complaining, giving chapter and verse, that with diesel haulage our passenger trains were, if possible, slower than in steam days — and the steam timings what Mr. C. C. Singleton called ‘the Cinderella line of the State’ were planned to avoid straining seventy-year-old locos. Ain’t progress wonderful?

HENRIETTA HEATHORNE’S “PICTURES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE, 1843-1844”:

(Henrietta Heathorne was the daughter of Henry Heathorne, manager the Woodstock Mills at Jamberoo in the early eighteen-forties. The mills, erected in 1838 by Captain J. G. Collins for an English merchant, Mr. Hart, included three-storey building 100 feet long and 24 feet wide. They were operated by water-power and later by steam. They originally comprised a flour mill, to which a biscuit factory was attached, and a timber mill, with machinery for dressing timber, spares, naves and felloes, to which Heathorne added a brewery and cooperage where barrels were made. A piggery and bacon factory were among Woodstock’s other activities.

Henrietta later married Thomas Henry Huxley, that well-known Victorian scientist, whom she met while he was in Australia as assistant surgeon on Rattlesnake. Her recollections of life at Woodstock appeared in the ‘Corn Magazine’ in 1911. After an account of the family’s arrival in Sydney and the stay with friends there, she continues):

A fortnight’s enjoyment of our friends’ hospitality, and, after they had made us promise to revisit them at some future time, we said good-bye and began a novel and fatigue journey to our new home.

First my mother, my half-sister and myself drove in a rough cross-bench cart, called ‘Her Majesty’s Mail’, to the small town of Wollongong, where we changed to a bullock-dray. My father was on horseback from our Sydney stay. Most of our luggage and cabin furniture had been sent on by other drays. In this rough vehicle we clambered, and seated ourselves upon sacks well stuffed with maize husks. Slowly the patient beasts drew us along the seeming endless way. From Wollongong to Jamberoo the road was a mere dray-track through the forest of tropical foliage; gum-trees two hundred feet or more in height, giant indiarubber trees with broad, shiny, dark-green leaves, lofty cabbage-palms, and many another kind of tree towered above us, so that their tops made a twilight canopy impenetrable to the sunlight, save for an infrequent clearing in the forest made by the settler’s axe. Huge lianas, some as thick as a man’s arm, hung down snake-like from the trees. Magnificent ferns, clinging to the fork of the trunks and branches, were pointed out to me by my father, as affording water in the sponge-like forms during times of drought to thirsty wayfarers.

All was fairyland to me. In my delight I even made fun of the jolting and my poor mother and my sister, the latter weakened by months of sea-sickness, were sorely tried by the rough journey, the former lamenting with tears the sea she had ever left England.

From a slope we were descending at the edge of the forest the valley of our future home burst upon our view. Before us lay a wide clear space. The sound of a steam-engine, the whirr of machinery, and a cluster of wooden buildings welcomed us to an active but primitive life.

We alighted, our limbs stiff with the long journey, and entered our new home, whose rooms were all on the ground floor. It was weather-board and shingled, and I think the verandah was painted white. It was a deep lattice verandah, with jalousies to open and shut, that ran the whole front of the house, stopped by a projecting room at each end. A pleasant-faced, rosy-cheeked, black-eyed Irish girl came forward to show us the way to our rooms. Supply and rest were grateful.

It was several weeks before our other trunks and belongings arrived, among them my sister’s piano.

(TO BE CONTINUED)
off the rolls, made bankrupt, and at the Wollongong Quarter Sessions convicted of misappropriation and sentenced to three years’ penal servitude.

After his release he obtained a job as a shorthand teacher and lived obscurely in Sydney till his death at the age of 59. His story is a tragic one, for, whatever the exact degree of his guilt, he was a man of considerable ability and many virtues, who did Wollongong and Illawarra substantial service; and it seems likely that engrossment in that service, leading to neglect of his own business, was the original cause of his ruin.

