another lilly (I forget its name) - they grew in great abundance. The least abundant was the more beautiful of the two - the Lliium Superbum.

LEARNING TO SWIM:

Father told us that we ought to learn to swim. But he did not go in himself and show us how. He simply gave his directions. He said: "All you have to do is to watch how a frog swims, and use your legs and arms about the same as a frog". Well, we watched the frog and tried to imitate him together, and got into a hole, and it was probably about - not much over a rod in diameter. The water in that hole was about waist deep. Whenever we tried ourselves out we would feel as
though there were about one hundred pounds of lead fastened to our head and we would go down head first, and whenever we would get up we would go down again. We tried and tried for weeks. Every time we would be allowed to go down there for a few minutes - in the summer days, my brother and I - we would splash away and hold our breath and try and keep our heads out, but the moment we would get a little out down would pop our heads, as if the very devil

................. Then it occurred to me that if my head was so anxious to go down I would hold my breath and let my head go down as far as it would and see what it was going to do, and in the meantime I would hold my breath and kick; but I never could seem to get a chance to begin kicking before I had to use my feet again. So I tried that and I let my head go down and tried to swim under water, and I tried kicking
away until I got the hang of kicking like a frog and I also used my hands, and in one or two trials I could swim across the pond, a rod or two wide. Then I rapidly improved in that submarine swimming until I could swim until I felt the shore on the other side, and then stay down and swim across again. I was delighted to find that I could swim across and around the little pond with my head out after I got used to the use of my limbs. Then David he tried the same plan and he succeeded too. Then we began to count the number of times that we could go around that pond - fifteen or twenty times around without getting tired, so I began to think that I was a pretty good swimmer. One of our neighbors' boys came one day to visit us and we went down there into that swimming hole with the boat and David and I began swimming in our swimming hole; and that neighbors boy he pushed the boat out
beyond the zone of Water-Lillies and began to fish. He was fishing away there with his back toward me, and it occurred to me to try swimming out beyond my depth for the first time. It is rather dangerous swimming out beyond these Lilly pads because the stems sometimes get entangled with your arms and feet and bear you down, but I pushed on and got out to the end of the boat where the water was probably twenty-five or thirty feet deep. This was the first time I had been beyond my depth, but I found no difficulty in swimming. When I reached the end of the little skiff that we had made I threw up my right hand to take hold of the end of the boat. I didn't reach quite to the edge of the end board, and of course the weight of my arm and having myself strike the top, it seemed as though I just was shoved right down, so down I went, and I went to the bottom. And in a
moment I became confused and could not swim any more. I was down under water and thought that I would come up again as soon as my feet touched the bottom. Then up my head would come, and as soon as I got up down I would go again. So I was rising and sinking, rising and sinking, and this boy did not know that there was anything wrong. But I could not keep my mouth open long enough to tell him to lend me a hand. So I began to drown. And then I proved that truth to a considerable extent, that in drowning persons remember everything that they have ever done in their lives. I was thinking that it was a bad job to die so young, and all that; and then all at once it came to me like a flash that I was remembering everything that I could remember. I remembered that I could swim under water. So the next time my head bobbed up I made a desperate effort to hold my breath and
keep from swallowing water and to strike out for the shore. I was in hopes that the boy would hear and notice me and do something to help me. So I struck out for the shore under water, and the next time that my head came bobbing up I found that I could just touch with the tips of my toes the bottom, and just get my nose out of the water for a breath, and then the moment I got my nose out of water and got a breath, with the whole terror of being drowned still upon me — the first use I made of my voice was to scream to this boy that was just a rod or so from me:

"Come, I canna git out," and I gave such a yell that he knew I was in earnest, and he said:

"Can ye no?" and he immediately paddled the boat and got hold of me and I scrambled out. It was about a mile from the house, and one of my sisters heard me say that I could not get out,
and the tone was so loud that she knew it must be earnest. So when we went back home my sister said: "What was the matter? You said you could not get out. Were you drowning?"

I did not need to do any lying. This boy he lied for me. He said: "Oh! he was just haverin" (making fun) - that is the old Scotch for joking.

