



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1873-08-02

Letter from Cha[rle]s Warren Stoddard to John Muir, 1873 Aug 2 .

Charles Warren Stoddard

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St Francisco
5 Aug 1873.

Dear John Lewis.
Though you have never
written me a line since you
said good by to my face -
as I believe you must have
found me short of the C.W.S.,
you had pictured, or this
would not have been so -
well - let us begin again;
though you have not written
me, dear father, I have often
thought of you. But, John,
boy, there are more things
in heaven and earth than
your tongue or glories, even:-

How is my beloved -

Care of Mrs. J. Douglas -
No. 5. P. Robinson's Lane
New York City.

John

Care Mrs. Ann
No 80. Fleet-21 -
London
Eng -

200 Mrs Ann
Fleet-21 - as above -
pages of your only, old manuscript!

1873

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resinous, glassy and brittle as they are. As for me, I go into the world to educate any man for the pleasure that you enjoy by some right-of-justice which is not mine.

Tell me, does solitary, is your soul of the glacier - for motion? Do you know what it is to erect blood as I do?

It seems to me John - that your heart is a kind of north dome - and that your meridians have too much of ice in them; does your knee that way; breath is like candle wood - when any other stomach is order, and that any spine is nothing more than a petrified tomato?

Dear Arthur! When I have seen enough of this spinning globe to give me some memories to put in I will come to you; I have turned toward you more than once; you don't own take me for all in all - how does your 'S' I am made up of diamonds, but small-fractions, as that is our part in me, according to the geologist, but I can tell, as has our support as we help me see I will - though it becomes just - as the old and I think. -
John Brown, if you are human - and as we - "Chas. Brown's Testament"

San Francisco,
2 Aug. 1873.

Dear John Muir:

Though you have never written me a line since you said goodbye to my face, yet I believe you must have found me short of the C.W.S. you had pictured, or this would not have been so. Well -- let us begin again.

Though you have not written me, dear Faun, I have often thought of you. But, John, Boy, there are more things in heaven and earth than pine boughs - glorious, erect, resinous, glossy and treacherous as they are. As for me, I go into the world to educate myself for the solitude that you enjoy by some right of birth which is not mine.

Tell me, dear solitary, is your soul of the glacier formation? Do you know what it is to sweat blood as I do?

It seems to me, John, that your heart is a kind of North Dome and that your Merced veins have too much of ice in them. Don't you know that my breath is like sandal-wood, when my dear stomach is [in] order, and that my spine is nothing more than a petrified banana?

But whist! when I have run enough of this spinning globe to give me some memories to feed on I will come to you; I have leaned toward you more than once; you do not take me for all in all -- now do you? I am made up of sunsets, and sweet fruits, - is there no good in me, according to the geologist. But I can live, and love, and suffer, and so help me God, I will, though the heavens fall, unto the end of time.

John Muir, if you are human, write to me.

CHAS. WARREN STODDARD

Here is my address,
Care of Theo. F. Dwight, or
G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York City
up to November 1873

then
Care Tom Hood,
No. 80, Fleet St., London, Eng.

Tell Mrs. Carr the address - and don't forget it yourself, old adamant!

C.W.S.