

a pinkish esp. The berry is in fact a fleshy Calyx. Closely enclosing a dry seed
nest - Bushes of the Colonial Yew (*Bodecarpus*) were plentiful. Not many
attractive - Descending from the river we obtained a Marsh, but found little
but a few Orchids - one of them a rare and a minute *Spiraea*! (Spiraea
Pyrenaica), with flowers no larger than pin heads, and leaves about as small - it
was easily overlooked. Among the tall grass & sponges of the marsh were patches of
beautiful cobalt-colored berries, a big & heavy Sparrow egg hanging in blunder -
stately. I gathered them greedily & sent the seed to Dublin where if the year had
been supplied at a future day's 18th was Sunday - we had dinner in the forenoon
and did not go far from the house in our hunting with Mr. A. is a good chairman

- On Monday morning, ^{19th} we were up before day & started soon after sunrise on an
expedition to the top of the highest mountain near us. Called "Cunningham Head" said
to be 3,500 feet high. We (W. A. & I.) ride for the first hour which brought us to
the foot of the mountain - after which we had to take to our legs. We had two men
with us to assist in arranging our tent, four blankets, as we meant to sleep on
the summit we each however carried a portion on leaving the body we had
to force our way for half an hour through very tall & close-growing bracken fern mixed
with other shrubs, and then we entered a very thick scrub forest or wood covered
with small shrubs, among which we threaded our weary way. Sometimes, erect,
sometimes, sideways, sometimes, in alleys. Sometimes crawling under prostrate logs
or climbing over them or walking along them. Here we could not see our way
but got forward by means of master trees according to a track formerly laid down
by W. A. Now there we came to huge trees such as fancy Back-horned Aspens,
going 100 feet to the first branch but the majority were small. Some of the
giant ones were fallen down and we passed along them. Most were green trees
for the first hour. Then came a Morris place where tree ferns abounded. Then
a separation of thick scrub, chiefly of a shrub called Redfordia, (after the Duke
of Bedford) and after nearly 3 hours toil-trotting we reached a thicket of
evergreen bushes where we sat down to rest under a prostrate log. We had
principally in one of the densest parts of the scrub sit here to some rubbish with
the view of making a clearance after leaving the bushes we commenced a much
steeper ascent but less doubtfully, steadily climbing over stably piled rocks & rubble
about two hours. At length we reached the summit. It is very thin mossy soil we
had to go through when we first started. We had a spring of water to drink
but no fire water & I encamped near a waterfall. There we found plenty of
delicious water. On the summit were many pretty shrubs in flower and some we
saw, which I collected. The most abundant was a large myrtle (*Lophopetalum*)
thickly spangled with white blossoms. It forms a thicket all over the top and around
also in the plateau. but in many places was dead, killed by previous fires -

Before descending to the plateau we had a fine view over a wide rounded country
with lots of mountains pretty & precipitous variously grouped. Some cleared patches in the
valleys with ripe corn and all the statuary of a fine prospect save water. The
valleys were hidden under the trees. one of the common shrubs on the
summit was a (*Decaphyllum*, thus first seen by me, very odd looking
as its leaves, were grass-like but flower heath-like. It looked a jumble of
very different things. Another little shrub with bush-like flowers was

sparingly this inches high & spread about on the stones under our feet. It bore
also large pink berries. Several shrubs (very bear), with flowers like Michaelmas-
daisies, were scattered about, & some of them very handsome - on reaching the
plateau the number of small, flowering plants increased greatly for here there
was plenty of water. A very pretty white Gentian was abundant, and a brilliant
variegated plant, like a lily, and the colour of the reddest roses was very conspicuous.
On the border of the water holes, a little *Spiraea* (*P. Arctica*) was in blossom but
perhaps the most curious vegetable production were the green cushions formed
by a densely growing little plant (*Mossarium*) of a brilliant green colour
with all the ends of its branches, the same length & closely packed together into
a cushion (like the pile on velvet) that it takes a good thrust with a knife to cut
into them, and they feel quite hard under your finger. There were plentiful and
acted as a sort for several other smaller plants which grew on their surface
or embedded in the cushion. One of these embedded plants was, a minute bush-
like shrub (*Bromellia*) an inch or two in height but completely buried save
the ends of its branches in the cushion - you saw it was this by seeing its large
berries scattered over the cushion - Another was a little Plantain 1/2 an inch high,
all were on the starling scale - After a frugal dinner we started for a walk
down a little stream which flows over the opposite side of the mountain upon
that by which we ascended. our object was to see the two kinds of *Eryngium* of
the Country or (*Australasicum*) as they are called, which grow in some of the
valleys. In our way we first came to abundance of a little (*Dorema*) a small
shrub with bright pink flowers. Then a thicket of another kind of myrtle much
handsomer than the one on the summit. Our descent of the mountain was a
pleasant scramble over rocks, decorated with small plants & mosses, commanding
fine views over & through the trees & the valley below and the mountain tops in
the distance - at length we reached the cypresses, or pine as they call them here.
They are fine looking things, rather but I expect to have seen larger specimens.
few were over 30 to 40 feet high, & many were the worse for the wear. This followed
was like that of *Clubmoss* (*Equisetum*) on a large scale. we returned to
our camping place before sunset and fired our little tent & pulled a bag of
the top of myrtle & the shrubs which we spread over the undergrowth of

