"Swatara."

Melbourne,
March 25
Feb. 27 1878

Ladies, miss,

Here goes,

the signal to start the engine! — and now, we are steering along, homeward bound.

So say that we are not glad, mad of course, he absurd.
But this is one thought which greatly assists.

One in viewing our parting with Tamanu.

With equanimity or somehow, it is not too much a thought.

As a feeling that such friendships as we formed in Bothar Dom

and for Notar Town are not to be forgotten.

Here in Ashlad Slige, and must live...
in spite of the appearances — "where there's life, there's hope," and hope you know is the symbol of our profession. "Speak!" One wonders? Or the Great Race again that it be unguised. One pretend that "Thought's spiritual presence," but one clear witness from an
acute experiences of two months, that
"Spiritual Presence" may be sufficient
for great minds, but for ordinary
mortal, it is "far, far from gay."
"The language of the heart has no
speech—its only language is a tear
or a pressure of the hand, and with
very fussy anxious in interpreting its
tactility; and you must confer
that one must be a really expert
linguist to comprehend this language
at a distance of several thousand
miles..."
My present attempt to write these lines is probably the best example of the
infirmity of the pen in such cases. In ordinary hands, composing
for an audience was
the first check I find in nation difficult.
From the train of
thought, and I have
Picton: The smallest bit of a suspicion that perhaps there isn't any. God save!

By the way, I will promise that smallest bit of a return to the sublimity to the ridiculing I will ask you a small favour. Intersperse the traditional phrase of the woman I thought The steward paid for the copy of the "Florida" I thought.
and find, by a chat from Mr. Melchon, that she did not. I have therefore
sent him (Walsh) the required sum
5 shillings in stamps, and also stamps,
for an acknowledgment.
Will you kindly stop in and see
of he has received it safely?

Pater Moore; au nom, a tout le monde,
chez vous; Une bonne poignée de main
et encore vive a votre émotion.

M.E. Party 1781.