

CORRESPONDENCE.

BLACKFOOT, IDAHO.

FRIEND CAMPUS:

The thoughtful kindness of your suggestion that there are of your readers some who would be pleased to see some sign of life in me, deserves at least respectful recognition. An extended or formal letter you do not care for, and I am not inclined to write; the "briefing" habit has laid hold of even my letter-writing, and I assure you it harmonizes beautifully with my strong constitutional tendency to laziness.

The many changes which have overtaken, have, I fear, rendered my memory almost obsolete, and even dulled the imagination. The picture is still imposing, but the outlines are becoming somewhat shadowy; I have reliable data as to neither the winged or winglessness of them who inhabit the

"Cottage," nor the hirsute or hirsutelessness of the fresh occupants of the seats of authority. I trust the latter are wise men, such as were their predecessors. Or rather, a predecessor, for it is a source of great faith to me in the institution, the fact that it survives the awful blunders of my sometime colleagues. Confidentially, it was always amazing to me how in those weekly nightmares, euphemistically called Faculty Meetings, my brethren, and sister under the yoke, narrowly saw but one little side of those momentous questions that so agitated our august body, while I always had a comprehensive grasp of the whole matter, together with the true insight of a seer. But of course, I was not always appreciated,—what genius is?—and when often it was the old story of majority wrong and minority right (as in the recent election), not being profane I had to resort to poetry, and mutter with the muse about the burden of the mystery of this unintelligible world. Human nature seems to be about the same the world over. I now find juries, and even judges, afflicted with the same narrowmindedness that characterized my colleagues, and among the masses it is prevalent to a discouraging degree. Communities that I have addressed for an hour and a half, throwing a flood of light on the beauties of protection and the deformities of free trade, have actually returned a Democratic majority.

But to some of you any reference to election may be painful; it is to me. Indeed, the two or three hours which I spent in bed on the memorable night of November 8-9 I industriously employed in dreaming that another Faculty Meeting was just past. I heartily commend to you who sorrow, as I do myself, the notable example of "Our Harry," as being both inexpensive and soothing, when in similar circumstances he gave utterance to the noble sentiment of preferring righteousness to presidency. I have, at least, the comforting consciousness of duty done, and had not our Supreme

Court decided that the Mormons should not vote, my eloquence might not have been wasted on the desert air. However, we, differing from you, were successful in holding enough ground from which to wage later battle; and seized spoils enough on which to feed a few of the faithful. Contrary to what we might expect in a border state, the campaign with us was a highly decent one, and the freest from personalities that I have ever witnessed; the cynic might add the explanation that it was because either set of candidates had so many closeted skeletons that all were willing, nay anxious, to keep the doors locked.

But I will not talk more of politics, and for another whole subject there is not room. To me personally, life has been placid enough with the zest of an occasional squall. With enough to eat and enough to wear, books to read and neighbors to gossip about, and withal a profound sympathy for the rest of the world, I know not why an Idahoan and more particularly a Blackfooter should not be content.

Sincerely,
F. S. Dietrich.