'relax and socialize away from the hustle and bustle of the busy world'. It's an intriguing viewpoint and I hope this view is tested in his subsequent publications. The satisfactions and dissipations of a working class life and whether the pub is a balm for or a cause of these dissatisfactions is a moot point and one that would repay detailed examination.

This issue was perhaps best tackled by Henry Lawson (mentioned briefly in the book as a visitor to Bulli) who argued that beer made you feel the way you should feel without having to drink any. With bon-mots like these, much more could have been made of Lawson's 1899 visit to Bulli "for health reasons" in Michael Roberts's book. I suspect that "health reasons" was the Illawarra Mercury's January 12th, 1899 code for 'drying out'.

In short, "The Little House on the Hill" is a book of much interest and with much potential for expansion into a full-scale study of the district's hotels and the social life which grew up around them. It is handsomely illustrated with many maps, diagrams and graphs and I recommend it to all IHS members.

Along with Bill Bayley's Black Diamonds it is available at the Bulli Township Shop on the Main Road at Bulli, opposite Hospital Road.

BEST BUY FOR LOCAL HISTORY BUFFS AT CHRISTMAS

This would have to be the magnificent new book entitled D.H. Lawrence at Thirroul, Collins Inprint, 1989 by Joseph Davis. Illustrated with many rare and previously unpublished photographs of Lawrence's stay. Price $14.95. Available from all bookstores.

As Richard Hall says on the back cover blurb, "An absorbing kaleidoscope of local history, literary insights and feet-on-the-ground detective work." If members buy sufficient numbers of this fine book then next year they may have a full time Bulletin editor. If this thought sounds too alarming, then I appeal to all IHS members to buy hundreds of copies for their friends and family in order to make me as rich and as famous as possible.

As this is our last Bulletin for the year, on behalf of the Council of the Illawarra Historical Society, I wish all members and their families a joyous Christmas and the best of all possible New Years. Many thanks for putting up with my idiosyncrasies during the year.

DUMONT D'URVILLE ON THE SOUTH COAST OF N.S.W.

Dumont D'Urville's voyages in Australian waters are an important part of our exploration history, but until recently his vast historical and scientific journals and associated documents have remained untranslated since their publication in French last century. Helen Rosenman has rectified this with a magnificent two volume translation of the material relating to Australia. Published as Two voyages to the South Seas, Astolabe 1826-1829 and Astrolabe and Zelee 1837-1840, the following is an extract from D'Urville's journal as he sailed up the east coast towards Bass Point on November 25th, 1826:

We made some way during the night with the help of a light southerly, but with daylight it dropped and a thick mist completely hid the land from view. About 9.30 a.m. a light south-westerly allowed us to steer NW and at noon we saw the entrance to Twofold Bay seven or eight miles to the SW.

From then Astrolade skirted the coast at a distance of three miles to make geo-
graphical observations, the work being assigned to M. Guilbert.

All the land formation from Twofold Bay to a point near Mt. Dromedary runs fairly uniformly north and south without any remarkable features. The bay is mainly a beautiful sandy beach, the monotony of which is only broken by occasional small outcrops of rock. In from the coast the land is covered with beautiful trees and carpeted with green grass and looks very inviting. Below Mt. Dromedary there are lovely spots; the sight of these delicious glades revived the tortures of Tantalus for us and made us even more resentful of the frustrations of our floating prison.

This mountain is quite imposing because of its shape and isolation although its height is nothing out of the ordinary, as I estimate it to be four or five hundred fathoms high at the most.

At 5.45 p.m. we reached between Cape Dromedary and Montague Island, which I was expecting to round quite quickly when a calm caught me by surprise less than two miles from land. Darkness fell, and being afraid of being dragged by the current, I was already preparing to drop anchor off the open coast with a depth of nineteen fathoms, fine sand, when a fresh light breeze from WNW allowed me to head slowly out to sea; we doubled Montague Island and about 10 p.m. we were about three miles south of it.

The dragnet was cast and brought in several times; among many interesting objects M. Quoy at last found a small living trigonia, a shell he had been looking for for a long time in this state, having only been able to procure separated valves of it at Westernport.

By night we could clearly see the light of the fires of which only the smoke had been visible during the day. One that was well established near the crest of Mt. Dromedary seemed almost as if lit expressly to guide us in our navigation.

At 3 a.m. M. Gressien, who was officer of the watch, believed he could distinguish land and hear breakers ahead; I brought the ship round two quarter points to starboard: but this could only have been an illusion, for at that moment the coast must have been at least two or three leagues away. At daylight a dense fog completely concealed the land; it was not until we had run to NNW and even NW for some time that we could see it again about midday somewhere near Cape St. George.

