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1860-12-01

## Letter from John Muir to Sarah Muir Galloway, ca 1860 Dec 1-21

John Muir

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### Recommended Citation

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I thought I would make my bed  
 tick up at any time I pleased for  
 I would sometimes get up at  
 two or three and sometimes at  
 seven. It only required ~~one~~ or two  
 days to make it. The machinery  
 consists of two rough levers and  
 a knobby cotton string and an  
 iron pin on a clock pendulum.  
 The string is attached to a clock  
 set on my washstand. I have  
 a little lamp lighter to made  
 of two or three little sticks. At  
 half past five I am mercilessly  
 set upon my feet waking or  
 sleeping and at the same instant  
 I have a light. There is a  
 notice of it in one of the papers  
 I have not seen it but I guess  
 I will hunt it up and send it  
 to you. Dear Davie I do most devoutly  
 desire you to write me a long  
 letter. There is much here to lead me  
 away from God. I ask to be remem-  
 bered at the throne of grace.  
 God bless you my dear sister and  
 dear Brother and your little ones

A very affectionate  
 Goodbye

My very dear Sarah sister I hope  
 you and your pretty dear Davie are  
 well. And your family I am quite  
 well myself. I think it strange  
 that you and Davie have not sent me a  
 letter long ago, I sent you one from  
 Madison. Surely you have not received  
 it. I am in the world now I don't  
 think I know how I like it - I guess  
 it has well one letter than I could  
 expect - but most of its love is  
 very hollow I believe, since I left -  
 I have never been able to mark the  
 flight of time. It seems like seven  
 or eight days since I left home  
 and seems like seven or eight  
 years and it seems like a dream  
 I hardly ever know what day it is  
 or what month it is or what year  
 I don't often think where I am and I  
 don't think I care much. I don't think

I can tell you what I am doing or not-doing. And I hardly know how I feel I am not-unhappy. I generally whistle when I do my chores I guess I am happy. But I suppose I shall better wake now and tell you something. P'du Chin is a pretty place. The city is a miserable place, the prairie is seven miles by one or two walled in by bold nearly bald limestone hills, houses are scattered over nearly all the prairie the river runs on one side close to the hills. just opposite there on the very top of the ridge a noticeable catholic was buried according to his dying injunctions. it is so steep and high you can hardly scramble to the top, but I mean to try it some day I wish that you to try it with me. Everything seems cozy and comfortable in my big home. It is dandy society I am in or maybe

It should be called polite. The boarders are all shrewdly and educated. They are great-kissers they dont kiss me I dont know as they are very sentimental either. It was worth while to see their ladships and ladyships eating turkey and playing blind mans bluff on thursdays evening in the great hall, they did not succeed in getting me at either bluff or fox and goose but I tried the turkey. To one who pressed me to play goose I gravely repeated Solomons words "My son if dinners entice thee consent thou not?" It was taken very gracefully and caused an apology next day. I have a great character here for sobriety. I have been trying to turn my attention to books and whistle not-a-bit but as they depend on me for making the force