

as at the back  
is turned in.  
P. N. & my  
paper all laid  
Smart-lac  
to round for  
the present  
from your  
ever yours  
& friend  
son. Patrick  
Methuen  
to John  
Methuen  
Direct - a  
usual  
write soon

and thus we find the winter pretty cold  
during to the great heat in Summer  
Time people talks about Australia at  
home and says their is no heat worth while  
there are parts of this country hot enough  
for any white man some parts among  
river needs about or house eight months  
of the year for he can take his  
Blankets and lay down under the  
shade of a tree. Suppose people at  
home think it strange for a man  
to carry his house bed and bedding  
on his back but this is the country  
that a man thinks nothing of doing  
their is hundreds of smart men able  
to fulfil any situation in the Colonies  
and worth hundreds of pounds doing  
so. in fact this is a strange country  
a man might be worth hundreds  
of pounds today and perhaps in

a weeks time would not be worth  
Six pence through Speculation  
also a man who drinks in this country  
it would be better for him he should  
know whose mother will bear these  
words. The Devil says he'll send  
me to the party for my paper  
but he must not think for himself  
that we are still as foolish as times  
gone by for we have got another friend  
to come out with us and show  
our way part vain to keep them tight  
to you the same dear old mother  
as it is getting late I must close and  
for this I am writing to that you  
as I am writing to that you  
her good letter and things in her right as  
will <sup>not</sup> say much concerning it now for  
short time shall also be writing to B.  
Slavery in particular though I cried  
while reading her letter and when I  
had turned it over I found something  
that I could not very well avoid