



1913-06-04

Letter from Melville B. Anderson to [John Muir], 1913 Jun 4.

Melville B. Anderson

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Florness (C/o Magway & Co),
4 June, 1913

My dear Friend, Coming back
from a bicycle trip of some
twelve days, I am met
by the news of the death of
a dear friend, Francis Browne.
He was more than a brother to
me and his loss leaves me
with a sense of great alone-
ness. - At the same time
I receive your beautiful
book, your early-life-
story, addressed in your own
hand, with the inscription on
the fly-leaf in which you

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sum the indicators as ^{C13} the price of the
lot. If we ever see ideal neighbors
in this earthly Paradise, we'll think
a cup o' kindness to the memory of that
great American who knew your Scotch
poet all by ~~heart~~ living heart. -
Such a prospect of neighborly minds
go near to make me engage storage
passage by the next ship home.
Gratefully and affectionately yours,
Wm. W. Anderson

Mr John Davis

Honor me ^{with} the title of
"dear friend". The inscription
could not have come to me
at a time and place when
the word and act of kind-
ness from such a man as
you could be more ~~recog-~~
grateful.

I brought with me into
 exile your other books, and
 had read fragments of this
 touching & inspiring story
 in stray numbers of the
 Atlantic. With what rest
 I shall read the whole now
 you can perhaps not
 imagine. It is a good
 and useful act to have

nothing such a book ⁽³³⁾ - it is a great
 thing to have had such a life to
 record! and may you give no more
 such books. - By the way, I might
 write me that he has secured for
 me a lot, Spenser on the Arctic
 of the Yosemite Valley, at a place they
 have described "forests", - and adds the
 assurance that my fort adjoins that
 of John Lewis! It seems to me that
 my fort must be mixing romance with
 his "heliography", but, not to disturb
 his dream, I have shut him the

Florence, (Care Maquay & Co.)
4 June, 1913.

My dear Friend:

Coming back from a bicycle trip of some twelve days, I am met by the news of the death of our friend, Francis Browne. He was more than a brother to me, and his loss leaves me with a sense of great aloneness. At the same time I receive your beautiful book, your early life story, addressed in your own hand, with the inscription on the fly-leaf in which you honor me with the title of "dear friend". The inscription could not have come to me at a time and place when the word and art of kindness from such a man as you could be more grateful.

I brought with me into exile your other books, and had read fragments of this touching and inspiring story in stray numbers of the Atlantic. With what zest I shall read the whole now you can perhaps not imagine. It is a good and useful art to have written such a book -- it is a great thing to have had such a life to record. God bless you, dear John Muir! and may you give us more such books.

By the way, Flügel writes me that he has secured for me a lot, somewhere on the skirts of the Yosemite Valley, at a place they have dubbed "Foresta" and adds the assurance that my lot adjoins that of John Muir! It seems to me that Flügel must be mixing romance with his lexicography, but, not to disturb his dream, I have sent him the sum he indicates as the price of the lot. If we ever are indeed neighbors in this Earthly Paradise, we'll drink a cup o' kindness of the memory of that good American who knew your Scotch poet all by loving heart. Such a prospect of neighborship would go near to make me engage steerage passage by the next ship home.

Gratefully and affectionately yours,

Melville B. Anderson

RELIANCE BOND

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