Grevillea Alpina, a little fern which carpetted the ground all round us - our
men had collected a large pile of dry wood for fire & had lighted a fire.
When a pot of water for tea was down boiling, when we had supper & at
an early hour turned in to our rest. our covering was an Opossum bag
big enough to shelter W. Archer & myself, as we lay close together for greater warmth.
The night was fine not cold and the men kept up a large blazing fire all
night so that we lay very comfortable (as you used to do when you had the dog ^{old} you
not morning was very raw & cold threatening rain & we did not much to our
previous store in our forenoon ramble, but had some fine view of the parts
of the summit, & I got a good specimen of a beautiful white lichen, which
may be compared either to lace or to coral, having a resemblance to both. Its
branches are formed of delicate net work full of hole like a sponge; perhaps I
may give you a piece to put under a glass in the drawing room table in our ramble

We found two deserted huts of Kangaroo hunters and started one or two Kangaroos, which hopped along occasionally, stopping to look round at us - one old fellow after the first inspection started off at double speed. I suppose his former acquaintance with mankind was not agreeable - we commenced the descent about one P.M. & reached home about 6 - on our way down we came across the fire we had lighted on going up & found it had spread on all sides, and was still, spreading widely, having burned some hundred acres of bush (& when I left Chishant 3 days after it was still burning & had spread enormously.) In one place our track took us to the edge of the blaze - but in most places we passed over blackened but extinguished trunks. the under growth was completely cleared off and many of the smaller trees burned down & even some of the larger, while some old giants injured by previous fires were undermined & overturned by this one & lay shattered in various places. every now & then we heard the crash of a trunk falling sounding like a summer Avalanche in Switzerland, while the crackling of flames along the morning fire, was at a little distance like the noise of waves on the shore. many of our marked trees had perished and we lost some time in endeavouring to make out the track, but being pretty sure of the general direction, we were seldom long in puzzle - I was not sorry to get home & have a regular wash. The water in the tub bore evidence of my Swaplike Morn. next morning there were so many bush fires all round us that their smoke obscured the air & completely hid the mountains from our view, as much so as a dense London fog would have done, this was the case several days in May, my only other excursion at Chishant was a ride with Mr. A. across ^{go a long pull with a little one & come back you about} this ^{is} Run to see some rocks in a river bed full of fossils - There I might have readily, a dozen sorts he told me coral & shells lying in a very rotten slatey limestone - In the same evening I took my leave of my kind host, who goes to England for his health next month & intends remaining some years in England for the education of his children, then I hope to see him & continue the acquaintance. He is most kind as well as well informed & agreeable person, & has a large property. He often reminds me both in manner & in traits of character of our friend Henry Christy. I returned to Deloraine Inn to sleep & next morning took the Coach for Launceston where I ~~am~~^(26th) I have secured a place for tomorrow in the Hobartown Coach & hope to arrive there the following morning - Tell Aunt H. I mean to write to her from Hobartown - I have just received your & her letters by the "St. Baines" Dwt. 7th which vessel made a very quick passage - I don't know how this letter will go, it goes to Melbourne to take its chance of a ship - The P.O. Steamer no longer come to Australia & we are thus cut off from the overland mail - I have just had a letter from Jas. Phelps inviting me to go see him, but it is out of my power to do so - He lives an enormous way in the interior & I cannot afford the time it would take - I am unconsciously looking for more news from home as any letter are full of sad news - I fear poor Tommy's illness is of a very serious character - In my Botanical acquaintance there are many deaths, among them none I more deplore than poor Edw. Forbes for his own sake & that of Science -

"Your affectionate Uncle"
"W.H.A."

