St. Andrew Hotel, Melbourne
Lazey, Melbourne 8 Oct 1877

Dear Andrew,

Within 15 minutes of receiving your kind letter, I am sitting down to answer it. I am in my bedroom, my favorite room, surrounded by piles of books—

Voluminous, expert novels, letters of the muselaneous, like to dear Home. The air is clear and cool; indicative of a change. There is that familiar silence that foretells the storm. My heart is filled with mingled feelings—love, friendship, trouble, appointment, uncertainty.

While I write this letter, I am indicative of my moods, it will indeed be a curiosity.

I have just returned from a hunt with some Victorian gentlemen who have gone for a long-distance expedition into the interior. I am saying good-bye (perhaps for ever) to a lady whose name I have been told before I left seems destined to figure (at whatever price) in my future. Oh, Andrew, my dear friend, how I wish you were here—to advise, comfort, assist! What are you up to? I don't know what I have been doing; but I think to have got into a dreadful fix. I find myself half-engaged to a girl with many accomplishments, a kind and loving heart, a good income, a home, parents and friends of the happiest, most enviable type. But, God knows, I don't care two straws whether I ever see her again. She has haunted me lately, but I have no wish to shake you. Knowing the "game was fooled," I trust on it. Sentimentality

Affection has been making up an ideal which I know...
far from the reality tell the truth. I am desperately in love with another, far away, who I am afraid can never be mine. What is this? Weakness, folly, imbecility? None of these, I think, but simply the overflowing of a breast that is full of love, that is tearing it a wretched object. Pray for me, if not for me, pray for the case. I am mad to think. Nothing has ripened my life (now long transgressed) the course of day I my happy, cool & collected (as perhaps you will shortly discover) while my heart is on lava hot. And for what? I cannot answer the question. But I must write it. I might write for a week. First explain myself. Yet in a personal interview I can explain more. If you hear, give my best. Heart of friends, affairs & quidites.

I am off the wilds back to every day life. I'll take up your lost address of assistance. You should not thank me for the trouble I have taken in connection with your Mr. P. It was nothing but have much to do yet see I can qualify my long character with of being of service to my needs not have written to the other. I have exactly your sentiments in the matter as regards verification. You have advised wisely. The note I had ready for him. And I cannot see why you should entertain any apprehension of the article being cracked. I think it's Martin's note in proof conclusive that he would not have wished to kindle as he did if he had arrived at an unfavourable determination. No, no, the article is all right. Especially since this difficult article to be cleared up. I think that I think it acceptance is safe.
I don't know why you should be so anxious with regard to my determination with regard to N.S.W. You know from previous letters how often my thoughts have turned in that direction. That there is no new draft. To sum the matter up (as it seems to itself) I am in a good position here; but perhaps when I observe that I work hard night and day but they like it better than I do. Otherwise—had I not got to the top of the trees which remain? Licorice is unprofitable here. What is the use of trusting for ever—could not remain stationary? That is what I am to do. Two fields offer themselves. Tasmania is poor with uncertainty though promising rewards. But to return there is a confidence of failure. The determination of expectation. The necessity of failure. Though I know I am taking low ground, I cannot think of fair words. Failure is certain of it. New South Wales remains. As easy. Alms. I believe (for I am daily expecting an answer from the Diocesan of the south of New South Wales) Venusti, easy, almost I believe (for I am daily expecting an answer from the Diocesan of the south of New South Wales) Venusti, easy, almost I believe (for I am daily expecting an answer from the Diocesan of the south of New South Wales) Venusti, easy, almost I believe (for I am daily expecting an answer from the Diocesan of the south of New South Wales) Venusti, easy, almost.

Of course, the field is large, coarse, fertile. Forms are made quietly. If there is discontent I am prepared to meet it. Perhaps you ask what is the motive for all this. Why this hurry?

Westphal. This is a question hard to answer. What is the true purpose is pride and ambition? I long to do something for the sake of these dear to me to myself. I care nothing. How a bitter jest. My life is a blank; I take pleasure in nothing. I love beauty twice the last resource of the unhappy. [Los Angeles] has failed me. I am absolutely without hope or fear.
Mr. R——

Here say I got come got away to C——n. Christmas as you suggest. I will write more in if you think before day. I don’t think I could go away without seeing you. My vision would remain open for me, I believe, either.

Vaccination Commences: Meanwhile my Abomination remains unchanged. I long to see you very much but you must not think of leaving Tasmania permanently—it is to make a great mistake. I believe all your hopes and prospects are bound up with the future of no one. I know, in a short time ago your proper place for the fewl. A departure Chart, dear, what

When you mentioned, I felt the heart about your home. Nature can make to dependency, if your feeling part. The chill that every noble heart feels when it finds the unaccounted, preferred for the time being, the worthy. The fall to the real. All you will rise above shall—"To think our own to

true. The game is in your hands. Do you think the Decor. Council of Courts in Tasmania favor, escape my notice.

So that I am grateful of the fact that 187 years ago, almost to the day, I was asking the present. Attorney General of Tasmania Affairs? True, there is no comparison. I have no path. The fact that we are the same. No, until)

It for a while if you will. Redden my eye for a time but do not feel kind of leaving the place where

I for one think you are sure to succeed. Think how much you have done in the 18 years that I have known you at your proper estate. Therefore, this is one of Jones’s reason. That is should be tenderly clenching you for the experience that has been my bane. But you will let me know more of this.

I have written fast & warmly. I have said my say for the present. All other matters I leave over for the present. Without apologies which should be superfluous between us two. My love & want of you. Good night. Most also I bid you good night. This of good cheer.

Your affectionate friend, R——.