Hobart, 30th October 1852.
Sunday evening.

Dear N—,

I did not write last week for I thought it useless, but, for fear you have been delayed, think I may as well send you a line this time.

We are all well. The little mother much as usual, but febrile. You will see a very great change in her from what she was when you left. She is growing very anxious about your coming, so I hope that you will not arrive later than Christmas. We have all made up our minds that we are to have you then.

She has had a terrible infection of dust yesterday for the last month. She could not
been almost constiuently, delirious
or bodily—hardly ever getting
round to the prevailing native
quarters. With the cloud in the
sky it is always dull. About
time since we had ten days
in which we hardly saw the
sun at all. It was most
depressing.

The cutaneous trouble has
killed down, if things turn
out as well as there seems
a prospect of them doing, I
think we shall not lose very
much. As one time it looked
very serious. He stayed the
publication of I believe that
Cutaneous has gone away to
the Malay archipelago or
some place in that direction.
These for his poor little wife's
sake that she may receive
like in him again.

It'll now begin to get over
the worry, and sleep pretty
well
But I have had a rough time. Have been a good deal out in Summertime, which has been a great relief. They have quite fallen into their old accustomed. Mr. Clarke has aged a good deal. Henry's death was a great blow. He was much better than any of them. Mr. Clarke has been better on the whole lately.

Hope you have been all the proper people before coming away — the Y.M.C.A. Among others. Also old Norwich.

Your pictures are insured liable to a duty of 10% on the value. I shall leave the customer to value them, telling them that they are only used as specimens of your work, by suggesting that they have no appreciable commercial value. You had better put your sketches at the bottom of your trunk. I think they don't be very particular about changing if they are not framed. If you explain that they are only the production of an amateur. Can you bring down your pride to this?

Don't tell me the name of the steamer you are coming in. I fear you will have a trouble in getting a good berth at such short notice.

Did I tell you that your Henry Hunter is dead? I sent a letter of condolence to Mrs. Hunter. I am sorry about it. Well, I hope this letter won't reach you. If it does give all kind regards to your friend and the rest. But I trust that you have within two months read all the remained. Is she prepared to write?