



1871-12-01

Letter from John Muir to Dav[id Gilrye Muir], [1871] Dec 1.

John Muir

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Yosemite not dated

Yosemite Valley Dec 12th

Dear Annie, We of the valley are muffled - snow bound by a grand mountain storm, wh. lased four days. Yosemite rocks & all the peaks & spires & broad, shouldered mtn beyond are jeweled clothed with winters first born snow flowers, You have seen grand snow sheets spread smoothly upon your prairie, would that you could have one view of our valley in full winter snow, & of the distant summits, I shall not attempt a picture I only write now today Happy New Year to you & to all yours throughout all their tribes & families, I do not know when this greeting will get over the snow, perhaps in a month,

I feel a little sore by sympathy for the burned badgers at the upper end of your state though some doubtless deserved being smoked out, Send them a little money for me, You know better how much will be right than I do, All days & seasons flow past in one unmeasured, undivided stream to me, a result of the kind of life wh I live but I remember that old fashioned holidays are near, & I wish that you would say to every Miner, Reid & Gallaway that I want them to take any load from the Postage atous or any other at my expense, I dont know how

many souls you number now - You have perhaps become a multitude but I hope not more than a hundred

I wish is not afraid of novels & I would suggest "Yanita" for her, a book that you can buy in Boston wh. I helped Mrs Felton now Countess Aboumore to write last summer in the valley, I am one of the characters, & it contains a good deal of Yosemite scenery, For all of the babies who are big enough & ripe enough to open their eyes, I would suggest books full of colored pictures

Mary can choose for herself in Madison, & Maria & John Reid & David Galloway & yourself & Katie & all the half grown saplings Anna Joanna etc can do the same in Portage, or from some of the Eastern Catalogues, I do not say this to avoid the work of choosing for you all but because I am locked up & cannot, When spring opens, I will send a volume to mother by mail, I do not like to load the Indian now

I am more lonely this winter than ever. Mr Lamon, & Mrs Hutchings have both left the valley & there is not left one soul with whom I can exchange a thought. However I will be pretty busy & have a good many books, & when I can wallow through the snow will climb about in the valley walls, John