



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1885-08-14

Letter from John Muir to Louie [Strentzel Muir], 1885 Aug 14.

John Muir

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23
Esmond Hotel
COR. FRONT AND MORRISON STS.

Thomas Guinean, Proprietor. Portland, Oregon, Aug 14, 1885

Dear Louie. I hope you are all
well & that the work I left is not giving
you undue trouble. I suppose Wanda
is having a glad good time tramping
& talking with her grandfather. I was one
day at Sissons & arrived here this afternoon
at 4.30. Walked out to Dr. Lindsey but
found nobody at home. Mr & Mrs gone
east - the girls scattered etc. Also
called on Mr. Alisky whom I knew
when here last. Found that he had
gone to Europe. Then went to the
office of Dr. Chance - & found his
door locked. Tomorrow I shall
hunt up John Muir & Paul
Schulze. & then push on homeward.
The stage ride was very rough & just
I feel better now & hope to stand the
journey home quite easily. & I no
longer dread it. Slept on the train
last night & breakfasted lightly
on a peach & coffee. Then no lunch
to speak of it was so bad but had

only Shasta was at home. Half past nine. Must be out. Sure to be over you when

Dr Gibbons gave me some pills
& a bottle of brown powder made
of Bismuth, brass, buttaim metal
or something of the sort which I
may be compelled to take. Wonder
how grandma would admire it.
It looks like powdered lava or
Red Bluff dust. I wrote you
the night I spent with the Dr & hope
he did not fail to mail it. I also
wrote from Sissons telling you that
I borrowed \$50⁰⁰ from him & asking
you to send him that amount addressed

J. H. Sisson
Sissons Station
Berryvale
Sixkiyou Co Cal

Mr Shasta looked intensely impressive
& inspiring - a lovely green meadow
in front then the deep woods of pine
& spruce swelling upward on its
slopes then the vast sweep of lava
& snow rise into the sky. Hard hard to
pass it by on any errand.

Jerome Fay is stopping at his
father-in-law's ranch fifteen miles
beyond Sissons I stopped there
to see him for a few minutes but
he too was away - wonder if father
& mother will be gone to Scotland

Portland, Oregon, Aug. 14, 1885.

Dear Louie,

I hope you are all well and that the work I left is not giving you undue trouble. I suppose Wanda is having a glad good time tramping and walking with her grandfather. I was one day at Sissons and arrived here this afternoon at 4:30. Walked out to Dr. Lindsey's but found nobody at home, Mr. and Mrs. gone east, the girls scattered, etc. Also called on Mr. Alisky, whom I knew when here last. [I] found that he had gone to Europe. Then went to the office of Dr. Chance and found his door locked. Tomorrow I shall hunt up John Muir and Paul Schulze, and then push on homeward. The stage ride was very rough and dusty. I feel better now and hope to stand the journey home quite easily, and I no longer dread it. [I] slept on the train last night, and breakfasted lightly on a peach and ? , then no lunch to speak of, it was so bad, but had [here a portion of the letter is torn away] Dr. Gibbons gave me some pills and a bottle of brown powder made of bisnuth, brass, brittania metal, or something of the sort, which I may be compelled to take -- wonder how grandma would admire it. It looks like powdered lava or Red Bluff dust. I wrote you the night I spent with the Dr. and hope he did not fail to mail it. I also wrote from Sissons telling you that I borrowed \$50 from him, and asking you to send him that amount, addressed

J. H. Sisson,
Sissons Station,
Berryvale,
Siskiyou Co., Cal.

Mt. Shasta looked intensely impressive and inspiring -- a lovely green meadow in front, then the deep woods of pine and spruce swelling upward on its slopes, then the vast sweep of lava and snow and ice into the sky. Hard, hard to pass it by on any errand.

Jerome Fay is stopping at his father-in-law's ranch fifteen miles beyond Sissons. I stopped there to see him for a few minutes, but he too was away.

Wonder if father and mother will have gone to Scotland [here a portion of the letter is torn away].

Only Shasta was at home. Half-past nine, must to bed. Love to all,

Ever y[ou]rs,

John Muir.