

55 William Street.

Melbourne 13th Oct 1886

My dear Andrew,

I was very pleased to get your letter and to learn that you all arrived alive and kicking and in good form. Your stay was all too short and I would have liked you to have stopt a little longer. However, if Madre and you enjoyed yourselves and find yourselves benefited by the trip nothing further need be said.

I was very much troubled with my precious liver after you left and saw Dr. Duret about it and he pronounced it to be inflammation. Acting on his advice I have knocked off drinking anything but hot milk & water and claret and made innocuous in my diet. I am better now, and hope to remain so.

Poor old Waeter is about
again and in harness.
He looks pale and invalidish,
but his manner is lighted,
and his spirits are higher
than eretwhile. There is no
doubt that the operation was
too long deferred, and hence
its severity. There is every reason
to believe that he will now
be restored to his old self
so far as physical renovation
can do it. This I trust will
be accompanied by the
extirmination of the mental
bogies that have beset him.

Dave has obtained a
situation in Reuter's Telegram Coy.
If he gives satisfaction he will
be transferred to Sydney in a
few months at a higher screw.
He starts at £75.
I saw Tom Grodsham today.
He has come over for his wife
and family. He returns to Morocco.

The Prod has opened an office
at 149 Philip St Sydney; but his
operations, as usual, are involved
in mystery - Philip St is not
much of a situation for a legal
office, but I suppose that matters
little in this case. Poor Munchausen!
he's a terror isn't he? W. Clarke
and his family are evangelical
and conservative. The Prod favors
them with Sydney Bulletins which
are handled as it were with
longs and sent out of house,
in the family pig-stub. He is
regarded as the wicked man
who has not yet turned away
from the wickedness which he
has committed.

Your description of the spring
flora of our native land was
tempting. It is an event for
me to see blossoms now
except prog-blossoms, and they are
much about in this favored land!
I have found out some trees
in bloom, and some lilac,
and made an occasional

pilgrimage there, and then I could
sing the refrain 'of the latest
Salvation Army ditty

"O for a prop-

O for a prop-

O for a prop-

O for a proper caper!!

With a waving of handkerchiefs,
a tremolo of tambourine intermittent
blast of a brass band and a
waving of blood & fire banners
this is very effective, and calculated
to pluck the foreskins from combustion.

Thanks very much for the registers.
It savors of old times when I
found myself reading this fine paper.

I am proud to find the boys
were "profuse in their enquiries"
about me. I hope you succeeding
in impressing upon them that
to them at least I am unchanged.
If that wretched Benedict whose name
bequeas with a B doesn't wattle up
from the haze of his felicity and
answer my last letter why - but
words fail to express the ^{memorandum}
of the course I shall take -

Trusting that Madie does not ^{forget}
often for the ^{love} ^{of} ^{the} ^{children} ^{and} ^{that} ^{you} ^{hear}
too frequently for a rule on the ^{subject} ^{believe} ^{me}
with love to all ^{our} ^{affection}