



1911-12-06

Letter from John Muir to [Katharine Hooker], 1911 Dec 6.

John Muir

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[43]

I'm glad you are not going to sell the Los Angeles garret & garden. Why, I hardly know. Perhaps because I'm weary & lonesome with a long hot journey ahead. I feel as if I was again bidding you all good by. I think you ^{may} send me a word or two to Cape Town, to the American Consul. It would not be lost. For it would follow me.

It's perfectly marvelous how kind hundreds of people have been to this wanderer. & the new beauty stored up is far beyond telling. Give my love to Marion Maude & Ellie & all who love you. I wish you would write a line now & then to darling Helen. She has a little bungalow of her own now at 233 Formosa Avenue.

Holly wood Cal.
It's growing late & I'm miserable packing to do. Goodnight.
And once more, dear dear friend
Goodby. John Muir

[13]

PYRAMIDES HOTEL
SARANDÍ ESQUINA ITUZAINGÓ

Montevideo, Dec. 6 de 1911

My dear friend
Your letter of Oct. 4 from San Francisco was forwarded from Para to Buenos Aires & received there at the American Consulate. Your & Marian's ^{letter} dated Aug. 7th were received at Para, not having been quite in time to reach me before I sailed. but forwarded by Mrs Osborn. I can't think how I could have failed to acknowledge them I have them & others with me & they have been read times numberless when I was feeling lonely on my strange wanderings in all sorts of places. But I'm now done with this glorious continent at least for the present, as far as

[23]
hard journeys along rivers
across swamps & tablelands &
through strange forests
are concerned. I've seen all
I sought for & far far
far more. From Para I
sailed to Rio de Janeiro &
at the first eager gaze into
its wonderful harbor saw
that it was a glacier bay
as unchanged by weathering
as any in Alaska. every
rock in it & about it a
glacial monument tho
within 23° of the equator &
feathered with palms instead
of spruces. While every
mountain & bay all the
way down the coast to the
Rio Grande de Sul. corroborates
the strange icy story.
From Rio I sailed to Santos
& thence struck inland &
wandered most joyfully a
thousand miles or so mostly
in the State of Parana through

[33]
millions of acres of the ancient
tree I was so anxious to find
Araucaria Braziliensis. Just
think of the glow of my joy
in these noble aboriginal
forests - the face of every tree
marked with the inherited ex-
periences of millions of years.
From Paranaguá I sailed for
Buenos Aires. Crossed the Andes
to Santiago Chile. Thence south
four or five hundred miles. Then
straight to the snow line & found
a glorious forest of *Araucaria*
imbricata the strangest of
the strange genus. Dec. 8th
The day after tomorrow I intend
to sail for Teneriffe on way
to South Africa. Then home
some way or other. but I can
give no address until I reach
New York. I'm so glad your
health is restored, & now that
you are free to obey your heart
& have your brother's help &
Marion's cosmic energy your
good doing can have no end.