



1874-12-21

## Letter from [John Muir] to [Jeanne C.] Carr, 1874 Dec 21.

John Muir

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### Recommended Citation

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Pizzous Station  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> 1874

Dear Mrs Carey. I have just returned from a fourth Shasta excursion & find you of 14<sup>th</sup>. I wish you could have been with me on Shastas shoulder last-see in the sun glow, I was over among the headwaters of the McCloud & what a head! Think of a spring giving rise to a river & fairly quiver with joyous exultation when I think of its the infinity of waters glory in rock cloud & water. As soon as I beheld the McCloud upon its lower course I knew there must be something extraordinary in its alpine fountains & I shouted

O when my glorious eyes do you come from?

Think of a Spring 50 yards wide at the mouth issuing from the base of a lava bluff with wild songs not gloomily from a dark cavey mouth but from a world of ferns & Mosses gold & green

I broke my way through chaparral & all kinds of river bank tangle in eager vigors utterly unweariable The dark blue stream sang solemnly with a deep voice pooling & boulder dashing & ah-aw-ain in white flashing rapids when suddenly I heard water notes I never had heard before. They came from that mysterious spring & then the Elk forest & the alpine glow & the sunsets never been cannot tell it ~~is~~

#96.

The sun this morning is at work with its blessings as if it had never blessed before ~~he~~ never wearies of revealing himself on Shasta.

But in a few hours I leave this Altar & all its ~~essence~~

Well to my Father I say Thank you, & go willingly

I go by stage & rail to Brownsville to see Emily & the rocks there & the Julia then perhaps a few days among the auriferous drifts on the Tuolumne & then to Oakland & that book, walking across the coast ranges ~~by~~ the way, either through

one of the passes or over Mt Diablo - I feel a sort of nervous fear of another period of town dark but I don't want to be silly about it the sun glows will all fade out of me & I will be deathly as Shasta in the dark but mornings will come dawns of some kind & if not I have lived more than a common eternity already

Samuel I don't over work that is not the work your Father wants I wish you could come a beery in the Shasta honey lands Love to the boys