



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1893-12-18

Letter from G[eorge] W. Cable to John Muir, 1893 Dec 18.

George W. Cable

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Dryads' Green,

Northampton,

Massachusetts.

Dec 18, 1893.

My dear Mr Muir:

I am only now really settled down at home for a stay of a few weeks. I wanted to have sent to you long ago the book I mail now and which you kindly offered to accept from me - Lanier's poems. There are in Lanier such wonderful odors of pine, and hay, and salt sands and cedar, and corn, and such whisperings of Eolian strains and every out-door sound - I think you would have had great joy in one another's personal acquaintance.

And this makes me think how much I have in yours. Your face and voice, your true, rich words, are close to my senses now as I write, and I cry hungrily for more. The snow is on us everywhere now,

and as I look across the white, crusted waste
I see such mellowness of yellow sunlight and
long blue and purple shadows that I want
some adequate manly partnerships to help
me reap the rapture of ~~such~~ beauty. In one
place a stretch of yellow grass standing
above the snow or blown clear of it glows
golden in the slant light. The heavens are
blue as my love's eyes and the clus are
black faces against their infinite distance.

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Last night I walked across the frozen
white under a moonlight and starlight
that made the way seem through the wastes
of a stellar universe and not along the surface
of one poor planet.

Write and tell me, I pray you, what those
big brothers of yours, the mountains, have been
saying to you of late. It will compensate
in part, but only in part, for the absence
of your spoken words.

Yours truly
J. W. Cable

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