



1882-09-01

Letter from N. D. Stebbins to John Muir, [1882] Sep.

N. D. Stebbins

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence>

Recommended Citation

Stebbins, N. D., "Letter from N. D. Stebbins to John Muir, [1882] Sep." (1882). *John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)*. 718.

<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence/718>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the John Muir Correspondence 1856-1914 at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in John Muir Correspondence (PDFs) by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact mgibney@pacific.edu.

Don't forget that as you look
I thank you most heartily
for your letter - As you inti-
mate we may never see each
other again in this world. It is a
delightful - joyful thought that
we will see each other in the
Spirit world - May we not be
come & plums in this Grand
Universe - wonder & such
vanity that it will occupy an
eternity drawn them - You
being laugh at my visions - all
right - I am quite willing in
that Spirit world to follow you
in the observation & study of
all those Mysteries to me then
than as easily understood &
the planets at a glance would
your vision.

Alas & alas this shut
of wild prose - James flights of wit
looks to you. Alas & alas but Miss
Hawley & Mr. Smith - Truly even
your enthusiasm for H.B. & Tobias

Douglas Mich. Sept
[1882]

My dear friend J. Muri

Permit me to trouble
your eyes once more with one of my scraps.
I want to say I was more than pleased
in the perusal of your exceedingly
interesting letter Sept. 24. I can't
help it - old as I am. Such representations
of natural scenery & placid action
fill me with a sort of visionary enthusi-
asm & sends me Kiting in mind
trying to see & make forth a substance
So I imagine those great fields of
inclined plains of ice are after me
just nearly thrown off a small moun-
tain of ice - My boat must be away
in the distance for safety - Then what
an artillery to listen too second guns
or ^{rather} minute reports - of the ice artillery
I read your letter while on a visit
to Riley - showed it to an intelligent &
wealthy man - said he I must have his

book as soon as published. I am
using your letter as an advertisement.

It is singular how many I find
read it with as much enthusiasm
as I claim they can't help it. One ~~gent~~
gentleman visiting here from the
Chicago (from a Col. in the late civil
war years) sat right down & wrote
to the Secy of the Navy for your
report. I presume it will be printed
in the Naval Reports. I shall go to
Detroit & Chicago. I presume you
have no objections to my using
your letter, for good purposes.
I am intimate with the Editors
Detroit & some in Chicago.

I haven't a doubt your book
will sell like 'hot cakes'.

O that I could be one!
I write all this in haste
to encourage you to hasten
its birth into the world, I
would like to give it I could a

a little ~~more~~ to help it along
in its birth.

I noticed in reading B. F.
Taylor's description of Yosemite
Valley he says the altitude of
the rocks are reckoned above
the sea level. I had always
supposed they were reckoned
above the valley. The valley
itself I was told was 5500
feet above the sea level. Am I
right? I would ask for a letter
but if you please put it on a postcard
and I will be glad.

I often picture to myself your
critical & dangerous position when
on your trip to the Summit of Mt.
Lyle(?) when you came to a dead
lock almost a perpendicular bank
of ice when for a moment your
heart failed for a moment then
came the divine ^{you} to save - a new
heart & wise step - new power of life - saved

Dowagiac, Mich.,
Sept. [1882]

My dear friend J. Muir:

Permit me to trouble your eyes once more with one of my scrawls. I want to say I was more than pleased in the perusal of your exceedingly interesting letter Aug. 24. I can't help it, old as I am. Such representation of natural scenery and glacial action fills me with a sort of visionary enthusiasm and sends me kiting in mind, trying to see and make faith a substance. So I imagine those great fields of inclined planes of ice are after me just ready [to] throw off a small mountain of ice. My boat must be away in the distance in safety. Then what an artillery to listen to - second guns, or rather minute reports of the ice artillery.

I rec'd your letter while on a visit to Niles. Showed it to an intelligent and wealthy man. Said he, "I must have his book as soon as published." I am using your letter as an advertisement. It is singular how many I find read it with as much enthusiasm, as I claim they can't help it. One gentleman visiting here from Chicago (was a col. in the late evil war of ours) sat right down and wrote to the Sec. of the Navy for your report. I presume it will be printed in the Naval Reports. I shall go to Detroit and Chicago. I presume you have no objections to my using your letter for good purposes. I am intimate with the editors [in] Detroit and some in Chicago. I haven't a doubt your books will sell like 'hot cakes.' O that I could see one! I write all this rignarole to encourage you to hasten its birth into the world, and would like to give, if I could, a little ergot to help it along in its birth.

I noticed in reading B.F. Taylor's description of Yosemite Valley he says the altitude of the rocks are reckoned above the sea level. I had always supposed they were reckoned above the Valley. The Valley itself, I was told, was 5 to 7000 feet above the sea level. Am I right? I won't ask for a letter, but if you please put it on a postal - am I right?

I often picture to myself your critical and dangerous position when on your trip to the Summit of Mt. Lytle? when you came to a deadlock abreast a perpendicular bank of ice, when for a moment your heart failed - for a moment. Then came the Divine to your rescue. A new heart and wise step, new force of life - saved! Don't forget that in your book. I thank you most heartily for your letters. As you intimate, we may never see each other again in this world. It is a delightful, joyful thought that we will see each other in the spirit world. May we not become explorers in this grand universe - wonders and such a variety that it will occupy an eternity [to] observe them? You may laugh at my visions -- all right. I am quite willing in that spirit world to follow you in the observance and study of all these - mysteries to me now - then as easily understood as the glaciers at Alaska were to your vision.

Please excuse this sheet of wild-goose-fairies' flights if so it irks (to) you. Please remember [me] to Miss Wanda and her mother.

Truly ever your enthusiastic friend,

N. D. Stebbins