SYDNEY EXCURSION — 15th APRIL:

In perfect weather on Saturday, 15th April, 26 members and friends travelled to Sydney. Our first stop was at St. Peter’s, Cook’s River, the first suburban church in Sydney, erected in 1838-39 to the design of Thomas Bird. Though as architecture it may be more curious than beautiful, it is a building full of interest, whose unusual features included the twelve massive columns each shaped from the trunk of a single ironbark tree, stained-glass windows depicting Australian wildflowers, and a tower, itself of remarkable design, at the sanctuary end of the church. We were hospitably received by the Rector, Rev. A. F. Donohoo, who gave us a brief account of the history of the church, and by the ladies of the parish, who provided morning tea.

The large overgrown graveyard surrounding St. Peter’s illustrated one of the problems of a church whose parishioners are moving away as the area becomes industrialised. St. Stephen’s, Newtown, has been more fortunate, having been able to enlist substantial outside help in restoring and maintaining both the church and the historic Camperdown Cemetery. The church itself is one of the most beautiful in Australia — one of the two churches which Morton Hermann considers “the best buildings of Blacket’s very best period.”

The cemetery, historic in itself, has become the repository of remains and monuments from even earlier cemeteries at George Street (now the site of Sydney Town Hall), and Devonshire Street (now the site of Central Station). Blacket’s own headstone, transferred from Balmain, is in the grounds, where his ashes rest in St. Andrew’s Cathedral. Perhaps the most famous of all those who lie there was Sir Thomas Mitchell, memorial to us not only for his explorations but for his having laid out the main roads of Illawarra and selected the site for, and planned all that was ever planned of, the town of Wollongong. Among others are John Portland (died 1808), son-in-law of Governor Bligh; Alexander Macleay, and others, too numerous to mention, of note in the history of the Dunbar disaster, William Augustus Miles "who derived his parentage from Royalty" (William IV), Bathsheba Ghost, the matron of the Sydney Infirmary, and Eliza Donnithorne, the reputed original of Miss Havisham in Dickens’s ‘Great Expectations’. Let it be added also that the connoisseur of epitaphs and funerary verse will find here all he could desire. Here also our thanks are due to the Rector, Rev. B. W. Powers, and to the ladies of the church, who provided lunch.

From Blacket’s ecclesiastical masterpiece we moved on to his secular masterpiece, the original buildings of Sydney University, in particular the Great Hall. Morton Hermann says, "The main building, and the Great Hall, although copies of the medieval architecture of hundreds of years before, are conceived with such sureness of touch, such fine proportioning of the parts, and such skilful detailing that the result is true architecture... The roof of the Great Hall can only command admiration even in the most stubborn critic of Victorian architecture, and it would be a soulless man indeed who would be unaffected by the intricately detailed bulk of the exterior of the hall... Of the great complex of buildings that comprise the University of Sydney, those of Edmund Blacket and those of Leslie Wilkinson some eighty years later... are architecture: the rest are buildings. Unfortunately, the buildings now make it hard to see the architecture — impossible to see it as it should be seen — but our members were not soulless.

Altogether it was a most successful and interesting day, and a trip well worth repeating at some future date.

HENRIETTA HEATHORNE’S “PICTURES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE 1843-44”:

(Continued from April Bulletin, in which a brief note on the author appeared.)

For some time my mother was very miserable at confronting new conditions of existence. ‘Don’t fret, Mamma,’ I said as she wept, ‘it will be such fun!’ So speaks youth to age.
By degrees we settled down; my mother grew more reconciled to her roundings. She amused herself by rearing turkeys and chickens, in which she proved most successful, finding out by experience what was good or bad. For instance, she never let the turkeys out of their coops till the dew was off the grass, and before sunset they were again housed. It was not until years afterwards, when I was translating some German papers on 'Intestinal Worms' for a scientific journal, that I discovered the reason for my mother's treatment of the turkeys. All she knew was that unless kept off the grass till the dew dried they got 'the staggers' and died.

