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In this, the sixth and final segment of John Muir’s World Tour, 1903-1904, we complete his journey from March 2 to May 27, 1904 from open waters in the Tasman Sea to San Francisco. Muir continues writing in his Collin’s Paragon Diary, 1904, purchased in Australia and reflecting the calendar for the Southern Hemisphere. This form of “journal” allowed the author to enter one page per day. If he needed more space, he had to poach empty lines from the previous day or the one that followed. With such tight restrictions and weary from his near-year long travels, Muir’s final leg is best described as one of economy of entries, often merely listing the temperature at daybreak and the condition of the skies, with very brief reflection on what has transpired that day. On occasion, there is no entry for a day or so, indicating little of consequence transpired.

March 2, 1904: Muir is in rough seas between New Zealand and Australia, having engaged passage on the Zealandia on February 29; “most of the passengers suffering from seasickness, ship both pitching and rocking,” he notes the following day. Landing in Sydney on March 4, Muir secured a ticket for home via Hong Kong and the Philippines. He then eagerly returned to his favorite haunt, the Sydney Botanical Gardens, where he spent several days botanizing and collecting many specimens to take home to California, some of which he planted on the grounds of his Martinez home; others dried for study and for science. By March 11, Muir was on the road again by stage and by rail in the forests around Sydney, taking in all of the trees, some up to 100 feet high, which caught his attention. Araucaria and Eucalyptus forests, as well as Bunya, some 200 feet tall made for “exciting walks in forest,” home to “enormous spiders and webs and stinging ants,” he tells us.

Back in Sydney on March 18, Muir labored to dry his plant specimens for the next ten days, nearly all exotic to him prior to this trip. At sea again aboard the Empire, Muir wrote on March 31, “Glad to go homeward at last.” Passing Brisbane and now in the tropics, Muir observed passing the first of many “low coral islands” on April 6, observing the atolls and reefs between the outer Great Barrier Reef and the “inner fringing reefs” as the Empire slowly made her way through these picturesque but dangerous shoals. Once in the Torres Strait between Australia and Papua New Guinea, Muir’s power of observation turned skyward once again, taking in the constellations of the southern skies, and especially the Southern Cross, which shone “with beautiful green and blue light” on April 9.

Rounding the tip of Australia, the Empire docked at Port Darwin on April 11. Always the opportunist, Muir stepped ashore and quickly gathered plants “in park and roadside” as well as in the Darwin Botanic Garden for the next two days, bringing aboard a large collection of additional specimens. On to Indonesia and the port of Dili in East Timor, “a very old Portuguese town” dating back to 1520, and noted for its “fine groves of Cocoa.” Figs, bread fruit, and banian were added to his herbarium prior to (Continued on page 5)
**NEWS & NOTES**

**The Old Tramp in New Show**

"John Muir is Back - and Man! Is he Ticked Off!"

He enters the stage grumbling - mumbling incoherent strings between huffs and puffs - something about incorrigible politicians and unforgivable misdeeds. John Muir is back - and he's more than simply disappointed.

Renowned actor Lee Stetson performs this show in Yosemite Valley in his 26th professional year with a spell-binding, one-man performance as California's best known conservationist, John Muir. In a unique medley of his famous scripts, Stetson blends stories of Muir's adventures in wild America - from Alaska to his beloved Sierra Nevada. Weaving hilarious tales from bear encounters to icy glacier-treks, Stetson spins a yarn like no other. He portrays Muir's deep compassion for the tree-people and his tireless efforts to conserve wild places in America and throughout the world. His normal, animated and happy story-telling is intermittently interrupted by the expressive realization that Lord Man has failed to heed his precautionary words.

In this new script, Stetson portrays a sometimes angry and frustrated Muir. His patience is tried and his nerves are tender. He has spent his life battling dams and deforestation. He laments the ruthless extinction of nature's perfect assemblage of glorious species. He puzzles about "tourism" and "hiking" as gross distortions of his ideas on how to most purely experience nature's most grand wonders. He rails against the politicians and those who would be swayed by money and power - those who would slay forests and passenger pigeons for the almighty dollar.

The conservation movement lives on in this often hilarious and sometimes passionate plea to keep the spirit of John Muir alive.

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**Nature's Beloved Son:**

Rediscovering John Muir's Botanical Legacy

by Bonnie J. Gisel with images by Stephen J. Joseph

Foreword by David Rains Wallace
Heyday Books, November, 2008
Hardbound, ISBN: 978-1-59714-106-2, $45.00
286 pages (9 x 12), with over 150 images

**John Muir's inordinate fondness for plants...**

As a young boy growing up in Wisconsin, John Muir faithfully recorded in his journal that the pasque-flower was a "hopeful multitude of large, hairy, silky buds about as thick as one's thumb," and that the lady's slipper orchid in nearby meadows "caught the eye of all the European settlers and made them gaze and wonder like children."

Muir was blessed early on with a love and aptitude for botany, a field of study that helped him become one of the most influential environmentalists in the world. One realizes, in reading Nature's Beloved Son, how much Muir's successes as an adventurer, writer, and environmental advocate were driven by his belief in "nature's irresistible, divine beauty." Surprisingly, little has been written about John Muir the botanist.

Environmental historian Bonnie J. Gisel takes us through Muir's evolving relationship with the natural world, touching on his childhood in Scotland and Wisconsin, his sojourn in Canada, his thousand-mile walk from Louisville, Kentucky, to the Gulf of Mexico, his ecstatic travels in California's Sierra Nevada, and his thrilling exploration of Alaska. Photographer Stephen J. Joseph's breathtaking prints of Muir's botanical specimens related correspondence are artfully presented in this book and provide the backdrop for the story of Muir's great passion for the natural world.

**About the Author and Photographer:** Bonnie J. Gisel is an environmental historian and the curator at the Sierra Club's Le Conte Memorial Lodge in Yosemite National Park. She is the editor of Kindred and Related Spirits: The Letters of John Muir and Jeanne C. Carr (University of Utah Press, 2001) and Nature Journaling with John Muir (Poetic Matrix Press, 2006) and she has lectured extensively and published articles on John Muir as well as issues of environmental literacy.

Stephen J. Joseph has been a photographer for more than forty years. His work has been exhibited at the Oakland Museum, the San Francisco Legion of Honor, the Ansel Adams Gallery, and elsewhere, and he has been the Centennial Photographer for the Muir Woods National Monument and an artist in residence for Yosemite's LeConte Memorial Lodge.

Source: Heyday Books Fall & Winter 2008 Catalog.

(Continued on page 4)
The Unfinished Story of Annie L. Muir

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

John Muir’s sister Annie L. Muir was born on October 5, 1846. Annie and her twin sister Mary were the last of the Muir children to be born in Scotland, and were followed only by Joanna who was born in 1851 in Wisconsin. Although one of the youngest, Annie was the first of the Muir siblings to die when she passed away in 1903 at the age of 56 in Portage, Wisconsin. She was also the only Muir child never to have married. From reading the correspondence in the John Muir Papers either to or from Annie it becomes evident that she was a prolific letter writer. It is clear, however, that some of her letters were never saved and added to the Papers. For example, she writes to John in the spring of 1862 or 1863, “I hardly know how to answer your question, but I suppose our heads were made so that they would not ache when we are in the under side of the globe. If that is not the reason please tell me when you write next.” The collection does not include the letter that contained John’s original question or the follow-up “reason” letter either.

