

13 Gore Street, Fitzroy, Melbourne
18 Sept 1878

My dear Andrew,

Many thanks for your last kind letter which so speedily arrived in answer to mine - also thanks for the newspapers which accompanied it.

You will notice that I have again changed my lodgings - My new quarters are close to my old favourite resort, the Fitzroy Gardens - The house, though somewhat old fashioned, is large & commodious & conveniently situated with regard to town.

There are only three of us here; my old friend Edwards (who desires to be kindly remembered to you); Affinson, an Englishman and Clerk in the Crown Lands office - Mr. Taylor is our Landlady and for a wonder not a Widow. Taylor, her husband, is a well informed, shrewd man of the wares of our dinner table & the conversation thereat

Strongly resemble our old quarters
in George Street, East Melbourne.
I am, at last, satisfied. My wanderings
have at length I believe come to
a close, at least so long as my
Bachelor Existence continues, of which
I am heartily wearied.

I am afraid, dear Andrew,
that my present mode of life is,
from your standpoint unsatisfactory.
It is not that it is not quite
glad, temperate and industrious
but I have lost all energy, all
fire & enthusiasm for anything outside
my daily avocations. In matters of
literature, science poetry & the arts
I am borne down as it were by
Ennui, indifference & lethargy. For
these feelings I cannot account but
suppose they are to be attributed, as
all sorts, in great measure, to
failure of ambitious plans, a youth
now fast receding & disappointed love.
To sum it up in a line or two of
a glorious production of your old friend

Wordsworth, "It is not now with
me as it hath been of yore &c
and speaking of disillusioned dreams,
"At length the man perceives it die
"Away and fade into the light of
"Common day— Doubtless, too, ~~my~~ the
had materialism had acquired over me
had much to do with this, but I
often think that had I your advice
& precept for tonics ~~that~~ I might need—
I took up Gail's "Enigma of Life"
the other night but yawned myself
to sleep over it— Heigh ho, I wonder
how it will all end.

You will not be surprised to hear
~~the~~ after the foregoing Exordium that
things are going much the same with
me as of old. I have scarcely prospered
in my business and in the good opinion
of my Employers, have saved some money
and, ~~so~~ well that's about all, I
have been overworked this year & am,
as I think I told you before, looking
forward anxiously to my Christmas
Holiday tour to Tasmania to try hoake

into new life - I will be frank
enough to say that I do not regard
that visit with feelings altogether
pleasurable - I feel that my career
has been a comparative failure &
referring to one's ~~the~~ own country under
those circumstances is somewhat
dispiriting - In addition to this my
relations with our family are so unsatisfactory
that I am wearied with the thought
they engender & content myself with
occasionally sat reading on Lady Fortune.

Please remember me very kindly to
Mrs Clarke & Whiting join his good
wishes with mine towards both of you.

I send you a newspaper which
may interest you - It did not me, although
I had anticipated your suggestion as to
reading up your papers on the Australian
Constitution - But, oh father, I have a greater
sin to confess - Mazzini's works, Historical
& Critical, have lain by my bed side for
months & yet I have not got through them
although I admire the loftiness & purity
of his ideal & teachings and the perfect
beauty of his style - After this I have
but little, if anything, to say - I believe

that though wearied & disappointed
with the battle of life that I
still retain enough of Faith &
Hope to struggle to the bitter
(not better) End and ~~that~~ the only
Consolation ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{prospect} I possess is
the thought of the & distant ties
of friends of whom we are from
the Chief perhaps; - but there is
no knowing, things may mend yet -
God knows that it requires but
little to make me & some others
happy enough, but I must wait
I suppose till Fortune is tired of
playing me her scurvy tricks.

Remember me please kindly
& affectionately to Winton, Jory & J
Frodsham - I do not think I shall
write to any of them this year but
I should take it as a favor if
you would tell them that my
feelings towards them are as warm
& affectionate as when I saw them

last - and perhaps you might
explain to them that I am eaten
up with sorrow or discouraged
(Which Mazzini so well defined
as "disenchanted Egotism") - I have
yet another excuse to urge - My
work takes me now from early
in the morning till late at night
& I am then so fatigued & unable to
do more than recruit my strength
for the next days. En passant you
will be pleased to hear that I am
now & have been since I left the
Hotel almost a total abstainer &
shun all kinds of dissipation, though
I don't feel any happier for it.

Howard, who is sitting
opposite me, has just read me an
extract from the draft Argus which
is a highly complimentary to Tasmania
from a statistical point of view -

I should like you to tell me
in your next how it fares with
my gentle Celsius in the forum &

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Quaker, I gladly read any
Scraps of news concerning your
things & wish you would send
me any newspaper that bear on
this subject. I thought when you
were here last that we were
to Exchange items of local interest—
Had your Enthusiasm flagged or are
you waiting for me to commence?

It puzzled me how I have
managed to fill the preceding
sheets of paper but I fear it is
An easy thing to write twaddle
to try ~~and~~ to pose as a martyr—

Good bye, dear friend, write
as soon as you can & doubt
not that, despite all my
world-weariness, I am & ever shall be

Your affectionate friend

W. Hill

A. J. C. Clark Esq
Hobart Tⁿ