The John Muir Newsletter, Summer 2005

The John Muir Center for Environmental Studies

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John Muir’s World Tour

Introduction by W. R. Swagerty
Director, John Muir Center

John Muir’s World Tour of 1903-1904 is not well known for good reason. The journals from this trip have never been published and Muir wrote no specific book from his European travels. The manuscript journals are part of the John Muir Papers within Holt-Atherton Special Collections here at Pacific. The journals are lengthy and were transcribed by Muir scholar, Linnie Marsh Wolfe, sometime in the 1940s or 1950s. They have also been microfilmed as part of the John Muir Papers, edited by Dr. Ronald Limbaugh and Kirsten E. Lewis (1986).

Muir did not keep a diary, but he kept journals on his many trips, including this one, with intentions of using his notes to write articles and to incorporate information upon his return into other projects. The World Tour journals are odd in that Muir apparently did not keep a journal during the first leg of the trip, which began on May 29, 1903, by steamer from New York in the company of fellow conservationist Charles Sprague Sargent, and his son, Robeson. Sargent was a strong supporter of national parks and forest preserves and had known Muir for some time. Sargent’s fourteen-volume *Silva of North America* (1891-1902) had established him as the leading expert on the continent’s trees, and he was well known throughout the world for his botanical contributions. With Sargent as guide and companion, many doors opened to Muir in places where he was not well known himself.

Letters written to Louie Muir and daughters Wanda and Helen inform us of Muir’s movements from his arrival in London on June 6 to the party’s entry into Berlin on June 25. This period includes a week in London, a few days in Paris, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam, places with botanical gardens and museums. The formal part of the journal has us following Muir from Germany to the forests of western Russia and Finland and to the Pacific on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. In Manchuria, Muir became very ill, suffering from ptomaine food poisoning.

By September, finally free from pain, Muir sailed to Korea and on to Japan. In Shaghai, Muir and the Sargents went separate ways. Muir traveled on to India via Hong Kong, then to Egypt, Ceylon (Sri Lanka), and Australia by year’s end. On January 11, 1904, he sailed for New Zealand, remaining until February 29. He retraced his steps back to Sidney on February 29 and started the journey home to California via Malaysia, Manila, Hong Kong, Yokohama and Honolulu, arriving on May 27 in San Francisco.

What follows is Wolfe’s transcript, to appear in this Newsletter in several parts over the next year or so. We thank Shan Sutton, Head of Holt-Atherton Special Collections, and the Muir-Hanna family for allowing us to share this important document for the first time with our readers.

W. R. Swagerty

Note: We have only corrected [with brackets] the first few dates to avoid confusion. Where words are illegible we have indicated this with [illegible word]. Where Muir left a blank space or penciled a “?” we have retained such.

(Continued on page 4)
CONFERENCE ANNOUNCEMENT

JOHN MUIR IN GLOBAL PERSPECTIVE
MARCH 31-APRIL 1, 2006

College of the Pacific's John Muir Center will host a conference at the Stockton campus of University of the Pacific on March 31-April 1, 2006. The focus of the 2006 California History Institute will be "John Muir in Global Perspective."

Conference organizers are seeking paper proposals on aspects of John Muir's Scottish roots; Muir's world travels; Muir's historical impact across the globe in such areas as botany, geology, mountaineering, and conservation; correspondence and friendships abroad; and Muir's contemporary legacy worldwide.

Highlights of the conference will include a preview of the exhibition on naturalist John Muir, artist William Keith, and University of California geology professor Joseph LeConte, curated by Steve Pauly of Grass Valley, California. The three Bay area residents began meetings in 1889 that led to formation of the Sierra Club in 1892. The exhibition which originated at Saint Marys College this spring will be mounted at The Haggin Museum of Stockton during April. In addition, an exhibition in the University Library of original John Muir manuscripts from the John Muir Papers will be available for viewing during the conference.

Conference attendees are encouraged to visit Yosemite National Park during the annual meeting of The Yosemite Association on March 25.

Contact information on Muir-related sites in northern California will be provided for those who want to tour Yosemite, Muir's home in Martinez, and/or Muir Woods before or after the conference. We expect to host a number of Scots who are active in promotion of John Muir's legacy abroad and will have Harold Wood, Chair of the Sierra Club Education Committee, and Garrett Burke, designer of the John Muir California State Quarter with us throughout the weekend.

Send abstract and brief vitae to W. R. Swagerty / John Muir Center / University of the Pacific / Stockton / CA 95211; (209) 946-2578 (FAX); or e mail johnmuin@pacific.edu

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Sketch of John Muir from:
www.saintgregorys.org/ Media/JohnMuir-sket2.jpg

(News & Notes continued on page15)
Sargent “Saw The Forest For The Trees”

By Michael Wurtz
Archivist, Holt-Atherton Special Collections
University of the Pacific Library

Last December, Yosemite lost one its strongest advocates when Shirley Sargent passed away in Mariposa, California. She was first published in 1947 and had since written 35 books chiefly about Yosemite. Although a great admirer of John Muir, Sargent is best known for fighting against the “John Muir Syndrome” as it is stated in Richard Dillon’s forward for Sargent’s Solomons of the Sierra. He says the symptoms of this syndrome specifically include viewing Yosemite as purely the domain of John Muir. Authors frequently ignore the contributions of so many other individuals such as geologist and surveyor Clarence King, Yosemite homesteader Galen Clark, early entrepreneur James Hutchings, mountaineer Theodore Solomons and conservationist Theodore Lukens.

The antidote to this Muir myopia is the writing of Shirley Sargent. Indeed, she wrote about John Muir, but she immersed herself in all aspects of the history of the Park. In 1964, she built her home eleven miles from Yosemite on the foundation of Theodore Solomons’ house at the Flying Spur homestead. The foundation was first used in 1910, but that early house burned in 1936. In 1990, Sargent was rescued from the house before it burned again in a wildfire. Unfortunately, that fire took a wealth of research material she had accumulated in her quest to know Yosemite.

