

David Burn - Overland expedition of Sir John and Lady Franklin and suite to Macquarie Harbour and the Western Division of the Island, 1842
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Letters From Tasmania

By The Author of

"Van Diemen's Land, Moral, Physical, and Political"

Overland Expedition of Sir John and Lady Franklin and Suite To Macquarie Harbour and the Western Division of The Island 1842

Introductory remarks - Delayed Departure - Causes - Set Out - New Country - Victoria Valley - River Dee - Seven Mile Creek - Marlboro - Lake Echo - Rivers Nive and Clarence - Clarence Bays - Lake St Clair - Passage of the Derwent - King Williams Mount - Wombat Glen - Painters Plains - Rivers King, and Surprise, and Loddon - The Frenchmans Cap - Detention Corner - Dismal Weather - Overflowing of the Mountain Streams and flooding of the Marshes - Gloomy appearances - Advance or retreat? - Limited Commissariat - Renewal of Supplies - Detached party in advance - Snow Storms - Boisterous Journey - Glow worm & Black Forests - Reach the Franklin - Its Passage impracticable - Reunion of parties - Volunteers on the Raft - Build Canoes - Safe Passage of the Franklin - Black and Gordon Forests - Reach Gain the Schooner "Breeze" at Expectation Reach, Gordon River - Excursion to the junction of the Franklin and Gordon - Penal Settlement and Dockyard, Sarah Island - Grummet Isle - Place of Blood - Weigh Anchor - The Flats - Adverse Winds and Foul Weather - Short Commons - Signal Hill - Wellington Head - Departure - Dangerous passage - The Bar - Escape - Joyful Appearance of our Relief Ship - Visit Port Davey - Bathurst Harbour-

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Amongst the first intelligence which greeted my return from Engd. (22 Novr. 1841) was the announcement that His Excl. the Lt. Gov. in company of lady Franklin and a few friends were about to undertake an exploratory overland tour to ascertain whether any available land could be found betwixt the wide tract of Country which[indecipherable]be divided isolated Macquarie Harbour from the settled districts, as well as to become personally cognizant of the general features of this unknown Western portion of the island - Anxious to embrace every opportunity tending to enlarge my knowledge of a country in which I have long felt a lively interest, I waited upon His Excl. and preferring a request to be included in the numbers of those forming the his party - Very considerable difficulty, as will, hereafter, be more fully shown, existed in provisioning the several halting stations of this labyrinthian wilderness, and as many several parties who at first were named but who did not, from various causes, ultimately proceed, tended to swell the cortege to a considerable extent it became a matter of consideration to add many months where supplies were precarious. Eventually, however, my request was most courteously and kindly complied with and for several weeks I was prepared [indecipherable]to set forward at eight and forty hours notice. Late in January or early in February was the expected period of departure, but the various official changes consqt. upon and inseple. from the removal compulsory suspension of the late Col. Sec. detained the Gov. for many weeks. Meanwhile a portion of the Local press - an engine remarkable only for its vile scurrility, low personality, and grovelling malignity, - poured forth their hebdomadal tirades, in which their mean invectives were indulged with a ribald savagery, perfectly innocuous to the amiable

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lady against whom the envenomed shaft was directed, but especially disgraceful to every

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generous, honourable, or manly feeling. The liberty of the press is a blessing of unappreciable value, but its licence is sometimes too contemptible even for restraint. The larger portion of the Tasmanian Press has long been thus disgracefully famed – so much so as to have experienced the severe and reiterated castigation of both Australasian and British Journals. I merely notice their slanders upon the present occasion because some of them, forsooth, have laboured zealously to impress their readers that a n laudable expedition of which the Secretary of State had official intimation was a mere idle whim of Lady Franklin's originating, as if it was not the peculiar and praiseworthy province of a Gov. to render himself thoroughly acquainted with the territory under his rule. If this expedition should not be productive of great immediate results it has nevertheless placed a vast deal of profitable personal information in his Excl. hands. He has traversed a region which hitherto has remained all but a sealed book. He has viewed with his own eyes a vast extent of unknown and diversified country, and he has had opportunities of determining in a great degree the merits or demerits of the abandoned settlement of Mac. Harb. It ought always, too, to be borne in mind that this knowledge was neither smoothly nor pleasantly acquired. The largest and severest portion of the journey was performed on foot, over wet marshes, through tangled forests, almost impracticable swamps, and across mountain torrents and flooded rivers which rose in angry turbulence to bar his passage, whilst rain, hail, sleet, snow descended in torrents on his head. There

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were no luxurious viands, no racy wines, no sparkling cordials to invigorate the worn traveller after his wet and weary march. Salt pork, flour cakes, baked in a frying pan, and a panakin of tea sweetened with brown sugar- these were the voyagers breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper. Well, too, wld. it have been had there always have existed sufficiency of such homely fare. But we were generally restricted to 8oz - frequently to 3oz of animal food, and for some time to 1oz of sugar per diem - and of this hard diet Lady Franklin and her female attendants partook with cheerful, uncomplaining, spirit. During a portion of the journey Her Ladyship was carried in a rude sort of palanquin, but in the roughest and most difficult parts of the route she was compelled to wade through the miry sludge, and to encamp at night upon the damp cold ground with fern leaves for bedding - her blankets for a seat and earth for a table. Repeatedly were the tents soaked through and thro with the deluging of rain, and, upon one occasion the overflowing creeks had reached within a few feet of the door. The strife of elements - the flooding of the rivers - and the exhaustion of supplies caused us to be two and twenty days to be occupied in [indecipherable] the labour of six or seven, and when [indecipherable] the schooner that was to convey us, by sea, to Hobart Town was at last reached it will be seen that a long prevalence of adverse winds prevented the passage [indecipherable] of Mac. Harb. bar and that, too, at a time when a very limited Commissariat rendered the getting to sea a matter of lively anxiety and deep importance. The tour, therefore, however much knowledge it imparted was certainly greatly devoid of pleasure, unless, indeed, that description of pleasure invariably afforded to the ardent explorer of Nature and her ways. Enough by of

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observation introduction - I need only further add that a track had been cut sometime before, by WC a party under the direction of W. Calder, one of the Colonial Surveyors, and that His Excl. and suite set out from Hobart Town on the 24th March - In my last communication I supplied you with a detailed account of the penal settlement at Port Arthur, together with a glance at the Coal Mines and Probation Stations on Tasmans and Foresters Peninsular. I trust the present paper may prove no less interesting even if more monotonous and more devoid of incidents. I had left Hobart Town and resumed occupation of my property about a month before this expedition set forth, and anyone will readily perceive that at such a moment to [indecipherable] quit the superintendence of my own affairs was at much personal inconvenience. My property lays lying in the direct route I joined His Excl. upon his arrival, so far inland, but conceiving that the Diary form will invest the narrative with a life like interest not

inherent to general descriptions, I shall proceed to transcribe each days transactions from the pencilled records of my rude notebook.

Tuesday; 29 March 1842 His Excellency Sir John together with Lady Franklin and his party having arrived at Mr. Clarke's the previous evening I bid adieu to my family and Rotherwood at 8A.M. crossing the undulating hills which skirt the lovely Ouse on my pedestrian saunter to Glendliw, at which hospitable mansion I joined the Governor at an early breakfast. Business detained His Excl. for some time here but at 3.30P.M., after an excellent lunch, we started, followed for part of the way by numerous cortège, for Victoria Valley which we reached at dusk, and found all the arrangements perfectly comfortable.

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Victoria Valley, alias, The Nine Mile Marsh - may be said to be the commencement of a tract of land territory made known to the Colony in 1834 under the extensive appellation "The New Country"- it Vic Valley is some eleven or twelve miles distant from Ouse Bridge. It is a very beautiful but limited piece of extremely fertile marsh land of which about 400 acres are free of timber and about 400 more moderately wooded. A stream called the Native Hut Creek, or Kenmare Rivulet flows thro' its centre, the surplus water rendering the Marsh an extensive wintery lake. To avert this evil, and render the land available a drain 21 feet wide and 9 deep is in projection. At the same time a reservoir is to be formed at the head of the Marsh for the beneficial purpose of summer irrigation. To accomplish these objects Victoria Valley has recently been created a Probation Station. About 100 men had arrived in the period of our visit, among whom were, Wm. Davey, a [indecipherable] Aide du Camp of Col. Evans, and, at one time, a Queens Messenger. This youth classically educated and well connected was transported for shooting at his uncle. Wallace, the ship sinker, was another of the felons. He is reported to be a quiet, orderly, young man - his elder and more designing brother is disposed of at Salt Water River on Tasman Peninsular. The soil of Victoria Valley is extremely rich, well worth 40/- per acre and yet some few years since it might have been purchased for 0/-.

Wednesday:30: - The early stages of the tour were equestrian and the baggage was conveyed in a couple of carts. During the night the cart horses broke from the picket and Mr. Bagot A.D.C. a constable, and my mare had a

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weary pursuit ere they were recovered. At 11.40 A.M. we bid adieu to Victoria Valley, winding one edge of its fertile marsh, ascending a gentle hill, and crossing some good open marshes named Frankland Township after the late Surveyor General. A short distance further brot. us to a small stream which rejoiced in the epithet of Duck Creek. This stream issued from some wet land which from some wild ducks having once been found there still retain their primitive title The Duck Marshes. At 1P.M. we forded the river Dee, in general a vigorous and ample stream, but then shrunk to a pretty measure, the water scarce trilling thro' its semi stagnant channel. Immediately upon x.g the Dee we found all the trees dead and leafless. The country in this vicinity is neither picturesque nor inviting but the numerous sleek sheep and cattle we frequently encountered gave most satisfactory assurance of the excellence of the pasturage. We reached a spot called Seven Mile Creek about 3. Here we found a working party erecting the necessary barracks for a Probation Station, the men of which are to be hereafter employed in rendering the road between Marlboro and Ouse more open and accessable. Within a short distance of Marlboro we entered a very rugged Mountain pass where the forest was on fire and several large trees rapidly verging to their fall - Pushing hastily from the impending danger we quitted this rude gully to enter a magnificent marsh of consid'ble extent and of the richest soil. This land, the property of Mess'rs Dixon and Thompson, is substantially enclosed. Despite its excellence it has an

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air of desolation which tinges the imagination with a gloomy melancholy. This impression is caused by the forests of dead trees which mar the landscape otherwise a lovely one. Those trees were all in full leaf and vigour in 1835 but in 1837 every one was stripped of life and verdure. This destruction is attributed to the long and severe frost experienced in the latter year. A mere problematical conjecture - different individuals entertaining different and opposite hypotheses. The death of the trees is said to have given life to the pasture, the absence of foliage permitting the sun's rays to penetrate and warm the soil, exhaling the superincumbent waters, and sweetening and refreshing both grass and herbage. Mr. John Clark, District Constable of Marlboro, was here in waiting to receive Sir John and Lady Franklin, to whom as well to all of the party he courteously rendered every attention practicable in so remote a locality. Passing thro' Mr. Dixon's grounds, (named Bronte by its original possessor Dr. Arthur Davies, R.N. whose wife is a niece of the immortal Nelson) we ascended a gentle slope upon whose summit an obliging finger post nailed to a gum tree politely indicated "The Townsh" To Marlboro Township a very requisite piece of information seeing that Mr. Clark's Cottage and out houses were the sole existing evidences of such a fact. Incipient as Marlboro now is, it is doubtless destined at no very distant date to take honourable rank in amid the Tasmanian Villages. It is forty five miles from Hamilton, ninety from Hobart Town. There exists, at the present moment, an eager desire to acquire summer runs in this vicinity, and the quantity of excellent feeding land, combined with its advantageous position on the river Nive render Marlboro an inviting locality.

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Thursday:31: His Excl. having various documents to transmit to Hobart Town we were unavoidably detained at Marlboro during the day. Mr. John Forster, the Police Magistrate of Hamilton, who had thus far accompanied us returned to his home. To beguile the tedium of Sir John's busy hours Lady Franklin projected a trip to Lake Echo. The horses being saddled we set out with the least possible delay, x.g an extensive marsh, named by its proprietor Mr. W Sharland "London Plains". Such, however was the impracticable character of the intervening Mountain tiers, on one of which Lady Franklin happily escaped injury from her horse falling and such our slow progress that the late hour at which we started rendered it imprudent to prosecute the plan to accomplishment. Her Ladyship, therefore, having had a glimpse of the lake from some three miles distance we made the best of our way back to our comfortable quarters.

Friday:1 April: The morning was drizzly and the heavens wore a somewhat lowering aspect, nevertheless accompanied by Mr. Clark and joined by Mr. Laforel, surveyor, we bid Marlboro adieu at 10.30.A.M. fording the Nive on horseback near its point of junction with the Nivellev rivulet. Altho' then so easily passable the Nive is a broad, rapid, and important river not rashly to be adventured in ordinary and utterly impracticable in rainy weather when it swells into a raging impetuous torrent which tends to augment the noble Derwent. Even in its reduced condition we were obliged to be wary in x.g its rude rocky channel. Marlboro Township lies on either side of the Nive, there being a reservation of 1800 acres upon the left and above 1100 on the right bank. Our route, for several miles, contin'd amid forests of dead timber of a precisely similar character to those we had previously traversed, and which, as usual, were skirted within the customary marshes, intersected by creeks, water courses, and

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and winter torrents now, how'r dwindled to tiny su scarce perceptible threats. After a ride of eight miles, we x.d in safety an ominously sounding spot called the Clarence Boys leading directly and imm'y to the Clarence a very pretty, moderate sized river. Here "The New Country" may be said to terminate and, here, Mr. Clark made his adieus. Upon quitting "the

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boys" the country improved on picturesque beauty, and as the sun broke forth with dazzling brilliance the numerous distant, majestic, promontories stood out grand and glorious against the azure vault. About two miles from the encampm't of the evening we were joined by Mr. Calder our road maker, [indecipherable] purveyor, and guide. X.g a stream hight Reeves' River we shortly thereafter halted upon the banks of the Derwent, at a spot about a mile below its issue from Lake St Clair. Two bark huts had been prepared for the reception of the Gov. and his lady and Stewart the female attendant who had accompanied Her Ladyship in her previous excursions in New Zealand and South Australia. After a reflection of salt pork, tea, and damper [bread baked without yeast or leaven, in ashes] we proceeded to view the lake, distant about a mile. Although not nearly so extensive as the Great Lake, St Clair is a much finer sheet of water. The former is a comparative shoal, the latter so vast depth, no soundings having been struck close in shore with 21 fathom line. St Clair is no where visible at a distance because of the stupendous mountains by which it is encompassed. Of these the most majestic, named by Mr. Frankland "Mount Olympus" [a singular perversion of taste to give a Greek name to the Mountain, a Scotch one to the lake] like a gigantic castle with donjon, battlements, and flo curtain wall uprears his rugged front in proud defiance of every blast. Upon the heavenly ev'g on which we contemplated

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the beauties of St Clair Olympus the slanting beams of a glorious sun fast speeding to his ocean couch bathed every pinnacled steep with a flood of purple dye, every crag and hollow shone bright with gold or were lost in the mighty obscurity of shade. The form and mountain girdles of St Clair cause it in a slight degree to resemble Loch Lomond, but it lacks the picturesque islands of the Scottish lake to which it is inferior in magnitude. It is a magnificent sheet of water, one, indeed, which Sir John Franklin pronounced to be the most beautiful he had ever beheld. It is above 3000 feet above the sea and Olympus is feet above the level of the lake. It was His Excl. intention to have ascertained its mean depth for which purpose a couple of lead lines had been conveyed from Hobt. Tn. but the boat having been brought into the Derwent in order that the party may be ferried across the stream, the river had meanwhile shrunk so much in conseq'ce. of the long prevail'g drought that too much time, it was feared, wo'd be consumed in dragging her thro the shoals into the lake. Moreover the drought so unpropitious to an excursion on the lake was, happily, most advantageous for our advance, the track to Mac. Harb. lying across a marshy country in general covered with an infinity of standing pools or flooded by angry mountain rills which render the footing boggy and unsafe. These creeks were now unusually dry, but the season was fast verging upon winter, and as we might get jammed between deep and rapid rivers, in a region where nothing fit for/u> convertible for human food is to be found, it became imperative to push forw'd as rapidly as possible. On our return from visiting St. Clair we found the baggage cart had arrived, the tents were pitched, the meal of pork, damper, and tea discussed, and we sought repose in slumber from the fatigues of the day.

