

THE MUIR MYTHS AND THE 1875 TRIP TO YOSEMITE

By Nicholas C. Polos *

*"Nature as a poet, an enthusiastic workingman, becomes more and more visible the further and higher we go; for the mountains are fountains - beginning places, however related to sources beyond the mortal ken."*¹

—John Muir

When California asked for men to match her mountains she gathered within herself not only the outcast, the reckless and abandoned, but also many of the most vigorous, enterprising, and progressive among the unsettled spirits of the West, and the mid-West, the South and from New England. The dynamic individuals, the New Californians, men like John Muir and John Swett, were obsessed with what Emerson called on his trip to California, "the inflamed expectation haunting men." In part the history of California is largely the history of these men who have been its leaders, and once again in an Emersonian sense California's achievements are in reality the lengthened shadows of these two important neo-Californians.

There have been at least two significant theories of history current in the present age — Carlyle's Theory of the great man as the maker of history, and Buckle's Theory of the determination of history by factors of environment. The real truth seems to lie between two extremes. The leader is influenced by the events and environment of the time, but to a large degree he is able to bring to his work a wisdom that is based upon the essential conditions and traditions of his culture and at the same time he is farsighted enough to see beyond the proximate and immediate result. This is the story of two giants of the nineteenth century West, John Muir and John Swett.

Oscar Handlin wrote:

The man of history is a character in a drama that began before his birth, that will go on long after his death. He enters for a brief turn on a scene already set, a stage already crowded, and with the action already in progress. He confronts a situation which already exists, the product of long preparation before his arrival.²

In general this is true, however, in the case of John Muir and John Swett, one the naturalist, and the other a Yankee educator transplanted to the West, the California action was not yet in progress, and the 19th century situation in the West had not as yet become frozen with old affiliations. Both of these men were free to explore alternate solutions, and it is to their everlasting credit that they had the courage to try these alternatives. Neither Muir nor Swett were "birds of passage," and both made the Far West their permanent home, and particularly California's general welfare their major concern in life. In this respect Thomas Carlyle would have argued that the history of mankind is the history of its great men who should be placed on their

proper pedestal. On the other hand, Finley Peter Dunne's, Mr. Dooley, would have said: "Jawn when ye come to think of it, th' heroes iv th' wurruld (sic)... they ain't in it with th' quite people nayether you nor me hears tell in fr'm wan end of th' year to another."³

When John Muir, the young Scot, arrived in San Francisco in March of 1868, off the ship *Nebraska*, he was anxious to see the wilderness of the West. He stayed only one day in San Francisco, long enough to inquire the shortest way out of the city. In his description of this event Richard Dillon humorously commented: "When he was asked where he wanted to go, Muir answered simply, 'To any place that is wild'."⁴ Muir found his way to the Sierra Nevada where he worked as a shepherd. It was during this time that he caught his first vista of the Yosemite Valley, and it was love at first sight. At this time he also acquired an undying hatred for sheep which he called "hooved locusts," or "felted phalanx." The reason that Muir objected to sheep was that they destroyed the wild grasses and wild flowers that were an integral part of the mountain wilderness. In one of his journals he wrote: "... but I am sure that if all the flocks and herds, together with all the other mongrel victims of civilization, were hidden from me, I should rejoice beyond the possibility of any note of wail."

From this time on Muir alternated between civilization and his "range of light" as he called his mountains. There was very little truth to the legend that grew up around John Muir that he was an "anti-social woodsman." Muir liked people, and was most successful in his relationships with them. He had a sense of humor, was warm and kind, and tolerant of the foibles of mankind. He simply seemed to march to the tune of a different drummer. His later life was to be a testimony to Robert U. Johnson's claim that "an appreciation of the primitive was a mark of superior cultivation."

