



Please remember
me to Mrs Leake
& Jack & the Mrs
Jack & tell the
lady if it can
talk yet, I knew
it went it howled
horribly hoping
to hear from you
soon & wishing
you good luck
yrs sincerely
Matthew Jim
Dunrobin

Fac-simile of my Dream

Lasteron
Aug. 26/94

Dear Miss Dollie

I ought to have
answered your letter weeks ago,
but excuses go for nothing so
I wont try any; however I
have nothing exciting in any-
way to tell you - I heard

LJ/A13

you had a great time in Hobart
last summer, which reminds me
I have never seen you at a
dance yet, so I think you might
change your mind and send me
the Photo, you had taken in even-
ing Dress. I should like it aw-
fully - I had a bad time of it
the other night, I was stopping at
a place, where there was a very
old lady, who would persist in
calling me "Matthew", (now Matthew
always puts me in the dumps, in
fact it makes me feel like a
whole book load of Moodies and
Sankey's ancient hymns & more
especially so, if it does not
happen to be Sunday) so I

got up and went off to bed in a huff and dreamt I was a sanctimonious Parson, but awoke in a terrible nightmare, when I fancied, I was nervously trying to mash a red headed damsel with pantaloons built sleeves.

I send a sketch of my dream & as I still at times imagine

I see that girl, I hope you will send yr Photo, so I can have it to look at when I want a contrast — Dunrobin house

is 5 miles from Easterton, which a Township a little bigger than Campbell Town, at least when I wrote Township, I meant city but there is not much to do when you do get there, unless ~~to~~ there

happens to be a Concert or Theatrical
Company there, they are also hold-
ing a series of Winter Assemblies,
which are ^{to} finish on 4th Sept. with
a grand Show Ball, of course you
must qualify the Grand, a good deal.
~~For~~ The manager's son at Dunrobin & I
usually drive into the dances together &
generally have some fun, you know
the country fellows here get excited ~~on~~
after a dance, after the last as we were
driving home at 3.30 a.m. I had to per-
suade my mate to give up the reins after
the 1st 3 miles, when we left the road,
all ~~when~~ went ^{well} until I got out to open the
2nd gate & got the buggy through, but
as I was shutting the gate, my mate fancied
our steed was bolting & started pulling
him backwards, imagined ^{ing} he was going
at ahead fast, until a fence at the bottom
of a slope pulled him up with a bang,
luckily the buggy was not smashed & the
fence did not matter. — There was a flood
in the Glenelg, the river near here, so a
fellow at Retreat, the adjoining station bor-
rowed a canoe & he & I had a great trip,
it was hard work against the current but
we came down over wire fences & logs at about
12 miles an hour, it was grand, if the river keeps
up, we are going to try how high up we can
get