

A Declaration of "love and affection."

Umatilla Co., Oregon.

June 8, 1864.

Dear Amanda:-

It is with feelings of the most sincere admirations for the person who bears the above written name that now impells me once more to acknowledge my oft repeated testimonial of her personal worth.

I desire above all things, Dear Wife, were I so circumstanced a personal renewal of those comingling of thought and the interchange of the thousand mutual little favors that make up the joys of domestic felicity.

Would to God, Dear Lady, that I could devise some means by which we could speedily hasten the return of the congenial happiness that marked our pathway of life in by gone days. Yea, then could I truthfully proclaim, that my joy was full, then could I descend the hill of life's journey with serenity and happiness.

Poverty, I regret to say drove me unwillingly from the the adopted home of my early manhood, far away from you, and our dear Children. And yet the same destroyer of human happiness seems to bind me irresistibly in his iron grasp.

As for my self I could bear in silence and with becoming fortitude all of the ills to which life is subject, could I but know that you and the children are comfortable and happy.

I have not enjoyed as good health during the past year as I did before leaving home. I am at times very much afflicted with rheumatism and pain in my left side, and what contributes to make me more dispondent than other wise would be, is discontentment of mind occasioned by a constant desire to be with you and the Children.

This anxiety seems to have taken such complete possession of my mind that I find it impossible to sleep during the night.

Now my Dear Amanda, when you receive this letter I hope you will answer it at once, speak your mind fully and frankly, and any suggestions or advice that you have to give will be thankfully received and duly appreciated. **** As to promising upon paper without being morally certain of my ability to perform, I have none to make save one, and that should the God of our Fathers, in his tender mercies once again permit me to reach the spot of earth I could call our home, never, no never, would I choose to roam in quest of fortune or pleasures beyond the immediate precincts of that place so halloed by all the memories of the past.

Now Dear Wife, I cannot close this paper without requesting you in my stead, to bestow upon each of our dear children the most sincere feelings of paternal love - Please accept for yourself the fullness of a grateful heart,- under all circumstances through out life, you must be my abiding hope.

I remain yours as ever,

S/W. #. Rees.

Adieu, a short Adieu,

Dear Amanda.