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## The John Muir Newsletter, Spring/Summer 2006

The John Muir Center for Environmental Studies

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# THE JOHN MUIR NEWSLETTER

UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC, STOCKTON, CA

VOLUME 16, NUMBER 2/3

SPRING/SUMMER 2006

## JOHN MUIR'S WORLD TOUR (PART III)

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

In this issue, we resume John Muir's unpublished notebooks from his World Tour, 1903-1904. This double issue covers the dates August 18 through November 2, 1903, all recorded in notebook number fifty of the John Muir Papers at University of the Pacific. The transcription by Pulitzer-prize winner and Muir-biographer Linnie Marsh Wolfe (1881-1945) is part of her papers, also at Pacific in Holt-Atherton Special Collections, a subset of the Muir Papers. The Wolfe Papers are described thus in the on-line catalog to Holt-Atherton Department of Special Collections:

<http://www.pacific.edu/library/ha/muirPapers.html>

Linnie Marsh Wolfe published *John of the Mountains: the Unpublished Journals of John Muir*, in 1938. Wolfe's papers include reminiscences and letters collected from 1940 to 1945 from Helen Swett Artieda, J.E. Calkins, Ellen D. Graydon, Helen Muir, and Cecelia Galloway and used in the biography of Muir, *Son of the Wilderness: the Life of John Muir*, 1945. Wolfe's unfiled papers include correspondence from 1918 to 1945. Research materials for her two books are in the collection, including her notes and transcriptions of some of Muir's journal entries, manuscripts, and

letters. The typed manuscripts of her books, business papers relating to them, promotional materials, photographs on Yosemite and Muir's family and associates, and other miscellaneous materials about Muir and his work are also in the collection.

The Wolfe transcription has been compared with the original by Muir-scholar John Hurley, a history major at Pacific. Mr. Hurley's senior thesis focuses on the overall importance of the World Tour as a part of Muir's final years, sandwiched between his campout with President Theodore Roosevelt in Yosemite during May, 1903 and his active crusade to preserve forests, parks, and to save Hetch Hetchy Valley from his return in 1904 to his death a decade later in 1914.

Several researchers have asked about the accuracy of the Wolfe transcriptions. In the process of preparing the manuscript notebooks for eventual publication, Wolfe changed language and added punctuation, descriptors, and occasional phrases to clarify meaning from Muir's outline-style notes. Her death in 1945 halted any effort to complete the project. We have taken the Wolfe transcription back to the original manuscript, as faithfully as possible. Where words are illegible in Muir's own

(Continued on page 4)

## NEWS & NOTES

### NATURALIST GUIDED YOSEMITE VISITORS

(article by Matt Weiser published Monday, October 9, 2006  
in the Sacramento *Bee*, METRO Section, page B3)

A writer, naturalist, lawyer and friend, Steven Medley was a silent guide to millions of Yosemite National Park visitors for more than two decades.

As president of the Yosemite Association, Medley wrote and edited guidebooks, helped raise millions of dollars for park projects and greatly expanded the association and its partnership with the National Park Service.

Medley, who lived in Oakhurst, died Thursday in a car crash while driving to work in Yosemite Valley on Highway 140. He was 57.

Details aren't clear, but he apparently lost control of his car on the rain-slick road and hit a tree. The accident occurred just past a temporary bridge built earlier this year to carry traffic around a massive rockslide that crossed the highway. No other vehicles were involved.

"This is a huge loss for the Yosemite family," park Superintendent Mike Tollefson said. "In addition to Steve's innumerable contributions to the park, he was known for his quick wit, dedication and sense of accomplishment."

The Yosemite Association, formerly known as the Yosemite Natural History Association, was chartered by Congress in 1923 as the first "cooperating association" established to work in partnership with a national park. Its role is to support Yosemite through education, research and environmental programs.

Medley was born in Palo Alto in 1949 and graduated from Gilroy High School in 1967. He then obtained a bachelor's degree in film and broadcast studies from Stanford University in 1971.

His association with Yosemite began the same year, said his wife, Jane Medley, while he was on a cross-country hitchhiking trip right after college. Somehow a friend who was a Yosemite park ranger contacted him and offered him a seasonal job in the park.

In August 1971, Medley halted his journey, returned to California, cut his long hair and took the job. Within months, Medley met his future wife in the park. Both eventually obtained permanent jobs in the park, she as a dispatcher, then a campground ranger; he as a naturalist, park librarian and museum curator.

The couple married in 1976. He earned a master's degree in library science in 1975 from the University of Oregon and a law degree from UC Davis in 1981. He practiced law for four years in Grants Pass, Oregon.

In 1985, the previous director of the Yosemite Association retired, and Medley got the job.

"It allowed him a lot of outlets for his creativity," Jane Medley said. "He knew the park's natural history, and he knew the human history, and he had a mind that retained information."

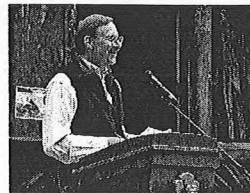
His proudest accomplishment, she said, was publishing "An Illustrated Flora of Yosemite" in 2001. Written by Stephen J. Botti, it is an exhaustive "Coffee table-sized" catalog of the park's vegetation, with more than 500 pages and 1,100 color illustrations of wildflowers and other plants.

Bob Hansen, president of the Yosemite Fund, another nonprofit serving the park, said the book took more than two decades to produce and is considered the bible of Yosemite plants.

Medley's determination to publish it, Hansen said, created a resource that will serve park managers for decades.

Medley may have been best known, however, for "The Complete Guidebook to Yosemite," which he wrote. More than 100,000 copies have been published, and the book is now in its fifth printing. The book received an award from the National Park Service, and Hansen called it "probably the best guidebook" on Yosemite.

He is survived by wife, Jane Medley of Oakhurst; and sons, Charlie, 25, Joe, 23, and Andy, 20, all of Oakhurst.



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### JOHN MUIR INDUCTED IN CALIFORNIA HALL OF FAME

John Muir included as an Inaugural Inductee in the new  
California Hall of Fame at the  
California Museum of History, Women and the Arts

(article taken from Sierra Club's John Muir Exhibit website  
[http://www.sierraclub.org/john\\_muir\\_exhibit/life/ca\\_hall\\_of\\_fame.html](http://www.sierraclub.org/john_muir_exhibit/life/ca_hall_of_fame.html))

On July 31, 2006, California Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger and First Lady Maria Shriver announced the creation of the California Hall of Fame, a groundbreaking institution extolling the inspirational contributions of extraordinary Californians who have made their mark on the state, the nation and the world.

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## MUIR VISITED THE CALAVERAS GROVES TWICE

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

One hundred miles due east of Muir's Martinez home is Calaveras Big Trees State Park. As the name suggests, this park is the home to two groves of *Sequoiadendron Giganteum* or Sierra redwood. These redwoods do not grow as tall as their coastal relatives (*Sequoiadendron Sempervirens*), but they are massive – the largest living things on earth. According to Joseph H. Engbeck, Jr.'s 1973 *The Enduring Giants*, "giant sequoia grows and reproduces naturally only in scattered sites along the western slope of the Sierra Nevada. These sites are all within a 260-mile-long zone at elevations between 4,000 and 8,400 feet." Calaveras' North Grove sits off Highway 4 only three miles up the road from Arnold, California, and is easily accessible with a short walk. The park's South Grove is an additional eight miles from the park entrance and requires a slightly stouter hike from the trailhead to the big trees. Being "less than a day and a quarter from San Francisco," these groves were the closest Sierra redwoods to Muir, but he managed to visit them only twice in his lifetime.

Muir's first visit to Calaveras is documented in the July 20, 1876 edition of the *Daily Evening Bulletin* of San Francisco. For much of the first part of the article, Muir implores the "weary town worker" to "come to the woods and rest!" He writes that Californians work too hard, therefore, "compulsory education may be good; [but] compulsory recreation may be better." As a mountaineer, Muir had easy access to many of California's mountains, "but the feeble or timebound must follow ways and means, and I know of none better than those of Calaveras."

Muir also recognized the destruction of trees in Calaveras, "Two of the largest sequoias have been killed, one of these, ... 'The Mother of the Forest,' ... was flayed alive, the bark having been removed in sections, and set up in the London Exposition. The other was cut down because someone wanted to dance on the stump [now known as "Big Stump"]." Another trend of that time was to affix a plaque to some of the more remarkable sequoias and give them names like "Abraham Lincoln" or "Palace Hotel." Muir felt that these, "black glaring names carved on marble tablets and counter-sunk in the brown bark, [produced] a shabby, tombstone appearance." Despite these sad examples of human impact, Muir felt, "the grove has been well preserved."

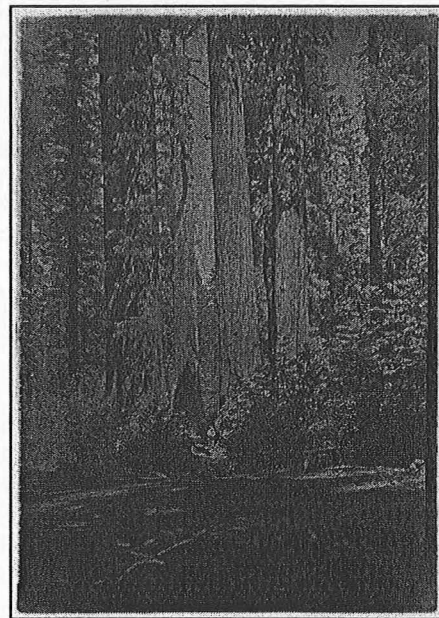
In 1900, Muir set out on trip from Lake Tahoe to Yosemite via the Calaveras groves with the well-known scientist C. Hart Merriam and his family. His one-day visit on August 23, 1900 is not much better documented than the 1876 visit. Two letters that specifically mention the groves are more about whom he met than the majesty of the trees. Additional accounts of this trip can be cobbled together from the 1901 *Our National Parks* and a January 1920 *Sierra Club Bulletin*. He was just as emphatic about the well being of the trees as he had been on his first visit. The Mother of the Forest "still stands erect and holds forth its

majestic arms as if alive and saying, 'Forgive them; they know not what they do.'" Muir suggests that the trees might make good lumber, just as "George Washington after passing through the hands of a French cook would have made good food." Fortunately for both "higher uses have been found."

Like his first trip, he recognized the efforts to preserve these groves. He praises James L. Sperry for protecting the North Grove for almost 40 years while many of the Sierra redwoods throughout California have "been felled, [and] blasted into manageable dimensions." He continues, "These kings of the forest, the noblest of a noble race, rightly belong to the world, but as they are in California we cannot escape responsibility as their guardians." Muir concludes, "Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot defend themselves or run away."

Today, the park continues to pay tribute to Muir by liberally sprinkling his quotes through pamphlets and interpretive signs.

(Additional notes on Big Stump and Mother of the Forest: A year after the trees were "discovered" in 1853, speculators stripped the first 50 feet of bark from the biggest tree in the forest and then felled it. The bark was reconstructed for exposition in San Francisco and New York. The Big Stump was turned into a dance hall, and the fallen trunk was flattened for a bowling alley. The Stump measures about 25 feet in diameter and a ring count suggests that the tree was 1244 years old. The Mother of the Forest was stripped of her bark to 116 feet in 1854 for expositions in New York and London. In 1908, a fire swept through the park. Normally, the redwood's thick bark protects the trees from fire, but without it, the "Mother" burned and is now a charred monolith.)



The Sierra redwoods of Calaveras Big Trees dwarf Muir on his 1900 visit. The tree without bark, a little bit to the left of the center in the background, is the Mother of the Forest before it was burned. (Fiche 24-1333 John Muir Papers, Holt-Atherton Special Collections, University of the Pacific Library. Copyright 1984 Muir-Hanna Trust)



(Continued from page 1)

writing due to pencil smudges, water damage or Muir's abbreviation system, we have designated such in brackets, sometimes suggesting words.

Notebook fifty begins with an early morning arrival on August 18 in Vladivostock, the most important seaport in eastern Russia at the time. Connected by the Chinese Eastern Railway to Europe in 1897, this town was on the threshold of becoming a free commercial port (1904) and by 1917 would become the eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Muir grumbled in his notebook about "2 weeks more of miserable rail travel" and was not physically at his best, suffering from "indigestion after 3 months of abominably cooked food," but he endured and continued with the Sargents on a remarkable trip that took him on a loop north to Kabarosk then south back into Manchuria to the city of Harbin, which he described as "that filthy place." From there Muir planned to visit the old walled Chinese city of Moukden (also Mukden) on the Hun River, the strategic capital during the Manchu Dynasty (1644-1912) and an important railway juncture. However, three washed out bridges prevented train travel and the party returned to "horrid Harbin."

On September 3, "still alive" with morphine and brandy helping to ease his pain, Muir was back in Vladivostock and bound for Wonsan, Korea the next day, "a Prince Will[iam] Sound on [a] small scale," as he described the beautiful harbor. On to Japan by November 9, then by the German steamer *Bayern* to Shanghai, "a grand town," where Muir and the Sargents parted company. Now traveling solo, Muir left for Hongkong on September 12, "glad I'm free" he writes. His next port of call across the South China Sea was Singapore, reached on September 20. Three days later, Muir was bound for Calcutta, again by water on the outside passage. Taking careful notes on exotic woods and uses of such trees as teak, bamboo, palms, pines, and rattans, his ship arrived at Rangoon on September 27, and three days later made port in Calcutta.

Hoping to see Mount Everest, Muir headed by rail to Darjeeling but had logistical problems hiring horses to take him close enough to see the great mountain. Settling for a "glorious view" of Kinchinjinga, and suffering rheumatism, bad food, and damp accommodations, an exhausted John Muir concluded "to go down" on October 6, short his goal, but much impressed with the Himalayas, which he described as a "Magnificent range of mountains to northeast and round to east."