Annie would almost harangue her friends and family into writing her letters. After she had spent almost four years in Martinez with John, Louie, and the children in the mid-1880s, she writes from the train on her way back to Portage, “Please let me find a letter awaiting me there for I long for news of you all and especially of the little girls of whom I find myself...thinking of very often.” Less than two months after she left the Alhambra Valley, she writes punitively to “Wanda and Baby Helen” that she did not really think that two-year-old Helen would be writing to her, but expected that seven-year-old Wanda would have made an effort — spelling errors and all. Their mother sheepishly writes back that she is “utterly ashamed” that she had not written and that Wanda must have “forgotten all her letters — about literally.”

Annie’s life is elusive at best. She was probably named for her mother, Ann Gilrye Muir, and may have been part of the motivation for John to name his first daughter Annie Wanda Muir. There is no indication of what the “L” of her middle name stood for and she is addressed as “Annie,” “Ann,” and “Anna” throughout the letters. In the biographies and writings of John Muir, there are specks of her life. In Linnie Marsh’s Son of the Wilderness: The Life of John Muir, Annie and her sister Mary are referred to mostly as “the twins.” The twins celebrated their third birthday while crossing the Atlantic Ocean on their way to America. The twins were “launching forth as teachers.” Marsh also reveals that Annie suffered from “consumption,” and that it had been the reason for her extended trip to Martinez from 1884 to 1888. Other writings about Muir bring up perhaps John’s most pointed letter to his twin sisters. In November of 1860 he wrote to them about when he was forced to meet them as newborns, “I am sure I would have rather gone to school and got whipt on both hands, but I had to go and kiss them. O my! Kiss such soft, red looking things! But the sun rose sometimes and set sometimes, and things are changed.”

The relationship between John and Annie is hardly explored more than in that 1860 letter. Also in that letter he specifically addresses Annie and writes, “you scolded [me] too, but you did not exhort so much, and I used to scold you more and exhort you more, but I don’t think I’ll scold you any more.”

John confides in Annie and her sisters in his letters home while he was living in Canada. He relates a story of when he returned from “meeting” one Sunday morning and witnessed a cat catch a bird in the house. He chased the cat all over until he caught it with the bird still in its mouth. He tried to save the bird by choking the cat, but “I choked her and choked her to make her let it go until I choked her to death, though I did not mean to.” He waited and hoped for the next of “her nine lives, but to my grief I found that I had taken them all.” And the bird did not survive either. When the others returned to the house that afternoon they said, “Now John is always scolding us about killing spiders and flies but when we are away he chokes the cats.”

Annie never left home and lived principally with her mother until she died in 1896. Her father had left the family to pursue a religious group in the early 1870s and died in Kansas City in 1885. Annie was frequently not well. The first documentary evidence of her illness in her letters appeared in the early 1880s when she was preparing to visit the Muirs of the Alhambra Valley, but could not muster the strength to do so. When she did go, it appears that it was mostly for health reasons. In a February 1884, she describes a lung examination that she had. “Lower lobe of the right was entirely consolidated, or hepatized [a sign of pneumonia] ... have coughed more, and the cough hurt me more than before, and I have been raising a little blood.” After her visit to California, see stopped by to visit her physician brother Daniel. “When I was in Lincoln [Nebraska], Dan examined my lungs and throat. He agrees with the San Francisco Physician in saying that my lungs are entirely well. But he seemed to be surprised at the condition of my throat—which he says is very bad indeed. He looked into the upper part of my throat and found the mucus membrane much thick and swollen from chronic inflammation. And the condition farther down is no better.” In 1901, Annie shared the house for a while with “Dr. West” and his family. West, an osteopath (“Osteopathy is not well known here now as it will be in a few years, or perhaps months”) gave her free treatment that she thought helped. In October of 1902 she writes, “My health is better this year than last. In fact, I scarcely consider myself an invalid now (although I still cough some every day).” John Muir wrote to one of his cousins in January 1903, “Our sister Anne, one of the twins, died at her home in Portage on the 15th of this month of Apoplexy, after a week’s illness.” Only Daniel was there. John continued, “I think poor Anne often overtasked herself in church work, in which she was very zealous.”

These clues of Annie’s life hint at much more. There are mentions of her teaching and running a store with her mother. After her return from California in 1888, she was studying phonography (a type of shorthand) so she could be a reporter. It appears that Annie’s exploits in California are mostly undocumented. A researcher could attempt to fill in Annie’s story and her influence on John Muir by reading what others wrote about her — especially a deeper look into letters between John and his brother Daniel, presumably Annie’s doctor, would shed some light on those times.
“With Xmas Greetings to Mary, from Twinnie A-,” writes Annie Muir on the back of this photograph from Portage, Wisconsin sometime in the 1890s. Annie suffered from chronic illness, never married, and died at 56. Her letters in the John Muir Papers offer a fleeting glimpse into her life and relationship with her brother. (Fiche 27-1483 John Muir Papers, Holt-Atherton Special Collections, University of the Pacific Library. Copyright 1984 Muir-Hanna Trust)

(continued from page 2)

NEWS & NOTES

A Passion for Nature The Life of John Muir
by Donald Worster
Oxford University Press
512 pages, 30 halftones, 5 maps
Available October 2008 $34.95

“I am hopelessly and forever a mountaineer,” John Muir wrote. “Civilization and fever and all the morbidness that has been hooted at me has not dimmed my glacial eye, and I care to live only to entice people to look at Nature’s loveliness. My own special self

In Donald

magisterial

Muir’s “special explored, as is

ability, then and

see the sacred world. A

is the most

the great

founder of the written. It is the

Muir’s full private correspondence and to meet modern scholarly standards. Yet it is also full of rich detail and personal anecdote, uncovering the complex inner life behind the legend of the solitary

mountain man. It traces Muir from his boyhood in Scotland and frontier Wisconsin to his adult life in California right after the Civil War up to his death on the eve of World War One. It explores his marriage and family life, his relationship with his abusive father, his many friendships with the humble and famous (including Theodore Roosevelt and Ralph Waldo Emerson), and his role in founding the modern American conservation movement. Inspired by Muir’s passion for the wilderness, Americans created a long and stunning list of national parks and wilderness areas, Yosemite most prominent among them. Yet the book also describes a Muir who was a successful fruit-grower, a talented scientist and world-traveler, a doting father and husband, a self-made man of wealth and political influence. A man for whom mountaineering was “a pathway to revelation and worship.”

For anyone wishing to more fully understand America’s first great environmentalist, and the enormous influence he still exerts today, Donald Worster’s biography offers a wealth of insight into the passionate nature of a man whose passion for nature remains unsurpassed.

About the author: Donald Worster is Hall Distinguished Professor of American History at the University of Kansas. His books include The Wealth of Nature, Under Western Skies, and the Bancroft Prize-winning Dust Bowl. He lives in Lawrence, Kansas.

