong Kong gets little mention as she was there for only a day or two, but the hotel was not to her liking: ‘... arranged upon the American system. High charges and no tips. The consequence is the servants look upon the visitors as nuisances, who bring them work and no profit, and treat them accordingly. ...they were always impudent but since this revolution they have been worse.’

In Shanghai she found letters from Dice, keep for her at Cook’s, forwarded from Yokohama via Siberia. The manager in the hotel in Shanghai told her that a telegram had come saying ‘fighting has begun and the gates are closed’, and Josephine was dispatched to ask the captain of the boat they were to travel on whether the rumour was true. He said that ‘false reports were always being circulated’, and while he could take no responsibility, he believed they would be safe. Not surprisingly, as this was Emily Yeilding, they continued with their trip!

While on the Yangtze River between Shanghai and Peking, a pagoda could be seen on the hill ‘which at the distance might be one of the Irish round towers – only not so high and wider around’. She visited Kinschang and Hankow and with a waiter from the boat as guide walked through the native city and along the city walls, visiting a French hospital and convent, where she bought over 100 yards of lace and some plate. Arriving in Peking on 1 June, she found all reports of disturbances false and visited several temples, the Ming tombs, and the Great Wall. The White Cloud Temple which she wished to visit required riding on donkeys from the Summer Palace, which she
White Cloud Temple, Beijing

She makes little reference to the Boxer Revolution beyond explaining that the Boxers were fist fighters for righteous harmony, united against Christian missionaries. She also says that the railways were described as “iron centipedes”. A few days later, on 26 June, they embarked on the SS Empress of India for Nagasaki, in Japan.

Japan: 29 June to 24 September 1912.

Emily and Josephine spent almost three months in Japan and yet we have for this time the least information about the country or their experiences. This was when the diary becomes cross-written and almost impossible to decipher. They visited twenty cities and temples, gardens and shrines but the diary entries are mostly just a roll call of names. There are of course exceptions. In Ikazo on 22 August: just after putting out light and getting into bed a shock of earthquake. Lasted several seconds. Very alarming. No further detail is given. They made many sightseeing expeditions, several requiring an early start at 4 a.m. and encountered severe rainy conditions. Among diary entries about watching young girls dancing and singing, and boys fishing and playing archery, we find a casual mention: “ran into Russian and Italian Ambassadors”.

On one of these expeditions she expanded: “Had to wait 2 hours in small tea house stable on route on account of thunderstorm. An old woman shut us (I and myself) into the room (stable) without a window or light of any kind for what seemed hours. ‘The three sisters’ fir trees not far from there had been struck by lightning and a person or persons killed not long previously’. Took train for Kusatsu, and then changed into Victoria and pair – ‘Very poor horses. At first change, the second horse refused to move. One of our first ones had to be put in again.... Beautiful drive on through valley’. The food proved difficult at times, with Josephine having to see a doctor in the hotel as a result of eating shellfish, and their breakfast on another morning is recorded as poor. ‘Rice for breakfast. After had Bovril and a pear, we had been able to buy’.

At Kusatsu rose early to see the sulphur baths: ‘After a long time a horn sounded and the bathers came slowly down. Watched them beating the water to cool it. Also the bathing in another bath – men and women (and some with very diseased looking skins) together. Walked to Leper’s village...’ Emily had her sulphur bath in the comfort and privacy of her hotel the next morning. Time to move on again: ‘Left about 7.15 in three rickshaws with luggage and pack horse led by mother of rickshaw men. After a time the road got so bad had to walk climbing all the time. At village the guide and I took horses (mine a pack horse stallion, his a weedy mare) and we got on very well... Heard rumbling and saw lava stream’. Up the following morning at 5 a.m. to view Rock Temple and Asama. Indestructible indeed!

