

...trouble about it much, I got a person in the next Tent to look out for a dray going to Melbourne or Bendigo [sic] for at either place I could get a doctor, after a while he found a Bullock dray going to Town and started me off pleased enough but there was still further punishment in store for me; what I suffered the ten days it took us to get to Melbourne I cannot tell you, the jolting was horrible I'll never ride up or down from the diggings while the roads remains as they are, and I can walk. When I got to Melbourne I did not know what to do I knew no one [sic] in Town, and the whole of the first day I spent in trying to get a bed, I succeeded in doing so towards the evening, the next day I got to Prahran and found one of my shipmates still living there and with him I have been stopping since then, which is now about 14 days ago; the first thing I did was to send for a doctor, as soon as he came he saw what was the matter with me; he said you have got the Scurvy, regular Sea Scurvy, and prescribed accordingly, I was to eat vegetables and fruit principally and drink a glass of good ale every day; since I have been down I have got very much better, I can eat anything, I feel stronger, and have nearly got over my lameness I took my longest walk yesterday to Town about two miles but that was too far I have been very poorly To day [sic] again. And now my dear Polly I have told you exactly how I have been situated since I sent you the last letter, if I had written one after leaving Bendigo I could not get it posted, for I was 60 miles from the nearest post-office, and could not have sent it with out [sic] great risk. Situated as I was I frequently felt very wretched for I did not know what you would think of me not receiving any letters I knew I lay open to remarks not very creditable, some one [sic] about you might be kind enough to prejudice you against me, and you would imagine if I had any love or regard for you I should have been sure to have written, such thoughts I daresay have crossed your mind but I can assure you my dearest Mary my love for you never was greater than it is now, and I feel convinced my affections will never grow less and I have the same confidence in you; and in my dullest moods that confidence had always preserved in me some little spirit. You will I daresay think that I have many times wish'd myself back again, but I do not repent coming out I can assure you, as soon as the wet season is over I shall have another try at the diggings hoping to be more fortunate then, up to the time of our leaving Bendigo [sic] we just cleared our expenses. Gold digging is a very precarious way of making a fortune I do not say making a living for I think every one can do that, but the privations and hardships are greater than I should like to put up with for just that. I am not very ambitious either, I have known many who have got as much in one week and some in one day as would send me back to England without any delay. As soon as I get well, I think I shall go Wood-cutting untill [sic] the spring or about September when if there is any thing [sic] doing then at the diggings I shall have another turn at them, for I do not see the use of taking a Berth in the drapery trade as I should do if I intended to make a permanent stay, my object then would be to take a situation for a time and then open a small store in some of the new townships I allmost [sic] regret not opening one at Prahran when I first came into the Colony I believe in six months I could have cleared £200 the greatest difficulty or rather objection was being by myself, when business required me in Melbourne, I should have been obliged to shut up shop for I could not have paid wages at the rate they were paid then. There is plenty of chance here for any one [sic] who intends stopping, but for those who come for a specified time, the diggings is the place for them, it will be either win or lose for its [sic] all a lottery. If I was a carpenter I could go into Town and get seven pounds-ten per week and not work hard for builders are glad to get men at that price, all mechanical trades are first rate here.

While I was working in the Commissioners Gully Bendigo [sic] a young man who sunk the next hole [to] mine, knowing I came from Bedfordshire asked me if I knew any one [sic] of the name

of Morgan near Bedford, as he had an "old chum", as we call acquaintances here, of that name, he had been living at Adelaide, had been to the diggings, and made his swag of Gold and gone home to England, from his description I think it was one of Mrs Hawkes brothers, if so and he has gone to England she will of course see him, the young man I was talking with came from Northampton, his name is Savage, he told me he has a sister living at Luton, but I could not recollect [sic] the name I have not seen any of the Luton people since October I have written several times to Old Frank but have not received an answer, but I have found out since that he only received the first one and that he answered and enclosed one for me which came from Sydney I expect respecting my Brother, but the letter never reach'd me. Oh! the post office arrangements of Victoria are enough to make one "rear up". Its [sic] a great chance if this letter ever reaches you, I often feel very anxious about those which I have already posted to you. Frank is in a store at Forest Creek diggings, and I daresay doing very well, he wrote to the person I am living with on the 10<sup>th</sup> February, and the letter arrived yesterday morning April 5 another instance of the manner in which post office affairs are managed here. T Wingrave and his brother started for the diggings soon after landing leaving Mrs Wingrave, Fred Eyles and his wife in Melbourne, I think they did not do much for they were not up long. Wingrave and his Wife are now living at Collingwood, F Eyles has gone to the diggings, and his Wife has gone to Geelong, Mr Hubbard is living at Collingwood, and is very ill, rather doubt whether he will ever be better I saw one of his sons in Melbourne yesterday, and he said his father was very ill. Mr Tranter I understand is at one of the breweries, I shall call upon him the next time I go to Town and have a glass of Ale. I had a long chat this morning about Luton a shipmate of mine bought some land at Brighton of Milemore (he has a brother living at Mount & Browns), I could almost fancy I was at Luton, talking about it was quite a treat.) and he call'd about it this morning.

I often wonder where you are, whether still at Luton or not, I wish I could just get a peep; I think I might almost venture to day [sic] if you were to meet me as I am now, coming up the park road, or through the Church Yard you would not know me; I am quite certain that you would not a month ago for I was astonished myself when I look'd in a glass, not having had the pleasure of admiring myself for at least three months; there is very little use for glasses on the diggings, scarce any one [sic] shaves, therefore they do not want them. I don't know that I ought to complain at not receiving any letters from you although you have had nothing to prevent you sending to me, as I have to you, but you cannot imagine the pleasure with which I should I [sic] receive one if it was only a line to say how you are. I hope Polly after receiving this you will not delay long in sending me one. You who are amongst friends and acquaintances and midst scenes with which you have been familiar from childhood, cannot have the same sense of loneliness, as one who is thrown entirely amongst strange places and people; while I was well I could manage very very well to keep "dull care" at a respectable distance but I have had some very melancholy moments since I have been ill; as I get better I look forward to brighter times again. I often wish you were with me here but I know such wishes, are useless, I am sorry you have a prejudice against coming out but although I see every chance of any one [sic] doing well here I would not persuade you against your inclination...