



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1898-12-30

Letter from James T. White to John Muir, 1898 Dec 30.

James T. White

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JAMES T. WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS
6 AND 7 EAST 16TH ST.
NEW YORK

THE NATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA
OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY

Dict. J. T. W.
New York, Dec. 30, 1898.

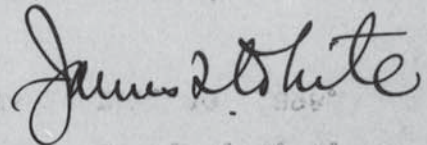
Dear Sir:-

My work, as Editor-in-Chief of The National Cyclopeda of American Biography, brings me in contact with the foremost personages in the United States; and being quite a hero worshipper, I am gathering into an "Original Calendar" solely for my own pleasure and not for publication, a characteristic verse, quotation from one's own writing, drawing, or bar of music, - from the world's brightest intellects upon the date of their birthdays, and I beg to ask from you for this purpose some slight contribution from your genius and attainment over your own signature, on the accompanying sheet.

You must appreciate what entertainment such a galaxy of originality would give to you, and I trust you will lend me your good will and aid, as regards yourself, in helping me to this gratification.

Please return in the same envelope, tearing off the label, and restamping with enclosed stamp. The Calendar will be ready to bind upon the return of a few more leaves, and you will render me very much your debtor, if you will make an early response with something for your birthday, the date reserved for you in my arrangement. I am,

Sincerely,



To -

Mr. John Muir,

Martinez, Cal.

02459

They are a constant storm, etc 252
Coming on of night. Wind through green
Barrell melody to the disapproving day
The pinfly glittering. Whap poor will heard
Owl preparing to search field of forest
Rooks going home to nests of young cattle
Screaming heavily to pins, sharp gathering to the
edge of rocks or probably ledge

60 birds). "Cu Koo cry. English call
is singing, many speak in raptures of its
sweet voice & the same people tell you in
old blood that we have no bird that can
sing, I wish they had a chance to judge of the
powers of the Mock-bird, Red-thrush Cat-bird,
Oriole Indigo Bunting & even the Whip-poor-will.
What would they say of a half million of Robins
about to take their departure for the North
making the woods fairly tremble with melody
& harmony.

Reservations articles in Atlantic
surprising growth of every living thing animal
or vegetable, in 6 weeks I have seen the eggs
laid, the birds hatched, their 1st moult half over
then asse in flocks & preparation begun
for their leaving the country.
That the Creator should have commanded miles
of delicate & immature tender creatures to cross immense
spaces of country to all appear 1 was true more congenial
to them than this, to cause them to peep ^{as they were} in the desolate
land for a time to enliven it with song for 2 mos
at most, & by the same command induce them to desert it
almost suddenly is as wonderful as it is beautiful

Audubon Notes 268

wild ship horns bathed by fighting heard a
mile says Provoost-hunter. Then earlier
approach ^{said}
Nature leaped with joy as it was at her
own marauds

Speed of birds. Swallows 2 1/2 ms per minute
wild pigeons traveling 2, Swans 2, Wild
Turkeys 1 3/4

1002 of time have I spoken to have quite landly
in the woods. as I looked on the Selby streams or
the dense swamps or the noble Ohio or on
Mtn losing their peak ^{to} in gray mists
the (Mr. Scott) might describe as no other man
can the stream the swamp the river the mtn
for the sake of future ages. A cent hence they
will not be here as I see them, that will have
been robbed of many brilliant streams, the rivers
will be low water & lured astray from their
primitive course the hills leveled with the
swamps & the & perhaps the swamps will have
become a mound surmounted by a fortress
of a 1000 guns, scarce a maggot will
Louisiana possess, the trout clear will
exist nowhere fish no longer abound in the
rivers the Eagle scarce can alight & there
millions of lovely songsters will be driven away
or slain by man

Shed of snow
The whole country
6 weeks ago
The birds are ripe