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1879-08-19

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

John Muir

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Recommended Citation

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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 runs clear 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
little cabin all the one talker, and says

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 butler.

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miles. It was ⁸⁰² among a little
while ago. Much big feathery flocks
an inch wide + more, intensely
beautiful + exciting as they flanked
them thro' the trees in front of
the cabin. Never impression in this
whole world. I came to be from
Wangle by steam ²⁰⁰ fapook an
hundred miles, in a little time, 300
yards to Wangle. I can hardly de-
scribe the view, the pine in the wangle
blanks 20, and on the dark floor
about eleven o'clock but
thought of you + to write you
my kind of a love I can
mean to go down the Strickman
in a canoe with an Indian
slip + climb among the
fls as I go - grand facts here.
Counted a hundred of ~~fls~~ ^{fls}
on my way up the river. The trees
showing their old. How by any is it
the great love + ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~impression~~

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]

WELLS BOND