I will tell you what I did. I have always looked back at it as a kind of strange thing that illustrates the kind of character that is common in the Scotch. That is, as regarding your natural self as an enemy that is to be combatted. Now, after getting so near drowned I went all over it in my mind and I saw that I was a fair swimmer, but yet I came near drowning. I had never gone beyond my depth before, and I had become confused and lost control of myself. And thinking it all over I
thought I ought to be punished for it. That is my body, as if my body was one thing and my mind another thing. Well, that was well illustrated in what followed. The very next day I managed to get away by myself and went down and got into that boat alone, and instead of going back to the water hole and trying to swim out again through the rushes, I rowed the boat out into the very middle of the lake, took off my clothes, stood up on the seat, and without ever having dived in my life I made a spring and took a header and dove right straight down to the bottom of the lake. And I remembered what my father had told me, that if I wanted to dive I should hold my hands by my side and simply kick with my feet and I would go down all right. And so I dove head-foremost and went down to the bottom of the lake, and remembered what father had told me, that if I wanted to come up, simply
use my hands and so come up easily. And I took these directions and found that I had no difficulty in getting up to the surface again. Then when I got to the surface I took a long breath and swam around the boat to show how easily it could be done. This was only the second time that I had dived. Then I got into the boat again, climbed on the seat, and took another dive and swam all around the boat - made a wide sweep about it, and was glorying in the new art I had found of being able to swim. I think I dove four or five times, and each time I dove I said: "Now, take that, and that, and that" - as if getting even with myself for behaving so badly before. Getting even with my body for behaving itself so badly before, and telling my body to obey my mind. And from that day to the present time, all my life, I think that if I had been thrown out into the water in the sea or
ocean - I think that I would have immediately come to the surface again. I think I could keep myself now afloat in water that was not too numbing (too cold) and swim all day. I have been a good swimmer ever since.

The same thing is illustrated by a boy that I have heard of, who climbed a tree to reach a crow's nest in the top of it, and he fell in climbing and broke his leg. And as soon as his leg healed, he immediately went back to that tree and climbed that tree and went to the crow's nest all right.

Another instance I can remember of showing Scotch character in the same way - showing that it is a trait of Scotch character; I suppose that it exists in some measure in every character - in the characters of all kinds of people. But it is very marked with the Scotch. They must subdue their body - they must practice
selfdenial and subdue their body with its passions; they must keep their bodies subject to the principles that they are taught. Keep their bodies under complete control. A Scotchman who was a player on the violin - he was fond of whiskey. At times he would drink too much. He was at a wedding and played the violin for the dancers. He drank too much whiskey on that occasion and in going home he laid down in a drunken sleep, and when on waking in the morning he was ashamed of himself - angry with himself and determined to punish himself. He went to the house of a friend - a game-keeper - and in a strained tone of voice that betoken some resolution, he asked that his friend lend him a gun. This friend was alarmed at the tone of voice and appearance of the man, and in a startled tone of voice he said: "What are you going to
do with your gun? You surely are not going to shoot yourself", and with characteristic candor - he did not want to lie to his friend - he said:

"No, no, I dinna think that I am jist gang to kill meself, but I want to take a danda (meaning a walk) down the burn, and I am going to give meself a divil of a flag" (fright).

Another illustration of that same thing happened to me near Yosemite Valley. There is a canyon - one of the branches into which the Merced River divides - and one branch is called Tenia Creek. I had made my first visit to the lowlands after having spent some years in Yosemite as my home. I had been out in the mountains in the autumn, and winter was approaching, and when I went back to get some more provisions - fill up my bread sack - I thought I would make at least one or two more excursions before winter
set in with deep snow. I found in the valley two men waiting for me, one of whom was this Artist, William Keith. He came with a letter of introduction to me, and he was accompanied by another Artist, named Erwin. They asked me if I could tell them where they could find a subject for a big painting illustrating the scenery of the high Sierra. I told them: "Yes, I could", and said I would lead them to that fine view. So we got the necessary provisions and saddle horses. They weren't accustomed to walking, so I also took a horse and led them up the trail to the upper Tuolumne meadows, where there was a fine view of the glaciers of Mt. Lyle and Mt. McClure, and a fine strip of meadow in the foreground, making a fine subject for a high Sierra picture. After we had returned to Yosemite Valley and they spent a week or two in the Valley
itself, I went on another of my own excursions.