Back in Calcutta, he purchased a round trip ticket to Bombay via Delhi, taking in museums, old palaces and castles, and former residences of the British, and observing Indian bathers in the "holy ganges." Between Kalka and Simla, experienced his most thrilling ride of the entire trip, a fifty-eight mile excursion on a cart called a "Tonga," drawn by two horses. "Never before," writes Muir, "enjoyed so wild a ride on mountains or elsewhere." On October 20, and now in Bombay, Muir planned an excursion through

the Red Sea and the Suez Canal to see the pyramids of Egypt. He departed three days later, with a new suit of "Equator clothes" and crossed the Arabian Sea by steamer, noting "cooking pretty good or fair" aboard ship.

Six days later, he arrived at Aden, "the driest most leafless forbidding town I ever saw, unmercifully hot." In typical Muir's prose, he also saw beauty before him in a "good harbor, picturesque volcanic hills and mountains marvellously jagged and spiny pinnacly around shores, mostly barren of vegetation." Transferring to the Australian liner, *Rome*, for the next three days Muir expected to see shores and landscapes familiar to him from his Biblical readings. Disappointed that land was out of sight for two days, he writes, "Nothing red about the Red Sea." Finally on November 2, the mountains appeared on both sides, "some of the highest peaks massive." The notebook ends on November 2 with a short train ride to Old Suez and expectations of seeing Mount Sinai and other places familiar to him from books of travel and adventure taking him back to his Dunbar and Wisconsin boyhood.

W. R. Swagerty

#### August 18<sup>th</sup>.

In flowery, luxuriant wildness plants showing proximity to the sea. A tall *Echinopanax*, like Alaskan somewhat, but with much more divided leaves. Oak *dentata*, birch 2 species, one or two species of *Tillia*, poplar, wild apple, plum, hazel, grape vine, etc. rank ferns. Great development of stratified drift, looks in general like Puget Sound. Foggy, about 6:00 A.M. the great bay-fiord with ships coming to view and running around the shore. Arrive at Vladivostock soon after 7:00 A.M. and take rooms at the Grand Hotel, tired, half-starved, the last eight days, having slept in our clothes. Wash and feel better, but the hotels here are poor as to food and we have little hope of mending the flesh. Went to bank to see young Rodgers. Was greatly disappointed to learn he had gone to a town on the Amur, 20 or 30 days distant by rail.

#### August 19<sup>th</sup>.

Sargents out botanizing while I read and wish to rest. Would like to leave for Japan, etc., but Sargent wishes to go with him to point on the Amur and thence to Jukden, Pekin and Shanghai. 2 weeks more of miserable rail travel in my enfeebled condition, but I suppose I'll get through somehow, and I will see more of Manchuria.

#### August 20<sup>th</sup>.

In house all day resting.

#### August 21<sup>st</sup>.

The sea air reviving. Hope to leave this evening 9:00 P.M. for Kabarovsk.

#### August 22<sup>nd</sup>.

At 5:00 A.M. Barometer about 400, say 300 above sea level. Dark rainy morning. Fields of wheat just ripe, about half cut, carefully shocked with cap sheaves.

Buckwheat, a good deal of it still in flower. A rich, fertile beautiful country. Mountain with wooded hills in sight all around, not very high. Fields alternating with stretches of meadow. At 8:00 A.M. same as above running apparently on nearly dead level. Left Vladivostok at 9:40 last evening. Passed several towns with magnificent government buildings of red brick. All the masonry, carpentry, stone cutting indeed all work in Vladivostok and Manchuria in general and East Siberia done by Chinamen. See fine spruce and larch timber on freight trains.

5:30 P.M. After passing ranges of mountains on either side of valley all day, others apparently as high and handsomely arrayed back of each other are still in sight, wheat, west and north, all forested as far as can be seen, distance varying from 40 to 100 miles (?) The valley has diversified hills also, and all the ground is fertile, black prairie soil. Q birches, a fine oak and Tilia Manchuria hazel, where spared by fire or protected. Young trees as grubs springing up most everywhere. A good many meads wet. Comparatively little wheat. Barometer about 300-400 all day, so beautiful is the great valley of the Neuzzi.

August 23<sup>rd</sup>.

5:00 A.M. Dark, rainy morning. The woods mostly burned or cleared off. Ground flat. At 6:15 arrived Kabarosk, raining hard. Barometer stands at 625, probably corrected height about 3 or 400. Jacobs, squared with this evening, including 1/3 of his expenses up to yesterday. Rained nearly all day, stayed indoors after getting damp and rheumatic on long ride from station to hotel, difficulty in finding rooms.

August 24<sup>th</sup>.

Fair, but cloudy. Went down the river along the right bluff bank to a garden where there are magnificent views of the wide Amur Valley and its mighty flood of dingy water drawn from a thousand fountains in the mountains. The Ussuri, one of its greatest tributary rivers enters the Amur a mile or 2 above this point. The width of

the Amur when the current is swift, 4 or 5 miles an hour, is about 3/4 of mile at the narrowest, but probably this is not the whole river though apparently larger than the Mississippi at New Orleans. All the banks and bluffs, far and near, are densely forested, willows, alders, spruce (Picea Gleni (?)), Philodendron, ash, maple, walnut, wild rose, orange family, Tilia Manchuria, Larix dehourica, corylus, apple, pear, Crategus, oak, Manchuria, Rhamnus, vib(?), dogweed, etc. In general like flora of Japan, less so than Vladivostok, says Sargent. Fine station of Muraviev, Amurskii, Count, General Governor of East Siberia, conquered Amur region (?) Mountains on left side Amur Valley here about 4000 feet high.

August 25<sup>th</sup>.

Rainy. Leave this evening at 3:45 for Mukden. Fair at 3:00 P.M./ Barometer 500 feet. The town is about 50 years old, founded by Muraviev, named for helman of Cossacks Kabarosk - widely scattered, of slow growth, except the red brick government buildings, Ought to be large place at end of long fertile valley of the Ussuri.

August 26<sup>th</sup>.

Fine bright morning. Barometer 300 feet. 10:15 A.M. a fine rich, fertile prairie country, mostly unplowed as yet. Very flowery, asters, geraniums, spiraea, rose, hazel, few patches of wheat and buckwheat. Open

woods and forests in distance, the nearest round-headed. Oak, elm, tillia, birch. Yesterday from 4:00 P.M. till dark in rather swampy woods, trees slender 1 to 1-1/2 feet diameter, 50 to 75 feet high. Birch, larch (dehourica with small cones, long leaves, very feather, but less beautiful, original and sturdy than Siberica.) A pine particularly abundant on hills nearly all with double or 4 or 5 tops kept parallel. May be cembra, has large cones, but none I have seen here approaches the glorious Taiga Cembras, either in size or port. The Spruce Glenni (?) also very abundant. All the woods the first hundred miles from Kabaroska have been severely injured or destroyed by fire.

Vladivostok, Aug. 19, 1903

Dear Louie,

After many short stops here and there we are at last on the Pacific, having crossed the whole vast breadth of Asia, and now you don't seem so dreadfully far. We arrived yesterday morning, very tired and dirty, having slept in our clothes the last 8 nights and the heat has been trying - 80 to 90° in the cars, and miserable uneatable food at the stations most of the (time). Here it is delightfully cool, but the food is very poor.

I'm resting today while the Sargents are out botanizing. I suppose we will be here a few days longer. Then Sargent wants to (go to) the Amur for a day or two, thence back to Harbin, thence to Mukden, and thence to Peking, which will require 8 or 10 days more of rail riding of (the) most wearisome sort, but with views of wonderful regions, their rocks, scenery, flora, people, etc. by way of compensation. I had made up my mind to leave the Sargents here and go to Japan, Shanghai, etc., as I long for the cool sea. But Sargent advises very strongly against my going off alone, and raises all sorts of objections, difficulty of arranging money matters, etc., promises not to stay but a day or two in Peking or hot dirty Mukden (suggestive name). So I suppose I'll go on with him as far as Peking or Shanghai, where I hope to hear from you once more.

The whole trip has been exceedingly interesting, far more so than anything I had read leads one to expect. And now, dear wife and babes, Heaven bless you. How glad I'll be to get home. Love to all.

JOHN MUIR



At 10:40 A.M. today, woods alternating with prairie with wheatfields larger in extent, beautiful mountains on the west side, 50 to 75 miles distant Wooded foothills Grain shock.

1:45 P.M. Yet larger hay and grain fields, buckwheat in flower. Oats still green. Half the area of wide rolling prairie under cultivation, towns numerous, mostly miles from the railroad.

3:00 P.M. Barometer 150 feet. Lovely sunny day, not too warm. Valley here very wide from blue hills to mountains 100 miles or so, with many side valleys while the elevation of the country in general is so slight the valley bounds are ill-defined. With simple drainage in some places, this Ussuri Valley could be made one of the most productive in the world, and support a hundred times as many inhabitants as it now does. Indeed, the same may be said of most all Siberia.

It is not generally known how vast the agricultural resources of Russia are, and to how slight a degree they as yet have been developed, even in the older, thickly settled of European Russia, and to think of famines in such a country, and yet many severe famines have occurred. The slowness and imperfectness of the development of these rich prairies is marvelous. None of the famous prairies of Iowa, Wisconsin, or Illinois in all their virgin richness offered more generous farms on easy terms to settlers, either in climate, ease of cultivation, or abundance of timber within available distances.

**August 27<sup>th</sup>.**

Fine, cool, bright. At 7:00 A.M. turn into mountains, running through level fields of millet, beans, oats, etc. Chinese careful cultivators.

8:30, turn into mountains, follow of course a stream. A Baldwin compound engine pushing at 850 Barometer 1600 feet. The loveliest flowers, asters pale blue, the finest growing on rocks or good soil flowering profusely. Bluebells, spiraea, rose, dryas, veronica, thistle, etc. Trees - larch, pine, double many-topped kind, oak, birches, 2 poplars, willow, rock meta, slates, sandstone, granite, basalt, over laid with bouldery drift.

Barometer at 9:00 A.M. 700, at crossing of beautiful river with rock bluff banks. Moutan Kiang Kenlei-alin mountains, the range we crossed at 9 o'clock this morning.

At 2:00 P.M. barometer 1000, in the beautiful valley 5 miles wide, but little cultivated, very flowery, bounded by finely sculptured hills. At 3:20 P.M. Barometer 1300, ascending charming branch valley, stream 10 feet wide; trees pine, spruce, oak, ash, elm, 2 birches, etc. Rock

granite showing many gray-lichened cliffs. Large boulders recalling Yosemite granite.

At 6:15 P.M. on what seems summit of divide, magnificently forested. Barometer 2000 feet. The cembra or cembra-like pine is very abundant, the principal tree of woods, though not as fine by far as at Taiga, broad, mossy mountains covered with it; trees 3 feet diameter, near 100 feet high. Large larch and ash, also. Hazel abundant, and birches. Train has been running very slow and making long stops since noon.

Grand mountain views ahead. Saw glorious cumuli 2 hours ago, fairly glittering like icebergs on top.

**August 28<sup>th</sup>.**

6:00 A.M. In broad flat, mostly cultivated. At Harbin, 7:00 A.M. Barometer 600, rainy. Harbin is situated on river flat, very muddy streets. When dry fill in ruts and sink-holes, the story of sea of mud. Large government buildings, intended for large town, like many others along the railroad, but Yankee enterprise sadly wanting or adventurous builders of homes. The whole country seems a government camp. Drive to so-called Garden Restaurant, 5 miles of the most horrible streets for holes, basins, pits, ridges and peaks made chiefly of mud. Harbin on its huge flat. Rain again and dark. Left Harbin at 2:30 for Mukden. Rain at 2:45 in rich rolling treeless prairie-like country, planted

mostly to Millet.

4:30 P.M. Barometer 700. Same prairie, sunflower, millet, melons, etc. Still dark, rainy, extremely rich soil, glacial mud, silt reformed in slow water. Few clumps of trees on horizon. Mud adobe houses, thatch roofs, mud corral walls, some corn.

6:00 P.M. universal rain. Barometer 850. Dripping Chinamen herding cattle and horses here and there, some with umbrellas. Nearly all cultivated or in pasture. The country is flatter than 2 hours ago. All looks like Illinois. **August 29<sup>th</sup>.**

Barometer 650. Cloudy. The same prairie and crops. All Chinese horses, poor and sore. Groves and single trees here and there. Willow, poplar, tillia or elm (?), mostly not a stone to be seen. Houses mud, framework wood. The whole country beautiful in features of low swells and ravines with hills dotted with trees in distance. Seems to have been cultivated every inch of it time immemorial. No wild flowers in it, only weeds by waysides and in pastures, rose colored polygonum, the showiest. Chinese here keep hogs which they herd. The largest ever saw have enormous ears, look like baby elephants.



Charles Sprague Sargent 1841-1927  
(from <http://www.hort.purdue.edu>)

We are running back to Kundeline - 3 bridges said to be washed out ahead, going back all the way to Harbin. Don't know how long may have to wait in that filthy place. Sargent seems pleased.

**August 30<sup>th</sup>.**

Still damp and cloudy and running wearily back through millet fields to Harbin, will probably get there this P.M. Arrived at 10:00 A.M. Stay here until 3:00 P.M. when we again go back 200 miles or so into first mountains to south of here to botanize. A day or so while waiting repairs on line to Port Arthur. No one knows when they will be completed.

Start at 3:40 P.M.

Rain. Warm, muggy weather. Barometer 650. Many on train going this way via Vladivostock to Port Arthur. Wish we were, but of course Sargent won't, and he has me in his power.

