



1871-01-15

## Letter from Sarah [Muir Galloway] to John Muir, 1871 Jan 15.

Sarah Muir Galloway

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us to how we are <sup>all</sup> getting along David, M-Amie  
or Joannie I suppose write you every once in  
a while Father and Mother were both well  
when I saw them on Christmas it is altogether too  
late to wish you a happy new year nevertheless I  
send the wish with a fervent prayer that  
the coming year may be one fraught with many of  
the best blessings to you I must close as the children wish  
to send a few lines. let me hear from you soon  
As ever yours

My dear mother  
I received your kind letter  
and was very glad to hear  
from you

Round Hill Jan-15<sup>th</sup> 1871

My Dear Brother John

How shall I

begin to express my thanks for those  
dear little tokens of remembrance you  
sent us from a far off land. we each  
prize them highly but none of us  
more than Grandma Galloway she  
tells us to tell you that she is very  
grateful to think that you thought  
of her when you were so far away  
She keeps her little flower tied up in  
her Mother's Bible with its history  
as she calls the description you sent  
along with it and thinks of it as one  
of her treasures. the little buds and  
flowers seem to tell us of rocks  
and mountains and of a warm  
enthusiastic heart - very nearly

My Dear Uncle John

If you will tell me what  
you was doing on Christmas morning  
I will tell you what I was doing. the first  
thing I did was to examine the contents  
of my stocking. I first took out a card with  
a picture of a cow and her calf next I took out  
a pair of mittens next came a lead pencil  
an penholder and lastly a candy man was  
your stockings as well filled as that. I am getting  
along nicely at school. I study U.S. history  
Geography Arithmetic and spelling. But I  
like Reading and Geography the best

George

00528

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allied <sup>to us</sup> wandering among and admiring  
their beauties. It seems to me your  
life must be passing very pleasantly  
for sure you seem to have arrived  
at that lodge in the vast wilder-  
ness that Howper speaks of. there are  
wars and rumors of war outside  
but I am not sure whether much  
more than the sound will reach you  
I have a great mind to send you a  
copy of the Tribune to wake you up.  
The past summer and fall has been  
an extremely busy one to me, the build-  
ing of the new house and so much tear-  
ing down and changing around the  
old part has made more work than  
I can tell you of, what with papering and  
painting and getting things put in order  
again I have had all I could do I  
aprove you, but my health is pretty  
good I have had one of Mr Wilson's  
daughter's helping me for about four-  
teen months but am trying it alone

again. Annie can help me a good deal  
now just think of it John she is as  
old as I was when I left Scotland  
when I think of it it seems as though  
it could hardly be real, and these  
thoughts lead us back ~~and back~~ twenty two  
years, and then our Shanty experience  
comes rushing back and so on. and so  
on. many of those events in our history  
seem like a dream or a tale that has  
been told. George and Belia take me  
back further yet, to where you and I  
as children kept the house in perfect  
commotion so much so that they tell  
me if there was any extra noise going on  
they would say. O that O John and Sarah  
feebly. I believe B. and G. romp and  
play with as much noise and rest as we  
ever did when George is at home from  
school they are almost inseparable to be  
with him Ceter is perfectly willing to  
help him tend to the cattle and clean the  
stables. I suppose you are pretty well informed

✓  
Mound Hill, Jan. 15th, 1871.

My dear brother John:

How shall I begin to express my thanks for those dear little tokens of remembrance you sent us from a faroff land. We each prize them highly, but none of us more than Grandma Galloway. She tells us to tell you that she is very grateful to think that you thought of her when you were so far away. She keeps her little flower tied up in her Mother's Bible with its history, as she calls the description you sent along with it, and thinks of it as one of her treasures. The little buds and flowers seem to tell us of rocks and mountains and of a warm enthusiastic heart very nearly allied to us wandering among and admiring their beauties. It seems to me your life must be passing very pleasantly, for sure you seem to have arrived at that Lodge in the vast wilderness that Cowper speaks of. There are wars and rumors of war outside, but I am not sure whether much more than the sound will reach you. I have a great mind to send you a copy of the Tribune to wake you up.

The past summer and fall has been an extremely busy one to me, the building of the new house and so much tearing down and changing around the old part has made more work than I can tell you of, what with papering and painting and getting things put in order again, I have had all I could do, I assure you. But my health is pretty good. I have had one of Mr. Wilson's daughters helping me for about fourteen months, but am trying it alone again. Annie can help me a good deal now. Just think of it, John, she is as old as I was when I left Scotland. When I think of it it seems as though it could hardly be real, and these thoughts lead us back twenty-two years, and then our shanty experience comes rushing back and so on, and so on. Many of those events in our history seem like a dream or a tale that has been told. George and Celia take me back further yet, to where you and I as children kept the house in perfect commotion, so much so that they tell me if there was any extra noise going on they would say, "O, that's John and Sarah fechtin." I believe C. and G. romp and play with as much noise and zest as we ever did; when George is at home from school they are almost inseparable. To be with him Celia is perfectly willing to help him tend to the cattle and clean the stables. I suppose you are pretty well informed as to how we are all getting along. David M[uir], Annie or Joanna, I suppose, write you every once in a while. Father and Mother were both well when I saw them on Christmas. It is altogether too late to wish you a happy new year, nevertheless I send the wish with a fervent prayer that the coming year may be one fraught with many of the best blessings to you. I must close, as the children wish to send a few lines. Let me hear from you soon.

As ever yours,

Sarah [Galloway]

[Following letter on same sheet of paper]

My dear Uncle John:

If you will tell me what you were doing on Christmas morning I will tell you what I was doing. The first thing I did was to examine the contents of my stocking. I first took out a card with a picture of a cow and her calf, next I took out a pair of mittens, next came a lead pencil and penholder, and lastly a candy man. Was your stocking as well filled as that. I am getting along nicely at school. I study U. S. history, geography, arithmetic and spelling. But I like reading and geography the best.

George. [Galloway]

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