



1879-08-19

## Letter from [John Muir] to Louie [Strentzel], [1879] Aug 19.

John Muir

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Aug 17.

[1879]

On tributary of Thibert Creek.  
Dear Sam. I have at last been  
blest by the good Lord in being  
allowed a taste of this wild &  
beautiful mountain, away back at  
the fountain of the river.

The water here flows into the Arctic  
ocean. This stream is a tributary  
of the Great Mackenzie.

There is a note the highest hereabouts  
wh I will climb early tomorrow.

The river is said by the Frenchmen  
in whose little boat I am sheltered

to be very extensive.

I wish you could see him. He is  
an old voyageur of the Hudson Bay

Co. We have been sitting in his quiet  
cabin all the one talker and

I wish you could see how the  
fire light glows on his face as  
he talks about the birds &

animals. He loves furs too, I am

sure & is a gentleman but

my kind of a Can I can  
mean to go down the Sticks  
in a Caner with an Ind can  
stop + climb among the  
fls as I go - grand facts here

Conceded to me and I had the money  
on my way. The man who  
showed me the way. How long it is to  
the Great River and I was not there.



On tributary of Thibert Creek,  
Aug. 19 [1879].

Dear Louie:

I have at last been blest by the good lord in being allowed to taste of this wild and beautiful Northland away back at the fountains of the rivers. The waters here flow into the Arctic Ocean. This stream is a tributary of the great Mackenzie. There is a mountain, the highest hereabouts, which I will climb early tomorrow. The view is said by the Frenchman in whose little hut I am sheltered to be very extensive.

I wish you could see him. He is an old voyageur of the Hudson Bay Co. We have been sitting in his queer wee cabin all the eve talking adventure. I wish you could see how the firelight glows on his face as he talks about the birds and animals. He loves flowers too, I am sure, and is a gentleman, but how wild. It was snowing a little while ago. What big feathery flakes, an inch wide and more, intensely beautiful and exciting as they slanted down through the trees in front of the cabin. How impressive in this noble wild! I came up here from Wrangel by steamer 200 miles and afoot a hundred miles. Am a little tired. 300 miles to Wrangel. I can hardly see to write, the fire in the wee ingle blinks so. Am on the dirt floor - about eleven o'clock, but thought of you, and so write you the kind of a line I can. Mean to go down the Stickeen in a canoe with an Indian, stop and climb among the glaciers as I go. Grand facts here. Counted a hundred ? on way up the river. The stars shining through clouds. ?

Goodnight,

[John Muir]