What Would John Muir Say?
Edited by Bernice Basser Turoff
with photographs by David Best

John Muir was truly a Renaissance man. Scientist, poet, ardent conservationist, inventor, political activist, and tramp-- he casts an enormous shadow over the environmental movement he helped to form in his adopted California. His many achievements include founding the Sierra Club, and influencing the formation of our National Park System. His last big battle, to preserve Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National Park, was sadly lost with the construction of O’Shaughnessy Dam in 1923.

What Would John Muir Say? takes you on a visual journey through John Muir’s beloved natural landscapes. It examines the possibility of restoring Hetch Hetchy Valley, and explores some of Muir’s insightful thoughts and observations about the glorious world he loved and celebrated. With 82 oversized pages of stunning photographs, this book offers a wonderful introduction to the humorous, poetic musings of this great American hero.

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The legacy of the World Tour is in the herbarium specimens that he collected and in living trees at John Muir National Historic Site in Martinez and adjacent grounds, once part of the Strentzel-Muir ranch. During a visit to John Muir’s gravesite in 2004, Ross Hanna, Wanda Muir-Hanna’s youngest child and now the only surviving grandson of Muir, pointed out a huge white eucalyptus on the edge of the pear orchard near the cemetery. The tree was planted by Muir upon his return in 1904 and is one of the largest of its kind in California, a living symbol of the Southern Hemisphere’s influence on both Muir and his adopted state of California.

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March 2. Wind changing from east to nearly southwest with rain in the afternoon. Cross sea making rough sailing. Many of passengers sick. Only the brave albatross seems at home and at ease, sailing the white-maned waves on wearless and almost motionless wings.

Night gloomy—scud of rain and wind torn wave-tops sweeping over the ship.

March 3. High wind and scud-threshed decks, most of passengers suffering from seasickness, ship both pitching and rocking.

The sea between New Zealand and Australia is famed for its roughness. Have been reading Darwin all day, and all roughness has been charmed away. Storm beginning to abate, few white caps at 900 PM, though swell still heavy. The albatross is ably at ease in admirable God-like strength.

March 4. Much calmer, most passengers creeping out of bunks to dining room this morning. Hope to reach Sydney in time for medical inspection, 6:00 PM, so as to get ashore. At noon we have 70 miles to make.

3:30 PM. Land in sight. Reached the dock at 5:30 PM and were soon at our old quarters at the Australia Hotel.

March 5. Went to Cook’s Office to try to arrange plan for homegoing. Have about decided to go to the Queensland woods a week or two about Brisbane, then return here in time to take the Empire S.S. on the 20th for Hong Kong via Port Darwin and the Philippines and on the 30th of April, the Sibera at Hong Kong for San Francisco.

March 6. Spent most of day in the Botanic gardens. Found the Chinese Torreya [Torreya] and Monterean Cypress of Mexico. The climate here is favorable to almost all the world’s plants, more so than even that of California at the ripe bananas show. Walked in the afternoon through the “Domain”, a magnificent park full of fine trees. A grand avenue of Moreton Bay Fig—tree somewhat like Magnolia.

March 7. Start 5:40 P.M. for Brisbane.

March 8. Arrive Brisbane at 9:30 P.M.

March 9. Start at 10:00 P.M. for Rockhampton.

March 10. At 5:30 A.M. saw some fine Araucarias. 7:00 A.M. Between Maryborough and Dunderberg, ran through a patch of Banksia in bloom, small crooked trees 10 feet high, growing on sandy ground—pitch sand—by conductor to be 4 or 5 miles by 10
March 11. Went to Botanic garden, 2 miles from town in rain last evening and had good time with gardener Simmons who freely offered specimens of all he possessed, and I came away laden. This morning returned and got more specimens and had all of them named. Must remember him and his son. Saw Traveler's tree, and had drink from penknife wound in steady stream.

At noon start for Maryborough, arrive 10:20 P.M. Trees thus far making open woods with heavy close grass carpet. Lotus (?) in ponds by track. Trees 50 to 100 feet high.

March 12. At Kilkeevan Junction. Forests denser. Araucaria Cunninghamii common, some imperfect spared from axe over 100 feet high. Stems of most seem slender, wave finely. Flindersia, a large broad headed dark green tree, noble aspect, also common here. A few miles farther up the track, the Araucaria Cunninghamii shows grandly on sky line above low mountain or hill ridges, towering high above all others. In dark groves of mountains, a deep green broad domed tree, perhaps G. Bidwillii or Agathis robusta is well marked.

Arrived Wandai after dark, could find no bed save lounge in overflowed hotel in lumber camp.

March 13. Magnificent open woods of spotted apple, and other species of Eucalyptus, with curious bushes, especially the so-called cherry with stone outside. The Agathis and Araucaria for a distance of 15 or 20 miles has been cut and hauled here for transport by rail to mls. Hired horses and buggy to take us to Nanango, 40 miles. Had grand ride, went on gallop much of way. Grand walk up mountain into Araucaria forest.

March 14. Start at 4:00 A.M. on stage for the terminus of another short railroad, 50 miles. Arrived about 10:00 P.M. and at 2 o'clock took train for Sydney, via Ipswich. The stage run was very interesting. Road crosses the Bunya mountains named so for the Araucaria Bidwillii forests mingled with A. Cunninghamii, the former being called Bunya by Indians and whites alike. The Bunya valley, corn and alfalfa fields. Corn about ripe. Dairy region. Mountains to east.


11:15 A.M. rock cuts and tunnels short, in wilderness of hills. 11:30 A.M. broad forest view, mountains in distance to east. 11:45 A.M. emerge on wider plateau with fields and farms. Tawoonba. Volcanic hills passed here.

About 12:45 P.M. to little south of Clifton. 200 P.M. say 50 miles rich, black soil, Darling Downs, but little interrupted by ridges, mountains to east. The rough hill region to Dalesen. Here saw light green drooping leaved anthers like the leaves of the Eucalyptus, it was growing on. Near Oorawamba, the forest is dense and rich. Saw two species of palm here, and south of Gosford, the grass trees and Bankia about the fiords or lakes. The whole region here has glacial look. Rock is sandstone thin forests. Young Eucalyptus with beautiful heads rounded and lobed, branches naked tufted richly at end.

As Sydney is approached, the hills are left behind and the coast flats nearly level and mostly good soil is passed over. Small second growth Eucalyptus and Leptospermum cover the uncultivated fields.
March 19. Arrived at Sydney at noon, spent the afternoon in Botanic Gardens. Shops all closed every Saturday afternoon by law. Holidays take up a great part of year.

[entry continued on July 9th page of diary] Near the south boundary of Queenston, [Queensland] about the Stanthorpe R.R. Station, there are extensive exposures of granite which has every appearance of having been glaciated. The mountains also in sculpture show similar proof of recent glacial action.

Tree here yellow-green and conical, looks like Cypress, spiny top, small. Back north a few miles, noticed Banksia.

March 20. Mr. Liddell arrived from Melbourne at 9:00 o’clock this morning. Have been at work on plants – a large collection.

Time and circumstances of travel and general ignorance of the richest places considered.


March 22. Working on plants hoping to get them dry before starting home.

