



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1873-11-03

Letter from John Muir to [Ezra and Jeanne] Carr, [1873] Nov 3.

John Muir

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Recommended Citation

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[1873]

#35
Lahoe City Nov 3^d

My dear friends Mr & Mrs Carr
I received the news of your terrible
bereavement a few moments ago &
can only say that you have my
heart's sympathy & prayer that our
Father may sustain & soothe you,

Dr. Kellogg & Billy Simms left
me a week ago at Mono going
directly to Yosemite, I reached this
Queen of lakes two days ago &
rode down around the shore on the
east side - will continue on around

here that your Berkeley house was not likely to be built -
 my mind to winter in snowy peaks & rocks & you lot of
 as letter with you as in another letter directed
 to the valley
 I will
 Come
 Ever yrs
 John Muir

nor see you, yet you shared all of my
 highest pleasures as I sauntered through
 the piney woods pausing countless times
 to absorb the blue glimpses of the lake
 all so heavenly clean, so terrestrial yet
 so openly spiritual. I wish my dear dear
 friends that you could share this divine
 day with me here, the soul of Indian
 summer is brooding this blue water & it enters
 ones being as nothing else does. Tahoe is surely
 not one but many, as I curve around its heads
 & bays & look far out at its level sky faintly tinted
 & fading in pensive air I am reminded
 of all the mountain lakes I ever knew as
 if this were a kind of water heaven with

[Original letter in mounted set of letters to Mrs. Carr, # 35]

Tahoe City, Nov. 3d, [1873].

My dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Carr:

I received the news of your terrible bereavement a few moments ago, and can only say that you have my heart's sympathy and prayer that our Father may sustain and soothe you. Oct. 1873

Dr. Kellogg and Billy Simms left me a week ago at Mono, going directly to Yosemite. I reached this Queen of lakes two days ago, and rode down around the shore on the east side. Will continue on around . . .

[portion of page cut off]

nor see you. Yet you shared all of my highest pleasures as I sauntered through the piney woods pausing countless times to absorb the blue glimpses of the lake, all so heavenly clean, so terrestrial, yet so openly spiritual. I wish, my dear, dear friends, that you could share this divine day with me here. The soul of Indian summer is brooding this blue water, and it enters one's being as nothing else does. Tahoe is surely not one but many. As I curve around its heads and bays and look far out on its level sky fairily tinted and fading in pensive air I am reminded of all the mountain lakes I ever knew as if this were a kind of water heaven to which they all had come,

[portion of page cut, and following lines written across the sheet, lost portions being indicated]

. . .pers that your Berkeley house was not likely to be built
. . . my mind to winter among Yosemite rocks again, but if
. . .ed better winter with you, say so in another letter directed to the Valley and I will come.

Ever yours,

John Muir.

[Date supplied from letter of Oct. 16, 1873].