

(Copy)

"Cape-Riche, Western Australia, - March 9th 1854"

"My Dear Hannah."

I wrote to thee about the end of last month by a chance opportunity, the "Australian" - & I hope that letter will reach before this arrives. I write now, tho. this letter cannot leave King George's Sound for a month because the cart will go upon Monday, & there will be no other opportunity - I expect letters from home are awaiting me at King George's Sound, & that I shall receive them on the return of the cart about the 20th - but I shall have no means of answering them until June - These things can't be helped - In my last letter I mentioned that I was coming here on the invitation of Mr. Cheyne, to spend a few weeks exploring this neighborhood. I left K. G. S. on the 27th of February about 9 A.M. with Mr. C's two carts, on one of which I had a seat when I chose to ride, but as they travelled barely 3 miles an hour it was more amusing to walk, I went mostly on foot, merely taking a ride occasionally to rest myself - The day was densely cloudy, but very close - scarcely any wind - I picked up a few plants in flower that were new to me, & so amused the way - A convict servant of Mr. Cheyne's, who was of the party, walked with me, & we had a good deal of talk. He had been an optician, but unfortunately married a second wife while his first was living, & so was transported for bigamy, & is now a gentle shepherd on one of the outstations 18 miles from the farm - He came from Manchester & is an intelligent man & our talk went over a considerable range - at 12 miles distant while we were walking together a short way behind the carts, suddenly we saw one of them upset, & coming on to it, found it turned completely bottom upwards & the shaft-horse on his back, kicking, while the tandem pulled restively - It was sometime before we got things to rights, & found to our satisfaction that there was nothing material broken, only that 18 young fowls had escaped into the bush. We had therefore a hunt & succeeded after a time in securing them all - I caught two for my share, which was less than my proportion, as there were five in chase (two Waggons, one young woman, their sister, the convict, & myself) - As it was 2 O'clock we fed the horses and dined, & resumed our journey - the road lay thro. an undulating country covered with low shrubs, & occasionally with layers of timber - where we dined was excellent water, but the rest that we sipped & partook of on the road was of the color of strong tea, but without any bad taste - I think nothing of drinking brown water now, nor do I much mind a little mud - Not much variety in the flowering plants - the common scarlet *Beaufortia* was abundant & very gay, with its large tufts of scarlet flowers - it reminded me, at a little distance, of *Erica Cerinthoides*, at the Cape - but was perhaps more showy - We walked 12 miles after dinner, & then encamped for the night, having travelled 24 miles, all of which I walked except for half an hour - Had I been on the cart when it was capsized I must have been killed or hurt - put this to the credit of Botany - Our camp was on this side  a small calico tent open in front & closed behind, shaped like the roof of a house was soon stretched on a stick fixed horizontally on two uprights, & pegged to the ground - this was thrown with myrtle & gum-tree twigs on which we spread our blankets - It just held the two Waggons & myself lying side by side - The Lady slept in the cart which had a canvas cover on hoops, quite snug, and

the convict slept under the other cant, making himself as cozy as circumstances allowed, but decidedly in the worst place - A fire was now blazing in front of the end of the tent and a kettle boiling thereon, into which when boiled a handful of Indian was thrown, & presently became tea - The head-wagoner proposes to put baggage also into the kettle, but I stayed first to have my pannikin full with tea, that it is boiling - Our meal consisted of bread & milk, pork & mutton, the usual Irish fare - After supper we lay down, but it was some time before we got sleep - At 5 we were all astir, the kettle again boiling for similar meal, this we ate - about 6 o'clock we began to start, there a low straggling forest, much the same as on the first day - It rained a little - the clouds were wet & so was I, but I dried again before the carb. came up, which was after a walk of 10 miles at Golden River - said river, which is a rapid one in winter, was now divided into large & deep water holes with dry spots between them - I washed my feet & took a drink & then in the water, collected a *Phaca* & a *Nitella*, while they waited the horses - Then walked on over a bare brownstone plain, which soon picked up a very pretty *Lambertia* (fringed) with narrow leaves, soon after the lovely *S. Eucnemis*, which we found abundant in the following. It is a twiggly shrub with small round leaves, 3 in a whorl, white underneath & collection of flowers, orange scarlet at the ends of the branches - It looks like a honey-suckle on a single specimen, 10 from 3 to 20 feet high - young plants flowering regularly with red - I send a very few seeds enclosed, all the rest I liked, growing bad - several *Banksia* in attractive notice, especially one with round heads of flowers like yellow artichokes, very handsome, I shall get seeds, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. Focus that you would easily mistake them - Some of you might have the same habit - it looks strange to see the large heads of flowers stuck close to the rock, into the midst of thin punkle leaves & broken (*B. crispifolia*) was very common with large wooden fruit - something the shape of pears, about the size of a nut - stuck thickly over the naked lower branches, while the young ones above carried leaves - also *S. Banksia* with handsome fan-shaped leaves - seeds of them I send - We walked 6 miles from the river, then stopped & fed horses & then on head of rock, then turned on our journey - As the road was uninteresting, I rode for an hour after dinner then resumed my rambling, picking up several small plants, the best of the production, a white & red *Calceolaria*, a sort of fairy myrtle with brittle-like calyx lobes - I had previously picked a bright yellow one of the same genus - I shall try for seeds, but they are troublesome to find - We reached our camping ground before sunset having travelled 31 miles, & so the night on before - with this difference that I slept very well - We were again on the road by 6 o'clock, and travelled till a singular country with occasional distant views of mountain ranges - The most striking of these is the "Stirling Range" - In view to the Northward, most of the road today, a long range of peaked & craggy mountains that seemed one of the northward, Holland at the Cape, & by their grotesque shapes ought to be said - I shall try for 4 or 5 of the best & send the remaining 3, which brought us to the farm about half past 12 - Mr. Collyer has a farm here of about 2000 acres, only a few hundred of which are suitable for pasture & pasture. The pasture hills are close to the sea, descend from far to their color, white, at this season so different from the brownish green hue of the bush-covered hills - the wheat-growing land here

