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Letter from G. M. Lake to John Muir, 1891 Dec .

G M. Lake

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Fish Creek Fresno Co Cal
Sunday Ev. Dec 1891

Mr John Muir
Dear Sir

Here I am, still in the mountains. I came down from Kings River Canon the last of November and came up here the first of the present month to examine some mines. But the parties interested have decided not to work them for the present and so I am out of work. I should like to get employment from you on your ranch for the winter if you can furnish it to me - I am accustomed to general ranch work and would do my best to give you satisfaction. Am a Machinist by trade. Have run most all kinds of Steam Machinery, and

can give you good references as to my capabilities should you require them - If you can do anything for me please write and I will be at your service immediately - Direct to North Fork, Fresno Co. California.

My experiences & adventures on the Middle Fork of Kings River after your departure were varied and somewhat exciting - I hunted for the "Bar" whose track you saw on the meadow opposite "Bear Flat" but found him not - I got three cinnamon on Bear Ridge Creek on the Middle Fork, about 6 miles above the junction of Goodard Creek and the Middle Fork.

Found some fine mineral in them and plenty of it. Now it not so unacceptable as should hear of another cornstock. Time will remedy this however, and the din of the

Take the
hunter

Stamp Mill will some day see with the noise of the rushing train as it whirls past bound for McWhitney and the Summit Lakes.

Did it ever occur to you that of all beguiling things on earth an "Old Prospector's" hopes are the lightest? A Bulwark is "Lead" in comparison. We are all rich in the near future. Alas that near future leaves our bones for stories of the mountains to scatter, or the sands of "Death Valley" to cover. And our prospective wealth lies still buried in the earth to which we have returned in poverty. Good kinder Mother earth, she hides our faults, our sins and our sorrows. And puts on her most dainty, raiment. And her sweetest

smiles for the penniless seeker
after her treasures, as she does
for the millionaire tenant of a
Silver mounted casket.

But I am getting off the lead.
It has been raining and snowing
here for the last two days I am
camped in a little cleft of rocks
with only my little square of
canvas over my bed. As you saw
it at Tunwall's meadows. I am
writing by the light of my camp fire
so you will excuse imperfections -
I shall be glad to hear from you
and in the event of your em-
ploying me will answer in
person at the earliest possible mo-
ment after receiving your letter
 Hoping you are in good health

I am

Yours most truly
G. M. Drake.