

Launceston, Jan 28th 1885

Dear old Paard

For a few moments I shall enjoy the pleasure of imagining myself with you again while I write a few lines. Life with me is very dull up here with all the complicated failures and hopes delayed that have gathered around me during the past few months, but among the few pleasures that neither time nor change nor fortune's frowns can take from me is the recollection of the old circle in Hobart with whom in fancy I often spend a quiet half hour in the course of a walk or in the intervals between blowing out the candle and the advent of "death's twin brother". This place is dull very dull, and I have few of any friends here even my acquaintances being extremely limited. The work I have to do is very easy, but wretchedly unimportant - so unimportant that I really cannot take anything but a broad and better interest in it. I feel too little interest in it to be annoyed at the curious usages sometimes made in my matter in course of transit through the hire. I am living at the Coffee Palace where I will remain till Scott leaves when I will make arrangements to live a sort of Bohemian life in a couple of rooms I have behind the office. I have plenty of spare time on some

Evenings and frequently have a game of cards with
Scott and Jarnan or talk for an hour at a street
with the latter of our numerous failures. I generally
get to bed about eleven and read for a short time before
extinguishing the candle. On Sundays I usually have
a walk in the morning but with the exception of
the South End basin there is nothing I have yet
seen around Linnecotton worth a second visit
though the walk down the Tamar is perhaps
another exception. Peacock offered me his Linnecottan
agency but I refused it as I could not make
much of it without taking too much of my attention
away from my present work, and, moreover, I
do not much care for J.P. and have every desire to
go along very independently of him. He has very
little sympathy with my misfortune and I have less with
his peculiarities. On Saturday last I received an offer
of a billet in the barracks which only passed another
of my recent misfortunes for it arrived too late.
I had to get the Dances Bros to let me accept it
but they decently though firmly refused to give
me any assistance to that end. Consequently I had
to telegraph to Mr. Kemmer refusing his offer. The fear
of being too long out of work forced me to accept this
billet and now I have lost a chance which I have
been working and waiting for during the past nine
months. Never mind the wheel will take another turn

Some day. I have nearly given up all hope
 of ever getting anything out of The Mercury & Boston
 The last call of impudence I paid and now another
 one of one penny has been declared I will prefer
 rather than pay this sort of pocket change I will
 hang on till the last day in the hope of things
 looking a little brighter to enable me to pay the
 call by selling some. In a peak of sudden
 virtue or assertion of will power I have entirely
 given up smoking and drinking. I may outdo
 Hector yet in the food line, but I cannot become
 a perfect ascetic because to be that one must
 give up the delight ordinary mortals take in
 the other sex and I am more in love than
 ever. May writes frequently and has several
 times mentioned Mrs Clark and yourself as
 having been very kind, for which please accept my
 thanks If I could manage and get a nice
 house in the centre of the town with an office in
 the front as several men were here I think I
 could be very comfortable and happy. But all
 things have to be worked out and I start

from the very ~~beginning~~ beginning having paid
out my last dollar that week in calls and
insurance premium.

Tell Dobie that I do not think Scott did so
much harm or attempted to do any with regard
to the "Mercury" Co. The factious sale he heard
about I fancy was for another business and he
protected himself from some unwise men who
had rather "got at him". Scott is a blunderer but
I do not think he is a rogue and recent circumstances
have rather convinced me of this as well as
proved that Scott was not altogether wrong
in some of the things he did.

Kindest regards to Mrs Clark, the children, Willie
S.D.D. I say et hoc genus omne, and believe
me to remain

Yours affectionately

J. B. Edwards