

August 25<sup>th</sup> 1857. My dear neglected journal how shall  
I excuse my negligence and carelessness. It has been so long  
I do not feel like writing a poor excuse. Thanks to the  
"Great River" I have quite recovered from my illness.  
It is pleasant cool weather. My "Forest Room" is very  
beautiful these long bright summer days. But sometimes  
I get weary & lonely and off here in the wilderness. I  
will strive to banish such feelings. I have a dear dear  
home and sun, very much to be thankful for besides.  
I know in what I am but I am I must strive therefore  
to be content. It is only once in a while I get lonely & I miss  
Miss Rachel has good home. I went with her as far as  
Port Barre the first time with one exception I have been  
out since I came here. I wonder sometimes what people