



1873-04-09

Letter from Anne W. Cheney to John Muir, 1873 Apr 9.

Anne W. Cheney

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from your son that the
book has been given to the
Public, that I may get
it & in reading it imagine
myself once more under
the Green Gall Ford -
I had a nice letter from
Mrs. Moore not long ago at
last, the first one she had
written since her illness, but
Charlie Stoddard I have not
heard from for a long time,
probably because I allowed such
a long time to elapse between
his last letter & the answer.
I return to my home in the
country in about two weeks,
to get it ready to receive the
arrivals, but we may be
back in Cal^a again before
we are aware of it, as father
I fear will not be able to

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[illegible]

well she is much better
than she was in the winter,
all thoughts of leaving her
must necessarily be finished
for a time, & Father & Rob
return to us in June some-
time, or as soon as my
Uncles return from the
Isle de la Pile. I judge from
that, that Father & Rob
will not go with them,
but they may change
their minds before the time
comes to go - at any rate
I hope you will meet
my two Uncles John & Frank,
who will probably go into
the Valley as soon as

weather & water will permit - I had
fully expected to be of their party this
summer, but that is now out of the
question - now I expect I will soon re-
ceive from the amount of improvement &
experience while there next summer,
but I do not suppose I shall then come
home for I have the summer & have just
with the heart of a child of nature as
though I have been brought up in the midst
of luxury, & the civilization of the world
as much -
I have thought I am the master of my
own free thinking, & shall try to have

New York City,
Wednesday, Apr. 9th, 1873.

My dear Mr. Muir:

Out of all the noise and bustle of this busy world I write to you, longing for the rest and quiet of your Valley, which now seems farther away than ever, for I have given up all idea of returning to California for the present. My sister is quite miserable, having injured her hip in some way, and is, or has been lame, but although not well she is much better than she was in the winter. All thoughts of leaving her must necessarily be banished for a time, and Father and Rob return to us in June sometime, or as soon as my uncle's return from the Yosemite. I judge from that, that Father and Rob will not go with them, but they may change their minds before the time comes to go - at any rate I hope you will meet my two uncles John and Frank, who will probably go into the Valley as soon as weather and water will permit. I had fully expected to be of their party this summer, but that is now out of the question - how I regret it you can imagine from the amount of enjoyment I experienced while there last summer, but I do not despair of visiting there once more, for I love the mountain and river gods with the heart of a child of nature, although I have been brought up in the midst of luxury and the civilization you dislike so much.

I have thought of you this winter as busy with your writing, and shall hope to hear from you soon that the book has been given to the public, that I may get it and in reading it imagine myself once more nearer the Giver of all Good. I had a nice letter from Mrs. Moore not long ago at most, the first one she had written since her illness, but Charlie Stoddard I have not heard from for a long time, probably because I allowed such a long time to elapse between his last letter and the answer.

I return to my home in the country in about two weeks, to get it ready to receive the wanderers, but we may be back in California again before we are aware of it, as father, I fear, will not be able to spend his winters in so cold a climate as this. Harry, who has been at the Yale Scientific School all winter, has joined Prof. Marsh's surveying party to spend the coming summer on the plains.

The mood for writing does not possess me this winter. I hardly know myself in my letters any more. I need the fresh clear air and sky of the country, which I will have in a short time, and then I hope I may answer your next letter in a more interesting manner.

With kindest regards,

Truly your friend,

Anne W. Cheney