Hobart, 21st March 1872
Sunday night.

My dear Bird,
Do you remember that it is now more than three years since you left home. Which it was 7th March when you left Hobart, 41st (i.e. 5 years last Wednesday) since the 'Junna' sailed from Brisbane. Over three years solid work in the best studio ought to have made a lot of difference in your work. Which again reminds me that you have never yet tried up a single sketch or study—having a sketch of your 'Bluecoat Cousin.' Don't you blush for yourself?

As usual, I have not been able to write any letter until late. Must finish Oliver's friend's tea, also Milly Clarke, and Miss Waterhouse.
George has a good part of the day's work, writing and discussing university matters, then he went up to the manager to talk things over. He had tea, and it was nearly 11 when I got back.

Here an accident has occurred. I have found that I bruised a bottle of schnapps that the roommates bought this afternoon.

News that arrived last week was satisfactory. You seem to have got the better of the influenza so far, and to be going on in the old way. Once you buy you won't leave Paris until towards the end of May. If at the beginning of April it will be fine enough to travel. Address to Mr. Mead. It was pleasant for a walk to the river. The husband, how is his leave? If they are going our notice for you are ready to leave, if they might possibly go to Italy. The two Ann Storrs are going home in a week or two, after their brother is married. I will try to write.
Having the plow, they areedere going about.

A old lady, this house used to live in the Orient.

The only friend I have in the Orient is her, and she is a good friend.

Chambers to leave the practical part, and expects to be back here in about 7 or 8 weeks. I think, because he has been helping him.

Of course we have the steel no other.

The old man would be delighted to come.

They are both better in the east.

They are all coming here.

Chambers is an unlucky fellow.

Last Sunday, only way going along the road with Fredy age, he saw some powder on the ground which had been shot by Fredy age, not 100 feet. He was carrying a gun, but he shot it down, and it kicked back, and it knocked him down.

The powder exploded in his face, and his arm was injured. He had his head up to his face, and his arm came off on his knees. He had been very bad, but his arm doesn't seem to be injured. They can't tell yet whether he
face will be disfigured. It is most unlucky, but well, if a fellow can't stop short, and put a match to powder, he must expect to be burned. Robert of the rest of them (Matthew, dean, & Theodore) the still at the East Coast.

Things are very bad here in trade, if heard they will be worse before than are better. But the other colonies are worse, if that is a consolation. Melbourne is in a terrible state, the businesses worse. A bank has failed in Melbourne. Tradition in Adelaide. Mead is in the Bank of Australia which has been taken over by the Union Bank. The business are a long time getting settled. They don't know whether it will be necessary to make a call on the shareholders. It will be heard on the Clarke's. If they do, despite of the sad times we have been very busy.
The year so far has been very
satisfactory. Certainly we have
had no idle time. I have been
greatly relieved by the collapse
of the case against Pearce, the
Chairman of Directors of the Old
Bank. The man who brought the
action has withdrawn it. I paid
my client’s costs. He found that
he had no case and couldn’t hope
to succeed, so like a wise man he
withdrew.

I am going to look up the history
of the Tasmanian blacks. I find
abominable how the most outrageous
stories are repeated of the frightful
Cruelties, practiced on the aborigines
of Tasmania. There is no doubt
that many of them have been
peacefully treated, but there is a lot to be
said on both sides. There is no
doubt that the conduct of the
Colonists has been grossly
inadequate. I think our friend
Bennett is responsible for a good deal of
this. In his books he accepts any story
he has heard without investigation.
The thing is now proving into a mighty drawback, investigating thoroughly. If I could only get a little more time, I could show the true state of the case, which is not by any means altogether to the discredit of the settlers.

The little mother is well & cheerful. When I went up just now she was sitting in her old white arm chair, with her spectacles on reading her book by the light of the candle. With a most cheerful & contented countenance. Except when she had the fits & indigestion. After meals, I think she feels for the most part very well. She sent the usual messages, but had nothing new to say about her promised letter to you.

Mind you keep all the 25 stamps. They are valuable.

I feel that I have exhausted all my power, and am very tired, ready for bed. You must forgive this shabby letter. As you said once, you can't always write a letter full of plans, but must be content withdry sheet of lines. I suppose the latter is the most wholesome form.

Be all complainant that you tell us to talk about your work. Has the real country dignified to speak a word of commendation? Are all the students English, American, &c. 

Are there no native French? You tell us nothing at all about their ways.

Accept my blessings. Tell me to London tell in your plans. I suppose you will want a draft for your carriage money. Cordially affectionate Rrs.