

43 Bank St East  
 Emerald Hill, Melbourne  
 16 January 1877

My dear Andrew,

You will receive this by the hands of our mutual friend Thos Frodoham Junr. who has been paying a visit to Melbore & has been staying with me. I need hardly say that I was very glad to see him & that his stay here formed a very pleasant break in the monotony of my existence, seeing as it <sup>did</sup> need to recall some of the pleasantest phases in my beloved existence, - it need hardly be added, that I refer to my intimacy with yourself, - an intimacy that had an influence upon me that can never entirely fade away.

My dear friend! I feel that I am insensibly losing my claim to be called your friend. I should say that I feel, nay know, that you are beginning or have already begun to doubt

me & to question my right to enrolled  
in the list of your chiefest friends—  
doubtless, nothing I can say can remove  
that impression, but it at least affords  
me a melancholy pleasure to enter a  
protest against your verdict. You are  
right & yet wrong— You will never  
wholly understand me. I am the same, as  
as of yore but yet ~~so~~ changed— Do you  
remember a long letter I wrote you more  
than two years ago (from Sansonone  
Terrace)? If not, turn to it again,  
& believe me that my sentiments are the  
same as therein expressed, rendered former  
stronger by the lapse of time— I try to  
try this as soberly as I can & to avoid  
any appearance of exaggeration ~~in this~~  
I am in my ~~own~~ usual temper— a  
state of indifference; bordering on sadness—  
but I muster up some of the old En-  
thusiasm as I think of the past— You  
will be, I trust, pleased to hear that  
I had always set your example clearly  
before me & as moulded my life for  
the last 12 months in to your wishes  
to an extent that would surprise you—  
Although I cannot say that my faith is  
any firmer than of old, or that my  
character has acquired any fresh stability

Still it has been softened & perhaps  
refined. Anyhow I trust so - I  
am, I believe, one of the most miserable  
beings on the face of the earth at the  
present time, - and I deserve it my  
fate - But nothing goes ~~wrong~~ well with  
me - the present is black enough but the  
future far blacker - whichever way I  
turn fresh difficulties stare me in the face  
& my social & domestic affairs are simply  
- hell!

Forgive me for writing in this strain -  
I can't help it - This is the only apology I  
can make for my disgraceful negligence as  
a correspondent - Letter writing (other than  
journal) is torture & as I have long since lost  
the power of deceiving myself & of fancying  
that things will mend, I avoid it as  
much as possible - Nevertheless, with selfish  
inconsistency, I will ask you not to tire  
in your kindness, but let me hear from  
you when you can spare the time -

You are now upon the eve of your  
examination & I question very much if any  
one has followed your progress with more  
interest or awaits more eagerly the pleasure  
of learning that distinction has crowned the  
your efforts. Now I wish I were with you  
now - how sorry <sup>that</sup> I ever left the only  
place where I was happy & the only friends  
whose society was an honourable pleasure.  
You know I am pained in a wretched

I have read & corrected this many times & feel strongly tempted to tear it up & send a verbal message in its stead. But let it go - Another effort would but have the same termination - Adieu! Ever yours affectionately

~~read~~ vein, & you will I am sure not judge harshly those <sup>who</sup> you have not had the good fortune to inherit your firmness of will & nobility of character - you will, too, acquit me of any selfish thought in writing as I do, - indeed I have lost the energy of hypocrisy, & would not take the trouble to write anything I did not strongly feel -

You are puzzled, a little pained, & perhaps a trifle sceptical as to the sincerity of all this - you believe I am comfortably settled here, & that this effusion is simply the growl of an undeserving, half-hearted, trifler - But, my dear Andrew, you don't know & you never will know, my true position & did you know the real true state of affairs & the dispiriting nature of the prospect that awaits me everyday you might be inclined to judge me, less harshly. But I have said enough & too much - you'll be ashamed of the lengths to which I have gone - I would destroy this did I imagine that I could so write differently, but I cannot & throw myself on your sympathy.

I am much bothered <sup>troubled</sup> with an offer I am expecting to receive to go to N. S. W. but I'll be able to let you know the result very soon. Then again I have not lost sight of any chance opening in Tasmania - There appears to be a fair prospect for a criminal lawyer there - but this is mere conjecture - Write me as soon as you can. I shall be leaving this adobe at the end of the month, but you can always get my address at my brother's office. Please remember me most affectionately to William, also to every other you see him; I fear; Hall; & doubt