My dear Andrew,

I got your letter of 27th June, and was glad to learn that the books had reached you & that you were pleased with them. I speedily addressed myself to carrying out the orders in your last, but I am not yet able to finally report. I have secured the odd vol of Kuenen's "Religions of Israel" for 5/6 which is only 6d. advance on the amount you said you would close for. Of the £1 4/6 Phil Holt they have a few vol, but not those you mention. They have "The Essence of Christianity" 2 vol for 4/6 a vol; I will make further inquiries as to the two you would like to get.

I am glad to hear that you got on such terms with Conway. He did not deliver the lecture entitled "London" during his course here, Mr. Webster informed me recently that he intended to visit Melbourne again before leaving Australia. In fact, he may be here now, but I am not aware of...
his arrival. The text of his Lecture on "Carlyle" appears in last Saturday's Argus. I was about to send it you, but Walter said he would send it so I kept it to him.

In dubbing the latest poem "Conway", I think you have made a very happy choice; and I fully appreciate the reasons, or rather sentiments, which have led you to that choice. My list of suggested names was as you must have readily seen, "earnest work with sport". I did not expect, for instance, that "Dee" would have been so cruel as to make a little "Pfeiderer" of him.

Walter and I intended on Prince of Wales' birthday to go down the Bay to Point Lonsdale and Queenscliff on the "Golden Crown". We appointed to meet at the Sandridge Railway Pier. After walking through some hot and hideous sandy wastes between South Melbourne and Sandridge I reached the Pier just in time to see the Steamer going from the wharf. I didn't see Walter, but expected he was on board. Just as I was about to go to Melbourne by the Sandridge train I met him on the Platform—also too late. As a last resource we boarded a large Collier, the "Sandus" bound on an excursion.
to Geelong, and for the third time I reached the lively "Pivot." Soon after arriving there it commenced to rain dismally, and continued so off and on all day. The only fun afforded came from the fact that we had a detachment about 20, of the Salvation Army on board who made themselves particularly vocal on the return. An opposition party of the Unredeemed formed themselves, and we were heated to some interesting matters. Several knots of people in the steamer were loudly discussing theology, and others attacked the Salvationists with warm zeal. As usual, women, in a most unruly style, the cries of the assailants and disputants the booming of the band, and the shuffling of the dancing filled the place. Two ladies of pliant virtue, most elaborately bedizened, attracted my attention. I saw them many times drinking neat brandy at the deck bow, with the usual consequences. Walter says that gambling is the chief vice of this place. If so, drinking is a good second.

Walter and I went on another expedition which occupied last Saturday afternoon and Sunday. This was of a far different character to the others, and one that I could wish you had joined us in. This was a pilgrimage to Adam's Toastr, Gordon's Grave. On Saturday afternoon we went


to Brighton Beach, and journeyed to the spot in the ti-tree scrub where rang the fatal shot which closed his mortal career. I took close note of the surroundings. We found that the cemetery was farther away than Walter had thought, and therefore this pilgrimage was adjourned to the following day. On Sunday we went back for North Brighton, and, after some trouble, we found the Banna ground, which is about two miles from the station. The country is very fine about here, and puts me a little in mind of New York as viewed from the Augusta Road. The cemetery is a large tract of land thickly covered with short gum trees, and gives no idea of its character till you are quite close to it. When you may see a white memorial gleaming here and there between the trees. After some search we found the grave in the Church of England section. It consists of a blue-stone base and pedestal from which springs a blue-tinted fluted column sheltered at the top, and bearing above it a large marble bay wreath. On each side of the base is a shield-shaped white marble tablet on the Northern one is inscribed in black letters "The Poet Gordon. Died June 24, 1870." On the West "Bush Ballads. Aged 37 years." On the South "Ashlaroth." On the East "Sea Spray and Smokey Drift."
monument is about 10 feet high. There is no railing of any kind round it; and there is a much worn foot track round the base—a silent memorial of the many who, led by various motives, have gazed upon the last earthly resting place of the Bard.

Wolfe was curious to know in the last way I took no part in the International Chess Match. For his information I may as well speak about this matter here. The Victorian Chess Association selected a number of players to practice for the match. I was one of these. The association at last decided upon 6 players, and the seventh one was left open.

The contest for this at last narrowed down to Kennel and myself. I defeated Kennel who retired without playing Stephen. In a series of games I played with Stephen. I defeated him at first at the rate of 2 to 1, but he bettered his position at the finish, although I still remained to the good, and I was made fully equal to have outmanoeuvred him. At this stage I became aware of a secret treaty between Stephen and...
The Association which was in the effect that it had all along been

cut and dried that Stephen would

play if he elected to without

regard to any reverse he might

sustain during practice. It struck

me that here was a very lively

state of affairs. Stephen had all

along intended to play; and I

had been only used much as

Daniel in the old Curiosity Shop.

used to use the wooden Admiral

—a block to chop at. To sharpen

the weapon of a player who all

along knew he would play whatever

I did with him. After this discovery

I retired. Esling and Stanley, two

players from the country who played

in the Match were much dissatisfied

at my not taking part; and a number

of the city players expressed the same

thing. The fact is Stephen is an

old member of the Melbourne Club

and has done much for Victorian

Chess and is very much liked. He

has played in these matches before,

and all these circumstances combined

with the fact that the Victorian
Association feel assured the other 6 players were so strong as to make a matter of indifference who we. The man was led to Stephen's admission to the list. Personally I am not much concerned about the matter. I believe Stephen is a good sort of fellow, and I was only annoyed a little at first by the suppression very which characterized the proceedings.

On my return from Geelong on Prince of Wales Birthday I went up to town and visited the Telegraph Office where the match was being played. I had to witness a very painful spectacle. This was between 10 & midnight. The last game to remain undecided was that between Wickre & Smith. Wickre was as drunk as a boiled owl and sat mumbling at his board with glazed eyes and open mouth. During the day he had a sort of game. Then he would have drawn easily. Finally he lost it; and notwithstanding his barefaced attempts in the appeal to explain away the matter, those who can read between the lines know what
paralyzed his hand. This is the second time he has served them so. I am very sorry. Why does the Demon Clutch so fiercely at those gifts seem so often to be bent with that Scepter? I have lately taken part at the request of a number of players in the formation of a club with the request that a club called the Victorian Chess & Draughts Club has been started, and they have done me the honor of electing me Vice-President. This club has two great objects— one to provide strangers with an Association which they have not at present—and the other to practically protest against the forming of cards with chess as at the Melbourne Club. The club will I think be a success. It has a splendid room, elegantly furnished, and is in the most central part of Melbourne.

My health remains good, but the hot weather for a whole week the week before last was a little trying.

Please remember me affectionately to Mrs. G and the Boys, and with kisses from Budder for always affectionately yours.