**August 31<sup>st</sup>.**

Arrive at station in the mountains, 1600 feet elevation, at daybreak and in pouring rain. Crouch for a while back of brick wall, then go to porch of restaurant where I lie on bench all day in horrible pain - indigestion after 3 months of abominably cooked food. Start back to horrid Harbin at 5 or 5 P.M.

Arrive at 6:00 A.M. After dreadful night of pain. I told Sargent that we would probably be compelled to go via Vladivostock and Japan after all this passing 5 times over

part of road on account of broken bridges. He never seemed to think of me sick or well, or of my studies, only of his own (?), until he feared I might die on his hands, and thus bother him. He was planning another botanical trip to some point on the Sungari, going by steamer, and leaving me alone at some hotel or lodging house. But fortunately learned the railroad might not be opened for a month, and that a steamer would leave Vladivostock on the 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup>. So back north we again went this evening September first. (Two pages of sketches).

**September 2<sup>nd</sup>.**

Still alive. Morphine to stupefy pain and brandy to hold life.

**September 3<sup>rd</sup>.**

Arrived at old quarters in Vladivostock at 7:00 A.M., after most painful days of all my experience in this

world. Learn the steamer sails at 3:00 P.M. today. Robison [Sargent] loses passport and can't buy ticket or leave country. After big fuss went to American Consul and under his direction got out papers enabling him to leave. Got off at 6:00 P.M. and now hope to get well.

Ate a little supper and suffer no pain.

**September 4<sup>th</sup>.**

Glorious to be free from pain. Arrive at [Wonsan], beautiful harbor on Korean Coast. Leave at night. (See pages 16 and 17)

**September 5<sup>th</sup>.**

At [Wonsan], a magnificent harbor surrounded by mountains. A Prince Will Sound on small scale. Instead every feature is glacial. Very picturesque.

**September 6<sup>th</sup>.**

Sea within sight of land at Sun San. Another fine harbor - glacial.

**September 7<sup>th</sup>.**

Good-looking man and

woman Koreans; limbs of stevedores admirable.

**September 8<sup>th</sup>.**

Arrive at 6:30 this morning at Nagasaki. The harbor most beautiful, bold and telling in glacial form and color of vegetation. A lovely place, swarming with fine steamers from all the world. Junks, boats of every

description, but the town and shopping is scarce noticed in presence of the grand eloquent scenery.

Sail at 2:45 on the German-Lloyd steamer Bayern for Shanghai. Meet Mr. Merrill and family who know Mr.

Sargent and self. Very pleasant chat. Weather very hot. Fans over tables at meal times, and buzz electric fans in every berth. Thus the sticky, muggy weather is rendered tolerable, or even pleasant, but what of the coalheavers, men and women, coaling the ship in blazing sunshine, tossing endless succession of 40 pound baskets from lighters to bunkers. At distance look like busy ants. For hours, until dark, were passing groups of mountain islands on north. They were beautifully filled with various tones of blue, beauty enhanced by grand range of cumuli. Good cooking, good band music, everything done for comfort of passengers.

**September 9<sup>th</sup>.**

Still hot, but comfortable in shade. Arrived at mouth of river towards evening. 15 or 20 miles below Shanghai. For a hundred miles or more have been sailing in yellow

San-Wan, Korea, Sep. 7, 1903

Left Vladivostok on the 3d. Have greatly enjoyed the sail down the Korean coast. Have made 3 landings in fiord harbors like those of Alaska. Am glad to get afloat after two months of most wearisome railriding. Was tired out. Am now restored.

Lovingly, J.M.

Postal card addressed to Mrs. [John Muir, Martinez, California, United States of America]

Nagasaki, Japan, Sep. 8, '03.

Arrived here from Vladivostok 2 hrs. ago (9 a.m.) Sail at noon for Shanghai. Thence don't know yet. All well.

Lovingly, J.M.

[Postal card addressed to Miss Wanda Muir, Martinez, California, United States of America]



and brown mud. The deposits from the Yangtse must be enormous. Drop anchor about dusk. Fine sunset over the willowy low delta lands. Tender came alongside from Shanghai.

#### September 10<sup>th</sup>.

Everybody goes to Shanghai. At 9:00 A.M., on the little steamer Bremen, or tender. A grand town with fine river front "The Bund". 2 hours run. Go to Astor House with Sargents, get lunch, very showy dining room and cool with punkas. Get letter of credit at Shanghai and Hongkong Bank. Buy some things, call at Agents of O. and O, and Pacific mail and cable to Harriman. Call at Hotel to bid Sargents good-bye. Failed to find them and went aboard the tender Bremen to go back to the ship. Soon Professor Sargent came to say good-bye after trying to dissuade me from leaving him, hinting in every telling way that I would be sick, and repeating "Be sure to go to the hospital if you are seriously ill", etc., etc. The motive for his policy I don't know. I rolled back his advice on himself, advising to make haste to the Pekin hospital as soon as sick with more than a dozen diseases. Soon the little Bremen brought me to the good ship Bayern, and I am at last free. Only 3 at table this evening, myself and two officers, both very polite. I feel much at home.

#### September 11<sup>th</sup>.

All day reading and walking, delightful cool weather, and how fine my appetite. Had long walk around the deck with First Officer, observed the Chinese stewards loading tea, hides, etc., from junks. They do all the work.

#### September 12<sup>th</sup>.

Start south for Hongkong, Singapore, etc., at 11:00 A.M. Still cool, feel all alive with mountains in sight once more. Glad I'm free, will never be bound to mortal again on travel. Only about 40 passengers. 12 foot cabin. Welcomed with band music. In the P.M. until dark, passed through the midst of picturesque archipelago of islands, treeless but grassy and probably flowery. Many fishing junks.

#### September 13<sup>th</sup>.

Sunday, warmer, sea calm. Many large dragon flies darting about ship, strong-winged sailors of the sky, might

easily cross from continent to continent. Beautiful coast fringed with islands.

#### September 14<sup>th</sup>.

Charming weather, beautiful color of sea. The coast carved into innumerable islands of picturesque form, some mountainous rising back of each other with fainter blue atmosphere, like Alaska Fairyland, glorious mountains along coast and reach far inland. Swarms of

fish junks. The scenery more and more picturesque until we enter a long fiord beset with innumerable hills and mountains for walls, up which a Chinese pilot guides us to dock and Hongkong, or rather on opposite side of harbor from Hongkong. (arrive about 7 p.m.) The lights along the Hongkong shore and reaching far up the heights back of the town. Not in rectangular street rows, but scattered or in clusters like stars in the sky produced an effect I'll never forget.

Hong Kong,  
S.S. "Bayern", N. German Lloyd,  
September 16<sup>th</sup>, 1903.

Dear Wife and Darlings,

I wish you could be with me this morning on this fine steamship in this most wonderfully beautiful mountain-girt harbor. Left Russia at Vladivostok Sep. 3, worn out and starved out and poisoned out with 2 months of R.R. travel and Russian food. Now I'm all right and getting fat, and am on my way to India to see the Himalaya. I am alone and independent, having parted from the Sargents a week ago at Shanghai - (their aims and interests were so different from mine I should never have joined them). We sail for Singapore in an hour or two, which we will reach in about 4 days. At Singapore I will take a steamer for Calcutta. Thence in a few days I'll be far up the mountains near Darjeeling. Leaving India in a month or so I expect to catch one of these fine North German Lloyd steamers at Colombo, Ceylon, for Europe by the Red Sea, Egypt, etc., and perhaps sailing from Naples direct for New York instead of coming back this way to Yokohama and San Francisco. I expect to be home about New Years. In the meantime the white Himalaya is a glorious inspiring aim. I'll write often so you will easily trace my wanderings on the way, and many a story I'll tell when I at last join you again.

Love to all.

Ever yours,  
JOHN MUIR

Don't let Tinning forget the renewal of the Williams' note.

The outlines of the famous peak were not visible, and the lights of many colors seemed to belong to the sky.

#### September 15<sup>th</sup>.

A great harbor, room for all the ships of the Orient and indeed here are specimens of the ships of all nations bound everywhere, amid which Chinese junks and sampans swarm like ugly dragon moths. Go ashore with Mr. Rebur. Call at O & O and Pacific mail agency for word about Harriman, but receive none, though cabled this morning. 16<sup>th</sup>.

#### September 16<sup>th</sup>.

Went to Bank. Called on General Bragg of Wisconsin, Consul United States. Then took chairs to Botanic Garden and then to tramway to Hotel on the peak for lunch. Mr. Rebur, a West Pointer of 2 wars, now civil engineer, engaged on railroad above Canton. Got his trunks on Canton steamer and then can come back with me to the Bayern. He sails at 5:00 P.M., a pleasant companion, sorry he is leaving us.

Sail today at noon for Singapore. Charming sail up the harbor and around the Hongkong Island. Land mountainous, in sight all day. Weather delightful. Sunset

clouds along coast black and sooty cumuli - like trees in India ink.

**September 17<sup>th</sup>.**

Lovely blue (deep) of the water. Sooty black cumuli in tall masses, crags and jags firm in outline, and tall as compared with width. Sheet lightning throbbing beneath them. A rainbow now and then with isolated showers.

**September 18<sup>th</sup>.**

Dark, rainy, sea with only small white caps. Smooth comfortable sailing. Then inky cumuli compared with the white and purple-domed quick swelling cumuli of the Sierra, are like massy granite domes and mountains compared with volcanic cones and crests. How pleasant a home is this ship. Will be sorry to leave it, fellow passengers polite and kind, especially the Germans. One has been in Yosemite this spring a few days before the President.

Asked me if I had seen the Muir Glacier. Was greatly surprised to find my name. A number of rich Chinese merchants with servants, one small-footed wife walks leaning on servant. These Chinese speak English and are very polite and careful to give full morning salutations.

5:00 P.M. Now off the Tongkin coast, French possessions in China. Mountains looming amid gloomy rain clouds. It has been a dark day, one of the darkest ever saw on land or sea. Clouds thick all over the sky, what seamen call a dirty day. Raining more or less since early morning. Some parts of sea well watered - irrigated. Wind has swung around to south. Cooler. Sea still smooth, few small white caps.

**September 19<sup>th</sup>.**

Head wind - Monsoon, not so dark though still cloudy. Temperature 82°, but strangely clammy. Pleasant on deck in the breeze. Expect to reach Singapore tomorrow evening. If I find a ship to sail for Calcutta within 2 or 3 days, will try to engage passage. If required to wait longer will go on to Columbo, and take chance of ship or rail from there. Sea mostly black blue slate and soot color on sides of waves. Ran through a hundred miles or so of yellowish, scum-like alga arranged in long parallel ragged lines by the wind.

**September 20<sup>th</sup>.**

Scarce a white cap in sight. Sun shining dimly. A little of the alga scum noticed yesterday present in smaller patches and windrows this morning. Delightful breeze. Out of the breeze sweat quickly appears in bead-like drops and saturates underclothing, takes starch from cuffs and collars and causes sticky clammy feeling all over. But by changing position so as to catch the breeze all this stops and the coolness from evaporation is delightful. The baggy loose clothing of the Chinese allows free ventilation and insures coolness when there is the least breeze. A group of islands in sight this morning on our left - east side. The stars last evening about 10

o'clock were glorious in brightness especially toward the south in the region of the Milky Way. Saw Southern Cross (?) Guess not. In the P.M. we enter the Straits, very picturesque islands richly clad with strange trees on either side. Temperature about 82° to 84°, night and day. Sultry with sheet lightning every night. Arrive at Singapore shortly after 6:00 P.M., too late to dock. Lay at anchor until Health Officers arrived this morning.

**September 21<sup>st</sup>.**

At 7:30 went uptown in carriage drawn by very small pony, driven by skinny ugly Malay, intelligent, took me to Ship Agents I wanted to see. After buying ticket for passage to Calcutta on the steamer Lalpoora for 125 silver dollars, I drove to Botanic Gardens. Wonderful vegetation. Wish had time to see more. The strangest tree, most ancient looking, making outline headlike Sequoia, very massive and striking seen near or far is Casuarina Sunmatra Sumatra, truly one of the ancients, with leaves and branchlets like Equisetum. Brownea Arixa, New Granada has charming scarlet cactus-like flowers and glossy compound leaves. The auricarias also make fine show. Budwells and Cunninghamia, and various palms, especially this one. Got permission from Chief Steward to stay aboard this evening in the stateroom I have been occupying. Dressed for dinner and at bugle found I was the only person present, everyone gone up town, the place above all others I would avoid. How much we differ. Slept fairly well. Rose at 6:00 this morning.

**September 22<sup>nd</sup>.**

Got two cups coffee from my room boy, had my trunk and satchels brought up, got 2 Malay boys to carry them to carriage and found way to the Lalpoora. Had good accommodations assigned me, and have enjoyed the day and the meals and the strange busy scenery. Tasted 2 new fruits, the durian and papuan, both delicious. Also new orange, very thin paper rind, pale green, taste sweetish, not bad or very good.

**September 23<sup>rd</sup>.**

Started last evening at 6:00 P.M. for Calcutta, beautiful shores. Warm, showery, strange lights on the sea, yellow green of many tones. Weather threatening. Captain decides to take outside passage.

**September 24<sup>th</sup>.**

Very dark, sooty strange morning. Squalls and rainy. Arrive Penang at 9:30, pouring rain, very difficult to get ashore. Start for Rangoon about noon. Dark stormy night. Warm, clammy.

**September 25<sup>th</sup>.**

Bright, clear, a little rough. In sight of islands most of day. Rain at 5:00 P.M. Cooler, but still electric. Lightning throbbing cumuli around the horizon always. Have been reading Nisbet's "Burma Under British Rule".

