



1881-03-27

Letter from John Muir to Mother [Ann Gilrye Muir], 1881 Mar 27.

John Muir

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here also all four in a ring -
 a love-ring of steadfast old
 lovers around this one
 little love. I want to carry her
 to you at once, but though
 that may not be I feel sure
 that you will see her before
 long. In the meantime dear
 mother send her your love
 & blessing & forward this
 letter to father that as our little
 darling may have his blessing
 also.

Louie bravely endured her sore
 mother pains twelve hours
 of them without scarce an
 audible groan. & has already
 forgotten them all in her
 joy.

Ever lovingly your son
 John Miller

00979

Martinez, California,
 March 27, 1881.

Dear Mother,

Our dear little baby
 has come to us. She was born just
 two days ago, March 25 at 2 O'clock
 in the Afternoon, eleven months
 & eleven days after our marriage,
 and we are all very happy, father,
 mother, grandfather, & grandmother,
 & I am sure that you will join
 in our joy.

Our darling firstborn is a tiny
 healthy happy daintily featured lassie
 not at all dull & lumpy like
 most of the baby goblins that I
 have seen. She looks about her

with her bright blue eyes as steadily as if she were a year old instead of only two days. And her cheeks & brow & mouth & nose & dimpled chin are as finely modelled & composed as if she were in her ripe teens. Heaven bless her & make all her life as happy & loveful as the promise in every quarter is now.

The weather is warm & tranquil & the sun is beaming lovingly on the green hills & blossoming orchards about our home, & the Cuckoos & Linnets are singing in full springtime choruses. How beautiful the world is, & how beautiful is the time of the coming of our little love. You remember

that it was bloomtime of the year when we were married, & our little bloom bud baby has arrived in the midst of the richest bloom of the orchards. The cherry trees in particular are one mass of white petals looking as if laden with fleecy snow, while the purple & rose flowers of the quince & peach & apple trees, & the white of the plum is hardly less showy & lavishly abundant.

A happier pair of grandparents than the two Strentzels never was since the beginning of the baby begetting period on earth. How glad we would be to have here Miss Grandmother & Father