



1883-06-26

Letter from [Sarah Muir Galloway] to John Muir & Louie [Strentzel Muir], 1883 Jun 26.

Sarah Muir Galloway

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Port Hope Eng
June 25 /83.

Dear Brother John and Sister Louie...
I am heartily ashamed to think of the time that has elapsed since last I wrote to you. it is not that I forget, for I think of you every day, but life seems to be so full of hurry, in one direction or another, that I seem to be kept rushing along, whether I will or not, and as far as I can see ahead, there seems to be no stopping place. We are just in the midst of strawberry season, and although I pick very few, still the girls do, a good many, and as we are all kept very busy, we have only a small patch, but we picked about five hundred quarts, last week, and I suppose there will be as many or more this week, if we had known there would be

is many berries we are. I have had help engaged ahead, but now we have to do the best we can. The spring has been very cold and backward, and Oh! the rains we have had, the weather does not seem to get settled at all, for some time we can hardly count on on a day, or even half a day, in that way the work out of doors has been much hindered, and then every thing comes on at once. David is feeling much better now, but he has been very miserable for a long time this spring, but he is able to go on with his work now. The girls too, are feeling better, but Anna has been having some wear of times with her head, indeed she has lost about half of her hair, I suppose on account of the fever in winter, she is at home this summer, if she feels well she intends teaching again in winter. Celie too is at home just now, she is just

as full of enthusiasm as ever about
his music, and is taking vocal and
instrumental lessons, in Town.

Grace is attending school at home.

I had a beautiful walk in our woods
a short time ago, away down at the
little pond, where there are so many
ferns. They are just as plentiful and
beautiful as ever, the wood is cleared
off, on the further side, which spoils
the effect, but still I wished that
you Louie could have been with me
for I know you would have enjoyed
a little wandering about in woods
that John was telling you about last
winter, and then the ferns and flowers
are all so different from anything
we saw about your ranch. When-
ever the children bring me in a
bunch of the lovely wild flowers
I wish you could see them, and
enjoy their perfect beauty. John

has seen them, and told you about
them but you should see them.
do you still think you will be able
to visit Wis - this year, I wish you
could see the Country now, I think
it about the most beautiful time
of the year, every thing is so fresh
and green, a few minutes ago, Anna
was calling me to come out and
see the beauty of the hills all about
us, about ^{mean} the sunset. Mother was
out here making us a visit, she
went home last week, she enjoys
the change very much, it always
gives her so much pleasure to
walk about, and see how things
are growing, but I can never get
her to stay as long as I wish,
there are so many things, she thinks
she must be at home to see about.
she is feeling well, but you John would
know a very great difference in her

Port Hope, Wis.,
June 24 '83.

Dear brother John and Sister Louie:

I am heartily ashamed to think of the time that has elapsed since last I wrote to you. It is not that I forget, for I think of you every day, but life seems to be so full of hurry, in one direction or another, that I seem to be kept rushing along whether I will or not, and as far as I can see ahead, there seems to be no stopping-place. We are just in the midst of strawberry season, and although I pick very few, still the girls do a good many, and so we are all kept very busy. We have only a small patch, but we picked about five hundred quarts last week, and I suppose there will be as many or more this week. If we had known there would be so many berries we would have had help engaged ahead, but now we have to do the best we can. The spring has been very cold and backward, and oh, the rains we have had. The weather does not seem to get settled at all, for sometimes we can hardly count on a day or even half a day. In that way the work out of doors has been much hindered, and then everything comes on at once. David is feeling much better now, but he has been very miserable for a long time this spring. But he is able to go on with his work now. The girls too are feeling better, but Anna has been having some weary times with her head. Indeed she has lost about half of her hair, I suppose on account of the fever in winter. She is at home this summer. If she feels well she intends teaching again in winter. Celia too is at home just now. She is just as full of enthusiasm as ever about her music, and is taking vocal and instrumental lessons in town. Gracie is attending school at home.

I had a beautiful walk in our woods a short time ago, away down at the little pond where there are so many ferns. They are just as plentiful and beautiful as ever. The wood is cleared off on the further side, which spoils the effect, but still I wished that you, Louie, could have been with me, for I know you would have enjoyed a little wandering about in woods that John was telling you about last winter, and then the ferns and flowers are all so different from anything we saw about your ranch. Whenever the children bring me in a bunch of the lovely wild flowers I wish you could see them, and enjoy their perfect beauty. John has seen them, and told you about them, but you should see them. Do you still think you will be able to visit Wis. this year. I wish you could see the country now. I think it about the most beautiful time of the year. Everything is so fresh and green. A few minutes ago Anna was calling me to come out and see the beauty of the hills all about us, near the sunset. Mother was out here making us a visit. She went home last week. She enjoys the change very much. It always gives her so much pleasure to walk about and see how things are growing, but I can never get her to stay as long as I wish. There are so many things she thinks she must be at home to see about. She is feeling well, but you, John, would know a very great difference in her.

[Rest of letter lost]

[Sarah Muir Galloway]