

Sunday March 13<sup>th</sup> Mr. Kiefer called to-day. He seems  
like a very intelligent fine man. He has a mill somewhere  
not far from here. His family reside in Salt. He says he  
could not for a moment think of bringing them here in this  
out of the way, outlandish place. I believe he is about right.  
It is five weeks ago to night since I came here, it seems  
much longer. I get a little lonesome sometimes but such  
feelings are transient. The thing I mostly regret is the want of  
religious Society here. I now deeply regret it on account of  
my brothers, but an All wise One rules, and what can I  
that I should complain. "I know all things shall work  
together for good." I have had a girl for a week, but I  
do not like her. She talks almost incessantly. I cannot stand it.