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1895-08-05

Letter from John Muir to [Annie] Wanda [Muri], [1895] Aug 5.

John Muir

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Monday Aug 5.

Dear Maud. I am just about to start
about down the Tuolumne Cañon.
Yesterday I climbed Mt. Conness with two young
men who joined me at Go Valley & have
been good bright nearly company. It is
about noon & here at the foot of the Big
Tuolumne meadows we part. They return
to Yosemite & I to go alone through the
Cañon to Hetch Hetchy & then to Crocker
& thence to Yosemite. I suppose
I will be about two weeks in the Cañon
& feel pretty well today after climbing
& riding & cracking. My companions
will lead back my horse & I will
be free in the wilderness again in
the old way. without blankets - but
I think I can stand it about as
well as ever. The flowers are lovely
on the glacier meadows & on the
high mountains & you will never
know how glad I am to be with
them again. I am sitting on a
rock by the river & a cascade is
chanting gloriously & all the old
enthusiasm has come again.
I will have a hard grand trip
& will be cold a little at night
but will not suffer for I know
well how to use a camp fire.
I write to Helen before leaving Yosemite
& will write to your mother when
I return. Love to all - How gloriously
the time is passing. Ever affectionately
father John Muir 02011

[Trip to Yoa.
Monday, Aug. 5, 1895.]

Dear Wanda

I am just about to start afoot down the Tuolumne Canon. Yesterday I climbed Mt. Conness with two young men who joined me at Yosemite Valley and have been good bright manly company. It is about noon and here at the foot of the Big Tuolumne Meadows we part, they returning to Yosemite and I to go alone through the canon to Hatch Hetchy and then to Crocker's, and thence to Yosemite and home. I suppose I will be about two weeks in the canon. I feel pretty well today after climbing and riding and crackers. My companions will lead back my horse, and I will be far in the wilderness again in the old way, without blankets, but I think I can stand it about as well as ever.

The flowers are lovely on the glacier meadows and on the high mountains and you will never know how glad I am to be with them again. I am sitting on a rock by the river and a cascade is chanting gloriously and all the old enthusiasm has come again.

I will have a hard grand trip and will be cold a little at night, but will not suffer, for I know well how to use a camp fire. I wrote to Helen before leaving Yosemite and will write your mother when I return. Love to all. How gloriously the river is singing. Ever affectionately your father,

John Muir.

[Written on a page from his note book]

02011