



1911-11-18

Letter from Marion Momville Pope to John Muir, 1911 Nov 18.

Marion Momville Pope

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the home in the Outlands. It is sold now, and we are leaving in a fortnight for Buenos Aires

I have kept up down here the old custom that we had at home,---the table always set for the unexpected guest. My husband and I sit down alone so often, but we each have at our right the ordered place, oftener empty than filled---though I can always see in my imagination's eye, those dear familiar figures who will not sit at any board again here. If you can come to us, Mr Pope will gladly call for you, and we will imagine other friends with us in spirit, and enjoy the hour. We are both going to the Legation this afternoon to get some information about your movements if we are not fortunate enough to find you there.

Believe me to be, in the hope of meeting you in the flesh, and in the joy of having known you in your wonderful works---

Cordially and sincerely---

Marion Monville Pope

*Mr Pope
Santiago
Chile*

REDROOF BUNGALOW
GRAN AVENIDA,
RUÑCA,
SANTIAGO, CHILE.

Nov 18th, 1911

Mr John Muir,
% American Legation, Santiago, Chile.

Dear Mr Muir:

Had our dear mutual friend--Richard Watson Gilder, of blessed memory---been alive, it would not have been necessary for me to find out by accident that you were in Santiago as you would have brought me a letter from him. It seems curious that Mr Johnson did not give you one, if he knew you were coming, as last month brought me two from him about articles he wanted---the last an illustrated paper on Juan Fernandez that I am keen to get at this month. You and I have sometimes appeared in the same number of THE CENTURY--- years ago, when I still lived in the Homeland. I remember with what relish Mr Gilder pointed out the coincidence of your wonderful real dog, who followed you on the glacier in Alaska, and my unreal dog, who went up the Matterhorn in a Boat with me, appearing in the same number of the Maga. The difference in the dogs,--flesh and blood, and shadow--was no greater than the difference between your fine and serious paper and my foolish and frivolous novelette. Those days seem long ago.

If this has the good fortune to reach you while you still have time enough at your disposition, I do hope you may come to see how a fellowcountrywoman of yours has filled in the years of her exile in Chile. I want You of the Seeing Eye to behold my mountains, and my garden---now in the late glory of its roses nearly spent---and my dear dogs, and

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