March 23. Working on plants and walking in the Botanical Gardens, always something new for me there. The most interesting garden I have yet seen. Besides a good representative collection of native trees and shrubs there are large groups of most interesting trees, etc., of the islands of the Pacific, South America, Africa, India and the hot and temperate regions of the world in general. The topographical features of the garden and adjacent domain bordering the harbor are admirable adapted to the uses of a great city’s pleasure ground. The favorite place for quiet strolls and picnics, the Domain for all sorts of out of doors speaking, etc.

March 24. Heavy rain early this morning. Secured a large lot of photos of wild scenery, forests etc., and books and pamphlets.

Curious how this strange country is taking possession of me.

In the afternoon in the Garden again admiring the Eugenias, Agathis etc.

March 25. Packing and drying plants in readiness for the home journey – a precious big lot of them there is, of which nearly every plant to me is novel. Many are also very beautiful and noble in size and port.

 Called on Mr. Hay in charge of the Forest Reservations, who kindly gave me a good deal of information of forest management here, and some pamphlet reports, photographs, etc., and went with me to a collection of woods near the Gardens. New South Wales has a great many kinds of useful and beautiful woods for every user.

March 26. Rain during the night and showery all day. Worked on plants until after 5:00 P.M., then went to Botanic Gardens and while absorbed in the native plants was called by one of the guardians of the garden and told the gates were about to be locked for the night, and I would have to make haste to escape.

March 27. Raining as usual. Hard at work on plants most of the day. Had a last walk through the gardens and got a few new specimens for my herbarium.

March 28. Rain again. Have finished packing up today and intend going aboard the SS Empire tomorrow afternoon to sail on the 30th, for Hongkong and home. The two last of my companions, Mr. Liddell and Shields leave me tomorrow evening for Melbourne, and I begin to feel lonesome, yet glad to begin the long journey home.

March 29. In the morning writing letters to Louis, Dr. Merriam and Mr. Nicholson of London. Collected a few more photos of trees at Kerry’s. In the afternoon got all my boxes, plants, etc., in state room aboard the Empire, then gave little dinner to Muir, Shields and Liddell, so long my faithful and kind companions, and then friend Mr. McPhail, an excellent Scotchman. Then saw Mr. Shields and Liddell off on the train at 7:30 P.M. for Melbourne. Mr. McPhail then saw me aboard the Empire and I was left alone.

March 30. This morning wrote to Helen, took letter up town to post at the Australia Hotel. Then returned to ship to see the passengers come aboard. Every berth is taken. While sitting in the Smoking Room a young man sat down beside me and pretended to be tired looking after a big lot of baggage which was coming aboard. Then excused himself to see the last of it in his state room. Then returned, saw all was aboard at last, but was troubled not finding the purser in his office. Asked me to change a 50 pound note that he might pay a bill before leaving. Of course, I declined and he was a swindler.

March 31. Got off yesterday at 1:00 P.M. Glad to go homeward at last.

Heaving swell as soon as we cleared the heads of harbor. Had good views of coast all timbered, chiefly gum and Banksia. Some portions quite picturesque with mountains 2000 or 3000 feet high. Strips of white sand driven high on hills here and there.

Some of passengers seasick, of course. Have already met pleasant gentlemen who was likely to prove good companions, several are like me, going to go on Siberia to San Francisco. Showery and gloomy.

April 1. Yesterday the sea grew steadily rougher all day. At night heaving waves were breaking over upper deck with rain, wind roaring. Could not reach my state room on upper deck without danger of being washed overboard, so had to sleep on sofa in the Social Hall.

At 2:00 P.M. dropped anchor in Moreton Bay, 30 miles or more from Brisbane. Some picturesque conical rocks on north side – several 100 feet high. Many small islands show once heavily timbered. Famous for its handsome fig used far and near for shade. Often very large and for the Moreton Bay, Pine, Araucaria, Cunninghamii.

April 2. Many of passengers complaining that the tender taking mails and passengers for Brisbane were not allowed to spend the evening there. The new passengers and mail from Brisbane reached us and even got aboard at 10:00 P.M. when we started north again. Sea comparatively calm and sky mostly bright until evening when showers fell. The coast still hilly or even mountainous here and there. Pleasant to know in general way what these dimly seen forests are by having passed through them a few weeks ago. The aarucarias, the grandest features.

April 3. Heavy showers in the morning with gloomysooty clouds along the distant shore like those seen all the way down the coast from Nagasaka to Singapore and Calcutta, from Bombay to Suez,
etc. We are now in the tropics to which these clouds seem to peculiarly belong.

A young weary bird came aboard, handsome with very long top know like quail, almost allowed itself to be caught. Few flying fish and porpoises, pelicans (?) and albatrosses.

Getting warm. Sea very smooth. Am making many acquaintances and loneliness is passing off. April 4. Showery as usual. Very warm. Passed hundreds of islands, many of them on either hand with interesting sprinkling of trees, mostly Eucalyptus. On lower slopes confines along the ridges, a few Araucarias, Diodelli or Cunninhhamii, while some that seemed too sharp topped for either were called Cypress pine by a passenger who seemed to know.

We are due at Townsville late this evening or early on Tuesday morning. Would like to get ashore a few hours, but see little chance to.

April 5. At anchor from 10:00 last evening until about 9:00 this morning off Townsville Magnetic Island opposite the town was within 3/4 mile of anchor age. Rock apparently gray granite with cleavage joints well developed, seemed unchanged glacial monument in sculpture as if in Alaska or the High Sierra. Several broad shallow glacial amphitheatres opened towards the town at sea level. The first unmistakable glacial sculpture at sea level inside the tropics have ever seen - about 19°.

April 6. Anchored this morning from 1:30 till 5:00 on account of dark storm. Besides the Magnetic Island ice sculpture, there is no lack of clear specimens much farther north seen last afternoon and today, and much interesting scenery in general.

Saw a considerable number of low coral islands today through the midst of which we made our way, aided by steel beacons or iron trees. One on which there is a lighthouse is a fine specimen of an Atoll. Circular with its lagoon calm inside, the whole very low wreathed with foam of waves breaking on living wall. At 1:30 A.M. Rain in torrents.

April 7. Anchored last evening from 9:00 till 5:00 this morning on account of intensity of passage through innumerable coral islands and others of granite, slate, etc. The spaces between the outer Barrier Reef and the inner fringing reefs, atolls, etc., are all shallow and navigation dangerous, though lighted and marked by steel trees. Most of atolls very low and lack here the cocoa palms which so charmingly adorn and enliven those of many other tropical shores.

Few birds mostly white gulls, occasionally a land bird visits, is seldom more than 5 or 6 miles distant. Heavy showers in morning. Sky dull leaden, showery all day. Very thin clothing seems heavy. All sorts of games are being played, even cricket, novels, the lightest, appear to have lost their charm.

April 8. Temperature at 7:00 A.M. 81°50. Cloudy, dark[,] muddy, muggy sky as usual. Heavy showers about 5:00 this morning. Anchored last evening at dusk, the passage being extremely difficult in dark. Started again at daylight. Were close to shore of isles which seemed to drowse and melt in the soft island moisture-laden air.

At 9:00 A.M. heavy shower. Thermometer dropped to 77°.

