



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1904-12-15

Letter from Katharine M. Graydon to John Muir, 1904 Dec 15.

Katharine M. Graydon

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I have felt much ^{of} Mr. S. T. Alexander's death, so needless it seems and so tragic. His letters all these that wonderful Africa were delightful, the trip had been so successful until that fatal visit to Victoria Falls. It was a heartrending experience for Annie, to spend those hours alone beside that dying father and then to leave him so far away and to take in the loneliness of deep sorrow the long trip home. What fine traits these are in human nature! Many people will sorely miss Mr. A., not the least of whom am I.

I hope you are all well. I mean soon to write to Helen and thank her for her picture, or have I? here I should I have known it, - so completely does my little girl seem to have vanished; perhaps, however, the child is mother to the woman, how is that -?

With love to Mrs. Muir and the girls to your sister and the Valley, I am
Sincerely your friend
Katharine M. Garrison.

Don't forget me.

E13

Dec. 15, 1904.

OAHU COLLEGE
HONOLULU, HAWAII

Dear Mr. Muir,

No feature of vacation is more grateful than the opportunity to talk with the far-away friends. I think of you all many, many times, but occupation and fatigue prevent my telling you; and in my walks I talk with you distant friends in a manner with which, I am sure, Landor could never bear comparison! Such amusement, if not satisfying, is at least harmless. Well, another Christmas will soon be here and then soon another year is added to the

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"late" of us. ^[27] I wish the joy of the
Season to you all, and wish
Tany Tim exclaim,
"God bless us every one!"

Your letter reached me in the
summer, and I was glad to
hear the news it bore. I know
you are working hard, when
we are to see the new book? Yes-
terday I picked up an old
Atlantic, and re-read your
review of the "Silva" with renew-
ed interest and pleasure.

I felt, as not before so much, the
change in your style the last
dozen years. Does any body else
comment on it? Of the style
is the man, as the French assert,
has the man changed, or? And
yet, I think it the common expe-
rience of most readers. I have seen

^[33] struck with it in Lowell. But, whether
early or late, your writing possesses
a charm for me that never varies,
and I only want more of it - a
regular horse back's daughter,
you may say.

What are you reading these days?
I am oftentimes hungry for books
and to listen to the people who read.
With all the beauty of this sweet
spot, I do not have that and I
miss it.

The Indianapolis friends are
about as usual. Janet seemed
very near the end all the sum-
mer, then the fall frosts got
some renewed vigor, alas!

The only kind wish for her is that
all should be over as soon as pos-
sible, as there is no help, only just
suffering now. Aunt Julia lives,
I don't know how, only because she
must out live.