

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 Cheshunt 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 moving 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 Swampy skin. 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. My only other excursion at Cheshunt was a ride with Mr. A. across his runs to see some rocks in a river bed full of fossils - ^{"got a bag full with a little more & some things were about"} here I might have readily, a dozen sorts he told me corals & shells lying in a very rotten slaty 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, There 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. I have secured a place for tomorrow ^(26th) 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 letter by the "St. Rained" Dec. 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. Steamers 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 immense way in the interior & I cannot afford the time it would take. I am anxiously looking for more news from home as my letters 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. Fisher for his own sake & that of Science -

"Your affectionate Uncle"

"W.A.H."

(Copy)

Port Arthur, Tasmania Peninsula V.D. Land
March 4th 1855 - Sunday (even)

My Dear Hannah

I wrote to M.C.H. from Launceston a journal letter up to 25th of last month and dare say it may be forwarded by the same vessel as this letter, having sent it for the James Cairnes, which I now find will not go for another week. In it I acknowledged receipt of thy letter of Dec. 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 grave stone & other things, & hope to hear by next mail that the things are all on their way out. My letter of "Probus", 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. 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 & visit to Chestnut & ~~into~~ 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 the people here. at his house I met a very odd person a Mrs. Walker widow to his Predecessor in the office of Harbour master. She has considerable artistic talent - paints well, but particularly excels in modelling & makes wax medallions of heads &c. The likenesses are said to be very good. One of Mr. Foreday, I can answer for, but I had not seen any of the other originals. She also has specimens of photographic sea weeds, 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 for a question, the tone of her voice expresses some such caution as "Told truth, Sir, - I don't half believe you - Oh - 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 baggage £2.00 being 6th Feb. 1855. What made it more aggravating was that my portmanteau was the only one weighed - I was charged for every ounce while the other passengers' baggage 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 baggage went up without question, his pockets

