Gullions Bar, on Salmon River
Oct. 8th 52.

My Dearest Mother

It is about six weeks since I wrote Wolcott and it is high time that I gave an account of myself, though I suppose that Austin Strong showed you a letter I sent him on my return from the mountains as I requested. Something has again detained yours to me for I have received none since the batch that came in June and which were of no later dates than March. I need not tell you how anxious I have become to hear of yourself and the family. I have

Mr Moore is very kind. I received the other day a large package with papers, Ill. Lond. news & magazines from him, a great treat in these wilds, and which after I had done with them were duly scattered among the miners camps of the Salmon. Since the date of my letter to Austin I ascended the South Fork of the river to near its source in the hope of finding better diggings in the "gulches" as they are called, than I could get here, and generally to satisfy myself about the country. Not meeting with any thing satisfactory I have returned here and unless something unforeseen happens shall remain here for the winter. Next week I think of knocking up a small log cabin where I shall be by myself and can during the rainy days employ the time in writing. The fact is that since I left home I never have had a place to myself except the woods and there one cannot very well feel stationary. The expansive ideas formed under the blue canopy and which make a move of fifteen or twenty miles the matter of perhaps five minutes consideration, are very inconsistent with sedentary pursuits. At this place I shall have some company for the winter of very good men and with a hole of my own can manage to live. The diggings to be sure are not very good, but I have not found much better by prospecting, and as this takes money as well as time I must quit it. As yet I have laid up nothing of consequence though I have avoided getting in debt. In the Spring I think I shall abandon