

Mr. Mather,  
Merchant,  
Hobart Town,  
Van Diemens Land.

London  
Jany., 12<sup>th</sup>, 1829.

Dear Brother,

We received, dated January 9<sup>th</sup>, 1828, on the 24 of April, which is the last we received from you. We have seen Mr. Wright, who gave us a pleasing account of you. He said he was sure you wrote by the same vessel, but if you did, we did not receive any. We always feel anxious when a ship comes in, and no letters from you.

Least it should have miscarried, you have not informed us how you settled Sherwen's Bill upon sargent that was protested. Messrs Millner and Mackin, the Birmingham agent, to whom you ordered payment, have called several times about their accounts, likewise, Chubb, Apellon, England & Higgs; the two last have been clamorous. Higgs threatened hard to send out a power. He says many and hard things of you, not easily to be borne.

Business is very bad, especially in Sun Street. There now are in it eleven empty houses, and, on the 17<sup>th</sup>, there will be twelve, as Mr. Whytall will then remove to Islington. We, however, intend standing our ground and hope things will be better!

Mr. Josiah Churchell has commenced

business in High Street, Portsmouth, and is married to a Miss Grossman.

We are much disappointed in not receiving the Hobart Town papers as usual. We are glad to find that your family is becoming so useful to you in business. We are much pleased with your account of Sarah's management in housekeeping. But, whatever they are doing, they do not write to us, though you say they have not forgotten us.

Mr. Lowe has lost his only child, John, who had become very promising and useful in business. Miss Witt is under engagement to the Missionary who has gone out to New Zealand. I think his name is Fordham. She would have gone out with him, if the regulations of the Committee had allowed it. She is become a truly pious young woman. Indeed, religion has made her quite an ornament.

Your old friend Mr. Hann has been very ill, and it has left him quite childish, and is now only able to walk with a crutch.

Mrs. Rolph has become very feeble. She has been apparently at Death's Door several times, and is just waiting for the summons.

Brother Cooper has entered triumphantly into his rest. Mr. Hopwood has been carried off to his grave in three days by a cholaramorbus. His widow called today, desired her love to you, and sister, and the dear children. Mr. Higley desired his love to you, and to

say, he sung as loud as ever.

Mrs. Carpenter through the bad conduct of her husband has become quite blind, and, after great trials and bringing down, has become an inmate of our workhouse, and he has gone we know not where.

It will doubtless please you to have an extract from your Mother's two last letters, viz. Octr 20<sup>th</sup> and Novr. the 9<sup>th</sup> 1828. "I thank God that I am in the place of hope but so fragile that I can hardly go between my own door and my Sister - and you know that is next door to me. When I go to her, the stick is in one hand, and the wall in the other. I look to be no better this side of the grave, for, by the course of nature, my time in this world is far spent, and, O! to be ready for a mother to meet my God and Saviour Jesus Christ, my only head and surety, and I hope he will be yours through this weary pilgrimage. I want for nothing. I keep a good fire and a good table, for I sit at my own table and nobody to interrupt me, but I take what I please."

Mother states she received a letter from you last April, and expresses much satisfaction with its contents.

Give our kind love to Sister, and all the Dear Children, and, believe us dear brother, your affectionate

Brother and Sister,

Adam Mather.

Mary Mather.