What is left of Shirley Sargent’s papers can be found throughout California in public and private hands. Local researchers can begin their quest right here at the Holt-Atherton Special Collections. The majority of the Shirley Sargent Papers at the University of the Pacific are short stories that she had written such as: “Who’s Trickling Whom?,” “Truth Does Not Pay,” “The House That Wanted To Be A Home,” “Mama’s Little Heart Murmur,” and “This Is A Stinker!” Also included in the collection are correspondences concerning John Muir in Yosemite published in 1971. There are drafts of many of her books including Galen Clark: Yosemite Guardian and Mother Lode Narratives: Jessie Benton Fremont. Fremont had lived with her husband and pathfinder John Charles Fremont, near Mariposa in the 1840s.

Outside of Holt-Atherton, her papers can be found in many places. I started with the On-Line Archive of California (oac.cdlib.org), a statewide index to hundreds of publicly available archival collections. In addition to her papers here at Pacific, there were more book drafts and correspondence scattered about in seven other collections throughout California.

The greatest share of Sargent’s work can be found at the Yosemite Archives just outside the Park in El Portal. The Museum in Yosemite Valley holds her postcard collections. The balance of material is currently in private hands, but it will soon be donated to the Yosemite Archives.

Sargent’s collections reflect what a remarkable woman she was. In fact, all of her obituaries used the word “remarkable” many times. Her career is all the more impressive when one considers that she had been in a wheelchair since she was fourteen years old. Later in life she had to steady one hand with the other and typed with one finger due to the neurological disorder dystonia. Despite her lack of mobility, she made the history of the Park accessible to everyone.

Yosemite researcher Fernando Peñalosa is in the midst of writing a biography of Sargent that he hopes will be published next spring. If you are interested in learning a bit more about Peñalosa’s forthcoming book and want to see the most complete bibliography of Sargent’s work, visit quaking-aspen-books.com/shirley.html.

Shirley Sargent and Park Ranger Fred Fisher look at fire damaged material in 1991. Sargent, who was one of Yosemite’s most prolific writers, died last December.

(Photograph made available by © THE FRESNO BEE, 2005)
Hotel Windsor,
Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.,
June 8, 1903.

Dear Louie, Wanda, Helen,

We arrived in London Saturday at midnight. Yesterday we walked through St. James and Hyde Parks. They are full of fine trees and have many magnificent spacious lawns and far-reaching vistas leafy and flowery, suggesting pure wildness rather than the heart of the biggest city in the world. In the afternoon we went to Kew and enjoyed the grand trees and shrubs, especially the Rhododendrons most of which are in full bloom.

(We) called on Sir Joseph Hooker's daughter Lady Dyer. Were sorry to learn that Sir Joseph is too ill to be seen. This morning young Sargent and I went to Westminster Abbey, a world in itself. Prof. Sargent is at Baring Bros. & Co. for letters, money, etc., and to see about passports, which, strange to say, are missing.

In a few days we intend going to Holland, thence to Paris, etc. I'll be glad when the wild forests, plains, and mountains are reached. I'm hoping to get a letter from you when Sargent returns, so I'll not close now. We are all well.

9:30 P.M. - about 3 P.M. your time.
Sargent found lots of letters for himself but none for me at Baring Bros. & Co. He also made arrangements at the Embassy for new passports, all three having been stolen on the steamer, the President's letter doing us good service in our trouble.

This afternoon we went to the famous Lady Wallace Gallery of paintings, etc., which we all enjoyed very much - a wonderful collection of old masterpieces, armor, furniture, etc. We will probably leave for Holland Thursday, visit the Hague, Amsterdam gardens, galleries, etc. for 5 or 6 days; then start for Paris, where I suppose 4 or 5 or more days will be spent before we get fairly on our way for Russia. From Moscow we intend to make a side trip to the Caucasus by way of the Crimea, Tiflis, and Baku, which will take perhaps two weeks before we get fairly on our way across Siberia to Pekin.

I'm not yet quite sure whether I can visit Scotland, on account of this wretched passport business. They were all stolen from Sargent's satchel. Love to you all. I suppose my darlings will be coming to these old historic places and works some of these days. Write often, however briefly.

[JOHN MUIR]

(Continued from page 1)

BERLIN - June 27th [25th]

From Amsterdam to Berlin. Nearly one continuous green fertile level all the way and about 400 miles (9). Patches of ling both in Holland and Prussia on sandy common seemingly too barren for cultivation. Little in Holland, mostly dunes. More in Prussia, but mostly planted with pines pitifully small. Near the boundary are beautiful hills bounding valleys comparatively broad and level, well cultivated. The lower hills red with houses - red brick and red tiled. More oaks in Prussia, fewer elms, less thrifty. Trees more complete, faultless, thrifty, uniform in growth without a dead limb or twig, the tallest near [illegible word]. Mostly elms, lovely avenues as well as roads.

In Paris, the Bois del Bologne gives a fine [illegible word] ground and many parks more remarkable for their fine statuary than trees and shrubs and flowers, though these also are finer for the air they have to breathe. The grounds around Versailles are grand in most every way. The gardens are green and extensive about the Palace, but it is the forest with spacious lawns with bosky avenues radiating from many centers, etc.

We also wandered through the park and picturesque buildings of Trianon where Queen Antoinette played dairymaid.

June 28th [26th]

Berlin. Around evening of 25th at the Kaiserhoff - imitation of Palace Hotel, San Francisco. 26th, wandered through the wild-like Humboldt Park in A.M. In P.M. took train to Baumskiil of [illegible word] a very large nursery and plant factory, employing in the busy season 500 hands, growing every fruit and ornamental tree, shrub and flower possible in this clime, or in hot-houses originating many new ones, adding new discoveries from all the world, testing values, etc., of each. Had fine refreshments as usual at such places.