Saturday;2; Upon awakening we found the water in the basins covered with ice. A sharp frost caused our fingers to tingle, but our spirits were exhilarated, and as the sun broke forth in effulgent splendour causing the morning vapours to wreathe the mountains in fantastic imagery, the fancy revelled and the pulse thrilled with pleasure. Breakfast over the work of reducing the heavy baggage to light marching order commencd. The horses had travelled as far as it was deemed

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prudent to take them, they and much superfluous clothing were, consequently sent back. The baggage was transp'd from the cart to a dozen larger knapsacks borne by as many sturdy carriers each pack averaging 66 lbs. There were four more bearers for the palanquin constructed for the conv'ce of lady Franklin, two, to carry and two to relieve every half hour.

The sounding lines were left in charge of Mr Laforch, that gent, the carter, and a couple of orderlies proceeded no further. The tents were struck, the cavalcade formed, and we prepared to bid a temporary adieu to this the extremity of settlement and civilization. Our party contained, Sir John and Lady Franklin, Mr. Bagot.A.D.C., Mr. Milligan, surgeon, Mr. Clader, our right hand man, the writer of this paper, O'Boyle, the favourite Orderly Corpl. and Stewart. We set forw'd and x'd the Derwent at 11.45, above a tree which fallen across the stream gave indication of some former presence of runaways. The river here is comparatively sluggish but rocky, and altho now shrunk in its dimensions giving palpable evidence of its potency when in flood. We here bid adieu to our former companions who wished us a pleas't tour. Lady Franklin was consider'bly indisposed, and was borne by the men who had volunteered to that office. The sky was intensely blue, the atmosphere of the purest [indecipherable], the sun shone brightly and fervidly and universal nature rejoiced. Our mean course, by compass, lay S. by W. across the prevailing stony rises and marshy plains, the characteristic features of the entire mountain region of Tasmania. Due South lay an extensive hilly range its points broken into bare and sharply scarp'd craggy peaks. This, in honour of their reigning monarch has been called "King William Mount". The classic Olympus at this spot, shot upw'd to the heavens on the N.N.W. of our course. Some five miles S. of Lake St. Clair we entered an extensive marshy plain to which no name had hitherto been given but skirting the base of K. Ws. mount, it was decided hencef'd to bear the appellation of K.Ws. Plains altho' another marshy track nearer the Derw't already were similar styled

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upon the newly named Plains. "Mount Hobhouse" another lofty, craggy, and picturesque tier bore S.E. A mile further "Mount Charles" in the [indecipherable] began to open to our view, and shortly thereafter we x'd the Six Mile Creek, a beautiful stream better deserving the name of river than many which Tasmania has so dignified. In two miles more we reached the encampm't of the evg. imm'y at the base of K.Ws. Mount. From some pools of water this spot was called "The Ponds" by Mr. Calders party. It was our first provision depot and 8 or 9 miles distant from Lake St. Clair, a distance performed in three hours and three quarters. The tents were pitched in a position to which the grandeur of the scene and the surpassing loveliness of the day imparted an inexpressible charm. The sun, hov'r, went down with a lurid, murky, glare, the horizon gleamed wild and watery and we retired to rest far more doubtful than hopeful of the morrow.

Sunday:3: Betwixt 1-3 and 6 am it blew a perfect gale, which moderated only to be succeeded by mizzling rain to which a warning rainbow and lowering sky proved no agreeable accompaniments. By 8 am every tent save Lady Franklin's, had been struck, most of the knapsacks packed, and breakfast speedily thereafter dispatched. His Excl. very [indecipherable] collected the men, and in a tone of the most impressive earnestness read the morning service to which he added a very good sermon on the edict of Darius which consigned Daniel to the den of lions. I have listened to many excellent discourses in many a gorgeous temple, but I question if ever the words of [indecipherable] truth were more generally or more attentively listened to than those delivered amid dripping rain in the wild bush and to some who had been reckless violators of their Country's laws - May the truths of that holy hour live in their hearts and sanctify our own. The weather getting worse, and appearances indicating an unfavour'ble continuance Lady Franklin, besides, remaining considerably indisposed, the tents

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were once more pitched and our quarters reoccupied for the day. Price, a police constable, here overtook us with dispatches from Marlboro, and by this opp'y I had the gratification of a communication from home. The day passed in squalls of rain, but night set in clear and starry.

Monday:4: A good deal of rain fell during the early morning, and at dawn it looked dark and dismal enough. As day advanced it became less threatening, betokening at least occasional fair glimpses. His Excl's dispatches ready, & Price Jones, another const'ble started with them for Marlboro, and at 12 we ourselves were again on the advance. Sir John and Lady Franklins visit to K.Ws. Mount will long be remembered by future exploring Tasmanians, the date of their arrival there being deeply graven in a large gum tree thus

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The mere date, it was conceived, was sufficient record to perpetuate the memory of unwonted events. In the vicinity of the pond Mr. Calder some time previously discovered the remains of a human skeleton, doubtless that of some miserable runaway who had perished in the fruitless attempt to attain the settled districts from Mac. Harb. which as a penal settlement was abandoned in 1834. Our course from K.Ws. Mount lay S.W. by S. thro a small marsh which we x.d imm'y thereafter winding a stony rise, and debouching upon rough marsh land unincumbered by trees, but white with small chips of pebbly quartz. Here we found a small shrub of delicious fragrance called a lemon tea tree, a portion whereof infused with the Chinese article imparted a very pleasant taste. These plains, which Lady Franklin in compliment to the writer, named "The Buruan Plains" command a large expanse

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of bare hills to the right, left, and in front, the very bareness affording to eyes so long fatigued with eternal forests. After travelling these plains for a mile and a quarter, the range of the K.W.s Mount opened up into a variety of splendid dingles, vales, and peaky promontories, in one I traced a striking similitude to Arthurs Seat, the Lion shaped guardian of Dun Eديو; these bore S by E whilst in the southern quarter an extensive towering range wooded beautifully at the base, but bare, craggy, and sharply serrated at their peaks gave added boldness to a very bold and imposing landscape. "Burn Ridge" was the name again very kindly and complimentarily given by Her ladyship to the Mountains I so much admired "Mount Chienne" so styled by Mr. Calder, reared his naked, lofty, head in the S.S.W. We now commenced ascending the first bare hill in front. Facing round when the summit had been attained one of the most extensive and magnificent panoramic scenes burst upon our view, bounded in the far N.W. by W. by the Wentworth range and right and left by the mountains just named. The ascent of a second bare hill immed'y succeeded the first, the soil of which was loose and boggy, with large quartz rocks everywhere projecting. These hillsides recalled vividly to my memory the mountain tracks of well beloved Connaught, but the Hibernian come far short in altitude of the stupenduous tiers of Tasmania. At 2.15 after a slight vale intervening we crowned the third bare and most lofty eminence, which from its nearly perpendicular western descent Mr. Calders men most appropriately termed "Fatigue Hill". It is beyond the power of any pen – it far surpasses mine to convey the faintest idea of the magnificent grandeur, the boundless variety, the romantic wildness, the pictorial loveliness, the enchanting gracefulness of the stupendous panoramic scene we here beheld. A scene which requires but water to render it probably the most imposing the world can produce, even as it is it may perhaps challenge such competition. At one glance the eye beholds nature in endless assumption of her most attractive forms, the rich and luxuriant, the savage and the bleak, the gr sublime and the picturesque. Far away to the S. a mighty gorge disclosed its cloud capped

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shivered peaks points, one angle in the S. by E. q. surmounted by these strongly defined peaks, which, from similitude to those of the Isle of Wight, Lady Franklin expressed a wish to distinguish as "The Southern Needles". The range of the Frenchman whose centre bore W.S.W. was visible but the peculiarly distinctive cap which has given the title to the entire tier most unfortunately was shrouded in clouds, robbing the landscape thereby of one of its grandest and most imposing features. How shall I feebly attempt to paint the charming plains beneath? Broken into countless varieties of hill and dale, of floral mead or grassy knoll, of verdant copse and sunny bank, glowing, in fine, with every attraction of pictorial beauty or romantic fascination, they must be conceived, description fails me. At 2.45, not half satiated, the descent of the Fatigue, some 1800 feet, was commenced, its semi perpendicular sides put the elastic quality of our muscles to a severe test. Half way down the valley in which Kings River found its channel was discernable, but the stream wound its covert course amid the deep impenetrable glens in the N.W. An hour carried us safely to the base of Fatigue which rests on rotten, spongy, bog. Here, in a hollow tree, a hammer, some tea, and a few more articles gave tokens of runaways from the fatal harbour and further on fragments of jackets and other clothing bore plain and unequivocal testimony to the pitiless character of the inhospitable death dealing region. A short mile further conducted to "Wombat Glen", so called from the number of animals of that name abounding there. This was the second provision depot, eight miles from K.Ws. Mount, and the encamping place of the evening. It is a snug, beautiful, mountain dell. We arrived at 4.30 PM and found our tents ready to receive us after the short but toilsome stage. W. Glen runs N.N.E. and S.S.W. Tuesday :5: During the night the rain descended in torrents, and, by the gauge of a tin candle stick, not less than an inch

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w'd have fallen during the eight hours preceeding the dawn. It then, how'r, broke very consid'ably giving promise of a day disturbed, perhaps by heavy showers, yet relieved by occasional intervals of fair weather. Our tents afforded wonderful protection, and upon the whole, we lay comparatively dry. A little after 8 A.M. the tents were struck. Mount Chiene in the west was sprinkled with a snowy canopy. At 9 the party was again in advance steering S.W. After traversing about a couple of hundred yards we descended a deep, gloomy, woody, dell formed by a dense scrub of fallen and standing myrtles, a few stringy bark and fern trees, heaped and imooven in such complicated folds as to be practicable by axe and compass only. These scrubs distilling pestiferous dews, and festering with rank unwholesome vegetation, emitted putrescent odour of vast masses of decayed vegetable matter, the deposits of countless ages. In these portentous scrubs I read the secret history of the runaways' doom. Once entered, they speedily became engulfed, clasped in a living tomb yawning to devour them. The path of retreat was no less difficult than that of advance, and if one or two of dauntless perseverance and iron frame did, once or twice, contrive to struggle thro' it was with impaired endurance, or exhausted stores, to perish a few miles further on. As we threaded the narrow track the axe had cleared for us the scrub gradually assumed the character of a forest, about a mile from this transformation conducting us to the "Surprise" at its point of confluence with the "King". Both are tolerably large rivers and both were much swollen by the previous nights rain. We X.d the Surprise, so named by Mr. Calder who came upon it in ignorance of its existence, but in anxiety to avoid X.g the King more than once. At 9.30 on a bridge consisting of one large myrtle tree. Like all mountain streams the rise of these rivers is as rapid as their fall, united, they receive several tributaries and after a tortuous course under the name of King the commingled torrents lose themselves in the sea near Swan Bay not far from the Heads at Mac. Harb. Upon Xg the Surprise a steep and

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sinuous route imm'y succeeds. This for some little way winds by the banks of the King which is here about the same magnitude as the Ouse at Rotherwood. The forest we then traversed

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consists chiefly of myrtle and sassafras trees of great density and prodigious size. We emerged from it at 9.52 to enter an open forest of stringy bark which still how'r were flanked by the impervious myrtle. At 10.10 we were once more embosomed amid the myrtle, some of which exceeded 150 feet in height, and that without any projecting limb. Ten minutes bro't us thro' this last grove, and almost imm'y after quitting it we entered upon a small marsh the sun endeavouring to shine out fair and bright. This marsh is a remarkably picturesque one and possesses some very good pasturage. It is girdled by lovely swelling knolls, delightfully verdant banks, and is called "Painters Plains" because of some sketches traced in charcoal on the bark of some one or two aboriginal huts which Mr. Calder, Mr. Bagot, O'Boyle, and I made a detour to visit. The huts were so very much dilapidated as scarcely to repay us for the trouble, they are constructed of bark, the ridge sloping to the ground with the opening thus [DIAGRAM]

The sketches - representations, one of two men spearing a kangaroo, the other a likeness of an emu, had been removed by Mr. Calder twelve months previously, and are now in His Excl's possession. Ascending from Painters Plains we entered another Myrtle forest at 11.25 emerging therefrom at 11.54. Many noble trees, susceptible of the highest polish, and beautifully veined, and admirably adapted for cabinet work abound here. The peaks of the Frenchman bearing W.S.W. now became distinguishable. Shortly after in a torrent of rain we passed a part of "Loddon Plains" and reached the "Loddon River" another of Mr Calder's appellatives at 12.40. This was the third provision depot dist. 7 miles from Wombat Plain and the projected site of an encampment, all, how'r being fresh and eager to push on, we merely halted to regale ourselves with a choice collation of salt pork, tea, damper, and that we might fully enjoy these luxuries the weather kindly moderated for a time

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Pt. 1.20. The Loddon was X'd by means of a large myrtle tree. The Loddon is a good sized stream, also a tributary of the King. Very good grass but of no great extent is to be found along its banks. This is a famous region for rivers and creeks, the Loddon producing many considerable tributaries, more than one of which we were compelled to X. After two or three such X's we entered a superb valley at the base of the Frenchman. To the beautifully verdant banks and gently swelling slopes, surmounted by crags of stupendous height, and terrific grandeur no pen could do justice. We were the centre X a circle of loveliness – the moving pins of a panorama to which an artist would rapturously pay delighted pilgrimage. This enchanted basin is also styled Loddon Plains – in their centre, close to the mountain's base lies an opening, guarded, as it were, by two superb verdant banks which conduct to a land bay magnificently studded with small clumps of elegant trees and coppice, laid out in the most park like manner and conveying the impression that within its bosom a noble mansion and superb domain might be found. Whilst gazing upon this delightful spot, the Frenchman unveiled his cap, but our propinquity caused his vast altitude to be greatly lost. It is a bold, isolated, precipitously scarped crag, surmounted by a peak resembling the cap of liberty – The Cap of Liberty! - Galling memento, erroneously said to be viewed by the bondsmen of Mac Harb'r – Sad source of reflection could it have been seen and pondered by the unfortunates beneath – surely not the less fortunate that their bondage was the consequence of their own crimes. the Frenchman then ranges S.E. by S. and N.W. by N. - Here Stewart was unluckily taken ill and Lady Franklin, with the most kind and considerate humanity, resigned her pananquin to the sufferer, to splash through weary marshes never trodden by gentle lady's foot – but what will not an enthusiastic spirit and determined purpose achieve when seated in the most feminine bosom? We gained the night's campment at 5 p.m. more fagged with wet and rain than the distance of our fourteen miles tramp.

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Wednesday:6: We passed a most tempestuous night of wind and rain – the ruthless squalls twisting upon our devoted heads with remorseless fury. Morning beheld every tiny rill swollen to formidable streams – the streams themselves to imposing rivers. Advance had become

impossible – provisions imperative – to meet the latter necessity Mr. Calder and four men made a forced and arduous march to the central provisions depot at New Years Plains, returning at 4 p.m. with two days rations for 24 persons. The marches he described as resembling little seas, and the creeks as nearly impassable. To beguile the wearisome previous hours I perused the 2nd vol. of Master Humphrey's clock, probably the most solitary and natural position the sorrows of "Noble Nell" had ever been conned. After a day of endurance we again betook ourselves to rest in "Detention Corner" a name most appositively given by the governor.

