

55 William Street.

Melbourne 13<sup>th</sup> Oct 1886

My dear Andrew,

I was very pleased to get your letter and to learn that you all arrived alive and kicking and in good form. Your stay was all too short and I would have liked you to have stopt a little longer. However, if Madre and you enjoyed yourselves and find yourselves benefited by the trip nothing further need be said.

I was very much troubled with my precious liver after you left and saw Dr. Duret about it and he pronounced it to be inflammation. Acting on his advice I have knocked off drinking anything but hot milk & water and claret and made innocuous in my diet. I am better now, and hope to remain so.

Poor old Waeter is about  
again and in harness.  
He looks pale and invalidish,  
but his manner is lighted,  
and his spirits are higher  
than eretwhile. There is no  
doubt that the operation was  
too long deferred, and hence  
its severity. There is every reason  
to believe that he will now  
be restored to his old self  
so far as physical renovation  
can do it. This I trust will  
be accompanied by the  
extirpation of the mental  
bogies that have beset him.

Dave has obtained a  
situation in Reuter's Telegram Coy.  
If he gives satisfaction he will  
be transferred to Sydney in a  
few months at a higher screw.  
He starts at £75.  
I saw Tom Grodsham today.  
He has come over for his wife  
and family. He returns to Morocco.

The Prod has opened an office  
at 149 Philip St Sydney; but his  
operations, as usual, are involved  
in mystery - Philip St is not  
much of a situation for a legal  
office, but I suppose that matters  
little in this case. Poor Munchausen!  
he's a terror isn't he? W. Clarke  
and his family are evangelical  
and conservative. The Prod favors  
them with Sydney Bulletins which  
are handled as it were with  
longs and sent out of house,  
in the family pig-stub. He is  
regarded as the wicked man  
who has not yet turned away  
from the wickedness which he  
has committed.

Your description of the spring  
flora of our native land was  
tempting. It is an event for  
me to see blossoms now  
except prog-blossoms, and they are  
much about in this favored land!  
I have found out some trees  
in bloom, and some lilac,  
and made an occasional

pilgrimage there, and then I could  
sing the refrain 'of the latest  
Salvation Army ditty

"O for a prop-

O for a prop-

O for a prop-

O for a proper caper!!

With a waving of handkerchiefs,  
a tremolo of tambourine intermittent  
blast of a brass band and a  
waving of blood & fire banners  
this is very effective, and calculated  
to pluck the foreskins from combustion.

Thanks very much for the registers.  
It savors of old times when I  
found myself reading this fine paper.

I am proud to find the boys  
were "profuse in their enquiries"  
about me. I hope you succeeding  
in impressing upon them that  
to them at least I am unchanged.  
If that wretched Benedict whose name  
bequeas with a B doesn't wake up  
from the haze of his felicity and  
answer my last letter why - but  
words fail to express the <sup>memorandums</sup>  
of the course I shall take -

Trusting that Madie does not sigh too  
often for the Mason Dories <sup>which you have</sup>  
too heavily for a rule on the <sup>bequest</sup> believe me  
with love to all <sup>our</sup> affectionate