



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1870-01-01

**Letter from [John Muir] to Annie [Galloway], [ca 1870].**

John Muir

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Dear Annie

It is not a very long time since Merrill & I paid you a visit but now I am away in California —

I shall see you ~~any day~~ & sometimes I am homesome —

I wish you could come to my chanty, I would tell you about the flowers & the mountains & the birds & you would tell me all about lessons & everything about Cecilia —

Most of the winter days here are fine & warm & sunny just like summer days —

The stars in California twinkle more than the stars that are above Wisconsin —

I had a nice walk about a month ago from beyond the Tuolumne river, the ~~trails~~ trails for miles were all

strewn with quartz crystals — & they made the ground look starry as the sky, I looked at them so much that I saw the glinting & flashing of thousands of them after I shut my eyes to sleep —

Here is a precious little fern that I found far up in the Go-Semite rocks, the day before I found it I was at what is called the Ribbon falls, I went too near & got all wet in the spray, it made me sick, & when I was sitting at the campfire that night I looked up past the top of the rocks & happened to see two of the stars that belong to the Great Bear & they made me think of home, & then I was lonely, now whenever I feel bad I always find something good to make up for it, & so sure enough next day I found this delicate little creature

Of a fern, Its little cave home is  
 in the north side of the valley, a thousand  
 feet up the rocks, some of the spray  
 of the great Yosemite falls come to it  
 One or two little white flowers were  
 with it, & some mosses were on  
 the floor bright & shining as the drops  
 that wet them, I found a great  
 many pretty ferns & flowers in  
 the Yosemite valley, & I will give  
 you some. This is the smallest  
 fern I ever saw.

This is a dark stormy night,  
 The wind is loud, & the rain is  
 pouring from the black sky  
 in torrents, five or six of my  
 lambs died today, & I think  
 that far more will die tonight,  
 It makes me sorry to see  
 the little things die —  
 I hope when spring comes you  
 will gather some flowers for

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Bid everybody happy new year for me from your  
 uncle Sam

If you  
 say Sam's  
 year's  
 I'll them  
 that I am  
 going to  
 to them  
 I'll come  
 Mine that  
 I read her  
 letter  
 Oct 25  
 will write  
 a great long  
 answer  
 I think I am  
 not lazy

me & send them in a letter,  
 some of the big Anemones I want  
 you call them Gopher blows,  
 I suppose you have your  
 uncle Sam with you now —  
 I wish you would tell him  
 that I received his every letter  
 of Sep 27th & that I want him  
 to send his "plans" before I  
 answer it, because I have  
 something to tell that I don't  
 wish to tell before he tells  
 his latest plans —

There are no trees where I am  
 nor any bushes but the little birds  
 find shelter in the rocks, God has  
 made little houses for them —  
 little caves, little shelf berths —  
 when they are cozy & warm, but  
 my poor sheep have no shelter

I hope that you are very  
 happy & that you will have a  
 very happy new Year