



1872-09-25

## 1872 Sept 25 JM to J Carr p1

John Muir

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### Recommended Citation

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Yossem  
3-4 25-1/2  
1874

In the mountain light  
Oakland winter seems all a dream,  
only the kindness of friends  
stands out clear, Pine trees  
granite & waterfalls now.  
How true & pure & immortal  
they seem to me, Yet somehow  
I feel satisfied to leave all &  
labor in other fields

The very first evening I came in,  
the brave owl that was not  
afraid of the earthquake tremored  
unnervously as ever, having heard



him so many years. His voice seemed  
charmingly familiar.

The morning light is streaming in  
between the domes. & the sculpture  
of the arches is splendidly brought out  
now eloquently it speaks of the icy  
past. How marvellous the richness &  
delicacy of the sculpture wrought by  
so simple & blunt & unworldly a tool;

I've been out dauntless on the  
meadows & along the sleepy river,  
I've darts came glinting on the crisp  
bright water, & after nodding reas-  
= ningly, & doing all their dainty manner  
began wading & ducking in the shallows

They are little dim ruggles of water =  
= music. as if the brown pebbles over  
wh<sup>ch</sup> the river has sung for ages had  
at length been overgrown with moss  
& feathers & blown away