

3 July 1888

My dear Andrew,

I got your letter as to crockery and called same day at Webb's. They told me they had just learnt that it had been broken in transit to Tasmania and they would have to order a fresh set from England for you.

To morrow is the glorious fourth which is associated with so many of my happiest and stirring memories. There are some first rate fellows staying at our lodging house at present and on my invitation we are going to have a little celebration to morrow. They are agnostic in religious views and republican in politics, and I shall feel

some slight revival of old feelings in our meeting.

I am ignorant whether any meeting will be held by the fraternity in Hobart.

Everyone seems to be getting too busy for sentiment nowadays even in our birthplace. Well, as long as we have not yet lost faith in the good old cause I suppose it is well. We must be content.

I am glad to say I am enjoying very good health - in fact I'm getting too stout - as the figures indicate - 13 stone 9 -

Waeter is very well. I have seen a little more of him than usual lately. I have been several times to the theatre with him -

There is an endeavor being made to establish a Tasmanian Club in Melbourne, the members of which will be restricted to native born Tasmanians. A good many names have been put down and it promises to come into existence shortly. It is not yet decided what features the Club will have.

I have not yet received the promised letter from Mache. Is it that her time is too much taken up?

Please give my affectionate remembrances to her and to the boys when you see them, not forgetting the Kinchis.

I see you are in the throes of new fasciation proposals, and I see the annual eruption of weariness in the columns of the "Mercury".

I see it when I look  
at the files occasionally, but  
I never read it. I feel  
some secret assurance that  
you will freely forgive me.

I should like to get  
a letter from you when  
you can snatch a moment  
from the large claim which  
the dear public now  
makes upon you, and  
meanwhile remain

Ever affectionately yours

O. G. Norton