



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1894-12-18

Letter from Jeanne [C.] Carr to [John Muir], 1894 Dec 18.

Jeanne C. Carr

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which all liberal souls were invited;
 with a dancing floor for the young
 under an enormous oak tree gay with
 lanterns; a favorite band hidden on
 the Bank of Arroyo Seco, & other
 attractions. I took with me Ruth Fin-
 new a little woman who as Ruth
 Burnts was in the Urno of this in
 your day; and a lovely lady with
 (well concealed) mediumistic powers -
 I, with no more intention or expectation of
 any occult proceedings than I have at
 this moment. It was a very gay
 & festive scene; the band playing &
 dancing in full swing when Ruth came
 to me with a strange look on her face
 and said, "I have just seen Dr Conger
 under those trees; never saw him more
 distinctly in my life". She knew him well
 on Wisconsin & here. Not long after
 Mrs Staff reported a similar experience;
 This was long after his decease;

Embrace each for me, beginning with
 grandma. /

Dec 18th 94.

Dear John,

The mother said in her
 letter that you had not heard of
 Flora, Conger's death, and as I
 am driving myself into every kind
 of occupation which diverts my at-
 tention from the great emptiness of
 our home, I will give you the sin-
 gular experience it brought ^{to memory,} under
 my observation.

You may or may not
 remember that Conger was a trained
 and really excellent practitioner of
 medicine; in the early months of
 our residence here, he was called
 to the sick bed of a lovely little
 girl, the prize pupil in our public
 school. As he did not return, Mrs
 Conger sent over to my cottage &

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The evening brought the whole story
 of the accident which occurred on the
 Carmelita property through which
 the party drove on their ride homeward.
 Flora was the only one seriously
 injured; & her dislocated ankle ^{was} set in
 plastered dressings within half an hour.
 She was in splendid health when the
 accident occurred, and on the eve of
 a very promising entrance into ^{happy} marriage
 with the only child of J. H. Crank
 a wealthy & prominent citizen. But
 it seemed that no skill could save
 her; Mrs Conger has apparently lost
 interest in life, for Flora was her
 idol. The house is rented as a board-
 ing house; Mrs C. & Lulu live in
 rooms on the east side, and take their
 meals outside. Howard stays at the mine
 and has no fondness for work or study,
 but has only the bad habit of continuous
 cigarette smoking.

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and whatever the hard, cold facts might be, I always believed in the honesty and sincerity of the narrator. When he had finished he said; "if it is possible, and I die first, I will try to make you understand how natural it is, no super about it!!" no super

I went at his request to his death bed; and he assured me that he had ^{just} seen the spirit of a little daughter buried at Salt Lake; and that his mother came and went all through the previous night. He was as clear in mind as I ever saw him. And now, of Flora, whose death occurred more than a year ago, let me tell you, with a bit of preface.

There was a festival gotten up for a benefit to the Unitarian-Universalist Church, to

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requested me to stay with her, as she feared he would be gone all night. I complied, and she, not feeling well, retired, leaving me enjoying a book by the fire.

After midnight, I heard his step, and presently he came into the sitting room, and dropped into a rocking chair as if utterly exhausted.

I stepped in to the kitchen & brought him a cup of tea or coffee from the still warm stove, which he took very gratefully; and soon after broke out in a suppressed tone.

"My God! my eyes, these very eyes Mrs Carr, have seen the curtain lifted; I have watched the most beautiful thing my eyes will ever see, the whole process of re-embodiment."

I want to tell you now, before I forget one feature of it; and so he did; ^{very impressively, but} without making Mrs Conger

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Out of my own experience I cannot understand how one can so completely lose interest in the life that now is, or the infinite variety of perfunctories. I have not lost my affection for one that life has brought to my shanty of a soul, when it grows into a temple each will have his statue and inscription.

I enjoy the book more and more, taking it in sips and dips.

You ought to bring Lonia and the girls, and we will take you to Echo Mt & make a score of you for the growing menagerie.

G Wharton James enquired if I had ever met Mr Muir; would like to make his acquaintance. "So would I; G Wharton, it should be made every seven years;" meaning thus we shall soon need to be introduced. Jeanne Carr,