(Copy)

Port Arthur, Tasmania's Peninsula V.D.Law
March 4th 1855. (Sunday evening)

My Dear Hannah

I wrote to M.C.H. from Launceston a journal letter up to 26th of last month and dare say it may be forwarded by the same vessel as this letter, having sent it for the James Bailes, which I now find will not go for another week - On it I acknowledged receipt of thy letter of Dec^r 8th in which you had just got news of poor Harry Fisher's death. I am obliged to Thomas for his promptitude in acting about the granite stone & other things & hope to hear by next mail that the things are all on their way out. My letter of "Crosses", which had not then reached you, will long since I hope have given all the particulars which there were to tell & I have also sent more than one note to poor Lydia at various times up to the end of October where I planted the sods & wallflowers on the poor boy's grave - I am anxious now to hear of Tommy H. who had been so alarmingly attacked just before thy letter was sent. Poor Eliza there seems no end of her many afflictions.

I first saw Edward Forbes' death in one of the Launceston papers. I have since heard of it from Sir W^r. Hooker, & also of the death or severe illness of several other of our botanical friends - but no death among them has affected me so much as that of poor Forbes for whom I had a warm affection as well as admiration of his talents & acquirements. He will be a very great loss to British Nat. History too - a loss not likely to be filled up in our time & occurring just now at the moment when his sphere of usefulness appeared to have been so greatly enlarged - If men only worked for fame, he has done enough for that, though so young - I remember him almost as a boy.

My last to M.C.H. gave a report of my journey from Georgetown to visit to Cheshunt & ~~left~~ the morning of the day on the evening of which I left Launceston - I called that morning on a Captain Drew. to whom I had a letter of introduction & from whom I was to get letters to two people here - at his house I met a very odd person a Mr. Walker widow to his Predecessor in the office of Harbour Master. She has considerable artistic talent - paints well, but particularly excels in modelling & makes way medallions of heads &c. The likenesses are said to be very good. One of Mr. Fordey, I can answer for, but I had not seen any of the other originals. She also has specimens of photographic seaweeds, remarkably well done & one of them which she had tinted in colour was so well executed that even I took it at first for a dried specimen - with all she is extremely abrupt in manner & so self opinionated that when she asks you a question, the tone of her voice expresses some such censure as "Told truth, Sir, - I don't half believe you - th" - You say so do you, do you?" not that she says all this, but she grunts something like it - After showing me some of her seaweeds, she spared me the trouble of going through the rest, so I got off & returned to the Inn. where I spent most of the day. it being very hot & dusty, on the sofa with an old penny-magazine - At 5 in the afternoon I started by the Hobartown ^{mail} Coach, my seat cost £4.00 my luggage £2.00 being 6^{lb} & below what made it more aggravating was that my portmanteau was the only one weighed - I was charged for every ounce while the other passenger's luggage was guessed & evidently greatly under the real weight. But I was a stranger while they were well known to the Clerk. Being a night journey I took an inside place & off we set. Soon stopped to take in a passenger & whose luggage went up without question! His pockets

