

Oakland Oct. 24, 1879

Dear Father,

I received your letter from East Hampton last evening, and was of course very glad to hear from you. I was sorry that you were so much tired as not to enjoy the Syracuse Meeting to the full. It must have been an interesting occasion.

There was a reference to you in the Advance, which you may have seen.

I do not suppose that I altogether appreciate your feelings, ^{on seeing your old home} but think I do some.

I presume that there is nearly as much of pain in it as of pleasure, but therefore all the better.

Your eventful and crowded life, as much of it as is behind you, ~~will be~~ ^{is} of more and more meaning to me and the rest of us children.

This will be a rest spell for you, so that when you come back you will be able to do another thirty years of work for Oregon, on the coast.

I don't suppose that there is any need of enjoining on you not to over do. Take everything easy, rest and be refreshed.

Things with me are going well. I am making progress in my reading gradually extending my acquaintances, making more or less effort to make something of myself socially, reading considerably, and gradually furthering

up. I feel perfectly well, unless I happen
to eat so much as to be stupid, or take
so little exercise as to feel lazy. I guard
against these two evils however. The air seems
to have a certain amount of lightness. I
feel more like laughing and am inclined to
levity ^{of thought} more than formerly. I went
over to Berkley last Monday and heard
Prof Leconte's lecture before his class in
Geology. I am going again next
Monday. The Prof is an exceedingly
interesting lecturer, his language clear
and flowing, words ^{about} as well selected as is
possible. His voice is high and in it-
self poor, but you don't notice that
except for a minute or two. Dr
Benton and Moon spoke about you, and
a good many others have done so. I told
them that you would probably spend more
time as you went back.

There have been a couple of showers
here. It has been raining at home.
All seems to be going well up there.
Venus went to Portland in four hours.
I am ploughing through Webster's History
of Philosophy. It is rather heavy. Tough
clay soil.

Keep me informed of things and your-
self.
Good Bye, Your Loving Son
J. W. Moore.