



1880-08-03

## Letter from John Muir to Louie [Muir], 1880 Aug 3.

John Muir

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Victoria, B. C. Aug. 3<sup>d</sup> 1880

3.45, P.M.

Dear Lovie, The Vancouver roses are out of bloom hereabouts but I may possibly find some near Nanaimo. I mailed you a letter yesterday which you will probably receive with this.

Arriving at Esquimaux we hired a carriage driven by a  
saweyed & sawlipped negro to take us with all our baggage  
to Victoria some 3 miles distant. The horses were also  
of melancholic aspect lean & clipper-built in general  
but the way they made the fire fly from the glacial  
gravel would have made Saint Jose & his jet  
besides hide in the dust. By dint of much blood praise  
of his team he put them to their wiry springsteel metal  
& we passed everything on the road with a whizz Cab Carl  
Carriage & Carryall. We put up at the Dravid House  
& had a square or cubical meal. Put on a metallic countenance  
to the Landlord on account of the money & expence we  
carried, nearly scared him out of his dignity & made  
him give us good rooms. At 6.45 P.M. The California  
arrived, & we went aboard & had a chat with Hughes the  
Purser. He at once enquired whether I had anyone

with me, meaning you as Vanderbilt had given  
our news. Learned that the Cal. would not  
sail until this evening & made up our mind  
to take a drive out in the highways &  
byways adjacent to the town.

While strolling about the streets last evening  
I felt a singular interest in the Thlinket  
Indians I met & something like a missionary  
spirit came over me. Poor fellows I wish I  
could serve them.

There is good eating but poor sleeping here. My  
bed was but little like our own at home.

Met Major Morris the Treasury agent this morning.  
He is going up with us. He is your remember the  
writer of that book on Alaska that I brought with  
me.

About 9 o'clock we got a horse & buggy at the  
livery stable & began our devious drive by  
going back to the Dakota to call on 1st Officer  
Griffith & give him a box of weeds for his kind  
deeds. Then took any road that offered out into  
the gum leafy country. How beautiful it is, Every  
road banked high & embowered in dense fresh green  
tall ferns 6 to 8 ft high close to the wheels, then  
spiraea 2 or 3 species, wild rose bushes, Madroño, hazel,  
hawthorn, then a host of young Douglas Spruces &





Silver firs with here & there a few  
with its red berries & dark foliage,  
& a Maple or two, then the tall firs  
& Spruces forming the forest primal.

We came to a good many fields  
of grain but all of them <sup>Victoria, B.C.</sup> small as compared <sup>18</sup> with  
the number of the houses. The oats & barley is  
just about ripe. We saw little orchards too  
a good many ~~poor~~ little red brown fellows, six  
hatsfuls per tree, & the queerest little sprinkling  
of little red & yellow cherries just beginning to  
ripen. Many of the Cottage homes about town  
are as lovely as cottage may be, embowered  
in honeysuckle & green gardens & bits of lawn  
& orchard & grand oaks with lovely outlooks.  
The day has been delightful how you would  
have enjoyed it all three of you.

Our baggage is already aboard & how I wish  
I might I must go, I shall write you  
again from Vancouver.

Goodbye again my love  
Keep a strong heart & speedily will fly  
the hours that bring me back to thee  
Love to Mother & Father.

Ever your affectionate husband  
John Meiss.