were ~~stuffed~~ with peats, of which he gave me one, assuring me that it was good in his own favour. He had also a bottle of brandy, but on getting into the Coach being relieved, the bottle turned up. The cork came out & it spilled on his pocket. Some time crossed my hat, for which the peer was an atonement - We drove very fast the whole way, up hill & down & no stop for the Stopped hills. At the rate we travelled (fully or half a mile per hour) we ought to have made the journey in 10 hours but owing to the time lost on the way, it took us fully to we regularly pulled up at every public house whether the horses were to be changed or not & generally waited from a quarter of an hour to 20 minutes at each. The only regulation to this driving was in the middle of the night - when the public houses were shut up - we had a stoppage for supper at 2 in the morning & one for Coffee at daylight at which time we mounted the top of the Coach to see the country. This was about 20 miles from Hobartown. The Country was very picturesque - a variety of hills & valleys - wide cultivated & fence'd, with frequent houses & an excellent macadamised wide engineered road leading through it. We satted along at a spanking speed. The morning was clear with a fresh breeze, but the more distant parts of the landscape were dimly seen from the smoke of the bush fires which at this season are spread all round - About 2 miles from Hobartown at a place called Bridgewater we cross the Derwent by a long bridge & causeway, then begin more frequent houses, and small hamlets & villages & about 2 miles from town is Newtown where many of the citizens have houses & their Bishop resides. Here also are large orphan schools for both sexes. We arrived about 8 in the morning & I stopped when the Coach put up at the "Ship", a comfortable house. After breakfast I called upon Mr. Waller (Formerly of London, companion & now Attorney of London's Bank here) who received me very cordially & has been most kind & attentive, apologising much for not giving me a bed. His house is undergoing alterations but asked me to come in & sit down any time I wished & to come as often to their family as I find convenient. He then went with me to make some calls but found not the parties. We parted & I then went to see the Assistant Controller of Customs to know whether I could be allowed to visit Port Arthur the Convict Station. I went in not knowing who he was, but soon found that he was Mr. Brown (Dr. Falcon's old friend at Combe wood). I introduced myself, & he was then very cordial & did all I wanted. He has been here many years, his present situation is worth £ 500 per annum. He asked me particularly after the Dr. if speaks of visiting & said I said the Dr. would be very glad to hear of him. He has a wife & family and a house in the County & I am to pay him a visit on my return to town. I walked in the afternoon about the town which is very well built but irregularly so, big & little houses. Alternately, the streets are wide & at right angles. Many of the new houses, the churches & public buildings are built of a very handsome freestone like that of Combe wood. There are hills & hollows over which the town lies. In that prominent buildings placed on the hills stand out, hills surround the town & Mr. Wellington, rises just high, plants on one side, from the higher parts of the town are very pretty views of the eastern shipping. The day was Safety - Keely, of any tonnage come close up to the wharps with ease & be affloat, for there is very little tide except at low & full moon & the tides here is of the same irregular kind so frequent on the South Coast of Australia.

By the way I am surprised you thought my account of the Australian tides so strange. Is it not written in the book of Sheldens? is it not engraved on the Admiralty Charts? lost over? after running along the wharps & looking at the sea, I came to a large long ~~extreme~~ building which I thought must be the custom house & stores - On inquiry I found it was, so I stepped in to present a letter of introduction which I had to a Mr. Waller, the Surveyor. He took the letter cordially, looked at it & then left me standing till he had spelt out a good deal of it when he begged me to be seated & began to have - I thought of Wilber's picture of the letter of introduction. However having read it, he became very civil & the interview ended in my promising to dine with him next day - I spent the evening with G.W.W. with whom had much talk on Sandy Cape. Next morning rose at 6 & called on G.W. Waller to take a walk to Sandy Cape in the outskirts of the town. Nothing to report but a pleasant walk, rather a warm morning, haze on the hills & a pale blue sky tho' Ships a sail & anchors, people bathing, no sea waves on the beach - We met Ned Barron returning from his elder health. He is looking much better in health than when I saw him in Hobartown but still encroaching by age. Mr. G.W.W. is very kind to Ned & has got him a large job of work to survey 10,000 acres of the wild unbroken land. If he has a little more self confidence, he could get plenty more. I told G.W.W. of Ned's excellent abilities & how creditably he passed through College. On parting from G.W.W. at his door I heard church bells ringing & as it was just 8 o'clock. I stepped in partly to see what daily service in Hobartown was like. It was the Cathedral Church & there are four or five ladies & one man besides myself & the few others. This was a large congregation & would be found in Scotland on week days at the same hour. I thought it a day of very small things. After breakfast Mr. Saxon took me to the public library, & made me free of it. It is not large. Its chief interest seems to be the library of Mr. Beechey (who was Col. Phipps' Companion when he resided at Melville) & the afterwards was Colonial Secretary here. Mr. Saxon told me to be ready to start for Port Arthur next morning as the "Goliath" was hunting down a steamer. I then went out with Mr. Waller to call on the Rev'd Dr. Teller head of the Presbyterian here. a well informed scientific & agreeable man who has been tutor to the present Duke of Wellington. He was very friendly & offered to accompany me in surveying Mr. Wellington on my return to town. In the afternoon, dined with Mr. Cato at his suburban house in a nice garden of 2 acres commanding beautiful views of the bay, with tables with fresh fish. In the evening I went to G.W.W.'s house to meet a phrenological party where I paid 4/- for hearing my head felt & got a short lecture of phrenology & learned in less than 45 mins. a fairly bitten with this phrenological mania & has had all his children & friends of family described. I was rather tired of the concert in a very brief time - 1st March I was at the wharf soon after 6 though the sun did not start till 7. The morning was very fine, though the breeze was fresh & against us. We had a large party of chained Convict on board number 400 slaves as it was rather cold I could not blow, lay on a sofa with a coat & fell asleep. Fortunately I woke up just as we approached the first remarkable point - Cape Rosal - close to which we passed & which is a very splendid object from any & every side, being a narrow jutting headland of basaltic columns nearly so far high at the highest part & about 50 to 60 at the lowest, standing together like the pipes of an organ, the top in many places broken so that single pillars stand out like pinnacles - Parts are like gothic architecture and as we passed close beneath the disposition of the rocks varied from moment to moment, every few minutes presenting a new scene. The columns on near inspection are not very perfect, being