When I came back they were still in the Valley, and when they set out on the return journey to San Francisco they wished me to go with them. A friend of mine, who had given them the letter of introduction to me, told them to be sure and bring Muir out to spend the winter in Civilization. I said that I would go with them a little ways, so I kept ahead with them, going on and on until I came to the last of the high mountain plateaus which looked down on the hot lowlands, and I said: "Now I am going back home to the Valley". "Oh!", they said, "come on, come on. You can easily go down to San Francisco with us, and then you can come back if you don't wish to spend the winter there", so I was at last persuaded and went on down to San Francisco with them. My friends took me to the Art Galleries
and to the Libraries and showed me how well I could put the winter in in these Libraries and so forth, and tried to keep me all winter, but I stayed one or two weeks and they could not keep me any longer. I longed to get back home, and so I returned to the Valley. I went back and said to myself: "This visit to the smoky, dusty air of San Francisco and the breaking of the continuity of my studies by looking at pictures and books and friends" - when I got into the Valley I said: "Now I must have a good hard trip". The weather was pretty good and the winter snows had not yet set in. I said: "I must take a good hard trip in the mountains to forget this walking on dead pavements and breathing this dusty air". I thought that a good hard trip was needful, and it occurred to me that I try to pass through the Tenia Canyon,
and to the Libraries and showed me how well I could put the winter in in these Libraries and so forth, and tried to keep me all winter, but I stayed only a week or two, for I stayed one or two weeks and they could not keep me any longer. I longed to get back home, and to the mountains, so I returned to the Valley. I went back and when I reached Yosemite the weather was still said to myself: "This visit to the smoky, dusty tranquil, the heavy winter snow storms had not yet air of San Francisco and the breaking of the set in, I said, "Now I must have a good hard trip continuity of my studies by looking at pictures to get rid of the benumbing effects of walking on dead pave- and books and friends" when I got into the ments and breathing city air. It then occurred to me that Valley I said: "Now I must have a good hard considered utterly necessary to try a hard trip." The weather was pretty good and the time, healing, reviving adventure, and it was, though winter snows had not yet set in. I said: "I it came near being the death to me. The last one must take a good hard trip in the mountains to forget this walking on dead pavements and breathing this dusty air." I thought that a good hard trip was needful, and it occurred to me that I try to pass through the Tenaya Canyon,
which was considered impassable, and on to a
beautiful lake called Tenia Lake, about ten
miles from Yosemite. The difficult and danger­
ous part of the trip was in getting around the
difficult glasier-polished shoulder of Mt.
Watkins. I was following up a slight seam in
the rock, holding by little tufts to the grass
growing in that seam, creeping cautiously; and
all at once I fell backward and my head struck
that carefully polished granite and knocked me
insensible. And I rolled on down the steep
slope without, of course, knowing that I was
rolling, but I knew from the position in which I
found myself when I came to my senses. I saw
how far I had rolled, and there was a slight
crack in the rock right on the brow of the
precipice that dropped down sheer to the bed of
the Tenia Creek. My rolling had been stopped
which was considered impassable, and on to a
beautiful lake called Tenia Lake, about ten
only
miles from Yosemite. The difficult and dangerous
all the way up to Tenaya Lake is
less part of the trip was in getting around the
on the
difficult glacier-polished shoulder of Mt. Watkins
above the sheer-walled gorge of the Creek. When I was creeping cautiously
Watkins, I was following up a slight seam in
around the shoulder along a slight seam which extended only about
