My dear Andrew,

I arrived safely at the Wharf at noon yesterday. The trip across was an exceptionally fine one. With the exception of some rolling off the southern part of the Island, the weather all the way was quite smooth.

We would have been up at the Wharf earlier but there was a detention at Williamstown. We lay along side the Orient Steamer "Baronne" for about 3 hours and discharged a quantity of cargo into her, amongst which was 319 cases apples for London shipped by Mr. Hugh and Macfadden. I saw Humphries, the Immigration Agent on board the other steamer, "Trent" all over her, really fine ships they are.

The weather rather raw then when we commenced the navigation of the famous water-muds and stinks of the Harris ditch. Walter met me at the Wharf, and accompanied me here, where I occupy Room No. 121. I pay 15/- a week not including meals which also appear very perfect. I went with Walter to his office and afterwards had lunch with him at the Temple Court Hotel.

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He then showed me over the new buildups called Seldon Chambers, where he has his office and also over Bank Place and Temple Church and other "dusty parts of the law". After this we reached the Courts in Chancery St. Williams was presiding in the Criminal and checksum the Crown Prosecutor was speaking. As the 8 J. Holroyd and Higginsbotham were on the bench in the same another court sitting in Lornace and Mammorial. The 8 J. has a very good face and of course I was prepared to find Higginsbotham what he appears, a gentlemanly and refined looking man. He looked very much like portrait in Stettingen but of course older. Holroyd appeared to have a perpetual plastered face of kind of amused grin all over his face. That code breaks these Courts are! Sweating through long tropical days in these stuffy and dingy places where Judges and Counsel and Jury and Witnesses and Spectators appear to be all jammed together à la Sardines. After this we paid a flying
visited the Public Library just to
gain an idea of the extent of the
place with its magnificent reading
room and galleries etc. We then
hotted around a few of the Streets,
during the block en route, in Collins
St at 4 p.m. Walter lives in
Benalla St Palmer about 7 or 8 miles
out. We went down by train at
5.30 p.m., and I spent a very pleasant
evening with him and his people.
They all look very well, but the
unfortunate trip to Sydney pulled them
down considerably, and Walter tells me
they are not nearly so well as they were
before that event. I returned to town
by the 10.20 train, Walter prepared for
me a meal which prepared for
me I piloted my way to theervens.
This is better than picking up bottles &
and it is savory to ask where home
is. It makes one feel mean.
I am going this morning by myself to
St Kilda, and in the afternoon to some
more town and law courts. Walter is
engaged in Court to-day on some appeal
case. On picking him up I go to his
house again this evening. This Melbourne
is certainly a city. It exceeds my
anticipations. This Broadmeagre place
I am staying in is enough by itself to occupy one's attention for some time. Such meanderings of corridors and doors and bath-rooms, ye, and stairs and more stairs and lifts and rooms with white caps and black gowns on, and more stairs, and colossal dining-rooms, and not control with the meanderings above; they seem to carry it down to innumerable regions below the sheet level. Truly, I wonder. The weather I believe is considered pretty warm, but I am little affected by it.

Walker is just the same old sort, and appears in fair health; but his health is uncertain, and he takes medicine every 3 hours during the day. He seems much pleased at my arrival, I will write you again directly. I feel very well both mentally and bodily.

Give my kind regards to Mrs. G., and the Misses H. I saw the farewell flutters of pandion birds at Rosebowl. I felt very weak just then, kiss the kinchins for me. My love to Willie, and Edard and George, and to yourself, my dear padre.

Your affectionate, 

[Signature]