Thursday:7:another night of unqualified turbulence, the wind howling like the spirits of baffled revenge, the rain descending in torrents of insatiable wrath. Mr. Calder and I were tent mates, occupying a small blanket tent in the form of the letter V closed at the one end but without door or covering at the other. All our precautions to keep ourselves dry were of comparative small avail. It is true the largest portion of the hood was turned, but our wigwam being pitched in the glen where the eddies of wind were for ever shifting, the wet beat in battering our feet and legs in the manner the very reverse of comfortable. Even Sir John and Lady Franklins military tents were thoroughly saturated and oozing through. The creeks were rushing furiously and with four X'gs of the Franklin and various intervening streams barred our advance – with these and other obstacles – with a very limited commissariat and the certain departure of the "Breeze" unless we reached the anchorage in the Gordon in eleven days. Under such very discouraging circumstances with a sky that threatened a continued deluge, it must be small matter of wonder that the question of retreat presented itself. It was not, however, seriously entertained, His Excy being loath to abandon the enterprise without a further and more arduous struggle. Our encampment, therefore, remained fixed, but in order that every possible precaution might be taken if ultimate retrogressions became compulsory, Mr. Calder and a party of men were detached to bring up supplies from Lake St. Clair and to revictual the depots we had passed and with an order to Mr. Clarke to forward an additional quantity from Marlboro to the Lake. Our magazines reestablished in the rear we had less to apprehend

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in the advance, and as the rain had now contin'd for five days we entertained reasonable hope of a favourable change of weather and consequent subsiding of the waters. Matters thus arranged, at 7 a.m. Mr. Calder and ten men commenced their march and thus our Costa Estiva may be said to have become a Castra Stativa. The torrents descended, the winds roared and raged – every diminutive water course lashed and foamed, leaping from crag to crag in headlong fury as tho they had been the guardian spirits that insulted nature prompt to avenge and eager to engulf and intrusive uprights who had thus arrogantly dared to invade their mystery in these most sequestery haunts. One ray, how'r, brightened the wonderers' hopes. Towards 11 a.m. the heart of the gale was evidently broken, the gusts being less overwhelming, whilst the thick, heavy rain had dwindled to an April shower and the sun was seen faintly but vainly striving to pierce the misty shroud wherein the mountains had enwrapped them. After a fruitless effort Apollo gave up the ineffectual struggle and the spirit of the mist maintained triumphant supremacy. The waters, nevertheless, were evidently flowing with feeble force and the rain, hourly, becoming more and more faint. At 8 p.m. the azure vault shone resplendent with innumerable stars, delighting our eyes and our hearts – Transient joy! the sky again overcast and again the heavens ope'd with their flood gates.

Friday:8:Another night of rain, but much more gentle and unaccompanied by wind. The aspect at day break was far from auspicious but as morning advanced the showers became milder and the thin mist waxed thinner still. To add to our comfort the waters of the largest creek had settled at least twenty perpendicular inches, and the sun again was waging fresh war with the envious clouds that sought to obscure him. Our hopes were considerably above par and we again indulged the most sanguine expectations of bringing the expedition to a satisfactory close. As day wore the sun glanced brightly thro' his tears – the fleecy mists gradually ascended, and patches of aether appeared. At 2 p.m. again the horizon overcast whilst heavy and frequent showers increasing as night fell, burst forth. About 5 Stokes, the

cook, together with four other men, with well filled knapsacks joined us. These four men and one whom Mr. Calder had carried on with him had been ordered from the Seven Mile Creek to reinforce us and to bring forward supplies. Their present function, therefore, was most serviceable

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Stokes reported that when Mr. Calder reached the Loddon he found all its banks, to a considerable distance, overflowed, a circumstance that compelled the party to make a detour and a fresh track to be marked. This new path obviated the necessity of X'g the river more than once when before three X'gs occurred. The marshes were mid leg under water but the Surprise, as I had conjectured, presented no obstacle to its passage. At 8.30 p.m. the rain had ceased and blue skies and brilliant stars again greeted our eyes. These pleasurable tokens had, however, so frequently proved delusive that we turned in with fully more doubt than hope.

Saturday:9: Little, if any, rain fell during the night and dawn gave goodly presage of a pleasant day. – Delightful prospect! – an indication that grew stronger and stronger with the increasing light. This joyful appearance, coupled with the near approach of a new moon, tended to renovate our drooping confidence as well as to exhilarate our anxious spirits. At 9 a.m. envious clouds once more “lowered upon our camp” whilst black cockatoos, in vulgar augury “precursors” of foul weather disturbed us with their discordant, ill omened, croakings. From 9 a.m. till 4 p.m. the heavens presented a succession of smiles and tears, one half hour a radiant sun and dazzling sky, the next a dismal atmosphere and pelting rain. From 4 until evening the weather continued almost wholly fair, and as night set in again we had the brilliant confirmation – the glancing stars. About 5.30 p.m. we were rejoined by Mr. Calder and one man bearing knapsacks heavily laden with salt pork, flour, tea and sugar. Mr. Calder had thus performed his wet and weary march and mountain march of 48 miles in 58 hours with a return load of nearly 80 lbs. He had, at the same time, cut a partly new track, secured the bridges and rendered more practicable the rivers in our rear. Seven of the party had halted, in a state of exhaustion, at the Loddon, and one, entirely worn out, had crawled back from the lake towards Hob't Town, the poor fellow protesting he was utterly incapable of proceeding a step further.

Sunday:10: Another night of pitiless rain and tremendous gusts of wind. Dawn showed a wild and lurid welkin, and the advance of day gave little token of amendment. Momentary gleams of sunshine gave place to varied squalls of rain or hail. To attempt religious service was impossible, for the next twelve or fourteen hours were periods of much discomfort, bitter cold, and irksome sufferance – the seeming

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bourne of long cherished hopes. It was, in honest truth, a most detestable spot, and might most appropriately have been styled “The Nook of the Dismal Swamp”. Our tents covered the only rising ground, and even this was rotten and spongy with a furious flooded creek flowing within five yards and less than three feet from the level of our beds, or rather lair, which it threatened to inundate. Our couches, such as they were, consisted of green, damp, form, raised from the dank unwholesome marsh by a thin sheet of stringy bark – and upon this form our blankets and rugs, the sole bedding, were spread. Large fires glazed in front of the tents, but wood was green and difficult to be procured. So thoroughly saturated was this spongy soil that one step beyond the precincts of our dripping dormitories caused the water to splash and bubble, entailing damp feet and chilled limbs for the remainder of the weary day. In fact, bad as bed was, it was the sole refuge for the destitute, not a single yard of solid ground existing whereon to exercise our benumbed limbs. His Exc'y experienced some severe rheumatic twinges – Lady Franklin proposed to feel well but looked poorly and Stewart

suffered much from tooth and faceache. Rheumatism racked my own joints and some of the men began to bark – in fine every person and every thing wore a cold and cheerless aspect. It was decided that Mr. Calder and two men should set forward in the morning to endeavour to ascertain the state of the Franklin and, if possible, despatch a messenger across that river to the “Breeze” for which purpose His Exc’y addressed a letter to Mr. Bruce, the pilot, ordering the schooner to be detained in the Gordon eight days longer, that is to say, until the 25th of the curr’t month.

Monday:11: Another boisterous night of rain, sleet, hail, snow and wind. At dawn the hills and tents were sprinkled with a heavy canopy, the atmosphere was dark, chilly and lowering, and snow and sleet fell thick and fast. Mr. Calder’s expedition suffered momentary delay. Heartily sick of the detested “Corner” and conceiving I might be serviceable in the passage of the Franklin I volunteered to accompany Mr. Calder. His Exc’y most courteously and kindly accepted my tender and, at 9.50 we set forward. At 10.2 we reached the base and commenced

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the ascent of “the Calder Pass of the Frenchman”, a title given by Lady Franklin to commemorate the person who had first achieved that wild passage, a passage we traversed in a sludge ankle deep of slippery mud made diluent with snow and rain. The ascent occupied thirty two minutes of wearisome exertion. Fatigue Hill N.E. by E. was covered with snow. Teneriffe could not be discerned in the prevailing gloom, for the crown of the hill on which we stood was well covered with snow which was fast falling. We passed thro’ a small but dense myrtle grove and, at 11.15 found ourselves on a bare, scrubby, ridge which afforded an extensive prospect of “Lachlan Plains” named after the Late Gov’r Macquarie, - “Deceptive Range” together with the cloud capped pinnacles and stupendous gorges of the Frenchman – bold, rugged, frightful. At 11.43 we reached “Christmas Rock” so named by Mr. Calder’s party who encamped there on the day of our Saviour’s Nativity 1840. Christmas is a bold, solitary and picturesque rock, with an overhanging front to the E. thereby affording good shelter from a westerly and driving wind. It lies on the confines of Lachlan Plains, and at the verge of an open myrtle, gum and stringy bark forest which we had been traversing for the 28 previous minutes, the sun and hail alternately warming or chilling us, whilst the mountain torrents that level the tracks rendered our boots soft and pliable. We reported brief space beneath the friendly rock, gazing upon the turbid streams that wound their headlong course o’er every precipice, or scanning the sublime, snowy tops of the gigantic Frenchman, whose peaks glanced golden in the sunshine. At 11.56 the march was resumed, the mean course of the day ranging nearly S.W. In ten minutes we plunged mid thigh into an angry creek, over which no bridge existed. Speedily thereafter we approached a profile peak of the Frenchman. It lay W and the resemblance of the stormy features induced me to designate it “Louis Phillippe”. At 12.40 we Xd on a myrtle tree, a broad, handsome river to which in compliment to the Private Secretary, the name of “Henslow” was afterwards given. At 1.13 we gained the banks of a narrow but deeply swollen creek, across which we were compelled to throw several of the dwarf trees that lined its shores. At this moment a thunder storm arose. It was sublimely awful to listen to the pealing of heavens artillery, whose echoes ran in fearful and long continued reverberations amid the deep recesses of the surrounding mountains. In less than twenty minutes we

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were abreast of Cataract Tier down which the wild waters leaped in a double sheet of turbid foam. Each sheet was at least 100 feet in height, and they were divided, the upper from the lower, by a belt of rugged rock of like extent, where the angry torrent seemed to have worked for itself a subterranean course. Hide your heads ye Fyers!, Phoul a Phouca’s, and Clyde, your rush is but an infant’s prattle to the thunder of the cataract which Lady Franklin named “Milligan Falls”. In brief space the “Christina”, a river for which Stewart supplied a title, was

passed and we traversed the base of a beautiful conical hill which the appellation of "O'Boyles Sugar Loaf" was conferred. The gallant Corporal ascended his mount next morning at day break, planted his colours (a fine new silk handkerchief) on the summit and left them flying. At 2.30 we reached "New Years Valley" a provision depot – we only halted to swallow a mouthful of bread, for in ten minutes more we were entering "Glow Worm Forest". this dense, dark, unblest wood of live and fallen myrtle and sassafras trees, their trunks and limbs strowed and intertwisted with the most regular irregularity, forming a complication of entanglements to which the celebrated Gordian knot was simplicity itself – this unwholesome forest commences with a thick slimy scrub and extends for six miles thro a valley of the most abrupt tortuous ascents and descents where the active use of hands and feet are put into constant and cautious requisition. Within this gloomy dell, redolent of noisome odours, a mile and half from its entrance we encountered the river "Acheros" – one of Mr. Calder's most fit and happy nomenclatures. The Acheros issues from between an arched portal of natural rock, no very inapt type of the jaws of Pandemonium - now is the glen of the Valley of the Shadow of Death – innumerable mountain rills tend to augment the volume of the Stygian stream which we Xd above a dozen times. Two of the myrtle tree bridges had been washed away, so we were compelled to sway over by one span and to ford a part of the current at another. The fanciful Wolys Glen

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of Der Freischutz – the blasted heath of Macbeth – or the most terrifically savage concoctions of the most savage of modern melodramas as such all give place to the valley of the Acheron – nor pen nor pencil can convey impression of it. Even the most imaginative ship of the most imaginative Condon "Seminary" might vainly tax her most vivid powers to conceive its parallel. Glow worm forest is a misnomer, the light does not proceed from those tiny living lamps, but from the putrescent, decomposed timber. Noble fern trees everywhere abound – there is also a remarkable plant, growing, generally, in single tufts at the end of a stout wooden shoot with a fruit like the elderberry tree, but much tougher. This plant from its strong similitude is called the pine apple grape tree – it is found in almost all dense myrtle forests, as well as a very beautiful plant called, in common phrase, the Native Laurel, and the Celery topped pine. The Acheron is Xd, near the centre of the valley, by a natural stone bridge, immediately after which there is an ascent of a few nearly perpendicular feet and an almost equally immediate descent of some thirty or forty. This brings the traveller under a very beautiful cascade, named after the A.D.C. "Bagota Fall" the spray of which dashed fiercely in our faces. As we gazed upwards the tops of the myrtles, tier over tier for hundreds of feet, could hardly be discerned. The light of day was scarce perceptible amid the deep perpetual gloom. About five miles within this dreary labyrinth, very unlike those of Armida, we came upon a sibling bank, so precipitous, so slippery, and so insecure that common precaution made hand rails imperative. We drew rapidly to the termination of this weary path from which we extricated ourselves at 5.10 p.m. having been two hours and a half wading thru' bog, brake, mountain torrent and miry sludge, the small trees deluging us as we caught at them to avert unnumbered prostration. Nothing, I may remark, can possibly excel the rich beauty or endless variety of the mopes shown throughout these forest tracks. We reached "White Hill Plains" another provision depot, at 5.30 p.m., pitched our tent, dried our clothes, swallowed a mouthful of tea and damper and slept soundly.

