

ref.
French Prairie August 23/56

Sister O. C. In reading letters (after my return from the mines) from different members of the family I was much pleased to find one from you. It was rather a treat not having heard from home for a year, nor from our friends in Oregon. Though I hold you ⁱⁿ account yet it is a pleasure to write to those who ever deign to think of a fellow once a year, and I have ample reasons for believing you do thus often; because I have rec'd two letters from you since my arrival here, which has only been two years and a half. I presume you will charge me with a like negligence; but I can assure you that I have written more than often and think I have discharged my duty so as to vie even with those who have ~~not~~ written twice in two years. I do not however intend to wage a war with you on that score, especially while our home was raze to such a degree that it is unsafe to pass through many portions of our Territory without large escorts. I may however write you that you may know that I am still "down here below" hale and hearty, and without the least ~~probability~~ probability of my marrying, (his you will remember you enjoined me not to do, a bidding which I had regard for enough to obey. But as to coming home I will not give so readily a submission. That, I,

Mr. H. and Mrs. W. and all the little W.'s are well
The last Bab, is a ~~boy~~ boy, they call him David
Crawford, named after a bachelor friend of Willard's who lives
in about half mile of him. Crawford is now on the way to the
U.S. and talks of bringing back with him a wife. He purposes
stopping in the U.S. 3 years, and during his stay will
visit you folks. From him you can learn of Mother's and
things. Olivia New talks some of her Aunt Maria and
thinks she will have learned how to write by fall ought
perhaps by fall to write to her Aunt Carroll. She
looks very much like her Cousin Maria, and full of good looking.

Willard has despaired of ever hearing from you. He says
he has written to you and never had as much as a word
in reply; But that he would write now, if he thought you
would answer him. He is the strongest in the Universalist
faith I believe of any of ^{our} relatives yourself not excepted.
There is no Universalist preacher here, But
I think there might be a number of preachers
sustained by the friends of their faith. Mrs. New as
a matter of course believes with W.H. Although her family are
members of orthodox churches Unit. Brethren. Campbell-
ite &c.

I will write to V.D. and N.W.C. by next mail and
also to Wilson and Ellen. I wonder why they have never
written? What is Kate doing? Frank an Drc?

The sheet was large but I tore off the bottom to keep from
weighing you I have got it full so now good night
Mr. B. Hill

have insufficient posttime. I may come home then
and perhaps not until afterwards.

I write to J's wife yesterday and shall write to
all the folks by next mail, and if they want to write in
return I will be much pleased to hear from them.

There are many pleasing associations awakenee per-
haps by meeting good, or by a world of little incidents that
carry us back to our school days and home, from which
we long to hear. And writing is the only medium through
which we can hope to learn from those who had grown
into manhood and into the affections of the inhab-
itants of their little world. We belong to the grown up world.
The realities of the present, the memories of the past, flit
before us like the phantom shapes of a dream, and
we are aware we wish for our boyhood again
or to return to the home of our youth or the friends
of our riper years. But time is ever rolling on
making a continuity of changes, and when we
to count our friends, we remember that there are
many grown to fill our seats, and that ourselves per-
chance is remembered no more. And then our anxiety
is appeased nor do we deem the world selfish. It is natural
that time should eradicate the affections of youth and weaken
the ties of friendship. But still, home, Brothers and
sisters and old friends is the sweet haven around
which we ever expect to cling. Though I may never
be among any of you again I shall hold you ^{to all} ~~as~~
dear if I never hear from you ~~again~~ no more

Raymond I suppose will be arriving you some-
time this fall. I learned from ^{a) who stayed with us last night} young men that a company
had started from St. Colville sometime ago and I pre-
sume he is with them. He now where J. C. K. was
and talked of stopping a while with him at St
Paul Oregon gave him no encouragement although
I think he could have done better or at least
as well here as in any part of the U.S. At least
he was doing better than I have done here.

But I think with money a person could do well
and accordingly I have sent ^{Mr} J. C. Kees to remit
me all the money he can easily get. I gave
him no instructions as to the manner in which
I desired he should send it. I presumed he
would know more about that than I could
tell. Some money, here as every where else makes the man
and sometimes man makes the money. But it don't
do anything for me vice versa, or, vice versa.

I am still living with Mr. Mculloch who is a
Universalist. And the Star in the West allures
our cabin once a week Mculloch being a subscriber. There
are three numbers comes to our office. They are
however a goodly number of persons who are fair-
vorable to those general truths promulgated by the
glorious faith of a never dying world, and the
light reflected by the "Star".