



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1858-02-09

Letter from Charles Reid to John Muir, 1858 Feb 9

Charles Reid

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got my dinner, and so I was in a greater hurry than ever.
 Well I went along again, and the shoe fixed on my sled,
 and coming home I met some of the scholars and asked them
 if you was there, and they said yes, so I hurried along to get out
 of you, when I was past ^{the} school office, I happened to look
 and a head peps out of the school door which I thought
 belonged to David, but he did not seem to mind
 me, so I drove ~~on~~ ^{on} done gone again. I guess you
 thought that bashfulness was the cause. I must
 confess John I have rather an extra share of it,
 which sometimes makes me as comfortable as a half
 boiled lobster. Next when will I ever get married. John
 I don't that is a proverb, and it has a very small share
 of my thoughts, so it must pass without answering.
 But I hope when it becomes needful bashfulness will
 not keep me from it. But perhaps it will not be amiss
 for me to say the same thing. When will you ever get married
 and married. hoping to get an invitation in your next letter, 60

217 Buffalo February 2nd 1852

The bashful gentleman Mr. John Muir
 Dear Sir,

I laughingly take the pen one
 more into my hand to write you a part of the
 new valley as David calls it. I am enjoying
 good ^{health} & jobing along doing whatever comes to
 hand. We had a job overhauling our corn but
 it is over now. I thank you for your poem
 but I was sorry to see the great difference between
 the ancient and our modern poets. The former
 used to set all their powers of wit and learning
 to work whenever they thought of making the girls
 the subject of their poems. They would dwell upon

their beauty and refinements and all their charms
and lovely perfections till dear me they ^{praised} ~~praised~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{overheard}
and ^{in the} ~~in the~~ ^{very} ~~very poem. But the widows
alas, alas what a change, change did I say
yes change, confounded change I blush to think
of it they take what they call their very faults
and rhyme them and then speak them with great
vehomence and energy even before the girls ^{very} faces.~~

One of their what they call faults is the way the girls
dress what imprudence just as if the girls had not a
right to dress as they have a mind to. They
talk about their hoops and spin it out till they
seemed to make one think they were going to get
up a Locomotive and ^{that first if you please} ~~road~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{take} ~~take~~ ^a ~~a~~ ^{journey}
around them. Excuse me John but perhaps unrecipro-
cated love was the cause of your rhyming against
the sweet little creatures. To love is painful that is

true. Not to love is painful too. But oh! it gives
the greatest pain To love and not be loved again.
I am sorry John I did not call in as I might have
seen the face of a young female of eighteen with blue
eyes and fair hair flowing in lines of beauty from the
parting of the fair forehead to the exquisite ears, and then
falling in a cataract of golden glory over her ^{shining} ~~shining~~
shoulders with eyes full of love, as blue as the deep sea
and as fathomless in their ^{deep} ~~dark~~ beauty her well poised
head and noble neck with that half maidenly half
womanly in its undulating graces the rounded form
altogether presenting a manifestation of womanly glory
and loveliness that could have had its ideal only in the
refined and passionate imaginations of the poet John
Muir Esq^r and has turned him to silver. But I did
not get your letter till next day at night and that morning
I was in a hurry to get them and the horses were always slipping so I
had to let them walk at night I was on foot and late next morning I was
in as big a hurry with George and his horses coming home again I had not