Life was now a joy to me. How pleasant it was to enter the long shed of the saw-mills close by, where the vertical or circular saws in quick motion made a lively whirring noise, as they cut up long trunks of all sorts of trees that had been felled in the bush and dragged hither by the slow, patient oxen. To fancy these prone trees, cleared of their green boughs, seemed like prisoners suspended in chains who were being slowly drawn up to the place of doom beneath the fateful and relentless teeth of the saw. How delicious and inviting was the scent of the fresh falling sawdust, in which that of the gum and cedars overruled the tenderer perfume of other trees! It filled the warm, moving air with half pungent aromatic odours from the heart of the woods.

In the evening we often ascended the hill by the dray-truck, when a cabbage palm would be felled. Sitting round it, we would eat the white heart of crown with salt which we had brought with us. Fancy cutting down a column of a cabbage-palm for the sake of its heart! What a splendour of taste!

From sheer necessity I learnt to make my own and my mother's dresses and caps, since Sydney, the nearest place where such things could be made, was ninety miles off. The way I set about the business was to buy a piece of cloth at the store attached to the mills. Then I would unpick a dress brought out from England—which went to my heart, as I had afterwards to put it together again. Each piece I laid upon a linen lining and pricked the shape of it, this the new material was placed, tacked and joined to it, and fitted on myself; it satisfied me. The dress completed, never was anyone prouder of a great achievement than I was of my humble one.

Moreover, I papered a small room and made a carpet. When my side piano arrived it struck me that one of the little end rooms of the verandah was the very place for it. What a trial was the papering of the walls! for the paper often parted in my inexperienced hands, and then I had to cut fresh length and paste it together again. Each day, Norah, the maid, was a most efficient helper. As the store bore carpeting for the floor, rather gay-coloured, but the least stuffy one to be had, I cut it into lengths, sewed it together with strong thread, ironed the seams, and with Norah's help nailed it down. The whole effect of paper and carpet was a success, and great was my satisfaction and pride in it.

My father gave me a horse called Cora. Never shall I forget the delight of my first mount. "Are you frightened?" he asked. "Frightened! Not a bit. I see to have ridden all my life." I was "to the manner born," and perfectly fearless after a while I could take five-railed fences and huge logs with ease. I go on, however, that on one occasion I was alarmed. Cora had been a sea horse, so that one day, when my sister and I were riding in the bush, the creative hearing the thrilling sound of the stockman's whip, pricked up her ears and dashed off in wild excitement. I could not hold her in. I carried her into the bushes galloping in and out, past huge trees, through scrub, down deep gullies, up the banks, chasing and rounding in the strayed cattle, the stockman leading. Days afterwards I walked over part of this ground, and wondered how I ever managed to stick to my horse.

(To be continued)
and assist in establishing guidelines for future action, particularly in regard to the classification of buildings according to their priority for preservation.

(From the National Trust Bulletin, which adds that further particulars will be given in a later issue.)

OUT OF THE DARK AGES:

(This brief paragraph, which appeared in the "Sydney Gazette" on 19th July, 1807, is one of the few gleams of light on the dark age of Illawarra history between Bass’s voyage in 1797 and Evans’s journey in 1812. Probably the birds were brought to Sydney by cedar-getters.)

Two birds, one of which is still living, were last week brought from the Five Islands; and they appear to partake equally of the species of cockatoo and parrot. Their plumage is light olive (sic) with little variation; and on the head, which is bright red, is placed a crest of the same colour, which when erect assumes a beautiful appearance. These are the first of the kind that have ever been taken.

CHARCOAL IN THE SIXTIES:

In those far-away days, the blacks were numerous on the South Coast. Never will I forget their holding of a corroboree on a flat close by the present railway platform at Unanderra. In England, down in Heartfordshire (sic), I had been frightened by the gypsies, but those painted blacks, with their spears, boomerangs, womera, and paddy-melon sticks, made me hide out. Afterwards I became quite familiar with them and the King, with his half-moon brass token of royalty. They initiated me in the art of throwing a spear and boomerang. The spear was a serviceable weapon, which brought to hand many a big fish in Mullet Creek...