When Swett, who came from New Hampshire, stepped off the *Revere*, in San Francisco in 1853, he too did not stay long in the city. He did not like big cities, and like Muir preferred the wilderness. He found San Francisco too confining, and abhorred gambling which was then prevalent in the city, and which he considered a form of "organized robbery." He had heard of the California climate, and the wide expanses of the American West, and the salubrious effects of this region upon expatriated New Englanders from the cold rocky shores of the Atlantic Ocean. But he had not read Robert Frost who later wrote:

I met a Californian who would talk California - a state so blessed he said, in climate, none had ever died there a natural death, and Vigilance Committees had had to organize to stock the graveyards and vindicate the state's humanity.⁵

Muir and Swett were contemporaries and they had one thing in common — their love of the wilderness and for mountains. Swett talked continuously of the New Hampshire countryside, just as Muir spoke of his "blessed mountains which are so compactly filled with

God's beauty, no petty personal hope or experience has room to be."

John Swett was not obsessed with the "gold fever of the '49's," although he did spend a few months in the gold mines of the Yuba and Feather Rivers in California. He regained his health, but found little of the elusive gold metal. From 1853 until his death on August 22, 1913, Swett made numerous and lasting contributions to California public education, and is known as the "Father of Public Education," in California. Richard Dillon's book on **Humbugs and Heroes**, is strangely silent about the "Horace Mann of the West - John Swett," so one must conclude that Swett was not a humbug or a hero, but an educator in the twilight zone!

The basic theme of this paper is that the Swett-Muir trip in 1875 to the Yosemite represents the great influence that Muir had upon his friends John Swett, J.P. McChesney, William Keith and many other, and in turn the influence they had upon John Muir. This eventful adventure shed some light on the Muir myths: that he was anti-social, only a country naturalist, and that he sought to preserve America's vast areas in the West so that these could not be enjoyed by his fellow citizens.

R.U. Johnson insisted that Muir was not a lonely recluse, "and that he loved companions, and craved good talk, and was glad to have others with him on his tramps... He was hungry for sympathy, and found it in the visitors whom he piloted about and above Yosemite Valley - Emerson, Sir Joseph Hooker, Torrey, and many others of an older day or of later years, including Presidents Roosevelt and Taft." ⁶

Foremost among Muir's friends was John Swett. The voluminous Muir literature seems to avoid any mention of this; the Swett Journals and papers are full of descriptive notes of the adventures that these two men had together in the course of their long friendship.

Before meeting Swett, Muir had heard much from his friends, the Carrs and others about the "Frontier California schoolmaster," of San Francisco who, as a teacher, principal and Yankee "Civil War California State Superintendent of Public Education," had fought early California corruption in politics, and "had built up a school system throughout California that was regarded as a model for the whole country." Muir's friends too, had told him about Mary Tracy Swett, whose family had opposed her marriage to a mere schoolmaster, but she married him anyway and took in struggling young artists and writers as boarders to help meet expenses. Muir and Mrs. Swett were later to become life-long friends. In his autobiography, John Swett described his first meeting with Muir: "In the winter of 1874 I first met John Muir in the city of Oakland, where I found him engaged in writing an article about his studies in glacial action on the Sierra Nevada mountain range. We at once established a close friendship, which has continued unbroken for more than a third of a century."⁷

Whenever he could Muir would flee the city and civilization shouting, "I'm wild once more," and climb the high Sierra to his glad

“reunion with the winds and the pines.”⁸ But he would soon return to the Bay area of San Francisco, tired, lame, and often suffering from the results of the freezing weather. He lived while city-pent in the big, three-storied house at 1419 Taylor Street, the San Francisco home of the Swett Family, on and off for almost five years. He liked the Swett Family, spent much of his life with them, even though he often complained about “the hooks of civilization.” Muir had had a passing relationship with John Burroughs, Ralph Waldo Emerson, even President Theodore Roosevelt, but his every-day life was spent with a small group of friends whose advice and help he valued highly. Muir wrote to Mrs. Carr, whom he regarded as his “spiritual mother” and “guardian angel,”:

Here I am safe in the arms of Daddy Swett, home again from icy Shasta, and richer than ever in dead-river gravel and in snowstorms and snow.⁹

