

[Only child of E. W. & Frances H
Petton. dying when twenty months old]

5 Fannie You are a dear precious
thing, and frail, your life
has buckled but a little way
does that little stream grow
deeper? does that little stream
grow wider? I very anxiously
hope yes. Will the woes
which have so longed to cluster
on your soft little body, go
all away, will skipping
glorious life be given fragile
Fannie Her Father and her
mother held her life, will she
amuse them their age? oh Fannie
did you know that rush of
fear, and hope, and love,
You would be crystal gratitude
and affection, throughout
and throughout forever

You have been abridged of down
and cruelly chased about
by the side of great Eternity

6 that you may get - a whole life
and carry consolation and
gladness to many who were
spared your morning ill -

But - I amie will you go the
way of peace will God get
your days in their dewy
freshness with I amie, look
round and round, and search
and search, and receive and what
without - Jesus Thine fairest -
unheavenly Pleasure gild you
and take you in her lap and sing
you across all your days. Your
heart - would be a sore sore
weary thing. but - pity will shed
bright beams all along on
everything she will soothe your
sorrows away and gather you
happiness and save you soul
on all the other joys, a deathly
blight - soon soon falls, how
fondly then do I trust that you
will remember your Creator in

the days of your youth and
serve him in the beauty of
holiness all your days. And
though all shall not be sum-
-mers all shall be blessings and
when your body lies hushed
down in the buried coffin
your spirit-made holy shall
be in heaven.

Jan 1861



"Jesus died"

6

Fannie is dead O God,
what- can I say, or what
can I do Well well as I
know how little letterfuls
of condolence can do
here Your little blessing
is away but- O! Mr and
Mrs Pelton you know that
Jesus loves the little
dear. and all is well
and you'll go to her in
just- a little while though
she cannot- come to you
blessed blessed will
you be if washed by Jesus
blood you be found
simple as she

Lone Jesus the more
we know the strength
of this love Think how
many dangers and aches
your little dear has been
shared by leaving a little
earlier than yourselves
and she is safe, all safe
and ~~well~~ blessed.

If in death still lonely -
lonelier there far lonelier

You know how surely I feel
this myself and how deeply
I sympathize with you
but I'd better say no more
John —

Dear Mrs Pelton I was real glad to hear
 from you I had been thinking it was so long
 since I had heard from you all were You speak
 of my trying to the world and despoing the woods again
 This Mr Pelton will not be while I have strength to
 study by, or as long as I can be more useful where
 I am I am alone again, my brother never was
 accustomed to study and confinement so that though
 he promised himself much useful happy case when
 he for the time being had farm blessings grandly
 he found unwisely toils far more severe than farm
 ones, his health suffered a little, so after a few com-
 plaints he suddenly threw his books aside and set
 out the other morning for the healing hills of a weeks
 journey on the prairie He is going to teach a district
 school this winter and as you I My schoolhouse is one
 of those Yankee log edifices which often give mournful
 signs of having been hardly dealt with by the weather
 I was a little surprised on finding Byron, and his wife
 one day in the camp, they appeared really and pleased
 with their residences Edward Dwight seemed to blow
 his pipe with great glee in the midst of the twilights
 string of chattering dervises Byron visited us in our room
 and went up town to church with us one Sunday, You
 would hardly know him in his great blue coat I went
 down to the camp and spent an hour or two in their tent
 the night before they left for Wisconsin and Oh dear

such consecration. You have no idea how shameful
it was. And yet when I expressed my abhorrence of
such language Byron laughing & said "Why John this
is not a beginning to what you would hear in other
units. This is one of the best in the regiment!"
After lecturing them a few minutes upon the necessity
of having the character formed and being prepared of
tightly clenched principles before being put to such
a trial as a three years sojourn in so horrible a winter.
Byron growing weary dropped his camp language and
declared with some emphasis that there was no
danger of him. That his principles were "firm as the ada-
mantine hills" I frankly expressed my opinion that
principles which permitted what had passed in the
tent tonight had better be any thing but fixed.
I am done for any sake let Byron's and Wright's mother
know what I have written for this would only make them
reasonful and the boys angry but I do anxiously wish
you would tell them to write often to their all the
time home for I it is so good to get letters from home
and then to think that scarce one good influence
reaches the poor boys, how much they need the holy influence
of home, as they unfold the pages folded by a mother
or sister's hand they will forget where they are and
as they anxiously read the pure thoughts and advices
in the end corner and those not half expressed sympathies
which sisters and mothers only have, tears will flow
and when he next joins his companions vice will not

been as before now want you be sure and tell them
I heard they had already seen the enemy, The whole
seemed surprised for fight I was down the morning
they left Madison and helped Byron to buckle on his knee
-back Dwight with his wife seemed uncommonly happy
but I have terrible a work is assigned them than strange
that many professed of such tender emotions; whose hearts
beat for others sorrows with the best sympathies of our
nature; how strange that such can so completely compass
themselves for such work and even march to the bloody
fray as a half dance with a smile on their faces and perhaps
a loud laugh. Were all the seceder soldiers safely arranged
in rows side by side on long tables where all the soldiers
whose patriotism would enable them calmly or otherwise
at such an hour to cut their throats for the common weal
after having asked the married among them how many
children they had and if they cried when their men left them to
go to camp, the mere mention of such a thing would shock
every human feelings. But the gallant charge, the well directed
grape shot, the exploded mine sending hundreds leaping from
hills in a moment, the dreadful shell thrown precisely
into the thickest crowd sending sightseers and nicked to
blows perhaps while asleep as they felt the soft hand of
a mother on their forehead brow Ah this this is noble
becoming all seignors or pastors who love his country,
well may the poor mother mourn that she is not a man
and the unfortunate maid who would faint and make a
poem on the untimely end of a son or well may she pine away

since she may not put her white hands to the
good employment. I am sure Mr. Alton that if all
this be indeed necessary the slaughter should be conducted
solemnly, I should not the executioner who maybe is a
Christian and who if we were acquainted with him would
be a bosom friend through life, should he not be shot
solemnly, when the judge sheds tears on pronouncing the
doom of the atrocious murderer. How strangely it seems to
me I should feel if in heaven one praising with the white
robe should for a little cease his praises and tell one that
I had beheaded him that anniversary day at Bull Run.
May peace's blessings soon be ours again May the time
be near when the spirit of the Prince of Peace shall be in all
hearts.

O Mrs Goodrich Mrs Goodrich! What shall I say, Cannot
play Maggie certainly no, I had thought that Chaps arrows
were as so many fine sparks from a hot gun on her
shield. Well done Gafid my lad!
I do hope hill take very good care of her, And I feel sure
he will for Good-rich is no misnomer or she would
not have said, "yes" I wish her happiness with all my
might.

How much things are changed since you wrote last. The happy
childrens voices that used to ring with the merry birds as they
got posies on our lovely hill are not heard now.
The then verdant sod is brown and dead and the living leaves
now dead and wrinkled are borne about on every wind.
A melancholy pleasure steals over the mind now "we all do
fade as a leaf" As the leaf or the ripples on the lake
generation follows generation we are passing away. You great
the need for energy to spend our little while to purchase. How
good to obey and love God who gave his Son to redeem us and fit
us to live forever. Ah that Babylon I need not speak. But
Babylonian temptation, hope from sin pollution.
She lives whom we call dead? That God may always bless
I wish to be kindly remembered in the felt prayer of your
to the dear Good-bye. Sympathizing friend of Minnie

John Muir

8 Fl. K
Ch. 17

✓

Mar 26/62 Thursday
To Mrs P.

Dear Mrs Pelton, I often think
I feel your feared brow, and
wish my self near to bathe it.
I still hear your difficult breathings
and read the pictures you cannot
escape, and through your dearest
friends long accustomed to soothe
the pains of sickness are at hand
with all the care of their love
and natural affection, I nevertheless
long and ache to be near you
with an intensity which I cannot
describe.

Mingled with your afflictions you
doubtless have many of those precious
blessings ascribed to the sick,
and feel that as your troubles
increase so also do your consolations
from God. You realize the
presence and unequalled tenderness
of that One who above all others

well deserves the name of Father,
You console that the blessed
Saviour is our Shepherd - that
having sought us while wanderers
from his fold and washed away
our sins, he now is with us by
day and night - that he knows
the measure of our griefs and
every need; and that with his
power and sympathy and
unchangeable love he will tend
us here, and in due time take
us to the mansions prepared in
heaven. And you are easily
satisfied and I will not write
much. Since Jesus love you
all must be well.

The birds of summer begin to
visit us; and from the cold earth
strewn ^{with} death and corruption
numberless forms, living and beautiful,
shall in a few days appear, as you
after passing with resignation

to the same Tomb shall be called
forth by the same power 'clad in
immortality' Not again to fade as
as a leaf, but with the God whom
you love and other dear ones, to
dwell where decay and sin is
not.

I treasure your motherly advice, and
should I live long after you depart,
I shall often remember you as
present and seek for your sake
to do whatever of difficult or easy
duty is meted for me with increased
alacrity. I will repeat the
expression of my Gratitude for your
genuine kindness to me when timid
and inexperienced I first felt the
skill countenances of so many
strangers, Time nor fortune vicissitudes
or necessities shall ever efface these
early marks from my heart -
I've others have Christian benevolence
whom I hope to find and love

but though these shall have
a place in my heart they
can never take yours.

[The picture referred to below was in fine pencil work
decorated with a margin of leaves, in each of which was written
"True friends never die." The picture (about 18 x 24) was
eventually stolen among other effects from E. W. Pelton.]