June 27th

Went through many parks in carriage with Mr. Bolle and the Director of all the Berlin parks as guides. One very large on bank of the River Spree is truly fine wild-like and magnificent, the finest; most spacious, unfrittered lawns we have yet seen in Europe. Vast numbers use and enjoy these parks, women with children outnumber the men. Elms, horsechestnut and poplars, the principal trees with walnut, ash, hickory, tulip, magnolia, Taxodium, beech, birch, maple - many of last very large
and fine, many fine oaks, also some near 100 feet high. The largest trees about 5 or 4 feet diameter and 100 high.

In P.M. Took train for new botanic gardens 12 or 15 miles out. Commenced 3 years ago. Many fine buildings being put up. Piles of boulders a few feet in height represent principal mountain ranges, with representative plants, a babyish affair. Saw old garden also, now going to the dogs, has many grand trees which should be saved.

June 28th.

Went with Mr. Bolles by rail and steamer to Potsdam and Sans Souci, a grand city. The parks and gardens of Sans Souci are the finest we have yet seen, and the palace is most interesting, used only in summer. The old winter palace less so, speaks loudly of war in statuary. Swarms of visitors, weather rather warm, returned by rail.

June 29th.

A.M. Have been out seeing part of town by carriage - the Emperor, Palace, Humboldt's statues, Alex and William; many grand government buildings and churches. The business buildings and newer residences are like those of American cities. Then took car to Charlottenburg - fine park, many ponds full of lilies white and red and yellow. The white like ours indigenous, the red (war) from Sweden.

Now 3:30 P.M. Going to call on Mr. Bolle. Meet then Mr. Booth and 3 other botanists and gardeners who could speak but little English. Had nice refreshments. While bidding good-bye, Mr. Bolle in kindest way conceivable bade me remember that he was henceforth my friend.

Took train at 11 P.M. for Petersburg. 2 persons in each small compartment 4 or 5 feet wide, road not very smooth.

June 30th.

At boundary near Eysenburg. Changed cars after examination of Passports and baggage. Russian train better, road smoother, soon ran into country of natural forests of spruce, birch and pine of Naroy [illegible], pine sylvestris, some oak, patches of each nearly pure, others mixed. The ground hilly and bouldery, gravelly, adorned with glacial lakes, bogs and meadows, many of the lakes of considerable size and handsome. White pond lilies common. Most of land along the railroad in private hands, not allowed to clear land without government permission.

July 1st.

Drove to American Embassy. Arranged to meet Prince tomorrow at 10:45 A.M. Drove around town all day - fine buildings, palaces, parks, etc. Visited the fine palace picture galleries on "the island". 30 or 40 Rembrandt's, glorious art, one old mother haunts me with her wondrous eyes. Van Dycks also, and Murillos, Rafaelis, Titians, Salvator Rosas, Corregios, etc. Velasquez, a wonderful collection. Also endless jewellery - diamond crusted boxes, chains, clocks, weapons, etc., of little interest to me. One of 100 paintings worth all the beautiful barbaric rubbish.
Portraits of the Czars and their wives, brothers, etc.,
abundant. The house of Peter the Great visited as a holy
shrine.

The assassinated Alexander has Memorial Church
and Monuments, also wax figure life size with clothing he
wore when killed. The equestrian statue of Peter the
Great is a fine work on huge Finland boulder, the
dragging of which to its place I remember reading about
with wonder when a boy.

The great gardeners we have visited both in Britain
and on the Continent are an admirable class of plant
students, collectors, manufacturers and merchants,
masters of their business, sons succeeding fathers for 3 or
4 generations. Waterer and Vetch Bros. In London and
Spaeth and Mann, others in Holland and Germany whose
names I can’t recollect, though I enjoyed their kindness
and hospitality.

July 2nd.

Drove to the American Embassy. Thence to Prince
Hikoft, head of Railroad Dept. He received us kindly, at
once put us at ease, spoke of American Railroads, said he
had learned his trade in the United States, etc. I showed
him the President’s To Whom It May Concern letter. That
is very good, he said, and promised us one similar to all
Railroad officials along our route.

This important business done, we drove with Mr.
Riddle of the American Embassy to the grand office of the
Department of Agriculture. An immense crowd waiting,
but we were quickly called in and politely received by
the grandly-clad and decorated, witty, ruddy old
gentleman with profound bows and handshakes. He said
we could see specimens of all the Siberian trees here, that
the natural woods were very bad and ugly, not much
worth seeing etc. Kindly promised us letters and any
assistance in his power. Called on us at our hotel, and
detailed a young forestry man to go with us on our short
trips around the city and adjacent towns, etc.

P.M. Drove to Zoologic Gardens, saw the animals –
bears, lions, tigers, etc., etc. Saw an old elephant turning
hand organ with trunk and at same time beating time with
one of its front feet on a drum and cymbals, then reach out
trunk for pennies and hand them to his keeper, wise,
homely, wrinkled, pitiful old friend of man with almost
human sagacity, yet braggingly shot for fun. At these
gardens are many cheap beer restaurants, and a
playhouse where pretty good music and comic plays are
given almost free by the Government.

July 3rd.

Started early, for a botanic garden under
Department of Agriculture. Saw Abies and Larix
siberica. Then visited the Winter Palace, an immense,
sumptuous set of rooms and halls, some in fine taste,
others barbaric in gold and ivory, precious stones, etc. In
the Chapel saw a hand of John Baptist, finger of one of
Apostles, and other ghostly relics. Most of the thousands
of paintings in this and other palaces hereabouts are
portraits and battles, and most of the portraits are in
armor and military decorated garb. The same is true of
those of the National Gallery and the statuary is mostly
nymphish or warlike.

