

1 page

My dear Son

The "Gudeman" has left me room enough just to ask you, why do you not come this way? as you promised long long ago. The garlic has been pickled for months, and the orange marmalade is nearly all eaten up - besides which I am pestered with the natives continually asking me if I have had letters from "Makariri" and when he is coming to ~~buy~~ purchase the land - then again if one goes to town we hear the cry on all hands "a pretty pair of Brothers these Melians! one won't buy us land - and the other won't land our goods" - so you see what a life your poor old Mother is leading on your account.

Thanks for your last letter which I ought to have answered before this - but expecting to do so personally I shall wait a bit.

What a Providential escape that was of the passengers going off to the "White Swan" - you may imagine the anxiety of the friends on the beach who saw the accident - Pitchee was the first to reach the shore - but you will see the whole account in the papers - that is if the post will take them - the new postal arrangements are as ~~bad~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~ inconvenient as possible - one seldom has time to answer letters by its return - having come to the end of my paper - I must say God bless you - with kind regards to your mother  
 Your old Mother W. H. Bell