Hobart, 6 March 1871
Sunday 26th, 11th Mo.

Dear [Name],

It is very late but I must write you a few lines. Sally seems to have written a good deal so mine will be a sort of supplement only. No letter from you since I last wrote — the head comes in to-morrow — and last time I gave you so much bad advice that I exhausted the stock for several weeks to come.

Summer has come along at last with a rush. Not too early, seeing it is the 8th March. Yesterday you
A hot wind day— not a violent one, but hot enough.
So day is very hot, oppressive.
Smoky air from fires on the mountains back around.

Harry and Katie were here to deliver a box of supplies.
He had the room darkened.
It was excruciatingly hard to read.

Harry is always so pleasant.
When in his ridiculous moods.
After dinner, I had to go to school.
If Harry went into the studio to sketch. You know...
What an attractive lady she has for Bernard. He follows Harry in T.F. Conversed with him & proceeded to draw him out. Bernard was very confidential & talked. He told Harry that he thought he must leave London & have a very bright face when he was young. In the afternoon when I came back they had all gone. Bernard attached himself to me. I bade on the life & told him about Whales & icebergs & his interest satisfied that he may grow up a credit to the family. He has great curiosity & I am inclined to think, some brains. Robert & Hizzie leave soon. I have been down to Kenmore Bay for a month. I am going down there this coming Sunday to the hotel. She has written to you three times. No answer. She didn't say it in a complaining tone, you said you had written to the children. I have had a diabolical cold all the week. It came as more like hay fever than anything else. Arewa gave a dinner at some 26th or 25th of this month at the Club on Tuesday for the inland of La V. I was lured with a set of dance. I was pleased with the dancing & with it.
the old doctor was going back to his wife. What he
previously thought of the home was what might be
called a little trial. His present situation did not look
what one would expect from Sir L. It reminded
him of the story of the Regret for Maxwell, but Sir L.
was recommended to him to
institute. His friend and
his former friend. Sir L.
said she couldn't, nor
could play gracefully,
but she preferred it.
"Well, then, Regina," said
Sir L., "that's not for me
to say."
I don't know where the Hamilton Admiration is at present. There was a great reconciliation of their last bickering. I think Lee has offended nearly all the members.

I went on Thursday to the House with Miss Oliver. They congratulated each other on being once so close with Harley. A Primitive Methodist had some experiences with a couple of transvestites. I seem to have played around generally - enjoying London for the two days they were away. Miss Oliver gives your address. She is going this week to Melbourne and will belong in a few months I suppose. Leslie Palmer went this week on route to Japan. He then goes to England, the Continent or India. I will probably be away 2 years. No letter will reach him in England. Give a good word to give London an address. It might be worth white. We really do very Nice.

The brother is complaining very much of the food, which is certainly bad. I am equally buried by occasional drafts, but she is really very well for her. I keep mending away at ancient history whenever I get a chance. I had to write to old Bowerock. I told him how about this way he is...
doing his work. He sent about 200 pages of new work which he had sent in a
former lot. I fear the old man is getting weak in
the head. He says he
has not seen or heard
of you for a long time.
I want you to see them
and talk to them about the
clitoris picture.
Why don’t you send us a
few of your studies by the
parcel post? I am a good
friend to say that I won’t
agree to your stopping any
longer unless you give
up the chance of judging it.
What you are doing may be just playing sound
like Henry Clarke.
There are to be 7 big PT boats and Oriental steamers in here to take Fruit. We're to leave at 2500.

[Handwritten text that is not legible due to the quality of the image.]