



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1872-08-05

Letter from John Muir to [Jeanne C.] Carr, 1872 Aug 5.

John Muir

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[Letter copied from typewritten, bound set, as this letter is missing in mounted series of letters to Mrs. Carr]

To Mrs. Ezra S. Carr  
Yosemite Valley,  
Aug. 5th, 1872.

Dear Mrs. Carr:

Your letter telling me to catch my best glacier birds and come to you and the Coast mountains only makes me the more anxious to see you, and if you cannot come up I will have to come down, if only for a talk. My birds are flying everywhere, into all mountains and plains of all climes, and times, and some are ducks in the sea, and I scarce know what to do about it. I must see the Coast Ranges and the coast, but I was thinking that a month or so might answer for the present, and then, instead of spending the winter in town, I would hide in Yosemite and write, or I thought I would pack up some meal and dried plums to some deep wind-sheltered canyon back among the glaciers of the summits and write there and be ready to catch any whisper of ice and snow in these highest storms.

You anticipate all the bends and falls and rapids and cascades of my mountain life and I know that you say truly about my companions being those who live with me in the same sky whether in reach of hand or only of spiritual contact, which is the most real contact of all. I am learning to live close to the lives of my friends without ever seeing them. No miles of any measurement can separate your soul from mine. ~~[Portion of letter out away].~~ [Part of the letter missing].

omit

. . . . Farewell. I'm glad you are to get your Ned again. The fever will soon cool out from his veins in the breath of California.

The Valley is full of sun, but glorious Sierras are piled above the South Dome and Starr King. I mean the bossy cumuli that are daily upheaved at this season, making a cloud period yet grander than the rock sculpturing, Yosemite making, forest planting glacial period.

Yesterday we had our first midday shower, the pines waved gloriously at its approach, the woodpeckers beat about as if alarmed, but the humming-bird moths thought the cloud shadows belonged to evening and came down to eat among the mints. All the firs and rocks of Starr King were bathily dripped before the Valley was vouchsafed a single drop. After the splendid blessing the afternoon was veiled in calm clouds, and one of intensely beautiful pattern and gorgeously irised was stationed over Eagle Rock at the sunset. Farewell...

omit

Farewell. I'll see you with my common eyes, and touch you with these writing fingers ere long. Remember me cordially to Mrs. Moore and Mr. and all your family, and I am, As ever

Your friend,  
y  
John Muir