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Tuesday:12:

We turned our backs upon Whitehill Plains – so called from the abundance of small, pebbly quartz – at 8.56 a.m. the sky beamed more benignly than it had for any of the five preceding days, still, how'r, we were sprinkled by occasional smart showers. A small but deeply swollen creek was straddled across upon a couple of slight spars and at 9.20 we entered "the Black Forest" another dense, sunless wood of myrtle, light wood, sassafrass and Huon pine. At this

time it was raining fiercely, altho' not quite so gloomy, the ascents and descents were infinitely more abrupt and precipitous, of much greater extent and far more laborious than those of the Valley of the Acheron. It appeared, how'r, in its centre, to a plain of nearly a mile in length. Mr. Calder reckons this path six miles throughout – I should be able to esteem them Kangaroo miles, at least to my legs they were weary long ones. It was 11.40 when we waded the "Franklin", a noble river, well deserving its honoured and honourable name. The Franklin is by far the longest of any tributary in Tasmania, being in ordinary seasons, seventy yards of measured width at "Calder Ferry" but now from the vast accumulation of mountain torrents it was at least five yards wider, and the body of water was immense. The mode devised by Mr Calder for the passage of the river was a raft of pine to be hauled across the r by a warp made fast to either bank. The raft remained perfectly secure, fastened by a suffic't painten to the left bank but the warp had parted in the [indecipherable] evidently torn from its hold by the prodigious body weight of water. Mr Calder and I qualified a small portion of the latter within a smaller portion of eau de vie, and drank health, happiness, and prosperity to Sir John and Lady Franklin. Our little blanket wigwam being established, and a blazing pine fire roaring and crackling cheerily we abided as patiently as we co'd the probable subsiding of the flood. This day proved by far the finest since our departure from St Clair in fact the showers were slight and infrequent, and from a gage we had set up the torrent was slowly but certainly abating, six hours having caused the river to sink three perpendicular inches. There was, nevertheless, a considerable amount of melted snow descending the Mountain glens and our hopes of a speedy cessation of the flood were by no means over sanguine. The source of the Franklin remains as yet unknown. Mr Calder and I conceive with good reason, inclines to think it will eventually be traced to some

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lake, because that he hardly considers it possible that a river of such magnitude can have its rise between the limited space of country that divides it from the King, unless its waters were fed by some such powerful reservoir, an inference further encouraged by the stationary level of its waters during the driest months of summer. As far as it has been followed, from its junction with the Gordon, the mean course of the Franklin is, as near as possible from N. to S. It flows through the Black Forest which, in the direction we Xd. it extends six miles on the E and 3 on the W. bank. This forest abounds with superb myrtle, lightwood, sassafrass, celery topped pine and a few gigantic tea trees, and a number of beautiful shrubs including the pepper and laurel plants. Fern and pine apple grass trees are likewise numerous. Towards the water considerable quantities of that choice and invaluable timber, the Huon pine exist. The banks of the Gordon is likewise equally well furnished and from the constant and ample current of both rivers, parties of industrious, enterprising lumberers might raft large quantities of the most desirable timber to a port of shipment, [Mac. Harb.]. The specific gravity of those beautiful cabinet woods, the myrtle and lightwood preclude them being floated of themselves, but they might be made to form the upper tiers of pine rafts. As for the Huon pine, for boat builders, house carpenters, coach and furniture makers, it is vastly superior both in estimation and quality to Sydney cedar, New Zealand, or Canada and, for general purposes in every way preferable to Norway deal. With a supply of such a saleable commodity so comparatively easy of attainment it appears singular that it should be left to perish in its native wilds. I trust it is not much longer destined to do so, but that some advantage may be taken of the practical hint here thrown out. About eight or nine miles S. of our bivouac a very noble river, formed by the Acheron and several powerful tributaries empties itself into the Franklin. Mr Calder describes it as a peculiarly beautiful stream. In honour of lady Franklin the indefatigable surveyor has graced it with the title of the Jane". Eleven or twelve miles S. of this point of confluence the Franklin falls into the Gordon which loses itself in the ocean at Mac. Harb. Wednesday:13: So amply umbrageous was the canopy of pine and myrtle

that screened our tent, the pattering of the descending rain was quite inadequate to disturb our tranquil slumbers; how'r when we at length awoke it was mizzling a shade or two stronger than Scotch mist. The river, notwithstanding, had fallen three inches further and pushed much less impetuously in its turbulent career. In my sketches of Tasmania, which appeared in the Colonial Magazine for 1840, I ever deplored the harshness and scanty foliage of our prevailing timber from this charge, however, the Western forests are wholly exempt, their leafy, soft, luxuriant, tracery challenging comparison with the richest and noblest groves of the richest and most favourable lands, perhaps like Erin according to Moore.

"Tis their own weeping skies

That draws all their softness and elegance forth"

Be that as it may, from the instant we quitted Wombat Glen, the landscape underwent a total change,- so complete in character that it was as perfectly distinct as if we had removed from one country to a new one, strange! Within one short fifty miles, we left the pasturage scorched to a cinder, whilst here it was teeming with overflowing waters. What a blessing to Tasmania could the surplus torrents of her high be turned on her low lands, perchance, but may at some future day achieve the important measure. Light showers fell throughout the day, but the Franklin rose higher than we had hitherto seen it, caused, doubtless, by the melting snows.

Monday - What, how'r signify eight or ten inches to a torrent that sometimes rises upwards of thirty perpendicular feet beyond its then existent level, a fact fully and unquestionably demonstrated by vast mapes of driftwood, pieces of which we observed lodged in the boughs of trees far overhead. The night was fine, the wind hauling round to the E. of N.

Thursday :14; Day broke auspiciously with the wind N.E. and the fleecy mist, slowly ascending, betokened a genial noon. The river had sunk some eight or ten inches, imparting hope of its speedy practicability of passage. Mr Calder, and Chap, one of the carriers, set out at 8 a.m. on their return to meet and report progress to the Gov. whilst Couz, another packman, and myself remained like the

lady of Lock O' Hazledean to watch not weep by the tide. Meditating on the delights of traversing the myrtle forests, with all their elegant varieties of hill and hollow, brake and briar, bog and sludge. "How" I mentally inquired "How will Lady Franklin ever be able to accomplish so direful an undertaking?" "Spirit and perseverance effect wonders" seemed the whispered response. Noon slipped by basking us in its sunny smiles. I and my fellow watcher felt ravished by the half forgotten delights of a tranquil sky and genial atmosphere, to which the rapidly falling waters lent an additional charm. As if, how'r, ten or twelve unruffled hours was too long a calm, at 2 P.M. the clouds began to battle up again. At 5.30 we were joined by two volunteers who had pushed forw'd with the purpose of swimming the river, so that His Excl.'s letter might be in time to reach and detain the schooner. A glance at the Franklin, fallen at least two feet since the preceeding afternoon, sufficed to stagger this adventurous ardour, and properly so, inasmuch as it wo'd have been the height of presumption to peril life in such a raging torrent, moreover the men were streaming with perspiration, and even if they had succeeded in struggling thro the stream, the snow water, wherewith it teemed, might have proved fatal. I counselled them, if resolved to make the attempt to try the raft and that without delay, because night was fast approaching, the rain again fast falling, and the river, I felt well assured, would be utterly impracticable long ere morning. Viewing the project even then, as, in a great degree, hazardous, I threw out the hint leaving the decision to themselves. They chose to abide the dawn.

Friday: 15: Rain fell fast throughout the night and, as I had predicted by day break, the river had risen upwards of six inches. By 8 A.M. the rain had ceased, the sky cleared, and but for the quarter [W.N.W.] in which the wind continued to hang, I shu'd have augured a fine day, and a fall in the water quite as sudden as its rise. As it was I despatched one of the volunteers to report the impracticability of the floods. About 11 A.M. the men of the party began to arrive in twos and threes, and about an hour thereafter Mr Bagot came up. The atmosphere, during the forenoon, was one succession of smiles and tears. It must have been nearly 3.30 P.M.

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Franklin reached the encampment. They appeared greatly fatigued, but bore all the toils and disagreeables of a toilsome disagreeable way with cheerful uncomplaining spirits. The little solitude began to assume a life like aspect and our dejecta membra were once again united. The river still rose exceeding any previous height we had seen, but the evening becoming fine it began to subside with great rapidity. A giant myrtle tree near which my fire was placed having ignited, His Excl. and I were compelled to strike our tents and remove to a distance to guard against its fall.

Saturday:16: Night passed in placid serenity and early dawn was the herald of a delightful morn. The river had fallen between three and four feet, and two volunteers were preparing to attempt its passage. These were Couz, once a Bridgewater boatman, and Maddox a Thames bargeman familiar with shooting Old London Bridge. About 7 A.M. they pushed off full of adventurous alacrity. Scarce, how'r, had the raft entered the stream ere it was whorled, with surprising velocity down the rapids,. The men retained the most cool and perfect self possession and shot the falls with masterly skill, gaining the opposite bank about a mile below the point of departure, and arriving at Mr W.Calder Ferry at 8.20 A.M. Mr. Calder's labours were[indecipherable] imm'y after breakfast he and nine packmen started for Lake St Clair to replenish the stations in our rear and to bring forward provisions, such repeated detentions having caused sad havoc with our supplies. The small amount of rations left at Whitehill Plains were brought forw'd by two men specially charged with that duty, whilst four more were ordered to strip Detention Corner of all its edibles - Mr Calder being charged to leave adequate provision at those places on his return. The Commit. of the Breeze being greatly diminished orders were transmitted to Hobart Town, to depatch one of the ships. Bagot, Mulligan, and myself proceeded to explore the rivers banks, and at the spot whither the raft had drifted we found the current much more smooth and practicable. The two couriers made astonishing speed to the "Breeze". To our great amazement and extreme delight they returned with two seamen before 5 P.M. having made the journey of thirty forest miles, and such forest! - in less than eight hours. Doubtless the Gov. will suitably mark his sense of so much zeal. Thank Heavens! The Breeze lay

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at her anchor, and Lady Franklin and Stewart were spared the suffering of a difficult, harrassing, and discouraging retreat. Especially delighted for their sakes, I was scarce less so for my own, because I was most anxious to penetrate the unexplored region before us, and no less desirous to penetrate the unexplored region before us, and no less desirous to avoid a dreary march over already trodden ground. Provisions had run low, meat particularly so - so low that our individual daily ration had, for some time, been limited to three ounces. This, how'r, being His Excl. birth day we in the Pretoruium, had slices of a small plum cake provided by her Ladyship for the occasion, so that Sir John's health and happiness was eaten con gusto, e con amore -

Sunday:17: The rain streamed furiously throughout the night, and morn and noon showed no abatement. The river rose as high as ever and all attempts to establish a communication with the further shore were utterly abortive. In vain were all our efforts to pass a hawser from the western bank. Mr. Milligan made many strenuous attempts to sling a small line across. It only reached mid stream. We were drenched to the skin. I had all along been most anxious for the manufacture of a canoe - it was a safe and infallible means of transport and having obtained the Govr's permission Stains, one of the party, a shipwright, set to work forthwith. Our dilemma was such and our necessities so urgent that our religious duties were made to give place to manual labour. A pine log was quickly shaped and hollowed, but the trunks of these trees not being sufficiently large, two became necessary - these were nailed together and rendered more stable by side keels. The sole tools we had were a screw auger and hatchets, and in case of failure on our side the men were ordered to return to the schooner for the requisite tools to form a canoe on theirs, two chances being always better than one. Night

set in clear and starry.

Monday:18: A fair morning with, upon the whole, a fair day. Most of the men occupied dressing and hollowing the double canoe, paddles and other gear also constructing. The two seamen returned with tools about 3 p.m. but, as yet, we had no means of reaching them. The four men also returned from Detention Corner with provender; the creeks and marshes they described as prodigiously flooded. Mr. Calder and his

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detachment had gone on to Lake St. Clair. By sunset the twin canoe was nearly completed, and now that were almost independent of the warp Mr. Bagot returned with the information that it had been got across.

Tuesday:19: The early part of the morning was spent securing the hawser, arranging traverse tackles for the raft and perfecting the twin canoes. About 1 p.m. they were launched and in compliment to His Excy's daughter, named the "Eleanor Isabella". A board with the carved appellatives was fastened to the stern and the gallant boateys boldly breasted the billows of the Franklin. Coug and the builder imm'tly embarked and safely and steadily descended the rapids. This was the first launch upon the Franklin and to one anxious little group to the full as interesting as more extensive ones. Communication with the further shore had been doubly and securely established, to the relief of much anxiety and suspense. This was the only day that could positively be termed fine for the last eighteen days – it was, in truth, a delightful one and occurring at the same time with this happy event prodigiously exhilarated our spirits and imparted renovated vigour to our weather beaten travel worn frames. Now that we were able to defy him in his might the Franklin had subsided to a much smaller compass than we had yet beheld, and everything augured well for the passage of the morrow.

Wednesday:20: At 10.45 the tents were struck and in less than a quarter of an hour the little camp was once more in motion. Eight days demurrage in a spot where exercise was limited to one dull unvarying track had inspired me with few agreeable associations of ideas, or furnished much pleasing food for contemplation. We reached "Eleanor Ferry", a name impressed by my knife on a large myrtle, at 11.20 a.m. and before noon the entire group, bag and baggage, had safely debarked on the further shore, each passage of the Franklin occupying from a minute to a minute and a half – Scarce had the transit been effected when one of the men from Lake St. Clair arrived, bringing Hobart Town letters and papers, but no intelligence for me. At 3.53 my chum

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Mr. Calder brought back his party, after a severe, rainy, snowy march of 104 miles performed within five days and with knapsacks averaging from 70 to 80 lbs. Stokes and Archer had both knocked off but one fresh hand had returned in their stead. We encamped upon the western bank of the river, about a quarter of a mile above the ferry where the fuel was both damp and bad.

Thursday:21: This morning was ushered in with an accident of the most distressing and calamitous description – a mischance deeply deplored and which cast a gloom over the whole party. A portion of the assistants had gone early to work to clear a tangled piece of pathway. In severing a twig, Robert Mumford, a quiet, well conducted man who, for the two past seasons had been labouring at this track and who was now on the eve of attaining the promised reward – a ticket of leave. Poor Mumford, Mr. Calder's right hand man, had his foot upon the end of a sapling which as his axe severed flew back, hitting him violently on the right eye. Such was the force of the stroke that the eyeball burst, the precious chrystalline fluid fell into Mumford's hand, leaving the fated sufferer in darkness and misery. Poor fellow, but the day before he had been speculating on the prospects of earning a comfortable livelihood by his trade – a tailor – and now his hopes were dashed – his spirit almost broken. His Excy and

every one expressed their warm sympathy and Sir John at once decided upon carrying the sufferer across in the Breeze. We again set forward at 11.14, poor Mumford led by one of his fellows. To carry him was utterly impracticable altho' Lady Franklin was more anxious that her palanquin should be so appropriated. We reached Calder Ferry at 11.54 and bid adieu to the Franklin, after a nine days unwilling sojourn upon its banks. The rush of its waters continued to sound for some time after in our ears and led to the perpetration of

Sequester'd stream! Remote and desolate
 Nine weary days an anxious pilgrim, I
 Watch'd by the wild and ever varying tide
 True type of human passions, fell tho' fair –
 Now murmuring soft as sleeping infancy,
 Now dashing with insensate violence
 Spurning impetuous every wholesome bound –
 Majestic stream! Girt with an emerald zone
 Of bowers outrageous wide from human ken

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Thy lordly waters solitary – lone,
 Speeding for ages their unheeded course
 No longer flow a nameless current on
 Thou hast acquir'd a proud appellative,
 A little famous, honourable, just
 Distinguished by the good of either pole –
 Franklin! All hail! Flow on and fare thee well

The Franklin had so greatly subsided that Calders Ferry would have been easily practicable. At 1.19 we gained the hither summit of a deep, abrupt, mountain dell – To this the track clearers had given the name of “Pig Trough” but “Devils Glen” was suggested as more appropriate. At 2.37 the Black Forest had been traversed and the High or “Western Plains” attained, the view from which was supremely grand – N.E. by E extending S.E. by E lay “Princes Range” the tier of the Southern Needles. S.E. a conspicuous inland St. Michael's sort of Mount of vast proportions struck the eye – Whitehill Plains and the track of our weary pilgrimage lay expanded, nearly due E, beneath us. In front or S.W. an extensive range was named “Elliott” in compliment to the Hon. Mr. Henry Elliott, His Excy's former A.D.C. N.E. by E the bold precipitous crags of the Frenchman towered over all their fellows; he still, how'r, scorned to unfold his cap. The first minutes of our gaze were peculiarly striking, the atmosphere being of that strongly defined character called, I believe, by artists, *chiara obscura* – a light which whilst it mantled the mountains in sober russet, vividly set forth their edges and figures with a prominent chiselling. As we gazed the westerly mists rolled on and the hills became shrouded in a fleecy canopy, whilst the gathering vapours again presaged the approach of the spirits of the storm. We, therefore, bid adieu to marsh and mountain and gained the evening's halting place at 4.42 after a march of about eight miles. The tents were pitched on a dry rise, a mile and a half from the entrance of Gordon Forest, the last myrtle wood to be traversed. The bedding was of light, dry, fibry bark of the tree, and the fuel was both plentiful and excellent. We were now but seven miles from the Breeze and we hugged ourselves in the hope that with the morrow our weary trappings would be over.

