



1879-02-11

Letter from John Muir to Doctor [John Strentzel], 1879 Feb 11.

John Muir

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920 Valencia St.
San Francisco,
Feb. 11 1879.

Dear Doctor.

Your letter & pippins are here. You must have been quite sick, though you write so lightly of blues & testaments & Scotch brose. I am glad you are well again, & hope that the coming spring sunshine will remove all trace of your long difficulty.

My blues were nothing worth mentioning; only a dull unfruitful endurance of nothing in particular a sort of religious desperation about metropolitan homes, that suggest heavens by way of opposites. I too am better, & the bees hum however indistinctly. Bee-lands,

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bee-ranches, honey fields, honey-flowers, Thyme, mint, sweet marjory, white sage, black sage, bog-huckleberry an' a', are heaped in loose shifting piles about my table, like one of your wood piles on the roadside.

As yet I have accomplished very nearly nothing - reviewed a little book, & written a first sketch of our bee pastures. In the pomological line however I have done wonders. The Newtons are vanishing like snow when it's thaw, & the work goes bravely on, in touch of season, down to the bottom of the box.

How astoundingly empty & dry box-like is our brain in a house built on one of those precious "Lots" one hears so much about. - With Cordial regards to all - John Muir.