You wished to have some machine
to appear in my picture, this could
not easily be, so I took a drawing
of my desk which I shall send you
down. There is writing under that
paper which belongs only to your
perhaps it is not in a proper
place, if you think so it may
be cut out.

Fannie's picture was too dark and
inclined to photograph but I got
a good aquatint type from it as
also from the picture with yourself,
both of which are above price to me.
I have seen Mrs. Stone since I returned
she evinces great interest in all that
relates to you.

I feel truly obliged to Mr. Pelton for writing
and am thankful to Mrs. Newton and
all the rest for their kindness.

Remember me to all Goodbye in Christian love
J. M. M.

Madison Sept 28th /62

O My Elton, I was so happy to receive your letter. I could feel while reading, that I had a friend in Christian love who was a friend in death, and that I might well be ashamed of some heavy half-promised thoughts which occasionally shadowed my mind, while half-dreaming of ever hearing from you again. And here again is cause for sorrow. My misgivings concerning your health have been but too well grounded. Would that I were able to do anything that would give you health. I think I can realize your anxiety to be with your Mother. No earthly being can fill the place of our own self-longing affectionate Mother. And such a Mother is given from the few words she uttered to myself when so desolate; I fondly trust. Dear Mr. Elton that a Mother's attention and your own England air will under God's blessing restore you to full health. You mention "Little Fannie" some I often think of her. Do you remember having promised me her picture. Will you please to send me a copy of that one which your Mother has. I am sure that your feelings are of no common kind, while you gaze from the scenes of your happy youth; each object, full stream & trees, will crowd beautiful pleasing thoughts and impressions upon you. Under such circumstances I think I should almost come with delight. I should like to climb your granite hills, but as for

there being a substitute for my Scottish highland
it is nonsense. they can have no substitute.

Scotland alone will ever be Scotland to me. My love
for my own Scottish land seems to grow with every pulse
so that I cannot see the name or hear it but a thrill
goes to every fibre of all my body. One of the most
prominent of my future hopes is that I shall one day
visit Scotland.

You ask me how it is with me I answer it is well
at least in a worldly point of view. I have been
home during summer vacation and have again
commenced the fall term. My pecuniary matters
have materially improved, as has my health, so
that if other circumstances, such as the unsettled
state of the country, and other war which we have no control
will admit, I shall spend several years in college,
I still continue to indulge my whittling propensity at times
at the expense of poor Latin lessons.

But in spiritual life I fear that I have been losing.
I feel the need of everyday christian society, I know
that Christians can by the free grace of God in Christ
do all of their duty under all circumstances; but
we are so easily influenced by everyday temptation
that there is danger of losing ground if the means of
grace be not closely followed. I trust I have given
prayers, may I not then have a word of remembrance

will you please send me Mrs Merrill's address I have
not heard from her since her visit to home that
she wrote last and I did not know where to write to

I did not receive your letter till lately, it having
lain in the office during vacation. You can
hardly conceive how much I longed to hear of your
welfare. I would not have written you again but I
was about to start for Br Am Chen to ^{investigate} the
matter. I thought that if Mrs Pelton's friendship was of
that character spoken of by Burns as being to frail to bear
transportation I should hardly have confidence in that
of any body. I have found that the beaten path
of friendship is not worth walking upon in many
cases. I trust that your letters will not be separated
by such formidable distances while your health
is not very good, one or two lines just to inform me
of your health is all I shall claim.

Give my best wishes to your father and mother

May God bless you
in all things.

Goodbye

J. Merrill



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At this point a page of the correspondence is missing, although it was present when the next several pages were printed in William Frederic Bade's *The Life and Letters of John Muir* in 1924.

In February of 1864, after Muir had returned from a botanical expedition down the Wisconsin River to the Mississippi and into adjacent parts of Iowa, Emily Pelton wished he'd written her while en route. He replied with a long letter, which contains within it three others predating as if written while he was in the field but actually composed in late February of 1864.

We give the text of the missing opening page here from a typed transcript found among the WHS manuscripts:

Fountain Lake
Feb. 27th/64

Dear Friend Emily

You speak in your last letter of the pleasure which a letter written during the ramble would have given, that it is not yet too late.

"Backward, roll backward O time in your flight!"

*Recess in the bluffs near MacGregor Ia.
July 7th 1863*

Dear friend Emily,

This evening finds us encamped near M'cGregor. We have spent a toilsome day, but it has not been without interest. In the morning we were directed to a romantic glen down which a little stream sought a path, turning the mosses to stone as it went, and watering many interesting flowers. "The road that leads to it", said the man, "lies close along the river brink - it is not very far and a loghouse marks the Glens narrow entrance". We remarked, that in following our directions, when we had inquired more particularly about the exact position of the loghouse after we had proceeded some distance on our way, the person we inquired of gave us some very curious glances which we could not understand. As we proceeded on our way we could not withstand the temptation to climb the bluffs that butted so majestically overhead, and after many vain attempts we at last found a place where the ascent was practicable. We had to make make many a halt for rest, and made as much use of our hands as of our feet, but the splendid view well repaid the toil.

After enjoying the delightful scenery and analyzing some specimens which we gathered on our way, we began

To wish ourselves down again, as
the afternoon was wearing away, and
we wished to visit the glen before night,
but descending was still more difficult
and we several times reached an almost
unstoppable velocity. We found the
first specimen of *Desmodium* in this
vicinity and several beautiful *Salix*.
After travelling a good way down the
river we began to fear that we had
already passed the object of our search
but when the dense fogs were nearly
lost and we had just emerged from
a mass of low leafy trees we were
suddenly struck with the most genuine
astonishment at the unique and
unexpected sight as full before us -
We expected that a log house in such a
place would be a faultless specimen of
those pioneer establishments with outside
chimney, the single window, and door over
sun with hupines or wild honey suckle
the down yard alive with prouling and pigs

and the bare yard it banded with
its old strawstack and street of dilapidated
stables and sheds, with Cows, dirty
children, and broken floors, sprinkled
over all - But Judge Emily gave sur-
prise when upon a piece of ground where
the bluffs had caved backward a little
from the river she at once saw the
same old house with four grandly
dressed females in an even row in front
with two well men seated a little to one
side looking complacently upon them like
a successful merchant upon a stock of
newly arrived goods, not a broken fence
dirty boy or squealing pig was to be seen
but there on such a background - the
old decaying logs and the dark majestic
hills on which the soft shades of evening
were beginning to fall, their air clothes
which had been dipped many times
in moist glowing dyes all the strange
power, it was long before I could judge
of the character of the establishment but
I saw at once there was something ^{very} strange
about it, and instinctively asked
my companion. He was equally ignorant
but boldly marched forward and asked
for the Upland where fossils were found.
This was a subject of which they knew but
little they told us that the path lay no
farther - that the hills were insurmountable, &c.
We then took the alarm - gained the summit
of the bluffs after an hour's hard labor a battle
our campfire congratulated each other and
cooke and spoke much from the best of the bones

[1863, July 8]

Dear friend Emily.

When morning had dawned after our evening loghouse adventure, we found ourselves upon the brink of one of the highest points overlooking the river; it seemed as though we might almost leap across it. The sun was unclouded, and shone with fine effect upon the fleecy sea of fog contained by its ample banks of bluffs - later it flowed smoothly away as we gazed and gave us the noble Mississippi in full view.

Breaking the spell which bound us here as long we leisurely proceeded to explore the pretty glen which we passed before in the dark; here we spent some hours of great interest and added some fine plants and fossils to our growing wealth, and soon found ourselves upon the shore of the great river.

The genuine calm of a July morning
was now master of all - the river flowed
on, smooth as a woodland lake, reflecting
the full beams of the dreamy light -
while not on all the dark foliage which
feathered its mountain walls, moved a
single breeze - We stood harnessed and
half asleep with the settled calm,
looking wishfully upon the cool waters,
when suddenly the thought struck us
"How fine it would be to purchase a
boat and sail merrily up the Wisconsin
to Portage" We would read and work
the oars by turns as our heavy packs
would be stowed snugly away beneath
the seats and every few miles we would
land at some inviting place and gather
new spoils - And so in a few minutes
we had our effects packed snugly
as I have described in a pretty boat,
and were joyfully floating on the
bosom of the Father of Waters, But alas
how vain our large hopes of promised

blips - we reached the mouth of the river
Miss' and even our bright faces grew
lids and lips bright till gloomy as a
winters day as we piddle with all
our might shooting bravely on against
the current at the fearful velocity
of ten rods per two hours - at last
completely exhausted we gave up for
the present in despair and are
instantly returned to the Mississippi
by the boiling current. But we
were not yet beaten for holding a
council of war against the bustling
stream we determined to "Try Try Again"
So Landing we procured a
pair of boards by a necessitous act
of self appropriation and proceeded
to make ^{two} a pair of ours - They were
nearly made before dark, we
found a new camping ground
and caught up our hearts again
trimmed with fresh hope. But now
goodbye for the present - I shall

write you again this evening
and give you the result of today's
labor. I wish you would write
immediately on receiving this.
Address to Warrington, ^{Wisc} I shall pass
near that place in a few days.

Truly your friend
Wm. W.

Farm house near Wrights Ferry
July 9th /63

Dear Friend Emily.

We started in good spirits again
this morning with our long ears
manufactured by our hatchets, we
soon applied them to our little
boat and soon were again at the
mouth of the Wisconsin, which came
tumbling down rapid and restless
as ever - at each pull of the oars
our little fairy almost leaps from
the water but we are now in
the very midst of the boiling water
we shoot to this side - now to that
making very acute angles, and
almost capsizing several times - again
we pull harder than ever - again are
huffed - we are drenched thoroughly
with streaming sweat, but we have
strength remaining and have already
conquered fifteen or twenty eddies.
Combat is prolonged amidst splashing

and boiling. Now drifted back
now gaining a few rods; now
fast on a sandbar on this side
now aground on the other, till
the victory was again wrested
from us and, drawing our
boat upon a large sandbank
we disembarked; laid our packs
at our feet, and with uncovered
heads, thus addressed the culprit-
boat, each in turn.

