

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

Myra Cottage
Alcock
New Inn
Sydney.

Sept 7th

1883

My dear Padre

I was not a little pained that you thought I had neglected my little commissions from you. I think I may expiate, however, and remove the appearance of neglect. I answered your letter before I had time to execute the commissions which I have attended to since though and I intended to write to Dothe today giving you the result through him. Since I have received your letter this morning I will write direct to Dothe for another pleasant half hour.

I introduced myself to Curran after church three weeks ago and mentioned the subject of your desire to have Curran visit Tasmania. He then expressed a belief that Curran, under such circumstances and knowing the amount of our little island for natural beauty, would be willing to make his visit extend so far. Curran invited me to spend an evening with him and his wife and we then spoke of the matter again so I am perfectly ready for the great program when he arrives. He heard I could not catch him at his office when he called, but I got Brent to mention the matter to him. Next days that

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Acknowledgments were made through the medium of the
daily papers but that in your case the Secretary
had been instructed to write a Special acknowledgment.
He also added that he would inquire why it was
not done as you will probably have heard
more of it by this.

I very much enjoyed my
meeting with Cummer who was delighted with my
report of our little circle and Tasmania in general.
I have persuaded him to spend his next annual
holiday there. It is astonishing how strongly patriotism
I have found. Distance evidently lends enchantment to
the view. At two or three places I have been I
have kept the whole company listening to lectures
on Tasmania. I sometimes get ashamed of my
power of talk on the subject and collapse altogether.
Mrs Cummer is a nice affable little lady who
evidently reads a good deal with her husband.
They have both read Hopp, Martineau, Conway & Coe
famous names and can chat for hours on historical
topics which is very interesting to me while I
in return speak nothing but Tasmania and
our little circle. Cummer was pleased to hear of

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the circle and its tastes and ways, and Mrs Cannon was delighted with "Padre & his boys" "fillingen" the bellows in the desert and the blues. The songs and plays well and altogether it was a most delightful evening. They are not very well off I should judge as the congregation is small and ~~is~~ the parson supported by voluntary contributions. They live in the next suburb to me in a way of a pleasantly situated house and the tone and atmosphere is cheerful, homely, and pleasant with the additional attraction of being intellectual and musical. They have promised to spend an evening with me next week.

A night like that is a good argument for Unitarianism & I drew myself closer into the organization of the Church and got introduced to several of the leading spirits. Some of the ladies wanted to get an association an association for the moral and social improvement of the Curriekin and that I felt to be a subject I was more at home in than even Darmaney. They gave me a place on the committee and now I am actively engaged analyzing the "Curriekin" and showing the delicate Cholesterol which exists in their minds to the delight of the women who certainly

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Must think I have been a "Canik" at some anterior
 period of my history. Miss A'Beckett who is my
 Secretary asked me to dinner the other night to talk
 matters over. I went by train to Ashfield a pretty
 Country township where Mrs A'Beckett lives in a
 large old fashioned English house. Fine son of Bill
Noblesse about the old lady who is a widow. son
 Maxwell A'Beckett a fullerman of the true blue order,
 27. yet kisses his mother so peacefully as a
 fool. Miss ~~Curry~~ A'R old maid wool work ^{occasional}
 quiet smile at my chatters and optimism.
 Miss Curry, our secretary, great cultured unpew
~~has been~~ had read Progress & Poverty and discussed
 it. A young philanthropist (Miss Curry) will post
 down and a strong love for all her human fellows
 of which I may get my 1000000000000th share.
 She in fact is very like Miss McMillan (Mills's).
 She is a woman to talk to for she listens in such a
 way as to bring out your best talk - better than you thought
 you could command, but she can talk and talk
 in her feet too. Fine old house tells old silver
 and lots old paintings adorned A'Beckett's amongst

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Whom I could not help looking for St Thomas of the
ill who however is not there. Talked for an hour
in a large sitting room carpeted & lighted only at
one end. Left reluctantly. "Hope we will see you again"
"You do, Miss, you do, you do see me again" said I
as I lit my pipe and turned to catch a train.

I am not in love with this woman being perfectly
satisfied with my clothes but I feel I could more
in any other she had in view of it was in representation
of Wales.

This is the good side of my life, even for the reverse
of the picture. Last Sunday I dined with Brent
and walked down to the Herald office after. Here
I found Clegg and he then went to the Athenaeum
Club - whiskey and pressmen. From there to the
Sea View Hotel more pressmen more whiskey and
talk louder and more amusing. Sydney Club
more pressmen more whiskey and more talk
the latter getting incoherent though striving to be
very communicative even to telling secrets
of the inner chamber. To catch train, had to walk home.
Clegg told me that Egan was in Sydney drinking heavily

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looked him to send Elyon out to me and I would
put in sight with a week under my eye. Could not
find anything of him though came in to see me
Mrs Elyon writes for me to do something in the
matter. Yesterday I had not found him and the
young fellow Donald Cooney who was in
all day on the "bar". He turned up early this morning
very well and afternoon as comes Elyon on the part
of him who was so stayed. So I have now got
two drinks in the house both boarding on d.t.
Kindest regards to Mrs Clark believe I will
and to rest not forgetting the dear little one

Yours very truly
J. B. Bennett