My dear Andrew, I was very pleased to get your letter and to learn that you are all arrived alive and kicking and in good form. Your stay was all too short and I would have liked you to have stayed a little longer. However, if Madre and you enjoyed yourselves and found 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. Buret about it and he pronounced it to be inflammation. Acting on his advice I have knocked off drinking anything but hot milk, fruit and claret and made innovations in my diet. I am better now and hope to remain so.
Poor old Walter is about again and in harness. He looks pale and invalidish, but his manner is lighter, and his spirits are higher than ever while. 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 extermination 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 scale.

He starts at £75.

I saw Tom Bloodham today. He has come over for his wife and family. He returns to-morrow.
The Lord has opened an office at 140 Philip St., Sydney, but his operations as usual are worked 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? Dr. Clarke and his family are evangelical and conservative. The Lord favors them with Sydney Bulletin which are handled as if they were worth songs and sent out of house in the family afterward. He is regarded as the wicked man who has not yet turned away from the wickedness which he hath committed.

Your description of the spring flora of our native land was tantalising. It is an event for me to see blossoms now. Except for blossoms and they are much about in this favored land, I have found out some bees 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 wakening of hundredsdrops,
a tremolo of landourine intermittent,
bash of brass hand, and a
waving of blood & fire banners
this is very effective, and calculated to pluck the foresticks from combustion.

Thank very much for the register.

It savors of old times when I
find 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 grated Benedict whose name begins 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 tremendous
of the course I shall take -

Please that Madge does not send too
often for the "Maison Dorée" until you hear from me.

Tell me the most likely way to all ten battery stops.