Charcoal (now Unanderra - Ed.) was then a lively village about three miles from Wollongong. A couple of schools, grocer and butcher's shop, a busy tan yard, and a public house, made it quite an important place. The name was brought about by the fact that it was really the headquarters of the charcoal industry. Charcoal was freely used in those days, and the heavy timber around that part was just to the making. Those charcoal burners were a tough lot. Hard workers and mostly hard drinkers. After knock-off time, a wash and a good tea, it was their custom to assemble at the Charcoal Inn, then kept by Mr. Woods. My first introduction to them was made one winter evening. The "dad" was always inclined to have a "nip" in the evening. The night he took me down I found them a nice lot of old chaps. They sang songs, smoked, and thoroughly enjoyed their hot grog, with plenty of sugar in it.

—From "Early Illawarra — Reminiscences by Frank Wilkinson (‘Martindale’)" (Illawarra Mercury, 8th February, 1935.)

HENRIETTA HEATHORNE'S "PICTURES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE, 1843-44":

(Continued from the April and May Bulletins, in the former of which a brief note appeared on the author, a daughter of the manager of the Woodstock Mills at Jamberoo.)

The heat in summer compelled us to rise early; I was dressed by five, often earlier. For amusement I took charge of the dairy, hitherto managed by our cook, Henry, a ticket-of-leave man. Twice a week, before breakfast, I churned twelve pounds of butter. I also made all the bread for the household, the cook heating the brick oven with wood, and when the oven was hot enough he swept out the embers, then pushed in the loaves with a long-handled flat wooden spade. I think I can still smell the scent of the hot baked bread.

On a Friday there was cake-making, when I would invent new combinations of ingredients, and with curiosity await the result. How I wish I had written out the recipes of those good cakes! I could have left both bread and cake-making and butter-churning to our excellent though eccentric cook, but I, being young and energetic, found time very dull, and welcomed employment for myself.

Henry the cook was an original. "How did you come to be in New South Wales, Henry?" I asked of him one day. "All along of exploring, Miss." Exploring, I don't understand." "Well, this was the way of it, Miss. I was one of a exploring party in a big park one night, and we came upon a house and wanted to see what was inside of it. So in we went, but not by the front door. And whilst we was looking over beautiful silver things there was a noise and a barkin' of dogs — and another exploring party comes in, but they wasn't our friends, and I got
away and took a cold bath.' 'A cold bath!' I exclaimed in bewilderment. 'Yes, Miss; a cold bath, and it was in a water-butt quite convenient, and the water was very deep and come up to my chin, and there the enemy found me. The enemy was in uniform, and dragged me out and put bracelets on my wrist and was very nasty altogether; and I made a voyage with friends of mine right out to this country, and here I am, a-cooking for your Pa and Ma and you, Miss, and a-raisin' of ducks and fowls. It ain't such a bad life, after all; but it was a grim one, you bet, before I got my ticket-of-leave.'

This account, interpreted, was that Henry had been caught in England robbing a house at night, and had been sentenced to transportation to New South Wales for seven or fourteen years.

One day Henry was seen by a friend of ours at Kiama seven miles from the mills. 'What are you doing here?' said our friend. 'Ought not you to be cooking your master's dinner?' 'Well, that's it; but I just felt I wanted a do off, so I came here to get a taste of freedom. It'll do the old gentleman good to go without his dinner. He's been getting a deal too stout lately.'

(To be continued.)

IN THE GRAND MANNER:

Miss Grizel Gray, of Walmer, Kent, a grand-daughter of Lawrence Hargrave has very kindly presented to the Society a number of photographs and other items connected with the Hargrave family. It is proposed to put these on display when they have been suitably arranged and mounted.

Miss Gray also forwarded a copy of the Annual Report of the Deal and Walmer Local History Society, of which she is a committee member. The patron of the Society we have heard of before — none other than Sir Robert Menzies K.T., etc., etc., Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, whose official residence is at Walmer Castle. During the year the Society staged an exhibition which was opened by the Duke of Wellington (the great Duke having also been Lord Warden) and on a recent excursion followed the route taken by King Canute (1017-1035) over Cliffe. This is local history in the grand manner — What chance have we got?

