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Letter from [Mrs.] L. E. Strentzel to John Muir, 1892 Aug 14.

Louisiana E. Strentzel

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Honey Grove Texas

Aug 14th 1892.

Dear John

After the mishap with your cards I had no more paper to write to you until I arrived here so what ought to have been first, has turned out to be last. I believe little Helen's card was sent from Abilene. From there on to Fort Worth the country is very beautiful, mostly level with large groves of fine oak trees, while the prairies, thousands and thousands of acres, are covered with cotton and corn. The soil is a rich dark loam and the recent heavy rains have made everything look green like in May. When we passed through here in '49

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This whole country was an Indian wilderness. We arrived at Fort Worth at 6, and found my nephew awaiting us. He ordered a carriage and went with us out to a fine new hotel recently completed, where we were very comfortably entertained, and had a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country. The city is beautifully located, and is considered to be a very healthy place. Here I recognized one of our old camping grounds of '49. From Fort Worth down to Honey-grove 150 miles, is almost one unbroken field of cotton and corn, with here and there pine groves of oak timber. On the cars I was introduced to the renowned Congressman, Mills, a white haired dignified old gentleman. I came near seeing Gov. Hogg, but didn't. On all the trains in this country, one car is set apart for the negroes, who are required by law to

occupy it when traveling, and the whites are not permitted to enter it. This case adjoined ours, and it so happened that day that many people were returning from a Sunday-school convention, and our car was so crowded that several men had to stand up, Larry among the rest. I said to him, why in the world did they not go into the negro car and get seats, as there was plenty of room, but he said they would be ordered out, as the whites are not allowed this privilege. Georgie and I had a good laugh over it, and I presume the negroes did, for they seemed very hilarious. We were ushered into Honey-grove by a severe rain-storm, at 2 o'clock when the train stopped the rain came on, and continued all night with thunder and lightning. I will tell in my next about my reception here. With much love to all. L. E. Strenzel.