



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1872-09-25

1872 Sept 25 JM to J Carr p1

John Muir

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1874

In the mountain light
Oakland winter seems all a dream,
only the kindness of friends
stands out clear, Pine trees
granite & waterousels 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 & unyielding a tool;

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

They are little drum muzzets of water-
= music, as if the brown pebbles over
wh^{ch} the river has sung for ages had
at length been overgrown with moss
& feathers & blown away