O Boat, heretic and perverse, why
persist in this obstinate and un-
profitable determination of opposition
to the reasonable demands of thy
Lords and Masters. Dost plead
weakness? fearst thou the year-
nfully shoals and angry waves of this
Whirlpool, or the jutting rockbank?
These dangers have all been braved
a thousand times by the frailest
canoe that smoothly and un-
murmuringly have borne their

Tawny masters with their little ones
in safety over those waters.
Or does fond attachment for
thy parent steamer bring forth
this unbecoming opposition
Art thou then unwilling to
follow duty to all places -
shall flimsy inclination overcome
principle, I shew be thy portion
thou art small and light as a
baby cradle but obstinate and
unsteerable as rocks are, I shew
believe me of the bark canoe,
the tinkling gondola and noble
sloop, with the vast-lining
of war, all humble and ob-
edient to navigate all waters
in gipsy calumnes & when tost
to the sky wrapt in the foam of the
storm, I depart from my service
to that of another whom thy parent
shew thou seemest to love and
mayst thou serve her better than

Thou hast saved me.

This said a card was
nailed upon a conspicuous
place and directed to

Mrs Goodrich, Dubuque Iowa.
and two three cent stamps placed
on it as it was over weighed then
pushing it into the current we wait
it a few minutes as it sailed away
now appearing and now lost as
it passed the willows upon the
bank. Then we again placed
our old companion packs, and solemnly
marched away with unequal steps
through the tall grass like good
Seneca with his penates when
fast upon Tunis Dido's coast.
After a very wearisome walk
over wet places and fallen trees
we reached the house where I
now write. We did not intend
to stop here but only called for our
fifth meal as we had but one yes-
terday and we wished to make a
fair average; but the old lady of
the mansion gave us so good a welcome
that we entered and she made us
supper. She has invited us to stay all night
she, we had learned from the first.

was possessed of a lasting fund of
everyday benevolence and just a
few minutes ago she told us her
reason "I have" said she "a son
who was some years in New Mexico.
Many times he was refused shelter
from storm and compelled to pass
long nights in rain and sleet
I was determined that therefore
I should be occasionally
imposed upon I should never

refuse the rites of hospitality
to any This I think is as
noble a sentiment as ever came
from mortal lips, and if I
live, she shall know some time
that I have not forgotten her.

My warm union as I
write is listening to the narration
of this sons adventures

This is the only place where we have
met with a really cordial reception
Goodbye You may hear from
me again when I reach a convenient

W. H. A. 2000

Adventures of three
Naturalists in search
of a Breakfast on

A peep into a
Bramford Co Mail Bag

A Breakfast
Dedicated to the

"Patron of all those luckless brains,
Which to the wrong side leaning,
Indite much metre with much pains
And little or no meaning!"

The early breeze of morning falls
Upon the trembling chamber walls,-
The hours of evening, one by one,
Retreat before the joyful sun -
Your heroic task of resting o'er,
They leave their ever-open door
And yawn, and stretch, and view the sky
With locks and garments much awry.
Then seek with faltering steps and slow
The bubbling stream that winds below,
Where, like wet poultry after rain
That trim disordered plumes again,
They wash, and lave, and dress their hair,
And for the breakfast search prepare

All harnessed now, in rambling style,
With bounding glee they march a while
The generous grass and twigs bestow
Their dewy honors as they go,
'Till we might deem, the stranger three
All might had drifted in the sea.
Minutely now each sheltered shade,
Soft, sedgy pool and waning glade,
Is searched throughout with patient eye,
If stranger plank they might descry.
If such be found, no golden treasure
May bring so much of honest pleasure
But smoke curls on that mountain brow,
And breakfast is the question now. —
The house is gained — with air half bold
Their tale of morning hunger's told:
They ask no burn of prickly taste,
No pie complex with frosty paste,
No fiery mixture stupefied with candy,
No slimy oysters boiled in brandy;
But bread and milk, at any time
Procured with ease by paper rhyme
Purchased with a paper dime.

But Ah! How married was breakfast then
How lost the plans of "nice and men"!
For bread - "I've none good mother cries;"
"Because my risings did not rise -"
"I've biscuit, but a pair at most,
"And as for milk the can is lost;"
"But, three miles farther on your way;"
"You'll come to Dick and Simon Day."
With tardy steps they leave the door
And more of hunger than before
And slow, the lengthened miles they tread,
Which lead to Simon's timber shed.
With growing emphasis they tell,
How near a cotton sheet they dwell,
And, 'mid the hills, all daylight hours
Roam near and far for weeds and flowers
But growling want still pressing sore
Compels to seek the farmer's door -
And add with deeply serious brow,
How much they feel of hunger now.
But Simon has not bread to spare -
The milk is soured with ^{by} sultry air -

But Jacob Wise at Fountain well
"Has heaps of Cows, and Milk to sell",
Then from a fallen log they rise
And gracely stir for farmer Wise.
Meanwhile the day of sultry June
Approaches fast the hour of noon;
Our heroes, faint and fainter still,
Toil on with brace'd unperturbed will,
Till on a ridge of thirstily ground
The home of Master Wise is found,
And, waxing bold, our starving men
Bestow their tale of woe again. —
But Jacob with commanding air
Presents on each a Yankee stare,
And slowly, in dull angry tone,
Assures them they "had best be gone".
But staunchly fixed with needful will
'Till fed with milk and bread their fill,
And, wiser grown, they know their task,
And kindly disers questions ask —
How long beside this darkened wood
His house and handsome barn have stood?

How old himself and curly dog?
How much had weighed his fattest hog?
How great the price of meadow hay?
How far from here his clearing lay?
These cords so struck resounding well,
With kindling eye he'll warily tell,
How first this woodland farm ^{he found} ~~was~~.
When all was Indian hunting ground,
And coons and herds of fallow deer
Were tame as sheep ^{or} broken steer,
And howling wolf and savage yell
Mixed all the echoes up the dell.

Thus pouticed he inflamed before
Is calm as Bala, and all her store
Uncreamed, with bread and Sally's pie,
Bestows with kindly beaming eye, -
"Nor aught" said he "will I deny"
"To ~~the~~ honest folks as good as I;"
"But strolling men of Riley looks"
"A peddlin' clothes and dirty looks"
"How'er so learned or big he be"
"Much comfort ours shall get from me"

Now rest, Evening etc

Untrammelled now with eating toil
They gather free their flowing spoil
Now wandering lost in verdure rank
On broken slope and shelving bank
Now wandering heedless on their way
Like winding streamlet in the hay
Till laden quite like active bees
They seek a soothing place of ease
Perhaps they find a hillside brook
And trace it to the meadow nook
Where first its cooling waters spring
And grateful birds delight to sing

The sun in strength and glory now
Glowing fiery on the mountain brow
Dark shadows on the prairies fall
And hazy radiance over all
But sheltered from the blazing sky
Their grateful task they joyful ply

Thine plants arranged at rest and free
The time goes by in noisy glee
Or silent, they at rest reclined
The dreamy cheases of fancy bind
Or thoughtful mark the future day
When like the snow shall melt away
This blooming life of all the land
Crushed in Winters icy hand

Perhaps a district school is near
Deep in the wood all lone and drear
For Yankee Sam would as he lives
Prove all the bliss which giving gives
By granting farms and education
To seeking poor of every nation
But ever doth his bowels move
Towards badger youth with special love
And thus his schools has sprinkled wide
O'er prairie swell and dark hillsides
Where turning come of every trade
But chiefly young or buckleys maid

Impart with care and cute precision
The rule of Three and long division
His here shrewd badgers seek to rise
And show their native enterprise —

This trading youth with sheltered face
Will sell by signs and sly grimace
His captive squirrel or whittled boat
Or lining from an only coat
While teacher turns a favorite sonnet
Or trims the plants upon her bounnet
That wait with flaming tines to shed
Their painted beauties on her head

And often too they seek again
With much of joy and much of pain
That spot most blest — that verdant wall
The College ground beloved so well
On either side a lake is near
Maple fringed and glassy clear
The briery glens behind are gay
Bedecked in Nature's easy way
While pasture like from shore to shore
The capital is spread before

How blissed indeed their lot who may
thus freely view from day to day
with sight scarce dimmed by ^(sense) carnal
these tokens of Omnipotence
While friends all worn with Gently even
are lost in friendless climes of
Emily - March 1st 1864

The rest of this days ramble
closes with our Woodman adventure
to which I have not time to write now
I have not time either to write off
a copy of what I have already ^{written} your
some day when you are not very busy
I wish you would draw off a copy for
me correcting it at the same time

I am to take the cars in about half
an hour I really do not know where
I shall "halt" I feel like ~~what~~ ^{like} Griffiths Adam
and Eve "The world was all before them where
to choose their place of rest" Write to Midland
soon, I have already bidden all my friends
goodbye I feel lonely again
Goodbye Emily

Near Meaford May 23rd/63-

Dear Friend Emily,

I wrote you on the first of last June and have not yet received any answer, so, as might well be expected, the last drop of my patience, which in awaiting the arrival of your letters is always small, has leaked away. I have been seeking a reason for your unwonted silence but whether it proceeds from your being sick, or married, or crazy, or angry, I could not decide. I only ~~will~~ not forget to send my address. I hope that the speedy appearance of a long letter will throw clearness upon this subject and give that pleasure which your *Pro du Chien* news always bring.