I was preparing to resume exploration when the wind suddenly veered from WNW to SSE and SE; at 1.30 it was already due E. The corvette was right opposite the entrance to Jervis Bay and less than a league from it. Rather than expose myself to the hard battle against unfavourable winds, and also convinced that on an expedition like ours, time spent at an anchorage is always more usefully employed than unproductively wasted at sea, I decided to take Astrolabe into this still virtually unknown bay.

At 2.30 p.m. we were abeam of Cape Perpendicular and a short time later we were sailing rapidly off Bowen Island, the sides of which are sheer and striated with horizontal bands of rock in excellent imitation of the walls of an immense citadel. After rounding it, I bore towards the southern part of the bay. At 3.00 o'clock I dropped the starboard anchor in nine fathoms, fine sand and shells, three cables from the beach.
The shore, slightly undulating and everywhere covered with beautiful trees, offered a most picturesque prospect. The smoke from several fires also indicated the presence of natives. It was no time before we saw five of them appear opposite the corvette, carrying some fish; they seemed to be waiting for us to come ashore.

MM. Jacquinot and Lottin went immediately to observe horary angles, and established communication with these natives. Some of them jabbered a few English words; all gave evidence of being amicably disposed. One of them slept on board.

Near the mooring a rock jutted out into the sea, it was flat-topped and with an opening right through it, and looked exactly like the ruins of an aqueduct. Naturally our observatory was set up on this platform [Hole-in-the-Wall Beach].

After dinner I went ashore where I spent the evening hunting and walking through these majestic forests. Never so far had I encountered such beautiful eucalypts and such open ground. These vast glades are only occasionally filled with bracken, and on the banks of a rushing stream, that could provide water it need be, grow enormous clumps of Todea. The rest of the not very varied plant life looks to be from the same species as at Sydney, a resemblance that is hardly surprising.

The officers and naturalists also went ashore. By evening, two hours in Jervis Bay had already been long enough to enrich the mission in every branch of science.

At first light, M. Gressien in the whaleboat, MM. Gùibert and Dudemaine in the yawl and M. Paris in the dinghy all left at the same time to work on the chart of the bay, while MM. Jacquinot and Lottin were busy with astronomic observations.

I made another excursion into the woods with Simonet. Again I admired the beauty of the eucalypts and killed several birds; but the plants and insects hardly came up to the expectations raised by the first sight of these beautiful places. I would say that the scarcity of both must be due in great part to the frequent burning off carried out by the natives, which each year must kill off many species of plants and insects.

Our relations with the natives here continue friendly. However, we have only seen some men of this tribe, seven in number, and two children eight to ten years old; the women have remained out of sight. These Australians obviously belong to the same type as the Port Jackson natives, but they are better looking, stronger and, in particular, better proportioned, due probably to a greater abundance of food. Several of them have a tattoo of scars on their backs, the cartilage of the nose pierced and their hair parted into strands decorated with kangaroo teeth or paws.

The wind blew a gale from the north and prevented me from setting sail again. So all the officers were allowed to go ashore on the one condition that they did not wander too far and returned to the ship at the first cannon shot.

I myself wanted to explore once again this countryside that appeared more and more attractive and fertile. Beyond the great eucalypt forests I have already described, there are beautiful clearings entirely free of scrub; I noticed that these had even fewer birds and insects than the forests. In the latter some of the burnt spaces are again covered with tender young grass; this growth would seem to indicate that our European cereal crops and vegetables could also grow abundantly in the soil of these forests.
The rocks around the coast supplied small oysters with curly shells which are very good eating, also bearded mussels, and in the sand another species of larger and more succulent oyster is found. At this mooring there is a plentiful supply of fish; a single cast of the net brought in a huge catch; also the natives, fascinated by such a novel spectacle for them, indulged in extravagant exhibitions of delight. And especially when they saw that the sailors were leaving for them many of the coarser species, like small sharks and trigger fish, their joyful shouts were so loud and piercing that hearing them on board, I was afraid that some unfortunate incident had occurred.

Every day two men went out line fishing in the dinghy under Bowen Island and would come back in the evening with two quintals of exquisite fish.

During our short stay here we have enjoyed perfect temperatures and pure healthy air. These many advantages, taken altogether, lead me to believe that few ports are worth comparing with this one for pleasantness and safety. I dare say that if the English have so far neglected a port that is so interesting and within easy reach of their main settlement of Port Jackson, it must be because there is a profusion of places offering them other resources and that they are only holding back because they have so many to choose from.