IT MUST BE TRUE — IT WAS IN THE PAPER:

'Wollongong Council and the city Chamber of Commerce are continuing to be frustrated in their efforts to produce an acceptable plan for the development of Puckey's Estate ...

Last Sunday afternoon while driving along Squires Road my husband indicated to me the sandhill and surrounding area which he said the late "hysterical" society wants retained in its natural state" . . .

And no doubt it was the Natural History Society which commemorated the sesquicentenary of settlement in Illawarra by opening a historical museum.

As for the witicism, don't sneer — you may be old, feeble and yourself some day.

* * * * *

'Figtree received its name from a figtree planted 155 years ago near the road leading south ....'

The planting was performed on Arbor Day, 1812, by Good King Hoo who then drove off in a carriage drawn by four white kangaroos along a road lined with cheering crowds, while a band played patriotic airs on saw-didgeridoos. Then the Historiographer-Royal of the Durrawal tribe set up a box tablet with a suitable inscription recording the event — and the date.

CALLING BARRY JONES:

Everyone knows Burelli Street, but who or what was Burelli? Was he an aboriginal, a mountain, a small species of wallaby, an exiled Italian Count or Wollongong's first fruiterer? (Answer next month.)

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HENRIETTA HEATHORNE'S "PICTURES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE, 1843-44" (Continued).

(A brief note on the author, a daughter of the manager of the Woodstock Mills at Jamberoo, appeared in the April Bulletin).

On two mornings in the week, at five o'clock, horses were brought round for my sister and myself by one of the men about the place. After drinking some coffee which Norah brought out to us when we had mounted, we rode off to Kiama for the post-bags. Kiama was a wild spot by the sea, possessing a wonderful blow-hole in the rocks. In rough weather the sea would be forced through the cavern with immense force, and thrown up at its outlet, some hundred feet high with a noise of thunder. The small settlement could only boast of a few cabbage-tree huts and one weatherboard and most primitive inn kept by a delightful motherly, elderly woman. The ride, always fearfully hot one in summer, was simply suffocating in a hot wind, when if you chanced to lay your hand upon a fence you instantly drew it away, half-scorched.

Sometimes I would go into the paddock carrying a sieve of corn (corn Australia always means maize), entice Cora to her shed, and bridle and saddlet her. Mounting her, I would set out by myself, cross the creek nearby, then on by a remarkably wide rough road. On each side, forming part of it, grew low scrub. Fenced in beyond were clearings in which the crop was apparently charred tree-stumps. In a space by the small unenclosed wooden church fell trees of considerable girth laying about, some very high by reason of the curvature. Others these I used to practice leaping. Cora jumped capitally, but often had a nasty trick of coming to a dead standstill before a log or fence, and then as suddenly taking the leap. Before I got to know her ways I was twined thrown, though I must own that she always stood quite still beside me till I got up again. On one of these occasions I remember finding myself on my back on the ground, still holding the bridle, and saying aloud, 'That was too bad of you, Cora; you don't know how hurt I am!' But I soon recovered, and not to be vanquished, jumped several big bowed logs, and restored my self-esteem before turning homewards.

For neighbours we had the doctor and his wife and children, and his sister; three miles off — absurdly near for the bush — some Scotch people also, an elderly couple with two sons and a daughter. The elder son and his father managed the farm. The father on a Sunday conducted a Presbyterian form of service at a rough building used as a church, more than a mile distant from the mills. A creek on the way, which in the rainy season became a swift-flowing river, was crossed by stepping-stones. During December, in the height of summer, it was a weary walk to church under a burning sun. We used to carry a huge water-melon with us, and midway consume the half of it. The remainder we put into a hollow tree-stump to be eaten on our return journey, always providing that the ants had not found it out and feasted on it first. Delicious indeed were the cool, juicy slices to our thirsty throats!