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Friday 22: Poor Mumford passed a night of restlessness, but of comparative freedom from acute pain. This morning he was much easier, small alleviations, nevertheless, under his calamitous circumstances which still as far as the most humane and kind attention could were relieved to the uttermost by Sir John and Lady Franklin. The morning proved a fine one, the

sun beaming with bright benign and beauty, and yet it was beauty smiling thro' tears. At 11.20 the last encampment was broken up and we started on the final scramble of the ups and downs, sludge and tangle, of Gordon Forest, a forest much more varied and picturesque but no less arduous and impracticable than those that preceded it. At 2.55 we gained the "Breeze", a smug, stiff little schooner of 28 tonnes. She was moored in "Expectation Reach", one of the bends of the Gordon. It is one of the most perfectly beautiful, land locked, basins I ever beheld. The sun shone brightly and the thin mist skirting the mountain tops gave added attraction to the landscape, it only the more adorned but could not hide like an arch beauty veiling not muffling her conscious charms. The men drew up, paced the schooner and greeted the termination of His Excel'y and Lady Franklins term with hearty cheers. Expectation Reach, so called by Lady Franklin from our long expected arrival there, probably Execration Reach to the crew so long in waiting. Expectation Reach lies some twelve miles above the deserted settlement of Mac. Harbr. And some fifteen below the confluence of the Franklin with the Gordon. Imagination naturally colours our preconceptions both of persons and of places, imparting a glowing or a gloomy tone according to circumstances. Altho I had previously fully tested the erroneous absurdity of such conclusions by a visit to Port Arthur, which instead of one of the most horrific I had found to be one of the most lovely places imaginable. Instead of this guarding me from like future error, so ineffaceable are human preperceptions that "in my mind's eye" Macquarie Harbr. still remained "The Hell upon Earth", the spot unblest by God, accurst of man, I had so long been wont to hear it styled. It is true the spot itself had not yet met my view, but judging by the approaches, the superb river whereon we floated, the magnificent woods, the glorious mountains wherewith we were begirt, by the vast amount of excellent valuable ship and other timber, by a continuous

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navigation of at least 45 miles of deep, inland waters, together with the adjuncts of fish and waterfowl which those rivers supply – judging, I say, from such data, I feel somewhat prone to leap to an opposite extreme and to pronounce the denounced locality as important as it unquestionably is beautiful. Let us sift the heavy charges bro't ag't Mac. Harbr. and that led to its evacuations. That the system of discipline was rigidly severe and that some of the prisoners were, from the nature of their employment, much exposed to wet, are facts impossible to controvert - but this moisture was principally confined to the felling and rafting gangs and not to an extent injurious to health. The prison economy of Port Arthur is precisely similar and there no prejudicial results ensue. That Mac. Harbr. is more humid than Port Arthur is indubitable, nevertheless I am fully satisfied that far less moisture and infinitely less cold is experienced than that under which the peasantry of Ireland unremittingly and uncomplainingly toil, whilst the convict enjoys an ample ration, dry, comfortable quarters, abundance of feed, the needful medical aid – all of which are comparative strangers to the Irish labourer. It is the fashion – a fashion become almost epidemical – to inveigh against Transportation and penal colonies – these have been fertile texts for certain doctrinaires to expose their imbecile ignorance of subjects whereon they impertinently assume to enlighten their fellow men. Tempted by the inviting subject M. de Torqueville in his dissertation on the penitentiary system of America, has been led to have his fling at the Australian settlement. How far his conclusions with respect to the prisons of the United States are correct I cannot presume to say, but I confess I place no great reliance upon any work which is incomplete in any of its parts. When a man gravely sits down to instruct his fellows it is his imperative duty to direct his materials of unwholesome chaff, but when that man raises a hypothetical superstructure and draws logical deductions from a baseless theory which the first contact with truth must shiver to atoms – when such a man gives currency to worthless

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opinions, clothed in the language of seemingly argumentative learning, such a man I conceive deserves the keenest exposure and the most unmitigated contempt. I cannot enter into de

Toqueville's fallacies regarding Australasia, suffice it to say his remarks are as puerile as they are untrue. Utterly ignorant of even the first principles of our system he has hazarded statements and ventured upon assertions that shake my opinion of his entire [indecipherable]. It is well known that I am no prison discipline monger, but of this I am persuaded – that there is no system so likely to effect moral and social reformation than that by which the offender is first subjected to a severe and wholesome training which at the appointed period of this conditional freedom puts him in the way to earn an honest livelihood while at the same time it affords the means of employment [indecipherable]. However, regenerated men may quit the "Model prisons" of England, are they not likely to fall back into error from absolute necessity, for in a dense population what chance has the liberated characterless felon, when he seeks to share employ with the artisan of established reputation and known industry. My aim would be to argue upon demonstrable facts – to see things scrupulously tested by their own merits and honestly and fairly called by their proper names. Mac Harbr. I consider has not been thus tested – an unfair notoriety brought it into disrepute. Refractory habits and impatience of restraint indulged attempts at escape from the penalties of crime. The harrowing details of such attempts and the terrific instances of cannibalism to which they led have been frequently before the world. I myself have faintly endeavoured to describe some of these horrors (See ColonialMagazine No). A retrospective glance at the route just traversed must suffice to demonstrate how utterly hopeless such efforts must have been. With two such barriers as the Gordon and Franklin – with no means of husbanding provisions against the expected hour of flight – with ninety-one miles of such forests as I have feebly sketched, to pass thro', and where no track existed – what but death and doom could ensue. During our entire journey we discovered neither animal nor vegetable

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capable of supporting life. The only living creatures were a few black and white cockatoos, a few straggling parrots, magpies and ravens. Shocking as the self elected destiny of these unhappy wretches questionless was, surely it is unfair, on such account, to denounce Mac Harbr since it's most invaluable qualifications, its security as a penal settlement has been thereby fully and frequently made manifest. Why erect high, spike walls around our gaols if not for the safe custody of the inmates? If nature has girdled Mac. Harbr with a sinecure as impenetrable and much more terrific, wherefore should morbid sickly sentimentality uphold the one and denounce the other? Enough! - The carriers who had so long and so assiduously attended us, after an hours rest, were addressed by His Excy. Who lauded their good conduct and dismissed them with the promise of the utmost extent of reward. They departed, in high spirits, to the station of the previous evening. When it is stated that many of these were Port Arthur men, that each had his hatchet, that they were more than two to one - that none of us carried arms of any description – that they were orderly, zealous and attentive – surely it ought to be conceded that guilty as they may have been they are not quite so atrociously sunk in depravity as a certain clique would fain have the world believe. Saturday:23: Morning dawned serenely pleasant. At daylight my very good chum Calder and Constable Price departed with his Excy [indecipherable]. One of the seamen and Robertson accompanied them to bring back the warp and tackles from Eleanor Ferry. Poor Mumford is totally blind of the one eye but easier. He, Robinson, Maddox and Stains proceed with us in the Breeze. Whilst waiting the return of the warp an excursion up the Gordon was projected. The day proved a most enchanting one, and we started at 11.15 in a four oared whale boat. We made good way, landing at the Lime Kiln Wharf, a distance of at least a mile and a half, at 11.35. As we advanced the river scenery always attractive, displayed innumerable and diversified beauties – hills clothed with majestic trees, their luxuriant foliage, rich verdure, and

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overhanging tracery contrasting strikingly with the naked peaks of tower mountains whose sides they shaded with a living screen. Here a fathomless gully developed the course of

David Burn - Overland expedition of Sir John and Lady Franklin and suite to Macquarie Harbour and the Western Division of the Island, 1842

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Mitchell Library, State Library of NSW

torrents whose waters so greatly flood these Western rivers. There a long line of mirrory light imparted a lake like character to the deep and shining stream. We glided smoothly along, the sole disturbers of the enchanting solitude. When man and mans art shall have dis elaborated its banks, the Gordon need not fear comparision with any other river be it Antipodean or European, it is a superb stream, rich in every attribute that renders water scenery grand, picturesque, or romantic. At 12.25 we suddenly opened a resplendent panorama S.S.W. - long and irregular ridges of barren serrated mountains glowed gaily and grandly in the bright blue vault, lit up with warm sparkling sunshine, a scene of life inspiring joy, of heaven directed gratitude. Here the glorious maps of light and shade so peculiarly beautiful throughout Tasmanian was seen in its grandest aspect. At 1.6 steering S.W. by W. we came upon some high beetting crags of bluish limestone, below which there lay a considerable extent of table land. These cliffs were of great altitude and most imposing in their effect, the view ahead being rich, varied and extensive. The cliffs were called "MountChamp Cliff in honour of the Caveat Commissioner. It is a difficult task to paint the scenery of the wilderness where no landmarks, no spot of renown, not even a shepherds cot exists to give a tangible hold to its features. I have felt this to be a difficulty hardly to be overcome, and whilst anxiously striving to trace the scenes of my wanderings, I have been led to fear the lack of human accompaniments may have rendered my record monotonous and vague. I have, how'r, essayed my utmost and with this slight claim upon the indulgent reader, I proceed. Ten miles from Expectation Reach a second striking limestone cliff presented itself. It is broken into little overhanging terraces, each terrace bearing its own fairy grove. At this spot where the channel is divided by "Butters Island" a small rocky, woody, islet so called after the late Major Butler 40th Commandant at Mac Harb. in 1826 and other years. After a pull, including stoppages, of four hours and six minutes, that is to say at 3.19 PM we reached the junction of the Franklin. It bore N. passing thro' a narrow channel, divested of the imposing character it wore at the place of our encampment. The imposing character it wore at the place of our encampment. The last few miles rowing had been greatly impeded by rapids thro' which the boat forced her slow and toilsome way. The point of junction

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is thickly wooded, the hills flung closely together and the prospect, of course extremely limited. A fire being kindled a choice refection of salt pork strengthened our inward man and at 4.50 we again set out on our homeward way. The air was somewhat chilly and the atmosphere inclined to drizzle. Cynthia gave us a momentary glance of her pale, cold, watery, face. She quickly, how'r, withdrew leaving us to wind our sinuous course amid long watery avenues skirted by walls of living green. We sped rapidly downwards - reached the Breeze at 8 where we found the men and tackle had preceded us.

Sunday:24: A fair, dull, heavy day, one of comparative inactivity. Berths were fitted for Mss'rs Bagot and Milligan on the starboard side. At 4.20 the windlass was manned and the Breeze towed forthwith from Expectation Reach, dropping some three miles down the stream. We had our dinner on deck in order that we might gratify the senses of taste and sight. For the former purpose we discussed an excellent sea pie of which a black swan was the chief ingredient for the latter the magnificent reached of the Gordon to which the shades of evening, reflected from the sombre forests, gave a saddish tone, yielded ample food. We made fast head and stern to the bushes at 5.50 by which hour earth, air and water were becoming blent in one scarce distinguishable line. We were crammed pretty closely in the little Breeze but thanks to Charles Daly, one of the Britannia 120' choice A.B's who lent me his hammock, I made an admirable nest in which I snoozed as fast as a church, undisturbed by the frequent and heavy showers which washed the deck with pitiless fury nearly the live long night.

Monday:25: The morning proved a very changeable one, heavy squalls of rain, intervals of bright sunshine and clear blue sky succeeding each other with great rapidity. The wind was dead an end, and 10.49 A.M. had arrived before our downw'd progress commenced. The air felt damp and chilly except when the sun shone forth to warm us and gild magnificent landscape. Our progress altho' tiresomely slow was sure affording ample opportunity for impressing each rounded hill, beetting crag, or tortuous reach upon the minds. After an hours

exertions the puffs of wind blew so strongly up the river that the tow was cast off and the schooner again belayed to the projecting branches, a mile or thereabout having been, meanwhile, achieved. Anxiety to view the river prevented our taking advantage of the most favourable time - early dawn or evening - to descend - detention became the consequent inevitable result. Warping was had recourse to, but that, at best, is but slow work, and, with few hands and limited means was rendered slower still. The weather, as day wore, became worse, and the small hold with the and cooks galley, the only place of fire and shelter - we was tolerably crowded. We had a succession of heavy squalls of rain throughout the comfortably day and when light waned and we had again moored to the bush, we had achieved considerably less than three miles from the morning point of departure.

Tuesday:26: Dawn was ushered in with moist, gloomy, weather. It did not actually rain, but the long, dull, lines of mist skirting the banks and canopying the hills with pendulous, vapoury, clouds betrayed the small provocation such consummation required. The hands were turned out at 6.30A.M. The boat made fast to her tow, and a calm prevailing by 6.50 the schooner once more "progressed" some two or two miles and a half an hour down the Gordon, the sweet sequestered landscape looming dull and drear in the sunless sky and chill morning air. In an hour and twenty minutes we made fast that lady Franklin may view the river. At 8.20 the rain fell fast. At 9 the tow was again in active operation, but at 9.40 it blew so stiffly up channel, giving the vessel stern way, that we were compelled to have recourse to warping, a process not of long duration for the adverse breeze gradually increased to half a gale rendering the convenient projecting bushes once more imperative. At 11.30 the boat conveyed Lady Franklin and Mr Milligan a little way up the river. It was a wild forenoon and Sir John, Mr Bagot, and I found a book and the fireside much the cosiest berth. Our library was extremely limited consisting only of Humphrey's Clock - 2 vols. Every Day Book - 1 of Sales Koran - De Tocqueville on Penitentiary's - Statistics of Orkney - a number of Edin. and Quarterly - a few nos. of the Parisian "Mode" - the Scottish Chiefs - The Ocean, and - 2 Series of Tales of the O'Hara Family and Arnolds Rome. At 1.15 the boat returned at which time it blew a brisk gale with no prospect of moderate

weather. Evg set in wild and watery. the fairy "Breeze" altho fast, head and stern, bobbed up and down upon the angry wavelets. Slow was our progress and irksome the detention it was a night more comfortably spent inside a secure river than passed amid the untamed billows of the rude Pacific swept by a roaring wind and pouring rain.

Wednesday 27: Morn, like many preceding Tasmanian mornings, broke calmly serene but moist - Every tiny rill roared with petty fury down the mountain steep - the Gordon, in heavy fresh, swept onwards to the sea, at a speed of some two knots an hour. Not a breath stirred leaf or river, and everything favoured our speedy and successful exit and approach to a channel where we could make sail and turn to windwards. At 7.30 the head and stern parts were cast loose, but we had got jammed amid the boughs and about thirty minutes were occupied cutting her adrift. At 8 the whale boat was manned and the schooner floating downwards upon the careering tide. We entered Long Reach at 8.30 - it was delightfully clear, but the heavens, like a beautiful woman smiling thro' tears of angry vespation, yet looked wild and unappeased. At 8.43 set jibs and foresail, the schooner drawing swiftly and placidly thro' the scarce ruffled waters. At 9.12 we entered Sea Reach, [indecipherable] and black swans wildly flying our approach. The shores of either bank became level, the mountain bases lying further inland, thereby affording a seemingly favourable spot for tillage and causing the landscape to assume a more pictorial and extensive appearance. For the last three days we had been threading an aqueous avenue bound in by hill and grove. Now the panorama opened out far and wide embracing in its sweep "Sarah Island" the penal settlement of Mac. Harbr. - the dreadful and dreaded abode smiling in soft and solitary loveliness. At 9.30 took in jibs and foresail. At 9.45 the schooner had dropped within a mile

of the rivers mouth, the waters expanding on every side, presenting to view a superb and spacious basin begirt with towering, amphitheatrical, hills, the channel of the river becomes extremely narrow, shoaling instantly on every hand, few seconds sufficing to tow the schooner from six fathoms to six feet, in which she grounded at 9.50. By this time the mornings calm was nearly over and the forenoons head wind gave symptoms of setting in. At 9.55 the anchor was let go and the warp bent to the ice age. At 10.6 it had been carried out, so the people knocked off to breakfast.

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Whilst this important matter was being achieved Sir John, Messrs Bagot, Milligan and I jumped into the boat to have a peep at the impervious scrubs of Mac. Harbr. We got back by 11, weighed kedgeree and stream anchor and prepared to tow clear of the river, an undertaking accomplished at 1.50. At 2.15 we were under sail on the larboard tack standing N.W. with a heavy squall of rain. At 2.33 Birch's inlet lay on the larboard and Kelly's basin abaft the starboard beam. A heavy fall of hail. At 2.30 we brought up about half a mile off Sarah Island, the verdant banks and white cottages luring prettily in the sunny glimpse. The day continued squally and showery throughout.