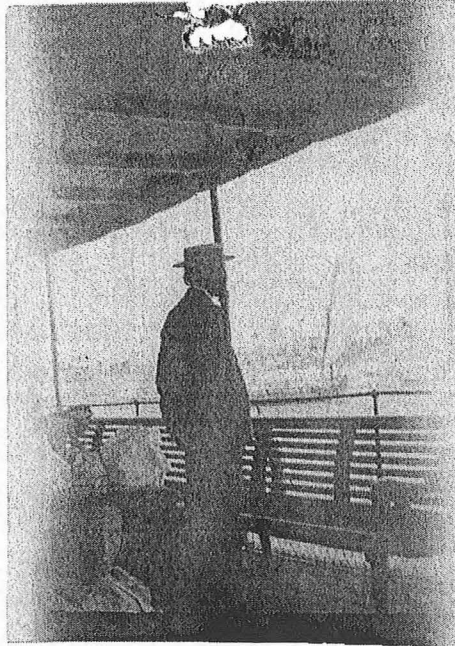
Teak (*Tectoria grandis*) substitute for oak in shipbuilding, has essential oil which preserves iron in

contact with it instead of rusting and corroding like the tannic acid of oak, the largest of the Verbenaceae. The finest, most extensive Teak forests are in Burma on headwaters or Irrawaddy. Burma, in general, the great natural storehouse of teak from which at present world's supply is drawn. Dr. now Sir Dietrich Brandis, laid the foundation of the Forest Department in Burma in 1856. Was appointed Inspector-General of Forests in India in 1863, retired in 1883. Teak does not form pure forests. Girdled a year or two before felling to season, so as to float down the rivers - 6 1/2 feet diameter called mature trees. At first only teak protected. By 1876, 12 other species protected and revenue derived from them. Running fires destructive in upper hill forests of Burma killing off original forest, reducing large areas to "jungle" composed chiefly of bamboo. Teak, like oak, sprouts from crown of burned root making grubs. 150 to 180 years required for the production of mature teak tree - 7 foot girth. 100 to 120 should be enough if protected from fire in youth.

Sulpiz Kurz, in his "Forest Flora of British India", 1887, enumerates 1500 species. In damp hill forests oaks, chestnuts, magnolia at elevations of 3000 to 3500. "The tropical forests marvelous in their luxuriance of vegetation. Abundant rain fall and complete protection of surface soil and the soil moisture are the essential requisites for this type of forest. Here the forest consists practically of 3 tiers of trees, exclusive of underwoods - bamboos, palms, screw pines, rattans, woody climbers, ferns, etc. The lowest tier consists of trees like Garcinia, Diospyros, Cinnamomum, Tetraanthera, Ardisia, Millettia, Ficus, Eugenia, Myristica and host of others. Above these are loftier species of Ficus, Bursera, Semicarpus, Cedrela, Lagerstroemia, Mangifera and other general while over these again tower the still loftier crowns of forest giants belonging to the genera Sterculia, Tetrameles, Artocarpus, Parkia, Diplerocarpus, Parashorea, Hopea, Anisoptera, Antiaris and many others." Some of these attain a height of 250 feet, and it is not unusual to see Kanyin stems (Dipterocarpus Turbinatus) of enormous girth running up straight as an arrow to a height of about 120 or 130 feet before showing the first of their few branches.

There is often a dense and almost unbroken mass of foliage from the ground up to a height of 200 feet, the crowns being festooned with gigantic woody climbers garlanded with beautiful flowers.

Indiarubber tree or caotchoac (*Ficus elastica*) is indigenous in Northern Burma. From "Burma Under British Rule" by John Nisbet, late Conservator of Forests, Burma. Author of "British Forest Trees", "Studies in Forestry", "Our Forests and Woodlands". Burma has richest supplies of teak in the world.  
**September 26<sup>th</sup>.**



John Muir aboard steamer  
(Courtesy of the John Muir Papers, Holt-Atherton Special Collections,  
University of the Pacific Library.  
Copyright 1984 Muir-Hanna Trust)

Calm, bright, islands in sight most of the day. Expect to reach Rangoon tomorrow at 4:00 P.M.

**September 27<sup>th</sup>.**

Mostly calm, dull, curious yellow and red water in the morning. Rain P.M. Arrive Rangoon 4:00 P.M. Busy harbor.  
**September 28<sup>th</sup>.**

Go aboard the steamer Bengala at 7:00 A.M. leaving the old Lalpoora. The Bengala a new clean fast boat, expect to sail for Calcutta at 2:00 P.M. and arrive Calcutta Wednesday evening,  
**September 30<sup>th</sup>.**

The crowd of natives and Indians of different castes at the wharf was extremely interesting, brightly colored and varied, never before saw so brightly clad a crowd, or one so varied and interesting.

Great variety of clouds, some of cumuli so blue with white loose massed in front, they seem like the blue

cloudless skies. Palms along the delta the commonest of trees.

**September 29<sup>th</sup>.**

Fine, bright weather still sky along horizon, never clear of clouds. Rain and rainbows around the sky rim.

Woodlands Hotel, Darjeeling. Warm at night.

Calm, pleasant morning. Many of the passengers had their mattresses brought on deck last night. First officer tells me we have made the record trip from Rangoon, about an hour shortened. Rather warm, expect to reach Calcutta dock this evening. So tomorrow hope to get off to Darjeeling. Met Dr. Smith yesterday who has been traveling far and wide in study of cats, tigers, etc. He knows many of my scientific friends.

Mr. Jas. Taylor, Mrs. Herbert's father  
592 Franklin Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Reach dock at dark and get everything ashore and to hotel, the "Grand" without trouble, thanks to Dr. Smith. Rooms in Annex, queer place.

**October 1<sup>st</sup>.**

After coffee, set off for Botanic Gardens. Ride through suburbs 5 or 6 miles. Saw marvelous variety of people half clad or naked. Gardens fine trees and gravelly walks and drives; interesting Arcanas,



Terminalias, palm. The famous Banyan tree most interesting. Reached hotel about 11:00, and had breakfast. Packed and took train for Darjeeling at 4:00 P.M. Ride through palm groves and rice fields, rather picturesque, houses of natives thatched. Rice in small patches. Very warm. Cross river and eat supper on boat at 8:00 P.M.

October 2<sup>nd</sup>.

Slept passably well. Still on the great delta which from Calcutta to foot hills is 370 miles wide. Change at steep foothills to narrow gauge mountain railroad. The view of purple hills exhilarating. Densely tree and shrub clad slopes very steep, but abundant rain keeps all green. Tea plantations numerous and abundant here and there all way up from plain to about 5000 feet. Bushes are low, bunchy, and look like rows of dots at little distance. None of these plantations appears to be well-cared for. All I saw were grown up with weeds, or grass, said to be profitable. Far more interesting are the grand wild trees in glorious exuberance, spreading their dark green boughs over the steep cliffs. Waterfalls abound and cascades keeping up fine music. The deep whirls of distant ones reminded me of the singers of the Sierra.

The railroad is the pride of the Darjeeling people. It is very interesting, the scenery changing rapidly, curves very sharp and numerous, and many switchbacks. The road well built, very costly, pays 12%. Glorious vegetation, the wild bananas or plantain very effective on the cliffs amid other plants, trees and shrubs.

This is the busy season at Darjeeling. Had difficulty getting any sort of room, though nearly all the extensive town is made up of hotels and boarding houses.

The town is situated on a lofty precipitous ridge, and the falling off places are many, not only for strangers belated, but for the inhabitants, especially in the mists so common here.

October 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Cloudy, saw only the base of the grand mountain mass of Kinchinjinga, and the ends of 3 of its small

glaciers, but the cloud effect was glorious, pure white after storm clouds rising over the vast foothills in spires and ringlets from darker horizontal masses, covering thousands of square miles. Tea gardens, brushy glacial sculptured hills and forested ridges. While below these broad ascending cumuli fields there are smooth solid nearly level sunken cloud material filling the bottoms of the canons like glaciers nearly white. While swift rising rocky fog clouds rise like smoke rapidly in broad pillars or horizontally seemingly always in a hurry. These are the regular after storm reek clouds common to all canyon-furrowed mountains. There here and there one may see regularly stratified black and blue almost motionless masses hiding the snowy peaks never before have seen mountain fields so broad and high for clouds to breed and grow and pasture in.

October 4<sup>th</sup>.

Saw the greater part of the mountain Kinchinjinga. Only head in clouds. Clouds today less divided - mostly arranged in successive belts above, while the canyons were filled as usual with glacier-like clouds.

October 5<sup>th</sup>.

Last evening ordered horses for the Tiger Hill trip to

see Mt. Everest, but no horses came though we had coffee and were ready to start at 4:40 A.M. Went to Observatory Point instead and saw Kinchinjinga. Glorious view, dazzling white clouds slowly unrolling, shadows slowly shifted showing cliffs architecture clearly, and the many small rags of glaciers. Magnificent range of mountains to northeast and round to east, drained by Brahmaputra mostly.

Others who went to Tiger Hill saw Everest. Have ordered horses for tomorrow.

October 6<sup>th</sup>.

Rain. The Halcyon House is very damp and gloomy and food and service is poor. May rain for day. Have rheumatism, can't sleep

and conclude to go down. Start at 12 M. Rain all the way. Reach foothills at dark. Many fireflies glowing with fine

Darjiling, India,  
Oct. 3, 1903

Dear Louie and Darlings,

This morning from a ridge back of the hotel here I had a glorious view of the highest part of the Himalaya. I expect to see more of the range in the next week or so. This so far is the most interesting part of my trip, though I had no thought or hope of coming here when I left home, or indeed until I separated from Sargent.

I reached Calcutta from Singapore on the night of Sep. 30 (only 3 days ago). Next day visited the Calcutta Botanic Gardens, saw the famous banian tree, etc. and many curious palms and ferns and orchids and people and places, and at 4 p.m. took train for Darjiling, about 7000 feet above the sea, which I reached next day in the afternoon. What a ride up the mountain it was, and what a change of climate from the sultry heat of the Ganges Delta to the snow-cooled breezy heights, in front Mt. Everest and Kunchinjinga, where overcoats are required and good fires. I'm glorying in the crisp mountain air, the first I've breathed since leaving the Sierra, and am regaining the health and flesh I lost in Russia. My appetite is better than it has been for years, and I bid fair to grow fat in spite of tropic heat, hotels, queer food, and a' that. So much for health.

I wish you could be here, all of you, and Maggie. The climate is delightful and scenery glorious. In about a week I return to Calcutta. Thence I intend to go in a roundabout course to Bombay, seeing much by the way, thence probably to Ceylon, and thence (don't know how) home.

I'm so thankful God has let me see His Himalaya, and so soon after it seemed I would see but little more of anything here or elsewhere in this fine trip.

I'll write again before I leave these mountains. Wish I could get a letter from you.

Ever your affectionate husband and father,  
JOHN MUIR



effect in the rich tangled bushes and beneath favorite trees - few on smooth meadows or high in trees. Mostly in brushy levels.

October 7<sup>th</sup>.

Slept little in upper berth. Shoulder ached. Had to leave car for steamer to cross Ganges at 5:30 A.M. Had tea, toast, eggs, marmalade, and fruit for a rupee.

River about a mile wide and muddy. The east delta is perhaps less than half cultivated. Rice chiefly. Houses of braided palm strips, thatched with grass. Kinchinjinga visible from delta plain a good way out from foothills.

Large numbers of Cryptomerias have been planted about Darjeeling, they all seem comparatively young - have not seen an old one, though many who live here believe they are indigenous. In form and expression they proclaim their relationship to Sequoia. At first took them for your Sequoia gigantea. One of the largest trees we was in the Botanic

Gardens was a rubber tree. The Joseph Hooker maple, Acer Hookeri has entire undivided leaves, not in the least like those of maple, fruit small. The Indian chestnut at Darjeeling, a magnificent tree, dense glossy foliage, leaves rather small.

The tea plantations covering large areas of the hill slopes below the town, a marked feature of the scenery. Tea bushes 18 to 24 inches high, squat, broad, planted 4 feet apart (?); low weeds between the rows. Tea fine in flavor grows from foothills to 7000 feet. Arrived Calcutta about 10 A.M.

October 8<sup>th</sup>.

Bought round trip tickets to Bombay via Delhi and principal cities. 2d class very cheap and good as 1<sup>st</sup>. Start at 9:30 P.M. Had Pharsees - father and son as fellow occupants of car, well behaved but spoke only by signs.

October 9<sup>th</sup>.

Arrive at Benares at 10:30 A.M. Drove to gardens and Bazaar, the latter a marvellous narrow swarming

street, the workers in brass have rich and beautiful things to offer and very cheap. Nearly all vessels for domestic use are of brass and are kept bright as if made of gold and in form charmingly artistic.

October 10<sup>th</sup>.

Drove early to the river, saw the people at early duties, washing, cooking, etc., in the streets. Went aboard clumsy boat manned by 8 rowers, polers, etc., and sailed along the most interesting part of the water front where the finest old palaces are and where most of the people come to bathe and say their prayers and wash their clothes in the holy gauges. The bathers

were all decently clad, and it was most interesting to see the graceful, reverential gestures of the worshippers,

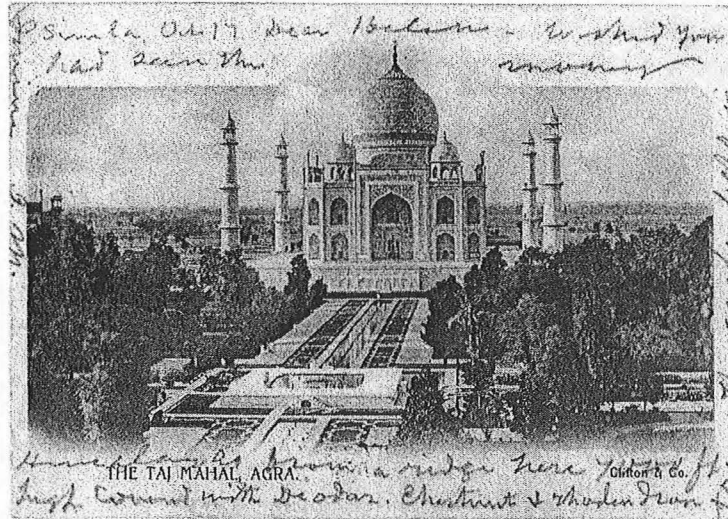
especially the women, very touching to see the old assisted down the stone steps into the brown muddy flood.