Mr. Meares, the clergyman from Wollongong, held a Church of England service in this wooden church every few months. He used to sleep at our house for two nights, and we always looked forward to his visit with pleasure, since he was a well-read man and of charming manners. Services were also held by Baptist or Wesleyan ministers, or by members of one of the ranting sects. Some of the latter, coarse in appearance, uncouth in manner, entirely uneducated, with loud voices gesticulating ludicrously, I positively loathed. As my mind was the fermenting in a sort of pious must — I dare not call it religion — I adjured myself to remember not the man but the office he represented. But this was often more than I could do.

(to be continued)

E. BEALE,  Miss P. de JERSEY,  W. G. McDONALD,  President,  Hon. Secretary,  Hon. Editor,  55a Woodlawn Ave.,  c/- P.O. Box 249,  2-8740  Wollongong.  Wollongong.  2-6161  The Small  Box  Yates Ave.,  Mount Keira.  249, 2-6161  HENRIETTA HEATHORNE'S "PICTURES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE, 1843-44" (Continued).

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HENRIETTA HEATHORNE'S "PICTURES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE, 1843-44" (Continued)

(A brief note on the author, the daughter of the manager of the Woodstock Mill at Jamboree, appeared in the April Bulletin).

One of the interests I created for myself was to seek out some of the families whom work at the brewery and mills had attracted to settle in the bush close by. I would trudge a mile to one family, and then a mile farther on to another. First I came upon a first dwelling, a cabbage-tree hut, held a gaunt, red-heared man and his three red-heared, shock-headed children — two little boys and a girl. The father was a dour Irish Orangeman, a strict Presbyterian of Calvinistic leanings. If the man was at home when I called, he would often lead the talk to religious controversy. It was useless to argue with him. The clincher was for him to go into the hut and bring out a large, heavy book, 'Scott's Commentaries on the Bible' and read aloud the notes therein upon the passage he had quoted. This, he would, mind, settled the point. Never have I heard a man in his position dispute so cleverly as he did. By contrast, never could I imagine such absence of intellect as the children showed. It was very hard to get any sense of perception or out of the heads of the elder children, but Tim, a boy of five, had a brain as dense as ironwood.

To teach him the alphabet, as I sat on a three-legged stool brought out of the hut in my honour, I invented and tried every possible device. First, in a big book I pointed out a big 'A' and little 'a', big 'B' and little 'b', big 'R' and little 'r', a division at a time. Then with a stick I drew enlarged forms of the letters in dust. I tried to make the boy see the differences between them — how 'B' fits his foot in, how 'R' threw it out. I took a pair of scissors and cut out the letters in paper; all in vain. The boy's intelligence, if any there were, was by no means quickened by his father's remarks, for he was always present at the lesson when I was after his working hours. Whenever he could he would interrupt, 'Tim, rascal, whatever do you be annoying the lady for? The 'B' is as plain as wallaby, and for truth if you don't say "B" when the lady comes all the tache you' I'll have the stick of you. I'll make you see the di-vergence between 'B' and 'R'. Lave him to me, Miss; I'll persuade him'. Then would come a howl from Tim, and I would beg him off, saying we must have patience, and so on; although in my heart I felt hopeless of every teaching Tim the letters, much less of teaching him to read. (To be continued.)

"THE ALBERT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, WOLLONGONG, N.S.W., 1864-1908" by A. P. FLEMING

Mr. Fleming's paper, read to the Society on October 1, 1964 (the nearest of the centenary of the opening of the hospital), has just been published as an attractively-produced printed booklet, by Wollongong Hospital and Medical Society in conjunction. A fuller review will appear in the next Bulletin.

The booklet is obtainable from the Museum or the Secretary, price 40 cents, postage 8 cents.

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All those interested in the history of ships and/or the north coast will find the book a welcome addition to their shelves. Very reasonably priced at $2.25 plus 10c postage, it is obtainable from the author at 16 Jacaranda Crescent, Tascott, via Point Clare, 2251. — A.P.F.

