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1873-09-27

Letter from [John Muir] to [Jeanne C.] Carr, [1873] Sep 27.

John Muir

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Recommended Citation

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Camp on South Fork San Joaquin
Near divide of San Joaquin & Kings River
Sep 27th?

[13] [1873]

Dear Mrs Carr We have been out nearly two weeks. Clark is going to leave us, told me five minutes ago, am a little nervous about it, but will of course push on alone. We came out through the Mariposa Grove around the head of the Cloquetto Joaquin across the canon of the North Fork of San Joaquin. - Then across the Can of Middle Fork of San Joaquin & up E side of the South Fork one days journey. Then picked our wild way across the Can of the South Fork & came up one days journey on the west side of the Canon where we made a camp for four days. I was anxious to see the head fountains of this river. & started alone Clark not feeling able to bear the fatigues involved in such a trip. I set out without blankets for a hard climb followed the Joaquin to its Glaciers, & climbed the highest Mtn I could find at its head wh was either Mt Humphreys or the Mtn next S. This is a noble Mtn, considerably higher than any I have before ascended. The Map of the Geological survey gives no detail of this wild region. I was gone from camp four days & discovered 15 Glaciers, & Yosemite Valley's "many O's". The view from that glorious Mtn 13,300 ft high? is not to be attempted here. Saw over into Owens River

[23]

valley & all across among the fountains of
Kings River. I got back to Camps last evening.
This morning after breakfast Clark said that
he ought to be at home attending to business & could
not feel justified in being away & therefore had made
up his mind to leave us - going home by way of the
Valley of the main Joaquin -

We will push over to the Kings River region & attempt
to go down between the Middle & North Forks - thence
into the Canon of the South Fork & over the range
to Owens Valley & south to Mt. Whitney if the
weather holds steady, then for Tahoe etc.
As we are groping through unexplored regions
our plans may be considerably modified.

I feel a little anxious about the lateness of the
season, we may be at Tahoe in three or four
weeks.

We had a rough time crossing the Mid Fork of the
Joaquin. Browny rolled down over the rocks
not sidewise but end over end. One of the
mules rolled boulder like in a yet more vigorous
fashion.

Billy went forth to sketch while I was among
the glaciers & got lost, was 36 hours without food

I have named a grand wide winged mountain -
on the head of the Joaquin Mt. Emerson. Its head
is high above its fellows, & wings are white with a tan

This is a dear bonnie morning, the sun rays

lovingly to his precious mtn pines. The brown
meadows are mightily frosted brown, & the
Yellow aspens are losing their leaves.

I wish I could write to you, but hard
work near & far presses heavily & I cannot
nature makes huge demands. Yet pays a
thousand thousand fold.

As in all the mtns I have been about the
head of Merced & Tuolumne. This region is a song
of God.

On my way home yesterday afternoon I gathered
you three orange leaves from a grove of one of the
5 or 6 fragrant Yosemites, little thought I that you
would receive them so soon.

Remember me to the doctor & the boys & to Mrs
& Mr Moore & Keith. Farewell

Dr Kellogg wishes to be kindly remembered