

were on learning that you had not forgotten them," and that you were comfortably settled in your own home, after the rude and stormy absence which characterized your stay in this colony. Mr. C. will give you a history of this place since your departure. I need only add, that it daily improves, and were you now here, you would find it a tolerable place for a new colony. Give my love to G., if she remembers me. I hope little baby is well, and that your health has improved since your return," &c., &c. \* \* \* \* \*

From the same friend to Papa:—

"MY DEAR C.,— \* \* \* \* \*  
For a long time after your departure, I felt the great loss sustained by your absence, because your successor was quite your reverse in everything that tended to keep up a good understanding between us. Mr. W., who replaced you, has now been transferred to Ballarat, and a Mr. B. appointed to this Bench, who is well spoken off." [Here follows a list of histories of the movements of personal friends, ending with that of our most intimate one.] "Jones is in the greatest desert the district can afford, at a place called Sandy Creek, on the Little River, about 40 miles from Beechworth, where he can obtain neither meat, milk, bread nor vegetables. He looks like a wild man when he visits here. He has only a clerk in that miserable place. \* \* \* \* \*

"We have not such a paucity of ladies on the camp now as in your time, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Barkley, Mrs. Morphy and Mrs. Hall being residents. Mrs. Turner is an elegant little woman, whom every one admires, because of her goodness of disposition and agreeable manner. I have so often wished Mrs. C. had remained, were it only for the pleasure of Mrs. Turner's company. \* \* \* \* \*