Melbourne 11 Dec. 1883

Dear Andrews,

I must have answered your kind letter of 16th October before this but for pressure of business.

Hilton and I rejoice to hear from Conway yourself that the former's visit, left such pleasing recollections in your mind and I can heartily enter into the feelings of delight with which you welcomed him beneath your hospitable roof. I hope the recollection of that visit will ever form one of
Your most delightful recollections.

After his return here I heard him lecture on "Shakespeare, the Poet - Art," I enjoyed a thoroughly intellectual treat. I took Dr. Gilmore (who stayed with us recently for a month) to hear his final Sunday lecture on "Intolerance." We were all delighted. The house was crowded; he met with a rapt reception. His oratorical eloquence was heard to great advantage, not a syllable being lost. I have sent you several newspapers lately, the last of which contained the full text of his fine lecture on Carlyle. I hope you got them, I did.
not hear him lecture on London, bring ill on the evening of its delivery, worse luck.

I rejoice to hear of the latest accession to your family I trust the little stranger will ever be a source of joy to pride to your first found mother - to whom please remember affectingly.

Now I come to your kind invitation to spend my holidays with you. Alas, dear uncle, though I say it with reluctance, I am sadly afraid that that pleasure will not be mine. Not only are my means being cramp by the thing, painful to me, than usual, but I am not in the best of health.
Now slowly drawing to its close, but, as I explained to you before, I dread the prospect of shearing away a portion of the tares with my brother's detestable affines. If I were not to do so, it would only widen the gulf between him and myself. However, I will try to think of a way to subdue this bug bear. Believe me, dear Andrew, I am most grateful for your kind offer. I long to hear into your kind ear my troubles, hopes, fears. I will write you again in the course of a few weeks again on this subject. I am getting very anxious about...
my future. The recent efforts made to establish a position of admission has been, so far, fruitless. The petition sent in to the Judge having been totally ignored. I am feeling sick of being a mere clerk living a dull existence which promises nothing. I am seriously thinking of returning to Tasmania and making arrangements to leave my home here. The subject is one of demanding so many considerations that I cannot properly approach it in a letter, but must leave it to your kind heart to judge.
tende to fill up the picture. This is one of the many reasons which made me long to see you—more of this, too, soon.

Where I am now much together. He spends his Saturdays and Sundays with me and is improving his health. He has somewhat improved of late. I have had some long walks with him. A Sunday last week we made a pilgrimage to Gordon's Grave. Last Sunday we took a long walk by the roadside. In addition to this I have joined the newly inaugurated Chelsea Club, of which I was elected president, occasionally to visit him at his lodgings to engage in friendly talks.
Wilton's society is a most delightful & grateful boon to me & speaking selfishly, his exile has been a source of perennial joy to me. Never before, I think, did I so fully recognize the value of his friendship; his affectionate nature, warm heart & cultivated intellect have made me lately look on life with fresh pleasure. He too, I am glad to say is much better. His health is I think firmly re-established. Next year I am going to Command a systematic
Curse of reading with him to-morrow, I hope to be able to help him to better employment or more lucrative gain. I need not tell you how often our conversations here on your dear circle of which you are such a recipient, for we never met without paying some affectionate tribute to the happy days gone by.

Please remember me affectionately to Burnt too, I believe me, until every sentiment of esteem I have.

Thine,

[Signatures]

[Handwritten text: A. Hughes Clark] L. Hobart