I sincerely trust Emily that you are well and happy in the enjoyment of good friends and of those blessings so plentifully bestowed upon all those who love duty. I often think that perhaps you may feel something of loneliness at times when all is still and thought follows through in a long retrospect of friends, & hopes gone forever, - but I am sure that you can never be without friends; and those who in the fear of God seek to perform every duty possess abiding happiness in all the relations of life.

My brother Dannie who has been with me
all winter, has now gone to Buffalo, N. Y. he is
in a machine shop, My Brother-in-law D. Galloway, who
used to visit me when I lived at Cedar Run, paid
us a visit - but he has returned home, and poor
me is left in Canada, further from home and
longer from home than me ever was before.
You will not wonder then to hear that I am
at times touched with melancholy or loneliness.

I wish that I lived so near you as to be able
to call in at such times and have a good
earnest social chat - upon subjects - one thousand
and one, together with some supplements - and et-cetera

We live in a retired and romantic hollow
which I think I described in my last.

Our social advantages are of course few and for
my part I do not seek to extend my acquaintance
but work and study and dream in this
retirement. happy in being so comfortably separated
from the worlds noisy dust but regretting the
absence of friends.

Our tall tall forest trees are now all alive, and
the mingled sea of blooming and leaves, wave and
curl, and rise, in rounded swells farther and farther
away, like the thick smoke from a factory chimney.
freshness & beauty - are every where. flowers are
born every hour. - living sunlight is poured over all
and every thing & creature is glad. - our world
is indeed a beautiful one, and I was just thinking
on going to church last Sabbath that I would
hardly accept of a free ticket - to the moon or to Venus
or any other world, for fear it might not be so good
and so fraught with the glory of the Creator as our
own - those miserable hymns such as these

{ "This world is all a fleeting show"
"for man's delusion given" }

do not at all correspond with - my things and
I am sure they do not - with - yours

I wish truly that you could be so near or I so near
that we could take an occasional ramble together to
botanize and to admire these glorious mani-
festations of Creative Skill. I hope we may at some
time, I shall take great delight in showing
you my specimens, I have some rare ones
and I know that you would appreciate them

I do not forget the first long ramble
we had three years ago when we passed
through Po du Chien, - the specimens which I
then collected though not very well pressed, have
many interesting operations, I wish I could
pass again over the same route; I have not
made any very long excursions this spring,
for plants, and perhaps may not this summer,
though by no means acquainted with all
that inhabit our meadows & woods, the
slopes especially, & chickens as well represented
here are comparatively little known, a good
microscope is indispensable in their analysis
do you ever find time to botanize - these
Cold limestone rocks so abundant in your neigh-
borhood, is an excellent field for ferns and
many other interesting plants which will grow
no where else

We have been making a flower garden around
our home here. If you have any flower seeds
which it would not yet be too late to sow, and
which we have not, will you be so good as send
us a few. We have daisies, & heliops, & julyanthus,
& Common Cowslip, & thyme, a few kinds of phlox,
hyacinth, Crocus, and a few other common flowers.

I have thought & thought about Mrs
Goodrich; you will of course know how she is - will
you please tell me particularly about her in your
next. I am always very happy to hear
anything concerning my friends.

It seems long since I heard from Mrs Weston.
I wrote her about nine months ago.

Father Weston of Mass^s is also one apostle in debt.
What has become of Byron Hewitt?

Do you ever hear from Mrs Johnson, or

on Mrs Lowell, Is Miss Chappell, has
she yet become a Miss. What has become
of our trumpeter the Whip Hall -

The appearances of speedy peace of course must
have brought great rejoicing in your town, I
am exceedingly glad to see signs of a cessation
of so unnatural a war,

I may possibly remain here one year longer
we are very busy manufacturing rakes just-
now. I like the machinery of course but
cannot give up my studies

I was much delighted a few weeks ago by a
long letter from Prof^r Butlers little boy containing
a lithograph of our Wisc^{ns} university - I could see
my room windows and of course many other
objects which caused a flood of memories
involved with - my very being to take fire
all at once -

I often think of the evenings we spent all
together in the little parlor with - your Cousins
enjoying merrily all the time - how strangely all
things change

But I must close - be sure

I shall long for your answer Your photos
will not be forgotten I hope

I remain sincerely yours

friend John Mann

Remember me please to

Mr Pelton & to Mrs & Mr Weston

and to the boys - and all
my friends —

Please address me at -

Meaford, P. O.

County of Grey

Canada West -

18
✓
Leeds-Mills Nov^r 12th 1868 -

Dear friend Emily.

I sincerely beg pardon for my gross carelessness in not writing sooner to ascertain whether or no you had quite recovered from your severe cold, I fondly hope that you have and that now nothing remains to remind you of your long interesting journey. Sure the deep flowing happiness which your visit to early friends and old home scenes was sure to awaken, I am really glad that you told me how you were, Your former lack of egotism is hardly more pardonable than my carelessness in writing when I knew you to be sick, but I thought I had better wait until you should have returned home, I then became busy

almost to-crazyness and neglected
you till now -

I suppose that you are now at
home in the Moggale block among
your friends, have you seen
or heard from Mrs Goodrich since
you return, I would like to hear how
she is, I wrote her a letter shortly after
receiving your last in care of Mr Kelton
thinking that he would know where she
then was, how much I should enjoy
a visit amongst you all - it begins to
seem long indeed since I was at the Pt -
when upon my first botanical walk,
has winter reached you yet - it has
come down into our hollow and nipped
many of the fall plants - ere they had time
granted to mature their seed, and while
many of the beeches and Maples had
but just begun to show the mellow
tintings of Autumn, I have not botan-
ized so much as usual this season

I had one ramble among the rocks in
the vicinity of Owen Sound I send you

a section of a fruited journal of a rare
fern which is abundant in the wet-
limestone rocks there it is known in
but one or two localities in the States
I shall give you a perfect specimen some
day if you have not one already. There
is another fern somewhat rare from
the same place - *Camptosaurus rhizophylla*
I would take pleasure in showing you
my collection of ferns the eyes are so
few that appreciate such treasures.
I send you a few Mosses I only began
their analysis this fall and these
are some of my first specimens many
of them are imperfect in some cases
the male flower is wanting till I assure
you they cost me much labor as my land
was of so low a power that I could scarcely
see the teeth of the peristome in some
species, much less count & examine them
perhaps you are already possessed of far
better specimens. *Neckera* hangs in large
loose patches from nearly every bush &
Maple in our woods, *Hypnum* No 1

is indeed a beautiful moss, and in
springy woods covers old prostrate
trees in an uncommon richness &
greenness. No 2 grows in wet
and swampy places I frequently sank
to my waist in beds of it - when lost in
that horrid Canadian swamp a year ago
You ask Emily when I am going to
return to the States I think likely next
Autumn or fall and may then complete
my studies at the university - it seems
as though I could not be contented with the
little education I now have You seem
to think that Nature has designed me for
an inventor - well, strange to say, when your
letter came I had just completed a bargain
with my employers to invent a set of
new machines for the paper factory and
to manufacture a thousand doz
of books - it seems as though I should
be dragged into machinery whether I
would or no - for the last three or four
months I have been inventing machinery
about 10 hours per day But Goodbye

My sincere regards to all my friends especially to Mr. Row

Yosemite Valley
Jan 29th '90

Dear friend Emily

I send you a hearty
New Year greeting from the
depths of the Sierra mountains
& none the less cordial for
its tardiness - You have
a great many friends East
& West, & doubtless you
have gathered a bountiful
harvest of friendships & gold
in these happy days of the
New Year. But alas! none
of the holiday meetings & greetings
for me. New Year found me
very painfully far from home
& friends, in this rocky & it
hidden temple of the Mountain
securely locked & "snow bound"
amid the winter grandeur of the
Lords ever glorious Yosemite

Remember me to Mrs. Pittman & the children & to Mr. May & family
but as soon as you get this, Mr. Indian comes on the train with me
and over a week I cannot write. I am
Yosemite Valley
via Big Oak Flat
Care of Mr. Hastings

I think, surely I wrote to
you about my summer
among the high summits.
I had long lived in flowery
summer & I longed to see the
snow & ice - the divine jewelry
of winter once more, & the thin
azure of a cold sky, & I longed
too to hear the deep harmonies
of the storm wind, & the torrents.
& I knew that I should find all
of these pleasures in their grandest
moods & unions in this far-
famed Yosemite. I have been
here since October & will
remain all winter - perhaps
longer for I can hardly tear my-
self away.

I celebrated New Year
by thinking of my friends & climbing
a mile upwards into heavens blue
to the brow of Lookout Kaibito -
The valley with its rocks and

falls was sublimely at my feet,
To the right waved the embanking
timbered billows of the foot hills -
Still beyond the Yellow hazy
plains, & still farther upon the
rim of the sky loomed the blue
flowing mountains of the coast -
To the Eastward the jagged spire
peaks of the Sierra Crest were bathed
in equal transparent light, each
mantled reposingly in their
first treasures of snow -

I sat gazing for an hour or
two giving myself ample time
for mind & body to sponge themselves
full of beauty - Sketched a representa-
tive portion of the panorama
& started for the nether world by
a new route, - Got on bravely
until full half way down when
I was suddenly halted by a sheer
descent of five or six hundred feet
- Had to march back to the very top

find my old winter. Darkness was
coming on & I had two hours work
of a dangerous kind, but by running,
jumping, sliding, tumbling, & floating
besides other modes of locomotion
terrestrial & aquatic I accomplished
my crazy task in half time, & avoid-
ed a long fast & a night upon
the mountain in the cold.

