Dear Clark,

I don't think me lazy ungrateful or unkind. Believe me, I am none of these—I am simply very low-spirited, totally unsettled. I know I have no business to be bothering you with these seditious offerings, but if I don't do so, there would be nothing to write about. You are very frequently in my thoughts—always in my warm regard. Often on my lips. I would not lose your friendship, which is at once a source of pride, pleasure, but I am sure you can have little or no sympathy with my present depressed frame of mind. Impatiently you ask, 'What on earth am I doing now?' Nothing. I mere idle. Only the fact that he has a bell to meet in a few days. So earthly frustrated of doing it only that he is confused, unsettled, with prospects vague & aspirations dimmed. That—oh hang it!

Before I go further, I must first thank you for your last long kind letter & accompanying gift. Oh, dear friend, you would have understood me a little better had you guessed half the feelings, emotions, that a perusal of your epistle called forth. I cannot analyze these feelings of pride, friendship, sympathy, sense of loss. But the predominant sentiment was one of surprise. I feel myself a fraud. That had I done to deserve kindness at your hands? I felt humiliated. If there be any good qualities in—my nature, God knows I seem.
to have done all in my power to keep them hidden from you—
not showing up the word phase— Well, this I knew. That comes, what
may, I will always endeavour to keep a place in your regard
and to perfect the opinion which—right or wrong— you entertain of
me. As to 'Nelgood in' I read it with great carnal interest. Doing
like it, but after all it's a fraud—at one sense—These are the
pure thoughts we ought to have these not. Doubtly, it shows up
conventional Christianity—it points out the gentle life. It is written
forcibly yet delicately. But the real purpose for which—I suppose—it was written is disguised—Starting with a vividly natural picture
such as must not ones attention fail forth thought in the most thoughtless—it gradually leads up to the picture of pure Christianity—silently
drawing morals pointing out errors. But have we come to this?
That our religious stomachs are not strong enough to bear our
mental food: in our old homely form of homily sermon that
we must have our mental food tabulated served up in the form
of a novel—disguised—grounded, till at last we find to our
surprise that we have really been enticed into reading some—
thing Religious? Does not this in itself contain a confession of
weakness, does it offer another concession to thought, does it not
impliesly admit that all our fireproof formulas of impression
nearly clear, if not wrong, at least unmitigable. Perhaps we
the reader seems to start with the feet staked on his mind that
it will not do to write in the old style; that the characters must
be too goody's but gradually he does do this, until the does he
with our attention, henching, our interest—but Christianity that which
also get too good we at last come to endure them good humour.
The same trait of care, characterizing most of the works one sees. There seems to be so much spirit lavished on many objects on which there can be employment. It seems so hard to get that there is no time to spare for trifling. There seems to be a great deal of superabundant energy, in Melbourne—one reason seems to be that a great deal of their energy is transitory. The number of people who come to Melbourne, only to make their home there for a brief period. While the fleeting population in here they show all their energy in the book they leave behind only to leave it there a place for by fresh arrivals.

The heart of speech is this—two sequences:

Hen of the roost, therefore tends to the ordinary domestic type, convert the sound by sheer energy a dwelling, affable, culture refinement above all sensibility seems ready to reform their profession. There is no doubt that Melbourne is a remarkable political example—statesmanship is unknown or more clearly it is fostered. The career of some of the most prominent political men strikingly illustrates this—take Casey, the present Minister of Lands—a man whose political power is almost supreme perfectly for example—He is one of the many whose career have been from first to last adventurous. He started as a reporter. Being gifted with ruthless adaptability. He hated of diet eating, rose rapidly. He is not intellectual. But gifted with the energy and an appropriate understanding of the right thing at the right time. Making his opportunity he was admitted to the Bar—and a time when and when the almost a matter of form the profession but lightly desired into popular part. Or brought him into power. From this, he has, with varying fortune, always had a prominent place in the political world. Of course, the present winner, Herford, are two more instances. Enough of course you know the rest.

Another example who the like is Wacker, has never held a brief to discuss in the profession of which he is a formula. One the head of another aristocracy—one of those aristocratic fellows who freely use power through the thoughts of fashion to seduce people. 

