

From Sarah Lyman?

Forest Grove, Jan. 11th 55

Dear Susan,

De Profundis
clamavi. That is with respect
to the weather, which since my last
writing has reached a degree of atrocity
unparalleled within my remembrance.

We have given you account of
the cold spell. It terminated
with a mild south winter wind and
a slow thaw. After this there was a
short interim, when one night while a
gentle rain was falling the north wind
suddenly arose and turned to feathery
flakes the moisture of the heavens.

This open and impudent coldness
could not be overlooked and suddenly
with roar and rumble and whirling
drops the south wind drove his chariot
across the earth, coated them with three
cubes of snow, and within three hours
or less the earth was as though it had not moved.

To make the business complete the mercury went up to 48° and remained there for about 36 hours, a strong wind blowing in the mean time. At the end of 48 hours the rainfall including melted snow had been about 6 inches. The effect on the creek and swale you can contemplate with a satisfaction whose only alloy is the fact that you were not ~~there~~ here.

But the south seemed to have exhausted himself and sat down to rest. His active foe, ever on the alert, suddenly rose, shook the trees gently for a moment by way of warning, then softly deposited 7 inches of snow on the wetting earth. Friday morning I went to school and gazed with bitterness upon the snowy landscape. There was a deathlike stillness. A blue-black lined loomed through the misty air to the southward. About half past ten the smoke began to gently drift from the south. The snow began to slip from the trees, the roofs to sweat. Suddenly

The three firs west of the chapel became enveloped in a white cloud, the windows began to rattle, the very building began to tremble; the branches began to fly from the trees, and in short a young hurricane was under way. It raged until about three and then suddenly ceased and it began to snow again.

A considerable part of the seven inches had disappeared, but another installment was added that night, and another again last night, so that now there is nearly as much as at first.

There is another south wind coming up now, however, and the snow is rapidly thawing.

The wind Friday was the hardest ever known ^{here}, and the fearful rain, and ~~and~~ sleet combined made it about the grandest specimen of a storm that I ever witnessed.

The Lualaba was higher than ever before known, but the Willamet has not reached such an extraordinary height.

The railroad is hors du combat to such an extent that it will probably not be in running order

I will be back at D. as usual here. If you can get a very much of the school for the year, I will be glad to see you.

for four or five days. We have received an
mail since Thursday. Portland was dam-
aged \$75,000 worth. Levi Walker walked
out from P. and he said that there
were about 320 ^{trees} ~~trees~~ on the highway
between P. and Reedville, and about 600
on the railroad. There were two bridges
broken. Also two more between here and

Gastou. Our own casualties were the old
part of the grape trellis, the cherry tree at
the corner of the store-house, and the
fence between our lot and Mr. Watts.

The big wood-shed at Cornelius was
blown down. It is a wonder that the
wagon-shed was not destroyed.

Please send this to father, and for
his benefit I add the following. He might
chance to see Mr. Billings, Pres. of the U.P.R.R.,
while in the East and if so it would be well to
communicate with him on the subject of railroad
lands. He might make a favorable arrange-
ment with him. He might write to him
anyway. Are you in need of money?

I am pretty near out just now, but I
will send some in Feb. You must take
good care of yourself. Do you want us to get
the Wiley school for you? Perhaps we can do so, if you wish.