

Poor little Stone is very ill - I am afraid, not long for this world.  
The little mother told me to give  
her a good night kiss & to say how glad  
she was you were  
going so well  
off & by  
your love from  
every one, my  
dear child!  
God bless you,  
Golly,  
He ever affers  
19/12/6 (3) 10/2  
18<sup>th</sup> Jan'y 1891  
Sunday evening.

Summer has come at last,  
and we have been having some  
delightful weather. Days in  
which one basks in clear sunshine,  
which warms one through & through,  
while there is a freshness in the  
air which saves it from being  
oppressively hot. I think that  
people in England can hardly  
imagine the delicious warmth  
and brightness of our really good  
summer days. A hot day in England  
is always sultry - they never have  
the crisp fresh heat & as to Sun and  
blue sky they don't know what  
it is. The season is now in full  
swing, parties and picnics everywhere,  
naval men in force, strangers  
monopolising the Club, & all the  
usual accompaniments of the  
summer. Buses now run to  
the Tower, the Mountain, Mt  
Remney & all sorts of places.  
This afternoon dozens of cabs  
& drags & have been returning from  
the Mountain, crowded with people.

I am still a solitary here, &  
living on my friends as to meals.  
To day I went to Mr Crobys  
to dinner. When Mrs Sarah heard  
I was by myself, she got William  
to ask me to go in any time to meals  
& yesterday Mr met me & asked me  
to go to day. Then they pressed me  
to go back to tea after school, &  
I did so altho I had meant to  
go down to Sandy Bay. This meant  
going after tea to see the little  
mother, & so it was a good bit past  
8 before I got back. Liz & Isa  
have just come back from church  
& are going down to Sandy Bay.  
They talk of coming back home  
altogether on Tuesday or Wednesday.  
Rid & his family will be back on  
Thursday. Liz is groaning about  
being away & saying how glad she  
will be to get back - and Isa also,  
while the little mother feels low  
spirited & says she wants to get  
back to her own room. Yet for all  
that I think in spite of having to  
come up everyday & look after this  
house, which they find a bore,  
the change is doing them good & they

enjoy the fresh air & different outlook, for it is both pleasant & pretty down there. The mother in spite of her grumbling seems to me to look better. She gets a good deal of fresh air & that must do her good.

The animals here are a trouble. Ben is bad tempered & bites the puppy when the little beast in the innocence of his heart tries to play with him; and the puppy occasionally chases the fowls & bites mouthfuls of feathers out of them. He maltreated one so, taking not only feathers but mouthfuls of flesh, that Isa said it made her feel quite ill, and she and Francis had to slaughter it last night with a blunt axe.

You ask us why we don't criticize your letters. I think I do very often. They are always most interesting when you tell us about your life at Bushy & describe your work & so forth. As to your last of 11 Dec. there was precious little news of you in it, but your little prattle about the

family & its various members was amusing & very good for a change. You have never yet sent the studies which we have asked for so often.

Since writing the above I have written a letter to Sam, & also one to D. Fox. His boy - his only child - has had typhoid & they have been very anxious about him. When he wrote some 10 days ago the boy was improving, & I hope is now fairly on the way to recovery. We have not heard much from Sam. She has been staying at the Bensons & was probably going to the Crosbys for a few days. Grace has gone to Lottah for a fortnight, & she managed to persuade her mother to go with her. Only Mr Clarke & Alice are at home, with Henry as an occasional inmate. George is in town again. I don't know when the marriage is to come off, but I suppose in a few months as the girls expect this to be their last trip to Lottah.

I can't say that I feel very sanguine about the match turning out a particular success.

Your messages to people always give much satisfaction to the recipients. It is a pity that you don't send more of them. I met Emma Tarleton & told her that you had specially sent her messages, which appeared to please her considerably. Your message to Sophie Collier I gave to one of her young brothers - not "the Count." The latter young man appears to have disappeared from society. It is a pity you are not here just now. P. F. has most 'patriotically' given up his house to the Admiral, Lord Scott & his wife, to induce him to stay here for two months. As Lady Scott is a neighbour, what an opportunity you are missing of becoming acquainted with the aristocracy. Fisk is not charging for the house, & they have some

up to Westella to stay. But  
the house is to be done up for  
the Admiral & some new  
furniture to be got (at the  
Country's expense), so I expect  
the astute P.O. won't lose by his  
patriotism. Did I tell you  
that Isa & I did not go to  
the Gov House Ball after all?  
I was only too glad to take  
advantage of Isa's not wanting  
to go, to escape the thing.

By the way, I was watching  
James Halch this evening going  
down to church. Morozby & I  
were sitting at the window,  
we both remarked that he  
seemed to be ageing a good deal,  
But perhaps it was only that  
he happened to have a little  
more asthma than usual.  
Some one told me the other  
day that Aunt Ann was getting  
very low in spirits & very shaky.  
I must go up this week to see her.

Joe Mathue was down at Christmas for his holidays with his wife. He is fatter fatter Joe Mathue than ever. I think his wife, who seems a capable woman, keeps him right in his school work.

Liz is very much concerned about a parcel which should have gone to you & which is to contain a warm petticoat. She thinks it would have been so useful to you during the cold weather. I had some difficulty in showing her that, if it had gone when it was first ready, it would have reached you during the great frost. I hope you have been duly sensible of your good fortune in hitting on the year which produced the hardest frost known for a Century. But I doubt your appreciation of the privilege.

When I next write we shall probably be settled down

into the old grooves. The cleaning of this house begins to-morrow. It is simply astounding to see the amount of dust & dirt collected here. I couldn't have believed a place could get so forlorn & neglected looking in a fortnight. No doubt we shall be in a transition state of confusion until the end of the week.

I am going to try to reduce my colonial books & papers - and that attic generally - to something like order. It is rather an Augean stable I fear.

Dawson has been up here to night & has been talking mining shares & philosophy. He sleeps here - in my room - for company. I have been sleeping all the time in Isa's room - in the big bed. If you find this letter raw & disjointed you must put it down to the distracting influence of Dawson's philosophy.

When you see old Bonwick, talk to him about the picture of the 'Landing of Collins' he will be