



1875-01-01

## Letter from [John Muir] to [J. B. Mc Chesney ?], [ca. 1875].

John Muir

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(11)

The flowers I used, <sup>I</sup> watch & love  
are mostly dead, & all the open  
gardens are trodden into dust  
but in craggy nooks, & aloft in  
the high fenced conservatories  
a thousand of the fairest &  
dearest still dwell safely.

Pah, Pah, Shuffle Shuffle, Crunch crunch  
I hear you all on the sidewalks &  
sandbeds, plodding away, hoping  
in righteousness & heaven, & saying  
your prayers as best you can,  
Above the sand, beneath the fog  
& fenced by the lake & the marshes

Heaven helps you all  
I give you ice & granite

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