

Waioli, Isl. of Hawaii
Sandwich Islands, March 24 1861

Dear Sister Olive

How many years have passed since I have taken my pen to write you! If I were asked the reason, I could hardly give an answer that would satisfy myself. Time flies, our own children claim more of our thoughts and attention, cares multiply and infirmities of body grow. But I often think of you and all the others of our family and there is no spot on earth so dear to me as the place of my birth. How often in imagination I roam over those fields and forests, hills and valleys, and how often I take my way through that retired cross-road; all to me the more lovely on account of its loveliness and seclusion, which lies between the old homestead and your charming home on the other side of the great hill! The trout brook is doubtless familiar to you, and the large rocks in the bed of the stream a few rods on the upper side of the road, where I used to go so often to catch in my hands the trout that took refuge in holes under the rocks. A melancholy interest, and a new one, is now imparted to that road by the fact, that now the remains of our dear Parents and Aunt Eunice, and those of a beloved Sister lie buried by its side, to await the call of the Arch-Angel's trumpet. The fashions of this world passeth away. God has given us immortality, but it is far regions far beyond this vain and fleeting world of

sin, sorrow and death. Our sojourn here is short. If we are found faithful, we shall soon be translated to the regions of ~~of~~ immortal bliss.

How is your health? Do you enjoy as much vigor as you did 10 years ago when I was at your house. Doubtless you perceive your strength and vigor somewhat abating.

I have used glasses for several years, and in other respects I am reminded that I am on the down-hill side of life.

Thus far I had written this morning when the mail from Honolulu was announced and among other letters, one from Bro. Elias and another from George, just after vacation.

I am highly gratified in receiving just such a letter as Elias has written me. It is just the sort of letter I wanted - a long one and containing information on a variety of subjects. Please say to him that I am greatly obliged to him, and will try to find time to answer it in a few days. We were sorry to hear of Ellen's illness. I hope that Charles Wetton will find a good home at the West with his Uncle, and that Sheldon will do well by him. The children of Maria and Caroline will always be remembered by me and I wish I felt able to do something for them. So you and Charley have been

to the West! I am very glad to hear of it though Elias did not go into particulars. Now I want you to sit down and write me all about it and whatever else you think of. Do not try to write a fair or handsome hand. What is the use of apologies? I can read any thing however hurriedly written and that is all I want. There is the Rev. Dr. Anderson of Boston, one of the Secretaries

of the American Board, writes a most wretched hand. I want to hear about Sheldon and his wife. I would write him, but have rather forgotten where to ~~address~~ direct.

Elmwood, Illinois, is his place. Is Elmwood the name of the town or of his farm? I suppose the farmer? The County, if I have ever heard it, I have lost. It may not be necessary. If you write, please give me his address, or inform George, when you see him, and let him send it to me.

Our George I suppose is getting to be quite a hanger-on to his relations in vacation time. I hope he will not weary you. I wish that he may behave well and deserve your love and esteem. He is young and full of youthful impetuosity. I hope you will give him good advice, and have a motherly care over his morals as you have opportunity. I wish he had religion. You and Bro. Catlin will remember him I trust in your prayers. I am much obliged to both of you for the barrel of apples which you kindly sent him to New-Haven.

I am sorry for the troubles and disturbed state of affairs of the American Union. The South are evidently bent on rushing upon their own destruction - mad upon their idols. Far better in my opinion that the Union be dissolved, than that the North and South unite to perpetuate an institution of oppression and wrong. The Lord reigneth - this should be our confidence. We know that if there is any truth in the Bible, slavery, oppression and like evils will eventually be put down. I hope this is the Lord's time for doing it.

Please to say to Bro. Charles that I received about the first of Dec. the history of Harwinton, which he sent me. I am very much obliged to him for it, I have read it with much interest - though not without some disappointment.

This, however, is no place for criticisms either as to the matter or style. Mr. Chipman has a way peculiar to himself - a kind of back-handed way of expressing himself, sometimes to me almost or quite unintelligible. I like to see straight-forward sentences when there is no need for the contrary. On the 115 page, what meaning has the sentence beginning with - "But how much lacked."

In the great lack of interesting anecdotes, it is surprising that he should have entirely omitted the account of the Gory Cave. He says, page 113, that there is remembered but one person in Harwinton who was opposed to the war of the Revolution! I suppose I have heard our Father more than 20 times mention the names of the Gories in the South East part of Harwinton who used to blow their conch shells when they got alarmed and immediately repair to the cave till the danger of being taken was over. But I must stop for want of room. I think it has many faults, but perhaps ^{it is} good as could be written.

Remember me to all the Brothers and Sisters and other enquiring friends. Mrs W. writes in love to yourself and Bro. Cathin
yours truly A. Wilcox