P.M. Went to Peterhof. Magnificent fountains a
long avenue of slender jets 1 inch diameter, bordering
broad marble stairway down which a thin sheet of water
is pouring has a lively and splendid effect. Along the
fountains are many marble and gilded statues, lions,
classic figures, etc. One of the fountains has a cluster of
pipes - 365 - one for each day in the year with fine effect
-a geyser about 30 feet high or 40. All together there
must be thousands of jets. In front of terrace facing the
open Gulf of Bothnia, grand old oaks, elms, poplars, etc.,
planted some of them by Peter the Great. The whole
planned by him. His first summer palace very plain,
lowly, and curious, especially his many baths. Tricks, etc.,
seats suddenly enveloped in a film of water, etc. The new
little palace is charming, sometimes occupied a few days
by the present Emperor. The larger one less account,
gaudy but finely colored outside. One room full of
portraits - heads and busts of ladies unframed, the walls
from top to bottom covered with them.

Artificial lakes, artificial trees as fountains. All the
fountains play 4 hours a day. Pretty fancy garden in front
of small palace, a dozen steamers seen at once from
terrace.

This place was the Sans Souci of Peter. Many of his
tools shown.

July 4th.

Went to [Raivola]. In Finland, Forest of Lindula,
about 2 hours by rail and afloat and carriage, through a
seemingly wild country after the immediate suburbs are
passed. A perfectly flat sandy, gravelly region like
Alaska, bogs in spots, mossy and [illegible word] with
Alpine plants, with considerable areas covered with
Calluna heather. Where drained cultivated patches of
rye and potatoes, vegetables, etc. Mostly forested.
Clearing controlled by the Government. Near the
Lindula, a stream 40 feet wide of brown water owing to
drainage of sphagnum bogs, is the Forest of Lindula,
planted by Queen Anna, 170 years ago. Here the ground
is somewhat higher - 50 feet? Above the river. It was
formerly a grain farm, the trees mostly Larix siberia with
a few Picea excelsa and good sized patch of P. silvestris, or
Riga Pine, are from 100 to 140 or 50 feet high and home to
three feet diameter, planted in straight rows about 20
feet apart (?). It is the tallest and most uniform patch of
manufactured forest I have seen. The larch is especially
fine and wild-like, making rounded head where it has
room, fruits profusely, has rough bark, pale feathery
branchlets and leaves. Much paler than pine or spruce,
the growth of the trees during the last 50 years has been
very slow. An increase in some cases of only 2 inches in
the diameter. The P. excelsa is very grand spruce in
wealth of boughs sumptuously clothed, top seldom at all
sharp; neither are the heads of the sylvestris poor and
rather round. Birch along the river and around meadows
tall and fine, so also alders. Pyroila here and there,
spiraea, vaccinium and other Alpine plants or far
northern. Lovley flowers on drained open banks, Viola
potentilla, Eregeron pedicularis, etc., bluebells growing
with grass tall enough for the scythe. Fire breaks are
carefully cleared through this forest.

We were met at the station by an official of the
Government who had droshkies ready for us to take into
the forest, a distance of 3 or 4 miles over rough country
road. Owing to broken bridge had to walk half way.
After walking over the forest, we arrived about noon or
later at a log house on the edge of the main forest, and
greatly enjoyed the scenery - open pastures and
hayfields and clumps of trees along the flowery bosky
banks of the Lindula. We also enjoyed the delightful
hospitality of the farmer's family on the place, simple,
clean, cordial people. At a table beneath a larch near
the house, we were feasted on clabbered milk, sweet milk,
delicious tea in tumblers with lemon, brown bread and
white, boiled eggs, and wild strawberries and
huckleberries with milk. This little visit to a Finland
farmhouse is one of the most delightful episodes of all our
journey so far. I could live at that home always and I
could not help thinking that if ever I was very weary and
required a long calm rest, I would like best to go to a
Finland farm. No pleasure of this fine is to be found in all
Petersburg palaces.

Muir's brief visit to Finland. Saikku notes: "On July 4, 1903,
Muir and Sargent took the train from St. Petersburg to the forest
of Raivola (known today by its Russian name, Roshino). This
forest in the village of Lindula is situated in the parish of
Kivennapa (Pervomaiskoje in Russian) on the Karelian Isthmus,
which at the time was a part of the autonomous Grand Duchy of
Finland and later (1917-1944) of the Republic of Finland. The
reason for visiting this particular location must have been its
famous larch forest, planted in the 18th century for Russian naval
stores production (Peter the Great had conquered the Karelian
Isthmus from Sweden in the early 18th century, and the region
then became a part of autonomous Finland in 1812). I'd suspect
Sargent as a forester knew about the site and wanted to visit it
while in the neighborhood. The great forest still survives, . . .
(Personal communication, M. Saikku to B. Mossberg and W.
Swagerty, "Muir in Finland," October 23, 2005).

July 5th.

Stayed at Hotel and rested.

July 6th

Received letters of introduction and To Whom It
May Concern especially to Railroad officials to assist us
in every way from Prince Hilkhoff. I showed him President
Roosevelt's letter at our interview, and he at once
promised to give us one like it to those under his
command.

At 2 P.M. we went up the Neva on a smart
passenger steamer to its source in Lake Ladoa, a
magnificent sheet of water about 45 miles from
Petersburg, with forested shores.

At the foot of the lake, a canal down which immense
rafts of small logs and firewood, chiefly birch and
sylvestris pine are hauled by horses starts and connecting
with which are lakes and streams and other canals by
which the Volga is reached, so that one may sail all the
way from here to the Caspian Sea.

Here is an old town, full of rough looking rafters
and sailors, who drink much vodka, and often get drunk. A
dirty, ancient disorderly place, hundreds of years old.

Just at the foot of the lake in the middle of the river
current there is a small island covered by a fortress built
by Peter the Great. It is now used as an immense isolated
silent prison for important prisoners who sink out of sight
here as if buried at the bottom of the water. Only the
highest officials are said to know who are in it and the
reasons or suspicions which caused their incarceration.
Buried alive, let him who enters here leave hope behind.