The river a mile wide (?) swift current, now in flood and of course muddiest. Some alligators. The river here has undermined the foundations of many fine buildings which have fallen or are falling into the stream. The architecture fine in finish and color and ornament, but all going to decay, inhabited by pigeons and poor natives. Apparently the glory has departed.

Also visited the Monkey temples where many common monkeys are kept and (so they say) worshipped. Their keepers called them together that Mr. Smith might photo them, by scattering favorite food. It was interesting to see mothers caring for their young babes, pulling them back from danger by the tail.

Next we visited a Siva Temple, a horrid place, filthy, full of wild-looking priests and worshippers. The women as usual the earnest ones.

Also saw Museum. Many birds and animals stuffed, species of Bos, numerous. Left at 10 A.M. for Lucknow.



Courtesy of the John Muir Papers, Holt-Atherton Special Collections, University of the Pacific Library. Copyright 1984 Muir-Hanna Trust.

Simla, Oct. 17 (1903)

Dear Helen,

Wished you had seen the snowy Himalaya as from a ridge here 7000 feet high, covered with deodar, chestnut, and Rhododendron trees. The amber light is divine.

J.M.

[Postal Card addressed to Miss Helen Muir, Martinez, California, United States of America]

Arrive at 4:00 P.M. Saw many agaves along the railroad, all much smaller than ours.

October 11<sup>th</sup>.

Visited the historically interesting Residency where so long the British held the place until relieved. The gate by which the Campbells came. The mark of war still visible enough in ball and bullet battered walls, etc., a beautiful park now, trees magnificent. Left for Cawnpore at 2:00 P.M. Arrive 4:00 P.M.

October 12<sup>th</sup>.

Drove this morning to the Wall Park where horrid massacre occurred, beautiful monument and trees and chapel. Thence to the Bloody Pier where those setting off in boats according to terms of surrender were treacherously murdered.

Left for Agra about noon, arrive about midnight.

October 13<sup>th</sup>.

Drove to Castle and greatly enjoyed the fine architecture, especially that of the "Pearl Temple" or Mosque, which is of marble, noble in simplicity of style and fineness of finish.

Later, drove to the world-famous Taj Mahal. This most exquisitely fine and beautiful in style and finest tea gardens and pools in front of it.

October 14<sup>th</sup>.

Also drove across the Jumna on Pontoon bridge to another very beautiful mosque, etc. Left Agra Fort at 11:00 A.M. Arrive Delhi 9:00 P.M.

October 15<sup>th</sup>.

Drive around Delhi all day viewing the Castle, great walls and gates marked in history, and at 9:00 P.M. left for the Deodar forests and snowy mountains about and above Simla.

October 16<sup>th</sup>.

Arrived Kalka 5:00 A.M. and at 5:30 was sweeping wildly up the mountains on my 58 mile journey to Simla, in what is called a "Tonga", a stout covered cart drawn by 2 horses, frequently changed ([about] every half hour). It is drawn by the pole, which is attached to stout saddles. Never before enjoyed so wild a ride on mountains or

elsewhere. Except in rounding the sharpest curves the horses went at a mad gallop without any whipping or very little. Occasionally on extra heavy grade, a horse would show signs of distress when he would be gently brought to a standstill, and the attendant guard who rode on a step behind the vehicle, ran by his head, petted him by patting his neck, made show of adjusting harness, then encouraged thus he would dash off faster than before. We arrived at Simla before 12 (a few minutes) notwithstanding we had to pass hundreds or perhaps thousands of wagons drawn by big white gentle humped oxen, innumerable donkeys and mules, and several hundred camels, and stopped at Solon half an hour for breakfast. (Solon breakfast, Elevation 5000, 27 miles from Kalka.)

The driver was almost constantly blowing an old

brass horn for right of way claimed for the mail.

The ground was everywhere dry and dusty, the road was kept in good order thus preventing the accumulation of dust as on common dirt roads. Besides all these laden animals and carts, there were many laden men carrying heavy burdens who had to be warned by the horn. Saw a banyan tree of considerable size by a house and many smaller ones up to 3000 feet or more (?) At 4000 to 5000 entered fine pine forest, pale yellow green; needles in 3 (?) cones as in Yellow Pine. Also chestnut forests on hills, smallish trees. As approached Simla at 7200 feet (?) met a white pine, with cones very slender, about 3 to 4 inches long, needles 4 or 5 inches, but very

Grand Hotel Simla  
Simla, India, Oct. 18, '03.

Dear Louie,

I'm just about to leave Simla, where I have had a grand time in the deodar forests I so much wanted to see, and in the grand mountains. I have been here only 3 days, but the elevation is over 7000 feet, and the air bracing and reviving, so that though not used to walking these days I walked 6 miles yesterday around a wooded hill without fatigue. The views of the snowy summits of the Himalaya at sunrise are perfectly glorious. Simla, though rather hard to reach, is one of the few places I hope the children may see some day. Darjiling is another. My!! To think of mountains 29,000 and 30,000 feet high!! With all their wealth of ice and streams, forests, etc., etc.

I leave here at 1:30 P.M., go down 58 miles to the railroad at Kalpi in a comical cart drawn by 2 horses kept mostly at full gallop, arriving about 8 P.M. Thence to Delhi by rail, arriving next morning to Bombay on my way home. But how I don't know as yet. I would like to see a little of Palestine and Egypt and may go that way, thence back to Ceylon, etc.

I am now traveling alone - the tiger-hunter who went with me to Darjiling, Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Agra left me here, refusing to go into the mountains a 2d time, but I make pleasant acquaintances everywhere, and am constantly growing stronger and richer in knowledge of God's earth.

I have not heard a word from the Sargents since we parted at Shanghai. I suppose they are home, or nearly, by this time. Wish I were. I hate train travel and hotel-restaurant life in general, but I suppose there are a few more places I should see before I die.

You are in the midst of the vintage - wish I had some good grapes. It seems years and years since I saw you all or heard from you. I must try the cable again.

In haste, but in love,

Ever yours,

JOHN MUIR

variable, and soon after a Deodar, then suddenly found nearly all the dense magnificent forest was made up of this grand tree. Did not in all Simla discover a single person who knew it at all, or ever took notice of it. Most called it "a sort of fir or pine".

October 17<sup>th</sup>.

Had glorious views of the lofty white mountains seen through a forest of deodar. About sunrise all were clear

and so remained for 2 or 3 hours when white mist like clouds grew from small beginnings and gradually wreathed each peak and its long slopes with ravishing effect, until instead of a range of white mountains, a range of white clouds about as impressive of well-rounded and [piled] cumuli frequently opened here and there towards sunset offering suggestive views.

Walked around the Jocko Hill, 5 miles or 6. The forest in great part deodar, oak (like agrifolia), chestnut, large bossy round-headed shiny-leaved trees making pure forests some places on way up. And magnificent rhododendron, 30 feet high, round headed 18 inches thick, a fine tree. Many deo[dar] trees near farms stripped of limbs for fuel. The largest deodar 3 feet diameter, 125 feet high. Young often slender, now in full flower male 1 to 2 inches in length. Yellow standing upright covering broad limits, 100 to square feet, making all the trees at first yellow, then brown as the flowers wither. Most of flowers seem to have ripened pollen a week or two ago, though the dust is still flying, the fertile flowers very much smaller, vary about 5/8 inches in length, somewhat like small male flower. Not as in abies, compound usually to top branches but sparsely distributed over high and low. Many of cones now opening and falling apart like abies leaving dead axis. The cones are also shaped like those of ab(?), blunt and short a compared with diameter 2 inches x 3, like compressed corn color - don't know how long take to ripen cones. Leaves on growing terminal stand wide apart but on side shoot present or clustered almost like those of larch. Seen against white sky the trees on ridge look at distance like Redwood. At evening the mountains cleared some places.

**October 18<sup>th</sup>.**

Clearer than before this morning. Saw stretch of 200 miles

or more. Had pleasant chat with Mr. Freemantle. Took stage, Tonga mail at 1:30 P.M. Arrive at Kalpa 8:00 P.M. Took train and arrived at Delhi, October 19<sup>th</sup>, at 3:00 A.M. 3 good-natured men drinking whiskey and eating, fine appetite. Note on bottom page 55. Cotton seen 100 miles south of Delhi. Fine hills 1000 to 2000 feet high.

**October 19<sup>th</sup>.**

Got coffee at 3:15 A.M. Breakfast at 9:30, and left Delhi for Bombay at 12 M. Had intelligent Indian as fellow passenger in compartment, spoke good English, gave names of trees, etc. Passed many picturesque hills rising from plain like Marysville Buttes.

This road is narrow guage. Speed about 25 miles - sleepers - Deodar - a beautiful fertile country, oft suffers from drouth - irrigate from wells.

**October 20<sup>th</sup>.**

Awakened this morning at 1 o'clock by my companion leaving the car. Slept again until 6:30. Fairly comfortable night.

Interesting country all day until about 2:00 P.M. when the hills and mountain chain came to [sudden] end soon after passing this station. "Abou Road", 17 miles from Mt. Abou, 5400 feet above sea level where tigers etc., abound. The mountain makes fine show from station but the entire range for 200 miles or so is interesting and picturesque, especially in detached groups of hills. At 9:30 at breakfast ran through wild region of gray granite very strong in structure like that of Yosemite. Also in color as if covered by same lichen, some glaciated domes and round saddle ridges, most of the domes small but very strong, this part of the country seemed dry and barren. Elevation about 800 feet above sea level. Catus very common like the species (?) with milky juice that makes curious forests on the foothills above Kalpa towards Simla at height of 2500 to 4500 feet (?) Gray almost pure on some hillsides. Very strange in appearance especially where it is bounded or mixed with yellow pine with pale yellow foliage in handsome globes on the branchlets, also where it is bounded or mingled with dark green shiny chestnut woods.

The commonest tree in the lowlands of India where I have been is a small leaved Acacia. The seeds of which are used as food. The Banyan is common even on dry rocky ground when it does not grow large; saw many dead and half dead ones today, looked pitiful as they vainly tried to reach better ground with roots which only withered and dried on way down. Magnificent Avenues in Benares and Lucknow of ash trees in streets. Ilex common.

Saw camels today, a good many as if common. Only saw one elephant on way to Delhi, but a thousand or so of camels on road to Simla mixed with innumerable white humped oxen and donkeys. This P.M. was amused to see a large number of wild monkeys of two species along the railway fences, not in the least disturbed by the rushing train, thundering past within a few feet of them. The first I noticed was one of the lanky long-legged, long-tailed black faced species which was running full speed alongside the train as if trying like a boy to keep even with the engine for fun. One was seated on top of a fence post with the baby in her arms, which she was holding as if trying to show the train to the baby for its amusement. The natives never hurt or kill monkeys. So a Hindu passenger told me, but on the contrary throw a little food to them occasionally. Had many charming views of hilly landscapes, and pleasant chats with educated Hindus and Mahommedans and Pharsees. At Ahmedabad changed cars to broad guage, and get dinner. Had good bed and slept well.

**October 21<sup>st</sup>.**

For last 200 miles or more have been in low delta ground extending nearly from Varoda to Bombay, the lowest covered with thousands of coconut palms which with lank, mostly crooked or bent stems, with



comparatively small tufts of leaves form a forest over a forest of Banyans, etc.

Arrived at Bombay at 8:00 P.M. Dr. Smith had not arrived from Jeypur. Expect him tomorrow. Was touched by the kindness of a young educated Hindu who, when I admired a bouquet he was carrying pressed me in the simplest and most effective manner to accept it. White lilac, myosotis, dahlia, etc., and he carefully told me the station I must get off at to find carriages for the Watson Annexe Hotel, and bade me goodbye as he left the Car.

Pretty warm, have planned trip at Cook's to Egypt, and got measured for some Red Sea and Equator clothes.

October 22<sup>nd</sup>.

Disappointed I not finding Dr. Smith. Received telegram saying he would not arrive in Bombay until the 27<sup>th</sup>, which means that we will not meet at all as I intend sailing to Suez on 24<sup>th</sup>.

Paid Cook's 660 Rupees for passage to Suez. Short ride about town - fine buildings and fine trees. Banyan very common in older parts of town, usually old-fashioned huts or houses of some sort beneath largest. A palm in the inner garden court of the Annexe Hotel is new to me. Its leaves are like those of Ginko, on large scale. Must learn about it.

October 23<sup>rd</sup>.

Got a lot of fine photos of Himalaya trees and scenery. Very warm. Made acquaintance of Professor Heinricke, botanist of Innsbruck, and wife, hearty Germans, speak but little English. Also a Miss Drummond, Missionary here. Bright woman. Claims kinship to the McDonalds. The botanist and traveller Drummond, her brother.

October 24<sup>th</sup>.

Off at last at 3:00 P.M. for Suez, after tedious wait for medical examination, etc.

