

St Andrew's Hotel, Nicholson St,
 Fitzroy, Melbourne. 1 Oct 1877

My dear Andrew,

At the first opportunity I write you at some length respecting your contribution to the pages of the Melbourne Review & as to other matters. I told you in my last that I sent your Article to the Editor at once. After many ineffectual attempts to see him personally I wrote & after some days received the note which I now enclose. It tells its own tale & does not leave me much to say. It seems favorable & I am sure that I need not say that I hope & expect the result to be ^{satisfactory} ~~favorable~~. He (the Editor) seems a courteous gentleman. I wrote him very fully & expected upon your position, abilities & attainments.

I ought not to have commenced upon these earthly sheets of paper for I shall not have time to fill them up. Things are not going badly with me but I am very far from thinking of remaining quiescent, - "enamoured" though I am of Melbourne. Perhaps you may be surprised to hear of my latest design - which is shortly this. As soon as the ^{NSW} Sydney Court sits in Bancs, I am going to Sydney to be admitted (This will be about the commencement of next Dec). This having been

Accomplished I return to Melbourne & proceed to
N. S. W. as soon as possible, making a start
at Hillston, a place some distance from Hays.
All this ~~is~~ is in cooperation with a dear
friend of mine named Whiting, - of whom you may
have heard Goddham speak, - my bosom friend
& greatest solace here - The scheme is a nice one,
carefully prepared & elaborated, but God knows
whether anything will come of it. (Hang it!
here come some noodles to disturb me, but I
must needs go on.) I am so tired of my
life that I am perfectly indifferent as to
the result & simply act from a sense of duty.
Oh Andrew, my dear friend, I am so changed
& saddened that I seem to move through life as
in a dream. The effect is not altogether a bad
one - I am much kinder than I used to be & am
more modest & my rule of life is reduced to
this, - to do the best I can for my fellow men
& to hope (if I can use such a word) for the
best. So much then for my settled & unchangeable
materialistic ~~no~~ notions - But to return to
sober facts.

I do not think I shall see Tasmania
for years (do not mention this) - Of course I
grieve at this but it is unavoidable - Fate,
hard Fate, has done this & I must submit
uncomplainingly - My life is a sweet hard &
labourous one - I often wonder how I got thro' my

work, but I do so somehow— ~~But~~ I am determined
no longer than I can help to be the slave of other
men though the effort for freedom should end in
~~my~~ ~~dis~~ comforture—

And how is it with you & my other dear
friends in Tasmania? Well, I trust. It seems so
strange that I should love you so dearly when
absent & that I could but imperfectly understand
you when I moved in your actual society. Do
write in me in detail as to your prospects, aims
& doings— I heard from Jove lately & I am
rejoiced to find he is doing well & is perfectly
happy— God bless him— I do suppose I shall be
hearing from dear old Witten soon— Did Mike
agit Cellus? Oh, what about your renounced
visit to Melbourne? Wasten it if you can,
for I may never see you again—

Passing to lighter themes, I have been undergoing
a change in my love affairs;— if I can use
a word so foreign to my blasé existence.
Some months ago a young lady came up from
Melting & made a decided "bet" at me— I took
little notice of her & thought nothing of the
matter but she has just completed another
visit to Melbourne & showed plainly enough
that her liking had increased. We passed some
pleasant hours together & this time I did warm
up to a little animation, but the feeling is rapidly
passing away. She is a dear little girl & so much

too good for me & nothing can come of it (as I
told her) She is not pretty but good, refined,
& true hearted. & it is rumoured is wealthy, - a
fact that by no means endears ^{her} me to her
The 'other' one has long since ceased to be more
than a friend to me - My hour has not yet
come, for like ^{was} a Mr Holmes says, "I love all
women" (Of course, purely) - But what rubbish is
this -

I don't think I have got any more
to say - Please remember me kindly to all
old friends, Frodo &c - I think I told you
that I wrote to Moriarty - Things seem
to be looking up in Tasmania, - I hope so for
all your sakes. I am always glad to get
Tasmanian papers especially if they contain
any local news & I am almost tired of seeing
~~nothing~~ ^{nothing} that if I can do anything
for any of you over here I shall be
delighted - Oh, by the way, you can see
my brother & tell him that I have not
forgotten his letter & to morrow is positively the
first opportunity ^{I have had} of making certain enquiries,
& say, please, that this has arisen from my
present duties taking me completely away from
the office where I could make those enquiries. I
will write him very shortly.

Good night - old friend, & write quickly
I believe me to be more than ever
Your faithful & affectionate friend
W. Lloyd

C.4/105 (enc.)

Yonick Club -

27. 9. 77.

Dear Sir -

I received Mr. A. Inglis Clark's contribution but too late to make use of it for the forthcoming (October) Number of the Melbourne Review. As that number is now in the Press I have not had an opportunity of reading Mr. Clark's article, but if he will leave it a while with me, I will communicate with you as to whether we could use it for the January Number.

As you mention payment, it will be necessary for Mr. Clark to state what value he sets upon his article as our ~~practice~~ ^{arrangement} varies with every contributor.

I may add that many of our public men require payment and that as a rule we pay only professional journalists & regular contributors.

Yours faithfully A. P. Martin.

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