



1893-02-18

## Letter from Mary M[errill] Graydon to John Muir, 1893 Feb 18.

Mary Merrill Graydon

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[1]

Indianapolis  
Feb 18<sup>th</sup> '93.

288 Central Ave.

My dear Mr Muir.

I was glad to get the very  
nice letter Harlow sent me.  
Because I think you might  
all be dead. so long has it  
been since any word  
came from you: & also to  
hear the children receive  
their book.

There is no more delightful  
reading than a well told  
child's story: In Nov I sent  
East for a book I wanted  
for the little girls - but it  
was so delayed by the Canadian  
Exp. that it did not get here  
in time to send - so I let  
them "Rhymes" & "Poems".

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it is pretty good seeing too.  
I am so sorry you did not see  
Mr Riley - (the poet) when he was  
next time. in hope for better  
success. There are others too, who  
were disappointed in not  
meeting you. You are to  
come again next summer  
& I am planning for that now.  
You are to come in Oct. & we  
hope can bring the children,  
Hanna, at least. Helen, Anna  
Lucy, young Traveller. & I  
can not urge that. I believe  
the sufferings Prof. Andrews's  
family have endured, is  
the result of fatigue. They  
were 10 days, from Lancaster Mass  
to Palo Alto.

You ask of Janet. Her trouble  
is the result of Grippe. There  
was a gathering in her throat, &

[3]

2.

The inflammation reached the  
brain. Every thing has been  
done for her, here, at Cin.,  
& she is now at Philadelphia.  
The result of all this, is incal-  
culable suffering, & enormous  
expense. I am afraid the  
result is - "no hope!"  
This is awful to Maria &  
Charles - in every way - but  
as for Sister Julia -  
we would have supposed a  
year ago - she could not have  
lived a year week under  
this strain, & that is about  
right when he says -  
"Mamma intends to live  
100 years."

It is a cruel blow  
to Mrs. Morrie.



Sister Kate & Mina are well.  
 so is "Miss Eliza". The young-  
 est daughter of Mr. Hendricks,  
 has just died, aged 18.  
 perhaps you saw her as an  
 invalid, when you were  
 here. So pure, so lovely, was  
 she. That I see no reason for  
 Death for her. She might  
 have entered the Gates, &  
 walked the golden streets, -  
 as she might have gone thro'  
 an open door, into another  
 room.

The Hendricks family -  
 thro' & thro' - are the very best.  
 Miss Eliza is writing "aw-  
 ful" that your book don't  
 "come out". so am I. I just  
 seize each Century - with  
 the hope I may find some-  
 thing from you.

I.

You have the power of giving  
 such exquisite pleasure.  
 Your visit here, was a delight  
 to us all. Now come  
 again. before we die - on  
 lose our minds - it is  
 certainty. The most awful  
 calamity.

The day you left us - Mr.  
 Riley, your old friend  
 called. He just receded in  
 remembrances of you. How  
 you had taught him to be  
 a skilled laborer. & how conse-  
 quently instead of getting  
 \$1.50 a day, he had never  
 made less than \$2.00 -  
 He has long been for man  
 in a shop that employs  
 100 men. & old Mr. Jack-  
 son, says - "his custom

[6] 01/6/29

& admiration of you. are  
one of the good things. he  
has seen in human nature.

If Kate were not so home-  
sick. I think she would be  
happy at Oakland. everybody  
there is kind to her. I thank  
you - for your kindness to her.  
I thank you again for your  
"picturesque Cal." & Mrs. Thurston  
I continue for your visit to us.

Come again soon. We have  
still a few cans of your fruit.  
which are precious to eat. - I sup-  
pose I'll keep them till they  
spoil! Kate loved your children.  
When she called, "a Pearl" & a  
"Treasure" she will be home in  
your old fancy will find work  
never tiring.

Sincerely your friend,  
Mary M. Gordon.

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[Marked "Indianapolis letters"]

288 Central Ave., Indianapolis,  
Feb. 18th, '93.

My dear Mr. Muir,

I was glad to get the very nice letter Wanda sent me, because I thought you might all be dead, so long has it been since any word came from you! and also to hear the children received their book.

There is no more delightful reading than a well told child's story. In Nov. I sent East for a book I wanted for the little girls, but it was so delayed by the crowded Ex[press] that it did not get here in time to send, so I bought that "Rhymes" of Riley's, and it is pretty good reading too.

I am so sorry you did not see Mr. Riley (the poet) when here. Next time we hope for better success. There are others, too, who were disappointed in not meeting you. You are to come again next summer, and I am planning for that now. You are to come in Oct. and we hope can bring the children - Wanda at least. Helen would be a young traveller, and I cannot urge that. I believe the suffering Prof. Anderson's family have endured is the result of fatigue. They were 10 days from Andover, Mass. to Palo Alto.

You ask of Janet. Her trouble is the result of Grippe. There was a gathering in her head, and the inflammation reached the brain. Everything has been done for her here, at Cin[cinnati], and she is now at Philadelphia. The result of all this is inconceivable suffering and enormous expense. I am afraid the verdict is "no hope." This is awful on Merrill and Charles in every way, but as for Sister Julia - one would have supposed a year ago she could not have lived a week under this strain. Charles is about right when he says, "Mamma intends to live 100 years." It is a cruel blow to Mrs. Moores. Sister Kate and Mina are well - so is "Miss Eliza" [Hendricks]. The youngest daughter of Col. Hendricks has just died, aged 18. Perhaps you saw her as an invalid when you here - so pure, so lovely was she that I see no reason for death for her. She might have entered the Gates and walked the golden streets, as she might have gone through an open door into another room.

The Hendricks family through and through are the very best. Miss Eliza is worrying "awful" that your book doesn't "come out." So am I - I just seize each Century, with the hope I may find something from you. You have the power of giving such exquisite pleasure. Your visit here was a delight to us all - now come again, before we die, or lose our minds, which is certainly the most awful calamity. The day you left us, Mr. Riley, your old friend, called. He just revelled in remembrances of you - how you had taught him to be a skilled laborer and how consequently instead of getting \$1.50 a day he had never made less than \$3.00. He has long been foreman in a shop that employs 300 men and old Mr. Jackson says, "his devotion and admiration of you are one of the good things he has seen in human nature."

If Kate were not so homesick I think she would be happy at Oakland. Everybody there is kind to her. I thank you for your kindness to her. I thank you again for your "Picturesque Cal[ifornia]", and more than I can tell you for your visit to us. Come again soon. We have still a few cans of your fruit which are too precious to eat. I suppose I'll keep them till they spoil! Katie loved your children. Helen she called "a pearl," "a treasure," etc. She will be home in June and I fancy will find work nearer home.

Sincerely your friend,

Mary M[errill] Graydon