Dear Andrew,

I have only time to write you a comparatively short letter as like yourself I will go in for a long one in the holidays. By the way I do half a mind to commence this letter. Did you think I'd let 3 or 4 days go by with- tell me if either my sister or the parcel was coming?

However, regarding you just got away in time to avoid being fixed. We are in the midst of it now as I write the thermometer in my room registers 88°, at the office it was 88° in the shade and this is nothing to what is coming. I like this weather I like to see this city in it. The heat seems to stimulate the people into activity. The approach of Xmas enlivens us greatly. The hot while streets are full of blazing light and a feverish dust, but thank goodness there's not a breath of air.

I was afraid you would have a stormy unpleasant Xmas but you can afford laugh at the remembrance of it now.

The little details of our lodgers may amuse I hope but I don't expect you to be interested in them as you have mixed with the masses they are done there's something more to you than mere names. They all behave to be remembered kindly. Mac xxx got better but last night he told me it was recommencing. The other fellows are just the same.
We have 2 arrivals since you left - Col. Tennant's
collins (brother of Col. Cek at Richmond, Va.)
& O'Connor. The latter is an old friend of
mine & decidedly above the others; he has
at least culture to a certain extent.
"Fish!", you exclaim, "What about those
books?" All, yes, I remember - I have
stolen all your instructions literally - I called
on Miss Turner, with ma sœur, yesterday
afternoon and an hour or two after that,
found her what I expected - earnest, quiet,
reserved even, thoroughly kind -
I am to see her again tomorrow, but after
the Steamer goes, I get from her that
Hornbook which I did either send by
mail or by my sister, who will arrive
in 1001 days by the trip of the "Grose", after
"The one that brings you this," he continued,
"is charming" Parker & Co and she gave me
an "American Sketchbook," outlines, essay
"Sermons" & all of which I will send
by my sister - among them you will
find one, Religion as affected by modern materialism by the Rev.
J. Maclaren, very interesting. The Theoretical
Review - 2 numbers of which she handed me
is an "American production - It cannot be
won in Melbourne - nor can the Studies of
Orthodoxy" (I suppose at Robertson & Co.)
I too have dropped into the old groove in the way of life reading - I got thru',
the books to I returned you. By dint of reading at home & at the office - I have
made moderate progress with Whitman (of whom more hereafter) I got half way
through Nov. work, -while I like very much & prepare yourself for - an oriole's
calls "pinga" which is not at all bad - in her peculiar style - I read it because I saw in the argus a long
Clique in it, whereas it was stated that it contained some fine word painting
- some Ruskin-like Sketches - all this I found to be true.

I hope you will be able to get thru'
the Newcome - I'm sure you must admire
the Tender grace, the humour, half-true,
half-serious, the unobtrusive scholarship,
the deep knowledge of human nature - and
naturalness - and the kind almost homely
Tenderness - which seem to me to feature
this 'cosy' page - the dear red colonel, brown-
hearted clive, charming Ethel - but only
particularism? The whole book promised me
a deep underpinning of many a pleasant
reminiscence.

I felt very odd after you left - was
perhaps a little uneasy - I have experienced
I spent a most delightful evening at Mr. O.

I spent a most delightful evening at Mr. O.

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