their feet, & may be 40 or 50 acres - the wheat is said to be very good - I saw a few heads of the bread made from it, but I mean to bring a sample of the grain of the ground on which it grows - The place is very better, than but one fault - want of water - There is plenty for drinking, but not enough for green crops - and the farmers & Mangos have their year failed - I have some potatoes, not a vegetable - I saw few bread & mulberry bushes & bread & butter more common, with eggs when we used for them - all very good of the kind Mr. Collyer lives here, it is very kind to me - He is a retired Dr. Williams, & others happy with his good-natured, who showed his home chiefly for his own, having nothing to do, the necessity to look after or trouble himself with - He sometimes reminds me of our Uncle William, but is not deaf - and he may be described as our first recorded ancestor was "An innocent honest man who would do his friends & the truth be made possession of" - We put on very well together & I suppose I shall be here for four weeks longer, when I hope to get back to Albany - I have been much disappointed in the shore here - it is bad for it, very little to be collected at low water, the mud being dependent on storing for thousands of weeds - It has been, unfortunately, calms since my arrival, but had been blowing some short time before, & I can see by the remains still on the beach, that several good plants, do come ashore, that if it blows before I leave I may still reap a good harvest, but I must have patience if it do not - The mud & stones are very much of the plants, & I shall collect some of the larger shrubs in the river - I shall now - Among the most remarkable of these is *Syntherisma* & *S. Lehmannii*, of which I enclose seeds - It is especially recommended to Mr. Moore's care - it is a magnificent shrub allied to *Encartatus*, but rather more, strange in appearance - The heads of flowers are as large as oranges, persistent on flat stalks, each consists of several flowers, whose calyxes adhere together in a solid unapproaching only the tips, which are like horns, five - Their horns fall off after the flowers open throwing out immense rambling long stems - The bush is well covered with these heads, in every stage of progress, & it is very strange - It will require a tub full of water to clean it, & I am sure - It grows on the sides of a famous hill called "Kookaburra" where in spring there are a vast variety of flowers, but not now - The soil is brownstone rock with here & there a thin sprinkling of sand & vegetable matter & looks, intensely barren - but the worse I do it the more numerous on the flowers - *Calceolaria* (Cyanus) (see enclosed) is a lovely little shrub, 6 inches high, with paper leaves, and star-like flowers - It is more may grow it - *Keenodysa nigrescens* a very handsome creeper with black & yellow pea-like flowers, & *Templetonia* - The country here is so very similar to that round Albany that a few words will describe it - It is a state of flat, all greenish brown, with bright green dots here & there, covered with small shrubs & low trees at intervals - Here & there large tracts of black, marking the course of bush-forests - On the road on paper there is a large forest which is in part burnt, the fire only reaching the larger trees, & this had very much the look of an English Nutcracker Wood - but the fire is usually much more destructive - The burnt ground is generally covered by flocks of black *Coracias*, who come for the seeds which the forest causes to fly from their wooden shells - there are many more on every side as you pass

The common Crow here has a strange note, between that of a child in distress, the bleating of a sheep, & the bray of an ass - if you can compound a discord of these three. We saw two fine very large, *Conus*, at a short distance on the road - they soon put up their sails & scudded away at a rapid pace - I have yet seen no Kangaroos - The strange palm-like rush-trees (*Kingia*) are much finer a short way from this, than those I told Sisterella of, & particularly remarkable for the large mass of decayed leaves which cloak the upper half of the trunk - usually these are burnt off - the fire rarely injuring the life of the trunk, but only blackening it & destroying its leaves - new leaves & generally flowers quickly spring out, but the cloak which is the result of several seasons is never seen where fires are frequent. Imagine a few hundred such things scattered over a flat or hilly country each standing apart, or conspicuous above every thing else - The pasture hills at the Farm are chiefly timbered by the Oak (*Casuarina*) a dark-green dense growing tree 20 to 30 feet high, round like an Apple tree with twiggy branches, & no leaves. There are several different kinds, many only small bushes - the timber of the larger kind is good - As there are few sea weeds here, I am the more diligent in collecting shells - The shell places are very similar to those at Milltown, & the shells are mostly minute ones - many are like ours - We have "flatids" & "Clathratulus" &c. My collection may not be of much value, but I dare say will be a little interesting for habitat - Almost all are dead, in shelly sand - I have several kinds of star-fish - but the most beautiful, a feather star, committed suicide in bringing home, & so was lost - I got them at low tide, by wading into the water - one large fat sleek fellow, of an intense scarlet, if new I propose to call after Cardinal Wiseman - tell the Doctor - It is very smooth, as velvety as a cat's paw - Love to all - I -

"W. A. H."



(*Kingia*)



Harvey, William H. 1854. "Harvey, William Henry Mar. 9, 1854 [copy] [to Hannah Harvey]." *William Henry Harvey letters* –.

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