



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1902-03-24

## Letter from Mary J. Arnold to John Muir, 1902 Mar 24.

Mary J. Arnold

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Lakeport, Lake Co, Cal. Mar 24, 1902

Mr. John Muir  
(Dear Sir,

Your letter and the magazine were a pleasant surprise to me last night. It is evidence of your true nobility of soul, to so kindly recognize a stranger and living the lonely life that is my lot, I doubly appreciate your favor.

Liberty, to live my own life and follow my own pursuits, has been denied by fate. I have for many years had the care of some one and my aged mother, who is now ninety-four, is <sup>at present</sup> my constant care. I too am growing old and my "Golden Sometime" will come on the other side, where I hope to explore elysian fields.

Your article has made a homesickness in my heart. I have lived over again the



happiest month of my whole life time,  
one month, spent in Yo Semite in the  
autumn of 1868.

Some of my early life was passed  
in Mariposa County, and my only child  
was born there, in 1871.

Yes, the Yo Semite is the most sacred  
spot on earth to me and you have sent  
me wandering there again. I hear the  
thunder of the falls, the rippling of the  
river, the rustle of leaves and the song  
of birds, I scent the odors of pines, the  
ferny cliffs, and the crushed violets, as  
when in those dear, dead days, my  
horse galloped over the meadows.

You have sent me an answer that I  
baptize with my tears.

I had not read "Among the birds of  
Yo Semite" before. It contains not only facts  
but poetry, and coloring from a master hand.



I thank you sincerely for giving me this pleasure and for your kind letter. I will return the book after I have allowed two of my friends to read it.

I wrote a little article for the paper here last week but will it save one bird?

If mothers could only be educated along humane lines, but they are so indifferent through them many things could be rectified <sup>and</sup> to elevate the coming generations.

I wish you might make a tour through Lake Co. and hear the birds.

A bird murderer came here several years ago and in the name of Science (mammon) carried off hundreds of beautiful corpses. Probably he sold them to milliners.

I wish they would give more of your writings to the schools. Through that avenue there is a little hope, if teachers do their duty, to impress such lessons.

Gratefully Yours,

Mary J. Arnold