Good island, resisting rock - granite (?) shows glacial sculpture clearly and on rather large scale. Highest points all rounded, 1000 feet high (?). A fine glacial amphitheatre wide, eroded without reference to rock-structure, etc. Islands heretofore named for days of week. Temperature at 9:30 P.M. 81 1/2°. Clear in the afternoon, starry sky glorious. Ursa Major on horizon clear, Polaris below horizon. The Southern Cross a little above horizon opposite the Bear. Orion and Pleiades in glory shining.

April 9. Temperature 81 1/2° at 7:00 A.M. The southern sky black with rainbow in gloom, the northern covered almost completely with watery ill-defined cumuli but white and luminous.

We are now in Torres Strait, steering west, the great Papua or New Guinea Island to north of us. No land in sight and no coral reefs to keep the seaman ever watching. The Captain has now left the bridge for first time since entering the coral region. Two of the 5 stars of Southern Cross last evening shone with beautiful green and blue light. Only 4 conspicuous, the pointers a few degrees distant the brightest of all. Sea wondrous calm.

At 9:00 P.M. Temperature 52 1/2°. Water slightly phosphorescent alongside the ship. The Cross and Ursa Major clear and bright again after rain. Have spent most of day looking over and naming a lot of Australian plants belonging to a Japanese traveler.

April 10. Fine bright morning. A few flying fish frightened, getting out of way of ship. Yesterday, a wind-weary bird, a flycatcher, came aboard. Could not learn its fate. It was extremely beautiful, blue and green iridescent. Lovely wanderer perhaps from Papua, the most famous land of fine birds.

Land in sight. Coral Island. Temperature at 1:00 P.M. 84°. Not a whitecap in sight. Smooth all day. Coral islands in sight most of all the afternoon. Temperature at 9:00 P.M. 84°.

Anchored about 10:00 P.M.

April 11. Temperature 7:00 A.M. 83°. Started at daybreak to pick the way through islands and shoals of coral. Lovely morning. Arrived at Port Darwin about noon. Went on short botanical ramble on cliff near landing. Found several interesting trees and ferns. One of the latter a charming twiner and climber. Ants good biters, stingers and swarm in wondrous numbers and energy.

In the afternoon, walked about town collecting in park, and road side. Ponicana regia common, now in fruit. A smaller species in flower. Heard charming bird song and saw the bird, blue black head, yellow belly, 7 inches long. Went to Botanic Garden with Mr. Holts and gathered large lot of plants, mostly named. Walked out, rode back.

April 12. Temperature 81° at 7:00 A.M. The noise of unloading cargo kept me awake most of the night. Arose early and went to work on plants, a fine lot to have been gathered in few hours, mostly owing to Mr. Holts, Curator of the little Botanical Garden who, in a walk of 2 or 3 miles through the burned and chopped gum woods of second growth, snatched many interesting specimens for me. The most interesting of these is a Grevilles, the most variable of genera, and a species of Calythrix, like a cypress or juniper, with beautiful flowers rose colored.
A fine Banyan in the park and palm grove, Cocoa and a little of most everything tropical. Mr. Holzre has done much with little here. Left for Timor at 100 P.M. Magnificent cumulus clouds of varied forms, original.


The Timor mountains in sight at noon. At 3:00 P.M. the forests plainly in sight and soon after separate trees. Towards night a mountain like a wheel rick came in sight, perhaps 4000 or 5000 feet high. Forest rather dense covering all. Expect to reach Dili early tomorrow morning. Hope to get a good view of vegetation within a mile or two of shore. Temperature at bedtime 10:00 P.M. 84°.

April 14. Temperature 6:30 A.M. 83°. Calm lovely poetic weather, easy to fall under spell of this dreamy beauty. Slowed down and arrived at Dili soon after sunrise - a very old Portuguese town, 250 years, located on low bottom land bordering the harbor 2 miles wide. A few good houses, old Spanish style, stucco with cool courts and verandahs, all the large houses Government buildings. Those of native light, airy, palm structures. Fine groves of Cocoa.

Walked into foothills, found large number of interesting plants. Mango, a climbing palm with magnificent leaves, a large number of fig trees, the broad fruit, banyan and a noble solitary species of fig with battrested base, 15 feet in diameter. Eucalyptus, etc. Accanuus.

April 15. Showery, rainbow, sky about 9/10 cloudy, raggedy outlined cumuli, dimmed with nimbus, white or sooty black, even what seems pure sky is slightly veiled with filmy white. Very few well characterized separate well-developed clouds in tropic seas, or along tropic showers. The sea sends off vapor like a boiling pot. Climate like that of an old-fashioned kitchen on washing day.

Was greatly interested yesterday in studying the natives, all their movements, poses and gestures. Graceful though far from handsome in face, curly black or brownish hair. The little boy I engaged to carry my press formed a curious study. The boatmen conveying freight between the ship and shore singing delightfully to slow strokes of round-bladed oars.

Lightning at night. Passed large island mountain 8000 feet.

April 16. Temperature last evening 85°. Rain this morning and dull drizzly sky. Temperature at 6:00 A.M. about 82°. We are nearing the Equator without any marked change in temperature since leaving Sydney. Heavy swell without a single whitecap showing storm in neighborhood. Faired about 10:00 A.M. Got plants dry.

Many flying fish. One flew into a state room by the porthole last night and so was caught. A good many sea birds, terns, albatrosses (?) etc., but few follow the ship. Passed several islands, one large, with high mountains, came in sight only two hours before dark so we got no telling views.

Temperature at 3:00 P.M. 85°. At 6:00 P.M. 82°. Less than 5° of range of temperature between Sydney and the Equator. Crossed the line a little before noon.

April 17. Temperature at 7:00 A.M. 82°. Fine, calm until noon when pouring rain with high wind and waves and sudden fall of temperature to 78°. In the morning the sky was decked with rainbows.

April 18. Temperature 7:00 A.M. 76 1/2°. Rain with light winds and smooth sea. Slowed down at 4:00 this morning for an hour or more at entrance to Sulu Strait or passage. Beautiful shores all through the Sulu Archipelago. Cocoa palms on the land grounds most everywhere; on immediate coast round headed trees. Some of them nobly massive, back of these and extending up the hills and on the higher ridges, somewhat pointed trees. Araucarias and Agathis (?). The mountains on mainland Mandano, quite high and finely modeled, ridge beyond ridge in beautiful lines, somewhat backed on edges. Many volcanoes to westward. Straight narrow a mile or two, charming scenery. Never saw finer forests of same extent as seen in general views.

9:00 P.M. 81° and much sheet lightning. Temperature noon 82°. P.M. showery.

April 19. Temperature 7:00 A.M. 82°. Calm, almost glassy.

Have been out of sight of land since passing the ______ Sulu Strait yesterday morning. From the general flow of wild fire last evening, vivid discharging streaks of forked lightning were occasionally seen.

Flying fish in great numbers dart away from the ship maintaining a level flight by rapid whirring wing-beats for 300 or 400 yards. Wing finds 6 inches long, 2/3 of body length.

White cumulus clouds yesterday P.M. along east horizon. Cast wake lines of light on the water to the ship, one for each cloud distinct as those made by moon on glassy sea.


