



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1890-06-25

**Letter from Louie [Strentzel Muir] to John Muir, 1890 Jun 25.**

Louie Strentzel Muir

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Edward and Coleman seem very cheerful and are doing well on the ranch, they mended the windmill and keep the tank full of water. Jimmie, Choo and Keng are at work. The road & poll tax collectors came the day you left, and the other Chinamen all went off to the city. Young worked only 2 days, so the ranch is very quiet. Mr. Van Trump sent you a pleasant letter from Yelm. The Century sent part of the article for the September No. calling it "Features of the Proposed National Park". Father is ready to start to Martinez, so good-bye, to day. O my beloved, God bless you and guard you. Louie.

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Martinez, California.  
June 25, 1890.

My dear husband,

No word from you has come to us since the morning you left San Francisco, and your letter and instructions from Victoria are still far off somewhere in the darkness.

We can only try to wait patiently till the returning steamer brings messages from Glacier Bay. Oh John, Alaska seems farther away, colder and mistier than ever before. Perhaps the winds & storms of this month, will be worn out by the time you reach the grand Glacier and then you may be satisfied, with sunshine and soft

air and clear ways among the mysteries of that icy wilderness. That would be glorious! May the good Father grant it, and keep you always in his own loving care, and lead you through all the shadows.

Very little was said in the papers here about the collision, with the steamer Queen, leaving Port Townsend, but the shock in the darkness at midnight must have been terrible. It makes me shiver yet to think of it, and of how the wind must have cried and moaned through that storm on the northern waters. Even down here we thought winter might be coming again for June, the wind beat so against this house on the hill,

and we kept fires burning, all the week. Helen and I were sick for several days, but Wanda thrives exceedingly under her grandmother's care, and in return helps her very much. Grandpa looks better and baby coaxes him to eat good dinners, but he still seems feeble.

I wish you could see little Helen writing a letter to you, all the earnest care she showed in writing those lines and folding in the little flowers. She kept asking if I thought you would understand such marks, and saying that I must teach her right away to make all the letters, so she could "send a good really letter to dear Papa far in Alaska on the cold glacier".