



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1871-07-10

Letter from C.L. W[aterston] to [Jeanne C.] Carr, 1871 Jul 10.

C. L. Waterston

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71 Chester Square, Boston,  
July 10, 1871.

Dear Mrs. Carr,

On my return a few days ago from a journey I found a letter directed by you, and containing two letters from Mr. Muir to yourself. I searched in vain for any word from yourself, and as the letter was postmarked 'Boston' I presume you gave them hurriedly to some friend on his way here. I thank you much for the privilege of reading these letters -- they are poems of great and exquisite beauty -- worthy to be written out of a heart whose close communion with nature springs to a perfect love.

'Too near to God for doubt or fear,  
He shares the eternal calm'.

It is delightful to me to know that there is such a soul among those wonderful "sky ceiled rocks", amid those great visions, the great white throne of the Central Dome.

"I feel His glory who could make a world,  
Yet in the last depth of the wilderness  
Leave not a flower unfinished".

What rest, what perfect trust, we ought to feel in such a Father of Nature, Soul and Spirit.

I trust such healing wings have closed around your wounded spirit and carried you up to the serene heights of Peace. You can hardly resist the call to the Yosemite. How I wish I could join you there, with Mr. Muir for a guide. I am glad he met Mr. Emerson. I only wonder how Mr. E. could resist camping out under the Great Trees.

A year has passed since we were at the Yosemite -- a year -- it seems hardly a day. I have a picture of the Sentinel Rock, hanging opposite my room. It is by Mr. Shapleigh, who was in the Valley with us. I chose it from all his sketches, and call it my Rock. It is indeed the Rock which is higher than I, and typifies many things spiritual and eternal, while recalling the great original at whose foot we dwelt.

I should like to keep Mr. Muir's letters until I hear from you again, so do not enclose them -- they are safe and much prized.

Mr. Waterston and I have just returned from a five weeks' trip to the Green Mts., where we have enjoyed ourselves very highly. We spent a day or two to Brandon, but unfortunately Charlie Sanderson had not arrived at his cottage. We walked to it and looked in at the window and saw white muslin curtains, a print of Beethoven and other tokens of its master's pure and peaceful soul. I slipped a card under the door and took a rosebud from a bush near it. A note from Perabo tells me he is just going to join C. S. there. I met Mrs. Mary Parkman this spring, and spoke to her of my having seen you in California. She did not know where you were residing. She desired me to give you her kind regards, and remembered with interest your kindness and regard for her husband. Mr. Waterston met Ole Bull one evening at a Club where he seemed very bright and happy -- the baby must seem like a grandchild to him, as indeed it should be.

We returned for the closing exercises of the schools, as Mr. W. is on the committee and we have just entertained at our house the graduating class of the Everett School -- 55 girls -- a rose garden of girls they looked in their white muslins. How does your University and various interests progress? Mr. W. had a very interesting letter from Mr. Bacon lately, who writes many pleasant things. I wish Oakland was not three thousand miles off!

So they sentenced Mrs. Fair -- it was more than I expected. If anyone deserves capital punishment it would seem to be in such a case, and yet -- well, God knows how to deal with sinners better than we do.

Mrs. Howison is out of town. I saw her bright face just before we all went away. Hoping to hear from you soon, we send many best loves. I go this week to Newport to stay with my sister, but our letters are sent here.

Ever yours,

C. L. W[aterston]