

of 10 miles. I walked. The object of the party was to fish - & my object, to pick seaweed. We had scarcely well set out when heavy rain came on, but we were ashamed to turn back so went forward doing better things - & so the evening cleared up, & we got to the fishing ground in good time. The fishing was with a screen & long net, to be hauled through a large pool left by the tide. As there were few seaweeds, I joined the fishing party, who were in want of a hand, & was ordered forward into the water to drag the net. I thought it rather cold from wading up to the middle & then standing in the wind on the shore, till it was time to go into the water again. It was my first experience of the thing - "dragging the net with fishes," as I kept saying to myself. We were not very successful - the rising tide only left us time for 3 hauls. In one of them our net got tangled & the fish escaped - & in the other two we caught but few. However we secured some excellent flounders, some mussels, & a fish with a long nose (but delicate flavour) which they call gar fish - & on these we made an excellent supper in our tent. W. Sereday is a first rate cook, & stewed them deliciously. We had a good tent - the night was fine, with a bright full moon - & I am very unwilling to rise in the morning. But they had us up at daylight (very cold!) & I started to look for Alga, & found little or nothing. The rest of the party somehow missed the proper hour for the tide - so we had no more fish & breakfasted on fried pork & meat instead! And so came home, wringing our tails.

This is a very stupid note. It has however served a purpose for I had a headache when it began (from laying out Alga till I was tired) & it has taken it away, & I wish I could ensure its being equally useful to you. Let it serve at least to show that I have not quite forgotten you or Ada, & show my love. I fully hope to go home via Sandwich Island, Califorma, Panama & New York & Boston this year or next. If I go to New Zealand, it will be next - but if not, it may be about Xmas time this year that I shall ask for a night's lodging at the Bob's garden (D.K.). - Goodnight. Yours affly
W. L. Hawes.

George Town, Van Dieman Land
Feb. 6. 1855.

My dear Mrs Gray

It is a very long time since I wrote to you - so long ago that I have quite forgotten when - but I know I wrote from Khyber, & George Town. I did so after reaching Melbourne. This is little matter however as you hear of me from Mr. Totherton. I see some of my Journal letters - & therefore know all about my affairs. I have heard one or two notes from you, to myself & Mr. T. (forwarded by her) so I too am kept pretty much up in Boston news. I thought of writing to you tonight, partly because yesterday I completed my 4th year! an event doubly impressed on me this evening by some noisy children at the opposite side of the road. I had made myself smart - after the days labour, & was starting about sundown to make a call on some lady acquaintance. I had just crossed from the Hotel to the opposite side of the road when I encountered 4 or 5 children at play - who, the moment I appeared, burst out into loud laughter crying, after me at the top of their voice, "Oh! Oh! what an ugly old man! What a very ugly old man you are!" I was much amused - & immediately Mr. Holmes verses "I saw him once before, As he passed by the door he came into my head. And so it has come to this pass with poor me at last!" The noisy cause of laughter in the present case I believe was a very extraordinary "wide awake" which the Christy gave me, when leaving home - & which having a brain full two inches wider than any other in the Colony is a rather conspicuous object. I am told it goes by the name of "the father of wide awakes" among the young ladies of George Town. So much for gassing. Now for something else. You would hardly suppose that I am sitting close beside a very cozy wood fire enjoying the blaze - in this summer month (corresponding to your northern August) - but so it is. It has been

a bright warm day of full summer up to an hour
of sundown when a shifting of the wind has brought
up clouds & cold, & renders a fire a very pleasant
companion. We have had fires several evenings -
not that they were absolutely needed - but that
they are very cozy. Every night since I have been
in Australia I have required blankets, & frequently
cloaks besides. On the whole I never was in a more
temperate & genial climate than this of N.E. L.
so far as I have seen. I often think of this island -
"All save the spirit of man is divine" - The scenery of
this part of the Island is very pretty - a broad river like
the Hudson, with wooded hills, & mountains, & occasional
cultivated spots along its banks. The woods, however,
are monotonous in colour, compared to your richly
painted ones. Here we are thankful when varying
clouds & sunshine dawns or lights up different
points of view, so as to relieve the eye - when the
light is uniformly diffused the dull green of the
gum trees & the sombre She Oaks (*Casuarina*) seem
only to diversify them. Just now, in open spots
near the river the *Bursaria spinosa*, a large shrub or
small tree is very ornamental. In the distance it looks
like Hawthorn - nearer it has more the look of *Powitt*
every twig bearing a terminal panicle of white flowers.
It is sweet scented & very common. Oddly enough they call
it *Myrtle* - though it has no resemblance to that shrub -
while their own *Myrtle* (*Leptospermum*) they call
"Tea trees" - I have been here rather more than three
weeks & leave it at the beginning of next week for a
short visit to an inland locality from whence I shall
go to Hobartown. My time here has been chiefly spent
at Seaweed. There is little land botany of interest in
the immediate vicinity & quite enough also fully
to employ my time. I was up this morning at 5 O'clock
& had all my papers changed by 6 - & started after break-
fast by 7 on a 5 hours walk - across the woods to a

point on the shore when I expected to find good
specimens - but the tide was not so low as I ought
to have been, owing to a wind that blew - so I got
very little comparative - & only found one piece
of *Claudea* (the great Bahadrea of this place). Beyond
lay through a gum tree forest - but not trees of any
great size or age. The ground, for almost 1/2 the distance
was thickly covered with *Leptospermum* in blossom & *Me-
laleuca* out of flower - both shrubs 6 to 8 feet high - &
the other half distance way through *Bracken fern* (*Pteris
aquilina*) about 4 feet high. Tomorrow I suppose the
same road would lead me through another cinder as
I perceive a bush fire is running all through the
wood at that side of the village. We have daily fires
all round us - as the custom is - & soon we shall have
nothing but sooty walks in the woods. In these fires
the larger trees are seldom burned. The fire catchers
the undershrub being driven through it, - after which
young shrubs & grasses spring up. There are no tree fern
valleys in this neighbourhood - but I expect to see them next
week at Deloraine, among the Western Mountains. I
am going to spend a week or ten days with a Mr. Archer,
a friend of Hooper's, in a mountainous district, where
he writes me I can "tumble out of bed into a pine gully" -
As yet I have seen no Australian pines. The only coniferous
plant in N. Australia is a sort of *Cypress* - which was
my delight at dear Portnest. What they call the Wild
Cherry here (*Exocarpus*) looks to the passing eye, very
like a *Cypress* - the same dense growth of twigs & general
aspect - but its colour is much brighter, being a cheering
lively green or yellowish pea green - looking so juicy among
the other dry things that it is quite refreshing.

One day last week I joined an excursion headed
by our Clergyman (Mr. Fereday), who is a great ally
for me, to a point on the Coast about 5 miles from
the Harbour Heads. We crossed the bush with a
cart, carrying our tent & sundries - a distance



Harvey, William H. 1855. "Harvey, William Henry Feb. 6, 1855 [to Jane Loring Gray]." *William Henry Harvey letters* –.

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