



1879-10-24

Letter from Louie Strentzel to [John Muir], 1879 Oct 24.

Louie Strentzel

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to visit her next week, and attend the Authors' Carnival and a fine concert, which I intend to do.

A note from Emily came to day. I wrote you before of a pleasant visit with Mrs. Upham, the time of the Grant receptions.

I suppose the Cal. newspapers are sometimes seen in Alaska, so you probably know all you care for of the ways and interests of Californians.

Papa says to tell you that our "Alhambra grapes are just now, most delicious but also, they are ripening and departing a la 'tempus fugit'!" That is only too true, though I fear I haven't spelled it according to Latin rule. The little translucent Corinthes are dainty and delicious enough for fairies, or, other good people!

And if you are very good, some of them will stay and wait for you even until Thanksgiving day.

Ah me! what a blessed Thanksgiving if only you come home.

Louie Stentzel.

Alhambra, Oct. 24, 1879.

Beloved Friend,

So far, so far away, and still another month of wandering in that wild Northland! When I said, "Alaska seems good to me," did I quite understand the marvelous charm of those white mysterious glacier heights? Yet it reaches even to me, here two thousand miles away, and it is beautiful—so I am sure there is no jealousy of this weird power, that makes me long so for your coming to the south.

But I shiver with every thought of the dark cruel winter drifting down, down—and never a beam of sunshine on all that wide land of mist.

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O John, John, do not stay too long. Surely you can go again next year with the new summer, if it seems best. Last Monday, the Alaska steamer reached Nanaimo. "He will be in California soon." I thought. — Then came the Bulletin item here inclosed. — Well, at least I have the comfort of hoping that the steamer brought many good words from you, — but I must wait three days longer. Letters are sent overland, and take from six to eight days; so that after receiving yours there has been no time to answer before departure of the "California." A line from the Postmaster said that my letter to Port Townsend had at last been forwarded to Wrangel, but there must still be two poor notes at Victoria. This also will be too late unless it be sent tomorrow morning, for our

postoffice is closed on Sundays. My last letter to you was written at the "Grand Central" in Oakland, and at midnight: now it is ten o'clock, but I must be up early, to take paper to the San F. train, and then I go myself over to Benicia.

We have been sorely grieved this evening, hearing of the death of our dear friend, my former teacher, Mrs. Colby. She was indeed a noble Christian woman, ever helpful, and true and faithful in every relation of life.

Mother has again been sick all the week so I am tired and nervous with extra cares, but I work out in the sunshine warm, as much as possible, in the way of a tonic preparation against the coming frosty winter weather.

Wednesday, I received from Mrs. Swett a charming letter inviting me