



1877-04-04

## Letter from Anne W. Cheney to John Muir, 1877 Apr 4.

Anne W. Cheney

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Care of that kind.

But he is getting old  
& quite feeble, & it  
is hard to start him.  
I hope every year that  
he will go out, &  
then look forward to  
the coming fall, but  
it is yet a far way  
off, & many things  
may come to us before  
then, so we dare not  
make any plan.  
I think we have

00745

South Manchester  
Apr. 4<sup>th</sup> 1877

My dear Mr. Bain.

It is so long  
since I have heard  
from you, or since  
I have written to you  
that I really do not  
know whether I owe  
you a letter or not, but  
having a little spare  
time this morning I  
am going to venture  
a few words, in

hope that sometime  
I may have a response.  
Your last letter seemed  
a different person from  
your other ones, that  
I am inclined to  
think that city life  
has changed you  
somewhat. I'm sure  
more interested in  
those about you, in  
people generally, than  
you used to be, &

I am glad of it. I feel sure there  
is nothing like mixing with the  
bold to enlarge our ideas, & to give  
our command over ourselves &  
others. There are things for Cal. & I  
cannot begin to tell you. Father's  
health is so poor, & he is so  
dependent that I long to take  
him away from friends &

Suppose you are in  
the full glory of green  
past + mild flowers -  
What a wonderful country  
it is! + how much of  
Nature's beauty one loses  
being shut up in one  
house here for six  
months -

Hoping you are still  
within reach, I have  
not gone off the top of  
one of our mountains  
I remain

Yours sincerely  
Ann H. Channing

00745

2

all so changed, that  
you would hardly  
recognize it. Harry  
has a head + is a  
large + rather stout  
man - Rob is the  
tallest + largest of  
us all, measured over  
six feet - Louise is  
a full grown + very  
pretty young woman.  
The child, has four



Join them all.  
I had a letter from  
Mrs. Moore some time  
ago, she was at  
Capri, & expected to  
spend her winter in  
Rome, which she had  
done. I hear through  
C. H. S. - I am sorry  
to hear that she  
may never return to  
her husband; how  
much better there

is in the way I cannot say - all  
you can see my friend Mrs. May?  
she does not often mention you.  
There is Tom Park? I have seen  
him exhibiting & seen some more.  
Get - He can find - Learning to  
be a little more good, just - the  
last - order here & there, & I

South Manchester,  
Apr. 4th, 1877.

My dear Mr. Muir:

It is so long since I have heard from you, or since I have written to you that I really do not know whether I owe you a letter or not, but having a little spare time this morning I am going to venture a few words, in hope that sometime I may have a response. Your last letter seemed so different from you and your other ones, that I am inclined to think that city life has changed you somewhat. You seem more interested in those about you, in people generally, than you used to be, and I am glad of it. I feel sure there is nothing like mixing with the world to enlarge one's ideas, and to give one command over themselves and others.

How we long for California, I cannot begin to tell you. Father's health is so poor, and he is so depressed that I long to take him away from business and cares of that kind, but he is getting old and quite feeble, and it is hard to start him. I hope every year that he will go out, and now look forward to the coming fall, but it yet a far way off, and many things may come to us before then, so we dare not make any plans. I think we have all so changed that you would hardly recognize us. Harry has a beard and is a large and rather stout man. Rob is the tallest and largest of us all, measures over six feet. Louise is a full grown and very pretty young woman - the child, has gone from them all.

*Mrs. J. P. Moore*  
I had a letter from Mrs. Moore some time ago. She was at Capri, and expected to spend her winter in Rome, which she has done, I hear through C.W.S[toddard]. I am sorry to hear that she may never return to her husband, how much truth there is in the story I cannot say. Do you ever see my friend Mrs. Fay? She does not often mention you. Where is your book? I have been long expecting to hear some news of it. We are just beginning to see a little green grass, just the least color here and there, and I suppose you are in the full glory of green grass and wild flowers. What a wonderful country it is! and how much of nature's beauty one loses being shut up in our houses here for six months.

Hoping you are still within reach, and have not gone off the top of one of your mountains. I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Anne W. Cheney