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Letter from Celia J. Galloway to John Muir, 1894 Jan 18.

Celia J. Galloway

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Portage, Wisconsin,
January 18, 1894.

My dear uncle John,-

Your letters
and the Express Order
came the other day, and
we all thank you very
much for the kind
New Year's remembrance.

I divided the mon-
ey up and gave each
one their share to get
for themselves what
they liked best. I
thought that would
give more satisfac-
tion, and you do not
mind, do you?

01770

We are all pretty well
here,- that is, we are all
up and about our work
as usual, thankful that
we are not seriously
ill, like so very many
all around us.

But there are some
colds and indispositions.

None of us have yet
had the Grippe this win-
ter, and are now hop-
ing to escape it alto-
gether.

We have remarkable
weather for this place
at this time of the year.

The snow is entirely
gone, and it is warm
and mild, like spring.

01770

We have had a great many dark, gloomy, misty days. For days we have not seen the sun until today. And so there are numerous cases of Grippe, Pneumonia, and all kinds of lung troubles.

I'd rather it would be 20° below, all the time, for I dearly love cold, frosty weather, - snapping, cold days when the snow crunches under your feet and your breath almost freezes solid in front of you! That's what I like, and then is when I enjoy living.

These raw, damp, chilly days, made us

feel gloomy and cross, - and life is a burden instead of a delight.

Anna and baby Kenneth have been with us since before Christmas. Kenneth is getting to be a big, bright boy, and is very good.

His eyes are getting bigger and blacker, and everything he sees is a perfect wonder to him.

I've been teaching him to make some faces; I might be in better business, might I not?

But then, you see, I get so tired of that stupid little box, down

at the store, where I am
shut up all day, that
when I get home I
must give vent to my
spirits some way; and
as I may not make
face myself, why I
have to teach Kenneth
to do so.

I suppose you are
all taking in the Mid-
Winter Fair, and I wish
that I, too, might come
and see; - not only
the Fair, but California.

But wishes are
vain, and a waste of
time. What is the use
wishing for that which
one knows very well
they may not have!

I really am beginning
to think that I cannot pro-
duce the store very much
longer; but will have
to go back to my old
love, - that of cramming
arithmetic into poor,
defenseless, little urchins, -
filling little heads and
little hearts, and keeping
little hands out of mis-
chief, and little feet from
getting into forbidden
paths. After all, I like
that best.

Well, uncle John,
I thank you once more
for your kind gift.

Love to aunt
Louie, Wanda, Helen,
and any of the other

friends whom you
may see, - reserving
a generous share for
yourself, from
Your affectionate niece,
Celia J. Galloway.

John Muir
Martinez, Cal.