more like those of "Fairhead" than the "Causeway" - after passing this cape the coast presents numerous bold lines of cliff & heathland with beaches interspersed, and at the extreme east of the landscape is Cape Pillar, a still finer basaltic head land, but of this we had only distant views. Half an hour more brought us into Port Arthur the Head Convict Station, a place of extreme beauty though the den of thievry. Here is a large prison workhouse & penitentiary &c. The rest of the settlement is composed of the houses of the superintendent & constables, about 30 families of all ranks. The houses of the officers are scattered about each in its garden, very pretty & with charming views. The Commandant's house is beautifully placed on the side of the bay & his gardens laid out with much taste. I am billeted in the Stone House W. Boyd, and very hospitably entertained with all allowances made for my making "dist-piss &c." The house is close to the Church, a structure of some pretension for the colony with a tall spire which looks well through the trees, but the architecture is far from being correct. When the ivy grows up it will hide much deformity & it is thriving very well. There are beautiful public gardens in front of the church which stands high. The gardens are laid out in walks, grass-plots & flower borders, & planted with a considerable number of kinds of native plants & trees with much taste. They are very well kept. At the back of the town rise high hills very densely wooded, the undergrowth is extremely dense like a tropical jungle - quite impenetrable. The climate here is moist & the ground & old trunks covered with mosses & ferns & very tall (& cutting) sedges - ferns are not of many kinds. Three Gleichenias I should like to send you if I could get ripe ones, but this is a difficult matter & lots of Fern-trees (*D. Antarctica*) They make Cord-du-roy roads of their trunks & very pleasant ones to walk on, as they are both soft & springy under the foot. The shore is very ill adapted for sea walks & I shall find very little, but I have added one to my list, an antarctic kind new to W.D.L. - I shall return to Hobartown by the first opportunity. The month of March seems unpropitious to me. This time 12 months I was at Cape-Riche. There are about 900 Convicts here in various degrees of confinement from the solitary cell to the ticket of leave. All the house-servants & most of the Constables are convicts, who are remunerated for good behaviour by getting credit on their time of sentence - all round the settlement a "Cordon" of Constables keep watch each in his Sentry Box in sight of the others & there they stand all day. Every one (Constable & all) is locked up at 7 o'clock in the evening, when all the men servants leave the house & return to the prison to sleep. It was here W. J. O'Brien was confined. I shall write you an account of his quarters when I have seen them & as yet I have not gone over the buildings but mean to take a day for this purpose. The Convicts except those in solitary confinement attend the public Church. They were very well behaved to day. I thought the first lesson rather inappropriate to such a congregation - as it was the story of Jacob's Dodge to get his brother's blessing. But the second lesson was better, Luke 15th. The sermon was a short one & the whole service was over in one hour & half. The prayers were read too hurriedly, I thought. The choir was composed of servants with dreadfully nasal tones & I was sorry when the singing ceased. They are all men here no women or boys. They are of all classes & degrees of crime educated & uneducated. I shall probably write you again & am now thy affectionate Brother. W. H. H.

The family I am living with consists of a widowed mother 1 son & daughter, very kind & attentive to me. Hospitable folk! Green Peas, French Beans & Carrots - Batter & Honey & Raspberry Jam -



Harvey, William H. 1855. "Harvey, William Henry Mar. 4, 1855 [copy] [to Hannah Harvey Todhunter]." *William Henry Harvey letters* –.

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