Linnie Marsh Wolfe overtly recognized the important influence that John Swett and the Swett Family had had on John Muir and on his career. This writer wisely pointed out that: “John Swett, who had a genius for fostering prophets, was that with his abilities channeled, Muir was capable of great achievements. He proposed, therefore, to take him in hand, as he had already taken Henry George.”¹⁰ Swett helped Muir with his writings, spending hours over Muir’s manuscripts, helping Muir to revise his style, and also gave him suggestions on how to improve his speeches. Swett once wisely cautioned Muir in his early writing days: “Write as you talk. Stop revising so much. You make your style so slippery a man can’t stand on it.”¹¹ It was during the time that Muir lived with the Swetts that he did some of his best bird and beast studies on nature. John Swett and William Keith, the California painter, who like Muir, was born in Scotland, would often drop into Muir’s room two or three evenings a week and help Muir with the drawings in his manuscripts for the “Overland Monthly,” or the “Harper’s Magazine.” Keith had an artist’s eye for sketches, and his advice proved to be invaluable even though Muir often complained about Keith’s tendency and leaning towards impressionism. Keith insisted that Muir should develop this style in his sketches. Often the three men, Keith, Muir, and Swett would argue far into the night, and “Muir had so mellowed in his habits by this time that he smoked a pipe along with his friends, and the room became a blue haze.”¹² Both Keith and Swett urged Muir to send his writings to Eastern magazines, and so gain a wider audience. Muir’s review of Keith’s landscapes started a buying rush that soon made the artist wealthy.

Many critics praised Muir’s writing style, and claimed that Muir enjoyed writing. This is not completely true. Muir found writing painful and tedious. When he found it difficult to write something he would often come downstairs and regale the Swett Family with nature

stories, and tales of his wanderings in nature. Mary Swett “being a wily woman, would egg him on with questions. Then, when he was fairly launched, and the genius within him in fine fettle, either she or John Swett, her husband, would say: ‘Now John, go upstairs and write that down just as you have told it to us.’ ”¹³ With this kind of stimulation and eager audience Muir soon found writing to be less painful, and soon acquired a masterful style of writing which he shared with thousands of Americans.

During the spring of 1875 the three musketeers, along with J.B. McChesney, planned the summer trip to the Yosemite. With the first touch of fine weather Muir announced to his colleagues that the mountains were calling him, as they always did.¹⁴ It did not take much stimulation for Muir to flee from civilization and its oppressive demands. In a Rousseauian sense Muir considered man’s social civilization an unnatural, indeed, an artificial way of life.

John Swett wrote a short but accurate account of the route of the 1875 Summer Trip to Yosemite. In his **Journals**, Muir titled it: “A June Storm Enjoyed on a Trip to the High Sierra with John Swett, J.B. McChesney, and William Keith, June 18, 1875.”¹⁵ In his autobiography, John Swett wrote:

In June following we made our visit to the Yosemite Valley, secured our outfit of saddle horses and equipment for camp life, and started on a four weeks (six) trip into the high Sierras above the valley. We did our own cooking and had no guide except Mr. Muir. We camped near the ‘soda springs’ in the Tuolumne meadows; crossed through the Mono Pass Down Bloody Canyon to the dead sea of Mono Lake; thence struck southward along the range for forty miles, and then climbed upward into the mountains and encamped for several days in a glacial meadow nine thousand feet above sea level, in the loveliest little mountain nook that my eyes ever beheld. Thence we ascended various mountain peaks, returning at night to camp. On our return trip we visited the Lyell glacier. Under the instruction of Mr. Muir, every day was crowded with the richest and rarest of lesson.¹⁶

The 1875 trip to the Yosemite proved to be an eventful one. The party ran into a severe storm, and sought shelter in a cabin at Gentry’s on the north rim of the Canyon. In his **Journals**, Muir wrote: “The clouds at this moment somewhat broken and Mack (sic) and Swett were inclined to advance, but Keith broke up the weather council, declaring with a scowl and a flash of savage wit blacker than any of the clouds in the sky, and with a voice like thunder, that it was “perfect madness for poets, painters and mountaineers to seek the darksome, dripping, snow-dusted woods in such wild, woeful weather.”¹⁷