The majestic flood of dark water noiselessly
dividing against and sweeping past this gloomy
stronghold of horrors I shall never forget. Nor shall I
forget the vast peaceful expanse of the lake 150 miles [illegible word] with its dark forested shores fading in the distance beneath a gray rainy sky.

We hired two boatmen and rowed up a little way into the lake from the steamer landing and around the walls of the prison dungeon. Then walked up the side of the canal, or rather the canals, for there are two now running side by side. The old one with massive granite locks not being capable of carrying the traffic. Then we went to a queer old hotel or restaurant full of rough customers drinking hard and eating hard, and in a side room had a good supper of delicious tea, bread, butter, eggs, etc., thanks to our interpreter. Just as we had finished supper, a woman of the Greek Church came in carrying a sort of image on a black velvet sort of tray, and requested a contribution for something or other. Our interpreter told her we were Americans and did not understand her, and she at once turned to leave. But she seemed so pure and sweet and charming that we gave her something when she thanked us and said she would pray for us. She has one of the most charming faces I ever saw. I wish I had given her more. What would any church be without women?

On the steamer I noticed many of the passengers, men and women of every rank devoutly bowing and crossing themselves as we sailed past churches and shrines at a distance. Some prostrated themselves in front of shrines in the midst of the busiest parts of the city.

The Neva all the way from the lake source to the sea flows through a flat drift deposit of roughly stratified sand and fine gravel and clay. Some of it blue. The banks are only a few feet high, seldom more than 20 feet.

After Petersburgh is left in going up this river, 3 or 4 miles from the center, factories with tall chimneys line the banks. These are passed mostly at a distance of about 10 miles. Beyond the factory region all the way to the lake are many squalid or straggling old villages and handsome residences between them in comfortable looking seclusion. The little villages, little farms and residences. There are stretches of considerable extent that are forested to the bank edge or places down to the water's edge, with pine chiefly and birch, poplar and willow. More than ½ the distance from City to Lake seemed wild and young in general views and reminded me of Alaska fiords.

We made perhaps 30 or more landings at mills, factories of villages, letting passengers off and on. A good many of the young women of the upper class are good looking, though women in general are apt to be too stout. There was much kissing and handkerchief shaking in meeting and parting on these journeys as if intended for round-the-world voyages. So demonstrative they are.

**July 7th.**

Run through the School of Art or Academy. Few good paintings, but some fine statuary.

Then through the Palace of Count [blank] all very fine inside, gloomy out. The Picture Gallery contains some great paintings — Rembrandt, Murillo, Van Dyck, Poussin, Angelo, etc.

Thence we went to still another palace and art school. Thence to a Government building containing the gilded and jewelled and painted carriages of the Coronations, etc. Marvellous in shape as well as ornament. Sleighs also and carriages of other days. The broken one in which Alexander was riding when killed. Then in another long hall viewed the harness and saddles. Then 50 or so of the horses in their stalls, beautiful animals, especially the white ones which drew the Empress' carriage. Thence to the Government Library, one of the greatest in the world. Returned to hotel tired out and glad we leave tomorrow morning for Sebastopol.

**July 8th.**

Left Petersburgh this A.M. at 9:30 in pouring rain. Glad to escape from huge semi-dismal old town of huge yellow public buildings, war monuments, barbaric colored churches and cathedrals, and palaces full or armor, jewelry and some fine paintings.

We have pleasant compartment, road very smooth and direct as far as Moscow, the famous direct road of Nickolas built by the Winans. Natural woods all the way to 12 miles. An interesting little white pondilly in pools and ditches along lime N. pygmea (?) Pods 3 or 4 inches diameter, flowers ½ inch to inch. Beginning to fair up.

"The mountains" dividing the Volga waters from the streams which flow to Baltic are [blank].

Arrived at Moscow at 9:30, made a stop of an hour or more.

The ground is drier as Moscow is approached, and more grain raised. The patches of forest are nowhere awanting in general landscapes. Flowery grassy banks in all railroad cuts. The whole country covered with glacial drift, mostly fine as if far traveled. Tver, an old city once sacked by Ivan the Terrible and burned by the Poles. Population now 52,000; situated on the Volga, 120 miles from Moscow.
A hot comfortless night on train, had beds made up after 12 o’clock.

July 9th.

Sun rises here about 4. Willows, elms, oaks, common, and as we speed southward the land is seen to be more fertile, black, with immense areas covered with wheat alternating with black bare fallow fields, a good deal of rye also, and buckwheat, the latter now in flower. Some of the wheat so heavy it is lodged, some nearly ripe apparently — yellow, most green. The farmers instead of using manures or clover crops to restore exhausted grain lands allow it to lie fallow. We have 2:40 P.M. passed many villages and farmsteads in which all the buildings are thatched; some very gray and ancient.

In some tracts marshy or low, large numbers of cattle, sheep, geese, ducks are raised, but it is chiefly a fertile grain country, rolling or rather swelling in very low waves and wide ones, summits often several miles apart, no large boulders though plainly drift clad. Looks like our western prairies, a truly beautiful country; though no hill I have seen appears to exceed 100 or 200 feet in height. My barometer at Moscow read 500 above sea (don’t know the correction). Now 3:00 P.M. about 550. Perhaps 200 too high. Saw crows and blackbirds sitting unalarmed within 50 feet of swift moving train.

Weather very hot, 89° in car. Glorious cumulus clouds over all the sky like mountain ranges. Barometer now reads about 200 feet too high. Kief, population 285,000 on the Dnieper.

Cooler towards evening. Moon nearly full — passed better night. No sleep after 4 A.M. on account of common houses or more prickly-footed than ours and harder to catch.

July 10th.

