



1881-03-28

Letter from John Muir to [Margaret Muir Reid], 1881 Mar 28.

John Muir

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And then looking farther
at the larger complete
circle of all the Muirs, &
Reads & Gallowses how
grand it is, & how glorious
would be the gathering of
all the members, Whether we
shall come together in this
world I don't know though
it is not impossible, I'll
do my best to bring it about,
But anyhow I must see
you soon Maggie, & Sarah
& Mother & the rest of the
original Muir family that
used to gather about the big
Table at Hickory Hill & Fountain
Lake. You do not seem far
now. While leaving the rest of the
family you were at least coming

Martinez California
March 28th 1888.

Dear Sister Maggie.

I am sure that you will be
glad to hear the extraordinary
news that we have a darling
baby. She came to us on the
25 at 2 o'clock in the afternoon
A little less than a year since
our marriage. She is a remark-
ably happy healthy daintily-
featured child, with brow & cheeks
& nose & mouth & dimpled chin
as finely modelled & composed
as if she were already in her
ripe rosy teens instead of being

only three days old. & she looks about her with her bright blue eyes as if eager to learn something concerning the world into which she has so auspiciously entered. The weather here is delightful warm & balmy, the hills & orchards about our home are covered with flowers & the sun is beaming lovingly over them, while the Cuckos & Linnets are singing in full springtime chorus. How beautiful the world is, & how beautiful is the time of the coming of our little Loe. You will remember that we were married in the bloomtime of the year, & our darling has

been so fortunate as to arrive in the very floweriest time. The cherry trees are one mass of white petals as if covered with fleecy snow, & the rose & purple & white of the Apple & peach & plum are scarcely less showy. Heaven bless our little blossom Lassic & make all her life as flowery & happy as it promises to be now.

Some time soon dear Maggie you must come to see us. A happy family are we, Father Muir, Mother Muir, Grandfather Strentzel, Grandmother Strentzel, Little Bloombud Muir, Last, Least & yet Greatest of all.