It was on this trip, and one later that summer that Muir observed the damage that the sawmills and the fires started by sheep men were causing to the forests.¹⁸ He continuously called this to the attention of the Legislature, but nothing was done about this severe loss. During the trip, John Swett kept reminding Muir of his writing responsibilities, and Muir remarked with good humor: “John Swett,

who is brother now, papa then, orders me home to booking. Bless me, what an awful thing town duty is.”¹⁹ Muir did do some writing about the 1875 trip, and in his letters to the San Francisco **Evening Bulletin**, he showed how the wilderness had taken hold of his imagination. Muir observed: “Throughout all this glorious region there is nothing that so constantly interests and challenges the admiration of the traveller as the belts of forest through which he passes.”²⁰

Muir was most fond of the sugar pine (“*Pinus Lambertiana*”) and often referred to it as the “King of the pines.” He later was to become enamored with the redwood forests which he called “forest churches.” Slowly, and with the help of his life-long friends, men like John Swett and Keith, Muir was educating himself to become a nineteenth-century ecologist, a defender of the Sierra forests, and in time he would become “an avatar of all that the Sierras promised.”²¹

In his **The Mountains of California**, John Muir has a section titled: “How Best to Spend One’s Yosemite Time - One Day Excursions, No. 1,” and it was this type of itinerary that Muir followed on the 1875 trip because he felt that this was a special treat for his friends. No one knew the mountains and the valleys of this area better than Muir.²² In his **Journals** of the 1875 Trip, Muir, always an astute observer, wrote: “We rode through the dripping pines and snowflakes, and hailstones, Swett with a subdued clerical composure, and Mack (McChesney) in his abundant clothing snug as a beetle.”²³ On this trip, Keith the painter, sketched several of the landscapes which later were to be immortalized by his paintings.²⁴ After the storm the campers left the shelter of the cabin and traveled through what Muir called “the Sierra gardens,” really the right lateral moraine of the trunk glacier of Yosemite Creek, where they camped again. In his **Journal**, Muir wrote:

Paterfamilias Swett stands around waving his arms like a pine tree... Mack catches Coleoptera, washes his fingers, and cooks. Mack (J.B. McChesney, a school administrator) is a rigid disciplinarian, as many an Oakland scholar and teacher will testify. It is shown here in the rigid scouring he gives the cups of the camp. Whether contact with the summits, glaciers, and granite will make him more tense or more lax will soon be determined.²⁵

In Muir’s **Journals** there is a colorful description of the camp dated June 19 (nd), titled “Additional Notes Upon the Trip to the High Sierra (in Grand Tuolumne Canyon), in which Muir labeled Tuolumne as “a sleepy hollow.” His journalistic accounts of the Windstorm at Mono Lake revealed his ability to fashion stirring literature out of realistic adventure. He had the pen of a poet and the soul of a musician.

In his account of the Windstorm Muir painted a vivid and wild picture of the grandeur of nature unspoiled by man - he wrote:

The party of three that I led through the pass to Mono Lake, were eager to sail its heavy waters and visit the islands. We borrowed an old waterlogged boat from a

nomad who was stopping there for a while... A sail on the lake develops a group of pictures of rare beauty and grandeur. Long ranks of snowy swans on the dark water, clouds of ducks enveloped in silvery spangles. The mighty barren Sierra rising abruptly from the waters to a height of seven thousand feet, and stretching north and south for twenty miles with rows of snowy peaks. Ranges of cumulus clouds swelling in massive bosses of pearl - cloud mountains and rock mountains equally grand and substantial in appearance.²⁶

The campers got caught in a quick storm and hastened to find refuge on one of the islands composed of hard lava and loose ashes. They camped on the island in the bitter cold and when the storm finally abated after midnight they rowed the seven miles through heavy waters to the mainland. Muir enjoyed this wild adventure, but Keith, Swett and McChesney were glad to get back to the camp which was really an old abandoned hut "in the possession of wood rats." Muir's comment on this was "Yet it was a house, and all city visitors must have a roof over their heads."²⁷

The four campers remained friends for many long years - enjoying each others company, and sharing their joys, ideas, and sorrows.²⁸ The trip to the High Sierra only seemed to cement their friendship, as though nature and the wilderness was the cohesive element that tied all humanity together.

