My dear Padre,

It is the summer solstice in Victoria — my also called solstice. I don’t happen to know. There is very little suggestive of it here except what the beachhut demands clap into your lemon squash, or your claret & lemonade or ginger ale & whisky or porter & quin.

Oh lord! and of hot. I think I could drink anything now except the Cascades Dandelion Ale. What except the bacon Mary of the Albert Park “Goo”! Bring butter, sweet chuck, the largest pewter allowed by the Act, and I will get outside of it with unspeakable celebrity. Hee! 'tis much better! And now my blody pen let me clutch thee
with preserving bunch of fucos, and administer some pot-hocks and hangovers to old Ricks.

And me see - that shall I dab at first?

Ah, happy thought! - I wonder how the others feel this weather! - This leads me to the Church - since was I could fan out much to say about the Church - I saw Dr. Webster & John the day before they left - Mrs. Webster said she would write you from London.

Poor F.G. so rather disconsolate at Mrs. W.'s departure.

There is no doubt that Mrs. W.'s house had become much attached to her. F.G. tells me that the priestess took her hands and kissed her and had tears in her eyes when she left her. It is a come out for her isn't it? It may be so unimpassioned, and she will probably accompany you on further needs to Melbourne, when the priestess is there and see that your work is conducted according to Chinese Mythology and talk so restricted to Chinese Mythology and such like dry but safe subjects. The only way out of this difficulty is that I must acquire a large experience in glass and chinei-ware and
fears, for strategical purposes. Mrs. Turner is still after me for the purpose of reading a paper at the Unitarian Social Union; but I have successfully eluded her up to the present. Mrs. Turner is a nice woman, and I am sorry that her in one sense commendable enthusiasm should have the effect of depriving me of her society. Watts is going to deliver a number of literary lectures on weekdays. Did I tell you that Watts' Reave occupied the pulpit some weeks back one Tuesday evening and gave 2 hours of dramatic and other readings? I went to this; and, on the whole, was very well pleased.

No. 2 Balmoral Terrace has somewhat altered in its style under the new regime. The Misses Carpenter conduct it in splendid style, so far as board and lodging are concerned, and most of the lodgers, however are Wesleyans. They regard an Unitarian with great suspicion, and they regard an Unitarian with great suspicion, and they regard an Unitarian with great suspicion. Sunday is now observed in the good old style; slow and soul-keeping hymns are heard all the afternoon, and out of deference to their prejudices (sincere enough, and with evident reason) I have to do my cheese-work in their very own room. The secular solitude of my bedroom
I am sorry to say Walter's health is still unsatisfactory. He suffers greatly from insomnia. The effects of this, combined with bile and a ragged beard that he so allows to spread, invest him with a kind of suffocating pathos. I must try and shake him up a bit.

Give my dutiful love to Mrs. Black and inform the Kinclums that I have them at heart, and them a liberal allowance of kisses. My love to Willie and Robbie, and remember me to Ivey, Hector, etc.

This is a very thin kind of letter, but it will serve for awhile. In the meantime don't forget me.

With affectionate regards and with the enclosure for further expression of my feelings towards you. I am ever affectionately yours,

[Signature]