Holy, bareness in obscurity of the properties—the social moral laws are strictly violated—saddle is fashionable, the modern race takes but at the theater, the limited jobs are the most sought after. Wilkinson
y very life - decides prostitution are two striking instances of the feverish haste in which life goes by - in Melbourne - Intemperance also is general - fashionable - the female position are in excessive immorality - It is imitable to see this in all grades of society - the fact forces itself upon the silent observers attention - with painful distinctness - you can scan the girls of Myths of the married women up in these woods - pale sickly graceful fashionable - cool - blissful - of course there are exceptions but they are few - only lend to show their failing sister faults in darker colors -

There are many redeeming features here - You see every phase of many sided human observation - strengthen the peculiar - Above all you can be thoroughly independent - keep yourself aloof from all that goes on around you - I am peculiar that this is the working man home - the true field for enterprise - industry - But Melbourne is not it - apparently she has her sudden rise - rapid career of prosperity - is the accidental discovery - of gold - That precious metal made Melbourne - how she sprang to favoring this her great resource is it almost at a discount - Has the other sources of Revenue on which to fall back -? Apparently not - Neither the agricultural nor the pastoral interests are flourishing - if they were could she maintain her stead - fixed position - The Ginon is peering with its land in see to the usual reckless style - Insurance trusts are being brought up by land speculation - dummy land is life - In fact all the Ginon laws being designed that it calculated that in less than 8 years all the available (I mean of any value) land - that will have been alienated - Trade is stagnating - Capital idle - Intemperance is disgusting - the Manufactories their benefit do not increase - in the ratio it is expected they would - the effects of a thorough Protection policy are being beginning to show themselves very plain - of course I mean these remarks to apply to Victorian -

Religion is at a very low ebb - that miserable most abject - organize the Church of England is very - very weak - I thought -
cynicism are the distinctive marks of the Federacy, the fear of losing, seems to entertain in his "Rocky Road" as to the future religion or civilization would of the Middle Classes would seem to be very true in their application as to Melbourne.

Another feature is that you can get rid of the city's influence as readily after your days lost in the busy life is over (once out of the city street) you can return to your quiet retreat. Depend upon it, you are a good and free will undisturbed alone.

It seems as strange to me who was never happy but in Tom that for five weeks I have seen the city by night.

I am no saint—just the same as I am still fairly to the glass—the glass. But I am questioned, saddened, healthier of better than I have been for some years past.

One good lesson at least that I am learning is how to distinguish the true from the false friend. In ordinary acquaintance form a hundred quiet. In the matter of friendship I find as you know—impulse. Now this mistake is clear: I made many friends but few true ones. One only finds this out by experience. I must say it is a very bitter experience. The trust in a fellow mortal, love, throws him, breaks his good opinion in fear to offend him. But (his are of testable) little by little your ideals lose his influence. They have you find him to be but clay, clay of an ordinary kind. You waken his feelings, weaknesses, meanness, wonder every day the more and more truth a certain sense of wounded pride disappointing how you could have ever trusted or honored this man. We are slow to learn in this respect—detest or nurse from the first instance—but as the fact keeps recurring our sense of distrust, disappointment, increase, it seems to us to make us lose our faith in man. We grow reserved, selfish, acquiring typically withdrawing more and more into our selves and closed humanity from more or less a" stand-off" heart of ours. Still there is an insidious feeling haunting us that tells us that this strange state of feeling is unhealthy but we hesitate to go confound us with this struggle between our yearning to love our fellow man with the cold-reeling fact that experience gets to mind. I know of nothing or expedient to mentally accept or find in the present. Really, overcome him coldly mentally, met his objections there at him inside as
The quiet of our lodging house has recently been broken by the arrival of two new lodgers—both professors—in their way one is Fred Edward of London University and the other is Mr. Fletcher, one of the Masters of Newbury College. A young quiet gentleman with that curious composite manner that characterizes the intellectual man—combined with a sort of private eccentricity. These are the sort of substitutes that I can trust to the friends of old. Here I am tempted to go off into a long address "moan" but I control myself—proceed.

In justice to myself I must mention one fact—when I have done this I can leave many excuses unmade. I trust to your natural delicacy and kindness to condone what might otherwise appear in light of brevity of faults on my part. I allude to my sister—my old brother. I defy the evidence between us having regard to our respective incomes. My share is already heavy—thus I get troubled and it is said before now already in the dregs of debt. For this I do not reprehend merely mention it—en confidence for the reasons above.

I am all behind in my correspondence owing 9840 & Coffee, May 2, 1810 as Mr. Hilton sent me. I am quite kind and interesting letter, dwelling your recent doing more especially with reference to the Americans—Ah! dear friend, it chanced to tell me. In fancy I was with you—facing the well-known fountain with the famous old gnomes indited on every word. I generally feel more dependent after reading Hilton letters—he draws such vivid pictures that my sense of loos is always keenest after these peculiar other things and this feeling. I miss the long sail, I cannot take the proximity of the sea. Here we have no opportunity like this. Do not holidays
So you do think too that it is a mistake to avoid any writing of the epistolary form in a work of this sort? I have often noticed in many an interesting work that one feels inclined to break down at these abominable letters—They always seem unnatural and very often dull.

