



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

---

1894-04-27

**Letter from David Douglas to John Muir, 1894 Apr 27.**

David Douglas

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence>

---

**Recommended Citation**

Douglas, David, "Letter from David Douglas to John Muir, 1894 Apr 27." (1894). *John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)*. 6843.

<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence/6843>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in John Muir Correspondence (PDFs) by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact [mgibney@pacific.edu](mailto:mgibney@pacific.edu).

P.S. I had a Mr S sent to me by a man who had  
known my namesake the great-barnet but  
he was too young to do more than remember his  
country Oregon. I wish he had been so  
good as to have & could have given the world  
an account of that big <sup>10 Castle Street</sup> ~~romantic~~ man -  
Edinburgh April 27 1894

My dear Mr Macri [1]

Here I have been week after week  
thinking of writing to you & yet four  
months have nearly gone since you sent  
me kind & warm greetings - Pescara.  
Your welcome note of the 22<sup>nd</sup> ulto reminded  
me of my omission & I take the chance of  
a quiet half hour to have a little talk  
with you. I have been going on in the  
old groove since I saw you & the accompan-  
ing photograph taken by Willie in  
my room here will show you how I looked on  
the 6<sup>th</sup> of March last. We are all well. My

01805

2  
wife & I with two grand daughters (8 &  
10) my daughter & a friend of hers,  
went into the highlands a week or  
two ago & put up at Loch Earn Head.  
I wish you had been of our party in  
our walks. Our glens are not so large  
as your Californian canons but the  
atmospheric effects light & shade  
& sunshine & gloom of Glenogle are  
not to be despised and our Fir trees  
though little more than your Sequoias  
are not to be sneered at on the Nabbs  
islet on the Dochart or round the shores  
of Finglary on Loch Day - but alas it  
almost broke my heart to see the effects  
of the storm in November last. Thousands  
of our forest trees were uprooted & are lying  
entangled in each others branches on

on the ground in dire confusion -  
 We managed in spite of wind & rain  
 to see a good deal of the country, all  
 being fair weather. - among other  
 places we visited Redoubt -  
 the Darling Grave of Julia Legend  
 of Montreal the scene of the wild  
 deed of Clam revenge. - also the  
 "Braes of Balgubidder" where  
 we saw Rob Roy's tomb stone & that  
 of his wife Helen Mc Gregor. -

You would have enjoyed every thing  
 & I hope some day you will come to  
 Scotland to see it by your next  
 daughter. I am glad you liked  
 D. and they would another love which

fine creature she was. I fancy she was  
 in love with Colvidge & speaking of  
 S. J. C. pray read Dykes Campbell's  
 memoir of the Post. It was C. who is  
 reprinted but of such Macmillan is the  
 publisher. This a most excellent bit of  
 work - If your eyes are good you can have  
 it in a portable form prepared to im-  
 itation of the Poems published of the same  
 house but the type is too small for my  
 old eyes. I send you a little book  
 which came to me from Australia by  
 mail. It is called "Our own Folk"  
 & I hope you will laugh. -  
 If my wife & boys find I am writing  
 they would send three up and they often  
 speak of you. I am yours faithfully  
 David Douglas

10 Castle Street,  
Edinburgh, April 27, 1894.

My dear Mr. Muir:

Here I have been week after week thinking of writing to you and yet four months have nearly gone since you sent me kind new year's greetings. Peccavi. Your welcome note of the 22d ulto. reminded me of my omission, and I take the chance of a quiet half hour to have a little talk with you.

I have been going on in the old groove since I saw you, and the accompanying photograph taken by Willie in my room here will show you how I looked on the 6th of March last. We are all well. My wife and I with two granddaughters (8 & 10), my daughter and a friend of hers, went into the highlands a week or two ago and "put up" at Loch Earnhead. I wish you had been of our party in our walks. Our glens are not so large as your Californian canyons, but the atmospheric effects, light and shade, sunshine and gloom of Ganogle are not to be despised, and our "fir" trees, though liliputian to your Sequoias are not to be sneezed at in McNabbs isle on the Dockart or round the snows of Finlarig on Lochday. But alas, it almost broke my heart to see the effects of the storm in November last -- thousands of our fairest trees were uprooted and are lying entangled in each other's branches on the ground in dire confusion. We managed, in spite of wind and rain, to see a good deal of the country, all being fair walkers. Among other places we visited ? the ? of Scott's "Legend of Montrose" the scene of the wold deed of revenge; also the Braes of Balgenbriddar where we saw Rob Roys tombstone and that of his wife Helen McGregor. You would have enjoyed everything, and I hope some day you will come to Scotland and bring too your wife and daughters.

I am glad you liked Dorothy Wordsworth's Jour. What a fine creature she was. I fancy she was in love with Coleridge, and speaking of S.T.C. pray read Dyke Campbell's Memoir of the Poet. It most likely is reprinted, but if not Macmillan is the publisher. It is a most excellent bit of work. If your eyes are good you can have it in a form referred to in edition of the Poems published by the same hand, but the type is too small for my old eyes.

I sent you a Scotch book which came to me from Australia by Mr. Inglis. It is called "Our ain Folk", and I hope gave you a laugh. If my wife and boys knew I am writing they would send their regards. They often speak of you. I am,

Yours very faithfully,

David Douglas

P.S. I had a MS. sent to me by a man who had known my namesake, the great botanist, but he was too young to do more than remember his ? I wish he had been 20 years older and could have given the world an account of that very remarkable man.

BEYIVICE BOND