The harbor picturesque, something like that of San Francisco in its main shore lines and encompassing hill scenery. Water muddy. Have interesting talk with Hindu who is a Government mail agent. He talks very well. I spoke of the Himalaya, deodars, glaciers, etc. Asked if he knew what glacier was. O yes, a glacier is a big block of

snow and ice on the top of a mountain. When I said this was like defining a river as a block of water, he laughed heartily at his own ignorance.

October 25<sup>th</sup>.

Slept well, cool room to myself on upper deck. Cooking pretty good or fair.

October 26<sup>th</sup>.

Fine day. The Arabian Sea dark blue, breeze enough to raise a few whitecaps. The sky bright, cloudless, save a few horizontal wisps and tufts, dull in color, nothing like

cumuli. Temperature, when one is dressed in light white cotton clothes (these thin undershirts silk ones), with no vest is comfortable. Slept well. Am resting from the cares of hotels and railway life.

Saw white-bellied swallow this P.M. Flitting around the ship not in the least wing wary, 175 miles from Suez, but happy looking as if fly-catching around a barn. Very calm, scarce a whitecap to be seen. The sky white, pale yellow at sunset faint orange. A few wisps and bars of cloud which make

scarce any show.

October 27<sup>th</sup>.

Curious novel sunrise. The Arabian Sea calm here as lake - glassy - ruffled in patches as if by rain drips. Sky pale orange or peculiar tone and quality. Not the faintest hint of any sort of cloud. After sunrise both sky and most of the sea white blue in ruffled patches when sky not reflected.

A gray hawk evidently tired alighted on rigging this morning. Captain shot it repeatedly frightening, but evidently not hurt much, for it came back to its perch on the foremast to be again and again shot at, vanishing at last. The fine shot perhaps failed to penetrate the feathers.

Saw 2 white gulls also. Distant from land 150 miles. Miss now the call of the Indian Mourning Dove, - "Baby is sick, Baby is sick," uttered almost incessantly all over India from morning until night unspeakable mournful, like our own mourning dove about same size, tame, ring around neck. Another bird cries briskly at times,

The Esplanade Hotel,  
Bombay, Oct. 23, 1903

Dear Louie and children,

I expect to sail on the steamer "Peninsula" tomorrow for Egypt, landing at Suez and going by rail to Cairo. I want also to see a little of Palestine, if possible.

I've seen far more of India than I expected. The Simla region, with its deodar forests and views of the high white Himalaya, was gloriously interesting and all the way down here is full of novel sights and sounds. I think, Midge, that the funniest thing was limber, long-legged, long-tailed monkeys running alongside the railroad as if trying to keep up with the train for fun - monkey boys, I suppose, and sober old mammas sitting on top of fence posts with babies in their arms, holding the youngsters so that they might get a good view while the train thundered past within 2 rods of them. These wild monkeys are very tame, for nobody molests them. The Hindoos, however poor, always try to help their tailed neighbors in getting a living.

O dear! I feel lonesome, though I make acquaintances fast wherever I go. You would laugh to see me lecturing on glaciers, etc. to Hindoos, Parsees, Mahometans, Jews, and Gentiles on the cars and at hotel tables. I mean to turn back at the head of the Mediterranean and make haste home by Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Samoa, etc.

It's late, must go to bed and get up early. I'm feeling well and getting stronger in spite of the long rough rides and hot weather. With love to all,  
JOHN MUIR



"Baby ain't, Baby ain't."

October 28<sup>th</sup>.

Calm as mountain lake. Blue water, just enough ruffled to be blue. Sky white warmer. Only the thinnest clothing tolerable. Even officers going barefoot in the early morning. The least ray of sunshine on one's head dreaded as deadly. Has been calm all day. Land at distance of 55 miles (?) in sight P.M. First seen of Araby the Blest. Saw swallow near sunset, and some sort of Water birds during P.M. Curious muddy green and orange sky after sunset 20 minutes.

October 29<sup>th</sup>.

The same absolutely cloudless sky, strangely white before sunrise and just after sunset when it is deeply hazily orange like an orange mist. The water today and most of yesterday is pale blue, something like nemophila blue. Very very beautiful. The hills or mountains along the Arabian Coast in abrupt angularity of parts of outline suggest volcanic origin. We are now 10:30 A.M. within 2 miles of a mountain mass which looks like very rough red lava partially bedded, perhaps an island 1500 or 2000 feet high and apparently plantless (Sketch along whole side of page).

Arrived Aden 11:00 A.M. good harbor, picturesque volcanic hills and mountains marvellously jagged and spiny pinnacly around shores, mostly bare of vegetation. Very hot. Were here until 7:00 P.M. waiting the coming in of the Rome from Australia to which we are transferring. The Somali negroes a new type of monkey men, high narrow foreheads white prominent teeth, lively sparkling eyes, kinky hair, some curiously browned, rather slim men, amusingly monkey-like in gestures, said to be good boatmen.

Aden is the driest most leafless forbidding town I ever saw, unmercifully hot. Yet, of considerable commercial importance.

October 30<sup>th</sup>.

Passed Babel-mandeb Strait about midnight. This morning pass many volcanic islands, abounding in well formed craters. Red and black and gray, some curiously streaked and gullied mostly on African coast, a good many on this Arabian side. The most dangerous, or best situated with lighthouses. A few palms and perhaps mangroves seen on low shore, but most are absolutely bald as if the blazing red hot country got no rain at all. Some black lava currents and taluses like scrubby vegetation in distance. Nothing red about the Red Sea. But the mean temperature about the meanest imaginable. This evening no land in sight. The sun at setting vanished, suddenly red, and when quenched was suddenly followed by a blaze of blue and green light of lovely tone. Sky after all daylight gone is now pale blue, beautiful after the white drumly<sup>1</sup> milky colors of sky for a week or so. Sea covered with whitecaps. Wind with us therefore hot in berths.

October 31<sup>st</sup>.

Calm or slight head wind making fine breeze by ship's 14-knot motion. Cooler this evening. Have been out of sight of land all day. Beautiful pale blue water. Tame white cloudless sky muddy and dim around horizon, dull sunset, but bright orange an hour later.

November 1<sup>st</sup>.

A brisk head breeze, a few clouds and cooler. Last evening slept with blanket as cover for the first time in I know not how long, except in the Himalayas. No land seen today or yesterday, except perhaps a shoal, marked by lighthouse. No redness as yet have I seen in or about the Red Gate, even sunsets but little red. Must leave ship tomorrow, the only passenger, and so feel lonely.

November 2<sup>nd</sup>.

Magnificent scenery in Gulf of Suez on both sides mountains, hills and plains. Old beaches (2) well preserved in places. Sky line very jagged and volcanic looking in greater part. Some of highest peaks massive. Mt. Sinai said to be visible from mouth of Gulf well inland.

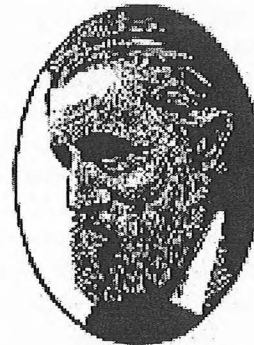
Expect to arrive at Suez about 4:30 P.M. Now 2:30, cool and comfortable. Arrived on time. After medical examination, etc., landed at Custom House by Company's launch at dark, at the Fort Tewfik. No room in hotel here. Had to go by train to old Suez. Don't know what should have done without the guidance of a good Dragoman who got me to good hotel in dark with all my baggage.

#### ENDNOTE

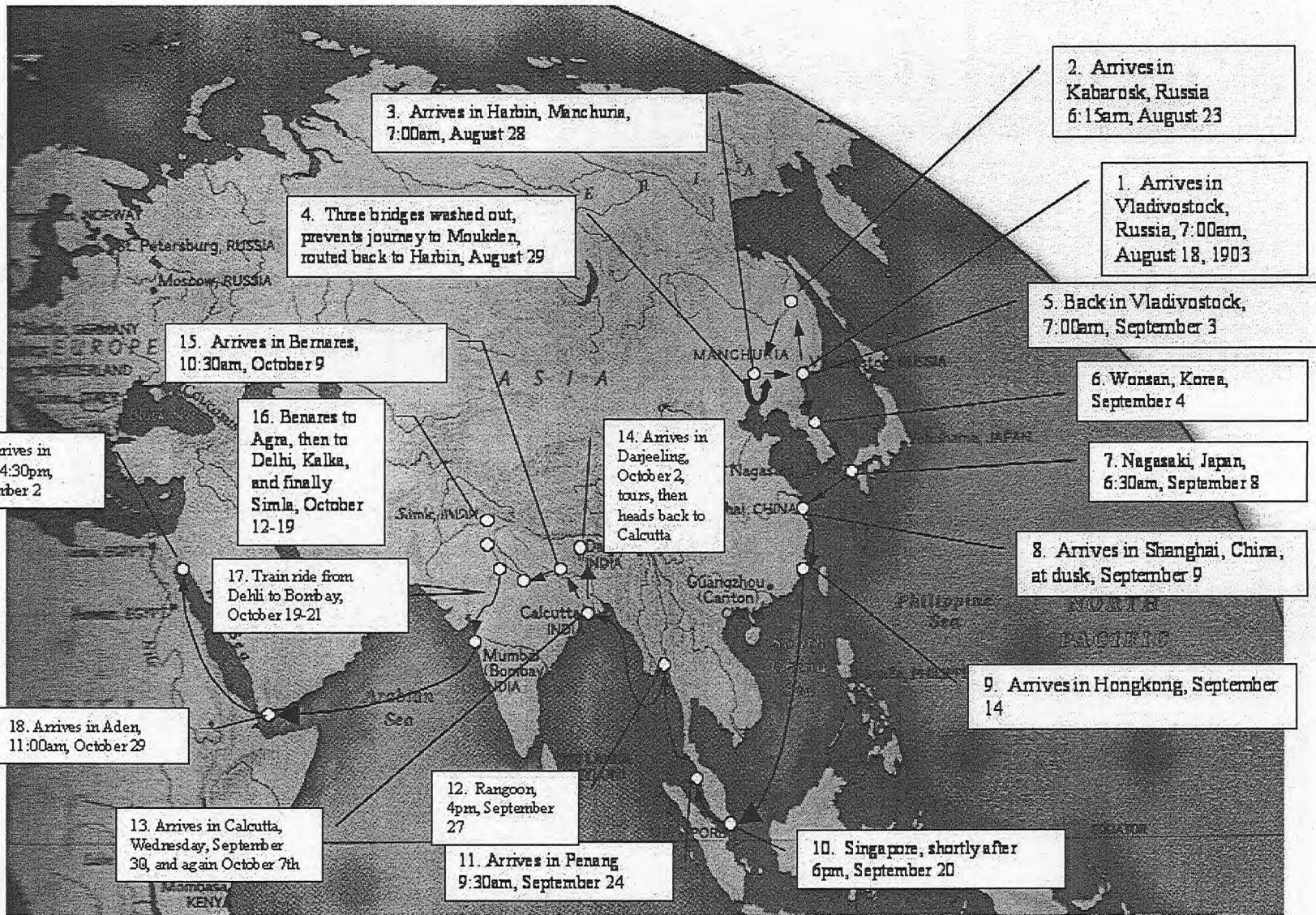
1. A Scotch word meaning turbid, muddy, troubled, also gloomy (Wolfe annotation).

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Letters courtesy of the John Muir Papers, Holt-Atherton Special Collections, University of the Pacific Library. Copyright 1984 Muir-Hanna Trust.



Provided to the Sierra Club's John Muir Exhibit by the artist, Michael McCurdy, 66 Lake Buel Road, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230-1450.



John Gordon Hurley, 2006

## John Muir's World Tour (Part III)

Map From *John Muir: Nature's Visionary* by Gretel Ehrlich  
 Washington DC: National Geographic Society, 2000.



(Continued from page 2)

John Muir is included among the first 13 inaugural leaders, trailblazers and legends to be inducted in the new California Hall of Fame. Other inductees include Cesar Chavez, Walt Disney, Amelia Earhart, Clint Eastwood, Frank Gehry, David Ho, M.D., Billie Jean King, Ronald Reagan, Sally Ride, Alice Walker and the Hearst and Packard Families. The California Museum website include an entry on John Muir as an inductee in the new California Hall of Fame, using the Sierra Club John Muir Exhibit's short Muir biography.

In presenting the first inductees, First Lady Maria Shriver described Muir as "the person who graces our quarter - the California Quarter. He's the founding father of our environmental movement, of our national park system, who taught us to respect and take care of the land that we live on, and the air we breathe."

Conceived by First Lady Maria Shriver, the California Hall of Fame was established to recognize individuals who embody California's innovative spirit. Inductees will come from all walks of life, and are people who have made distinguished achievements across many fields including the arts, education, business and labor, science, sports, philanthropy and public service. Inductees (or their families for posthumous awards) will be installed at a formal, annual event each year at the California Museum for History, Women and the Arts in Sacramento.

The accomplishments of each inductee will be made part of the permanent record in the California State Archives and become the subject of a year-round education campaign. In addition, their unique stories and personal achievements will be showcased at the California Museum in a permanent exhibit serving as the visual, encyclopedic record of the California Hall of Fame and its inductees.

A California Hall of Fame selection committee, comprising representatives from the California Museum, the California Arts Council, and the Governor's and First Lady's Offices, established selection and eligibility criteria for inductees. The inaugural inductees were selected in consultation with California historian Kevin Starr, California State Archivist Nancy Zimmelman and California State Librarian Susan Hildreth. The committee's recommendations were presented to Governor Schwarzenegger in May 2006 for approval.

The inaugural Hall of Fame induction ceremony will be held on December 6, 2006, at the California Museum in Sacramento, including the presentation of the Spirit of California Medals by the Governor and First Lady, followed by a special reception for inductees, dignitaries and invited guests. The Muir family will accept the posthumous award for John Muir. The Spirit of California Medal is the tangible representation of the inductee's installation into the California Hall of Fame, given to inductees (or their families, if a posthumous award) each year at the formal state induction ceremony.

