



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1914-08-16

Letter from Henry Fairfield Osborn to John Muir, 1914 Aug 16.

Henry Fairfield Osborn

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sitting at the end of the bridge ^{LD}
 with an Indian head - spout-
 ing crystal water.
 Jarvisfield Jr. has lost his heart
 to a lovely English girl - and has
 gone to France to rescue her from
 the war lords and bring her home
 as his wife. Percy is doing
 nicely, & using light with the law.
 Josephine is up in Canada. Ori-
 gina in Scotland. Lonnie and
 I are quietly here - I have en-
 ded the porch of Woodson's
 Lodge - and have two secretaries
 there taking down my thoughts
 on "Memo of the Old Stone Age" - My

wonderful they were - in the flight age -
 we all know our very best friends
 do come
 if you can -
 Aud. J. J. M.
 cannot -
 write to
 us -
 Yours
 C. J.
 Henry
 Jarvisfield
 O'Brien

August 16th
 1914.
 Sunday.

My dear friend Muri,

At last we have heard of you
 again through your letter
 to Mrs. Harriman which she
 kindly mailed to Mrs. O'Brien.
 Three portraits of John Muri
 are constantly in our library -
 but your memory is so fresh
 that it seems only yesterday
 that you were with us, and
 pouring out

(23)
your full and peaceful philoso-
phy of the universe - and of
your loving friends the trees,
you write - the enemy has not
left you yet. How this will
not do at all. You should
take the Santal Dr. and get
out and up in that - very
lofty air. And let the seven
devils depart. You know
there was a kind which only
came out with fasting and
prayer - probably a dis-
ordered stomach from over-

eating. But your ⁽³³⁾ enemy the arch-
guru. hats the day deservin-
and will learn like the Herb-
bills, which awaits the kind of service.
Do try a change of air. Ten can-
not. Have to feel you are coming
away - in that. How is above day-
ten day - and not feeling like you.
Well, when you weight the hearting the
Gone of Carter Rock - The
Place is always. We know for those
you advice and will find over all the
handwritten - then a printed is

Castle Rock,
Garrisons on Hulson, [New York]
August 16th, 1914. Sunday.

My dear friend Muir:

At last we have heard of you again through your letter to Mrs. Harriman, which she kindly mailed to Mrs. Osborn. Three portraits of John Muir are constantly in our library, but your memory is so fresh that it seems only yesterday that you were with us, and pouring out your full and joyful philosophy of the universe, and of your loving friends the trees.

You write the enemy has not left you yet. Now this will not do at all. You should take the Santa Fe and get out and up in that dry lofty air and let the seven devils depart. You know there was a kind which only came out with fasting and prayer - probably a disordered stomach from over-eating. But your enemy the grip germ hates the dry desert air, and will leave like the seven devils which ran into the herd of swine. Do try a change of air. We cannot bear to feel you are working away in that house alone day after day, and not feeling like yourself, when you might be breathing the ozone of Castle Rock. The place is changed. We have followed your advice and ? over all the road in front. Then a fountain is rising at the end of the bridge with an Indian head spouting crystal water.

Fairfield Jr. has lost his heart to a lovely English girl and has gone to France to rescue her from the war lords and bring her home as his wife. Perry is doing finely - a rising light in the law. Josephine is up in Canada, Virginia in Scotland. Loulu and I are quietly here. I have enclosed the porch of Woodsome Lodge, and have two secretaries there taking down my thoughts on "Men of the Old Stone Age." Very wonderful they were - in the flint age. We all miss our very very dear friend. So do come if you can, and if you cannot, write to us.

Yours ever,

Henry Fairfield Osborn

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05815