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Letter from Louie [Strentzel] Muir to John Muir, 1881 Jun 13.

Louie Strentzel Muir

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Martinez, California.
June 13, 1881.

Dear John:

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The steamer Rodgers has been delayed from day ^{to day} waiting for supplies from the East, and now this morning's paper states that she did not leave on Saturday, as ordered, but will go tomorrow, on the way to the "unknown seas." So again I have time before the 1.30 Express, to write a little to you.

"The Unknown Seas!" The words chill me, and fill my mind with strange wild fears and dreams. The weird charms, and mystery, and the pitiless power!

O, my beloved, do not be tempted to seek knowledge of that awful wilderness of waters and treacherous icebergs! O, the mist, and the

darkness! I can not bear it.
John, my beloved, my husband,
God be merciful, and lead you
always in His own good way,
out from the shadow and the
danger, and at last bring you
home to the waiting hearts that
love you, that pray for you.

Our baby is seven days
older, and every day, she is
more fair and sweet and precious
a blessed Revelation to my heart.
O papa, can you see her?
Surely for one little minute
every morning, you can come
when she awakens to the light,
and the radiance of her blue,
beautiful eyes seems brighter
than the sunshine.

She calls for me, now with
tearful eyes, — and there is
no more time.

We wait, oh so longingly for
word from you, for your own
dear letters.

Baby has ceased her fretting
and now is cooing and smiling
to papa's picture, our own
mountaineer, she will know
you and love you when you
come.

Good-bye, Beloved,
Louie Muir