



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1911-03-19

## Letter from Francis F.Browne to John Muir, 1911 Mar 19.

Francis F. Browne

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Last Tuesday - the day before I left Pasadena - we had a memorable day in the mountains: Johnnie B., Dr. Clark, my daughter Susie and myself. We took the insignificant street-car as far as it went - to Alpine Tavern; then went around Mt. Lowe and north <sup>four miles</sup> for 50 to San Gabriel Peak just above the West Fork of San Gabriel River. We found snow, and for a couple of miles ~~was~~ <sup>flowed</sup> in it - wet and heavy, and sometimes a foot deep. Finally the drifts were too heavy to go further; so we melted snow and made coffee and had our lunch - which all enjoyed although there was no milk. The scene was glorious - the West Fork valley before us, sparkling white mountains to the east, and a noble snow-clad range (I think Mt. Whitney may have been one of them) far off to the north <sup>west</sup> while to the south, seen directly over Mt. Lowe, spread the sunlit Pacific. And while all were silent in admiration, I said, "Nevertheless, however weary, should one faint by the way the gains the blessing of one mountain day."

Whatever his fate, long life, short life, stormy or calm, he is rich forever. And then we spoke of you; and our love of long silent wild our hearts of the mountains, and of Nature in her loftiest and holiest aspects.

Always yours,

Francis F. Brewster

Santa Barbara,  
March 19, 1911.

My dear Mr. Muir:

I had so hurried a flitting from Pasadena last week, that I couldn't get over to your stormy Babylon to see you, and our dear Colonel Sellers gave little hope of getting you over to Pasadena. So I



[13]  
happy weeks with him in his  
quiet home under the noble oaks.  
He is solitary, and I fear lonely,  
and unlighted.

there; and says he needs me.  
I shall at least be able to help  
him to "keep house"; and I know  
we shall have joy together.  
Would <sup>that</sup> you might come and  
forget ~~us~~ with us, as you did  
before! Perhaps you may.

Before my <sup>stay</sup> <sup>over</sup>  
"Three <sup>long</sup> <sup>evening</sup> <sup>days</sup>, the <sup>long</sup> <sup>long</sup> <sup>nights</sup>,  
ye would see find in Christendee."

[23]  
left without the hand=  
clasp and the parting  
word I would have  
been glad to have.  
But these are less—so  
less—than the con=  
sciousness of the bond  
of sympathy and  
affection between us.  
This I carry in my heart,  
and always shall.  
I am on my way  
to Melville Anderson,  
and hope to have some