Thursday 28: Like Plymouth, Mac. Harbr. is a locality somewhat of the moistest, rain being said to fall three days out of four. Morning broke amid flying squalls of rain and hail which, ever and anon, gave place to bright and vivifying glances of sunshine. Breakfast was later than usual and it was 11.50 a.m. ere we departed to inspect the settlement. In a few minutes after noon we debarked upon a well formed jetty, taking the bake house, the first building we encountered, as the primary object to overhaul. It is a substantial edifice of brick, the inscription stone over the doorway apprising us that it was erected in Novr. 1828. The dwellings of Mr. Joy, shipwright, Mr. Rae, Supt. of Convicts and Mr. Lempriere, next came under notice. They are greatly dilapidated but easily susceptible of repair. The only way we could force an entrance to Mr. Lemprieres house was at the rear, the front being wholly impracticable in consequence of the luxuriant privacy of that superb creeper, the Mac. Harbr. vine. The gaol, according to inscription, was built in June 1826 – like the bakehouse it is a substantial brick building, comprising a good sized common room to which six dark, secure, dry, well ventilated cells are attached. It is still in perfectly occupiable condition. In cell No. 4 a prison artist ("JH 1821") has strongly developed the ruling fashion in sundry mimic drop scenes scratched in the brick work. Pendulous pictures appear to have been this gentlemans forte, for he has sundry such engravings through the prison. One gent has recorded his admiration of the Irish Agitator by immortalizing him in Mac. Harbr. annals as "Daniel O'Connell, the Man of the People!" Verily, fame is a glorious thing! The Military Barracks, close to the gaol, are sadly out of repair. They had middling accommodation for about sixty men. the chimneys of the Clergymans dwelling alone remain, the weather boarded cottage having been transported bodily and converted into the Military Officers quarters at Port Arthur. Adjoining the Chaplain's is the Commandants house and office. they comprise some six or eight apartments, with kitchen and detached. The dwelling house has been a very comfortable abode, but is now in a very

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[indecipherable] condition. The drawing room has been a very handsome one with circular front, placed in a delightful position commanding a rich and varied landscape. Garden is nearly an impracticable wilderness, native and foreign trees and shrubs being interlaced in one inextricable tangle [indecipherable] briar is luxuriant in the extreme, the hips far exceeding in size any I ever elsewhere beheld. English grapes, clover, mint, turnips, cabbages, potatoes, apples, teaches, sweet peas and many other fruits and vegetables grow in rank profusion, but are so matted as to be of difficult attainment and of inferior flavour from want of cultivation. Instead of a barren [indecipherable] spot we found Sarah Island remarkable for beauty and fertility. Leaving the Commandants we sauntered thro the gardens

of the different officers in the settlement. They are in a hollow and had been carefully sheltered from the prevailing blasts by secure and lofty screens of paling, some twenty feet high. In the N. and highest part of the island the Military cemetery is to be found within its small enclosure where the remains of Capt. Cuthbertson, of the 40th who was drowned in the performance of his duty whilst visiting Grumich Island. A tablet at Hobart Town Churchyard bears record of the circumstances. There are headstones here in memory of Corporal Dan McCarthy and Privates Bratton and John McKann of the 63rd Regt and an infant child of Pat Daly, a private of the 3rd – McCarthy was a comrade of O'Boyle's who spoke of his departed friend with feeling regret. The convicts were interred on the mainland. signal Hill lay contiguous, it had formerly been clear all around but now was covered with shrubs. The Gardeners cottage is situated in a hammock close, like Mr. Lemprieres dwelling it is one vast mat of the tenacious and charming creeper. Our entrance was effected by downright strength thro beds of gigantic milt, vine and sweet briar. the Signalman's house is some little distance from Signal Hill, towards the S. extremity of the isle – it is a judicious site commanding an extensive, varied and magnificent prospect. The cottage is in very good repair, adjacent his the Hospital, a weather boarded building containing four very good sized apartments in tolerable repair. Emotions of immortality and inspired by the great example of him who had manifested such devoted [indecipherable] in the posthumous fame of Irish Daniel - Big, I say, with the sublime idea which I greedily sought to appropriate to myself with imperishable [indecipherable] my name, address and date, were forthwith inscribed upon the enduring walls of Signal Cot. Alas for glory! Alas for [indecipherable] renown! My ambitious aim was discovered – my record caught the eagle eye of

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Lady Franklin. Inspired with malicious jealousy – Envyng a reputation so undying Her Ladyship not only cruelly and wantonly superadded a **His mark X** but enlisting His Excy., Messrs Bagot, Milligan as accessories to this vile cabal, they actually – Reward them [indecipherable] – appended their surnames as witnesses – dishonorable witnesses of the ignoble deed. Matchless effrontery! Unheard barbarity! The forsaken dock yard, from whose slips many a goodly back had opened, was next visited, and there was little to be seen except a spacious yard and goodly workshop, on one of whose beams a chalk record informed us that the Shamrock was launched 28 May and the William the 45h, a 250 ton barque, on the 25th March 1831. behind the dockyard lie the prisoners barracks – the chief building is a goodsubstantial one of red freestone, containing three long commodious rooms in as many stories. Over the entrance an artist has graven the royal crown and G.R. with the intimation that Aopril 1928 was the date of the erection. A range of low edifices at right angles with the main one served for Cook and other offices, the whole are on an elevated point on the S.W. angle of the isle. Taking boat we proceeded to visit Grummet, a miniature and very picturesque islet commanding a glorious expanse of land and water. This islet contains the remains of a barracks where one hundred of the most daring and intractable felons were nightly housed after the labours of the day. This appears to have been an injudicious measure, and as there was no military guard and the men were only under the control of convict overseers the diminutive isle has been celebrated as an Aceldama of the most horrid description. In one case one felon having quarrelled with his fellows respecting some biscuit watched his opportunity and buried his axe in his comrades brain. Another, for some equally important bone of contention, hurled an ill fated being over the precipitous cliff where he was dashed to pieces. The third and most terrible crime was the murder of an obnoxious overseer named Geo. Rex. It was the work of nine men, six standing by, whilst three held the struggling victim until he was drowned in two or three feet of water. The islet is full of caves and from one of these the atrocity was beheld by an unseen, trembling, spectator. The murderers put to sea in a catamaran constructed of a couple of doors rendered buoyant by two empty casks. Darkness favoured their flight for when morning dawned they had got nearly across to Kellys basin. They were, however, discovered, pursued, captured, condemned and executed at Hobt. Town in 1827 or 8. One of the onlookers had been servant to a neighbour of mine,

and as I had evinced some interest in the unhappy man, he requested me to witness his disgraceful exit, a wish, my compliance with which gratified him much. The days inspections ended we embarked and reached the [indecipherable] ere the sun had reached the western main. Twilight never in Tasmania of long duration, had become a little more lengthened than in the valley of the Gordon, where the setting of the luminary of day produced almost instant darkness. We stripped the settlement of potatoes, cabbages, applies and mint, and had hastened the course of desertion and decay by plundering the lone and rickety edifices of all sorts of their timber available for fuel. It is rare, in the civilised world, to behold a deserted village, and poetically treated, affords a fertile theme for speculative contemplation. Here was a once busy, striving port, fast returning to primeval loneliness of man and his creations smouldering to unmarked and rapid decay. Who, then, ever gaze upon abandoned Sarah Island without evoking a train of melancholy reflections. Who could regard its solitary workshops without conjuring the ghosts of sorrow, sin and crime! And, yet, Grummet Islet, with its striking cottage on the cliff looked far more like an [indecipherable] retreat than the miserable seat of blood and death.

Friday 29: One month since the commencement of this diary. circumstances requiring that many days should be consumed in the work of few – foul weather, flooded rivers and adverse winds barring the progress of our onward course. Total change of diet had its effect upon most of the party and during the past night I suffered greatly from indigestion which rendered me sleepless, feverish and nervous. Morning set in with thick incessant rain and an atmosphere of dense opaqueness. Not a spot of blue discoverable and not the remotest prospect of change. The wind, too, was dead foul, and with four miles of intervening flats, with a very narrow fair way, to put to sea was impracticable. Our prospects were disconsolate enough, cooped in a small craft with barely room to move, with seventeen mouths to feed, and with a circumscribed and rapidly diminishing ration, our departure from Mac. Harbr. had become an event of anxious solicitude. My own feelings verged upon the impatient, because I had quitted home at a moment of much inconvenience, and for a multiplicity of reasons was most desirous to accomplish my return. There was no alternative, however, save that long tried, unpalatable, but infallible one – patience. We breakfasted late. To afford room for clearing the decks and stowing the hold, Sir John, Messrs Bagot, Milligan and myself landed at noon, taking up a very

tolerable position around a splendid fire of blazing pine fittings, torn from their fastenings. Rain descended in torrents and the deserted bake house with its windowless, doorless, openings was comfortless enough, especially as it boasted sundry, anti patent, leaky ventilators overhead which were never of the architects projection. An old newspaper – Pickwick the Every Day Book – and the O'Hara family served to speed the flight of time which passed with wondrous rapidity when aided by a few Mac. Harbr. potatoes done to a turn in the glowing wood embers.

Saturday, 30: At 6.30 a.m. manned the windlass, loosed sails, and within forty minutes slowly took our departure from Sarah Island. It was unfortunately calm, the water smooth as a polished mirror, and no mode of propulsion save that of towing could be used. The morning was a fine one, the beautiful sunrise rendering the fleecy clouds that soared along the mountains fancifully transparent. In the S. and S.E. quarters the aspect looked more than doubtful, as if the spirit of the storm was marshalling his scattered legions for a fresh assault. The schooner drew gradually thro the placid yielding waters, and as Sarah Island dipped in the receding E, its sea girt form and quarter mile channel showed much more distinctly. The Prisoners Barracks, perched upon their bold projecting cliff seemed almost castle like. They, with the dockyard imbued with a semblance of vitality and disconsolate but lovely scene, heightened to a glowing picture by the various inlets and mountains around. Ere noon we had reached rather more than half way between the settlement and a long low tongue of land

named Liberty Point. Philips Isle lay E. and the superbly picturesque ranges of Mounts Zeehan and Heemskirk (named after Tasman's ships by Capt. Flinders) bore the former N ½ W the latter NNW. At this period a light air from the NW sprung up, sufficient to preclude towing but not strong enough to give us much way under sail. As we advanced the land became low and shelving. the surf, as it broke on the beach outside, thundering in our ears. At 3 p.m. the light air having strengthened to a gentle breeze wafting our barque gracefully along. On the starb. tack the tiny schooner made a bold luff lying up W by S promising to weather Liberty Point and looking well for Table Head and Betsey Island. It was dry but chilly, cheery tho' cloudy. At 5.15 we had rounded Liberty Point with a flood tide setting pretty strongly up the harbour. Evening was cold but clear with a gradually increasing breeze, the schooner heading up. Amid the beauties of Tasmania many beautiful

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mountain ranges there are few can equal, none surpass, the magnificent outlines of Heemskirk and Zeehan. Like the o'erlaboured set scene of some fairy spectacle their fanciful commanding ridges assume a dreamy aspect bosomed amid the purple clouds from whose fantastic forms they take a tone and colour of which they seem, too, half compounded and enchanting the eye that gazed and pierced them in delightful rapture. The Southern shore is bare and hilly - the Northern flat and wood. Kings River falls into the harbour a few miles to the N.W. of Liberty Point, close to [indecipherable] cove and Swan Basin. At 6, being pretty close to Table Head, the schooner stood off shore on the larbd tack. She had not, however, long done so ere she broke up considerably - At 6.30 tacked again. In half an hour the water rapidly shoaled and we took the ground having almost instantaneously got from five fathoms to six feet. We kedged off, bringing up in a quarter less eight, after a good deal of labour and sounding all round.

Sunday 1 May: Day break brought of [indecipherable] dew enough and to spare. In the castle phraseology it was "thick as pease soup" overhead. From the velocity of the sound it was evidently half a gale outside, whilst a lively breeze was freshly in. At 7.5 we were under sail steering N.E. on the larb. tack. 8.10 we put about lying N.W. and a point or two off the wind. Such an [indecipherable] continuance of foul weather became almost intolerable to me, who leaving London in the height of summer (1841) and arriving here at the commencement of a particularly fine similar season had become habituated to summer and to summer only. At 8.30 the schooner was kept way W by S Middle Head bearing a quarter of a point on the starb. and [indecipherable] bow. At 9 we became involved in a very narrow, intricate, channel that render the otherwise magnificent harbour so comparatively unavailable. the buoys that formerly defined the limits of this channel had long since broken adrift, and Mr. Bruce's recollections were too vague to insure a certain course 0 one cast would give five fathoms, another ten feet, the next three fathoms, the next again nine feet. Whilst anxiously working down this dazzling stream the wind first became scant and then drew ahead - down went the anchor and out run the kedge - to warp being the sole alternative. I have before said these flats extend some four miles, their locality being clearly indicated by Middle, Round and Wellington Heads which overhang these harrying shoals. Mac. Harbr. is a port as difficult of egress as of access and from the self same cause, the prevalence of westerly winds. When occupied the settlement was frequently in

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a state of necessity bordering upon starvation, the Colonial vessels having repeatedly been unable to found South West Cape and forced to bear up before the fury of the gale. A passage exceeding two months has more than once occurred. This difficulty and the time consumed rendered inspection by the Chief Authority next to impossible, and, no doubt, tended materially to the abandonment of the place 0 but neither westerly winds, bars, now shoals are sufficient cause for such a step. In this age of steam the run from Hobart Town and back might easily be accomplished once a week with ample time to spare. An employ of a

steamer of 300 tons, drawing 8 feet water, placed at the disposal of the Gov. would render this colony services of the most important, beneficial and profitable kind. A large expenditure and a vast amount of time wastefully consumed by sailing vessels in the transport of convicts stores etc. would be saved, and the first outlay of these steamers speedily reimbursed. The very traffic to Mac. Harbr. would effect this seeing that the local administration of Col. Arthur realised considerable sums and obtained a ready and profitable sale for boats and vessels built here. When the settlement again reestablished the abundance of Huon pine, myrtle, light wood and other valuable timber would open immediate objects of traffic. The settlement might not for some years to come supply itself with meat, but from the quality of certain portions of soil and general appearances I incline to believe in its perfect capability to grow farinaceous and excellent food in ample abundance and of excellent quality. Our endeavours to clear the channel were as tedious as they were unremitting. Fortunately they were assisted by a powerful ebb tide and strong fresh which set out of Kings River in full flow. By noon, however, the ebb became flood, the wind increased and we dragged her on end, inch by inch, with difficulty. At 1.30 anchored in two fathoms off Round Head. The rain had some time ceased and the blue sky took its place. The headlands of the S. shore are moderate in height, without timber, unless where there and there a straggling clump serves to render the absence more conspicuous. Table Head in its N.W. aspect is sterile and stony, but the whole four Table, Middle, Round and Wellington Heads, with their bights and bends form a scene both picturesque and pleasing. The land of the opposite shore is low and sandy, resembling many spots to be found near Lowestoft in Suffolk where the drift is great and the water shallow. The breeze grew fiercer and fiercer and it was evident we had achieved all that was to be done for the day.

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At 3 his Excy. called the people after reading the evening service in his strikingly impressive manner, after which he gave us a chapter from a religious volume called the Ocean Illustrated. A treatise listened to with marked attention and which, through the Gods mercy, may I hope be productive of much benefit. Our little crew was a very good one comprising four or five of those prime A.B. seamen of which England recently stood so much in need if she does not now.