April 20. Temperature 6:00 A.M. 77°. Arrived Manila Bay 200 A.M. Calm lovely morning. Many volcanic cones and hills looming dimly. Went ashore in launch at 900 A.M. and after a wandering hunt of an hour, discovered the Forestry Bureau room in old palace and found Captain Ahern in inner room, who was glad to see me, after learning my name. Heartily insisted on gathering my baggage off the Empire and planned a trip into the woods for tomorrow. Took me to the Army and Navy Club etc., met Mr. Fitzgerald who showed me many fine photos of Hetch Hetchy region made while making surveys for San Francisco Water supply; also met Mr. B. Baldwin and Superintendent of Public Instruction.

April 21. Temperature 77° at 6:00 A.M. Set off early on steam launch for Tamao (?). Had glorious day in perfectly wild forest across the bay 25 miles, directly west from Manila. A few stations on the mountain slopes are used by collectors. At others, many plants are raised from seed on slopes, for use in parks and gardens. The wild forest a few miles up the east slopes is very beautiful and rich in species.

April 22. Temperature at 6:00. Fine, cool, bright morning. Sparrows English, common here, familiar on streets and roofs. A glossy green blackbird, size of Stellar Jay on tree tops breakfasting on fruit.
Spent day in the morning in laboratories and shops of Bureau of Forestry. In the afternoon on excursion by sail up the alluvial plain of Manila, 50 or 60 miles with Captains Ahern and Penn. A most instructive trip, saw many villages, rice fields, battlefields. Rice and corn and sugar — fields bounded by rows of most beautiful bamboo, a species exceedingly delicate and graceful in form and motion, branched like a fir. Land very fertile and carefully worked. Rows of cane and corn narrow; yet plowed with one buffalo without apparent waste by breaking or crushing.

A fine low volcanic cone, 3000 or 4000 feet high, tree-clad, rises in midst a grand landmark. Captain Penn with maps made all plain.

April 23. Temperature at 7:00 A.M. 74°. Busy with packing plants, etc., and books. Mr. Merrill named many species for me in haste. The Bills called on me, pleasant to see fellow travelers again.

Start at 11:30 A.M. for steamer on tender. Captain Ahern made everything easy, took charge of baggage, etc., and royally entertained me at house and club. Sailed at 12:30 P.M. Had good view of Corregidor Island and west coast of Luzon. Lovely scenery, seems to have boon glaciated in breadth of low valleys, shell-like in general. 45 Filipinos on board bound for St. Louis, a good looking set of men likely to exert favorable influence on their people on return. Overflow the steamer good-naturedly. Have no state room.

April 24. Temperature at 6:00 A.M. 84°. Very calm and finely blue. A good many flying fish. In smooth water they are unable to fly far, they need a wave-top to dart from.

Temperature noon 86°. Philippine Com. [?] good-natured lot. A few boys keep the decks lively. Slept well on sofa of Social Hall. Had long talks with Mr. Gilson who has traveled far and to more purpose and account than most travelers. Also to a Kentuckian in Government employ; also with Mr. Wardell and Mr. Shaw, teachers from Springfield, Illinois and Los Angeles, California.

April 25. Temperature 9:00 A.M. 89°. Still wondrous calm. Expect to arrive Hongkong about 3:30 this afternoon. Saw 4 fishing junks before breakfast. They leave their junks to go fishing from small boats. A large whole fish was held up for our admiration as we passed. Venturesome fellows to leave the shore so far. Many must be lost in typhoons, though they are acquainted, no doubt, with the weather of all the year and know what to expect.

Macopa, red fruit, tall tree. Chico, clay-colored fruit, tall tree, native to Philippines.

Went ashore about 4:00 P.M. called at Pacific mail to secure cabin for home. Went to hotel with two young teachers who have been in Philippines 2 or 3 years. Mr. Carberry and Wardell.


April 27. The whole region plain and glaciated. Went up river to Canton. Rain started at 8:00 A.M. Rain ceased about 9:00 A.M. and soon the clouds lifted, revealing landscapes of great beauty on numerous islands like the Alexander Archipelago of southeast Alaska, but mostly bare of trees. A few pines broad-topped and airy looking along some of the ridges and dense dark trees, figs here and there on the low ground. Some of islands showing glacial action plainly in forms of greatest strength with reference to sweeping ice. So all way to Canton. Pagodas here and there with trees growing in crevices, Nature trying to blend them harmoniously in to her own plans. Vast forts on hills. Canton looking out of hundreds of excavations. Hills riddled with graves. Canton with swarming streets, 6 or 7 feet wide, smelling to Heaven.

Fruit trees in rows and pale yellow green rice patches, remains of barriers on river, etc., innumerable house boats. April 28. Return at 8:00 A.M. to hotel, moonlight. Arrived this morning about 100 P.M. Very glad I made this trip. The great gains are the plain traces of the work of ice during the glacial period, though so long gone by, and the general views of the great crowded swarming city — overflowing into thousands of river boats full of happy, or half-happy, men, women and children of all ages, the infants tied on the backs of mothers or young girls, asleep while they swayed from side to side by the movements of their mother or sisters while laboring at the oar, or engaged at domestic work or play. After dinner went up through botanical garden, called at residence of Mr. Dunn, Curator. Failed to find him.

April 29. Received cable from Harriman. Put my baggage aboard Siberia.

Went aboard the Siberia in the afternoon, having use of the Company's launch and changed my plants and repacked trunk and bags before the rush tomorrow. Introduced to officers, all polite. Harriman's letter very useful and comforting. Dined with ship's officers. View of Hongkong at night charming.

April 30. Fine bright day. Got off about noon. Am now fairly homeward bound and happy. Had good view of the coast this afternoon. Purely glacial in main lines and very picturesque outstanding islands with outlines proclaiming forms of greatest strength preserved through centuries of rain and wave-dashing and gnawing disintegrating wind waves and fog blankets.

May 1. 8:00 A.M. Temperature 71°. Smooth sea, delightful weather. Land in sight seldom, only far off islands. Passed several steamers and many junks, mostly clear sky. Wonderful cloud over large island seen towards evening flat-topped like Table mountain, sooty black, homogeneous in structure.

Full moon, broad silver wave, in which fishing junks are brought to light with startling distinctness. Una Major now high in heavens. The Southern Cross no longer seen. Temperature 8:00 P.M. 70°, delightful. The ship very comfortable no vibration, clean good food well served. But nevertheless, there is no lack of shabby, thoughtless grumbling given forth with accent of sound ignorance.

May 2. Water very muddy from river, 300 miles. Cool, bracing bright. Temperature at 8:00 A.M. 62°. Sky half cloudy with white mackerel clouds. Land in sight, rocky hills or mountains. Sea just enough roughened with wavelets to sparkle well in the wake of the sun. Fog last evening caused blowing of whistle at minute intervals for hour or two. Large number of isles in sight until about 4:00 P.M. On one of the islands which we passed within a mile or two, we saw a fine war vessel, her bow high in air, over a
of Chinese.

Arrived Kobe about half past 7:00 A.M. Went ashore at 9:00, took rickety with Mr. Chapman and Mr. McEllen, called at Mr. H. Reynell, an old merchant here who invited us to luncheon at his home at 1:00 P.M. and directed our rickshaw men to take us to temple gardens, etc., in the meantime. Found magnificent specimen of Ghinko and camphor trees, the latter with noble sweep of branches, the branchlets terminating rich mossy shining bosses, flowers inconspicuous, bark of trunk and main limbs deeply and evenly furrowed in regular parallel lines vertical, truly noble trees everywhere hard to kill as Umbellularia. Ghinko also grand tree, rough furrowed bark, strong limbs, less spreading than camphor, also shining tree with crimson flowers growing with above.