HENRIETTA HEATHORNE’S “PICTURES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE, 1843-46”

(Continued)

A brief note on the author, the daughter of the manager of the Woodstock Mills at Jamberoo, appeared in the April Bulletin. She is describing preparations for her sister’s wedding)

The clergyman, Mr. Meares of Wollongong, was to perform the ceremony in the little wooden church across the creek. But this was not to be. For near two weeks there poured down such a tropical rain that the creek on the road to the church became a deep, wildly rushing river, spreading and overflowing the paddocks and country round about. My sister had made an error in stating her age in a certain document, and because of that and of the impossibility of reaching the church a mounted messenger was sent off nine miles to Sydney, through the downpour of rain, to rectify my sister’s mistake as well as to obtain the Bishop’s sanction for the marriage to take place in the house.

At first my mother had had some anxiety about the wedding breakfast but by good luck the under-steward of our ship chanced to come along, and she forthwith engaged to help Henry, our cook. Never was there a better or prettier wedding-breakfast. Trestles with boards laid across were set in the long verandah. The finest of tablecloths, brought out by my mother from England, was spread upon the impromptu table, and on it was set goodly fare of bush turkey, stuffed with thick rump-steak to make it juicy. The breast of this bird — the tenderest part — is very dark, almost black, the legs and wings white, which are not eaten. There were also wanta wanta pheasants, ducks, roast and boiled salt-beef mutton was unattainable (it was not a sheep country) — tongue, ham, and fresh-water crayfish, not to mention creams, jellies, and pastry, and a big and most excellent wedding-cake. All was complete. The clergyman had arrived the previous night, and the messenger, who had been despatched to Sydney ten days ago, and whose delay in return had kept us in unpleasant excitement, was happily back again with the Bishop’s dispensation, although, the weather having changed, it was hardly needed. The swollen waters had nearly returned to their usual bounds; an unclouded blue sky and golden sunshine glorified the wedding-day.

(To be continued)
der and Stoughton, and available on order from local bookshops.

“Simpson” served in the coal mines at Coledale, Corrimal and Mount Kembla and enlisted from Australia. Present in the area where he lost his life was Lieut. R. G. Casey who is now Governor-General of Australia.

HENRIETTA HEATHORNE’S “PICTURES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE, 1843-44” (Concluded):

(A brief note on the author, the daughter of the manager of the Woodstock Mills at Jamberoo, appeared in the Bulletin for April, 1967. She has been describing the preparations for her sister’s wedding).

Our only guests were the doctor and his wife, and her sister, who came on horseback, and our Scotch friends, who travelled in a bullock-dray. Previous to the arrival of these the bride and bridegroom were married in our little parlor, in the presence of my father and mother, my elder half-sister, and myself. Mr. Meares wound up with an address in which he laid great stress upon avoiding the first quarrel!

Then followed the breakfast. Healths were drunk and speeches were made. Was there ever a wedding-breakfast without them?

Soon after, the guests departed, and we of the household were left. In the cool of the evening, amidst the hurrahs of the men, who had had a holiday given them and a bucketful of sherry to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom, these two set out on horseback for their seven-mile ride to the little weatherboard inn at Kiama, escorted by our Sydney messenger to show them the way.

When my half-sister and her husband had settled down, a few miles out of Sydney, in a pretty house at Cook’s River, her own elder sister went to stay with them. Subsequently I paid them a visit. It was to have been for two months, but lengthened out to five years, broken by occasional visits home.

Some two years after I had joined my sister, there arrived in Sydney a ship, the Rattlesnake. It had been sent out by the English Government under the command of Captain Owen Stanley, R.N. with officers especially selected for its duty, that of surveying the coasts of Australia, the Louisiade Archipelage, and New Guinea.

At a private dance given to the officers of the Rattlesnake I met the assistant-surgeon, an enthusiastic follower of natural science. After a few more meetings we became engaged, and eight years after, during five of which both the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans separated us, we were married in England.

The engagement was truly a long and weary one, but its crowning gift was above all price, that of forty years of happy wedded life.

The assistant-surgeon of the “Rattlesnake” was Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-1895), afterwards one of the best-known and most controversial Victorian scientists.