

St Joseph Mo

My last day
Dear parents we have never yet received any letters from you
since we left Paris although we have written to you frequently.
We are wintering here - Uncle Prov. is near here. We got a
letter from him a few days since - he and all his host
are on the track for California or Oregon - he says it
is so sickly in Indiana that a decent white man cannot
live there and that he has no fears of "Worthing himself"
let him go where he may. He has been sick night and day
since he started but his courage still holds out - Offod!
how I have suffered in the Spirit since I saw you, not
in the flesh. - The hardships natural and physical
were never anything to me - Cold, Hunger, and
fatigue never weighed anything in my mind - they only
furnish a wholesome food and excitement. But Disease
has rendered our family more like a hospital than
anything else. Martha still survives in a marvelous yet entire
by hopeless manner. She has been unable to walk for
above 3 months. Her disorder is chronic diarrhea.
I wish you would let us know if you have heard from
Lewellyn and where he is - tell me how you expect
to spend the remainder of your life - & whether time passes
as pleasantly in Mr. Wilson's family as you anticipated it
would - whether the time and moral capacity of society
pleases you &c. See your Legislature have kicked your
Railroad overboard - is your land rising as fast as you
expected? Land here is worth 15 dollars per acre!!!

Photocopy of letter obtained from:
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