Lovely morning, looked out of window at 4 A.M. Arose at 6. Men at work at 4 in the extensive grainfields. Saw only one American reaper. Ground level, not so fertile as yesterday. Altitude about 400 feet. Shortly after 6 o’clock mountains to southward or southeast came in sight at distance of 80 miles (?). Blue genuine mountains — soon we climbed to 800 feet and had extensive view of the mountains 5000 feet (?) high. The only mountains seen since leaving America. Some abrupt on north, owing to hard strata cleaving vertically. The highest house — it’s like (Drawing). The 800 feet plateau was apparently wild, no signs of being pastured even, covered by the most varied and richest multitude of flowers have yet seen in Europe — mints, poppies, hollyhocks, etc., in glowing profusion. This plateau seemed most like a dry moor perhaps too barren for profitable cultivation. Then down we went with our 2 engines through the midst of the hills in grand curves and loops and through sever (4 or 5) short tunnels.

Hills around the fine harbor nearly bare of trees and indeed of vegetation in general. White chalky looking conglomerate with finely polished quartz pebble size of small peas the largest.

Drove out to St. George’s monastery P.M., having arrived at Sebastopol about [around] 11 A.M. Distance to monastery 4 or 5 miles. Built on jutting cliff 550 feet about the sea, good trail down looked like Arizona Grand Canon on small scale. Favorite bathing place – a hot walk down and up. The good “Black monks” gave us tea and allowed us to pay what we liked.

The vegetation as we got farther from city improved. The general views like foothills of Sierra. Found many new to us plants on way down to sea. Oak, Ephedra loaded with red fruit something like cone, though berry. Elm, cercis, wild pear, corylus, larkspur, great variety of thistles, red and yellow, and Eriogonum and other Compositae. Many mints, sedetia, showy horace, warts, chicory, hollyhock (wild) and strangest of all a plant vab [very abundant] yellow laden with white flowers which we could not make out until we stopped to examine. Proved to be various plants loaded with shells about inch long like Turritella; pendant, loosely attached first took them for crustaloids, all alive, covered ground for miles and miles.

July 11th.

Had hot feverish night, glad to get away from Hotel Kist where we were charged separately for bed linen, and where the cooking is bad. Could eat no breakfast; dreaded the long drive to Yalta, but clouds came up cooling air and a few kopecks’ worth of peaches (early Alexanders) cured me or helped me. At 100 p.m. we drove through a handsome triumphal arch gate and came suddenly on a grand view of the sea. 1600 feet above another grand canon view in suddenness and general tone of rock colors. A good road graded down to sea and village with “palace”. The whole journey interesting in landscape beauty and in forest. (2d Or 100th crop) flowers, and many strange Turk and Georgian, Tartar peoples we met, mostly teamsters driving oxen with simple yokes, hauling wood and timber to Sebastopol. The views were a succession of broad glacial valleys and wave ridges. Valleys all rather rudely cultivated. Mountains with fine parallel lines cut abruptly at the sea. The ground is strangely new looking for a country so long
July 15th.

Slept pretty well from weakness. Have felt better all day, cool bright. Have just eaten my first ordinary meal, 6:30 P.M. We stopped about 5 A.M. at important town where there is terminus of railroad from Moscow. Probably 70 miles from Sebastopol. Left at 11 A.M. The high ground back of town, gray and almost plantless. Remains of old Fort or Castle. Some new buildings. (Sketch) We are now sailing (8 P.M.) Along mountainous coast as in sketch. The highest points visible about 3 or 4000. Mostly brush covered. Can see, perhaps - 50 miles of extent. Some parts abruptly scarped to sea. May be part of Caucasus, can hardly be anything else. Noticed a few points well back perhaps about 6 or 7000 feet.

July 16th.

Lovely calm, cool morning. Slept well after first meal that could be called dinner - acid gray soup good and bits of odds and ends of meat and ice cream chocolate and bit of Royal apricot. Then 2 tumblers of tea with lemon, bread and butter at 9 P.M. Woke at 5 o'clock. The near foothills of Caucasus richly clad with forest down (Sketches) nearly to the shore. Many villas and very few patches of cultivation. Stopped at 3 or 4 town or villages to let off passengers and take few on by boats without anchoring - much kissing, handshaking and handkerchief waving. About 1 P.M. mountains begin to show tips and ridges aloft in midst of white cumuli, very effective and striking, some with conifers defined on white clouds, some dark and bare in spiky clusters - 8 or 10,000 feet high. Snow streaks and patches. All snowly cumuli above. The same below, then the long forested slopes below clouds 5 or 4000 feet, then those of bluffs or mere sand strip, pale almost white. Then the blue or pale greenish sea strips passing here and there. One of the loveliest picture series of those pictures of round-headed trees ever saw. Charming day. Strange medley of all nationalities - Greek, Turk, Circassians, Tartars, etc. Found a young man today who speaks fair English. Was educated in Mission School at Constantinople. Speaks affectionately of his teachers. His uncle, an old man, is with him, who has lived most all his life in the Caucasus, a great hunter, tells of bouquetin deer, grouse, etc. Chamois nearly exterminated. Tells also of fine timber. Oak 20 feet in circumference, etc.