The sunlight is very rich
& warm today - almost balmy
& the magnificent waterfalls just
coming over the rocks there
half-a-mile in height have
been supplied with plenty of melting
snow & are creating the most
divine of nature's deep harmonies.

Something or other jostled a
bundle of the old Wendell memories
I thought of the days when I came
in fresh verdure from the mesquite
woods, & when I used to be very
orthodox denunciations at all things
morally or religiously amiss in old
or young. It appears strange to me
that you should all have been so
patient with me.

I am making a mill here
& have plenty of looks & bread besides this
rich look of nature, between whose leaves I
am stuck in like a fly.
Well here comes the bottom of my page & so
goodbye. I hope that 1870 has a great
many blessings for you & I

Write that at all times when a friend is needed you will come on when needed

20
1870

Dear friend Emily

I would gladly climb to the top of our highest rocks to find out whether you are on this or the other side of the rocky mtns. Can it be that you are indeed in California. If this be a fact it has some rare unbelievable properties that make it hard to comprehend. But with faith like a grain of mustard seed I will go on to believe that you are really in Yuba. Well I am sure I congratulate you upon your arrival in this Pacific land of gold. I mean the gold of yellow sands that cover the plains. You must be very weary of that long ride I should think that a week of car locomotion on such Pulloky Railroads would rift

all the best of a persons life
out but doubtless you have
had much to enjoy from the beautiful
Plains & Lakes & Mountains that you
have passed. Many say that the
"plains" are monotonous deserts
but I do not think that you
would see them so. Last year
I was over the Sacramento to Mono
Lake - The whole country about there
is generally described as a dreary
barren waste Yet I never beheld
a place where beauty was written
in plainer characters or where the
tender fostering hand of the great Gardener
was more directly visible

You have not come at
the most beautiful time of year
The Plains of the Sacramento will
be crisp & dead ere this but
if you are here in April
you will see a shock of plant
gold undimmed in the world

I was left in charge
here last fall when Mr Hutchings
left for Washington to attend
to his land claims, & as he
has not returned I cannot
leave the valley, though I would
be so happy to meet you; but
I will now be here all summer
& you must of course see you
I will undertake to guide
to all the most holy spots
in rock & grove & to stand points
where you will hear the waters in
their most divine harmonies
This is a costly trip as most people
make it but if you can come
I will send you directions etc
that will make your expenses
quite bearable

I believe I told you
that Dr Can was now Prof in
the University of this State I have
not seen the Dr or Mrs Can yet

but I expect them here this summer.
I wish you could come when
they are here Mrs Can was
frequently at Pm all chime & I
think you know her

Your ask me to tell
my work well it so happened
by a queer coincidence that the
day your letter arrived I began
my lumber for repairs on the
my house & tomorrow I am
going to begin tearing down my
partitions. That you spoke of

I made a saw mill for Mr H
this winter & have been operating it
lately, this together with various
jobs of carpenter work & the feeding
of a herd of hateful gobblers
is my terrestrial employment
& visible means of support
I do not think you will re-
cognize ^{me} like John the Baptist I dwell
in the wilderness I have a leather
girdle about my loins & I wear
sackcloth & when I camp out I
have asps on my head & on my whole
body

✓
21
In all these years since I saw you, I have been so old &
some how I don't mould in with the rest of mankind & have
become far more
conspicuously lachful
than when I lived
in Mendell - there
now Emily there
is a whole letter
all about
myself, who is
a literary sin
that I have
not committed
for some time
I say well
am heartily
Yours
John Mun

Yosemite Valley
Feb 19th [1872]

Dear friend Emily, I was really
glad to hear from you. I wrote
you at least two letters since
receiving yours of last spring.
I began to fear that I had lost
you all together.

I am glad to hear that you
are coming here next season.
You will be sure to find me
without any trouble. I have
never had any pictures of myself
since that of yours which I suppose
is the one I let Mrs Pettum have.
You will find me at Blacks
Hotel. I left Mr Hutchings because
he was not kind to me. I am in
every way independent & will be

most happy to see you & help you
to see Yosemite, You will require
no photograph to know me, the
most untanned & round shouldered
& bashful man of the crowd
(if you catch me in a crowd) that's
me, I will be here for some
years, as last fall I began a
careful study of the ^{ancient} Glacial system
of this portion of the Sierra for the
Boston Academy of Science

A sort of preliminary survey
of the Glacial basin of Yosemite
Creek was published in the New
York Tribune of Dec 9th (daily)
wh will give you some idea of
the manner in wh my life is
spent. Some winter letters of
mine may also appear in the Tribune
as soon as the snow blockade is broken.
Last Dec we had a glorious
jubilee of waterfalls, & wh I wrote

an account, It will probably
appear in next month's "Overland"
If it does I hope you will see
it. How gladly I would
welcome Mrs Pelton here &
our Fannie who would have
been more than half a woman
ere this, I would like to see you
all, how fast those yrs have
flown. How you must laugh
at the memories of my odd
appearance, among you all, I
remember rebuking you & Mr
Lowell without mercy for silly
chat, Old Mr Newton too for irreverence
& all of you for sins of some
kind or other, & something
else I remember Emily - Your kind
words to me the first day I saw you.
Kind words are likely to live in any
human soul, but planted in the
breast of a Scotchman they are

absolutely immortal, & whatever
Heaven may have in store
for you in after years you
have at least one friend while
John Muir lives —

Remember me warmly
to Mr Peltor & A A Wright.
I am sorry to learn the death
of Mrs Newton —

Had I been able to leave
Yosemite I should have seen you
here this but Heaven keeps me to
my mountain task with an iron
grip loosing though it be.

Do you remember Prof Carrs
wife she was at Shondell once or
twice. She was friendly to me while I was
a student & ever afterwards. Prof Carr
is now connected with the Cal State
University; They have sent me many
pressing invitations to spend winter
with them. but as I said I am well known

Ans Jan
9th Feb 18

1419 Taylor St. S F.
Dec 30th 72

My dear Runaway Sister Emily,

I have just chanced to learn your return to the Yuba hills through McChesney. Since you left here on your visit to the old East you have not sent me a single word, at least I have not received one from you. What has your poor mountain brother done to deserve such blank desertion. Come now. What is my share coming or over coming that you leave me thus silently to the bears, & snow storms, & wild sheep? What kind of sisterhood is this? I've been near drowning in the Sacramento, & freezing in the Kings River Canon, & only a month ago scrambled three days without food among the dizzy cliffs & white waters of the High Sierra but never a word from your kind heart. . . . Well I'll say no more until you break silence. I would

have written to Mrs Knox for information but
I did not care to let her know how nearly
you had been. I am going East you
did not give me any address. I have spent
last summer in regular course like all
the rest, traveling the latitudes in search of
wild truth. Have been at Shastah, Fall River,
Yosemite, Los Angeles, Santa Cruz etc

Had a good time with Gray & Sir Joseph Hooker. Spent a week at Chico
with Gen. Bidwell, sailed alone in a new ship 200 miles on the Sacramento
250 on the San Joaquin, & 120 on Lake Tahoe. I have just returned
my old quarters to get away the winter with my pen.
And you have no doubt had a fine visit rambling about your
old home, & now you are here to teach. I wish you a happy
New Year. Truly understanding your stronger uncertainty and
blank silence. I asked McChesney what chance there was for a
position in the Oakland schools & he said it would require a long
pull to gain one, & that you would require to be here to make the acquain-
ance of the Directors. Some teachers "labor & wait" more than a year for
a comparatively poor place, & poor pay. Could not you get the position once
offered you in the Chico Academy, that would be satisfactory I should think
& I could introduce you to the Bidwells if you do not already know them.
When ever I can be made available in arguing in the furtherance of your
interests be kind enough to let me know & I will for give your long
perpetual nagging. Remember me to the friends I meet with you
in your Yukon hills, & believe me ever your faithful brother
John Muir

23
just the
after the
birth of Wanda
eldest child

81

Martinez, March 28.

Dear Emily,

Our little one has

come to us & we are all very happy,
mother father grandmother & grand-
father. She was born three days
ago, coming in the warm sunnys
of the springtime with the full
bloom of the fields & orchards & the
singing of the birds. Heaven bless
the small darling & make all her
life as happy as the promise from
every quarter is now. She is a
tiny happy healthy daintily-featured
lassie, cheeks & chin nose & mouth
& brow as finely modelled & composed

as if she were in her ripe way
teens, & she looks about her with
her bright blue eyes as if eager
to know what kind of world
she had arrived in.