the rock, holding by little tufts of the grass
precious finger holds, I suddenly fell backward my head
growing in that seam, creeping cautiously, and
struck the smooth granite and knocked me insensible. When I
all at once I fell backward and my head struck
awoke to
Consciousness I found myself on the brink of the gorge precipice to
that carefully polished granite and knocked me
which I had rolled and where my rolling to certain death was stopped
a few
by little bushes about a foot high growing in a narrow seam within
slope without, of course, knowing that I was
for inches of the edge of the precipice. This was my first fall
rolling, but I knew from the position in which I
since my mountainning began, that it was not the
found myself when I came to my senses. I saw
end of my climbing was due solely to those blessed little bushes
now far I had rolled, and there was a slight
I don’t know how long I lay insensible but when I awoke
brick in the rock right on the brow of the
I was trembling violently, I suspected from the effect of the blow
precipice that dropped down sheer to the bed of
but instead of devoutly thanking the Lord for my life
the Tenia Creek. My rolling had been stopped
I was ashamed and angry at what seemed careless.
by rolling against some little shrubs which grew in this crack. Had it not been for those little bushes I never would have known, of course, anything about my death, because I would have fallen down and been instantly killed. And I was insensible at the time, anyhow. I never should have known how I died. When I awoke I was all of a tremble, and instead of thanking the Lord for my escape in being stopped on the brink of the vertical part of the wall, although I was all in a tremble, I immediately was ashamed of myself for having fallen. I never had fallen before. In all my rock climbing I never had fallen. Never had stumbled. And in a flash, thinking where I had fallen from, I thought it was unnecessary and that it was on account of my not being in mountaineering trim; and on account of my having visited San Francisco.
of skill in my climbing. I could not believe the fall was inevitable. Springing to my feet, instantly shook off the trembling, instantly vanished. I ran back to the spot from whence I had fallen, by rolling against some little shrubs which grew every nerve...muscles aroused. Firing in this crack. Had it not been for those little bushes I never would have known, of course, the very, very small tap on the anything about my death, because I would have fallen down and been instantly killed. And in the confusion, I was insensible at the time, anyhow. I never should have known how I died. When I awoke I was all of a tremble, and instead of thanking the Lord for my escape in being stopped on the brink of the vertical part of the wall, although I was all in a tremble, I immediately was ashamed of myself for having fallen. I never had fallen before. In all my rock climbing I never had fallen. Never had stumbled. And in a flash, thinking where I had fallen from, I thought it was unnecessary and that it was on account of my not being in mountaineering trim; and on account of my having visited San Francisco.
And I was getting angry with my body for having fallen. Didn't believe it was necessary, although there was good cause for it. And immediately I felt so angry that the minute all this trembling ceased I went back to that place where I had fallen from (I do not know how long I was insensible - perhaps not very long, but I don't know), and immediately all the trembling ceased and I went straight back to where I had fallen from, and with grim determination I succeeded in getting over that dangerous spot and went on up through the canyon, but nothing ever induced me to go there again. After I had gone through I saw how dangerous it was and no one could ever persuade me to go through again. But I was determined to go through. And I punished myself that night by sleeping on the bare rock. It was really an extremely dangerous place - no one has gone there since as far as I know.
ous place and no one has ever gone through since
as far as I know. It was the only time that
place was ever passed over. Very properly so.

