



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1871-12-31

Letter from [Jeanne C. Carr] to John Muir, [1871] Dec 31.

Jeanne C. Carr

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Oakland, Dec. 31st, [1871]

Dear John,

I have been a victim to the worst weather I have ever known in Cal. - neuralgic pains got hold of my face, but all the more time have I lying around good for nothing to think 'why don't he write'. I sent you a box in October, and sent you Yelverton's papers in the magazines*and book soon after, and have written, and you must be dead and the Lord has buried you. I would write you if there was a feeling uppermost that you would receive my letters. I do not think it strange because we are cut off from nearer places. How wonderful things must be in these stormy days with you. The only really enjoyable day I have had in a month was one with Prof. Bolander on the Berkeley hills -- and that was cold enough to freeze one's marrow. No letters from the east beyond Chicago -- all is at a deadlock. Mr. Stone comes in now and then, McChesney is as good, genial and industrious as ever, means to go a bugging in Japan one day. LeConte is cogitating the Cosmos. The Libbys I rarely see. That Mrs. Hoyt who was with them is Dr. Kellogg's friend. I expect that blessed old soul has been washed off from his eyrie on Jones St. -- a queer place it was in dry weather. "Harry" [Harry] Edwards and his wife spent last Sunday with us. Prof. Marsh made us a flying visit. This is all the news I know.

Akin to the scenes in which you were bred the winter glory, the flowers of the snow, are but a great exaltation of what was familiar and dear. I seem to see nothing very familiar or dear. I have been shut in the house so long that everything is very stale to me. I really meant to spend the holidays on the Summit just for the glory and uplifting. Then this storm came. I never knew such a mean looking and feeling storm. It sounds like money falling on the roof. Thanksgiving day I went over into Sunol Valley to see John. Found him ploughing -- cheeks red, eyes so blue. He did not expect me. "How do you do, Ole Carson?" (His hair is so light he looks just like a Norwegian). The smile that broke over his face was the pleasantest thing I have seen this winter.

The Geological Survey is in rather a dubious position before the Legislature. Have you seen the bills for Forest Master, and the Yosemite road bill. How glad I shall be when a narrow gauge road is built into the Valley (think of my beginning that word with a little v! --almost as bad as the Wisconsin lawyer who began the greatest of monosyllables with a little j) for that will bring you out of it. A good old Wisconsin 'nature feller' has just settled in Seattle; [he] says the wildernesses beyond are unexplored save by Indians -- there be also waterfalls. I have been lying, I find, on these back pages -- all owing to this infernal weather.

[Jeanne Carr]

*[Probably has reference @t/Overland of Nov., 1871]

*John Carr
died April 1877*