



1892-07-08

Letter from K[atharine] M[errill] Graydon to Wanda [Muir], 1892 Jul 8.

Katharine Merrill Graydon

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1364 Franklin St.
Oakland.

My dear Wanda,

For the past week I have thought each day I should see a letter sent to me, but the time has been so occupied that letter-writing has slipped aside. To-day I am going to dust my room and talk with my far-away friends.

I am wondering how you all are, for it seems a long time since I had your good by; but I hope your Mother's cold has disappeared that your Grandmother is better and preparing for the Texas trip, and that Helen has not forgotten me. Write soon and tell about the birds & dogs & catfish, and all the rest of things. Love

are your eyes.

Tell your Mother that Jane has had a setback, and her case is causing great anxiety. I know no particulars, only the distressing fact, and that her mother had been sent for. You will see, dear Nanda, as you grow older that God has allowed to come into this beautiful world much to make hearts sad.

I spent Commencement at Wellesley and enjoyed the day very much. The address to the Class was made by Ralfi Goodenough of the City. Never before had I listened to a Jew, and this address was one of the most timely and cultivated I have ever heard. At the close I was asked to the dinner given to faculty, regents, alumni and invited guests, an elaborate & pleasant affair, with unusually happy after-dinner speeches.

Yesterday I had a pleasant day.

3/4 or rather morning, at the Cliff House with Mr. Alexander. The seals were decidedly lazy, only an occasional bark or quirk being heard from them as they were sprawled in their hundreds upon the rocks. The wind was quiet, and the water placid. Nothing has spoken to me as has the seal, whose voice each soul must interpret for itself. As I walked along the beach and saw the many happy children digging in the sand or wading in the water, can you not fancy the flight of my thought? How you little girls would enjoy a day there, and I hope you may soon have it.

Mr. McCrory's house has been captured by paintings, paper-hangings, and such distracting elements, so I am not yet in the room I am to have permanently, but am quite comfortable. Much of my time has

been spent at the Alexanders, but a steamer had come to them yesterday so I am back again in my own room. They go next week to Tahoe.

The time of opening schools has been extended to the 1st of which I am glad. Mr. McClellan returns sometime next week. Miss Alice has improved every minute since she left home, which news gladdens her mother's heart.

I wonder if your father has seen the letter which Mr. Barrie sent to the Minister who was to conduct the funeral service of a late brother-in-law. It seems more beautiful than anything I have yet seen from his pen, - might be in fact, within the pages of the little Minister have been written by the Rev. Gavin Dickson himself, so closely allied the man with the artist.

Is this all so old for you? Well, little dear, you must write me soon & tell me of the things from which my

[marked "Indianapolis letters"]

Mc Chesney

1364 Franklin St.,
Oakland, July 8, '92.

My dear Wanda:

For the past week I have thought each day should see a letter sent to you, but the time has been so occupied that letter-writing has stepped aside. To-day I am going to keep my room and talk with my far-away friends.

I am wondering how you all are, for it seems a long time since I bade you goodbye; but I hope your Mother's cold has disappeared, that your Grandmother is better and preparing for the Texan trip, and that Helen has not forgotten me. Write soon and tell about the birds and dogs and rabbit, and all the rest of things. How are your eyes.

Tell your Mother that Janet has had a relapse, and her case is causing great anxiety. I know no particulars, only the distressing fact, and that her mother had been sent for. You will see, dear Wanda, as you grow older that God has allowed to come into this beautiful world much to make hearts sad.

I spent Commencement at Berkeley and enjoyed the day very much. The address to the class was made by Rabbi Voorsanger of the City. Never before had I listened to a Jew and this address was one of the most timely and cultivated I have ever heard. At the close I was asked to the dinner given to faculty, regents, alumni and invited guests, an elaborate and pleasant affair, with unusually happy after-dinner speeches.

Yesterday I had a pleasant day or rather morning at the Cliff House with Mr. Alexander. The seals were decidedly lazy, only an occasional bark or grunt being heard from them as they were sprawled in their hugeness upon the rocks. The wind was quiet, and the water placid, nothing has spoken to me as has the ocean, whose voice each soul must interpret for itself. As I walked along the beach and saw the many happy children digging in the sand or wading in the water, can you not fancy the flight of my thought? How you little girls would enjoy a day there, and I hope you may soon have it.

Mrs. McChesney's house has been upturned by painters, paper-hangers, and such disturbing elements, so I am not yet in the room I am to have permanently, but am quite comfortable. Much of my time has been spent at the Alexander's, but a steamer load came to them yesterday, so I am back again in my own room. They go next week to Tahoe.

The time of opening schools has been extended to the 18th, for which I am glad. Mr. McChesney returns some time next week. Miss Alice has improved every minute since she left home, which news gladdens her Mother's heart.

I wonder if your father has seen the letter which Mr. Barrie sent to the minister who was to conduct the funeral services of a to-be brother-in-law. It seems more beautiful than anything I have yet seen from his pen, - might lie, in fact, within the pages of The Little Minister and have been written by the Rev. Gavin Dishart himself, so closely allied is the man with the artist.

Is this all too old for you? Well, little dear, you must write me soon and tell me of the things from which my interest is not separated. With love to all, I am,

Affectionately yours,

K[atharine] M[errill] Graydon