In his later years the 'Patriarch of American lover of Mountains,' as James Bryce once called John Muir, married Louise Stenzel, and settled down in Alhambra Valley, near Martinez, California. To add to his satisfaction and delight John Swett, his old friend, was now his neighbor, having bought the adjacent ranch above his, only a stone's throw away.²⁹ Unfortunately, William Keith had died (April 13, 1911), and the passing of this friend, who along with John Swett had been closer to him than all his other friends, left Muir with a heavy heart.

Muir's great pleasure now was his daily stroll and talkfest with John Swett. Their daily program was simple.

Every morning they met at a certain time on the borderline between the two ranches, one hailing the other with some trivial remark such as 'It's a fine day, Jonnie,' and the other contradicting him. This launched their regular forensic exercise over the merits of the weather and what it would do to the fruit. Their voices rose high and shrill, both talking at once, until some stranger passing by on the road would think the two old white-bearded farmers were having a violent quarrel. This preliminary over, they walked together up to the Swett adobe to sit on the porch and thrash out the affairs of the nation and the world.³⁰

Both men received many honors in the declining years of their lives. On May 14, 1913, Charter Day of the University of California, John Muir and John Swett were recipients of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Helen Artieda (John Swett's daughter), recalled the occasion:

I can close my eyes today and see that picture of the Greek Theater on a bright

summer day. The two Johns... hats off, white hair blownd (sic) back from their foreheads by the breeze - two stalwarts, for all the world like the trees they both so greatly loved... ³¹

Both were very modest men. Despite his many honors, John Swett, for example, who was always alive to the benefits of a college education modestly and in a joking way spoke humorously of the place accorded college degrees for their own sake; he pointed out that many, though holding the most dignified titles, could by no means qualify for the baccalaureate degree in common sense. And, Muir had after many years at the university fled to "the university of the wilderness." He had been offered positions at several universities, but his reply was: "I have been too long wild, too befogged to burn well in their patent, high-heated educational furnaces."³²

On August 22, 1913, after a short petty illness John Swett, "The Horace Mann of California," died. Muir was stunned! One writer wrote mournfully:

In the midst of the bitter turmoil, on an August day in 1913, John Swett quietly slipped out of life... As Muir turned away from Swett's grave, he felt lost and alone. No more daily communings with this best of friends, this alter ego, who had stabilized and guided him in his young manhood and had labored beside him effectively through all the years. ³³

John Muir died the following year. Before he died he said to a close friend, "I have lived a bully life. I have done what I set out to do."³⁴ Twice during his long life-time Muir had the prospects of making a large fortune, but he turned away from the path of financial wealth to trod the path of nature. Muir had always admired Ralph Waldo Emerson. In his old age the "sage of Concord," returned that admiration when he compiled a list of the men who had influenced him the most, his list titled "My Men," began with Thomas Carlyle and ended with John Muir. ³⁵

Lawrence Clark Powell insisted that if he were to "choose a single Californian to occupy the Hall of Fame, it would be this tenacious Scot... More than any other, he was the answer to that call which appears on the Courts Building in Sacramento: 'Give me men to match my mountains!'" ³⁶

In Kevin Starr's brilliant analysis of California he argued that John Muir was a better naturalist than either John Burroughs or Henry David Thoreau. Starr concluded:

Throughout the years of struggle, as dedicated Californians sought to put conservation of their environment on an intelligent and systematic basis, John Muir led the way, prophet and warrior-priest. In this prophetic role Muir resembled Henry George (whom he used to meet at John Swett's house on Taylor Street when he spent the winters in San Francisco) and Josiah Royce. All three men responded to a deep California hope; that a regional heritage could be defined and preserved. ³⁷

If someone were to ask Muir what his occupation was he would

probably have answered: "An observer of nature." But he was more than this. Strongly influenced by his California friends, men like John Swett who urged Muir to put his thoughts into writing, and men like William Keith who helped Muir develop his graphic skills, Muir became in turn a scientist, a poet, a mystic, a philosopher, a humorist, and even as Neil Morgan called him "a publicizer."³⁸ Like John Swett he was, of course, first and foremost a humanitarian concerned with the human condition. In essence Muir seemed to have looked into the near future and his ecological warnings appeared to be saying: "We have met the enemy and he is us!"

