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1881 May 22 JM to Louie p1a

John Muir

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Sunday afternoon May 22, 1881,

Dear Louie, We left Kodiak this morning at four o'clock & are now in Behring's Sea on our way to St George & St. Paul islands. We expect to reach St Paul tomorrow & remain there half a day or so. When I will send this & another letter that I have for you by the Alaska Com. Co's steamer back to Kodiak to be forwarded by the first chance. This morning I sent you five by the Schooner H. L. Tiernan which is going to Oregon where they will be put in the mail. Next Tuesday or Wednesday we expect to come in sight of the ice but hope to find open water along the west shore that will enable us to get through the strait to Cape Serdze or thereabouts. In a month or so we expect

to be at St Michaels where we will
have a chance to send more letters
& still later by whalers. You will
therefore have no very long period of
darkness though on my side I fear I
shall have to wait a long time for a
single word, and it is only by trusting
in you to be cheerful & busy for the
sake of your health & for the sake of our
little love & all of us that I can have
any peace & rest throughout this trip
however long or short. Now you must
be sure to sleep early to make up for
waking during the night. I occupy
all the day with light work & cheerful
thoughts, I never brood & dream of
trouble & I will come back with the
knowledge that I need & a fresh supply
of the wilderness in my health
I am already quite well & eat with

savage appetite whatever is brought within reach. This morning I devoured half of a salmon trout 18 inches long a slice of ham, half a plateful of potatoes, two biscuits & four or five slices of bread with coffee & something else that I have forgotten, but which was certainly buried in me & lost.

For lunch two platefuls of soup, a heap of fat compound onion hash, two pieces of toast, & 3 or 4 slices of bread, with potatoes, & a big sweet cake. I now at 3 o'clock I am very hungry, a hunger that no amount of wave tossing will abate. Furthermore I look forward to fat seals fried & boiled, & to walrus steaks & stews, & doughnuts fried in train oil, & to all kinds of bears & fishy fowls with eager longing. There! Is that enough. grandmother? All my table-

whims are rapidly passing into the
sere & yellow leaf & falling off.
I promise to comfort & sustain you
beyond your highest aspirations when I
return & fall three times a day on your
table like a wolf on the fold. You know
those slippery ^{yellow} custards. Well I eat those
also. —————

You must not forget Sam Williams.
And now my love goodnight. I hope
you are feeling strong hearted. I wish
that I could write anything, sense or
nonsense, to cheer you up & brighten
the outlook into the north.

I will try to say one more line
or two when we reach the Islands
tomorrow. Love to all, Kiss Annie
for me.