After a little you must come
& see us in our quiet home

I was glad to hear from
you after so long a silence
I supposed you had vanished
with your dear Cousin among
the Conifers of Washington -

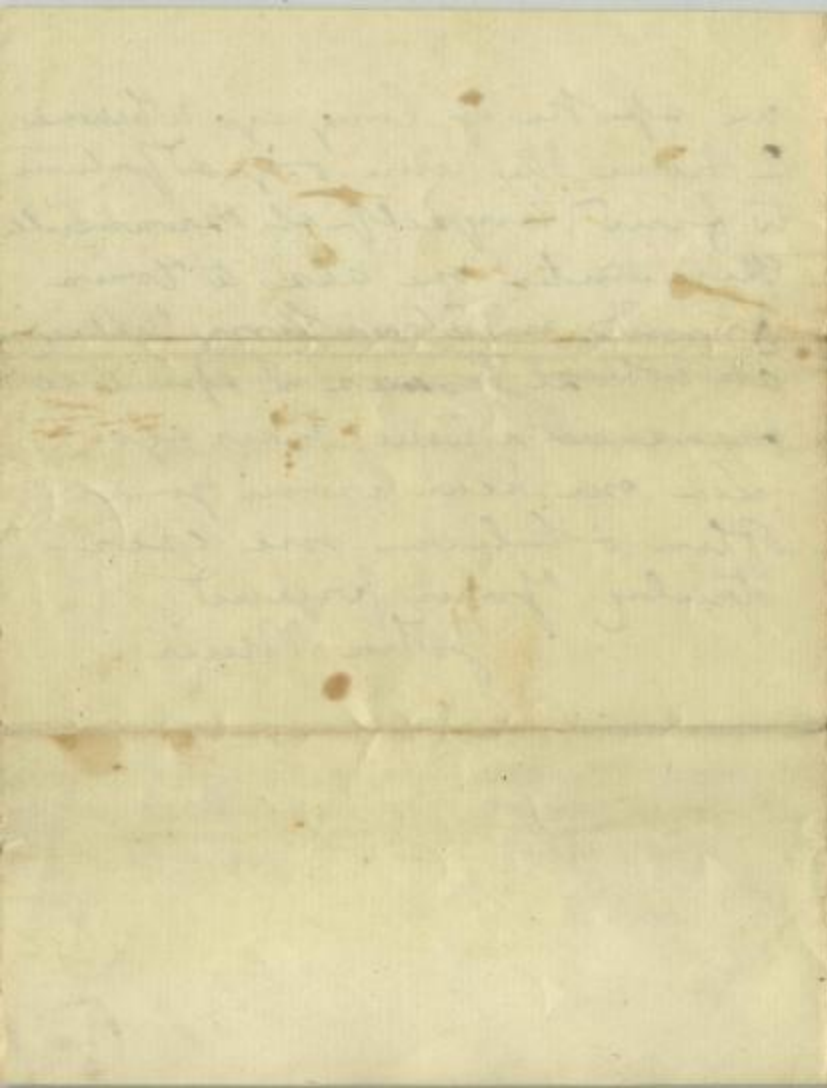
I hope however that you will
enjoy your old employment
& friends in Yuba County.

Remember me to the Knoxes
& tell them that I will gladly
give their scholars that lecture

Am. May 1843

we spoke of long ago whenever
I have the time & good fortune
to find myself at Brownsville.
Remember me also to your
friends in Strawberry Valley
at whose houses I spent so
pleasant a time years ago.

Let me hear from you
often & believe me ever
truly Your friend
John Muir.



Martinez Cal.

Jan 1st 1882.

Dear Friend Emily.

I once more wish you a happy new year; About the 20th I think since the first new year wish in the Mondell house; & many a change has taken place in these 20 years for both of us.

I have not heard from you since I left California for the solar regions, but fancy you may yet be at Brownsville or thereabouts. I hope your summers work in school did not weary you

You so much as to injuriously affect your
health. When are you ever going to
pay us a visit. Little Anna Wanda is
blooming out finely & is a beautiful & happy
& very interesting child. I am sure you
would like her. She & her mother & all
of us would be glad to see you, & you
would enjoy a rest here & therefore you
you must come surely whenever you
are within reach & we will try to make

a portion of the new year
happy.

I had a very instructive
& happy summer in the
far north. I have among
many other things a lot
of Eskimo stories to tell
you. Remember me
to the Phelps & Knoxes.
Tell Mrs Knox I will give
that lecture whenever I can
find a time to go so far
from Martinez as Brownsill
is. Wrangel Land is farther
but that is icy & another
thing. She must come

than she will hear more lectures than
she can well endure.

Hoping that the new year has much
happiness in store for you I am
Dear Emily ever truly your friend

John Muir.

25
1/2

Martinez, Jan. 11, 1902

Mrs Emily P. Wilson

Dear Friend of Auld Lang syne
I'm delighted to find you &
see your handwriting after
this long silence. It is
wonderful how people
drift apart on varying
currents of duty & work without
intention. I've never forgotten
you - never forget any of
my old friends, but I'm
usually in the wilderness all
summer & in my study all
winter so I seldom make
visits. Oakland seems farther
away than Alaska; - have not
made a single visit in your
town during the last fifteen years.

I have not in this time seen
The Bentons, McCheneys or
Baskels whom I used to
see often times before. I
was married & got into
the habit of writing for
the press. I'm going to try
however no matter how
over laden with work, for
I feel conscience stricken
to some extent, manage all
my excuses though not
more guilty than yourself
& Doctor. For you have
not visited us.
My daughter Wanda is attending
the University, & I must ask
her to call on you some
Saturday. I'm sure you'll
like her & she is well
worth seeing

³ [3]
My! How far back those
Pioneer du Chen days are
The Peltons, Lowell &
Bissels. & the Chores in
the big buck house & that
old horse & Car & Mr Grogan
No wonder time is touching
us here & there. Nevertheless
it always seems a joke
to be called old. As far
as I know I feel just about
as young now as forty yrs
ago. I'll send my first
book with this & a copy
of my last as soon as I
get a new Lot.

Remember me to the Doctor. &
with best wishes believe me
ever Your friend John Miner

26
Martinez March 18, 1902

Dear Mr. Wilson

I send by post today
two books which I hope
you will read as two long
letters from me. I have three
or four others to write should I
have long enough, & when one
writes books letter writing is sure
to be sadly neglected

I was glad to hear from you
direct through Wanda. I'm
fairly stupefied with book work
but nevertheless I'll try to visit
you the next time I'm in Oakland.
How fast the years have sped
since last we met. Remember
me to Mr Wilson & our Forestown
friends. The coming spring &
summer weather will I hope renew
your husband's health. Come & see
when you can & believe me ever
Sincerely James John Muir

Martinez, Aug. 8, 1905

Dear Emily;

My wife died Sunday
morning. - Funeral
tomorrow. Helen is in
Arizona, not yet well
Will write when I can

Sincerely your
Friend
John Miller



ALL STEVENSON
PAPERWORK

RATES
\$1.50 PER DAY

FOREST HOTEL

TABLETS TAKEN TO THE FOREST HOTEL
DURING THE NIGHT OF 1895
WEEK. AND FROM \$1.50

ADAMANA, ARIZ., Sep. 3

1905

Dear Emily

We are all here for Helen's sake. She has been here about six weeks & is rapidly recovering. The pain in her lung is gone & she is growing strong & brave as ever. She has several times galloped 30 miles or more over the hot dry desert without fatigue. Wanda too is resting after the terrible strain & burdens of the the last eventful months so am I & soon I hope to be able to go on with my work - the only cure these mortal hurts. I have not been "critically ill" or "broken down" as reported in the newspapers, only dreadfully tired & exhausted by hard work anxiety & sorrow. Remember me to your cousins. Thanks for all your kind sympathy. I'll tell particulars

of our sad story when
you come home

We are all thankful
that dear wife & mother
suffered but little
Goodbye old friend

Faithfully Yours

John Miner

Martinez, Jan. 22, 1906.

Dear Emily, I am glad to hear of your happy visit to old East Friends & homes, & safe return to those of the west side of our grand continent. Helen is getting better she is in Arizona at Adamana on the Santa Fe R.R. near the great Petrified Forests, I have to spend most of my time there also coming here now & then to look after things. Of course all Martinez letters are forwarded to Adamana but the old desolate home is closed. I had not heard of the sale of your Oakland home. Where now are you going to make home? How long & short a time seems to lie between these California & old Mondell days! When shall we meet to recall the eventful Prairie du Chien period. I should like to see those old letters & to keep them when you are done with them.

I wonder if you got my letter
sent in reply to one of yours,
from Chicago I think -

In a few days I expect to
start back to Adamana, Had
I known you were passing
on your way to Los Angeles
I should have tried to get you
to stop off for a good long
visit, I suppose Helen will
remain there all next summer
& possibly another winter. Let
us hear from you often
Letters addressed to me either
to Martinez, or Adamana,
Arizona will reach me.

Remember me to your old friend
& believe me with best wishes
for the new year ever my
dear Emily Faithfully Yours
John Muir

Martinez, Cal., April 3, 1909.

My Dear Friend Judge Griswold:

You have no idea how delighted I was to get your long, cordial letter so full of the pleasures of Auld Lang Syne, and how impossible it seems to do the subject anything like justice in a letter. Can't you come out and go with me to the mountains next July? You would be my guest and I would be your guide and servant, make your beds, feed you and lead you by the quiet waters of crystal lakes and along the songful rivers of snowy cataracts and fountain glaciers, and in this way I would not only obey my heart but in some measure repay you for that wonderful botanical lesson you gave me on the steps of our dormitory, which has never been forgotten and which has influenced all my after life. Do come and bring Hewitt with you and we will have a glorious time in every way.

Hoping that you will allow nothing to hold you, I am

Ever faithfully yours,

H.S. Griswold, County Judge,
Waukesha, Wisconsin.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Muir". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name "John Muir".

Martinez, California
January 6, 1910-

Dear Miss Lapham

I Thank you for your kind letter which brings to mind auld lang syne days, some of the pleasantest of them were spent at the State University on father's farm on the Fox River near Portage. Your name is familiar but I have only a faint recollection of meeting your father.

We are doing all we can to save the Hatch Hetchy Valley & the Yosemite National Park in general from commercial robbers. & I trust your Club will come to our help. *

With all good wishes & many pleasant memories

I am faithfully yours
John Muir

The Fortnightly Club

Martinez California

Feb. 13, 1913.

Mr James Whitehead
Holt Springs Ark.