The only exception I have yet met with has been in Thackera.

Here I am writing on Religion—a subject I have, as I told you, been brooding on. Having got so far, I may as well say frankly that having read I thought a good deal on the subject lately, the last faint relics of my enthusiasm have crumbled away, and I have become as bad (can you credit it) as the rest of my brethren. All I have to say in my defence is that I have come to mistrust the idea of honest thought with a certain sense of regret, perhaps, too.

I tackled the Treasury directly. I always feel ashamed of myself if I do not have a periodical "plug" at Roman or Gracian alike. And I can honestly say that I am always the better for it. Perhaps I do it out of a sense of duty, perhaps because when pursuing some old Horace or poring over grand old Homer, I vividly recall days when work was on se. a course of pleasure, some enjoyment—when there was such a thing as enthusiasm here to simple. To me, now, every change to cut cela. It is a very much doubt if we assessment the better for it.

I want to get rid of myself for a while that the rest of letter show you that I don’t like this namby-pamby sort of sickly sentimentation I have been indulging in far too much lately. Upon my word, when I think of the "selecting, rubbish" I have forwarded both your Atton lately I am ashamed of myself. After the next paragraph, then, let the individual coffee.

Indeed, worse, I am discontented because I am poor too other with abilities better than my own getting on as well as round me to am unsettled because I cannot make up my mind whether to remain in Melbourne and use my time for a good cause or to take the chance of immediately adding myself to one of the upcountry, satirising which...
After this the pronoun 'I' has no particular bearing on my own case unless by way of introduction or example.

I have now been 8 months in Melbourne and about 6 months in London. I have formed some prominent views on the place the people. But I should be far from being certain of my opinions as I was 6 months ago. Not even being able to make up my mind whether I like it or not. (Advantages at least are equally weighted.) One thing however that strikes me prominently is, the haste that characterizes everything you see in almost everything. You see it in the morning as you pass down the streets, noticing how old and young, male, female, clerks, all apparently bound in red felt hats to their destination. You notice it in the heaving, precariously fastened sawn-off boxes you see in the face of all the passers by.

Old and young, male and female, all intent on business, alone with intent on getting that business done as soon as possible. You will also notice it in the extraordinary no of premature, grey-bearded men you meet, especially in the merchant, factor, broker, share broker. (Fun?)

One consequence of this haste (with preceding everything) is the slovenly careless way in which affairs are pushed. Take my friend for instance. His duties are extremely light in consequence of this. He has not had so much space time for years. All owing to this system. The work is done at the money comes in. This done, people care little how it is done. Examinations of documents or deeds is the exception of rule, not the rule. Elaboration is put into contempt. I have been astonished to see the careless way in which documents are drawn. Slovenly in appearance, grammar, construction; loose vague ball in language. Take my friend for instance. He is an A.A. of Tasmania and I understand there yet he is just as bad as any other of this respect. I am continually bawling him out in slips showing ignorance of law and practice. Very much responsibility is thrown on the subordinates. In fact, if not 20, My own draft accounts are now passed either without alteration or without notice. They take it for granted all must be right.

For is once your profession singular in this respect.
are generally spent in the various Lancers—listening to the strains of the Band—sometimes not so well as this. The inclination to stay in doors grows stronger and stronger. The promises of visiting friends are continually being broken. I presume I am not indeed I know it singular in this respect.

Dear friend, I cant go on. Although this letter is assuming decent proportions it is but meagre in comparison to the one I have mentally composed. I have intended to write. But since commencing it fresh troubles, anxieties, monetary matters have crowded upon me so believe me I am in troubled waters. I cant go on. On the themes of common interest the Quad your own writing of the growing interest in our common profession I meant to have said much. So I cannot. I have not the heart to do it. These troubles will tear away I suppose my faith, though
dimmed, is still a reality. Perhaps in my next I may be able to write more cheerfully. In the meantime look over the faults of this. Assured of your sympathy, even in my failing, I still dare hope you will look over my failings. You know you hold my affection & respect. Look up to God I cou’d more closely imitate you. Perhaps who knows some day I may be able to show that I deserve your regard, so you will not desert me?

Since writing the first part of this I have received your reproachful note it has stung me from my torpor. Meanwhile, accept this more as an apology than anything else. I will at once commence writing you properly & tell then will ask you to reserve your opinion to remember kindly to my dear friend--especially Hilton, I still think of me as your affectionate friend

Although I have said much in defiance of it I must ask you believe that I viewed your kind presents in their proper light & am sure I have read, thought over & appreciated them in the proper spirit--especially those in this work to be sent to you soon.