Hobart. 25 July 1891
Sunday evening
10.30 P.M.

You poor old maid,
You were in a despondent
mood when you began your
last letter to me, just on the
cut of the Christmas celebration.
It was just as well that you
could pour out your love
in speech, and it seemed to
have done you good, for you
were much more cheerful
at the end. Next week we
shall, I hope, hear what
your fate was. If you did
not get through it will be a
consolation to have the Christmas
holidays to recover in, and
to be lifted up by Mr. Mac
and be praised for just living
with by the old lady at Bath.
I do hope when you are down...
there. That you will see any
dear old friends. The Miss
Presidents—Miss Fisk's
friends. We shall also want to
know how you have managed
to endure the arctic winter
you have been having. The
papers say the hardest winter
for a century. The spell of
common was hard and not
last long—believe hardly
had a week's continuance hard.
Yet—Shivering weather from
now and then a southerly
wind of cold—yet still it
is not unpleasant. Certainly
we don't suffer from too
much heat.

The mother finally came
back home on Thursday.
After a preliminary cleaning,
and things are now going on
in the old groove. Glad you
rather tired of a waybound life, got ending back to sleep in a lovely house. One night when I had slept a lot, I had gone to bed leaving my door open so that I might hear the bell in the morning. I got too wakeful and nervous that I had to get up and shut and lock the door before I could get to sleep. On Friday we gave Alfred Dobson a dinner at the club to farewell dinner prior to his going to England. He is to be away about 9 months. When I said I wanted very much I could go with them bring you out, he priviledge me most seriously to come. Unlucky, there is no luck. I am not sure however, that it would be the travelling chance I should choose. But I dare say he would not be bad either.

To morrow Stephen is going a picnic down the River in a Steamer, Mr. Floyd and a Melbourne Professor and a few others. I don’t know whether he means to take the girls, but I fancy it is only men who are going. In the evening he & I are to go to the C.B. Barclays, it was the Miss F. especially invited, as it is the gathering of old friends on C.B. birthday. His fifteenth birthday. The Salt Marshes, Charles Salt Marsh is to be. I will let you all about it next time. Then C.B. has had the house decorated by a Melbourne firm, so I suppose it will be something glorious. I should like a talk with you.
It is a long time since I had a chance, as I very seldom see her now. On Wednesday is Regatta Day, also the National holiday in commemoration of the first colonisation of Australia in 1788. I shall devote the day, probably, to sorting my books and papers in the library — that is, if my resolution holds. On Saturday afternoon Mr. Millie Baker gives a boating or steamer picnic to Thursday direction.

Poppy & Sal are still in Melbourne. We have only had two or three letters from Sal, but I hope she has been writing to you. In another week or so the children will be coming back
Then I shall be the College
repair on the 3rd Feb.
then everything will settle
down for another year.
I wonder whether we shall
have you back for the next
Christmas holidays, or what
will you have made up
your mind to do.

The mother is in bed to
day, but I think, or the
while she is better for the
stay at Sandy Bay. I
don't know whether you
would see much difference
in her, but she is perhaps
more indifferent to events
than when you left, and
looks older. She often
talks of you, as you may
well believe, it is very delightful
to get your letters.
But this family came back on Thursday. The children were in yesterday. They were not too well. Poor little Ursula has not got rid of the cold yet.

They sent word to write the letter, child alive? She would be so pleased to have a real letter from Aunt Mary.

When are you going to send on those sentences? Let us know all about you and your play. You can't stay too much about yourself.

I have not heard from James trab. He will have told you of the death of Effie's mother.

Of course Effie has had to go home. We have to look for another servant which is unlucky for the girls.

I have to get ready for the morning so must stop. I have & hope letter will serve as a supplement to this scrap. I only wish we could have you here for a day or two to talk over matters.

The mother sent the letter to look after you are taking care of yourself. You ought not to sit up so late. I add my blessing to your ever after.

Remember me to the JDR.

Very kindly to the Smiths.

Ann.