Dear Andrew,

This letter is written to inform you of my proceedings since the date of my last letter to give you an insight into my intentions.

We have been in our new home 2 months and are now comfortably settled. I have got through a lot of miscellaneous work devoted to the function of putting the place in order, both inside and outside. The garden takes up my Saturdays and (tell it not to the 'cosy seed) my Sundays. I have also disposed of many long standing arrears of correspondence, annotating them a lot more spindly.
my Evenings in uninterrupted work. The programme from
day to day is much about
the same: The usual Exhausting
fatigue at the office, home
to tea, noting up the days with
an Account of Knowledge gained; then
brief on preparing for the
next Morning’s engagement.
Then Correspondence. If, after this,
time of the weather permit, I
shall, round to the residences
of MacKenzie or Edwardes (both
of whom live within a stone’s
throw) I shall play Cheb or “Shite”
home about 11; then literature
(at present Avicea Leigh) I
then retire—Sometimes I take
my mother or sisters out to
return early. You will be glad
to learn that my People
are all well & in fair health.
They go on frequently. The change has evidently worked much good in them. They desire to be kind. Remember to you of Milton.

If this were all, there would be nothing amiss, but I confess to being oppressed by a feeling of unrest and a desire for change which is overwhelming. They offer to do their duty, get more industrious, and I see no other prospect than an endless round of toil and unredeemed activity.

I am very, very poor—I have not a single friend. Edwards & I do not maintain an eaves to eaves. There is no human being here to whom I can unburden my cares. I cannot help thinking that
The future is a blank. I can see no outlet, like most weak natures I pine for sympathy. It is in coming that ever I know I afflict you with my groans. Many of thought I am unable to decipher, the future I come again to you for solace and advice. I read with greedy interest anything that tells of the progress of Tasmania hoping that the day is not far distant when I can return to its shores. I feel all an exile, trailing at the thought that life here is banishment from all that makes life enjoyable. If this be, as I believe it is, a settled conviction, then the conclusions follow: I shall...
I made a fatal mistake in going to Tasmania 2nd that my 7 years' residence there has been a mistake of a profitable labor of 3d? That I have crowded my other fell by establishing my family there. And it is chiefly on this last point that I seek your advice - so that establishment a mistake is if remediable - I should perceive that although the thought of a return to Tasmania is seldom absent from my mind there are other thoughts that constant bliss with that idea - some of them may appear to you childish but I will detail to you, in perfect frankness, what they are - on the one hand I tenderly cherish the pleasing
Prospect of your own
pious labors; of the pleasant
hours of work, cheered by
your society; that of other
dear friends; of mental relax-
an; of achieving a name,
a home, a competence.
On the other side there is
the tacit admission of failure
here; of returning sterile; of
disagreement with my
brother; of his newly formed
relations; of shame; of the
despairing effect of having
to commence anew; of
learning much that I have
forgotten; of unlearning much
that I have with difficulty learned.

My brain grows
bewildered. When I contemplate
all these things—
result of the idea of returning to the country like a broken-hand, but Common Sense whispers Why waste the best years of life in an unchangeable and tedious monotonous labor. How foolish to settle one's family here, how pleasant to have a recognized status and a friendly fellow worker.

The only way I can see out of the muddle is to solicit your opinion upon the point at issue. It is to be bound that writing last night to my brother I gave him to understand that I am contemplating another change and that I hope you upon the subject.
Having thus concluded my
work by this letter to
add a few words on another topic.
You will not be surprised
to learn that my brother
has altogether failed to
keep his promise of sending
his agreed share of the receipts
of keeping up the household.
The fact for 2 months he
took no notice of the letter
we have sent him. Although
we received one from him
last night it was an apology
one I contained no remonstrance.
I wrote this full another
subject but do not hope
much for good will result.
I have lost many
steadily up to the present.
I am now sensibly in difficulties. I have spent upwards of £50 in keeping up household expenses, purchasing furniture etc. I have lost all my mine shares, got into debt I have been obliged to take in employment at night to make both ends meet! I have sold books, clothes, pictures, can be turned into money. I am yet harassed, pestering - cheerful. Yes, cheerful - I have "peeled off" for the encounter with Fortune I am doing my best manfully to conquer! The storm! I see the truth of Beaconsfield's (was it his?) remark that most men are carried by despair. Cheerful, I can...
be cultivated I am already
it I can even banish
thought sometimes) as well I
forget my regrets. Still, I
can now The key bearing
of achieve happiness & I yet
will do so, if I keep well
in body & mind.

I will ask you to
analyse this map of incoherent
sentences & to give me your
opinion upon the whole case.
I must add, in justice to myself,
that I have put the facts
faithfully before you I have not
exaggerated or distorted anything.

I shall await your reply
with The largest interest.

I hasten to add
that I must give my notice
that I shall be finally
employers.
decomposed at having to do so.

I trust you are well

Happy Thanksgiving and I should like

to be affectionate. Remember to

Wilton--I will be writing him

next week. Perhaps my

Rustill regards to Mr. Clark. I
don't forget to send some

off the family relics you

have at your hospitable home

I feel doubly loved when I

Consider my mode of life with

yours. I seldom see writing now.

His marriage, especially honors

him & many. Edward lives

with his sister. I seem so

proct. Comfortable. He is an

altered. I do not see

and now expect at Court.
The appointment of Mr. Stanley Williams to the Bench affords me much satisfaction for, although a
Thorough Scot I greatly overrate he makes a capital Judge I suppose a long felt want.
With my love I suppose you
explore the loss that literature
has sustained by the death of
Harvey Clarke. Piani, whose
recent death you have doubtless
noticed, may be described as having
been a mathematically minded
friend you knew I suppose,
the peculiarities of the obsequies.
Please to thank Miss for the
newspaper at all the kindness
he has rendered us in the past.
I write with a severe
frown I think I mean brain, as please
excuse inaccuracy.
With the most affectionate
regards believing you yours truly
with
Hobart