



1892-09-12

## Letter from John Muir to [Mrs. L. E. Strentzel] , 1892 Sep 12.

John Muir

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Martinez Sep. 12. 1892

Dear Grandma,

All goes well here notwithstanding you are sadly missed in our little family. Wanda especially mourns & misses you but this does not prevent her from eating peaches & melons & growing fatter everyday. All the neighbors enquire kindly about you & say how good & wise a thing it was for you to go on this visit & hope you will have a good time & not make haste to come home when you go a visiting so seldom, for your visits are like those of the angels few & far between. Indeed we all think that after going so far you should indulge in a good long visit & take a good draught of pleasure when you are about it. I saw Prof Branner the other day at a meeting of the Sierra Club. He inquired kindly for you & asked eagerly whether

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you had gone <sup>2</sup> to Texas, how you  
stood the journey, how you were enjoying  
your visit etc. It seems he thought  
of going to Texas himself, but went  
to the Feejee Islands instead, Texas  
is by some regarded as being still  
a wild place, but hardly so wild  
as the Cannibal Islands of whose  
king we have heard so much in  
song & story. Still a University  
professor ought to know which is  
better.

I hope you are not frightened by  
the cholera. Keith has returned  
from the Sierra & does not feel  
very well, I suppose he has  
dyspepsia, but he insists that  
he has the cholera which he caught  
among the snows of the mountains.

A great revolution has at

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length occurred<sup>3</sup> in the Kitchen. David  
& Ette have gone to housekeeping  
at the old home, & Joe & Charley  
have gone to housekeeping in the  
stable, while the horses are doing  
the best they can in the barn.  
As for ourselves we are luxuriously  
& harmoniously making our way  
three times a day in the shining  
varnished dining room, none but  
Gum breaking our rest or daring  
to make us afraid.

All save Joe seemed to take kindly  
to the change, & he is now more  
resigned than at first seemed  
possible. Charlie is nursing him  
like a father mother sister & brother  
combined, but he still looks back  
with touching fondness to the good  
old days when Katie was Queen of the

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believe is going to write tomorrow, <sup>my mother-in-law has</sup> Kitchen & Queen also of his heart  
& his stomach, It is really affecting  
to hear him murmuring in his  
confused exaggerated way again &  
again "O Katie, dear Katie  
Sour milk, sweet potatoes  
etc etc etc"

I have been busy with the estate  
affairs & expect that on next  
Saturday everything will be settled.

Mr Fuller writes that he expects  
to leave Nebraska about the 15<sup>th</sup>  
of this month. & I suppose he will  
board with us while he remains here  
unless Charlie & Joe take him. They  
have already gained such confidence  
in culinary affairs & in the practice  
of all the domestic virtues in general  
they speak of starting a hotel.

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Martinez, Sep. 12, 1892

Dear Grandma: [Strentzel]

All goes well here notwithstanding you are missed in our little family. Wanda, especially, mourns and misses you, but this does not prevent her from eating peaches and melons and growing fatter every day. All the neighbors inquire kindly about you, and say how good and wise a thing it was for you to go on this visit, and hope you will have a good time and not make haste to come home, when you go a visiting so seldom, for your visits are like those of the angels, few and far between. Indeed, we all think, that after going so far, you should indulge in a good long visit, and take a good draught of pleasure when you are about it.

I saw Prof. Branner the other day at a meeting of the Sierra Club. He inquired kindly for you, and asked eagerly whether you had gone to Texas, how you stood the journey, how you were enjoying your visit, etc. It seems he thought of going to Texas himself, but went to the Feejee Islands instead. Texas is by some regarded as being still a wild place, but hardly so wild as the Cannibal Islands of whose King we have heard so much in song and story. Still, a University professor ought to know which is better.

I hope you are not frightened by the cholera. Keith has returned from the Sierra, and does not feel very well. I suppose he has dyspepsia, but he insists that he has cholera which he caught among the snows of the mountains.

A great revolution has at length occurred in the kitchen. David and Etta have gone to housekeeping at the old home, and Joe and Charley have gone to housekeeping in the stable, while the horses are doing the best they can in the barn. As for ourselves, we are luxuriously and harmoniously making our way three times a day in the shining varnished dining room, none but Gum breaking our rest or daring to make us afraid. All save Joe seemed to take kindly to the change, and he is now more resigned than at first seemed possible. Charlie is nursing him like a father, mother, sister and brother combined, but he still looks back with touching fondness to the good old days when Katie was Queen of the kitchen, and Queen also of his heart and stomach. It is really affecting to hear him murmuring in his confused, exaggerated way again and again:

"O, Katie, dear Katie,  
Sour milk, sweet petatey"  
Etc. etc. Etc.

I have been busy with the estate affairs and expect that on next Saturday everything will be settled.

Mr. Fuller writes that he expects to leave Nebraska about the 15th of this month, and I suppose he will board with us while he remains here, unless Charley and Joe take him. They have already gained such confidence in culinary affairs and in the practice of all the domestic virtues in general, they speak of starting a hotel.

Helen is going to write to-morrow.

Ever cordially,

John Muir,  
The best and most affectionate  
son-in-law you ever had.