Unlike the modern campers with their heavy organizational baggage and multi-complicated modern materials, Muir lived simply. All Muir needed for an expedition was an old sack with some tea and bread, and he once described his pack as "unsubstantial as a squirrel's tail."³⁹ He traveled in the mountain wilderness for weeks at a time without a gun, and never suffered a serious accident, nor was he ever attacked by any of the forest animals. This reminds one of Ogden Nash's poem "The Hunter," in which he said:

The hunter crouches in his blind
'Neath camouflage of every kind,
And conjures up a quacking noise
To lend allure to his decoys.
This grown-up man, with pluck and luck,
Is hoping to outwit a duck.⁴⁰

Muir loved the animals of the forest, and one cannot imagine him feeding sliced bread to the bears of Yellowstone Park!⁴¹ He did not distrust the "wasptality" of the wasp, and had his favorites like the Douglas squirrel and the water ouzel, and urged Americans to provide refuge for these forest animals. One wonders what John Muir would have said when he reached the summit at Mineral King today, and saw the Disneyland neon wilderness mirrored against the sky. No doubt he would probably cheer Justice William O. Douglas who, in his vital dissent regarding the construction of the ski resort at Mineral King contended that all Americans have "a standing before the federal courts in such suits."⁴²

The early ecologists of the nineteenth century have sounded a warning to us. Men with the foresight of John Muir, John Swett, John Wesley Powell, George M. Marsh, Paul B. Sears, and William Vogt and others told us what was at stake: our survival.⁴³ Perhaps the survival of the entire world is now at stake. In his famous poem Robert Frost observed that some say that this world will end in fire and others say in ice. But his alternatives do not exhaust the possibilities. America lulled by four-and-a-half centuries of careless plenty, especially in regard to the western lands, had begrudgingly accepted the basic concepts of conservation.⁴⁴ It has grown late. But if we are not at the brink of a Spenglerian decline, with the conquest

of the moon as our latest greatest achievement of a highly technological society, then it is possible that we could be on the very edge of one of the greatest periods of human history. This, at least, is the observation of Alvin Toffler, in his remarkable **Future Shock**. Much of this credit could be given to those little individuals, the kind many people that some would call cranks, those who do not pick the flowers, try to prevent the forest fires, do not destroy the wild animals, and who continuously fight against needless dams and broad ribbons of concrete. This is the sort of small personal action that a future solid land ethic suggests. Muir would have applauded this action, and his life's efforts would not have been in vain. This responsible general civic action in the very near future, if widespread enough in America, would keep men from destroying the wilderness which Muir loved, and which is our vital heritage.

