



1883-01-01

Letter from John Muir to Mary and Willis Hand, 1883 Jan 1.

John Muir

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Don't wear your strength
to surely with your art
work nor yet allow
yourself to neglect it altogether
I anticipate much pleasure
in looking over your work.
I am acquainted with quite
a number of artists here.
And that wonderful boy
of yours Wheeler what a
traveler he will be - on
wheel, hand, or feet.
He surely will westward
roll following himself
the son. Wanda no
doubt will kiss him
when he comes & may
possibly even revolve
around him. Lavin says
she is a fine dancer
already. With brotherly
love & more new year's
wishes I am ever your brother John.

Martinez January 1, 1883.

Dear Sister Mary & brother
Willis; Your kind holiday
greetings reached us today
I cordially repeat them
for you all, earnestly hoping
that the new year may be
rich in blessing & that
you may have the dearest
hopes of your lives fulfilled.
Maggie & Sarah are still
here though their forlorn
husbands are writing
an unconscionable lot
of quibbling letters & then
urging their immediate
return right or wrong
dead or alive. These fret
them so much that they
can not expect any further
benefit from their visit.

+ Therefore they must I suppose leave very soon though they need rest & change of climate & seem more than any two other women I have ever seen out of bed.

It seems strange to hear you speak of fine weather & 34 degrees below zero. The hills here were green & flowery until yesterday & we could still glean a few good grapes in the vineyard but now we have a truly wintry land & sky & the ground has several inches of snow, a sight I have not seen before in the California low-lands before.

I can hardly say after so many failures when I shall have that happy visit to you all. but I am coming sometime. As to the big Camp meeting for the purpose of experiencing telling in our scattered family I hardly hope for it though it would be a grand & very bulky affair. The trouble or difficulty in the way of such a gathering is that one strikes root more or less deeply wherever we chance to stop any length of time & in the case of a large family like ours growing on different kinds of soil & with varying pursuits etc death is about the only harvester that can bring us together.