Dear friend: Your painful letter came to me in my lonely library writing den while hard at work on an Alaska book which should have been written a score of years ago.

Seldom if ever have I received a letter that has given me so much mingled pleasure and pain - pleasure in hearing from a friend of my boyhood, and learning from you, the best and final authority, that the reports on the use of the Solomon road in your father's household gleamed half a century ago from neighbors including my sisters, brothers and brothers-in-law were to say the least, grossly exaggerated, and pain from having been led to write by my lifelong hatred of cruelty that which has given you pain.

I never did intentional injustice to any human being or animal, and I have directed my publishers to cancel all that has so grievously hurt you. For a full understanding of the matter I wish to inform you that the four articles that have appeared in the Nov. Dec. Jan. & Feb. numbers of the Atlantic

were taken from the M.S. of a book entitled "My Boyhood and Youth," being the first volume of my autobiography, soon to be published. I corrected the last of the galley proofs several weeks ago & wrote the publishers that they need not send me the page proofs since their proof-readers were so careful and able. Therefore I have not seen any of them, and am unable to tell how far the work has progressed. Possibly part or all of this first volume may be stereotyped or even printed. If not printed the unfortunate page will be cut out of the plate at whatever cost. And at the worst only a comparatively small first edition may have been printed, and the part that has caused so much trouble will not appear in the ten or twenty following editions.

I have good reason as doubtless you know to hate the habit of child beating, having seen and felt its effects in some of their worst forms in my father's house, and all my life I have spoken against the habit in season and out of season. But you make a great mistake in taking what I have written as a judgment or history of your father's character, as I hope to show in another volume. You doubtless know that character is made up of many particulars, & that it is grossly unfair to try the whole general character of any man by one particular however striking and influential.

3
it may be. I was far from doing so in
sketching the evil of child beating from
which we both have so bitterly suffered.

When the rod is falling on the flesh of a
child and, what may often times be worse,
near by lying scolding falling on its
tender little heart it makes the whole
family run far from the kingdom of
heaven. In all the world I know of nothing
more pathetic and deplorable than a
broken hearted child sobbing itself to sleep
after being unjustly punished by a truly pious
and conscientious misguided parent. Compare
Solomon's treatment with Christ's. Compare
Solomon's has much to answer for in this
particular, though I suppose he may
in some measure be excused by the trying
writting size of his family.

Your father like my own was I devoutly
believe a sincere Christian abounding
in noble qualities, preaching the Gospel
without money or price while working hard
for a living, clearing land blacksmithing
able for anything, and from youth
to death never abating one job his glorious
foundational religious enthusiasm. I
revere his memory with that of my father
& the New England Puritans, - types of the
best American pioneers whose unwavering
faith in God's eternal righteousness forms
the basis of our country's greatness. ~~and~~

Come and see me & let us become better
acquainted after all these eventful years
I hear of you occasionally through my
brothers and always with high esteem
and honor which has made my
heart glad. David and Sarah are living
in Pacific Grove, California, Mary & Daniel
as I suppose you know in Nebraska.
Joanna is in Richmond Virginia, and
Margaret and Anna have gone to the
land of the dead. My wife died
long years ago, and both of my daughters
all the children I ever had, are married
and raise homes of their own and
happy families. While I am left
alone in a large house with only
books and hard literary work for
companions. Write again & tell me
of your own life, and of Benjamin and
your sister. You must now be
nearing threescore & ten. I will be 75
in a few months, & in the sundown
of life we turn fondly back to the
friends of the old long-syne. So I am
now doing, and am wishing that you
may be assured that I am

Faithfully Your Grand
John Muir

Martinez, March 4, 1913

Dear Mr Whitehead:

About two or three weeks ago I wrote you that I had directed my publishers to strike out of the sketch of your uncle Charles that part which gave you pain in "The Story of my Boyhood". As I feared the corrections arrived too late for the first edition, but they will be made in the plates for the second & all after editions as you will see by enclosed page of letter.

My first letter to you was addressed
"Mountain Valley Springs Co.
Southern Club Building
126 Central Ave."

Kindly let me know whether it was received or not.

I should be glad to get news of your younger brother Benjamin.

Sincerely Yours, John M. M. M.



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611 MILLS BUILDING
San Francisco, Cal.

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San Francisco, March 27, 1913.

Mr. M. S. Griswold,
28 Putney Block, Waukesha, Wis.
My dear old Friend & Teacher:-

I was delighted with your long letter recalling our happy University days. The older we grow the more fondly do we look back to the days of youth and early manhood when all the world lay before us to choose our ways. A first volume of autobiography entitled "My boyhood and Youth", has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston, and as soon as I receive copies I will take great pleasure in sending one to you suitably inscribed. I am sure you will read with lively interest the account I give in full of my first lesson in botany from you while we stood together under an overhanging branch of a locust tree near the steps of the North Dormitory. The book is mostly a boy's book, giving an account of my school days in Scotland and life on a Wisconsin farm, and then going to the University, the book ending with my University studies when I started off into the wilderness.

I am now at work on a book on Alaska and I find that I have so many notes and the subject is so large, it is a very difficult thing to know what to put in and what to leave out and get it all in shape.

I spent over a year 1911-12 in South America and South Africa, possibly another year I spent in Russia going from Petersburg to Moscow, thence down to the Crimea and the Black Sea into the Caucasus to Tiflis, and then across the Caucasus to Moscow, thence across the Urals to Siberia and Lake Baikal down the Amoor River and then through Manchuria down to Japan and China, down to Singapore, up into India and the Himalaya, into the Deodar Forest etc. Had fine views of the great snowy mountains Kung Junga and others. Went down into Egypt, up the Nile, returned through the Red Sea to Aden, thence down to Australia where I had a fine time studying the eucalyptus forest. Thence over to New Zealand, a wonderful country, thence back to Hong Kong and Japan, and so to San Francisco. Have never written anything on these grand trips, but I may some time if I live long enough. The fact is I never intended to write any books. I have only got out some six so far.

Hoping your boys may enjoy the story of my boy days, I am
ever

Faithfully yours,

John Muir

File
1913

Martinez, July 3, 1913.

dear Mrs Osborn:

Warm Thanks thanks thanks for
your July invitation to Blured Castle
Rock. How it goes to my heart all
of you must know, but wa's one!
I see no way of escape from the work
piled on me here - the gatherings of
half a century of wilderness wanderings
to be sorted & sifted into something
like clear useful form. Never
mind, - for, any where, everywhere in
immortal soul sympathy, I'm always
with my friends, let time & the seas
and continents spread their years and
miles as they may.

Ever gratefully & faithfully
John Muir.

The books you mentioned
were sent by mail yesterday

Martinez, Jan. 3, 1914

Dear Emily With all my heart
I wish You a happy New Year.

I'm so glad to find again
after losing all trace of you for
years. When I returned from
South America & Africa I told
Mr Vroman to send my last
book to you as soon as he could
discover your address.

I hope you have been well &
have enjoyed your visit east
among your many cousins. I
suppose Mrs Knox was with you.
How vividly Emily your letter
brings back dear old Lang syne
and how fondly we cling to
old friends as the flying years
sweep over us.

You may be sure I'll visit
you next time I'm in Pasadena.

Remember me to Mrs Knox

Ever Your friend
John Muir

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Martinez, Cal.
Sept. 1, 1914.

State Historical Museum,
Mr. C. E. Brown,
Madison, Wis.

Dear Sir;

I will send a photograph ~~and~~ etc.,
in reply to your request of August fifteenth.

Faithfully yours,

John Muir

The Sabbath.

With grateful toil and cares oppressed,
The Christian day brings welcome rest -
Many giants make, their bustling house
Shouts coming, like a mountain mouse,
Unpacked, their books and beads around
Are sprinkled on the busy ground,
While all intent for heavenly things,
They seek the bliss which Sabbath brings.
The voice now sweetly prays,
And aims to know his Sabbath day,
These glowing hours of holy calm
Are laden with a water bath -
More softly trends the morning breeze
Its soft path of soothing ease -
Life rising from the penitents will -
A conscious haze is on the hill;
And sounds come all in harmony
With will of holy melody.

Their hearts are awayed with sweetest fear,
So heavenly footsteps come more near,
And kneeling on the grassy sod,
Their hearts in prayer attend to God.

One reads aloud the sacred page
From Lore divine from age to age,
With hushed raptures with flying eyes,
And shouldst not even condemn to die.
And how the Saviour left the others
How stooped so low that man may see
To love unstained to all his foes.
What time he shed for others' woes

Of darkness long & dreary;
And death upon the thinnest trees
How unimagined leave no terror aware,
And death was chosen of all his peers.

The book is closed - the golden chain
Is loosed with joy and song again,
While passing through the lofty walls,
The startled birds on neighboring hills
So joyful with the long-haired wings
While singing note about the pines.

In broken converse now, the day
Was imperceptibly gone,
Perhaps why matters may be proof to
Against the shadow of fears - love.
What hands are closed with children's blood
What hearts are bound with words of love,
Of faithful comrades who go with
In twinkling lamp the hours of pride -
Of kinder hearts, also pitying, soon
The fearful depths of fallen hearts
And form, with patient purpose from
The world's night of darkness love
Of lasting worth for youth as yet
The book is closed on future ages
What words for mortal men are given in
What places within the gates of heaven.
Of times when watching was still aware
And all except the power of peace,
Of death, whose long ungodly chains
We can sleep as the broken heart.

What wealth of various form is there -
The striated form with ~~the~~ striated hair,
The thoughtless, gay as in a dream,
And fearless as the mountain stream.
The hale and vigorous to late & white,
But only tested mortal life -
Like early blossoms doomed to be
Dipped in gulfs of suffering.

