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Letter from Anne W. Cheney to John Muir, 1874 Mar 15.

Anne W. Cheney

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Since the boy is having ³³ just what
he needs, there seems to me a
very slight improvement in his
last letters, his contact with the
literary world, ought to do him
good - Do you never feel weary
of life? if not what is your receipt?
perhaps after all a good sound
body has more to do with it than
anything else -

Father sends regards, he has been
sickly until the March winds
began to blow, & has been lame
for a week or more -

With kindest regards & hoping
to hear from you soon, telling

us all about yourself & your doings

I remain



[13]

Truly your friend

Amos W. Cheney

Home

Sunday Mar. 15th 1874

My dear Mr. Miss!

I hardly know
where to address this letter, as
your last to me was written
in such distress of mind at
leaving the Valley, & as I have
not heard of your being in
Oakland from any of my
friends, am rather lost in

00680

[27]

Wandering of your whereabouts -
A faint whisper came from somewhere
(whether magazine or newspaper I
cannot tell) of your name in
connection with book writing, but
it was so faint that I cannot
exactly recall it.

We have been very quiet this
winter, with the exception of
a little trip to New York for
a few days, & have amused
ourselves talking over our
good times in Cal^a &
looking forward to another
visit there before long, per-
haps next fall, but that
is almost too far off to make
plans for.

I have devoted my whole winter
in reading & studying many
things that had grown rusty, &
to my sorrow find I have taxed
my little strength too far, was
sore yesterday by a protracted
sawing fit, that I am not as
strong as the rest of the world,
which fact I seem to forget, when-
ever I am very much interested
in anything.

I have not written you I believe
since Charlie Stoddard made
us a little visit - what a jolly

Home,
Sunday, Mar. 15th, 1874.

My dear Mr. Muir:

I hardly know where to address this letter, as your last to me was written in such distress of mind at leaving the Valley, and as I have not heard of your being in Oakland from any of my friends, am rather lost in wondering of your whereabouts. A faint whisper came from somewhere (whether magazine or newspaper I cannot tell) of your name in connection with book writing, but it was so faint that I cannot exactly recall it.

We have been very quiet this winter, with the exception of a little trip to New York for a few days, and have amused ourselves talking over our good times in California and looking forward to another visit there before long, perhaps next fall, but that is almost too far off to make plans for.

C. W. Stoddard
I have devoted my whole winter in mending, and studying many things that had grown rusty, and to my horror, find I have taxed my little strength too far, was warned yesterday by a protracted fainting fit, that I am not as strong as the rest of the world, which fact I seem to forget whenever I am very much interested in anything.

Mary of life?
I have not written you, I believe, since Charlie Stoddard made us a little visit -- what a jolly time the boy is having, just what he needs. There seems to me a very slight improvement in his last letters. His contact with the literary world ought to do him good. Do you never feel weary of life? If not, what is your receipt? Perhaps after all a good sound body has more to do with it than anything else.

Father sends regards. He has been nicely until the March winds began to blow, and has been housed for a week or more.

With kindest regards and hoping to hear from you soon telling us all about yourself and your doings, I remain,

Truly your friend,

Anne W. Cheney