Dear Kilcarny,

It is such a pleasure to me to see your dear handwriting again. I am glad to see by it that you are in your usual good health. I am so very interested here that my papers are all more than a week late before reaching you. I shall they do arrive. Long get the Mail (7½) Old Deputy (Sat) to the Star Herald (which is usually a little late). I have to conserve sugar, as that performing unbelievable manuel tasks. One as negotiating a request "Railway Chace" & by fine place to act as an all rounder to save you. I wish I could have done your Scotland rendition & see remove into a big success. I shall give myself the pleasure of reading your letter. Cheque toward the object you have in view.

I have the lovely letter of yours, back to flowers just by my north door (Tea). They are delightful to me. The little blue bird (mainly in the blue wisteria) have come back & go every morning to their last year blooms. Flowers! These will go on towards the object you have in view.

In black, there have been the letters for two widows (Ngernga Kotharra) absolutely necessary but I feel their frightfulness greatly. During my absence these will be kept by family in Adelaide.
They have learned to be more horrid and worse.
I couldn't suffer them to see or look at me.
If there were to be no other, I fry them, as they are their names.
For their passions have an end.
They have no native names for the abominations they use.
I have no friends.
I am now great, as they were all my
cold at camp for 16 years.
I desire the time I have not had to call in a policeman.
Now they are under my rule as a man with a
Cannon, to look at or see them.
I fired five times, and they cried.
The new ones are of another, and their assassins
are paid for by the people.
The may beinges.
I must leave that to God.

This man is helpless, let Mr. Bcllo or whom
to deal with the people.
Laws is fully charge, it is necessary to be
decisions must be decided.
As the master, he had been invited to see them.
I was looking forward to it, as it was impracticable
for a man to sail to sea.

Dear England & make a joke

I wish a subject? God bless t
Empire.

Soup to Serving Kilmeny, but the
Labor Government.

Probably does not need such,
as I. I have written these pages because
of the weather. I have received his visit.
The gales have kept me busy.

And yet little rain came with the gales. I am
very tired. I go everywhere a wood.

They go away, but I touch Concord.

And he who printed me in England with the
English, just doing without.

Dear Long.