Hobart. 15th March 1892
Sunday evening.

My dear [Name],

I have been out of town most of the week on business, and when I reached home late last night (or perhaps more accurately early this morning) I was delighted to find a letter from you. It was satisfactory to hear that you were getting well over the illness, and that no bad effects had remained behind. The Eucalyptus seems to be useful as a preventive of the early stages, but I don't agree with you as to the astracnolour. Some of the preparations of it are very unpleasant; it is true; but I think Gould's is very pleasant, in moderation. I believe Gould's to be quite the
best you ever that is made. It is all from the true "Blue gum" leaves.

We are all pleased to hear that you are so well satisfied with the Paris studios, and seem to be making progress. I understand you will leave Paris at the end of May. Surely the Paris schools must be earlier than the English. I am glad you are going to York again. You ought to get some good sketching there, and if you can manage to find time one to go with you, little Will, or the constable, it will be a good wind up. Let us know as soon as possible when you will be starting homewards. We are counting the weeks to your return.

By last mail I had a letter from old RN. Briscoe,
in which he found very entertaining. The idea of the
picture was very interesting. Of course I could
like it. I don't forget to make
sufficient study of costumes
and studies, as well as you get
them from English galleries, so
you will not be able to find
the necessary material here
for the picture.

On Tuesday went up to
Launceston to business. Roke
and Lewis Andrews were my
companions in the night mail,
which now leaves Hobart at
11:15. I have a sleeping car
attached, so that we can make
the trip comfortably. The fares
have been cheap during the
Launceston exhibition, to which
lots of people have been going
from Hobart. He spent the
forenoon of Wednesday in the
exhibition, which is not bad
for a small town of the sort.
Like other exhibitions, it is just
like a big shop or bazaar, with
part of it very uninteresting, and
nothing especially striking. However,
the Launceston people are very
proud of it, so I praised it up
to them. I always am careful
to local prejudices when I am
in any place. Thursday and
Friday were occupied by a
business trip to Tassie, which
was not successful from a
business point of view, but was
very enjoyable. The weather
was cool, and the Valley of the
northern, with its narrow
belt of beautiful pasture,
and rolling river, is always a
great favourite with me.

The Friday evening to the Art
Museum to look at the local
collection. Not bad at all, the
whole. Some very good pictures.
There is an art gallery in the Exhibition, but the pictures are something too awful.

Then in Lancaster, of course we went & had tea with Clare & Alice. They and the family. Now three in number, are flowering. Clare has grown much & is shockingly but yet charming. The first time I met she was effusively affectionate, almost embarrassing. But she is an inconsistent after the manner of her sex. The second time she was cool preserved. I also went over to Alice's house. She is the old Alice altogether. Lilly Clarke is staying with her, while Mr. Clarke is at the hotel. Mr. Clarke came back on Friday. Clare & Male are in town.

No doubt (ah! has told you)
The news of the week, that
Katie Walsh has a son. The
nurse says it is the baby picture
of little Margaret; but nurse's
stories are not always strictly
in accordance with literal
truth. I hear that Harry
is positively wild with delight.
I hope it will be a good thing
for both Katie & Harry.
H. has not been going on
well lately. Perhaps this
will steady him.

I have just been up to see
the little mother. She was just
creeping into bed—early for
her, for it is only just midnight.
She told me to give you her dear
love. She will try to write you
a few lines.

Dracula & Bernard were
here to dinner, full of life
and mischief. Adale came in
and
later with Joan. Edie & Muriel were also here to.devise. Mady had gone out with Carrie to devise, 
so for there was no one at home the all came in 
here. Think it is years since Edie was here to devise.

Sad to see have written. 
It is late, so I will conclude with my blessing.

Let us know more about your work at the Studio. 

The beginning of next month will be soon enough to address to, to Miss W. Mac. 
Never affects.

The Organ has been writing up Mrs. Merdith as Tasmania's Laureate.