



1880-08-27

Letter from [Louie Strentzel Muir] to [John Muir], 1880 Aug 27.

Louie Strentzel Muir

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[1880]
Friday, Aug. 27.

"So much cool weather in August is perfectly astonishing and exasperating" Papa says when he thinks of the late grapes: for frequently of late, a damp south wind has whistled and moaned through the trees as if it were midwinter. It is blowing now furiously for our sheltered valley, but that poor neglected garden is rejoicing, because the old windmill has been at work. The cleander, grape-vine, the and verbenas are covered with rosy bloom, the pink Amaryllis and the lilies are beautiful, and the Smilax is 10 ft. high.

Papa has just returned, bringing a very ~~coarse~~ letter from Mrs. Jane Williams expressing her deep regret at not seeing us before you left, but she was so unwell at that time and afterward that she could not return to the fogs of Oakland. At present near Calistoga. Sends affectionate regards to you from Mr. Williams and herself.

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Today I begin to feel hungry, my meals during two weeks past having been quite "Tannerian" principally water and boiled peachjuice. I have a fancy that a bit of Alaska smoked salmon broiled before glowing coals, with maybe a garnish of little blue huckleberries, must be exactly delicious.

Try to bring with you some berries, not paste, but dried whole, - and couldn't a small block of the tiny glacier-edge Vaccinium, soil, plants and fruit, be easily quarried & carried?

All this proves that I now am really convalescent, and, come to think of it, I am pleased with even this penciling, rather cramped to be sure, but still indicative of a reasonably steady hand - and remember it is written on a small book held up in air, while my head

is down, limited strictly to two pillows!

A note has just come from Mr. Sam. Williams to Mrs. J. M. with this notice of you, and he says, "The allusion to the absence of 'domestic ties' will make you smile!" I mean to write in a few days to Mrs. Williams who is still out in the country.

"J. B.'s book" appeared last Saturday. No more letters, only circulars, ect. have yet come for you.

Of course, your article on Glacier Pavements could not be sent to the Californian, but father wrote a note to Mr. Phelps, explaining that I was too unwell to attend to it, which he answered kindly, desiring a good article after your return.

Mrs. Bielawski has come for 3 days, and she and mother are now striving to keep each other cheerful.

Mrs. Bush brought a letter from her son Norton, the artist, who was at Lake Tahoe last week, where he saw Mr. & Mrs. Hatch. He says that Mary is very miserable and he fears she can never be much better. Her last letter to mother showed she was growing weaker, though she wrote cheerfully enough. Poor brave woman, how my heart aches for her in her struggle against Fate.

Mother walks about the house and yard, looking very bright and comfortable, and delighted as any child over any thing new or pretty. Father is not very well but he went to San F. this morning.

I think a large quantity of fruit, pears, Chasselas grapes, ect. must be leaving here, for the men are hammering boxes all day long, and the wagons carry down twice a day.

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[Louie Muir]