BIRDS:

One calm summer evening I went
down to the lake and swam up from one end to
the other, about half a mile, the length and
back again. The lake was like glass and I was
admiring the scenery as we went along - the
wooded hills around it - and was watching the
birds. It was just a little before sunset,
and the red-headed Woodpecker, he is fond of
moths and other insects which fly in the even-
ing; and they perch on the limb of a tree and
BIRD NOTES. Accidents.

One calm summer evening toward sun-
down a red-headed woodpecker was

found drowning in our lake. It had perched

on a lily pad at the south end of our swimm-
ing hole, where I came to
down to the lake and swam up from one end to
near being drowned this time before.

the other, about half a mile, the length and
I had returned to the history well farm in the summer vaca-
tion at the State University to earn money for father's harvest field for the next
back again. The lake was like glass and I was
gained my first view of the cosmos. I was of course full of
admiring the scenery as I went along - the
enthusiasm I ran eagerly to the old fountain lake

wooded hills around it - and was watching the

seem to visit the flowing meadow within the preserve, and in

and the red-headed woodpecker, he is fond of

moths and other insects which fly in the even-
ing; and they perch on the limb of a tree and

In the scenery of watching a lot of my favorite red heads catching moths

at the old spring town from out leaning branches of the oak near the margin
watch for moths fluttering over the surface of the lake and pursue these flies exactly the same as a real fly-catcher. They play the part of a fly-catcher, making a sweep from a limb down near the surface of the lake and then back again with their prey, and then repeating that again and again. And as I was on the return trip down the lake I saw one of these Woodpeckers come sweeping down to catch a moth, and he happened to get down too low and struck the water, and he fluttered around on the surface but could not rise again. Finally all the little circlets of waves that he raised in his struggles were over and at last he was calm; and I swam out and examined the poor Woodpecker and found that he was quite dead. Showing that accidents happen to animals and they lose their lives when engaged in their ordinary pursuits, like human
of the lake like regular fly catchers, I swam out through
the rushes up the middle of the lake to the north
end and back, swimming very slowly enjoying the
scenery around as I would on a saunter along the
shore, studying the habits of the turtles, muskrats,
watch for moths fluttering over the surface of
the lake and pursue these flies exactly the same
on the way back when I was within a hundred
yards or so of the

as a real fly-catcher. They play the part of
a fly-catcher, making a sweep from a limb down
near the surface of the lake and then back again
with their prey, and then repeating that again
pepping out of a head
or those caused by the splash of a leaping fish. A continuous
struggle was kept
down the lake I saw one of these Woodpeckers
up several minutes ere the outreaching rings waves
began to die away.

some sweeping down to catch a moth, and he hap
I made haste to the spot and found one of woodpeckers. All was over.
and I then a minute
paned to get down too low and struck the water,
early I could have saved him. In pursuit of a moth he
had struck too low, and his fluttered around on the surface but couldn’t
water, was unable to rise against died struggling as I
not rise again. Finally all the little circles
of waves that he raised in his struggles were
examined the poor Woodpecker and found that he
was quite dead. Showing that accidents happen
every animal, knowing of a bury, they
are no common thing, and things

gaged in their ordinary pursuits, like human
animals and they lose their lives when en

many do.
beings. That is the only instance that I ever knew of a bird losing its life by simply falling into the water and being drowned; but I have oftentimes thought that it was strange that one could walk through the woods and mountains and plains without ever finding a single blood spot. The multitudes of animals of different kinds get into the world and out of it without being seen in their coming and their going. The wilderness is so free from traces of blood. And yet a great many birds lose their lives in storms. I have picked up many birds that have been unable to weather a storm of sleet and snow. In the woods around that lake I remember a particularly severe winter when the temperature was very low - many degrees below zero - and heavy snow, preventing the quail, which feed on the ground, from getting their food, and
happily I was able to return.

I knew of a bird losing its life by simply falling into the water and being drowned; but I have

sometimes thought that it was strange that one could walk through the woods and mountains and plains without ever finding a single blood spot.

The multitudes of animals of different kinds get into the world and out of it without being seen.

Nevertheless we soon learn that they are subject in their coming and their going. The multitudes of fortune like ourselves, men is so free from traces of blood. And

yet a great many birds lose their lives in storms. I have picked up many birds that have been unable to weather a storm of gale and comparative roundest climate of the snow. In the woods around that lake I remember Wisconsin, a particularly severe winter when the tempera-
ture was very low—many degrees below zero—at the snow was deep and heavy snow, preventing the quail, which feed on the ground, from getting their food; and

as was faithfully shown by a flock I found on our farm in a thicket of oak sprouts, frozen solid. They were in a circle about 2 feet wide with their heads toward the center packed close together from

inward. Yet all had to die. Perhaps from starvation than frost.
starving and freezing to death. I found a flock of quails in the wintertime forming a circle perhaps eighteen inches wide, with their heads all pressed in towards the center - packed in close together for the sake of warmth, and every one of them frozen to death, showing that even where creatures are in a perfectly natural condition, yet they are subject to the vicissitudes of fortune, the same as ourselves.

(I can add more there if I want to).

I was strangely forgetful. I forgot one of the most curious of our song birds (name to be inserted) - and I forgot the Bobolink, and he is a singer. He attracted our attention with his incomparable outgush of gurgling, plashing melody, singing as he flew from the
top of one tall plant to another in the broad meadows bordering the Fox River. That song is unlike any other. A perfect bouncing, dancing, gurgling melody of song (something like that).

The Meadow Lark - a few sweet delicious notes.

(That is enough about the birds - I will think of others later on) - compare with the Sky Lark of Scotland and England.

**FOXES:**

**SQUIRRELS:**