

2 Balmoral Terrace  
 St Vincent Place S  
 S. Melbourne  
 21 Febry 1884,

My dear Padre,

It is the summer solstice  
 in Victoria - My it is called solstice I don't  
 happen to know - there is very little  
 suggestive of ice here except what the  
 benching barmaids clap into your lemon  
 squash, or your claret & lemonade or  
 ginger ale & whisky or porter & gin!  
~~it is a~~ genus omne - Oh ho! aint it  
 hot. I think I could drink anything now  
 except the Cascades Dandelion Ale - What  
 ho there! my barcom Mary of the Albert  
 Park "boo"! Bring hither, sweet chuck, the  
 largest pewter allowed by the Act, and  
 I will get outside of it with unspeakable  
 celerity - Ho! - that's much better! - And  
 now - my hasty pen let me clutch thee

with keeping bunch of fives, and administer  
some pot-herbs and hangings to old Padre

Let me see - what shall I dab at first?  
Ah, happy thought! - I wonder how Mrs Walters  
feels this weather! - This leads me to the  
Church - I could fan out  
a good deal when I struck a theological  
patch - that time isn't now - I have not  
much to say about the Church - I saw Mrs  
Webster & John the day before they left - Mrs  
Webster said she would write you from London.

Poor J.G. is rather disconsolate at Mrs W's departure.  
There is no doubt that Mrs W ~~has~~ had become  
much attached to her - J.G. tells me that the  
Priestess took her hands and kissed her and  
had tears in her eyes when she left her  
Quite a come out for her! isn't it? It may  
somewhat startle Madame to find the Priestess can  
be so impressionable, and she will probably  
accompany you on further visits to Melbourne  
when the Priestess is there and see that your  
talk is 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 china-ware and

forms, 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 - Waeters is going to deliver  
a number of literary lectures on weekdays.  
Did I tell you that Herbert Reeve 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.  
They and most of the lodgers, however are Wesleyans  
and they regard an Unitarian with great misgiving -  
Sunday is now observed in the good old style;  
Abody and Sunkeip hymns are heard all the afternoon -  
and out of deference to their prejudices (sincere enough  
in their way no doubt) I have to do my chess-work for  
the next week's header, in 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 is allowing to sprout invest him with a kind of sufficient pathos. I must try and shake him up a bit.

Give my dutiful love to Mrs Clark & inform the Kinchins that I have them at heart and them a liberal allowance of kisses - My love to Willie & Dobbie, and remember me to Dvey, Hector & ec.

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

With affectionate regards and with the enclosure for further expression of my feelings towards you I am  
Dear Padre

Ever affectionately yours  
A. G. N. How