That night in their hotel they were ‘disturbed by watchmen about 3 a.m. clacking wooden clappers’. In Nagano visited Temple of Abbess (Princess) and were lucky enough to see her holding a service’. They also went to see coromant fishing at night in Gifu, where the fishing boats were torch-lit, and the birds had a ring around their necks, preventing them from swallowing the fish they caught. ‘Very fine night with plenty of houseboats with paper lanterns. Our boatmen got very good place... Am pleased to have seen this fishing so often depicted on old Japanese jade. Left for Tokyo on train and for a long time had a good view of Fuji, but when continuing to Matsushima. Journey seemed long. Several consumptives in compartment’.

While in Miyasouta on 30 July 1912, the travellers heard that Emperor Meiji, who had been forty-four years on the Japanese throne, had died, and they were advised by Dick via telegram, to attend the funeral six weeks later on. On 13 September Emily and Josephine were again in Tokyo, and attended the funeral procession. ‘Left at 2 p.m. with Miss Fairchild for seats. J would nor go in British Embassy but went with Saito (guide)’ to some other venue. The funeral included many foreign dignitaries, and the procession saw the imperial army band and at least 300 people carrying torches, gongs, banners etc., a truly formal and dignified occasion. ‘Miss Fairchild had supper with me at my table’. Later on the day of the funeral, the country was shocked to hear that a famous war hero, General Count Nogi and his wife had committed ritual suicide, and the travellers also attended their funeral, another huge state event.

On 19 September they left for Yokohama, where sightseeing was curtailed by bad weather, but J and guide Saito did get to the shops – ‘Bought drugs, biscuits etc.’. On 23 September: ‘Very bad night. Frightfully stormy. Up at 6 a.m. to start out but had to come back, bridge broken by storm that morning.’ They boarded the Empress of Japan about 4 p.m. to begin their crossing of the Pacific Ocean to Canada.

Homeward Bound

They reached Vancouver and continued on to Banff Springs Hotel, from where they took a trip to see the sights, but a general air of exhaustion permeated the entries. They travelled on to St. Paul’s, and then Chicago where Emily connected with
a Mrs. Morris, who seems to have been an old friend. Then on again to Toronto where despite a remark about being very tired, they were up at 5 a.m. to go and see the Niagara Falls. Her only comment was that she could not get tea and it was very wet! And then to Montreal and New York, where on 5 November 1912 they went to the Bronx Park to see preparations for voting in the presidential election, on to tea in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and the news that Woodrow Wilson was elected as President.

The few days in New York included sightseeing to art museums, the Metropolitan Opera House, Wall Street, Central Park, then sailing past the Statue of Liberty on the final leg of their journey home, on the RMS Celtic. Apart from an initial storm, the ten days sparked no diary entries at all and no comment on the anticipation and probable relief at arriving home.

We will never know what prompted this amazing adventure, but it is possible that Emily had read about Nellie Bly, the American journalist who travelled around the world on her own in 1889. Perhaps it was a challenge that could not be resisted, but for whatever reason, their courage and achievement deserve to be better known and celebrated.

There is a tombstone in St. David's graveyard in Churctown, Newcastle West, dedicated to these two ladies, Emily Yielding, (1863-1949), and Josephine Cornelius, (1868-1952).

The inscription reads as follows:

**Left hand side:**

In Loving Memory OF EMILY,
Daughter OF RICHARD BIRKETT
Beloved Wife OF CHARLES WILLIAM
TOWNLEY YEILDING
Born April 19TH 1863
Died November 30TH 1949

**Right hand side:**

Also Of Her Devoted Companion And
Much Loved Friend For 64 Years
JOSEPHINE FRANCIS CORNELIUS
Born 18TH April 1868
Died 3RD April 1952
On Whose Souls Sweet Jesus Have
Mercy

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Ursula O'Farrell worked for many years as a counsellor/psychotherapist, teaching theory and skills, and writing several books on counselling, including 'First Steps in Counselling'. Now retired, she has time to spend with her extended family. She is a member of the Cussen family from Newcastle West.