



1874-05-14

Letter from Anne W. Cheney to John Muir, 1874 May 14.

Anne W. Cheney

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arrived safely, & only
made us long more for
their native climate, but
our journeying seems
in the dim distance, & our
plans for another fall
are not yet made -
What a work you have
laid out for yourself!
& I hate to think of
your leaving Jo Semite,
it will not seem like
the same place when
you are away, you
are so much a part
of the Valley in our

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I hear
Charles Stoddard has
had a special inter-
view with the Popu-
lar party that must
make the business
of the day -
Home
New York, & have also
been very ill since I
received your last nice
long letter - In the
Printer, I had a very
bad fall, which made
me lame for two

weeks, & ^{then} I thought
I had gotten over it, but
while I was in New York
I discovered I had in-
jured my back in
some way, & have now
been confined to the
bed for two weeks, to-
day I am sitting up,
but with a pillow at
my back, & there is
no knowing when I
shall get over it -
I am not strong enough
to hold a pen very

long, so I hope you will forgive the
scarcity of this note, & also the extreme
delay I am obliged to you in
all - The dear children are in
the hospital, & father is particularly
interested in the last article - shall
write somewhat to the other with infinite
pleasure, & hope the book will follow
soon - the note to Mrs. Kennedy
sent by mail, from Washington,

enough to watch ^{every}
shade of grass, & every leaf.
Be all every year your
life of freedom, & long for
a taste of it; but some people
in this world are obliged
to submit to the conventionalities
of life, & we seem to be among
that class. - If you should
ever meet a Mr. & Mrs. Kellogg,
(Mr. K. is connected with the
University) or a Mr. & Mrs.
Buttall (the two ladies are sisters,
just mention us, for their un-
married sister is living with
us this winter, & teaching my
sister & cousins, you will find
them very charming people I
am sure. - I am not ac-

quainted with
~~them~~ myself; only
knowing their letters
to their sister, but
I know they are
the sort of people
you should like.
I am sure.
I could have
written you a more
interesting letter but
I must be brief. I
expect to visit
eventually in Nov -
this winter - regards from
all.
I am very
truly
yours
H. C. Chung

Germany & France this
summer, & hopes to winter
in Egypt; he says, if this
plan fails, he has no
idea what he shall do,
feels very lonely, & wishes
for friends to travel with.
We have terrible fits of
longing for Cal^a; one
came on this morning at
the breakfast-table, & as
my sister's teacher is living
with us, who is also a
Californian at heart, we
were all ready to leave

at once as the great man over, but I
checked up to the real reality of a cold
stomach day, & the duties of a housekeeper,
as soon as we were from the table - the
only consolation I can think of, is
a letter from you, full of flowers &
kindness - I have never enjoyed
a spring so much as this one, probably
because I am too old to go out of
doors or busy myself about
anything, & have more than time

Home,

Thursday, May 14th, '74.

My dear Mr. Muir:

I have been to New York, and have also been very ill since I received your last nice long letter. In the winter, I had a very bad fall, which made me lame for two weeks, and then I thought I had gotten over it, but while I was in New York I discovered I had injured my back in some way, and have now been confined to the bed for two weeks. Today I am sitting up, but with a pillow at my back, and there is no knowing when I shall get over it. I am not strong enough to hold a pen very long, so I hope you will forgive the brevity of this note, and also the egotism which prompts me to write of myself.

We have followed you in the Overland, and father is particularly interested in the last article - shall look forward to the others with infinite pleasure, and hope the book will follow soon. The nuts, etc. you so kindly sent by mail from Tamalpais, arrived safely, and only made us long more for their native climate, but now journeying seems in the dim distance, and our plans for another fall are not yet made.

What a work you have laid out for yourself! And I hate to think of your leaving Yosemite. It will not seem like the same place when you are away, you are so much a part of the Valley in our minds. I hear Charlie Stoddard has had a special interview with the Pope - how happy that must make him, and Joaquin's doings are as wild as ever.

Monday, May 18th, '74.

I was not well enough to write any more Thursday, and have not been able to do so till this morning. I have just had a letter from "Prince Charlie" as you call him, from Rome. It sounds a little homesick, but he will not come home at present but take Switzerland, Germany and France this summer, and hopes to winter in Egypt. He says if this plan fails he has no idea what he shall do, feels very lonely, and wishes for friends to travel with. We have terrible fits of longing for California; one came on this morning at the breakfast-table, and as my sister's teacher is living with us, who is also a Californian at heart, we were all ready to leave as soon as the meal was over, but I waked up to the sad reality of a cold stormy day, and the duties of a housekeeper, as soon as we arose from the table. The only compensation I can think of is a letter from you, full of flowers and sunshine. I have never enjoyed a spring so much as this one, probably because I am too ill to go out of doors or busy myself much about anything, and have more than time enough to watch every blade of grass, and every leaf. We all envy you your life of freedom, and long for a taste of it; but some people in this world are obliged to hold to the conventionalities of life, and we seem to be among that class. If you should ever meet a Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg, (Mr. K. is connected with the University) or a Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf (the two ladies are sisters), just mention us, for their unmarried sister is living with us this winter, and teaching my sister and cousins. You will find them very charming people, I am sure. I am not acquainted with them myself, only through their letters to their sister, but I know they are the sort of people you would like. No more now. I wish I could have written you a more satisfactory letter, but one's physical affects everything one does. With kindest regards from all,

Truly your friend,

Anne W. Cheney