



1893-07-06

Letter from John Muir to Louie [Strentzel Muir], 1893 Jul 6.

John Muir

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town. They were very cordial & are determined to get me away from the hotel I spent the evening there talking family affairs, and Langsyn, glaciers wild gardens adventures etc till after 11, then returned to the hotel.

Here are a few flowers that I picked on the Castle Hill on my walk with Douglas for Helen & Wanda.

I pray because in the midst of my pleasure that you are all well Edinburgh is apart from its glorious historical associations far the most beautiful town I ever saw I can not conceive how it could be more beautiful. In the very heart of it rises the great castle hills glacial sculptured & wild like a bit of Alaska in the midst of the most beautiful architecture to be found in the world. I wish you could see it, & you will when the babies grow up.

I think you had better send your letters hereafter to the care of the London, Paris, & American Bank Limited London, England. & I shall have them forwarded from there.

Dunbar Scotland [1]
July 6, 1893.

Dear Lucia I left Liverpool Monday morning, reached Edinburgh early the same day, went to a hotel, & then went to the old book publisher David Douglas to whom Johnson had given me a letter. He is a very solemn looking dignified old Scotchman of the old school, an intimate friend & crony of John Brown who wrote "Kala & his friends", knew Hugh Miller Walter Scot - & indeed all the literary men was the publisher of Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish life & character etc". He had heard of me through my writings, & after he knew who I was burst forth into the warmest cordiality & became a perfect gushing fountain of fun, humor, & stories of the old Scotch writers. Tuesday morning he took me in hand, & led me over Edinburgh, took me to all the famous places celebrated in Scotch novels went around the Calton Hill & the castle, into the old churches so full of

innovations, to Queen Marys Palace
Museum & I dont know how many
other places. In the evening I dined
with him, & had a glorious time
He showed me his literary treasures
& curiosities, told endless anecdotes
of John Brown Walker Deak & Hugh
Mullan etc. While I of course told my
icy tales until very late or early. The
most wonderful night as far as
humanity is concerned I ever had
in the world. Yesterday forenoon
he took me out for another
walk & filled me with more
wonders. His kindness & warmth of
heart once his confidence is gained
is boundless. From feeling lonely &
a stranger in my own native land
he brought me back into quick &
living contact with it & now I am
a Scotchman & at home again
In the afternoon I took the train
for Dunbar & in an hour was in
my own old town. There was no
carrriage from the Lorne hotel that
used to be our home so I took the

one from the St George that I remember
well as Crosses Inn that I passed
every day on my way to school.
But Im going to the Lorne of for
nothing else to take a look at that
dormer window I climbed in my
night gown to see what kind of an
adventure it really was.

I sauntered down the street & went into
a store on which I saw the sign
Melville & soon found that the
proprietor was an old playmate
of mine, & he was of course delighted
to see me. He had been reading
my articles & said he had taken
great pride in tracing my progress
through the far off wilderness etc
Then I went to William Court Mothers old
friend, who was greatly surprised no
doubt - to see that I had changed in forty
years. "And this is Johnnie Muir!" Bless me
when I saw ye last ye wear naething
but a small mischievous cat. He is
very deaf unfortunately, & was very busy
I am to see him again today.
Next I went in search of Mrs Lunan
my cousin & found her & her daughter
in a very pretty home half a mile from