Hobart, 21st Nov. 1871
Sunday night.

Dear [Name],

I was determined not to go to supper and bed till last this morning after Church, but it is late and I am writing this. I fear the effect of going to Church. I did not go for that other letter would have been finished. They have just got news of poor Halliday's death. They wondered how he had lasted so long. When he left here last, it was to go to America; he looked as if he was dying. I always had a great regard for him. He seemed such a brilliant fellow.

It will do you no good to tell you about poor Maurice Smith's death. The rail has graduated?
growing weaker from neglect, his fate foretold. Mounting her life
has been a long death. Still she
though now quite unable to speak or make them understand her,
she seems to have been quite able to understand what was going on. A Nahant day showed
much pleasure in her last few days. She died quietly in Saturday morning.
She is to be buried at Browns Ferry, near her brother.

Lucy was married on Wednesday 18th the Davis (from Maine) with Dr.
The Davis' and Davis relations were all there, Ridley Adde went also.

What I mean is, understand
that there were 7 bridesmaids, each gave
her a little present, a pretty bonnet,
ribbon, or some sort of little piece, which came
as much as little as one could do.
I think it is a good thing for her,
to be buried near her family. The
daughter of Mary Davis, included.
I am glad that poor Mrs. Giblin lived to see or rather knew of Constance being settled. Poor soul, the young girls were always ornamental in her mind, and yet I think she never half appreciated her worth. She always seemed to me one of the most unselfish women I ever knew. I suppose if she had not worked so much for other people, she would not have broken down as she did. Nature never respects our nature, nor our work in the best cause will kill us nearly, perhaps more surely than worry about our wants, or overwork, or keeping money for ourselves. But—what the devil is, in the things which are not done, which are therefore eternal in their value, the motive is the one essential. It would be a poor look out for humanity if they were not so.

Diderot says: "To sum it all up in a few lines: the reality behind the outward appearance of good and bad fortune, the. . ."

Last mail brought me a letter from old Mr. Maximus, how an old fellow. He says he feels quite lousy your letter has to sitter, for he can not disregard us. "Why, Lordy, that the daughter of my first best colonial friend should have so neglected us!" old guy. She may have richer friends, but few take regard to us, as we do."

For goodness sakes, think of the old boy. Tell him that medicine is too far off to allow of your calling on them often. His address is Chapparal, South Falmouth. Don't forget this, and do it at once. Has letter of Dr. Black reached you? Pretty quick, is it not?

Alfred Robson has arrived, looking much the same as ever. Perhaps a little more tanned. I met him first in, on Tuesday if memory serves me. I can't say that there is any attractive plan. The house is still in the same state. Mrs. Giblin was expected on Thursday, and I can't believe she was staying in the same room. Edmund Jones came back to the same result as the Robsons. The P.B. business has quite upset him. He is off his head. He says he has never
herself ready in a quarter. Don't you know we've been up to the Queens on Tuesday to stay another day, but it was too late. We had to post your letter until next Friday.

I still go to that old Innsbruck, in Hanover. She is of course staying with Emma. Do you remember that she was the last to leave, in the last departure, resulting from it. It is not however enough to really crumble him. There are lots of factories just now all over the continent, and the TSB affairs are turning out badly, it is feared there will be a heavy call on the shareholders. This will be bad for the Dons Clarke.

Your letter, which came on Friday, dated Clapham, ended very abruptly, and in spite of your promise to send you stay at your advantage, I am glad to be on the road in your next letter.