May 8. Temperature 7:00 A.M. 58°. Calm, cool, bright. Beautiful harbor, innumerable fishing boats, sloopes, schooners and large number of steamers, discharging and loading, wondrous busy port, nearly as much trade as that of Hongkong. Extra busy now of course, by war. The town drawn around head of bay at foot of bushy mountains. Streets not so narrow as in China, no squalor. Took rickshaw and went to "The Falls" a picturesque place at foot of mountain in fine imposing gorge, a comparatively small stream, falls about 50 or 60 feet into artificial pool. The mountain slopes brushy a fine old pine wood on left side give grandeur and beauty. Tea houses, a few shops, and farther down gorge the bottling works.
where nearly all the water of this fall is manufactured and sold.

Bought a lot of good photos. A lovely day, weather perfect.

May 9. Temperature 7:00 A.M. 65°. Fine bright exhilarating morning, white smooth sky cloudless. Water nearly black, a fishing boat here and there. Lane dimly visible, mountainous. Last evening a row of big lights apparently electric lights, were seen along shore making a wonderful sight. They seemed to mark the streets of a great city, 8 or 10 miles long. Everybody wondered what city it could be. The whole glorious show was made by thousands of fishing boats, perhaps 3 or 4 miles off shore, each with big blazing wood fire in grate in front to attract the fishes. Several thousands of these boats apparently in one view.

Around Yokohama at 2:00 P.M. led into harbor through mines by Japanese warship. Went ashore, took rickshaw and visited 2 old temples with grand gardens - Ghinkos, mapsles, Cryptomerias, silver firs, thuja, etc.

May 10. Ashore at 9:00 A.M. Calm, cloudless yet hazy, so that Fujiyama is not visible. Saw it yesterday dimly, fine cone 12,500 feet high. The town built on flat. Many fine buildings visited the good ship Bayern, my first home after Russia. Visited 2 grand temples Buddhist, glorious forest about one of them, grand picturesque pines, some 4 feet in diameter, broad-topped. Many Cryptomerias, 4 or 5 feet in diameter, 100 feet high or more. Grand pseudo larch. 60 or so got comes, male flowers yellow. Ghinkos leafy, long branchlets ascending, some four or six in diameter. The Japanese in all their art, their gardens and parks show wonderful liking for the grotesque and the minutely fine and curious. Nor is humor wanting.

May 11. Temperature 6:00 A.M. 64°. Calm, perfect weather, white haze around horizon. The houses of the country are built of bamboo, matting, etc. The roofs thatched with rice straw. In cities, roofs tiled dark scotty colored or lead colored. Walls wood, the best brick, stone or stucco. In temples, massive planks and beams largely used. Much fine carving, gilding, lacquer work, etc. Went ashore at 9:00 A.M. made a few purchases, silk, books, photos, etc. Visited the good ship Bayern, my first home after escaping from the hardships and privations of Russian travel. Had good time with 3rd officer, who was kind to me last summer. Mr. H. Schaeffer, Offizier der Nord Lloyd, Bremen. We sailed for Honolulu at 3:00 P.M.

May 12. Temperature at 7:00 A.M. 67°. Dark stormy morning with blinks of sun to iris the gaunt wave-tops. Decks all wet, even the highest. Sea black though the ship on account of great size is remarkably steady, with a scarce perceptible heave or roll. Many of the passengers are sick or sickish. The long-winged dark-colored albatross - a half dozen or so - are following the ship and one never wearies in watching the graceful sailing in the heavy blast.

May 13. Temperature 70° at 8:00 A.M. Dark weather, high wind, waves tosses weight coming aboard at waist. The wind is southerly and warm, the sky one even featureless leaden gloom. The horizon even from our top deck only a few miles away and o _ [obscure h] blended with the mist of wave spray. 100 P.M. Rain deepening the gloom; waves breaking enriching the rain. This afternoon, a poor swallow came aboard fairly spent and allowed itself to be caught. The nearest land was about 800 miles distant. The heavy wind had driven it off shore and the rain and mist had hidden the land and wet its plumage so that even so fine a flyer was worn out. In the evening, in the rain and scud, one of Mother Carey's chickens came aboard and suffered itself to be caught.

May 14. Temperature 6:00 A.M. 64°. Wind abating and changed from southwest to north east with, of course, falling temperature. Ship with scarce perceptible roll. A few gleams of sunshine and few whitecaps, a half dozen albatrosses, the black smaller species following ship.

Temperature 4:00 P.M. 62°. 700 P.M. 60°. Everybody with colds. How thoughtless the 1200 inhabitants of this swift gliding ship are carried toward California across the hills and dales and plains of old Ocean, with its great and noble journey, and how small the talk, reading and card games! How few do any real work with hand or head save the seamen, the true headmen with eyes on the stars and throbbing tireless engines!

May 15. Temperature 6:00 A.M. 62°. Fine bright morning, clear, dry, bracing. Sunlight sparkling on the dimpling, swelling sea. The wake of ship gloriously bright with spangles. In the afternoon, 8 or 10 albatrosses following. No vessel seen since leaving Yokohama. How different from the long coasting voyages I have made in this particular, the birds, the only vessels sailing the air and water alike.

Have been drying plants, the deck dry for first time since second day out from Yokohama. A lot of Koreans and Japs going to the sugar fields of Hawaii. They are quite noisy today in their boxing contests, noisier than they have right to be.

Interesting to see how influential is the weather on everyone, great and small, rich and poor, passengers and crew.
May 16. Temperature 7:00 A.M. 65 °. No whitecaps, but broad, heavy corrugating swells covered with wrinkling, dimpling, small waves. Two or 3 dozen albatrosses, small, with a flock here and there of a white tern or gull seen in distance, long-winged, slow flapping birds. The sky at noon mostly clouded, low, fluffy, ill-defined, with light sitting through on edges, giving curious lights and colors to the sea—black, sooty and greenish and purple.

The air is dry and pleasant still, but little exercise is taken by most passengers. Novels seem to be the main resource—no games except cards and dominoes, sit-down chess.

May 17. This day is a second Monday in the ship’s log.

Temperature 7:00 A.M. 68 °. Another fine calm, the swell subsiding which has been heavy several days.

Water blue, reflections of clouds lead-colored. The flock of bird followers increasing, small flocks of white-bellied, slow-flapping birds like terns, common today.

In the afternoon, a stop of two hours was made to correct the compasses by swinging the ship. Had long talk with intelligent Chinaman, Ah Fong, of Honolulu, who was in part educated in Hartford. In the evening, the start shining gloriously bright between the low cloud bars, and the young moon sickle is now clear, now bright while our big home bears us steadily on in noble hidden power.

May 18. Temperature 71 ° 7:00 A.M. Dull cloudy, a small whitecap here and there. Water blue and lead-colored. Saw a few flying fish. The small albatross still following the ship, alight on midst of scraps from table, forsaking all the sea fields, however great, for the scrap strews wake of a ship.

