



1888-07-14

Letter from John Muir to Louie [Strentzel Muir and Family], 1888 Jul 14.

John Muir

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Serrano Shasta -
July 14th 1888

Dear Louie & all.

We have been here ten days
resting & gazing & meeting old
friends of my mountaineering
days. We arrived about 10:
A.M. & leave for the north
today about 11 A.M. Will
probably go on direct to
Portland.

The old mountain is & has
been since we came glorious
with crown & drapery of
clouds - now cloudy now
clear - bits of peaks
& bosses showing out
weirdly through the satiny
gauzy sun filled clouds

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The whole summit at times
looming to a fearful height
in the keen upper heavens
with rock ribs & snow strange
yet familiar & awful
looking. This morning
I felt like attempting
to climb. The season
has been very stormy
& thus far only one man
made out to reach the
summit. I suppose I
could hardly reach the
old ground, but am
feeling a little better.
I'll ward a & Helen
I have some nice
stories to tell them & I
expect to find & gather up
many more in the far
north woods.
Sisson is feeling fast
& so is Mr Lanier who

announces my feet too that freezing
time. Now thought of walking
the Bulletin but no success this
morning as far as

John G. Hall

Mr B. Sisson is
comfortable as you can

See yours truly
J. G. H.

Sisson's, Shasta,
July 14th, 1888.

Dear Louie and all:

We have been here two days resting and gazing and meeting old friends of my mountaineering days. We arrived about ten A.M. and leave for the North to-day about eleven A.M. and will probably go direct to Portland.

The old mountain is, and has been since we came, glorious with crown and drapery of clouds -- now cloudy, now clear -- bits of points and bosses showing out weirdly through the satiny, gauzy, sun-filled clouds, the whole summit at times looming to a fearful height in the keen upper heavens with rock-ribs and snow, strange, yet familiar and awful looking. This morning I felt like attempting to climb. The season has been very stormy and thus far only one man made out to reach the summit. I suppose I could hardly reach the old ground, but am feeling a little better.

Tell Wanda and Helen I have some nice stories to tell them and I expect to find and gather up many more in the far north woods.

Sisson is failing fast, and so is Mr. Lanfier who anointed my poor toes that freezing time. Have thought of writing the Bulletin, but no success this way so far. Love to all. Make Anna as comfortable as you can.

Ever yours truly,

J.M.