Monday 2: It blew a smart gale during the night and day broke wild and gloomy with superabundance of wind and rain. At 6.20 a.m. favoured by a strong ebb tide, the operations of heaving and kedging commenced. Our progress was deplorably tedious for the absence of breeze caused us frequently to take the ground – not the sixteenth of a mile an hour was accomplished. This was discouraging enough, but the aspect of the heavens and the noise of the bar gave sufficient intimation that there was no hope of getting to sea. Our only refuge was to strain every nerve to get under the lee of Wellington Head where we might perchance add a few fish to the scanty commissariat, neither of the most choice or luxurious description, but shared equally and received with the utmost good humour and equanimity by Sir John and Lady Franklin. The days discomforts were excessive. There was but one small cabin for Her Ladyship's accommodation. The rain beat with constant fury and our only retreat was the hold where the cooks smoky galley nearly stifled us. The men on deck were thoroughly drenched and when they ceased from the wearisome labours of the day at 12.30 the schooner had not been dragged a mile ahead. At 5 Mr. Bagot, Mr. Bruce and I proceeded with the boat under Wellington Head, to fish for our living. We were no illustrators of Dean Swifts apothegm – ours was a sort of life and death affair. In a few moments we were rewarded with half a dozen prime, large, rock cod, but darkness having set in, the next hours perseverance proved fruitless. As night wore the elemental strife subsided for at 10 p.m. it was serene and starry.

Tuesday 3: The first, middle and morning watches proved fair, and day broke under favourable auspices with light wind, smooth water, a clear sky and strong ebb tide. Mr. Bruce, the pilot, was early afloat, sounding and ascertaining the true channel and at 7 the seemingly interminable process of weighing anchor, running out the kedge, anchoring and weighing

again was resumed. So I smiled upon our labours which were, therefore, continued with lighter hearts and renovated ardour - the wind Eurus, too, as if compassionating our long detention made a wry mouth from the N.E. - a leading wind out of port, but as the turbulence of the last three or four days had knocked up a heavy sea outside, it remained to be seen whether the bar was practicable or no. Profiting by the favouring air we made sail. Fifteen minutes, under such circumstances, accomplishing more than two days of unwearied toil had been able to surmount. We moved gently from the flats and anchored in the [indecipherable] and pleasant bay under Wellington Head. We had not been an instant too soon in seizing the opportunity, for scarce were we entered our new berth ere the fickle wind shifted to its old and adverse quarter. The boat was speedily manned and we all departed for the pilots station and signal hill - the ebb swept us rapidly past the "Cape" and "Bonnet" - miniature islets and after a mile and a halfs row we departed on the S. Head close to "Entrance Island". From the landing jetty a short walk conducted to a fine sandy bay, which in honour of the Colonial Secretary recd. the name of "Boyes Bay". In the S.W. extremity of this bay, the pilots house, and a cottage for a corporal and three soldiers yet exist, but weather beaten and pillaged like the dwellings on Sarah Island. Some ten or twelve years since the Col. brig Tamar hove in sight during a gale. Mr. Boyle, the pilot with six men proceeded to board her, but the brig was forced to [indecipherable] up for the Derwent, but neither the pilot nor his crew were ever more seen. From the pilots cottage we proceeded to signal hill on the verge of Cape Sorell - some mischievous vagabond had hewn down the flag staff. The day was clear and sunshining, and the prospect both sea and landward extensive and varied. Our telescope swept the ocean in the hope of descrying the wished for store ship speeding to our aid. The horizon, howr. was hazy and the wind, N.N.W. dead foul. We looked out again, but unlike "Sister Anne" our look out was far less fortunate. A staff, with a white flag, pierced blue, was reared, an indicator to all interested that we had not been able to quit the spell bound harbour. Some kangaroos appearing, Mr. Bagot endeavoured to get within shot - [indecipherable] being found on board the Breeze - it was in vain - parrot pye was all we co.d achieve, and that very scantily, both because of the few birds and next because of the scarcity of ammunition. The day continued

delightfully serene and we regained the Schooner a few minutes before 3. Mr. Milligan having sauntered from us to botanize and not making his appearance at dark we became apprehensive of accident, so Mr. Bagot and two men proceeded in quest but found him perfectly safe. Another attempt at fishing proved unsuccessful. The night was the most tranquil, lovely, starry, imaginable.

Wednesday: 4: Alas for appearances! those of yesterday proved fleeting and illusory - the bright blue sky - the fleecy fair weather clouds whereon we had felt half disposed to place reliance - passed with the passing day - [indecipherable] the night had [indecipherable] the descending moisture warned us we were still in the region of instability and storm. Morning dawned fair but unpromising, the sky shone clear but lurid, and the sharp distinct ridges of every craggy peak supressing the outlines of the distant mountains upon the lowering horizon gave strong presumptive indices of approaching foul weather - the sheltered wherein the "Breeze" lay anchored heaved with the angry ground swell - the low streaky clouds, called Mares tail, - the hoarse murmur of the ocean as its rollers burst upon the strand - the dull greenish yellow glare that momentarily illuminated the distant promontories - all betokened the approaching war of elements. To use the seaman's phraseology it seemed about "to blow great guns". The expected strife was duly heralded - hollow gusts rushed in wailing accents down the glens - whilst a few hot and heavy splashes like hasty tears, fell as weeping the departed glories of the former day. Howis fled but with the exception of some occasional furious puffs the anticipated storm still held off - at 3 rain descended in torrents but not for many hours of continuance. Appearances gradually improved. The wind fell - the rain ceased and light again set in clear and starry. The fishermen were tolerably lucky to score of good

rock cods rewarding the industry of the day – a most important acquisition since it enabled the cabin party to refrain from having a pork ration from the nearly exhausted harness cask.

Thursday: 5: Day broke in watery torrents and hollow gusts moaned wildly thro' the rigging.

Morning [indecipherable] the sky cleared – the heavens restrained [indecipherable] floods and the wind veered from W.N.W to S.W. by W. The cloudless atmosphere loomed lurid but the sea was smooth. We had, now, howr. abandonned every hope of practicable change before the new moon of the 11.th or 12.th appeared. Mr. Bruce's fishing produced a couple of spotted

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dog fish which, when opened, were found to contain eighteen living young ones and a quantity of eggs – some of the young ones were still attached to the egg. Most of our party went on shore excursions, but I remained to trace in ink my nearly obliterated pencil notes. Flying showers which became heavier as day wore. The fishery very unproductive.

Friday: 6: It did not rain. It streamed in sheets of water during the night. These torrents, it is true, were but occasional, but they were the fiercest outpourings far transcending the most violent tropical squalls I ever experienced. They were accompanied by such tremendous gusts that the little "Breeze", sheltered as she was, swung heavily at both anchors. And, yet, the deceitful night had, as usual, set in clear and starry. The wind and rain became less furious as day advanced, but the welkin still wore an angry frown. The day proved a wild one, a heavy sea running outside with a raw, gusty, wind at S.S.W. As if to tantalise every night with a clear blue sky blazing with stars – a backw.d glance will show this was an almost nightly occurrence – an occurrence, how.r, at total variance with my experience of the settled districts where the largest portion of rain generally falls after sunset.

Saturday: 7: A more moderate night than the three preceeding – never the less dawn showed the wild uncertain sky. The day contin.d tolerably fair and tranquil with the wind S.S.W. We had great hopes that with such a wind and smooth water, the vessel expected from Hobart Town might be able to speed to the rescue. Our emergencies were becoming anxious and pinching. True, we had not hitherto suffered want, but animal food was now reduced to an individual ration of four ounces, with only a sufficiency, at that rate, for fourteen days, and [indecipherable], when cooked, the allowance of four persons wo.d have proved a sorry meal for a man of moderate appetite. At this juncture, too, the fish deserted us and three of the lines had been carelessly lost – we had but a small supply of biscuit, flour, and potatoes to trust to – but one wind N.E. to S.E. or a calm wo'd carry us across the bar – the one was a very unlikely point from whence to expect a breeze at this season, and the weather was much too unsettled to hope for the other. We seemed as if we were doomed.

Sunday: 8: Night passed with comparative moderation, but the wind unhappily backed round to the N. and day opened upon a lowering

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sky and squally atmosphere. Every hope of the relief ship vanished and without desponding we felt discouraged. The little chapel was held on the quarter deck, and His Exc.y with the earnest and impressive piety, a distinguishing feature of this truly good man and exemplary Christian read service and a sermon on the dry bones of Isekial. Chap 37. Ver. 9. His auditory was a most attentive one, the devout and forcible manner of the delivery exciting a corresponding feeling, in the heavens who, I pray God, may derive benefit here and hereafter from the heavenly truths so zealously inculcated. We were again fortunate in catching a few fish upon which we dined and saved our ration of meat – indeed we had already done so four of five days previously. About 5 P.M. it began to rain furiously continuing throughout the night, the wind again veering to S.S.W.

Monday: 9: The transactions of this day may be comprised in the statement that rain succeeded sunshine and sunshine chased away rain during the entire course. A few fish were caught and snares, on shore, set for kangaroo. No prospect of our relief and no appearance of a shift of wind – which hung at S.S.W.

Tuesday: 10: A moderate day with successive showers and sunny glimpses – no fish caught at 4 P.M. Nothing in the snares – no appearance of the relief vessel – and no prospect of change. Between 5 and 6 P.M. a dozen cod and a small shark of about four feet and a half were caught. Mr. Milligan picked up part of the great claw of a crab washed upon the beach. No live ones have ever been found nor any of the bodies. This was called a small one, yet the two joints measured 28 inches long and 12 in girth at the thickest part. From the point of the nippers to the first articulation it was 16 inches. The weather contin.d most unpromising. Wednesday: 11: If the moon, as we conjectured, commenced her monthly existence this day, it was with appearances the most unpropitious for us poor wights – the night was wild and unruly, and wind and rain greeted the advent of dawn, the aspect becoming darker and darker with advancing day. The 10th was the date given by His Exc.y as the limit to which our provisions, with care, might extend. No tidings could have been heard of us since the departure of Mr. Calder on

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the 23^d ult. - a period of eighteen days. We of course, were utterly ignorant of the means devised for our relief, and we felt confident that ere this, anxiety, if not alarm, must have been entertained in the metropolis. The want of boats rendered the track by which we had passed impracticable to aid in that direction and we were afraid to dispatch our boat to Expectation Reach with volunteers first lest they sho'd be unable to make the passage of the Franklin, and next lest a slant of wind might enable us to clear the seemingly fated anchorage. The distance to Port Davey and thence to the settled location of Research Bay was not great but it was difficult, and the water at Port Davey co'd not be X'd without boat. Runaways have made the attempt. Three were found dead by afire near a point not far distant from Cook[indecipherable] Cove and three others , at a different time, were captured in a state of exhaustion near the same spot. Adverse winds shut out the hope of a vessel reaching round S.W. cape, and atho' Mr Hoy and some soldiers, with great exertions, when put ashore by the convicts who carried off the "Col. Brig Frederic, contrived to reach - the Van Diemens Land [indecipherable] established at Circular Head- still they were so much exhausted and had such formidable barriers in the rivers Pieman and Arthur to encounter that extremity alone could make us resolve to separate our party, believing firmly in the old adage that "union is strength'. Despite our painful position we were cheerful, gay. Our reliance was in God well knowing that "there is a special Providence even in the fall of a sparrow' Mess'rs Bagot and Bruce took boat and attempted to proceed to Swan Basin in the hope that one or two birds might be obtained for food. They had not proceeded far ere heavy squalls of wind and rain drove them back. They continued stormy, Daly who went to signal hill, returned at sunset, the weather, at sea, appeared almost tempestuous, no sail gladdened the horizon, and but one tiny rock⁷ rewarded the perseverance of the fishermen. Thursday;12; A dismal night with furious squalls of wind, and overwhelming torrents of rain and hail. Day broke red, lurid, and threatening, the ebb tide and river floods rushing by like a mill race, and precluding the possibility of fishing. The hope of deliverance seemed as far removed as ever. Anxious for ourselves

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we felt doubly anxious for those at home who must now be counting the hours that divided us from them, and we dreaded the distressing aspects of Rumour and her thousand tongues. Painful position from which a three hour slant of wind wou'd relieve us. Ten miles of offing sufficing to convert our detaining to a favouring gale. Mr Bruce set off for Signal Hill about 8. Nothing in sight and the sea breaking furiously. He returned at 3.30, with a duck, a cockatoo and an amazing fat gull, the produce of his lucky gun. From 10 till 4 the weather, by which I mean wind proved moderate, and the thick heavy rain that, nearly ceaselessly, streamed reduced a hope of speedy change, but at 4 the gale again awoke in heavy gusts, having

veered from S.S.W to N.&N. by W.

Friday;13; A night of utmost severity, blowing hard & raining in torrents, at times a perfect hurricane from which the surrounding headlands afforded little comparative shelter. It was more moderate[indecipherable] at daybreak, but the sky lowered wildly as ever, and the thunder of ocean as it burst upon the coast gave unequivocal testimony of the turbulence that raged and was still raging without. All hopes of relief; for the present, vanished, and we could only look to Him at whose command both wind and waves are still. The ebb tide and floods still prevented fishing. The wind was at S.S.W. its point of turning seemingly confined between N. and S.S.W. for the last fourteen days. I landed on the N sandy spit to examine the snares which were all empty. The day became finer about 10 continuing gradually to moderate and improve, the wind drawing more to the N. being N.N.W. at noon with clear sky. I sauntered along the beach but saw no vessel. I picked up a piece of the stern of a wreck four or five feet long, beautifully carved. The aspect of the heavens were assuming a more settled look, the vivifying sun animated our frames and again hope reawakened in our hearts- again to be disappointed. At 3 the weather was clear and calm but on 5 it blew hard and rained in torrents increasing in violence with the increasing night.

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Mr Bigot returned with 5 gulls and a mallard for our stores. Had I had a gun I could have shot 5 or six at a single discharge having got within thirty yards of an assemblage of fifteen of those wary creatures.

Saturday:14: Another tempestuous night has passed and another lowering day has dawned. The daily ration for the week has been fixed, and as it may serve to show our position I transcribe it, four ounces of meat, eight ounces flour, eight ounces biscuit, an eighth of an ounce of tea, a pound of fish, if any, to be substituted for meat, no meat to be issued upon pea soup days when three quarters of a pint of that liquour is to be substituted. This ration is precisely the same as last week except that then we had a few potatoes and half an ounce of sugar. The gulls were reduced to a sort of soup thickened with a handful of oatmeal. We felt hungry sometimes but not famished, there being as yet enough to support nature, especially as our own exertions were not in any way taxed. The anxiety of the dear ones at home was our most painful theme of contemplation, and we trembled for the idle rumours that were sure to be in circulation. The cabin party landed, at noon, on the Northern shore where we had a delightful stroll. The aspect of the Heavens became more and more serene, the clouds [indecipherable] , parted, and dissolved into their, transparent, mist or assumed a hard cold marbly look which shone in glorious relief against the increasing blue sky. Every mountain disclosed its features in vivid and distinct prominence, looming nearer and larger. The rollers yet dashed furiously upon the strand, but the ocean was evidently more slowly working to the eastward. At least every indication betokened such a result. We returned to the Breeze and partook of our gull soup, the favourable appearances becoming hourly stronger. At 6 the recently installed Empress of the Night greeted us in all the splendour of her four day reign, beaming in silent loveliness and heavenly grace. The stars shone forth, too perfect a galaxy, filling the azure vault with countless

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corrugations of empyrean fire – there were cloud banks in the N.S. – X and E. The former wore away, but the latter became more dense. A heavy dew fell and when we retired to rest our expectations for the morrow were most sanguine.

