



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1901-07-07

Letter from Cha[rle]s Warren Stoddard to John Muir, 1901 Jul 7.

Charles Warren Stoddard

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence>

Recommended Citation

Stoddard, Charles Warren, "Letter from Cha[rle]s Warren Stoddard to John Muir, 1901 Jul 7." (1901). *John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)*. 4431.

<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence/4431>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in John Muir Correspondence (PDFs) by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact mgibney@pacific.edu.

I can fasten it
 in any copy of
 your glorious
 books or place
 that book in
 any Holy of Holies
 along with my
 priceless Amethans
 copies - It should
 have been placed
 there long ago
 for there, and only
 there it truly
 belongs.

Island Nights?

New Jersey.

7 - July - '01.

Dear John Smith.

Did you know
 that I was alive
 all this time?

As, didn't it
 matter?

I have just
 heard of my
 death from
 friends in
 Hawaii.

It seems I died
last summer;
but no body told
me of it until
just now:

That is why
I am writing
you now. "Hark,
from the Tombs!"

No: I write be-
cause I have
thought of you
very

often during
all these silent-
years; or how
as often thought-
of writing.

I want a line
from you, please,
dear Foster of
that sweet dear
Martinez. I want
a line or a
slip of paper or
that

have from before
 one, with what
 patience I may.
 I wish I might
 have a photograph
 of you - with auto
 graph - but I
 will beg no more.
 God bless you,
 dear old friend.
 Ever affectionately
 Yours
 Chas. Warren Strickland

Address.
 The Bungalow,
 300 - M St - N.W.
 Washington, D. C.

2/ I have tracked
 you as well as
 I could all through
 these years.
 Have pictured
 you as leading
 the junction of
 lives, with the
 happiest environ-
 ment.

Domesticated in
 the sweetest - soil -
 derness in Cali-
 fornia -

- I hope it is still
a wilderness, as
was one.

I have been
blown about
rather uncerimon-
iously for years
or years: I seem
to have struck
root, after a
fashion, for I
have been twelve
long

years in my
Chess Room (Eng Lit)
in the Catholic
University at
Washington, D.C.,
or God knows
if I shall ever
escape alive.

I follow ~~ed~~ slowly,
but surely, in
the invisible
foot-steps of those
who