The temperature is steadily increasing about 2 degrees a day, and the passengers are gradually changing clothing, gray and black for tropic white. The Filipinos in particular seem glad to feel the soft breezes of their beautiful homes and flutter loose cotton and fluffy silk once more, with corresponding liveliness of smiles and chatter.

The evening sky too is adorned with silky, filmy clouds through which the sun shines softly with white and rosy cumuli and sooty pillars along the horizon. Stars bright.

May 19. Temperature 73 ° 7:00 A.M. Fine calm bright morning. Cumulus clouds about the horizon, a shower-like silky film dropping from the darkest. The usual birds in ship’s wake, a flying fish here and there. The bossy white cumuli with black level base, and imperfectly rounded heads, graduating into the black columnar and ringlet-twisted rows on horizon so characteristic of the tropical seas.

Temperature 78 ° 2:00 P.M. The sea almost glassy, ruffled very slightly in spots, so, since middle of the morning. A whole seen which caused remark and stir amid the thousand passengers, far beyond reason, though the lives of these great mammals, the only creatures big enough for this big ocean, are but dimly known even to the best naturalists.

The Southern Cross a few degrees above horizon, Una Major on the opposite side of heaven, the north. The Southern Cross said to be visible as far north as 27 ° at 3:00 A.M.

May 20. Temperature 7:00 A.M. 75 °. Lovely day, calm, sea glassy blue. Low slow-heaving wave swells wrinkled with infinite wavelets. About noon, Bird Island came in sight—a solitary ruin all except the heart or central part worn away by the ceaseless thundering surges of the great ocean. Very deep water about it. Many new birds were noticed in the morning which doubtless make this lofty rock islet, 3000 feet high (7) their home.

At 6:00 P.M. we are abreast of another islet, perhaps 5 or 6 miles long, on the south, while just ahead on same side, there is a large island. Southern Cross just above horizon, clear and showy at 8:00 P.M.

May 20. Friday. Arrived about 6:00 this morning. Lovely weather, the hills back of town streaked with narrow flatings, but richly plant-clad, though mostly very steep. The valleys broad and seemingly glacial, both in trends and sculpture. Drove to Pali up one of the main valleys. A waterfall here and there. Few native trees. The Koa, a species of Acacia, one of the largest and most important and the week as seen in the Bishop Museum almost the most beautiful I ever saw. In the afternoon went to Museum. Prof. Brigham showed us his treasures. Very fine and interesting, building and all.

At 5:00 P.M. went to Oahu College [founded in 1841 as a school run by Congregational missionaries] to visit my old friend Miss Gradon. Found her well but like us all, older by the fleet-footed years. Stopped for supper with the whole school, then
worship, then a series of talks to teachers and friends, then interview with newspaper man and back to ship at 1100 P.M.

May 21, Friday. * Lovely weather. Temperature average for the day about 77°. Went to the hills with Prof. Alexander and Miss Graydon, had magnificent views of the surf rolling solemnly into the green fertile valleys from the calm glorious ocean. The landscapes in general, beautiful in verdure-clad mountains, hills and broad spacious vales. Drove high up mountainside through planted forest. Roninia Grevillia, Phyllicolabium, etc. Ferns beautiful and abundant. Many introduced plants, nearly all shade and ornamental trees, shrubs, etc., of gardens and park are not natives of the islands. Sorry to leave this charming island. Arrived at wharf with friends about ten minutes before ship sailed and go aboard, laden with flower wreaths, Phumorania, etc.

May 22. Saturday. Temperature 7:00 A.M. 75°. Rather dark, cloudy and inclined to rain all day. Cooler towards evening. Everybody resting after trips ashore, as if at their own homes. Modern ships like cities—too scarce can realize that the big village is afloat, and the beating of the engines is regular and life-like as if never to stop until death.

May 23. Sunday. 7:00 A.M. Temperature 68 1/2°. Cloudy sea with heaving swell, but free from whitecaps. "This is for Stickeen" saw lady in wharf crowd as we were leaving Honolulu. Dry and mostly sunny in the afternoon. Warm got botanical papers dry on lower deck. We are rapidly making nothing about 29. The Southern Cross is below the horizon several degrees.

Temperature 7:00 P.M. 69°. Sea rather rough, broad swells with considerable itching. About half of passengers failed to appear at breakfast tables.

May 24. Monday. Temperature 7:00 A.M. 66°. Dark cloudy showers around the horizon, here and there. A few albatrosses following ship again. Water lead-colored from clouds. Wind changed from east to nearly north.

Temperature noon 66° fine bracing weather, though but little sunshine.

Temperature 7:00 P.M. 66°. Invited by Captain Smith to lecture, doubtless from regret of passengers on Alaska on some topic connected with studies. Declined, but promised informal talk to the half dozen or so. Of course, the half dozen spread the news and there was quite an audience. Sorry can’t conquer shyness.

May 25. Tuesday. Temperature 7:00 A.M. 61°. Bracing weather, wind from north east. Good breeze, making here and there a whitecap. Swell giving rise to mild pitching. Soon the land of Sequoia will be in sight and wanderings for a time ended.

Temperature noon 61°. Temperature 7:00 P.M. 59°

May 26. Wednesday. Temperature 7:00 A.M. 59°. Bright, cloudless, bracing. No birds following this cool morn. Wind from northwest. 2:00 P.M. one albatross. Wind still strong from west of north.

*Muir gained a day in crossing the International Date Line at 180° of longitude.
On a wet winter morning last January, Restore Hetch Hetchy volunteers, husband-wife team Dennis and Rebecca Pottenger, helped keep the wilderness legacy of John Muir alive by joining the Centennial Celebration at Muir Woods National Monument in Mill Valley. They set up an information table, talked with visitors, and passed out RHH literature.

The morning’s festivities featured a long ramble by an actor portraying John Muir, who told several hundred conservationists the story of what happened when California Congressman William Kent and his wife, Elizabeth returned home to Marin County from a vacation in Hawaii in the winter of 1907.

At the time, the modern-day Muir said, the forest along Redwood Creek was home to one of the last uncut groves of old-growth redwoods in the San Francisco Bay Area. William Kent wanted badly to protect these trees from being logged — so badly that in 1905 he and Elizabeth had talked a banker friend into loaning them $45,000. With the money the Kents bought 611 acres of land in Redwood Canyon.

Two years later, on December 2, 1907, a water company in Sausalito filed condemnation proceedings against the Kent’s holdings in Redwood Canyon. The water company’s plan was to log the redwoods and confluence of Creeks. The Kent went to court to condemn the land along Redwood Creek, Kent check-mated the plans for a reservoir by donating 295 of the 611 acres he and Elizabeth owned to the federal government.

William Kent insisted that America’s seventh national monument be named for John Muir. Muir couldn’t have been more delighted. “This is the best tree-lover’s monument that could possibly be found in the all the forests of the world,” he said. “You have done me a great honor, and I am proud of it.” [Letter from John Muir to William Kent, February 6, 1908].

In just a few years, of course, the warm feelings between Muir and Kent would cool considerably when Kent became one of the strongest supporters of San Francisco’s plan to flood the Hetch Hetchy Valley. How could William Kent work so hard to thwart the reservoir at Redwood Canyon and then champion the one that flooded Hetch Hetchy?
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