For brief to witness life ahead
Their teeming limbs were lost and dead,
But bravely thought in labor sunk
Trips freely forth on dreamy feet,
To rise once more with abashed pride
And muse the late white memory line,
Till careful plants their petals close,
Then all at once they seek repose,
Sneezing of the morning, then
With firmer limb, they'd rise again
To end the glorious shock of day
Spread out in beauty all abroad.

1. *Maggie's
sister* *8-11* *the first of his letters is
mildred.* ✓
To Mrs Pelt
to tell all things coming into
my mind now. But we must
see Maggie, that house by the
by the apple trees I almost
dread seeing her. Though she is
not sentimental. You certainly
must ^{not} come in now. O Maggie
Maggie
All growth you now. I own here
across the little ravine is the
best place but will go this
way first. In this great field
is where I sweated and played
worked and rejoiced. There
is the garden where Maggie and
I have lunched away many
joyful hours. And away down
this slope and over the level
prairie is where we have taken
hundreds of long walks and
talked of earth and heaven

now if you are not too
tired I'll take you to two
places more - first - by that
great oak is where in the
moonlight evenings I used
to spend hours with my head up
in sky I gazed among the planets
and moons - One place more
that "best-place" I spoke of that is
across this ravine and up the
opposite hill a little bit - in that
thick little grove is where I used
to pray.

Over in that direction is
where Sarah lives so there in
the world a more affectionate
sister But - I must must leave
all for Madison's icy mountains
and you are not accustomed to
so much walking and you would
almost like to get back to Fannie
Well goodbye I am in Madison
Mrs Belton is in Proctor's

On my arrival here I was
made a stool for the cigar
insurance men I was a humble
stool a week or so when Mr Heste
and I dissolved partnership. The
chain which bound us had never
grown cable like he at first
proposed taking Wisconsin by
the ears and leading it - thither
and hither for my advantage
I think however Wis will be
left - where he is I was with
Mr Heste only about - one week
Mrs & Libby used to say a row John
if you'll get the team we want to
make some calls. So rig and bob
were ready and would trot us
quite accross the street - then
John like a man would hold
them steadily till Kim & I was
prettily pronounced. Then would
rig and bob stylishly recross the
street - then by John were a rig

and lub restored while the
ribbons and feathers were being
reboxed. Sitty Life (Post-metamorphosis)
Angel arrived deliciousness!
What - need of heaven

But - more of this since I've begun
A few days after I became a
hostess they had a "party" in
honor of the second wife wedding.
The table, after some weeks of
labor and study and penuri-
aryism appeared the heavenly
forming a farce beautiful in
nearly all its borders but
the favored notified ones came
and the frail fringes were
in ruin. It was interesting while
the company cracked their
eyes to be so much watching
and care - directed by the
faithful servants. I thought
they were coated with as
much Thrice extra earnestness as
were the Mandells while feeding
the men of mass

9th

This mighty affair was consummated
 that terrible snow storm night - when
 I saw Mr Pelton Pure and John
 of course had to drive some of
those home. I could not but think
 while facing the tremendous drift
 of those stags of hurried travelers
 and also of those poor wretched
 widows of how many of them
 might have been blessed by what
 I chanced sleep from those -
 For a week or two after leaving
 you all I often felt - rather lonely
 perhaps gloomy though I am
 always happy in the centre - I was
 plunged through the ice but those
 first shocks are gone and now I
 almost feel first rate. The dear folk
 at home wanted me to come home
 awhile I felt like pushing every thing
 away and complying. Joanna looked
 down Hickory hill many times
 The dear sweet little lady, she
 wrote me another long letter
 I sent her some Pr du cedar which I
 suppose she places beyond price

I lately received a box of Hickory
hill maps per post-office Here is
a specimen I have been boarding
with Mrs Varnel. She does me a
great many little Druggie things -
you say Fannie "Dends me many
kisses" I'm afraid I have more of this
kissing temperament than enough of
all When I came first - Master Horn
^{Varnel} was directed by his mother to kiss
Miss Mervin, he did his kissing duty
with alacrity and of course I had
to kiss him I'm glad you don't do
one Emily I blushed badly 'twas the
most awkward affair of the kind.
I grieve since Mapasore kissed me
pilgrims. But how many would
(A) many kisses six? I don't
know whether to tell you about
this or not - Well don't tell anybody
excepting perhaps Miss Mervin
She will exercise mercy
towards my care or sentiment-
alism or love or whatever it
may be Within a little while
after I left - I dreamed 6 times

about - Charming I was kissing her
and calling her my dear this
and sweet - that with much
seriousness for the first time or
two I thought nothing of it
but - another time and another
and again and again I began
to philosophize nearly thus

Well now! Why surely these are
sentimental fumes. I never dream
of any body else even Joanna
thus, but - maybe it is natural
after all. I've been caring for her
and fawning with her. Yes
but this will not do. Well then
the poor little dears troubles
have attached you to her, Well
O'Malley, but - this affair is streaked
sentimentally after all I'm sure

Fannie let me tickle your
hand I wish I saw you again
I do see you I shame Jan, as
puckered a thing as that for a
laugh. Come Mrs Pelton let
me take her awhile she wants
me to carry her. Bye, bye Fannie

and am going to make a com-
position

There is a tree of goodly form, and tall
Among its every shapen boughs of strength
Should frailest Zepher venture, sounds of night
O'resounding; quick, would rise, on all
Upon the hills, she abounds her songs of worth
To smalleyed trees, and brambles far below
'Twas thus I heard her sing when long ago
I sought an hour of rest beneath her shade.

"O God of trees, ye vines and brambles all
I pray you listen List'd beseech you
O listen listen listen Lend your ears
I do implore you listen listen listen
And now, ye God of trees, brambles and vines
Give heed I King of trees I'm good
Ye brambles I am good I'm good
Ye vines and God of trees.

I'm loathe to speak my praise I'm good
Fruits of all trees, are on me, and around
I bless forever always. And every fruit
is on me, to bless mankind, and bide
This celebrated tree is never the less common
'tis always found on uplands, where are
also found coarse grained plum and poplar
breath upon the high banks of the great
river far cheap the best specimens
are found. Several attempts have been made
to introduce it - among the groves of boncheers
warwood and light stomach growing in the
lowlands of short mean and death trade
But all were unsuccessful as they
unwarily drooped and died.

18th

✓

There are good ministers
here and bad ones, and much
inconsistency among church
members. By a universalist
or unitarian minister Satans
sons are weekly strengthened
but - thank God, by others
are his unsearchable riches
faithfully preached.
The methodists have a plain
zealous preacher, but they
had what they call a festival.
I presume you are not as
ignorant of this piece of piffy
as I was. He tell you about
it - The minister needed some
money, and said so, The
city hall where spirits happen
and showman and wizzards
play their underground
pranks, is hired, then and

women members make
cakes and buy them and
beg them and chickens
and turkeys or money or
huscutt or anything from
wicked or righteous, for
the festival, or icecream
or oysters all is ready.
Tickets are bought. Much
of Societys very dregs are there
for godliness is not necessarily connected
with love of icecream and cookies -
But here is 'Midnight's holy hour'
(Bobby aint you sleepy?) but
oysters are still to be eaten
and also other blessings
The Dont Muzzle the ox bill, is
not passed yet -
Next morning God is
mercifully chastising many
of his Saints and the
same loving kindness is
shewn the sinners, Sister

I and mother M and
some of the brothers and
all the lambs are sorely
tried with sick headache
rheums and other ails
How often is "Whom the
Lord loveth he chasteneth"
piously ejaculated. "The
will of the Lord be done"
Brother A Is it not wrong
for Christians to hurt their
health and encourage the
ungodly by those festivals?
(A) Why no, I guess not, the min-
ister must be paid and
you know by ministering
the senses of the ungodly we
get them to help support
Gods people and assist
in the glorious work of
converting the heathen
Ah but - are not our
own senses tickled, is

our devotion ever sharpened
Ought not Christians to
place the money in the
ministers hand without
this awful artifice ~~ministers~~
The minister has got the
money and Sunday has
come so he has to thank
them all in church

Dear congregation your
festival was a complete
success. Your pastor thanks
you much and hopes
by this care for him to be
more zealous than ever
"With such sacrifices God is
well pleased" I thought you
have given me more than
you were able God will
supply all your want
to hear so many groaning
with aches "I've got a devil
of a headache" or "gratulating
themselves thus "Gola didn't
we have a darned good
time", "wrens - the ice cream
right though", and then hear
the minister hold his day with such

Sacrifices - God is well
pleased. Was not - this Mrs
Pelton most prodigiously
unreasonable and incoh-
sistent - I declare when
the venerable Man of God
was delivering this long
touching sermon with
that text - and so solemnly
pouring on this pious
dance I could not but
wish myself above him
with a barrel of icecream
and apsters to pour on his
head I would have done
it - O God how deeply
do I abhor this I know
I am not unblemished
here but - if anything
could tear those priceless
joys and experiences from
my breast - it would be
this of Christians waltzing
with the devil

Now Mrs Pelton I
did not intend to write
but one sheetful when
I began and here I have
strided far accross all bounds
right or ~~wrong~~ and we have
not had half a chat, you
mustnt say any thing about
is - this time And I'll never
write you as long a letter
again all my life

I would like very much to
talk awhile about The love
of Jesus but - I cannot
take another sheet I'll
write again some day, give
my respects to all And be
sure to write very soon
And now I pray God to bless
you and by his Holy Spirit
make you more and more
like his Son our Saviour
till he take you to himself