



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1890-03-04

Letter from Janet [Moore] to John Muir, 1890 Mar 4.

Janet Moore

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recommending him to you.

I should be very sorry if
I had.

Thanking you
for your kindness - &
with love for Mrs. Muir,
the children & yourself.

I am ever affectionately
Your friend, Janet.

Hotel Humboldt,

Roxbury, Mass.

I am not going home this month -
Mamma says that I must not come
home, until I can bring with a
certificate signed & sealed, as to
my complete recovery.

March 4th 1890.

My dear Mr. Muir,

My young
Cousin, Ed here, leaves today
for Martineer - The fact of any
one going to your home, makes
me wish that I were going
along. I should so like to see
you all. x x x I have often
wished during the last month
since this question has been
up, that I could have a good
long talk with you about Ed.

I can't say what I wish
in writing - x x The young fellow
expects to be treated by you,
merely as an employee.

But if you find that you can
help him in a higher way,
I wish you would.

He has had so hard a life, that it makes me feel as though I had been reared in the greatest luxury. I have read of those who earn their living with their hands. Besant has brought them very near, but I never fully realized their situation until I knew Ed. He hates pity - he does not ask sympathy - but my interest in & desire to help him, overcame his shyness & pride, & he told me all about himself. He left home at fourteen, obliged to support himself. Consequently, he has had little education from books.

He has worked for men of means in country & city & though faithful & bright enough, he has at twenty-one or two no chance of promotion & has fallen with the dreadful idea, that all employers want is to grind so much work out of their men, at the least expense to themselves.

He says there are thousands of young men in his predicament in this city of Boston, young fellows who did like to have homes of their own, but who can look forward to \$10.00 a week, as the most they can expect.

I told him that he had nothing to fear at your hands, that you wd treat him always as he deserved, that you had once earned your living with your hands & knew how it felt. I hope that I have not made a mistake in