

*Longing for home*

Frenzy Prairie, August 23, 1856

Sister O.C. (Olivia Carroll) I'm 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 you for a year nor from our friends in Oregon. Though I hold you in arrears yet it is a pleasure to write to those who even deign to think of a fellow once a year, and I ~~am~~ have ample reasons for thinking you do this often, because I have received 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 negligness, but I can assure you that I have written more than often. And I think I have discharged my duty so as to vie even with those who have written twice in two years. I do not howere intend to wage a war with you on that score, especially while you home was rage to such a degree that it is unsage to pass through many portions of the territory without large escorts. I only propose writing that you may know that I am still down here below "hale and hearty" and without the least possibility of my marrying. This you will remember you enjoined me not to do, a bidding which I shall regard far enough to obey. But as to coming home I will not give so readily a submission. That I have indefinitely postponed, I may come home then and perhaps not until afterwards.

I wrote to G's wife yesterday, and shall write to all the folks by next mail, and if they want to write I shall be much pleased to hear from them by next mail. There are many pleasing associations awakened perhaps by meeting goers, or by a work of little incidents, which carries us back to our volatile days and home from which we long to hear and writing is the only medium through which we can hope to learn ~~and~~ from those who had not grown into manhood and into the affections of the inhabitants 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 ships of a dream. And ere we are aware we wish for our boyhood days again or to return to the home of our youth or the friends of our wise years. But time is ever rolling on making a continuity of changes, and when we come to count our friends, we remember that there are many grown to fill our seats. And that ourself's perchance is remember 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 nucleus around which we ever expect to cling. Though I may never be among any of you again, I shall hold you excusable if I never hear from you no more.

Raymond I suppose will be among you some time this fall. I learned from a journey man who stayed with us last night that a company had started from Fort Colville some time ago and I presume he is with them. He knew where SG? 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 than I have done here. But I think with money a person could do well and accordingly I have sent to I. G. Rees to remit me all the money he can easily get. I gave him no instruction as to the manner in which I desire he should send it. I presumed he would know more about that than I could tell him. Money here as everywhere else makes the man and sometimes man makes the money, but it don't do anything ~~forme~~ vice, versa, or vers cisa.

I am still living with Mr. McCullough who is a Universalist. And the Star In The West? our cabin once a week McCulloch being a subscriber. There are 3 numbers come to our office. They are however a goodly number of persons who are favorable to those genial truths promulgated by the glorious faith of a never dying world. And the light reflected by the Star. WH and Mrs. WH and all the little WH's are well. The last baby is a 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 US and talks of bringing back with him a wife. He proposes stopping in the US 3 years, and during his stay will visit you folks. From him you can learn of matters and things. Olivia Rees talks some of her aunt Olivia and thinks she will have learned to write by fall well enough to write to her Aunt Carroll. She looks very much like her cousin Maria as full as good looking.

Willard has despaired of ever hearing from you. He says he has written to you and never heard 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 preachers here, but I think there might be a number of preachers sustained by the friends

of their faith. Mrs. Rees as a matter of course believes with MH although her family are member of orthodox churches, United Brethren, Camblite, etc.

I will write to VD and NWC next mail and also to Wilson and Ellen. I wonder why they never have written? What is Rate a doing?

The sheet was larger but I tore off the bottom to keep from wearying you. I have got it full so now good night.

M.B. Rees