My dear Andrew,

I was reminded by a passage in a late letter from you to Walker that I owed you a letter. In this matter time fled by very quickly and at the time I was not sure who had written, although, of course, I do not now do I suppose, are you, affected by such a consideration.

You will pardon my referring to the weather. July has been a ruffianful month. The Doon of Manchester said he came out to get a look at the sun, but was not much qualified last month. Leadene skies and frost below wind storms have overhung and traversed Melbourne for 6 weeks past, and I am sensibly more cheerful since August has opened with a breath of Spring and Australia is once more commencing to justify Lord Macartney's phrase for her: "the radiant continent". I am Big on the mobility in this paragraph, but will be alarmed if my democratic principles have not by any means weakened since I have been in Victoria. Au contraire.
How much better than it can I turn my increased cheerfulness to a purpose than by writing to you, my dearest Padre? I do not know. And so it is I sat down to write with a humbling consciousness that I may be but little able to infuse into this pen and ink and paper what my heart would pain express.

I am glad to inform you that my physical health is good, save a cold which has harassed me off and on for some months. This bothers me much at times, but I have no positive illness from it. My mental state is also good, although there has been a much greater strain on me this year than last. The work is heavier at the office. I have to do a regular allowance of chess work (some) and I am paid for and some not - and I am paid for and some not, and I am paid for and some not - and I am paid for and some not - and I am paid for and some not. - Walter, with his usual kindness, will permit me to read literature and law when he has offered to read literature and law. I am about to settle a programme which I shall, with his help, try to follow up.
It may interest you to learn that the Victorian Chess & Draughts Club, in the foundation of which I took part, is in a very flourishing condition, numbering about 50 members, and rapidly becoming the chess resort of Melbourne. There is a handicap tourney going on at present in which Simpson & I are at scratch. Notwithstanding a heavy handicap I have preserved the leading position up to the present. The Melbourne Chess Club is in a sound and cordial condition, and they are now using every endeavor to induce our Club to amalgamate with theirs. Preserving the name of the Melbourne Chess Club there is likely to be a feint over this presently, but I feel pretty certain that our Club will decide to keep its autonomy. While on the subject of Chess, I may mention that I am in negotiation with Mr. Alfred Thorney of the "Federal Australian" to start a Chess column in that journal, and I expect a favorable answer this week and shall endeavor to get a couple of quires' space for the work at least. So much for the Royal Game.
On Wednesday evening 30th July a social meeting was held in a large room of the Co-operative Society in Collins St E. Mrs Turner filled the chair. The object of the meeting was to welcome Mr Walter and bid farewell to Mrs Webster on her retirement from her ministry. I went with F. G. to this meeting. I may mention that the latter has got very much work with the Webster and works with her in regard to the Australian Health Society and also the "Screaming Sisterhood" Rights Association - the "Kerbyourd" used to dub them.

About 300 people were present. From 7 to 8 o'clock was spent in general buzzing. At 8 o'clock Turner opened the ball with a short address in which he briefly touched upon the quarter of a century of Unlancamum in Melbourne. I wound up by welcoming Walter. The latter then addressed the meeting. Walter is about my age with rather a youthful look about him. He has a pretty fair head. The most peculiar appearance about his face is the under lip which shoots forward prominently. He has a good voice and clear style of delivery. The motion of being sincere and sympathetic was not introduced to him before this evening. Mr Turner introduced me as being one of a small
nucleus in Tasmania whose creed was in accord with Rational Christianity. I was also introduced to Mr. Walters. The fellow considerably surpassed me. Imagine a lady above the average height, almost as broad as she is long, with no suspicion of a neck at two well-defined chins. Altogether one who might explain with the lower disordered dome.

"Oh that this has too sound flesh would need!"

As becomes a corpulent person she appears agreeable and good humored, and short wound, and her black eyes are vivacious enough. When she put her hand in mine, on introduction, it was such a great soft wonder that I was almost tempted to squeeze it; but I didn't. I'm glad to say. It wouldn't do to start the new ministry with a scandal. The hint is respectfully requested not to laugh at all this.

Well—where were we? Oh! ah! Mr. Walters addressed the meeting. Among other things he said somebody in Scotland had recommended him to the Unitarian Committee here as a "go ahead" man, that they must recollect they had taken him on this; so that if, in the course of his ministry, he, in many matters of usage departed from the order & conservative side of Unitarianism,
he must plead the recommendation on which they accepted him as his justification. He alluded to the innovations he had introduced into the Church served as an evidence of the tendency of his thought. I may say, parenthetically, that I had noticed this. He has set himself to abolish all the expressions and which cluster the dogmas of popular Christianity. In pursuance of this idea he has determined to knock out most of the hymns that appear in the present book in use in the Church.

I am quite in sympathy with this movement.

Songs & recitations succeeded this address, & then a presentation was made to the speaker in the shape of a travelling bag accompanied by a very flattering and cordial address. My reply was great self possession & in very good terms, winding up with a quotation from old Wody where he does some shrewd work on something for a feeble old man:

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds With kindness still returning, Alas! the gratitude of men, How oftener left me mourning."
I was surprised when in conversation with the ex._missess. on the way to the railway station to find she misunderstood the meaning of the last line. I said to her, "I presume you meant it to be known that the gratitude & praise accorded made you sad in one way because you felt that your work had been for below meworth. What you could have wished it could be merit such expression."

