



1874-09-27

Letter from Abba G. Woolson to John Muir, 1874 Sep 27.

Abba G. Woolson

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the dark winding streets, ²⁴² for your swift
clambering over crags which discouraged my
awkward feet! The sidewalks of Boston
would be my native heather.

I am worrying her, as ever, about the
human race, - that collection of miserable
beings which you so utterly ignore in your
work. Just now, I am preaching the divinity
of the body, and striving to lead women to
respect their natural self-sufficiency
to wear garments that do not pinch and
burden and crucify their suffering frames.
In four weeks I shall have a book out on
that theme; and I have devised such
comfortable attire for myself that I
think I could now skip over your
slanting mountain trails like a bounding
goat.

I wonder what Mrs. Can is doing now-a-
days. Please tell her I count upon her
to help along all good causes in the far
West; and remember me also to her husband.
For your map and letters and information I
desire to render a most hearty, although tardy,
thanks. With kindest regards, Believe me,
Very truly yr. friend. Abba E. Worlson.

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C13
Concord, New Hampshire.
Sept. 27. 1874.

My dear Mr. Muir,

It is a long while
since I have written to you, and I fear
you think me an ungrateful recipient
of all your favors, since I have never
done so much as thank you for them.
But I have thought of you very often
during the past year, and your name
is a household word with us. I am sure
I have been presuming enough to attempt
a description of Yosemite in a public
lecture; and, of course, I can never give it
without vividly recalling our golden days
there spent under your guidance. But
I am ashamed to be talking about what I
know so little of, compared with yourself,
and I have never liked to write you
concerning this lecture. You would say,
could you hear it, "Eshaw! what does
she know about the Yosemite?"

I read yesterday your delightful
picture of Bloody Canon, and thought it
cruel that I could not go there, too.
Your description is so fresh, vivid, and
poetic withal, that it made me
homesick again for all those glorious
sceneries hid away among the Upper
Sierras. No scenery seems to me worth
exploring but that. I am sure, if
God is good, that I shall some day
do what I have always longed to do
since I saw the Yosemite, wander up
and away into that world of solemn
whiteness which we sighted afar off
from Glacier Point, and which, as
you told us, held such splendors of
snowy crest and waterfall, and such
wonderful lilies growing under the shadow
of the Hoofman Butte. I want all the
lilies and the sharp rocky paths, the grizzled old haunts there
and the waddling furred Monks to be there (revenge in talking ^{you} up the steps of Bunker
when I see them. If I could have my

way, I would sell ^{all} my belongings, and
depart to spend all the year in the Yosemite
and its neighboring Sierras, for the winter; and
in that I would go about the country
lecturing to simple folk, so as to get
money to keep me alive.

I wonder how you are content to stay
away so long, but I suppose you can
do your writing very much better when
books and authorities are to be had for
consultation. It delights me to hear
that you propose to wander to Boston
one of these days. Off to Boston,
then to Concord; and here we will do
our best to make you feel at home,
and will show you all the sorry little
sights we have by way of scenery.

Perhaps I shall be in Boston again
by the time you get there; and then I
could act as your Cicerone about my
town. Wouldn't I have my
Rail Monument, and would about through