Tuesday:15: A night of resplendent glory ushered in a dawn of heavenly beauty. By 1 a.m. a light easterly breeze had set in which grew with the growing dawn. The day broke, that is to say at 5.40, the operation of unmooring commenced. It was a novelty to hear anything like it in our poor wind bound half famished schooner. Blessed be God our prayers had been heard and his own holy day, his own almighty arm opened up our prison doors, and with extended wings we hastened to seize the gracious opportunity. Kindred and home danced before our

delighted eyes, the weary, anxious, hours of detention were forgotten, and we humbly praised the Lord for all his mercies to his unworthy servants. By 6.30 the stars began to pale their fires before advancing day. Dawn was transcendently lovely, the landscape glowing with colours of the most resplendent hue and tinting the vividly defined mountains with the deepest purple. The "Breeze" was aweigh, shooting by Wellington Head, Cape and Bonnet on the topmost speed of an ebb tide of great rapidity. The sky became tinged with the halo of approaching light, earth, water were decked with [indecipherable] glories, and the superbly beautiful scene received a still more heightened character from the jocund spirits that animated our bounding hearts. As we neared Entrance Island the furious tide swept us within a couple of feet of the rocks, throwing us off again with similar violence – the appearance was terrific, the impetuous water course speeding us on at a rate of some ten knots. We passed the heads in safety, but the wind

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had fallen so light and the tide was so [indecipherable] that the schooner was under no command. There was therefore no alternative but to anchor in the hope of slack water and a stiff gale. About 7 the vermillion tints that glowed upon the mountains betokened the suns uprising – he rushed upwards in a flood of glorious light, gilding the fleecy clouds with dyes of indescribable and superlative grandeur. Sir John read service in his accustomed impressive style, giving us that most apposite psalm, the 107th. At 12.30 weighed anchor, but the fine breeze had fallen light and at 12.55 we again [indecipherable] up, the day a lovely one. Mr. Bruce went to Signal Hill but no sign of our relief ship. At 1.15 up anchor once more, Mr. Bagot and I perhaps too impatient on that point. By 1.25 a few tumbles, a few rolls and the redoubled bar of Mac. Harbour (the boat towing) was safely passed – two o'clock and all our hopes and fears – all our doubts and anxieties seemed ended – the ocean lay before – the land behind and the little "Breeze" was slipping gently thro' the scarce ruffled water. How grateful I feel to God for all his mercies. As we drew off shore the wind fell, and there existed a such tumble of a sea which caused our diminutive [indecipherable] to bob and dance like a cork. this produced a great sensation, Mr. Milligan became deadly sick, Mr. Bagot squeamish, and even I, the first time for twelve years, felt a little nausea. As for the men we brought, almost all of them were speedily on their beam ends. The sun set in a blaze of glory, giving place to a moon of silvery brightness and a sky bespangled with myriads of glittering stars. A bank of snow white marbly clouds in the W. were metamorphosed by the beams of the expiring sun into a landscape of romantic, dazzling brilliance, redolent of the imagery of the "Thousand and One Nights". Night wore on in cloudless serenity, but with little

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wind. At 7 a superb meteor traversed the sky for many miles from N. to S, emitting countless [indecipherable] of heavenly light. Were I to attempt description, I should say it resembled some hundreds of fiery rockets made into one and fired. The moon set at 9.15 and with her departure I also sought my hammock full of thanks to God for all his mercies. Monday:16: the first salutation that greeted my delighted ears was "sail ho" – "Whereaway?" – "On the lee quarter". I was speedily on deck. The stranger had descried us and fired a gun. We ran up our ensign and hove too. The stranger was concluded to be the Eliza but short time would show as she was cracking on and not far distant. We had forged well off the coast and well along shore, Heemskirk and Zeehan lay broad on the larboard quarter and Point Hibbs on the larboard bow. The mountains again were bathed in purple dyes and again the sun burst forth to illumine and to gladden a delightful day. At 9 the schooner which proved to be the Eliza ranged alongside and sent her boat. She had been eighteen days out, had brought lots of supplies. The work of transshipment commenced and at 10 a.m. we bid adieu to the Breeze and the shipmates who had done all in their power for our comfort. Mr. Douglas presented me his dog. Our encounter with the Eliza was a most providential one. They had not the most remote idea of our great privations, nor had they been virtualled to obviate them,

but merely with a supply of additional comforts. The Eliza, however, was well into Port Davey. Contemplating such a contingency and to obviate every anxious feeling in the minds of those too long suffering the pangs of hope delayed, I wrote fully to my beloved wife by the Breeze proceeding direct to Hobart and we parted company at 2.30 p.m.

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off Port Hibbs. Still as Eliza sailed three feet for Breeze's two we were very likely not to be many hours after, if not before her. The day continued beautiful with a fine light breeze and smooth water. The sea too had gone down greatly and we were now in a beautiful schooner of 150 tons with excellent accommodations and admirably manned. She had been out and in several times and encountered the severest gales in her search. We had a most plentiful and substantial dinner. To us, so long upon short commons, to eat without stint was a novelty apparently little less than an enormity. However, we fell to plunging in [indecipherable] without fear or favour. At 9.15 the Aurora Australis shone with great brilliance. The form was that of an arc, the bases of which extended from [indecipherable] to [indecipherable]. In the centre there was a shaft of light upspringing and corrugating. We turned in at 10.30 and slept soundly. Wind E, steering S.E.

Tuesday:;17: Day dawned brightly and the sun arose in effulgent splendour – altho' we had hove to in the early part of the morning, yet when light sufficed to show the coast we discovered that we had overshot Port Davey which, owing to a shift of wind, we found ourselves some eighteen miles to leeward of. A strong N.S. current must have swept us along as every allowance had been made not to overshoot the port. Made sail on the starboard tack steering N.E. by W. with the wind N. by E. the little breeze was seen inshore on our larboard beam, some 7 or 8 miles distant at 8.30 and with little short of a certainty of entering D'Entrecasteaux Channel in the course of the afternoon. We were likely to be occupied throughout the day regaining lost ground. The weather was heavenly and the land lay before us reposing in quiet

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and glowing with all the freshness of renovated health. The wind continued light rendering our progress slow and unsatisfactory, His Excy. being of opinion that S.W. Cape is laid too much to the S. in the charts – good and careful observations were taken, and in consonance with their working sir John would give the latitude as [indecipherable] instead of [indecipherable]. At 2 p.m. a seven knot breeze sprang up from the eastward enabling the Eliza to look up for pyramidal rock which bore N. The [indecipherable] Islands were rapidly shut in as we drew along the bare, leafless, rugged coast, whose fantastic points looked chill and heartless in the hard blue sky. The Heads of Port Davey were gained at 4. At this moment the wind fell light and altho' the anchorage was but half a dozen miles in, yet so great was the flood rushing out that it was 10 p.m. ere the anchor was dropped. The moon had become overcast and heavy rain fell fast.

Wednesday:18: A good deal of rain fell during the night, but the weather continued moderate altho' the barometer had sunk gradually from 30 to three tenths thereunder. Morning dawned upon a clear sky but less hard and less dazzling than that which heralded the three preceding days. We lay in the [indecipherable] circular basin forming the romantic harbour of Port Davey, ourselves the centre of a wild but very striking panorama, the quartz mountains rearing their magnificent cones in graceful pinnacles to the sky, or sawing the air with ridges broken into every conceivable shape, their naked sides furrowed with countless gorges, ravines and gully's. Right ahead or E.N. lay the Davey river, on the larboard hand or W. the low woody land called Garden point, another Kelly's Basin washing its sequestered shores. On the starboard hand or about E.S.E. the entrance to Bathurst Harbour and Spring river was just discernible. Numerous craggy inlets guarded the shores

and one steep cliff showed an apparently deep cave in its perpendicular face. The anchor was aweigh at 7 and we were working down tow'd Bathurst Harbour. The entrance to this harbour lies on the S.E. shore of Port Davey, about three miles above the pyramidal rock. It is guarded, on either hand, by islands of picturesque beauty, their summits ornamented with outrageous coverings which, like hair to the human head, impart a natural, unspeakable grace that on the starboard side, or S, was named "Gunn Island" after Mr. Ronald Gunn, that on the starboard or N., in compliment to the wife of the writer, recd. the appellation of "Kathleen Isle" whilst some sharp pinnaced rocks adjacent were styled the "Ma Vourneen". The faces of these islands and the circumjacent shores are composed of slabs of quartz packed, if I may so express it, in slate like layers. They are perforated with numerous caves, every bight and cove showing a variety of these deep fissures. The conical hills of quartz and verdure minutely [indecipherable] convey an impression of mosaic work. The elegant yet rugged contour of these hills, the multiform tortuous undulate of their sterile steepes, the dangerous acclivities of their [indecipherable] and powering diasius all tend to complete a landscape of romantic grandeur, one which in a rude chine and wind [indecipherable] would indubitably be classed as savage, but which in a given atmosphere and in a country blest with Italian skies become stript of more than half its [indecipherable]. Despite its barren character, even in the boisterous North it might be termed a soft scene, every outline being so beautifully rounded, even asperity so greatly subdued. Light winds and floods were most adverse to our onward progress, many hours being consumed in the labour of less than one. We were eventually compelled to anchor. At 11.30 the gig pushed off with Sir John and Lady Franklin, Messrs Milligan, Griffin (2nd Officer) and myself on a trip up Spring River. A mile above Kathleen, opposite to a conical peak of quartz and close to the anchorage the Eliza had been striving to gain, lies "Turnbull Island" named after the interim Colonial Treasurer. It is a low, rocky, brushy lump bare at the summit

and fringed at the edge, like the pate of a friar. Above Turnbull some beautiful miniature bays are formed by a larger projecting tongue of land, bare, verdant and divided into conical swells towards the centre but skirted with a leafy screen tow'd's the water. Close to this point a low, woody, circular island occupies the centre of the channel. In honour of Philip Franklin's governorship, it recd. the appellation of "Williamson Island". Spring River becomes here perfectly land-locked, its waters expanding to a fine but embosomed lake of some considerable extent. The day, hitherto, tho' dry was chilly. Apollo hid his glories in a vapoury shroud peering, not penetrating the scene he sought to illumine. Rounding a bare promontory on the N. shore we entered a second extensive lake – a rugged, lofty quartz mountain, now called "Bracondale" lay right ahead or E. by N. at its font a small fairy islet covered with shrubs recd. the name of "Louisa", the main channel ascended by us bore N.E. whilst a minor, very lovely branch led off to the S.E. At this point the landscape was truly enchanting, broken into numberless diversified bays and dells, winding valleys and craggy ranges. We disturbed several black swans which Mr. Bagot and Capt. Harburgh meant to attempt shooting. Mr. Milligan landed and br't some shrubs from Louisa as a memento for the fair Lady after whom it was named. Whilst we rested for that purpose the sun burst forth gilding a most conspicuous ridfy ravine that intersected the towering grassy mountains of the N. shore. Immed'y above this the hills separated into a broken spreading valley, Bracondale forming the upper and a grassy elevated flat topped mount its advanced guards. The valley is watered by another branch of Spring River, or very possibly these branches may, upon accurate investigation, be found to be but limbs of an extensive arm of the sea. A channel of some two miles brings the tourist to a third and much larger lake, most beautifully studded with various low, brushy islands. This lake flings its ramified limbs deep into the shores of the mountain region around. The scene is one of indescribable magnificence, varying in character every thirty or forty yards. Here a smooth grassy hill, there an endless succession of wild irregular cliffs split into fissures of the most extraordinary magnitude and fantastic forms, some

hollowed like gigantic punch bowls, others, the primitive fortification of nature, ranged in long line and tier over tier of deeply scarped [indecipherable] and ditch. the naked crags present a variety of tints, white, slate and pink being the prevailing hues, which glanced and flickered in the variable sun light. Hill soared over hills, crag sprung above crag, and peak and mountain cone towered to the skies, their proud pinnacles placed in bold relief or veiled by the fleecy canopy that strove to shroud their aspiring heads. Nature in full primeval Majesty reigned supreme leaving Man to gaze in rapt, delighted contemplation. Oh that I but possessed the painters art – the subject could not fail to inspire. I would have portrayed the glorious landscape in all its heaven born grandeur. This panoramic enchantment lies about eight or nine miles above the Bathurst Harbour. The expanse of its waters terminates two or three miles further N. whilst the river, or what is said to be the river, flows from the E.N.E. for how great a distance has yet to be determined. Ten or twelve summer days could be delightfully spent in the investigation of this little known locality. It is much to be regretted that the land is of so little avail, either pastorally or [indecipherable] considered, since the vast water advantages of Port Davey would otherwise render it a place of important settlement and of anxious acquisition. A century, how'r, may effect that which would be impracticable to the present generation. We departed from a smooth, pebbly, beach where we partook of a comfortable refection of ham, bread, cheese, which were washed down with brown stout and superlative sherry. We departed however at 4 reaching the Eliza at 7, encountering a slight shower on the downward progress. Mr. Bagot had preceded us with five swans. Nearly starving, we could not get at all within gunshot, now that they were comparatively valueless we had more than we required. Having viewed everything that the lateness of the season and the threatening aspect of the weather rendered conveniently practicable the Eliza at 7.40 a.m. weighed anchor and dropped out of Bathurst Harbour with a light air from the N.W. At 8 we passed between Gunn and Kathleen Islands, opened the (Great Caroline) pyramidal rock, and with a flowing sheet stood out to sea.

Thursday:19: Getting upon deck a little before 7 I found we were about three miles off South Cape – nearly abreast of Whale Head – and rapidly approximating S.E> Cape. The line of this romantically

pictorial coast lay in long perspective before us fresh and sparkling in the early beams of a glorious sunrise that bedecked the towering inland mountains with a glowing tint of roseate hue. Brune Island stretched away N.E. on the lee, and Recherche Bay trended by on the [indecipherable] bow. The wind became scant as we rounded the difficult headlands still the spritely Eliza made a bold tack up for the [indecipherable], a reef fatal to several goodly ships but now so thoroughly known as to be divested of every hazard. At 8 Mr. Matheson, the pilot, came off from Recherche Bay with intelligence that the breeze had got in there at 3 that morning, that the Vansitart, cutter, had arrived at midnight, from Launceston with three months provisions, having looked into Mac. Harbr. on Tuesday morning. Both that vessel and the Breeze were in Recherche as we passed the bay. Every description of evil report was, we were told, rife in Hobart Town, and our anxiety to relieve the feelings of our friends was extreme. Mr. Bateman, in charge of the Vansitart, came off to us, and Messrs. Forsyth and Pasco (son of Capt. Pasco, Nelsons Signal Lieut. at Trafalgar), Officers of the Beagle surveying ship came to offer their congratulations. These gentlemen, with the Vansitart, had been detached from their surveys, to speed to our rescue. The whole colony, we were told, was in a state of prodigious excitement, and my worthy friend Calder, it was said, had again been despatched overland with a large party to convey us assistance. We hoped to find this latter statement untrue, both because of the fatigue and the almost impracticable nature of the journey, now that the weather was so broken and the highlands so flooded. At 10 the breeze blew from the N.N.W. With this we turned to windw'd amid the kelp, the black reef, the blind reef, the [indecipherable] and other barriers that invest the opening of D'Entrecasteaux Channel. Light airs and colours rendered our progress slow and unsatisfactory. Mr. Bateman

proceeded in the whale boat to town to relieve all anxiety and notify our approach. It was past 11 ere we passed Partridge Island. The South Light shone clearly and a fine air having sprung up we went to sleep.

Friday:20 a golden dawn ushered in a glorious day. The Eliza had got above the isthmus over which Fluted Cape towered in majesty – it was my third passage up D'Entrecasteaux

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Channel. Talk of Highland Lochs – English or Irish lakes, which of them can compare in loveliness or grandeur with this magnificent land locked inland navigation of Tasmania. It is a scene worthy of pilgrimage to contemplate. The wind was a light working breeze and the Eliza the leading ship of the Mosquito fleet which comprised the Vansitart, Fusilier and Breeze. At 7 Capt. Moriarty R.N., the Port Officer boarded us. He was so far on his way to our relief, having a months provisions in his boat. The Tamar, brig, was also dropping down on a similar errand. Mr. Calder had started overland, but reached Lake St. Clair, but here the indefatigable surveyor knocked up and was forced to return. His party of 20 men, how'r, continued the passage tow'd the Gordon river. A convict ship, the Isabella, was working up after a passage of 103 days from Sheerness.

[Transcribed by Trish Barrett, Dorothy Gibson]