The California Museum inspires men, women, and children to dream the California dream and to dare to make their mark on history. The California Museum is located at 1020 O Street in Sacramento. For more information about the museum, visit [www.californiamuseum.org](http://www.californiamuseum.org). For photos of the Hall of Fame announcement ceremony, see: <http://www.photos.gov.ca.gov/firstlady/essay63.html>

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## MINOR PLANET NAMED FOR PIONEER CALIFORNIA CONSERVATIONIST

(article taken from Sierra Club's John Muir Exhibit website)

[http://www.sierraclub.org/john\\_muir\\_exhibit/life/ca\\_hall\\_of\\_fame.html](http://www.sierraclub.org/john_muir_exhibit/life/ca_hall_of_fame.html)

June 16, 2006

(Los Angeles, CA) - The International Astronomical Union (IAU), through the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory's (SAO) Minor Planet Center (MPC), has announced the naming of a newly discovered minor planet in honor of pioneer conservationist John Muir. The announcement was made in the June 2006 issue of the Minor Planet Circular, published by the SAO/MPC.

The tiny, 1-mile diameter celestial body, now named "Johnmuir", was discovered in August 2004 by amateur astronomer R.E. Jones from his backyard observatory located in a Los Angeles suburb. Mr. Jones was making photographic measurements of the position of another small celestial body - a near-Earth asteroid discovered by a professional observatory just the night before - when he noticed a second, much slower moving object in his photographs. A check of catalogues and positions of known objects in the Solar System suggested that the second object was likely a new discovery. Subsequent observations by the Francisquito Observatory (the name of Mr. Jones' observatory in the Santa Clarita Valley) and by professional observatories including Mt. Palomar in California and Kitt Peak in Arizona confirmed the new find, and Francisquito Observatory was credited by the IAU/MPC with discovery of Solar System object number 2004PX42.

Once 2004PX42 had been observed a sufficient number of times to enable the calculation of a very precise orbit (which occurred in early 2006 following additional measurements by the Kitt Peak Observatory), Mr. Jones was given the opportunity to propose a name for his discovery. The name Johnmuir was submitted to the 15-member Committee on Small Body Nomenclature of the IAU and approved just prior to publication of the SAO/MPC's June 2006 Minor Planet Circular.

In the official citation for the name proposal, John Muir is recognized for his scientific contributions to the fields of glaciology and botany in the late 19th century, and for his tireless promotion of the National Park concept in the early 20th century. John Muir joins a select group of individuals who have had small Solar System objects named in their honor, including composer Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, and physicist Albert Einstein.

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### NEWS FROM HETCH HETCHY

(Taken from the Restore Hetch Hetchy web site  
<http://hetchhetchy.org/>)

#### State Agrees that Hetch Hetchy Valley Restoration is Feasible

Sonora - July 19, 2006.

Today the Schwarzenegger Administration's Department of Water Resources is expected to release its Hetch Hetchy Valley restoration report after more than a year of reviewing the growing number of existing studies on the subject. The state concluded that restoration of Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National

Park is feasible. The DWR report can be found at: [hetchhetchy.water.ca.gov](http://hetchhetchy.water.ca.gov).

The organization Restore Hetch Hetchy commends the Schwarzenegger Administration for the highly professional review found in the Hetch Hetchy Valley restoration report released today, while respectfully disagreeing with the State's cost estimates. "The Schwarzenegger Administration's report confirms earlier conclusions by our organization and others that restoration of Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National Park is feasible and practical, and can be achieved with no harm to San Francisco Bay Area water and power users and Central Valley irrigation districts," said Restore Hetch Hetchy's Executive Director Ron Good.

Restore Hetch Hetchy, Environmental Defense and academics at UC Davis have previously released studies concluding that restoration is feasible. "The fact that the State has confirmed that restoration is feasible is a major milestone in our long journey to the day that restoration begins," added Good.

RHH agrees that more detailed study is warranted, as was contemplated by the scope of work for the preliminary study just released (1). "While we are confident in our own technical analyses, we would welcome a more detailed, independent study by a third party and encourage the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission to fully cooperate in further study, as was recommended by the SFPUC's independent Citizen's Advisory Committee last October on a 10-1 vote." (2)

"Restore Hetch Hetchy will cooperate fully with the next level of study, whether it is conducted by the State or Federal governments, or both," added Jerry Cadagan, Chair of Restore Hetch Hetchy's Board of Directors.

The State's cost estimates as high as \$10 billion appears to include the cost of new and unrelated storage facilities not necessitated by the elimination of Hetch Hetchy Reservoir and the replacement of its water and power delivery capability. RHH estimates the cost of its recommended alternatives for removal of the dam, replacement of water and power supplies, and valley restoration to be approximately \$1 billion, and stands by that estimate.

"SFPUC's unsubstantiated estimate of \$10 billion or more for reservoir removal and replacement infrastructure is simply unrealistic, and may have unduly influenced the State's cost figures", said Good. "We have substantiated our cost estimates; SFPUC has not. We look forward to a more detailed independent review of all cost estimates. Further study would help in determining the exact cost of dam removal and valley restoration, and the totally unrelated costs of providing additional water storage in California."

Hetch Hetchy Valley is the smaller twin sister of Yosemite Valley. What is the value of Yosemite Valley? What would be the value of a restored Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National Park? More or less than the \$8 billion spent to restore the Florida Everglades? (3) Or the \$3.8 billion to restore Boston Bay? (4) It is estimated that the total cost of the Yucca Mountain nuclear repository will be \$60 billion (5) and that a single B-2 Stealth Bomber costs \$2.2 billion (6). It cost a half a billion dollars to restore the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island, all of which was paid for by private donations.(7)

RHH believes that American taxpayers and philanthropists will conclude that a restored Hetch Hetchy Valley is worth as much or more as the Everglades, Boston Bay, Yucca Mountain, or one more B-2 bomber.

"The current body of information puts a lot of emphasis on costs, and not enough on benefits, although the report strongly

suggests that the potential benefits are very significant. The next level of study should include a comprehensive look at the benefits, both economic and environmental, that would result from a restored Hetch Hetchy Valley", said Good. "People come from around the world to visit and marvel at Yosemite National Park and those visitors contribute significantly to California's economy. That contribution would inevitably increase a lot as more people come to take a first look at Hetch Hetchy Valley in the process of restoration."

"The California Governor who presides over Hetch Hetchy Valley restoration becoming a reality will attain a place in environmental history comparable to Hetch Hetchy's most ardent supporter, John Muir," concluded Restore Hetch Hetchy board chair Jerry Cadagan.

*"Somewhere, John Muir smiled today."*

- (1) <http://www.hetchhetchy.water.ca.gov/scope/>
- (2) [http://hetchhetchy.org/puc\\_advisory\\_comm\\_resolution\\_11\\_17\\_05.html](http://hetchhetchy.org/puc_advisory_comm_resolution_11_17_05.html)
- (3) <http://www.dep.state.fl.us/evergladesforever/restoration/default.htm>
- (4) [http://www.rfc.or.jp/rivernetwork/pdf/en/15bostonbay\\_en.pdf](http://www.rfc.or.jp/rivernetwork/pdf/en/15bostonbay_en.pdf)
- (5) <http://www.citizen.org/documents/Yucca%20appropr.pdf>
- (6) <http://www.cnn.com/US/9903/24/us.kosovo.military/>
- (7) <http://www.statueofliberty.org/Foundation.html>

### **Former Secretary of the Interior Donald Hodel Joins Advisory Panel to Restore Hetch Hetchy**

August 30, 2006 - The organization Restore Hetch Hetchy today announced that Donald Hodel has been appointed to the organization's Advisory Committee by unanimous vote of the Board of Directors.

Mr. Hodel held two cabinet level positions in President Reagan's Administration; Secretary of Interior (1985 -1989) and Secretary of Energy (1982 - 1985). Earlier he had served as Undersecretary of Interior (1982 - 1982). Previously he had been both Deputy Administrator (1969 - 1972) and Administrator (1972 - 1978) of the Bonneville Power Administration. At the end of President Reagan's term in office, he and his wife Barbara moved to Colorado where they run an energy consulting firm. He also sits on a number of religious, charitable and corporate boards. To Hetch Hetchy restoration advocates, Hodel is known as the person who, in 1987, listened to the suggestion of fellow Advisory Committee member Ike Livermore and first publicly suggested that Hetch Hetchy Valley could be restored with no harm to the San Francisco Bay Area. Livermore had been Resources Secretary to Governor Reagan.

"I'm honored to join such a knowledgeable and diverse group of advisors committed to the cause of restoring Hetch Hetchy Valley to Yosemite National Park," commented Hodel. "We know now that restoration is physically feasible. That, together with the dedication and competence of the Restore Hetch Hetchy professional staff, makes me believe it will begin much sooner than some might have thought."

"Restore Hetch Hetchy is indeed fortunate to have Don join our Advisory Committee, where he will be joining two former California Resources Secretaries - one a Democrat and one a Republican - and two former Sierra Club Presidents, one being Don's former college classmate Mike McCloskey", said Restore Hetch Hetchy Executive Director Ron Good.

"Don's vast experience in water and power issues and his first hand insights into the workings of the nation's capitol will be of invaluable assistance to our Board and staff", added Jerry Cadagan, Board Chair of Restore Hetch Hetchy.



A complete listing of Advisory Committee members can be found at [http://hetchhetchy.org/organization/board\\_members.html](http://hetchhetchy.org/organization/board_members.html)

## MUSEUM COLLECTIONS AT JOHN MUIR NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE

Announcing a new website from the National Park Service! New online exhibit features Muir's family and home in Martinez, California, now a National Historic Site. Slide shows include portraits of Muir and his family, his Martinez ranch house and orchards, personal belongings, and specimens that he collected. This website can be found at:

<http://www.cr.nps.gov/museum/exhibits/jomu/>  
or go to the John Muir exhibit at:

[http://www.sierraclub.org/john\\_muir\\_exhibit/](http://www.sierraclub.org/john_muir_exhibit/)  
and follow the like to the Museum Collections site.

## GIANT SEQUOIA WINS COURT PROTECTION Judge Rules Against Bush Administration Logging Plan

August 22, 2006

San Francisco, CA – A federal judge today ruled that the Bush administration's controversial plan to allow commercial logging in Giant Sequoia National Monument Conservation is illegal. The Sierra Club and other conservation groups celebrated the decision and urged the Bush administration to restore and protect the Giant Sequoia National Monument with the same standard of care given to neighboring Sequoia National Park.

"The Forest Service's interest in harvesting timber has trampled the applicable environmental laws," wrote Judge Charles R. Breyer, writing for the United States District Court for Northern California, who also ruled that the "Monument Plan is decidedly incomprehensible."

In addition to ruling that the Forest Service's overall plan to allow commercial logging in Giant Sequoia Monument is illegal, Judge Breyer also invalidated several individual timber sales because of their impact on endangered wildlife.

"The Forest Service should be managing Giant Sequoia as a gift to future generations, not as a gift to the timber industry," said Bruce Hamilton, Sierra Club's Conservation Director. "Today's ruling only strengthens the case for transferring management of this magnificent Monument to neighboring Sequoia National Park, where it would be treated with the good stewardship it deserves."

Giant Sequoia National Monument boasts more than half of all the Sequoia redwoods in the world, with most of the remainder found in the adjacent National Park. The popularity and awe-inspiring beauty of the Sequoia forest and its wildlife led President Bill Clinton permanently protect the forest as a National Monument under the Antiquities Act. Earlier, President George Bush Sr. had proclaimed the Sequoia groves off limits to commercial logging.

In 2005, the Bush administration officially reversed those policies by finalizing plans to allow what amounts to commercial

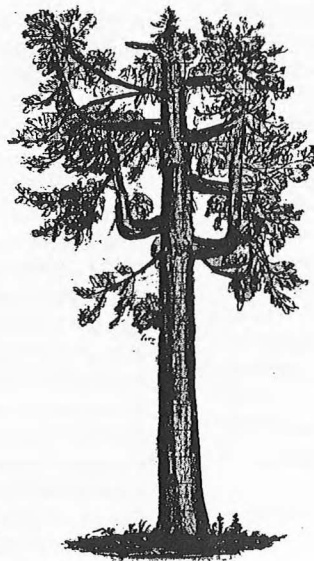
logging in the Monument, even inside the prized Giant Sequoia groves. The administration's plan would have allowed 7.5 million board feet of timber to be removed annually from the Monument, enough to fill 1,500 logging trucks each year. This policy would have included logging of healthy trees of any species as big as 30 inches in diameter or more. Trees that size can be as much as 300 years old.

As a model for better management, the Sierra Club and others strongly urged the Bush administration to look to nearby Sequoia National Park, where innovative conservation and fire prevention strategies have reinvigorated the Sequoia groves and made nearby communities safer. Unlike the Forest Service, which has proposed selling timber contracts to log healthy trees, the National Park Service effectively uses prescribed burning and thinning of smaller, more flammable trees and brush.

The complaint against the Forest Service was brought by the Sierra Club, Sierra Nevada Forest Protection Campaign, Earth Island Institute, Tule River Conservancy, Sequoia Forest Keeper, and Center for Biological Diversity, and in separate suit filed by the California Attorney General. The Sierra Club, Earthjustice and John Muir Project co-counselled the case.

"The plan proposed by the Forest Service ignores the clear recommendations of its own fire scientists that fire risk reduction is not about logging large trees," stated Craig Thomas, Director of the Sierra Nevada Forest Protection Campaign.

