



1874-10-07

## Letter from John Muir to [Jeanne C.] Carr, 1874 Oct 7.

John Muir

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence>

---

### Recommended Citation

Muir, John, "Letter from John Muir to [Jeanne C.] Carr, 1874 Oct 7." (1874). *John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)*. 294.

<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence/294>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the John Muir Correspondence 1856-1914 at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in John Muir Correspondence (PDFs) by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact [mgibney@pacific.edu](mailto:mgibney@pacific.edu).

my feet have recovered their vigor. I feel my self again. Tell  
Kath the colors are coming to the ground. I leave Yosemite for  
#16 #

I take the photos to show  
in Tahoe in a week.  
I think I may be at  
Brownsville Yukon Co  
when I may get a letter  
from your  
I promised to call  
on Emily Peltom  
next

Fairmount  
Yosemite Valley

Oct 7<sup>th</sup> 1874

Mrs Black has faint  
mothered me. She will  
be down in a few weeks

Canyon

I expected to have been  
among the foot-hill drift long ago but  
the mtns fairly seized me & ere I knew  
I was up the Merced canon where we were  
last year. past Shadow & Merced Lakes  
& our Soda Springs etc. I returned last  
night. had a glorious storm, & a thousand  
sacred beauties that seemed yet more  
& more divine. I camped four nights  
at Shadow Lake at the old place in the pine  
thickets. I have ouzel tales to tell  
I was alone & during the whole excursion  
or period rather was in a kind of calm  
incurable ecstasy. I am hopelessly  
forever a mountaineer.  
How glorious my studies seem, & how simple  
I found out a noble truth concerning the  
Merced moraines that escaped me hitherto  
Circulation & fever, & all the morbidity that  
has been hooted at me has not dimmed  
my glacial eyes, & I care to live only to entice  
people to look at Natures loveliness, my own  
special self is nothing

00694

[Original letter in mounted set of letters to Mrs. Carr, #94].

Yosemite Valley, Oct. 7th, 1874.

Dear Mrs. Carr:

I expected to have been among the foothill drift long ago, but the mountains fairly seized me, and ere I knew I was up the Merced cañon where we were last year, past Shadow and Merced Lakes and our soda springs, etc. I returned last night. Had a glorious storm, and a thousand sacred beauties that seemed yet more and more divine. I camped four nights at Shadow Lake at the old place in the pine thicket. I have 3 ouzel tales to tell. I was alone and during the whole excursion or period, rather, was in a kind of calm incurable ecstasy. I am hopelessly and forever a mountaineer.

How glorious my studies seem, and how simple. I found out a noble truth concerning the Merced moraines that escaped me hitherto. Civilization and fever and all the morbidity that has been hooted at me has not dimmed my glacial eye, and I care to live only to entice people to look at Nature's loveliness. My own special self is nothing. My feet have recovered their cunning. I feel myself again.

Tell Keith the colors are coming to the groves. I leave Yosemite for over the mountains to Mono and Lake Tahoe. Will be in Tahoe in a week, thence anywhere Shastaward, etc. I think I may be at Brownsville, Yuba Co., where I may get a letter from you. I promised to call on Emily Pelton ~~[Wilson]~~ there. Farewell.

John Muir

Mrs. Black has fairly mothered me. She will be down in a few weeks.