

Jan 3

Dear People,

Thou Liebecken, dear  
theure Sarah, Herr Büsenicht,  
and honorable above all,  
my Father,

Your bundle of  
good letters came last evening,  
and though I sent a letter  
yesterday, I wish to say a  
word now. I did see  
Mr Griffin. His long lean  
beard and black eyes, and  
bristly throat whiskers brought  
a very great sense of Oregon  
to me, and yet not so  
much of home. He is a  
man to be admired cer-  
tainly, for his stiff look had  
something much looking usually.  
I saw El- Walker, and con-

renewed with him. Mrs Walker  
appears to be a fine woman.  
She said her mother was  
a Lyman. I am not  
getting bull-headed, mein lieb-  
chen, and I must not  
write dark letters, if they  
make you weep. I never  
was happier in my life than  
when you wrote once that  
a letter of mine lifted you  
out of the blues.

Rory, squary, Torry,  
Oh how happy are we,  
Clory, whary, Lorry,  
Ah tis happy to be!

I need not allow me this  
opportunity for expressing my  
solicitude in, and esteem  
for you. The feelings of  
confidence that you all ex-  
press in me, — your hyperbol-  
ical statement W, that I  
had a great future, — make

me feel exceedingly humble.  
It is my purpose to do some-  
thing if I can, to do a little  
anyhow, and not take up  
too much room in the ground  
when I slip into it, but I  
very seriously doubt having  
a great future, except in the  
sense of a happy one, I should  
be much surprised if my  
influence goes beyond the vil-  
lage where I live, and yet  
there is a strong desire in my  
bosom to soar and burn  
my head against the stars,  
as the ancient Greece did.  
I am highly obliged to  
Capt Tyler for his good opinion.  
I won his heart when I  
went up Round Peak, — what  
is the name of that hill in  
the Nez Tucke Mory? Also,  
those bold-headed reptile, have  
my thanks for your inquiries

relative to my journey. I  
am going through that way,  
anyhow, if I bust, which I  
don't plan to do. I shall  
make the most of it. I  
shall keep a diary in which  
to point the shapes of hills,  
the tints of sky, the ~~form~~  
of clouds, the roar of waters,  
and the songs of birds.  
I shall review my youth  
like the eagle's as it flies  
over the desolate wilderness,  
and lay my hand on the  
pulse of nature. I think  
the better <sup>or</sup> plan would be  
to go from Pen d'Ouille lake  
across the great plain, it  
would be more interesting  
work, a more interesting country,  
and we could see the gravel  
boulders, the upper Columbian,  
mable quarry etc. It is my  
purpose to put heavily into



geology, when I am out  
there; if I live there my  
life long. Mounts high regions!  
The deity dwells on the tops  
of mountains, or rather moun-  
tains are the points upon  
which our thoughts collect  
like electricity, like the cor-  
pasant, and rise in balls  
of fire to heaven.

The blood runs red to my  
brain, and makes all look  
gay as I think of being  
again in the land of my  
nativity. You see, Lieberman,  
that we will meet on the  
shores of Pen d'Ouille, in the  
glancing rays of a July sun,  
while Steptoe Butte, and  
the Cordillere Mts shimmer  
in the misty clouds, and  
the great wind come up from  
the sea, through the gaps of  
the ranges. It will not

be long, You must keep  
up your singing many.  
I will revel in your  
bird tones. The song as well  
always be children's music,  
whenever we have to be on  
the outside.

"The road that uses us  
— — trailing clouds of glory"  
That need not forget whence  
it came. A man is a  
child, with more.

I am rejoiced to see that  
still, as ever, and more, our  
home is a star, to which  
people like to come. This  
is the interpretation of the  
reception you held on Sunday,  
my birth-day.

You have had a tough  
time raising a crop of children.  
Fatter — a pretty scrubby lot.  
When that lot must be  
getting along pretty well.

He is one of those souls that  
aspire too high. The young  
men of the land are gradually  
dropping behind the bodies in  
culture, so that the latter  
will have to either marry  
men they look down upon,  
or else remain single. A  
great work is to be done  
in making boys manly,  
clean, tobaccoless, unisexless,  
noble, well-informed, capable  
of self-respect and commanding  
the respect of others. So  
write it to: amen, (without  
inverence)

We have commenced over at  
the hall. There promises to  
be a good time this term.  
Wiederhaeft is back. He was  
out a term by reason of  
rickets. I may not  
have written of Keene. He had

a good many times together.  
He is a fine boy. I  
think he was rather set upon  
by people with Tracts etc.  
and that was one reason  
why he did not like it here.  
You to talk with people on  
religious matters is hard problem.  
I have about made up my mind  
never to do so unless they begin  
it. Be sure that the hungry  
will come to you. The clover  
does not need to advertise to  
get the bees to it. It <sup>carefully</sup> nips  
religion sheep to talk it. It makes  
it valuable to live it. I know  
of a two people here who do more  
mischiefs, making themselves con-  
sidered and disgusting others, by  
indiscriminate talk, than most  
can do good. Let when the time  
comes, talk of course. It is so easy  
to err!! Too much — too little.  
Good Bye, dear ones.