After 6 P.M. We have been making a bee line for Batoum which we expect to reach about midnight. Never shall I forget the Caucasus shore of the Black Sea.
July 17.
Rose at 4:30 o'clock. Found ourselves at wharf. Mountains cloudy, foothills brushy. Drove out a few miles after leaving satchels at station. Fine views of sea and foothills and busy wharves. Big petroleum business. Drove little way up into hills amid cabins and pastures. Fine vegetation. Rhodo ponticum common, rank and perfect pteris aquilina to 6 or 8 feet high in clumps and fields in glorious health and abundant. Wild persimmon, oak, etc., mossy banks, small corn fields. Country like New England hills as to vegetation. Horses small, feeble. Got back to station at 8 o'clock. More tea and off for Berjom. Hot in car P.M. Had long berth on which could lie at length on account of sickness, though train crowded. Our guide hinted I might have some dread contagious disease. The first 40 miles road runs along coast - grovy, brushy, ferny pastures with here and there a scrawny ragged edged patch of corn. Cattle all lean, also horses. Soon turning inland, the corn patches grow larger. A magnificent valley, fertile and level covered with miles and miles of corn fields. A large stream here and there. Thence we enter a range of hills or mountains by narrow valley, soon a gorge, picturesque - a hanging cornfield here and there, mostly purely wild. At length after passing through tunnel 2 miles b Descend into another broad beautiful fertile valley. Thence by narrow gauge railroad up the Kourna River to Berjom in a canon, a sort of summer resort, cool, shady at elevation of 2500 feet, in heart of ante-Caucasian.
July 18th.
Drove in good carriage up mountain through "The Park," part of the extensive grounds of the Grand Duke - Palaces of Michael, Nicholas and Sergei Michailovitch (the former is the father of the latter) (Alexander N. Kov regin our guide).
The park is a charming place, almost purely wild with fine forests and open wild gardens amid the woods and groves, and fine views of surrounding mountain slopes, exceedingly steep and densely though not heavily wooded. Some look like parts of Allegheny, others like South Sierra, all glacial sculptures - rock clay slates mostly.
In the P.M. drove up the river and went afoot ravine shady and cool and mossy like Canada or New England. Saw several rafts of P. sylvestris and spruce.
July 19th.
Drove down the river this morning few miles Charming views. The side of one of the mountains less
steep and is extensively cultivated. Wheat and barley now ripe. At 3:10 P.M. we start for Tiflis to arrive about 10 o'clock. Am surprised to find ante-Caucasus so rich in mountains and forests, so wild, though inhabitants of various nationalities met on road are so numerous. The main trees on higher mountains up to, say 5, or 6000 feet are Pinus sylvestris and Picea orientalis off covering immense slopes, in equal vigorous growth, displaying abounding health and strength, the one gray, the spruce dark, neither of them very sharp except young 2 maple and 2 oaks. These elm, ash, walnut, poplar, hawthorn, hop, dogwood, beech and many apple and pear, and hawthorn and plum and cherry, etc.

The herbs – abundance of mints and campanulas, a charming saxifrage, many Horsikias, larkspur, columbiae, hounds tongue, genista primula, strawberry, hazel very fine. The wild apples and pear often large and fruiting heavily. The ground covered.

Altogether 25 trees or so. At 4 or 5 P.M. start on train for Tiflis, had compartment nominally to ourselves, though much crowded before reaching Tiflis at 9 P.M. Fine broad valley of Koura all the way. Tiflis is a dirty, hot, dry town, crooked, ill-paved streets. Bazaar and market curious, endless varieties of trade and people. Donkeys loaded with charcoal, fruit, etc.

July 20th.

Visited botanic garden, a curious, interesting place, full of Caucasus plants 3,000 or so (?). Endless paths on rough stony hillside Ginko and magnolia thrive in open.

July 21st.

Visited Museum. Interesting collection of animals of Caucasus, of the people life size in [illegible]. And ordinary clothing and of photos, etc. The chamois, ibex, wild sheep, bear, cats, etc. Also went to Art Museum. Fine large, telling pictures of battles and several very good marine pieces. Portraits of Czar, etc. The hall was killing hot. In the P.M. took ride through the town. Most of the teams from the country with produce are oxen, cows, ½ of them, Buffalo patient beasts fond of lying and wallowing in water, chewing cud. The horses poor, overworked; 2-donkeys and mules, I pity them. So also many of the people who carry enormous loads.

July 22nd.

Started across the Dariel Pass for Vladikavkas? Comfortable carriage, grim conductor on box with driver, armed with sword and bugle, warning everybody out of the way by terrible calls, much bothered with boys trying to ride behind baggage. Changed horses 20 versts [Russian measure of distance, 56 mile] or less according to grade. Started at 7 o'clock, arrived at station [left blank by Mist]. At 8 P.M.

After dull ride of 25 or 28 versts along Koura and tributary entered magnificent valley of great extent surrounded by mountains. Very fertile, corn and barley, etc. On a lake or lakes. Climbing out of it by long arm came after ascent of 1000 feet or more, 5000 feet to a still grander and more fertile valley with surrounding hills as well as floor, under best cultivation have seen in Russia. Strips of grain succeeding one another and strips of fallow grain getting ripe, splendid effect, heavy crops, the garden spot of the region. A lake a mile or 2 long in the midst, and a considerable town, a summer resort. After lunch climbed out of this rich valley and soon were racing down long grade on bank of torrent which had been in flood last week, and carried away many bridges and retaining walls of road. Many at work repairing damage. About 3 P.M. turned up stream at point of confluence – fine, steep, but rather smooth mountain slopes on either hand, and indeed all around. Had sharp downpour of rain A.M., for few minutes which made a lively stir. At dark cool, needed overcoat for first time, lo, these many days, hot and dirty. Delightful freshness and cold water. Dirty station. Hills and mountains brushy, few large trees seen today, but marvellous agricultural wealth to be found in midst of mountains.

July 23rd.

5000 feet at sea level. Slowly ascended steep mountain wall of canon in long loops, passed over divide at nearly 7800 feet. In climbing left at about 6000 feet, hazel, oak, Lonicera, maple, apple, etc., Next came Azalea pontica, more and above seal level. At 25 trees or so. At 4 or 5 P.M. start on

height of station about 6000 feet, of mountain about 16,140 feet. (Sketch entitled "Up from Kasbek station")

Anemones blue and yellow, blue bells large and dwarf, clever yellow and red, phlox, silene, gentian, pink polygonum (Rhododendron Caucasicum) birch, poplar, Erigerons, Alchemilla, charming umbellifera, white
flower. Heath, many mints, one with large pink flowers, very strong. One of the most interesting thyme? The yellow clover seems steeped in honey. A slope smooth, just steep enough to make walkers cautious. 1 mile long, 1/2 or 3/4 wide one garden of brilliant flowers, the richest of Alpine gardens, most perfect ever saw. Not a leaf or petal out of place - one of Nature's masterpieces.

