



1901-09-18

Letter from Bradford Leavitt to John Muir, 1901 Sep 18.

Bradford Leavitt

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attempts to "entertain" you. Am I
 meaning too much to ask you
 to my home when you have old
 friends homes open to you always?
 I fear so; still I do it. Perhaps
 you will come and honor me here.

I am very respectfully

Bradford Leavitt

3216 Jackson Street.



CORNER GEARY AND FRANKLIN STREETS

First Unitarian Church

San Francisco

REV. BRADFORD LEAVITT, MINISTER

Minister's Study

Sept. 18 1901.

My dear Mr. Minis:-

It was kind of
 you to send me the "Atlantic" with
 your article on the forests of Yosemite.
 I read it with great interest, es-
 pecially the last two pages where you
 speak of Emerson. I became enthu-
 siastic over that part and read it
 aloud to some friends the other day.
 It has the breath of the woods in
 it, and the very spirit of the great
 trees singing through it. You will

as good as Conway's or better.

Title "The Highest Andes" by Fitzgerald, Swishners. It is recently published.

You said you might ^{sometimes} come to meetings if you did not have to speak. Now the Unitarian Club is to have a meeting with supper and four or five speakers on the evening of the 30th September. I should deem it a great honor and pleasure if you would come to the city to my house and attend that meeting and I can promise you will not be called upon for an address. You shall have a room overlooking the trees of the Piedad and the waters of the Gate and the mountains beyond. You shall be to all intents in the country, away from city noises and away from people. You shall come and go as you like and not be bothered by

not mind my saying that there are few writers I have ever come across whose words sing themselves as now and again yours do. Now you make no all want to be there with the giants and away from all the conventionalities and the "carpet dust and unburnable ricks". Being myself Boston born and bred I do think you give the old town pretty hard knocks, but no doubt it is partly deserved. Still all Boston people are not old fossils & too transcendental to love the woods.

I have just read Conway's book which you had, you remember, at Mr. Whomus. It's fine is it not? You may remember I referred to another mountain book you did not seem to know; it is very interesting; quite