



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1889-06-22

Letter from R[obert] U[nderwood] Johnson to John Muir, 1889 Jun 22.

Robert Underwood Johnson

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE
UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

Grand Hotel

June 22.
1889.

Dear Mr. Muir:

Judge of my astonishment - on receiving your note on my return before 6 this evening to find that the hotel boy had reported you "out" when you were waiting in your room for me! I arrived at 11:30 & immediately sent up word that I was waiting & requesting you to come down as the last boat for our harbor was the

one leaving at noon. I have recounted the boy's reply. I then waited till 11:45, and thinking something had detained you or that perhaps you had misunderstood or would go at once to the 'boat', I scooted. It is too bad & I blame myself for trusting to the boy, but I'm not yet used to these queer people, & thought he'd bring me word from you that you'd be down at once. I was greatly disappointed to miss you & regret that you did not see me in one Cañon ("Co-ed Cañon") that had no talus.

I may not get off until Tuesday night. I hope you can conveniently go. I'll put in

either ^{morning} Tuesday or Wednesday, at Sacramento & take the following afternoon train for Chico. I'll telegraph you ~~plans~~ just before I leave, & you'll let me know meanwhile if you can join the procession.

I'll tell Mrs. Muir the home sickness continues - the very blue devils! I shall know what it means. "The Snow" looks well & ready well. In what ^{part of our} other country could that subject get the promise the Bulletin gives it? A sad comment on your snowless Coast. Give Mrs. Muir my very kindest regards & to Wanda my love. We take such good care of you so far (ahem!) that I hope they'll entrust you

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again to me.

With warm appreciation
of all your kindness, my dear
Mrs. Muir, believe me
I am ever yours,

R. W. Johnson.

Grand Hotel, June 22, 1889.

Dear Mr. Muir:

Judge of my astonishment, on receiving your note on my return before 6 this evening, to find that the hotel boy had reported you "out" when you were waiting in your room for me! I arrived at 11:30 and immediately sent up word that I was waiting and requesting you to come down, as the last boat for our purpose was the one leaving at noon. I have recounted the boy's reply. I then waited till 11:45, and thinking something had detained you or that perhaps you had misunderstood or would go at once to the boat, I scooted. It is too bad, and I blame myself for trusting to the boy, but I'm not yet used to these queer people, and thought he'd bring me word from you that you'd be down at once. I was greatly disappointed to miss you, and regret that you did not see me in one canyon ("Co-ed Canyon") that had no talus.

I may not get off until Tuesday night. I hope you can conveniently go. I'll put in either Tuesday or Wednesday morning at Sacramento, and take the following afternoon train for Chico. I'll telegraph you just before I leave, and you'll let me know meanwhile if you can join the procession.

Tell Mrs. Muir the homesickness continues -- the very blue devils! She'll know what it means. "The Snow" looks well and reads well. In what other part of our country could that subject get the prominence the Bulletin gives it? A sad comment on your snowless coast. Give Mrs. Muir my very kindest regards, and to Wanda my love. I've taken such good care of you so far (ahem!) that I hope they'll entrust you again to me.

With warm appreciation of all your kindness, my dear Mr. Muir, believe me,

Faithfully yours,

R[obert] U[nderwood] Johnson