July 24th.

Start up mountain on horseback, good gentle good horses. Reached elevation of 9500 feet, had good view of West summit with snowfields. When clouds came rolling down and rain got little wet. Easy ascent, good trail, passes at first through typical Georgian village, filthy. Co[i]l[legible]. For fuel. Many dogs. Travel provisions on rush carts.

Glorious smooth garden slope, very fragrant wild rose and lovely color pink, large 2-1/2 inches, bushes about 4 to 6 feet high. Fine pale species on other side divide below the great azalea fields of this, very [illegible word]. Few ferns in rock. Got back at 9:30. Started for Vladikavkas at 11 A.M. Following the river - a dirty roaring boulder rolling torrent all the way until out of the mountains, the "Gorge of Dariel" walls like Yosemite in some parts, both in height and mossiness. Road blasted in rock nearly all way. Saw remains of very ancient road cut in rock. Thin growth of P. silvestris, and juniper. Many fine flowers in crevices of rock where no foot may touch them. About 5 or 6 miles below Kasbek had good view of the mountains (Kasbek) and its largest, lowest descending glacier, about 7000 feet or 7500 feet. Where the canon opens at base of range, meadows gradually widen and improve in soil, forming wide flat bottom with bluff sides, dotted with trees and groves. Soon we are out in broad level plain very fertile. Arrived at Vladiber about 5 P.M. in pouring rain. Had good meal after the unspeakable tables and accommodations of the station houses on the Pass.

July 25th.

Start at 5:30 for station and at 6 o'clock for Moscow. Ride until 12 noon, through a very rich country, great corn and wheat fields and pastures. At station for Mineral Springs which we reached at noon. Change cars after stop of 5 hours. Until dark, running through grand black rich grain country. Had glorious view of Elbruz about 30 miles from Mineral Station. Never saw cloud and snow and ice more delicately blended. The double peak, slightly yellow in tone; a broad bar of clouds separating base and top. Another good view this P.M. shortly after leaving Mineral Spring Station. Also grand cluster of lofty peaks to the left as you look from here. To the left (W) a doz. [dozen] miles or so, from Mineral Station. See sketch of Elbruz: Glorious view of Elbruz, 18,300 feet to Vladikavkas and Mineral Station about 30 or 40 miles from latter at elevation of 1000 feet.

(To be continued...)
Since 1980 the John Muir Center at California’s University of the Pacific has hosted the John Muir Institute dedicated to promoting the legacy of the famed environmentalist. These essays were papers presented at the John Muir Center’s institute in 2001.

Ruth Sutter explores the friendship between John Muir and his neighbor, John Swett, the innovative California educator. Daryl Morrison considers the role Muir played in the lives of children and they in his. Ron Limbaugh provides two essays: one describes the dispute about the publication of some of Muir’s most personal correspondence, while the other presents the friendship of Muir and landscape painter William Keith.

Ron Eber focuses on Muir as the national spokesman for American wilderness and forests. Char Miller highlights the interplay between John Muir and Gifford Pinchot in America’s nineteenth-century environmental movement. Daniel Philippon examines how Muir’s later domestic life changed his rhetoric and how he promoted the preservation of wilderness. Barbara Mossberg presents an overview of Muir’s vision of the value of wilderness necessary for America’s physical, spiritual, economic, and cultural survival.

Jim Warren describes how a shared experience on the Alaska Expedition could bring naturalists Muir and John Burroughs closer in their approach. Bonnie Johanna Gisel provides an account of an 1873 trip through the Tuolumne Canyon by John Muir and his friend and mentor, Jeanne C. Carr. Corey Lewis studies Muir’s methodology to understand and experience his fieldwork approach. Michael Branch focuses on Muir’s final Journey to explore South America and Africa. Each of these essays will bring new ideas for future study of John Muir.
NEWS & NOTES (continued from page 2)

MUIR IMPERSONATORS TO APPEAR AT UOP

The Poet and the Rough Rider, a dramatization of the Yosemite meeting that took place between John Muir and President Theodore Roosevelt will be performed on November 3, 2005 at the University of the Pacific campus in Stockton, CA. Lee Stetson plays the part of Muir, while Alan Sutterfield appears as President Roosevelt. This presentation is free and open to the public. It will begin at 4 p.m. in Pacific Theater with a reception to follow.

On November 18, 2005, Mark Raddatz returns to UOP for two performances, one at 8 a.m. and the other at 12:30 p.m., both in Faye Spanos Concert Hall. He will be doing his John Muir impersonation for the entire freshman class; but Muir enthusiasts are also welcome to attend.

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NEW STUDY REVEALS THAT YOSEMITE’S HETCH HETCHY VALLEY CAN BE RESTORED AND WATER AND POWER SUPPLIES CAN BE REPLACED AT A REASONABLE COST

In a press conference held at the California State Capitol on September 13, 2005, the non-profit organization Restore Hetch Hetchy released a major new study, revealing that practical, reasonably priced solutions exist which can easily replace the water and energy that would otherwise be lost if O’Shaughnessy Dam were removed and Yosemite’s Hetch Hetchy Valley were restored. In the new study, Restore Hetch Hetchy finds the dam could be removed and the Valley restored, providing visitors to Yosemite National Park the chance to see a “second, wilder, Yosemite Valley”.

Go to the RHH website, www.hetchhetchy.org to view PDF files of the press release summarizing the report, the executive Summary, or see the full report.

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Manuscripts on any aspect of John Muir’s life or legacy are welcomed for consideration in the John Muir Newsletter. Please send submissions in hard copy or in Word or Wordperfect electronic files to W. R. Swagerty, Editor, at the address on this newsletter, or send to johnmuir@pacific.edu

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CONTENTS THIS ISSUE

• John Muir’s World Tour •
• News & Notes •
• Sargent “Saw the Forest for the Trees” by Michael Wurtz •
• New John Muir Book •