



1881-02-13

Letter from Anne W. Cheney to John Muir, 1881 Feb 13.

Anne W. Cheney

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to be a long way off, since
our trip to Europe. Mrs.
Lay is the only one who
feels it near. He still
talks of returning one of
these days, & hope next
winter will bring it
about, but life is un-
certain, & we are not all
as young as we used to
be, particularly father, &
we mustn't make plans
too far ahead. He came
home from our two years
wandering, last September
improved in health &
mind, & the boys from

C13

Cheney.

Feb. 13. 1881

My dear Mr. Miner.

Are you in San
Francisco or in Alaska I
wonder, & do you ever
think of your worldly
friends, array of them
among your ice mountains.
It is a long time since
we have heard from
you, & a longer still
since you have had
word of us I fancy, &

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still on are all the
same, a little older
possibly, & a little wiser^(?)
perhaps. I have been
talking of you of late a
good deal, & the other
day got out four letters
I read them to a lady
staying with us, & it
has made me wish
very much for some
more of the same
sort. can you write
such lovely out of
door letters ever, or

has contact with human nature,
takes off the natural pretences of
your soul, & makes you more like
other people? just like any body
else you could ever be. but I hear
always heard for you, when the time
comes for you to go into the world.
The six years seems soon, then, &
most something of yours too. but
at last, & surely all our friends seem

of your own, with wife
& family, whichever way
it may be. I hope life
is real & happy for you,
as it is for us.

All join in kindest
regards

Yours sincerely

Anne H. Cheney

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2.
men, with no thought but
for business. ^{Cheney} & Louisa
a full fledged young
lady, you would not
know any of us now, I
think. perhaps father
& I have not changed
so much, but Harry is
tall & wears side whiskers
& Rob measures six feet
& has a sort of a mustache.
I do not hear of your
book in all these days,
have you given it to the
publisher during our
absence? Have you

given up your home in
Tremont? you will al-
ways belong to the Valley.
I think, I cannot
think of me without
the other, yet they tell
me, it is not now the
same, that stages
run there, & it is no
longer out of the world.
alas! the march of
civilization, has many
draw backs, at least
for the poor - Ten years
of foreign life, has

given me back my health, & I no
longer look upon life as a burden,
but I need not of your fresh breezy
waters find the same, & also not be
long in the smiling, or rather in the
smiling before you smile. I write you
you see as if you were not me
it changed since the old times,
& I do not know but you may
have written down to a friend's

Feb. 13, 1881.

My dear Mr. Muir:

Are you in San Fran. or in Alaska, I wonder, and do you ever think of your worldly friends, away up there among your ice mountains. It is a long time since we have heard from you, and a longer still since you have had word of us, I fancy, and still we are all the same, a little older possibly, and a little wiser? perhaps. I have been talking of you of late a good deal, and the other day got out your letters and read them to a lady staying with us, and it has made me wish very much for some more of the same sort. Can you write such lovely out of door letters now, or has contact with human nature taken off the natural freshness of your soul, and made you more like other people? Just like anybody else you could never be, but I have always feared for you, when the time came for you to go into the world. We see your name now and then, and read something of yours too, but California and nearly all our friends seem to be a long way off, since our trip to Europe. Mrs. Day is the only one who brings it near. We still talk of returning one of these days, and hope next winter will bring it about, but life is uncertain, and we are not all as young as we used to be, particularly father, and we mustn't make plans too far ahead.

We came home from our two years wanderings, last September, improved in health and mind, both boys grown men, with no thought but for business, and Louise a full fledged young lady. You would not know any of us now, I think. Perhaps father and I have not changed so much, but Harry is bald and wears side whiskers, and Rob measures six feet and has a sort of a moustache.

I do not hear of your book in all these days, have you given it to the publisher during our absence? Have you given up your home in Yosemite? You will always belong to "The Valley," I think. I cannot think of one without the other, yet they tell me it is not now the same, that stages run there, and it is no longer "out of the world." Alas! the march of civilization has many drawbacks, at least for the few. Two years of foreign life, has given me back my health, and I no longer look upon life as a burden, but I need one of your fresh breezy letters just the same, and do not be long in writing, or rather in the waiting before you write. I write you, you see, as if you were not one bit changed since the old times, and I do not know but you may have settled down to a fire-side of your own, with wife and family. Whichever way it may be, I hope life is real and happy for you, as it is for us. All join in kindest regards.

Yours sincerely,

Anne W. Cheney