



1875-03-21

Letter from Louie W. Strentzel to [Jeanne C.] Carr, 1875 Mar 21.

Louie W. Strentzel

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Alhambra, March 21, 1875.

Dear Mrs. Carr,

Your letter was duly received, but I waited for further accounts of the situation (political), and then expected that mother and I could go to Oakland last week, and so see you there; but as we failed in that, I hope it is still not too late to say I am glad that you declined the nomination for School Director. I feel more and more sure that it is best for you to avoid, at least for the present, all possible political complications; and so remain untrammelled,

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and ready when the call comes for continuing your life work in the true Education. You have already learned how slow and weary a task may sometimes be the striving in behalf of the theories and ideals most dear to you, though you have the comfort of many earnest friends and co-workers.

But in truth, it can only be harder still to deal with professional politicians and their greater cunning in crediting themselves with the good results, and their opponents with all mistakes and wrong-doing. And beside this, the probability of being continually outvoted and overruled by a majority who deny even a woman's eligibility to votes and offices! Am I wrong in regarding the risk as too great for a most uncertain result?

So much is vanity; and thinking over what we said that last Grange day, I listened to the lecture on Charles James Foy, and wondered if you too would consider, and remember to give to Newton Booth, Senator though he is, the pity that he needs from us all.

But why should we fret our hearts for such prizes now and leave unheeded the song and bloom of the rejoicing Spring who would fain share with us her rarest treasures.

When you utter the longing cry "Homesick for the hills", have you any right to forget that the hills also wait and long and have need for the coming of all the friends who love them? As for wild flowers and trees, however one may interpret "letting

568 them alone judiciously" it has always been my opinion that they are at all times glad to see good people; and that they are sometimes even a little bit lonesome when no appreciative human beings come to visit them.

Be that as it may, whenever in my wanderings I look upon rare and perfect trees or flowers, or perhaps the trembling spray of ferns over dewy banks of emerald moss, and the thought of their loveliness helps and comforts me all the day, I feel quite sure that in some unknown way they understand, and are happier too for the added blessing remaining with them.

I hope though that recognizing the kinship of floral with human life to this degree, does not oblige one to

Edwin C. Cline to Mrs. Cline

accept as solid truth, all those accounts of insect-devouring plants narrated by Prof. Bessey, and also several blood-curdling stories with similar ideas, appearing in recent papers, which set me to considering the doctrine of total depravity to a most uncomfortable extent as I am not yet able to believe the vivisectionist theory that insects and animals suffer no pain but rather enjoy the processes of being cooked, eaten, or tortured alive.

So if Mr. Muir should write for the Horticulturist, a description of that "carnivorous Darlingtonia," I must beg you to see that he makes the account no more dreadful than is actually necessary.

Well no matter, ignorance being blissful, I will just continue as heretofore, in loving my flower-darlings and believing them to be the one relic of Eden's garden brought

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down to us with no taint or stain of the
orthodoxy of Adam's Fall.

I scarcely think though that the ancient
gardener grew a *Camellia* quite so exquisitely
beautiful as the *Camellia Wilderi* that bloom-
ed for me the past month. C. Lurman
had two magnificent blossoms almost twice as
large but not so perfect in form as the other.
My ferns are all beginning to send up their
new fronds, even the tiniest and most pre-
cious of all my pets, *Adiantum Farleyense*.

So you see the Springtime is with us:
Mount Diablo, and the green hills and flower-
decked valleys are ready for your coming.
We want so much to have you here in
April, with the moonbeams and apple-
blooms. The twentieth of the month will
bring to them the fullness of perfection.

Faithfully Your friend,

Louie W. Stentzel.