Before concluding my remarks on Jervis Bay, I must mention two native huts built near our observatory. In form they were like an oblong beehive about six or seven feet high, built of wide strips of eucalyptus bark, set upright and brought together at the top, covered with grass and marine plants. Clean and spacious inside, each of them could easily house a family of eight to ten individuals, and evidence a degree of intelligence on the part of these savages superior to any I had so far encountered. We have seen the drawings of cutters and launches that they have made on the sandstone rocks on the coast and they are quite well done. M. Lottin, who had left behind a walnut wood rule, found it again the next day decorated with similar drawings. In their dealings with us they have, without fail, consistently displayed honesty, gentleness and even a circumspection quite remarkable for this class of person. Not one of them has attempted the slightest larceny, and it gives me pleasure to do justice to their impeccable conduct.

The position of our observatory was 35° 8' 27" lat. S, the result of two series of observations of meridian altitudes, and 148° 22' 55" longitude E, corresponding with Port Jackson and the rates at departure and arrival which had not perceptibly varied over four days.

The variation of the magnetic needle (mean 3 azimuths) was found to be 9° 38' 23" E.

At 8 a.m. we were under way with a light breeze from SSW and S and in overcast weather. Near the channel we hove to to pick up the yawl which had been fishing for three hours under Bowen Island and had already caught 200 lbs of excellent fish. We had some trouble doubling Cape Perpendicular with a light wind, a contrary current and a rather hollow southerly swell. Then we sailed along the coast at a distance of three or four miles as far as Crookhaven. This is just a long, sheer and very high cliff against which any ship driven by the wind would certainly be lost with all hands. Beyond that, the coast falls away to the west and its outlines are less harsh, for there are beautiful beaches bordered with thick bush and overlooked by gently sloping mountains topped with luxuriant vegetation.

Near the coast, an isolated bluff very like Mt. Dromedary, but not so lofty, is
a similar useful landmark. A little to the south of this mountain, two or three inlets in the coast can be discerned which must belong to rivers or arms of the sea. In fact it is there that Flinders's chart indicates the course of a considerable river [Shoalhaven], but I do not know on what authority this is based. At 10 a.m. we were in over twenty-five fathoms, fine sand. At noon the horizon became so hazy that we could not make out any of the mountains inland although we were only four or five miles off the coast.

We rounded Bass Point; I was also expecting to round Red Point before nightfall, for we could already see the Five Islands very clearly three or four leagues ahead of us, but the wind veered to ENE and we had to make an offing. Just then (nearly 5.00 p.m.) we could see three horses grazing peacefully in a green pasture on the shore, from that we concluded there was a farm in the area.

The wind blew all day from NNE and N, sometimes weak and variable, at others blustery and with a swell and we were reduced to tacking inshore. At 7 a.m. we found ourselves five miles to leeward of the point we had left the evening before; at midday we rounded the Five Islands at a distance of three leagues; in the evening the wind strengthened from the north with squalls, and as the sea was already rough we made an offing.

On the edge of the forest, near the pasture where the three horses were grazing the day before, we saw a long hut built of the same wooden slabs as all the settlements that the English commence in these parts.

The north wind continued and we crowded sail to keep the coast on board, which was hidden most of the time by persistent heavy haze. At 11 a.m. the wind suddenly jumped from N to SW and shortly after S, where it was not long before it was blowing a gale with a big sea.

At 12.30 we saw the land near Bass Point and from then on followed it at a distance of four or five miles at the most. Near the Five Islands we sighted a small ship which looked as if it was running inshore, but as we watched it went about and with the wind astern got into our wake. As we were then doing nine knots we promptly lost sight of it in the mist.

At 7 p.m. we were no more than seven or eight miles south of Cape Solander, Botany Bay. I hove to on the starboard tack for fear of going past the entrance to Port Jackson during the night.

REMINISCENCES OF JOAN WAKEMAN

I married a Tom Grody, at the Mission Station. He was part Abóiginal. He didn’t come down here with me, but since I moved in here in November, he has come to visit me, he is nearly blind now and he is not the young man I knew, I suppose I’m not the young girl he knew either. When I moved here, I couldn’t drag him away from his kind of country, just as he couldn’t drag me away from mine. So it was a marriage that only lasted a very short while. I went back a couple of times, but I came back home again.

I came back here and lived with my dad. I never had to work, my father was a wharfie, no way would he let any of his family go hungry. He always called himself ‘The Rock’. He said, “I’m always here”, wonderful old fellow. As a