My dear Mr. Clark,

The determination to write you has been among my good resolutions for some time past, and I must confess that I have been very remiss in carrying out my resolve. Lately I saw a letter from Andrew to McGill in which an interesting announcement was made affecting his marital relations, which prompted me to write to you at once.

Allow me to felicitate you and Andrew on the appearance of No. 5; and I sincerely wish that in the language of the newspaper notices, "mother and child are both doing well."
My information about the little stranger is very meagre, as it does not go beyond the fact that he is a boy. I am, therefore, boyed up with the hope that you will graciously give this exile a few further particulars as to his appearance and manners. I am also curious to know what you are going to label him, although, by my putting it in this way, you might incline to the idea that I thought he ought to be "Jammy". I am getting rusty on the subject of infants. I never hear their soothing cries; I never press my lips on their very damp mouths; I never show proud and rather anxious mothers what an adept an old "Bachelor" can be in the ancient art of "muzzling" like the little boy who fell out.
of the balloon, I am not in it. What remains? One must get something! I crushed my emotion on a poor monkey for some time. She was amiable and good looking, and by way of contrast I called her "Calvin." I had dreams about "Calvin," which I wrote in letters to the circle. Alas! Calvin died, and looked painfully like a dead baby when I buried her in the Cemetery alongside a who had gobbled his last a few days previously. Two Keys that Monkeys hide by side. The trust in the selfsame lock. Then came dead and silent grave. They were green and fierce. They were green and fierce. It came strangely one night as I was mooning by the fire in the setting moon. The came and sat by me on the beach. No one had seen beforehand. This is a profound thought.
respect this sable wonder, albed
I have misgivings. She has a fine
pedigree for she is descended from
the ancient Battleaxe, and she has
the wonderful power of getting
four feet into a yard! Often
we look up the fire together,
and sometimes she looks up and
slowly closes one eye at me
as much as he say, "Fine pictures,
aren't they? But it's only burning
cold coals and see how they all
go off in smoke. I know, I know.
I'm a wise cat I am!"

While I think about it I
must tell you a curious dream I
had last Wednesday night, the nature
of which may amuse you. I found
myself in a Leobard coming down
Kempden Road in a direction
which I have so often and
happily travelled, and when I
came opposite "Rosebank," I open
my steps and looked up at the
house. It had a strange
and the bends were all down, although it was daytime, and a dread came upon me that death had come to the house, but to whom I knew not. Then I noticed that some of the neighboring houses likewise had their bends down. At this moment a young woman came out and stood at the door of Hewitt's house, and I made towards her to ask her whether anything was the matter in your house. Just as I was crossing the street, the blind of the front window nearly the lane viewed backwards and I saw your face and it had a real good welcoming smile on it. I moved toward the
house with a strange sense of having been a long time away; and suddenly I saw you running down the steps and into the street, and your face had a girlish youth, and your hair floated round your head in wonderful profusion like one of Burne-Jones' heroines. You marvelled that I had been away so long, and seemed half amused at my constraint and hesitation; for I stood half happy, half indignant. At this point Mr. Jove suddenly appeared, and in a very kind manner, presented me with two very large loaves of bread, baked
in a curious twisted shape, and tied up in a large red cotton handkerchief. When he gave them to me he made a fuss which I may be pardoned for not recollecting. We then started a talk on Spiritualism in which you behaved a good deal more interest than Dr. Ivey who remained rather cynically at times. Then I found myself with Dr. Ivey alone, with a sense of being in Melbourne, and going to my office.
As I had now woke up into much lankaliveness, and walked very slowly, I had a sense of impatience because I thought it was late, approaching 3 o'clock, and the curious sounds which I heard seemed heavy. Suddenly I woke to realities, and heard the deep-mouthed bell of the South Melbourne Town Hall boom out the hour of 3 a.m.

3
I learn from all sources that the Winter has been a very bitter one in Tasmania this year. That succession of hard frosts unreheved by rain must have been terrible. Over here the weather from the beginning of June to the end of July was sufficiently frightful. The wet here is a muddled sensation, and wet and wintry Melbourne is the acme of misery. Then we had a number of extraordinarily thick fogs — sometimes of a mugal you had to absolutely feel your way about, and every passenger and every vehicle went at a funeral pace, and a change stillness reigned over everything. There was a highly fashionable complaint going about for a good time called the “Fog Fever” I did not get it; but if I ever I do I'll let you know the symptoms.
No. 2 Balmoral Terrace has no history and hence claims similarly.

circumstances are happy. The 5

maiden sisters (1) who rule our

destinies are particularly attentive

and agreeable, and everything is
done on a faulty liberal scale and

with great precision and neatness.

My fellow lodgers are 3 in number.

