



1899-09-24

## Letter from John Burroughs to John Muir, 1899 Sep 24.

John Burroughs

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my kind powers - three of them  
 Foster has been asked to make  
 the kind pictures. I shall try my  
 hand at a sketch of the trip next  
 month. I may spend part  
 of the winter in Florida, as  
 the guest of a N. Y. Yankee  
 farmer. I wish it was to be  
 in California with a man  
 you, but that will come I  
 hope before very long.  
 Remember me to Mrs Colver.  
 I think her suggestion about  
 the dog story a good one.  
 Sincerely yours friend  
 John Burroughs

Blairides

Sept 24. 99

Dear John Burroughs,

many thanks  
 for your letter & for Mrs  
 Colver's enclosed. Yours was  
 the first word I had had  
 from any member of the  
 H. A. E. club after I had  
 one from the Averill  
 girl, & a few days since  
 came one from Dr Fisher.  
 I found all well & home  
 & that the bottom had not  
 fallen out of things in  
 all respect of my affairs.  
 Indeed I am beginning to



suspect the sun would rise  
 & all just the same & grapes  
 would continue to ripen, if  
 I were to vanish for good  
 & all. We never had a finer  
 crop of grapes & pines were pretty  
 good. We began shipping on the  
 11<sup>th</sup> of August, & the bulk of  
 them were off by Sept 1<sup>st</sup> —  
 30 tons. I have been well  
 except a slight sluggishness of  
 the liver — the reaction I  
 suffered from that stimulating  
 Alaska Clivett. Everybody  
 remarked my improved  
 looks. The trip certainly did  
 me lots of good. I see there  
 has been an earthquake off  
 there recently. I fear it has  
 given your sheep a terrible

shaking up. Your old bill  
 weather is probably in a sad  
 plight. I should like to have  
 stall upon St. Elia, but not  
 upon the main glacier during  
 the event. I fear our Indian  
 friends at Gathul bay suffered  
 seriously. My thought go back  
 most frequently & most fondly  
 to Kahlia. That place really  
 suited my heart. I almost  
 wish I lived there. I think  
 I must see it again. We had  
 a lucky trip! across the continent  
 no heat, no dust, & only one  
 delay — a day & a half in the  
 Bad lands in Utah, from  
 a washout. Fine weather  
 down since my return  
 made sunshine & no frost  
 yet. The Century will print



Slabsides, [West Park, N.Y.],  
Sept. 24, '99.

Dear John Muir,

Many thanks for your letter and for Mrs. Colver's enclosed. Yours was the first word I had had from any member of the H.A.E. Shortly after I had one from the Averell girl, and a few days since came one from Dr. Fisher.

I found all well at home and that the bottom had not fallen out of things on account of my absence. Indeed, I am beginning to suspect the sun would rise and set just the same and grapes would continue to ripen, if I were to vanish for good and all.

We never had a finer crop of grapes, and prices were pretty good. We began shipping on the 11th of August, and the bulk of them were off by Sept. 1st -- 30 tons.

I have been well except a slight sluggishness of the liver -- the reaction, I suppose, from that stimulating Alaska climate. Everybody remarked my improved looks. The trip certainly did me lots of good.

I see there has been an earthquake up there recently. I fear it has given your sheep a terrible shaking up. Your old bell wether is probably in a sad plight. I should like to have stood upon St. Elias, but not upon the Muir glacier, during the event. I fear our Indian friends at Yakutat Bay suffered seriously.

My thoughts go back most frequently and most fondly to Kodiak. That place really touched my heart. I almost wish I lived there. I think I must see it again.

We had a lucky trip across the continent -- no heat, no dust, and only one delay -- a day and a half in the Bad lands in Utah, from a washout. Fine weather here since my return -- much sunshine and no frost yet. The Century will print my bird poems -- three of them. Fuertes has been asked to make the bird pictures. I shall try my hand at a sketch of the trip next month. I may spend part of the winter in Florida, as the guest of a N.H. Yankee farmer. I wish it were to be in California, with or near you, but that will come, I hope, before very long.

Remember me to Mrs. Colver. I think her suggestion about the dog story a good one.

Sincerely your friend,

John Burroughs.