were stuffed with peas of which he gave me one, assuming me that it was good
in his own garden. He had also a bottle of brandy, but in getting into the coach
sipping afterwards, the bottle turned up, the cork came out & it spilled in his pockets.
Some time ~~waited~~ ^{waited} my hat, for which the peer was an attendant. We drove very fast
the whole way, up hills & into a down & no drop for his stabled hills, at the rate we
travelled (fully 12 miles per hour) we ought to have made the journey in 18 hours but
owing to the time lost in the way, it took us fully 18. We regularly pulled up at every
public house, whether the horses were to be changed or not & generally waited for a
quarter of an hour to 20 minutes at each. The only objection to this drinking 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 I mounted
the top of the coach to see the country. This was about 20 miles from Hobartown. The
Country was very picturesque, a diversity of hills & valleys, well cultivated & fenced, with
frequent houses & an excellent macadamised well engineered road leading through it.
For miles along at a spanking pace. The morning was clear with a fresh breeze,
but the more distant parts of the landscape were dimly seen from the smoke of
the coach fires which at this season are spread all round - About 10 miles from
Hobartown at a place called Bridgewater we cross the River 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 villas & where
the Bishop resides. Here also are large orphan-schools for both sexes. We arrived
about 8 in the morning & I stopped where the Coach put up at the 'Ship', a
comfortable house. After breakfast I called upon G. W. Walker (formerly of Hobartown
Companion & now Secretary of the Tasmanian Bank here). He received me very cordially &
has been most kind & attentive, apologising much for not giving me a bed, ~~and~~
that house is under going alterations, but asked me to come in & sit down any
time I wished and to come as often to their family circle as I found convenient. He
then went with me to make some calls, but found not the parties. We parted
& I then went to see the Resident 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. Smeaton (D. Fisher's old friend at Combe-
ford). I introduced myself, & he was, how very civil & did all I wanted. He
has been here many years, his present situation is worth 500 p annum.
He asked me particularly after the D^r. & speaks of writing to him & I said the D^r.
would be very glad to hear of him. He has no wife & family and a house in
the Country & I came to pay him a visit on my return to town. In the
afternoon about the town which is very well built but irregularly so, big
& little houses, alternated, 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 Lambeth. There are hills & hollows over which the town lies. So that prominent
buildings, places in the hills stand well out, hills surround the town & Mr. Wellington, now
just high, plants it on an island & from the higher parts of the town are very pretty views of the
harbour & shipping. The day was rainy - fresh of any luggage came down up to the wharf
with ease & I was afraid, for there is very little tide except at noon & full moon & the tide
there 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 beds so
strange. It is not written in the book of Henslow? It is not unique in the University
Library, look there! After strolling along the wharf & looking at the vessels, I came
to a large long ~~and~~ building which I thought must be the Custom House & Store.
On enquiry I found it was, so I stopped in to present a letter of introduction which I had
to a Mr. Watts, the Licensing Surveyor. He took the letter cautiously, looked at it some & kept
me standing till he had signed it, on a good deal of it, which he begged me to be deterred
to show. I thought of Wilkes'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. Walker, with whom I had much talk on Sunday morning
Next morning rose at 6 & called on G. W. Walker to take a walk to Sandy Cove on
the outskirts of the town. Nothing to report but a pleasant walk, rather a warm morning,
hazy on the hills & a pale blue sky, sea, ships & sail & at anchorage, people bathing, no sea weeds
on the beach. We met two Barrington returning from his earlier walk. He is looking much
better in health than when I saw him in Melbourne, but seems encouragingly shy. He & G. W. W.
say him to be & has got him a large lot of work to survey 10,000 acres of his estate in
the hope of he has a little more self confidence, he could get plenty more. I told G. W. W.
of Mr. W.'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 stopped in partly to see what daily
service in Hobartown was like. It was the Cathedral Church & there were present 10 ladies & one
man besides myself & the poor power. The sea is large a congregation as would be found in Oxford
on week days at the same hour. I thought it a day of very small things. After breakfast Mr.
Smeaton took me to the public Library & made me free of it. It is not large. Mr. Smeaton's
Library is the Library of Mr. Boucher (who was Col. Bage's Companion when he visited us
at Milton) & who afterwards was Colonial Secretary here. Mr. Smeaton told me to be ready
to start for Port Arthur next morning on the "Gore" was leaving down a steamer. I then
went out with Mr. Watts to call on the Rev. D. Tully head of the Protestants here. A well
supported scientific & agreeable man, who has been tutor to the present Duke of Angles.
He was very friendly & offered to accompany me in ascending Mt. Wellington on my return
to town. In the afternoon, dined with Mr. Watts at his suburban house in a nice garden
of 3 acres, commanding beautiful view of the bay, with streets and forest. In the evening
I went to G. W. W.'s house to meet a philosophical party, where I said of, for having my head
felt & got a shock of galvanism & speech on his head - G. W. W. is fairly filled with this
philosophical mania & has had all his children & friends of family, devoted. I was rather tired
of the servant in a very brief time - 1st March. I was at the wharf soon after 6, though
we did not start till 7. The morning was very fine, though the breeze was fresh & cold
as we had a large party of chained convicts on board guards & soldiers. As it was rather
cold I went below, lay on a sofa with a coat & felt asleep. Fortunately I awoke just as
we approached the most remarkable point, Cape Royal - close to which we passed & it is
a very splendid steep point from any & every side, being a narrow falling headland of
basaltic columns nearly 200 feet high at the highest part & about 30 to 80 at the lowest.
Standing together like the pipes of an organ, the top in many places broken so that single
pillars stand out like pyramids. Rocks 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 "Fishhead" than the "causeway" - after passing this cape the coast presents numerous bold lines of cliff & headlands 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 view. Half an hour more brought us into Port Arthur. the Head Convict Station, a place of extreme beauty though the den of thieves. There is a large prison workhouse & penitentiary &c. The rest of the settlement is composed of the houses of the superintendants & 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~~ on the Store Keeper Mr Boyd, and very hospitably entertained with all allowances made for my making "dist-pier" &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 ~~throwing~~ growing very well. There are beautiful public gardens in front of the Church which stand high. The gardens are laid out in walks, grass-plats, & 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 moss, & ferns & very tall (& cutting) sedge. 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 work & I shall find very little, but I have added one to my list, an antarctic bird new to N.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 Rich. There are ~~about~~ 700 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 "coroon" of constables keep watch each in his sentry box in sight of the others & then 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. S. 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 15. 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 awfully nasal tones & I was th 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 3 daughters, very kind & attentive to me. Respectable folk! Green Peas, French Beans & Carrots - Butter, 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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