To this pretty speech she said "Yes". It was while talking further of the lines that I happened to say the meaning apparently was that the effusive gratitude of the old man for the simple service rendered him made the poet sad because he reflected how comparatively rare side of kindness were when they could receive a gratitude in which appeared to lurk a surprise that the service had been rendered. She said the lines had not conveyed this meaning to her but that this apparently was the one intended. Mrs Webster informs me her departure for England will take place at the end of the year and she would be very glad to see you before she goes.
It may not be out of place here to make some comments on the figure Mr. Masters cuts in the pulpit. He has a pleasing appearance and a strong clear articulation. His mental requirements are displayed in a somewhat peculiar fashion. In conversation one evening I cut him off as "The Rev. Dr. Inverted commas". In my mind a great defect in his addresses is the persistent use he makes of quotations. He is quite catholic in the sources he appeals to—other Christian theologues; poetry by the bushel; novels, paganism, Buddhism, Confucianism, science, and above all, he can introduce a comic story in good style. Now, all this is very good; but it is not good when he brings his discourses with long personal places and endless poetic quotations. One of his addresses was nearly all Perquamation of Galatea: when he goes on to poetry he rips out stanza after stanza with terrific punctuality; and worst of all, he turns out all the old stagers. I feel sometimes as if I used to feel when a fossil fern smoked my long suffering appendix. There is one point, however, on which he-warms one. He evidently
Leavis a good deal to the doctrine that the comic is the divine. He quite approves to hear a gentle apple go round the Church at one of his sallies, and I feel inclined to cheer in with some applause. I maintain (call me risky!) that when a man handles the humorous very well on subjects that times when your ordinary cuss would never dare to touch it, it is a good sign that argues well for the health of his humanity. Why even some of those sorry sermon drones drons out in the orthodox pulpit would be bearables if they had some of the gentle glow of humor in the pure sparks of art, both of which assuredly derive their luminousness from "the light which never was on sea or land." Don't think that Walter is always reaching for the deep and wells. I think he is an earnest man; and that he meets with special favor from the cream of the Uncleam congregation. As a fact, more convincing than any praise or blame. When I next write I may write to you again on this subject.

Need I say how glad I was that
the 4th of July last was marked with another red letter. Both Walter & myself are proud to think we contributed a little to the success of the meeting. I was busy on the 4th & did not go to the American Joneul's reception. In truth, it is a dull business at the best. I know none of them, I listen to a few formal words, and swig some champagne, and then I go off into the unheedful crowds of the street, is depressing. Sufficient to say, I saw the Slavery banner waving over the turrets of Collins & Co. What I feel then cannot be appeased by official formalities. I feel something like Motley must have done when he defied anybody else to unburden himself to[1] Germany be shouted out through the doorway to the sleeping infant, "Richmond is taken."

I must end this long wounded epistle now, begging you to commend me to your honorable wife, and to below some oscillatory favors on her kinchins as from "Buddder Joe!" Unchamped regards to Willie Bobbie & lady. Tell Bobbie to write. General remembrances to Minnie's Club and really accept for yourself dear Bache the affectionate regards & remembrances of A. Livermon.
P.S. Number Two.

I have not yet read the book on Emerson which you have suggested to me to read. I have not forgotten it, however. I got the "Essay on Criticism" and read them with much enjoyment. It appears that you think "Château d'Espagne" more fitted for Walter than me.

But I have to try and possess myself of some of these seductive residences, nevertheless. I will not forget to look after Rosmini.

Tell Director I received his letter with much pleasure, and am glad he has not quite forgotten me.

Miss Thelma Ross called on me at the office last Saturday. She got my address from Walter. She looks well, and tells me she is going over at Xmas. Of course, she says I must come over.

By the way, has Silvadore turned up in Hobart? I interested myself with the Consul General here to assist him back to Tasmania. Poor Silvadore got fearfully wind up here.
I was glad I moved successfully in his behalf. The Consul General for Italy is the Marquis of de Goyzusta. It appears the "Marquis" took a bit of a fancy to me and sent an invitation through Salvatore for me to come and see him whenever I liked. Salvatore tells me he is a thorough believer in Mazzini and the Republic, and has little regard for titles. As I understand he is quite a parvenu, but I may be tempted to deal with him up as the Marquis is willing.

The Italians have just established a club here, and the French have a very strong one at the Cathedral Hotel. Where are your Chess Club meets?

P.S. No Bry. We are to be fitted - the small face has broken out in the heart of Melbourne, not from our office.

I send a photo of "Balmoral Place" which may interest you. Some of the lodgers are peddled - the first to the left on the top is a Scotch ditching surveyor. Then goes a Romach who, down below, has the tall figure leaning "shot". Then goes a Combachee, down below the half figure leaning with hands in his pockets is Mr. Blum, Blakein at the Indian Army, and next to him Weshope a young Englishman lately out from home.