I mentioned too that, after reading Bayley's claim about Huxley in Blue Haven, I had been researching Huxley for years and had expended much effort in making my 'amazing' discovery that Huxley was never here. How did I miss the Beale article? Thereby hangs a lesson.

On reading Bayley's remark in Blue Haven, I immediately checked the IHS Bulletin index in the Wollongong Reference Library for mentions of Huxley or Heathorne. No luck. This was some two years ago.

After learning last week of the existence of the Beale reference to Huxley in the 1973 Bulletin, I checked the index once again just to make sure my memory wasn't playing tricks. Nothing under 'Huxley' or 'Heathorne', but there it was catalogued under 'Henrietta'.

Although by no means complete, it does appear then that the IHS index in the Wollongong Reference Library is reasonably accurate, just a little quirky in its listings.

I hope that my experience in this matter will help others when using the catalogue.

What we need, of course, is a complete index to the IHS Bulletins. Michael Organ has kindly given me an index he has compiled to the major articles in the IHS Bulletin.

Not only is such an index useful to present and future editors, but all researchers into local history.

To IHS editors, however, it's particularly important. I formerly prided myself on being very familiar with past issues of the Bulletin. Alas, I was a little too confident.

In the last Bulletin, I also made the statement that Henrietta Heathorn's reminiscences had never been republished in full. Strictly speaking this is correct. However, the IHS did publish an almost complete version of the reminiscences between April 1967 and June 1968.

Because of the 'bitsy' nature of these extracts, and the exceptional quality of Henrietta's writing, the IHS Council has authorized me to continue publishing even those sections which have appeared before. As the Council pointed out, for many readers, it will be the first time they have sighted these valuable recollections.

I will also have some further details to add about Mr. and Murs Huxley when the reminiscences are concluded.

Joseph Davis

REMINISCENCES OF HENRIETTA HEATHORNE
(Continued from August Bulletin)

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 seem 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 must own, however, that on one occasion I was alarmed. Cora had been a stock horse, so that one day, when my sister and I were riding in the bush, the creature, 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. She carried me into the bush, galloping in and out, past huge trees, through scrub, down deep gullies, up steep banks, chasing and rounding in the strayed cattle, the stockman leading. Some days afterwards I walked over part of this ground, and wondered how I had ever managed to stick to my horse.

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 wrists, 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 of 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 day 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.'

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 a 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 in Australia always means maize), entice Cora to her shed, and bridle and saddle her. Mounting her, I would set out by myself, cross the creek near by, 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 felled trees of considerable girth lay about, some very high by reason of their curvature. Over these I used to practise 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 twice 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 her 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 provided 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 visits 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, testiculating ludicrously, I positively loathed. As my mind was then 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.

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. The first dwelling, a cabbage-tree hut, held a gaunt, red-haired man and his wife, three red-haired, 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 inside 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, to his mind, settled the point. Never have I heard a man in his position dispute as cleverly as he did. By contrast, never could I have imagined such absence of intellect as the children showed. It was very hard to get any sense of perception into 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 book I pointed out big 'A' and little 'a', big 'B' and little 'b', big 'R' and little 'r', one division at a time. Then with a stick I drew enlarged forms of the letters in the dust. I tried to make the boy see the differences between them - how 'B' drew 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 if it were after his working hours. Whenever he could he would interrupt with, 'Tim, you rascal, watter do you be annoying the lady for? The "B" is as plain as a
wallaby, and for truth if you don't say "B" when the lady comes all the way to tach you, I'll have the stick of you. I'll make you see the di-vergence betwixt him and "R". Lave him to me, Miss; I'll persuade him.' Then would come a howling from Tim, and I would beg him off, saying we must have patience, it was all so new to him, and so on; although in my heart I felt hopeless of ever teaching Tim the letters, much less of teaching him to read.

A mile beyond my red-haired friends lived a pretty, refined young Irish woman and her husband. He was a woodman, and only once did I catch sight of him. On my first visit I found her in bed, with a baby a day or two old beside her. Her bed-jacket and bed-clothes were exquisitely clean, though she seemed as fragile as a flower, far too weak to work. I looked about for a saucepan, in order to make her some gruel over the wood embers from her stock of oatmeal. 'Don't you be throbling yourself, Miss; you'll be spoiling your illigant frock. Larry gave me a good sup of milk this mornin'. I'll get along finely till he comes back this evening.' But of course I disregarded her works, and straightway set about making the gruel. A big shallow tin dish with water in it stood on a chair beside her, in which she had been washing the baby - with great difficulty, I am sure. Having cleared things away, I swept the earthen floor, and then sat down beside her and discussed the baby. I often visited her afterwards, and had the satisfaction of seeing her get about again and grow strong. She struck me, with her beautiful face and refined manners, to be one of those gentlewomen whom Nature at times produces, with whom even those 'to the manner born' and well educated cannot always vie, lacking as they often do the innate grace - God-given.

Owing to special circumstances, my youngest half-sister did not accompany us to Sydney, but joined us two months later. It was a curious thing that, when we parted on board the ship at Gravesend, I said, 'I shall not say good-bye, for I am firmly convinced that you will soon follow us.' This I felt strongly, although at the time it seemed to be impossible of fulfilment.

When untoward circumstances arose, my sister turned for help to a wonderful old aunt of mine, who with keen ability for surmounting difficulties united the kindest and most sympathetic of hearts. She arranged everything for my sister, took her passage in a ship for Sydney, and gave her in charge to the captain. My sister was a very pretty brunette, with small, regular features, black eyes, and cheeks the colour of a ripe peach. Amongst the passengers on board ship she made some kind and agreeable friends. A military doctor and his wife asked her to stay with them in Sydney until she could communicate with us. How joyful and triumphant were my feelings when the letter reached us announcing her arrival in Sydney! My father fetched her thence, but not before she had promised her kind friends to pay them a visit later on. She returned to them, and in a very short time she became engaged. The engagement was a short one, and soon after her second home-coming she was followed by her future husband. The wedding took place in a fortnight, and a curious one it was.

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 nearly 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 ninety 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, whom she forthwith engaged to help Henry, our cook. Never was there a better or a 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 out most 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 wanga-wanga pigeons, 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 returning 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.

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 parlour, 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 weather-board 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, ther 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 Archipelago, 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.