



1878-03-05

## Letter from Sallie J. Kennedy to John Muir, 1878 Mar 5.

Sallie J. Kennedy

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For nearly the whole has been spring  
I gathered a spray of fragrant-  
flowers yesterday blooming out of doors.  
But the blossoms have become detached

The parks and grounds are crowded  
with industrious chubby birds full of  
song even while engaged in the serious  
occupation of selecting material for  
little homes. The trees are

many of them in tender leaf, and crocuses  
borders have been brilliant for weeks.

I hope you will be able to run up  
to Chico this Spring. It is nearly a  
year since we started from here.

Annie is particularly in love with  
the valley in Spring time.

I am much obliged for the  
sketch of Cinder Cone and the figures in  
regard to it.

Hugh Miller's life I have, but  
my Mother concluded she would enjoy

Washington, March 5<sup>th</sup> 1878.

My dear Mr Muir.

Your letter I was very  
glad to receive and know how you were and  
where, and where going.

I envied you the proposed  
trip. How enchanting must Tahoe be in  
Spring when its surrounding is snow from  
peak to base, so brilliant but calm, while  
its water is all life. I hope you will  
some day tell poor humanity what it was  
to you.

The article in the 'Overland', was charming.  
Your description of Canon Creek where your  
precious Angel is recalled made me close my  
eyes and with the world shut out, revel in  
the memory of what I had seen and in efforts  
to imagine how many many times you had

been refreshed by beauty as great and frequently greater.

I have always been wrong you did not see the identical little fall we saw, when in search of Bumpies; the one where the wild little stream fell over and down the red rock, the channel in the fall preserved by little mass walls.

You may have seen the same a hundred times, but to me it was the first and last.

I found, and it struck me curiously, that sweetest melody was made by the bare names of Pinus flexilis; Pinus Contorta; Pinus ponderosa; — Flowers have always been sweetly associated and bring a world of happy thought. But trees, and great pine trees, I never dreamed I could learn to love them.

So many lovely pictures I would like to refer to which your "By-ways" brought

wordily before us. Suffice it that they all gave sweetest pleasure and did me good.

Your allusion to sleepy eyes amused me, and I would be happy under most adverse circumstances even to imagine mine engorged most remotely any thing so peaceful as the "lakelets". I can imagine some things, but alas! not this.

Do you recall what Thoreau says of Lakes, "The landscapes most beautiful and expressive feature, Earths eyes looking into which the beholder measures the depths of his own nature. The fluviatile trees next the shore are the slender eye lashes which fringe it; the wooded hills and cliffs around are its over-hanging brows."

I am writing the following opinion to some body else; — If you wish to find greatest pleasure in Thoreaus writing read his before those of Mr John Muir.

Our nominal winter is over.

Reading it, so I am to wait until she shall have finished it. She occasionally gives me a treat by reading aloud some particularly forcible passage.

I have had a friend with me for five weeks and they are both at a Matinee, but slanting shadows warn me it is almost return time, and that my letter is assuming too large proportions. so good bye,

Hoping that Lahore gave you all you longed for, and that you are safely home and cheerily pursuing your allotted path.

I am your friend

Sallie J. Kennedy.

If you wish me to return the Overland Monthly will you tell me?