



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1900-02-01

**Letter from Eliza S. Hendricks to John Muir, 1900 Feb 1 .**

Eliza S. Hendricks

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1127 N. Meridian Street.  
Indianapolis, February 1, 1900

My Dear Mr. Muir: —

I feel impelled to write a few lines to you this morning. I wish to tell you that the "white grandmother" — the "Libby grandmother", as you, tenderly and poetically have designated her in your letter, has gone away. At six o'clock January 29 — two days ago, — she passed into the "Silent Land" after eight months of illness. Her death, at the very last — after much weariness, and at times acute suffering, was peaceful and painless — like a sunset. I need not tell you that through the long sickness, she was patient, cheerful, heroic. Her two daughters — Mrs. Victor Hendricks and Miss Anna did most of the nursing which was faithful — untiring.

02657

When "The Indianapolis Journal" asked for a brief obituary  
of our departed friend, it fell to my lot to write it. Her pastor  
wrote me for another of our city dailies - both of which I enclose

E. S. H.

They, with my brother - all of them good friends  
of yours - wish me to convey to you kindest  
regards. And now my dear friend, what of  
yourself? Are you still busy, welding thought  
to thought ~~to thought~~ in book shape, or are you  
resting after work? Sometime, when you are not  
harassed with literary work, or any other  
engrossing occupation, can you not send a few  
lines to me. "Many a year is in its grave" since  
<sup>we</sup> happened upon each other in the foothills of the  
Sierra, and in the same party visited what you  
have termed, the grand reception hall of the  
Sierra - the majestic Yosemite.

Very sincerely your friend  
Elihu S. Hendricks.

1127 N. Meridian Street,  
Indianapolis, February 1, 1900.

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And now, my dear friend, what of yourself? Are you still busy, welding thought to thought in book shape, or are you resting after work? Some time, when you are not harrassed with literary work, or any other engrossing occupation, can you not send a few lines to me. "Many a year is in its grave" since we happened upon each other in the foothills of the Sierra, and in the same party visited what you have termed, the grand reception hall of the Sierra -- the majestic Yosemite.

Very sincerely your friend,

Eliza S. Hendricks

When "The Indianapolis Journal" asked for a brief memorial of our departed friend, it fell to my lot to write it. Her pastor wrote one for another of our city dailies -- both of which I enclose.

E.S.H.

02657