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FOOTNOTES

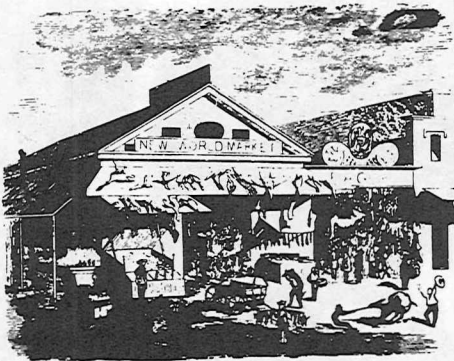
1. Quote on **Portrait of John Muir (1838-1914)**, National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution **Booklet**, Washington, D.C., 1971.
2. Oscar Handlin, "The History of Men's Lives," **The Virginia Quarterly Review**, XXX (Autumn, 1954), 540.
3. Finley Peter Dunne, **Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen** (London, 1899), p. 306.
4. Richard Dillon, **Humbugs and Heroes: A Gallery of California Pioneers**, (New York, 1970) p. 257.
5. Robert Frost, **New Hampshire** (New York, 1923), p. 3.
6. Robert U. Johnson, "John Muir," **Proceedings, The American Academy of Arts and Letters**, IX (1921), 28.
7. John Swett, **Public Education in California** (New York, 1911), p. 231.
8. Linnie M. Wolfe, ed., **John of the Mountains: The Unpublished Journals of John Muir** (Boston, 1938), p. 189.
9. John Muir, **Letters to a Friend: Written to Mrs. Ezra S. Carr, 1866-1879** (Boston, 1915), pp. 178-179.
10. Linnie M. Wolfe, **Son of the Wilderness: The Life of John Muir** (New York, 1945), p. 180.
11. **Ibid.**, p. 179.
12. **Ibid.**, p. 181.
13. **Ibid.**, p. 197.
14. L.M. Wolfe, ed., **John of the Mountains**, p. 189.
15. **Ibid.**, p. 201.
16. John Swett, **Public Education in California**, p. 232.
17. L.M. Wolfe, ed., **John of the Mountains**, p. 201.
18. On the sheep issue see John Muir, "The Wild Sheep of California," **Overland Monthly**, XII (1874), 59, and John Muir, "Wild Wool," **Overland Monthly**, XIV

- (1875), 361, and Lawrence Rakestraw, "Sheep Grazing in the Cascade Range: John Minto vs. John Muir," *Pacific Historical Review*, XXVII (1958), 371-382.
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 20. William F. Bade, *op. cit.*, p. 51-52.
 21. Kevin Starr, **Americans and the California Dream, 1850-1915** (New York, 1973), p. 188. In his letter to Robert U. Johnson, Muir said: "I've been away in Southern California preaching the Tuolumne gospel." John Muir, Martinez, California to Robert U. Johnson, New York City, N.Y., Feb. 7, 1909, A.L.S. p. 1., found in the Johnson Papers, Academy of Arts and Letters, N.Y., File #61.
 22. John Muir, **The Mountains of California** (Boston, 1916), pp. 222-225; see also John Muir, **The Yosemite** (New York, 1922), pp. 196-200 ff.
 23. L.M. Wolfe, ed., **John of the Mountains**, p. 201.
 24. F.R. Gunsby, ed., **South of Yosemite** (New York, 1968), pp. 5-6.
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 26. L.M. Wolfe, ed., **John of the Mountains**, p. 205. See also Edith J. Hadley, "John Muir's Views of Nature and their Consequences" (Unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, University of Wisconsin, 1956), and George Wharton James, "John Muir: Geologist, Explorer, Naturalist," *The Craftsman*, VII (March 1905), 637-667.
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 30. Linnie M. Wolfe, **Son of the Wilderness**, p. 336.
 31. *Ibid.*, p. 337; see also the **San Francisco Examiner**, May 14, 1913, p. 1; and **The San Francisco Bulletin**, May 14, 1913, p. 2.
 32. To Mrs. Carr (undated fragment), in Wm. Frederic Bade, *op. cit.*, I, p. 261.
 33. L.M. Wolfe, **Son of the Wilderness**, p. 364.
 34. Edwin May Teale, *op. cit.*, Intro. xx.
 35. Edwin May Teale, *op. cit.*, Intro. xi.
 36. Lawrence Clark Powell, **California Classics: The Creative Literature of the Golden State** (Los Angeles, 1971), p. 144.
 37. Kevin Starr, *op. cit.*, p. 189.
 38. Neil Morgan, *op. cit.*, p. 54. In his letter to Robert U. Johnson, Oct. 24, 1908, Muir wrote: "Woe to the Spoilers of God's best gifts." Academy of Arts and Letters, New York, N.Y., File #61.
 39. See Edwin May Teale, *op. cit.*, Intro., xii.
 40. Ogden Nash, **Verses From 1929 On** (Boston, 1952), p. 346.
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