"The American people are looking to their government to protect these forests forever as a National Monument, not as a tree farm," stated Carla Cloer of the Tule River Conservancy. "Logging the Sequoia National Monument is just as unacceptable as selling the Statue of Liberty for scrap metal. . . . (taken from Sierra Club website: [www.sierraclub.org](http://www.sierraclub.org))



From: John Muir Papers,  
Fiche 5, Frame 288

*Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away; and if they could, they would still be destroyed, - chased and hunted down as long as fun or a dollar could be got out of their bark hides, branching horns, or magnificent bole backbones. Few that fell trees plant them; nor would planting avail much towards getting back anything like the noble primeval forests. During a man's life only saplings can be grown, in the place of the old trees - tens of centuries old - that have been destroyed. It took more than three thousand years to make some of the trees in these Western woods, - trees that are still standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and singing in the mighty forests of the Sierra. Through all the wonderful, eventful centuries since Christ's time - and long before that - God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but he cannot save them from fools - only Uncle Sam can do that.*

~ John Muir ~

(From: *Our National Parks*, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902, pp. 364-5)

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## BOOK REVIEW

***Reconnecting with John Muir: Essays in Post-Pastoral Practice.* By Terry Gifford. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2006. 201 pages. Cloth, \$39.95.**

**Reviewed by Michael P. Branch, University of Nevada, Reno**

While many John Muir scholars and aficionados know Terry Gifford as the editor of several omnibus volumes of Muir books and biographies (including *John Muir: The Eight Wilderness-Discovery Books*), Gifford is also an environmental educator, a poet, a theorist of literary pastoral, a climber and mountaineering writer, and a leader among ecocritics (scholars who study environmental literature) in the United Kingdom. In his latest offering, *Reconnecting with John Muir*, Gifford “reconnects” his own personal, creative, and professional identities in surprising and provocative ways. Perhaps Gifford’s subtitle—*Essays in Post-Pastoral Practice*—comes closer than does his title to capturing a sense of the eclectic, ambitious mission of his book. For although John Muir provides the touchstone here, *Reconnecting with John Muir* is not a close study of Muir’s work so much as a series of essays on a range of literary and environmental subjects, each suggesting that a reintegration of multiple identities can revivify academic scholarship, creative writing, and environmental activism.

Consider, for example, that while *Reconnecting with John Muir* is a book of literary criticism, it contains superbly useful practical chapters on pedagogy—on how we can help students observe, examine, and communicate their relationships to language and landscape. It is a book that responds directly to current ecocritical scholarship, yet it interpolates more than a dozen of Gifford’s own poems, written to John Muir. It is in important ways a book about Muir, yet it contains engaging chapters on Rick Bass’s *Fiber* (1998), Charles Frazier’s *Cold Mountain* (1997), and other literary works that have not received adequate critical treatment. The common argument of these diverse chapters is that we need to develop a mode of apprehending and expressing our relationship to nature that resists both the naïve sentimentalism of the pastoral escape (from the vices of corrupt civilization to the salvation of pure nature) and the over-corrective anti-pastoralism that would cast the natural world as little more than a tarnished mirror (before which our culturally-determined selves stand admiring). “Post-pastoral practice,” according to Gifford, “escapes the closed circuit” of the pastoral/anti-pastoral antagonism in that it “seeks modes of reconnection while respecting forms of separateness” (30, 31). It is a mode of environmental perception and expression that scrutinizes its own assumptions about nature while remaining

open to the redemptive value of full engagement with the natural world.

For Gifford, that full engagement depends upon a healing of the disparate identities into which many of our lives are severely compartmentalized, as one of his chapter section titles suggests: “Symbiotic Practice: Reconnecting the Poet-Critic-Scholar-Teacher” (7). And Gifford’s exemplar of the holistic reconnection of severed identities is John Muir, whose constant renegotiations of his own identities as mountaineer, activist, writer, and family man were considered and deliberate. Muir could have been a great academic scientist, but chose instead to engage the mountains in a more personal way; he engaged the mountains in a personal way, yet recognized the value of showing others their imperiled beauty through activism; he could have been a more famous and prolific nature writer (like his friend John Burroughs), but instead kept near the source of his inspiration and did not publish a book until he was in his fifties. And precisely as a result of *not* becoming the highly specialized, professionalized scientist, activist, or writer he might have been, he became something different—and something more. His specialty was in fact no specialty at all, but rather the integration of the various identities that have become radically disconnected in many of our own lives. In Muir’s fundamental connection of his roles as person, writer, activist, teacher, and mountaineer Gifford sees the model of the integrated self that exemplifies the value of a “post-pastoral” approach to environmental thinking and writing.

The primary weakness of *Reconnecting with John Muir* is that its seams often show so clearly, as a wide range of (often previously published) essays are stitched together with the thread of John Muir drawn by the needle of Gifford’s concept of the post-pastoral. As a result, the tightness and coherence of the book is threatened in the moments when the overarching structure feels most strained. To be fair, however, this sense of the book as a patchwork is largely the result of the impressive diversity of rhetorical modes the book attempts, and in this sense Gifford should be congratulated for his willingness to practice what he preaches. That is, he risks the ire of multiple communities of specialist readers (and reviewers!) by combining pedagogy, scholarship, theory, poetry, and personal reflection in highly original ways. I suspect, in fact, that admirers of John Muir may fault Gifford for having written a book that is not sufficiently about Muir. To do so, however, would be to misunderstand the fundamental purpose of *Reconnecting with John Muir*, which is not to exhaustively scrutinize Muir’s work but rather to learn from and attempt to practice the soundly integrated ways of engaging nature that were, so to speak, Muir’s specialty.

Michael P. Branch is Professor of Literature and Environment at the University of Nevada, Reno. His book *John Muir’s Last Journey* was published by Island Press in 2001.

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## BOOK REVIEW

*Reading the Trail: Exploring the Literature and Natural History of the California Crest*  
By Corey Lee Lewis. Reno. University of Nevada Press, 2005.

Reviewed by Cole Gelrod  
Humboldt State University

Readers from a wide variety of backgrounds will be pleasantly surprised upon opening Corey Lee Lewis' *Reading the Trail: Exploring the Literature and Natural History of the California Crest*. They will soon discover a book as devoted to exploring, appreciating, and protecting California's natural landscapes as the works of its subjects: John Muir, Mary Austin, and Gary Snyder. Lewis' combination of lyrical prose, educational theory, and literary criticism provides deep insight and understanding to California's most celebrated nature writers.

Lewis is a strong supporter of, and spokesman for, the benefits of field studies and interdisciplinary education. A field based approach involves reading and examining a text in the land that inspired its creation. Lewis writes, "we find that reading the text shapes our perception of the trail and our experience on it, just as hiking the trail shapes our perception of the text and our experience reading it." Similarly, an interdisciplinary approach entails using a variety of fields including ecology, history, and geology to enhance the study of environmental texts and corresponding environments. It is his contention that these approaches will lead to an appreciation and understanding of Muir, Austin, and Snyder (as well as any other nature writer) that simply cannot be achieved through the traditional means of literary studies.

Lewis devotes much of *Reading the Trail* to showing the limitations that arise when studying Muir, Austin, and Snyder when relying solely on traditional literary studies. He shows that these writers, themselves, acknowledged these limitations. He tells, "Muir's primary concern about writing, apart from the effort and time required, was that it never seemed to effectively capture the life, beauty, and grandeur of the natural world."

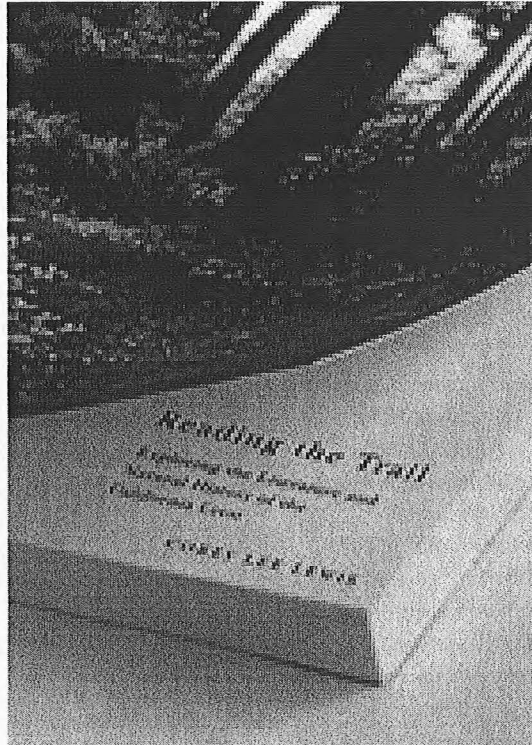
Likewise, "Austin clearly recognizes the limits of her ability to re-present the reality of the desert Southwest in a book." Lewis also states that Snyder's poetry can be misinterpreted without field experience: "Without some form of direct experience, it can be difficult, at times, for the scholar to provide a completely authoritative and accurate interpretation."

While Lewis does an outstanding job of showing the shortcomings of traditional scholarship as it applies to these three nature writers, the true strength of *Reading the Trail* lies in the techniques and advantages it shows with regards to adopting Lewis' approach. Educators will appreciate Lewis' step by step instructions on how to study various texts in the field, while general audiences will enjoy the stories of his personal experiences of teaching and studying literature with field studies students. Students and writers will also be pleased to find a variety of methods for journaling, writing, and studying in the field. In fact, *Reading the Trail* was nominated for the Modern Language Association's Best First Book Award this year, demonstrating its appeal to a variety of audiences.

Ultimately, *Reading the Trail* conveys a message that educators and students alike should enthusiastically receive. Lewis' devotion to field studies appears to genuinely come from a desire to reconnect students and scholars with the natural world, and all that it has to offer. Lewis' ideas will lead to a better understanding of the work of Muir, Austin, and Snyder, as well as a closer relationship to the landscapes these writers hoped to represent in print. It is this relationship to the natural world that Lewis, like Muir and many other nature writers, wants to build in his readers. He offers a borrowed quote from the Snyder poem "For the Children" to best convey this ideal:

one word to you, to  
you and your children:

stay together  
learn the flowers  
go light.





LECONTE LODGE  
COLLOQUY: A CONVERSATION ON  
BEAUTY AND ENVIRONMENTALISM  
SEPTEMBER 15, 16, 2006

by W. Swagerty

For two evenings this past September, visitors to Yosemite Valley's LeConte Lodge had an opportunity to participate in a colloquy focusing on questions concerning the aesthetics of "Beauty" and the influence of "Beauty" on Environmental Consciousness. The event was organized and moderated by Dr. Bonnie Gisel, Director of LeConte activities for the Sierra Club. Panelists represented the humanities and the social sciences. Professor Barbara Mossberg of California State, Monterey Bay, and President Emerita of Goddard College, led the discussion with a poet's perspective on art, literature and nature writing. Richard Wiebe, Professor of Philosophy at Fresno State, contributed perspectives on environmental ethics and the role of Nature in philosophical modeling of wilderness values. W. R. Swagerty of University of the Pacific provided an historian's viewpoint, introducing concepts familiar to all who have read Roderick Nash's classic, *Wilderness and the American Mind* (Yale University Press, 1967). All three scholars brought the audience into discussions and used John Muir's life and writings as example of near-perfection in achieving a balance between "civilization" and "wilderness." Swagerty made the crucial point that to Native peoples, there is no distinction; civilization resides within wilderness, not outside of it.

Had John Muir been present at this discussion, one wonders how he would feel about tourism and traffic in his beloved Yosemite Valley today. Muir, after all, lived in the valley for some time and never thought it inconsistent to have people residing in the valley and limited concessions such as hotels, bathhouses, and eateries available to the needy tourist. Although most of Yosemite National Park is officially considered "wilderness" in status, the industrial camping and congestion one experiences in the valley itself and along Yosemite's major roadways challenge the true seeker of wilderness aesthetics. Still, all three panelists agreed that a hike up mighty Half Dome or a vista across the valley from Glacier Point, or a saunter through Tuolumne Meadows retain Muir's original intent in his life-long campaign for rendering Yosemite accessible as "public" land and saving its precious resources for future generations. Perhaps this is what he had in mind when he wrote in *Our National Parks*, "Nowhere will you see the majestic operations of Nature more clearly revealed beside the frailest, most gentle and peaceful things" (pp. 42-43); or when he wrote "The park is a paradise that makes even the loss of Eden seem insignificant" (p. 101).

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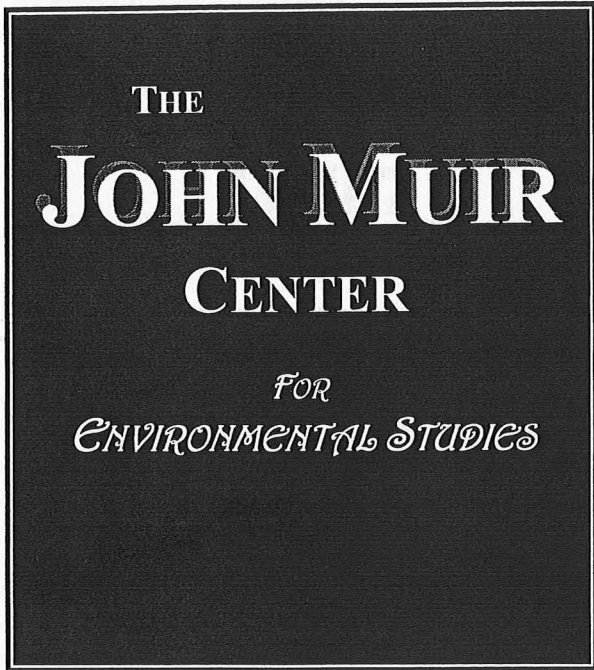
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The  
**J**ohn Muir  
NEWSLETTER

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