



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1895-12-23

Letter from [author unknown] to John Muir, 1895 Dec 23.

Unidentified

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The stony rocks (El Capitan  
 Cathedral, Brothers Glen)  
 Within thy bosom hold divine  
 In benign mystery.  
 Unaltered in all the flowing tide  
 Those sharp reflections dwell,  
 E'en so while every mountain side  
 Endures thy beauty's spell.

[47]

[Dec 23, 95]

My John Muir, [1]  
 Your book "The  
 Mountains of California"  
 has given such pleasure  
 to one reader that she  
 wishes to express grati-  
 tude to the author.  
 My trip was a limited  
 one and taken many  
 years ago but so far  
 as my experience went,  
 your book confirms and  
 revives my impressions  
 It was read with keen

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Miss Titus & Lucy Washburn  
 On Mtns of Cal. etc  
 + Miss Washburn Light on Shasta  
 + Helen Wright,  
 Miss No Name. Somers, Cal.

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enjoyment and sympathy and many another will follow its pages with the same zest. The lines were not inspired by the book - but perhaps they will be in touch with it. My name has no significance and as it is not signed but perhaps it will gratify you to know that your descriptions have brought some of the glories you have seen to an obscure person in an obscure village.

Somers Dec 23<sup>rd</sup> 1895 -

Merced  
Merced. Merced, thy crystal wave  
O'er granite sands doth flow  
When on the vagrant sunbeams weave  
A net of gold below.

Thy banks are daintily bebet  
With ferns and grasses fine  
And beds of arrowy violet  
The tangled roots entwine.



Somers, Dec. 23rd, 1895.

Mr. John Muir,

Your book "The Mountains of California" has given such pleasure to one reader that she wishes to express gratitude to the author. My trip was a limited one and taken many years ago, but so far as my experience went, your book confirms and revives my impressions. It was read with keen enjoyment and sympathy and many another will follow its pages with the same zest. The lines were not inspired by the book, but perhaps they will be in touch with it. My name has no significance and so it is not signed, but perhaps it will gratify you to know that your descriptions have brought some of the glories you have seen to an obscure person in an obscure village.

Merced.

Merced, Merced, thy crystal wave  
O'er granite sands doth flow,  
Whereon the vagrant sunbeams weave  
A net of gold below.

Thy banks are daintily beset  
With ferns and grasses fine  
And beds of snowy violet  
The tangled roots entwine.

The stately rocks (El Capitan  
Cathedral, Brothers Three)  
Within thy bosom hold divan  
In tranquil majesty.

Unaltered 'neath the flowing tide  
Those sharp reflections dwell;  
E'en so while busy lustrums glide  
Endures thy beauty's spell.

[Envelope containing letter inscribed, in Muir's handwriting,  
"Miss No Name, Somers, Cal."]