

C4/C61

Cotton Cottage  
Alice Frey Farm  
New Sydney.

GEORGE PEACOCK,  
WHARF, HOBART.  
BOX POST OFFICE, SYDNEY.

August 8<sup>th</sup> 1883

Dear Padre

I yesterday received such a pleasant, satisfactory, note letter from Joe. He would appear from it to be in good health, clear and bright in intellect and touched to finer issues than in the past evinced by a recognition of something higher in nature and in human life than he formerly held to or than I see now, though I admit it is ennobling to think of if you can.

I don't think I have written to you since I received your rebuke for coming down the ladder a bit though it was for "one regular thing" as the playbills say. You are right may be said. I admit it, I feel it and I have not repeated the offense though I cannot say I am mounting the ladder much like the fellow in the treatise I have to struggle to keep where I am and life altogether to show what like that monstrous performance. I made a great blunder in sending the whole of your letter to Carmen instead of the piece referring to him as intended, consequently I had to explain the cause of the rebuke so I was doubly punished for I was half afraid he referred to me in the following sermon. Abandoning is like slavery when we do abstract you can put up with a man preaching against it with little concern, but if you are the many-doers

24/661

2

GEORGE PEACOCK,  
WHARF, HOBART.  
BOX POST OFFICE, SYDNEY.

Sydney.

188

It has a different significance and is likely to lighten your color.

My dear, I think, that I have had a misunderstanding with the lady, which will leave me a bachelor for life I believe. My resources remain unused, and I do not know about the prisoners in the States yet I am not altogether as I was. I sometimes endeavor to reap a grain and mean satisfaction out of the Mercury calls which I could not have paid if I had been about to smother. After a long stay in the States, he has been in Sydney for nearly six months by adding his wretched humour and suicidal talk to my other miseries. Left for a deep lodging in Sydney where he hung out for a few weeks by doing penny-a-line work for second rate papers. He has since got some position in the Evening News and I suppose is too busy to call upon us. Drunken drunks must have been my approved test in this case. I never get free from it for any length of time. Donald Allen the ground Scotland Company with me surprised me after a long sojourn by a succession of periodical drunks. A sentimental drunk this one - the first I have seen - who tells you all his loves when in his cups and appears to have a sublime affection for everyone. I treat him like a child. Take away his boots

GEORGE PEACOCK  
WHARF, HOBART  
BOX POST OFFICE, SYDNEY.

Sydney.

188

And hats give him a sleeping draught and press him  
 to eat food. After two days starvation and hideous <sup>unpleasant</sup>  
 he takes a cold bath and goes back to work, but for the next  
 two weeks he "whips the cat" most effectively. This metaphysical  
 process is followed by other two weeks of hit, satire, language  
 and noisy details. He becomes so recklessly active that  
 he hears out and takes to stimulants again and so completes  
 the cycle. Tell Hector that I am trying him on the  
 regimen process and have persuaded the whole house  
 to join me in it. The housekeeper informed the butcher boy  
 the other day that it was us we were calling again as they  
 had all turned Quintarians.

We have just finished our financial year and are starting the  
 busy season again. The business improved during the last six  
 months but I cannot honestly believe that even half of it  
 is owing to my presence. The net profits of the Sydney business  
 for the year the first half of which was gone amounts to £3,700  
 I am to have some slight percentage in profits but nothing has  
 been said about it yet and I will not mention it till  
 the end of the year. There is no doubt that old P. is  
 a nigger and is not inclined to pay anybody well, but  
 Willie and Pyde are fair enough and will do good business

C4/C61

4

GEORGE PEACOCK.  
WHARF, HOBART.  
BOX POST OFFICE, SYDNEY.

Sydney.

188

me. The old man sometimes outdoes liberty by an eccentric  
sue of unaccountability - a sort of peck to produce a  
flaring contrast. May be gone so to me and more also.  
Remembrance to all. I'll believe I would write  
to him, but I know not how to interest anyone. My  
life presents few recreations and I take no interest  
in the place and public men.

Yours ever faithfully  
W. B. Edwards