



1881-06-12

Letter from Jeanne Carr to Louie [Muir], [1881] Jun 12.

Jeanne C. Carr

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friends have called upon us, coming by the new road.

When you write to John please tell him I wish he would secure me any seeds he can of coniferae, especially of Mertens spruce. And I want an Alent work basket. They make lovely baskets of a strong grass, with covers, which have a rattle woven in. He has doubtless seen hundreds of them. Mr Fuller of Aapa who used to live on Indian Charlotte Sound, promised to send me one but I have not received it.

Tell him to get you a polar bear skin, of a young bear for his little cub. They make the loveliest blankets, lined with quilted silk. What is the use in going to the lands of frost and fire unless one gets baskets and blankets for their pains.

By the way, tell John that

Sunday evening June 12

Dear Louie.

Louie's nestling is fast asleep in her cozy nest, and I wish you could walk among my trees under this glorious moon. I have so much to say to you that I despair of even beginning with the pen, but I trust you do mentally answer my many questions, though they are unspoken.

But you must answer this one with your pen. I see in the Bulletin the death of Mrs Julia Colby, wife of G H Colby at Benicia?

The notice has affected me strangely. I knew a Miss Julia Colby in Sacramento, and liked her much. She went to Oakland to live. It cannot be the Julia

that I knew, a frail delicate school teacher, who for aught I knew may have been a relative of our Trangu friend Colby. Is this notice got by mistake in the paper? The flowers have hardly withered on Carrie Colby's grave, and it seems equally incredible that she has a grave-fellow so soon. I know that the widowers wags are fast finding out, and have always approval of a salter for them, but perhaps they "burn" sufficiently without a funeral pyre.

I was wised to have Dr. Can return from his last trip without calling upon you, and bringing me his own testimony concerning Miss Baby. I think of the little head as already showing curly rings, now remember, Lonic, when the first real good Photo is taken (not one

then stupid little moon faces,) to put one of the little curls on it for me.

And now the cherries are in their prime, & no John to eat them! We lose our cherry crop this year in consequence of moving our trees. We shall not have more fruit than we had last year, no plums or prunes, and the first setting of grapes were blighted by cool foggy weather.

I have a good many silk worms, and are profuse enlarging our domesticities by the purchase of a cow. We have been co-operating with our next neighbor hitherto in the milk business.

Elegant villas are springing up in our neighborhood, and our little settlement already means a suburban aspect. Several eastern

the lily bulbs he dug for Mrs
Gongar have bloomed each year
and this year I counted thirty
five buds and blossoms on one
stalk.

I believe I want to see your
mother more than any one in the
world except my own. And so
I forget the ever dear father in
my outlookings towards a blessed
visit ere long.

We are getting so used to
our rough life that I do not
know as we shall behave prop-
erly if we get into civilised houses,
you do not know how little
we live in doors. I have had
my stove out in a grove of tall
Bamboos, and though we did
take most of our meals inside
all the rest of it has been in
the open air.

We have studied the Bulletin

so when I think of it all, I long to be all straight & true as you are

finding no word of your
Grandeur thus far. Let us hear
when you have news.

The Unmaturity ferment is
not stirred up by Grangers or
Cans this time. Three of the fac-
ulty had written to us months ago
looking out for storms, and pro-
spective shelter. Mrs. Stone writes
me that Ashburner & Stebbins have
stirred this witch cauldron in the
hope of "rising to the top." That being
the law of 'scum', the expectation
was reasonable enough. But you
can fancy how funny it seems to
have the Regents discover that a He-
brew Professor is needless, after em-
ploying one eight years. And that
they have supernumeraries, with a
Professor or instructor to eight bone-
side students. So small do the
"mills of God" grind some big concerns.
I sing my "Good night, proud world"