There are two ladies, one old lady

named Mrs. Thomas and her
daughter. Both of them are great

prietists of the Calvinistic type.

scheme protestants of the Orange
Society order. The daughter is a
good musician and fairly well
read but looks at liberal though

with a most consuming prejudice.

and as for the old lady – well,
she groans over me mostly.

Sometimes however, we have a
passage at arms when she waxed
a bit furious, and the daughter

chimes in too. This is warm work.
for me as I have no supporters—

some very hard things are flashed out on these occasions; but we
manage to remain on polite terms, for general purposes. The other
lodgers are a meretricious four, two engineers, an explorer, an
accountant, and an Englishman who
supervises sheep and stock sales.

the two last are peculiar individuals
and decidedly eccentric. The
accountant is a Melorian and
comes from a swell family at
St. Kilda. He is slightly deaf, and
makes a splendid variety of
dougy noises at meals and every
other time. One of his favorite
diversions is to suddenly stand on
his head, straight up against the
wall of the room. He plays the
flute well, and sways a good deal.

This posture is strong and immobile,
and worries the explorer (who
is a Scotchman) excessively—so much
so, that he goes out and explores
for some "whiskey."
On Sundays the singing and music are strictly sacred, the sitting room being principally devoted to Moody & Sankey. However, we get along pretty well occasionally there is a "kick-up" in the shape of a party, and a lot of maids and maids' men and music and dancing and drinking go far into the night - there are plenty of humors in these scenes.

I have been very little out of Melbourne since I came back from Hobart. The trip to Ballarat was an extremely enjoyable one.

I regret that McNeil's state of health does not permit him to go abroad much, and this has prevented several little trips which would have refreshed us both up. The next place I meditate going to is Busselton as far as Narooma where I have a paternal uncle who I think knows nothing of my existence either here or anywhere.
From certain enquiries I have made I am led to believe that he is a good sort of fellow, but that his wife is a dragon—a pamphilious dragon. How long are these dreadful people to best the sunlight?

Miss Hill here had a letter in the literary way. She has been fortunate enough to attach the attention of a Dr. W. H. Adams at present of the Sydney University. This gentleman is a highly cultivated individual and an intimate friend of Matthew Arnold. He wrote spontaneously to her, and she has allowed me to read some of his letters. Something in her writings has highly attracted him, and he evidently intends to stand by her. I am glad of this, because she has hitherto been very lonely and neglected in her literary endeavors.

I want you to administer a blow up to Brother William Burn for his extreme relinance in his...
Last letter home, on the subject of the 4th July dinner. It was dreadfully scrappy. Walter and I were looking out for quite a good time when we got the report, but we left off the personnel very hungry. The secret of interesting one placed as I am is to talk of matters which appear to you very ordinary and valueless for a letter. This helps take a pellet. When the new boy has a gigantic cry on a certain evening when W.H.B. is at Chestville it hero to be immediately sent for and made to nurse that boy. That’s the way to heal an uncommunicative wound.

Of myself I have not much to tell you. My health in the main, keeps up very well, and the climate appears to agree with me. About a month ago I went up with my fellow lodger, Mr. Explore to have a Turkish bath.
to see what effect it would have on a wound that had been haunting me for some time. On being weighed after the bath and without any clothes on I
weighed the scale at 11st 21 lb. In view therefore, of the time when I must to partake once more of your hospitality, I would be
advisable to have a [p. 5] semi-circle sawn out of the dining room table on the immediate left-hand
of Andrew's seat. One of the new features in my life here is that I generally go to Church on a
Sunday at the morning. Our
Archdeacon Mr. Watters is very active 'just now'. For the morning service he has commenced a series of
addresses beginning with the Creation. Beyond the fact that Mr. J. M. Webster
arrived safely in London I have nothing to report of news. You will
do not know that Mr. Bann is
about to leave Sydney for England.
I want you to convey Buder Joe's love to Emmy and Alix. If I were to send it to Lon he would probably have a very vague idea of what it all meant. Nevertheless I send it to him. Please tell them I did not feel able to write them something this time, but I hope to do so next time. Hoppie Simpson is quite well. I had a new sweetheart lately. She came and stopt with her aunt at the house for a good time. Her name is Birdie Carpenter. She is about as old as Hoppie. She has a very fair complexion. Her hair is almost white. She has left us now and I can feel alone once more with the shade of Colton.

Give my kind regards and remembrances to the Macmillans and to others who may give me a midnight sometimes. Give the same to Brothers Baulie & William and tell the latter I shall answer his last welcome letter now. With unchanged feelings towards you and Andrew. Believe me with best wishes for your health.

With affectionate regards,

[Signature]
Just as I am about to post this I am in receipt from Andrew. As a partial reply to his I enclose a receipted bill of Maxwell & Co., publishers. Please tell him I have enquired at Dullens about Gesta Christi, and on looking over their books of humour, they found they have some at a reduced price. They have copies for sale at the higher price, 12s. So no moan at this present.