



1880-03-09

## Letter from Ludlow & Abby H. Patton to John Muir, 1880 Mar 9.

Ludlow Patton

Abby H. Patton

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27  
you remember Emerson did not  
say a word about meeting you  
in Heaven or any other place. He  
paid you his highest compliments  
when he said "I shall meet you  
in Boston", and so I hope before  
he goes on the long journey from which  
no worldly returns you will come  
and tell him what the Alaska  
Indians think of "Boston men".  
Mr Patton who is busying himself  
with local street matters and trying  
to tell people something about the  
inexhaustible mines of Leadville  
unites with me in warm regards to  
you. We learn that our old steamer  
California nearly foundered in a  
gale not long ago - but are glad that  
the ship & crew of Cape Horn  
helped to "steer" the ship and weather the  
gale so that he could give his peculiar  
sniff of joy when the ship rights again.  
Hoping that you will write again or come  
to New York - we are your friends truly  
Sullivan and Abby W. Patton.

28 Hotel Branting  
Madison Avenue N. Y.  
March 9, 1880.

Friend Muir

When I opened your  
letter dated San Francisco Feb 9  
I said "Cast your breeze upon the  
waters and it shall return to you after  
many days". I remembered how  
you had been cast upon the great  
Alaskan waters and that at last  
you had returned to tell the world  
your wondrous story. We never can  
get through talking about our  
visit to Alaska, and all I can  
say to my friends is "Mine eyes have  
seen the glory of the coming of the Lord".  
When we add that it was our  
blessed privilege to have had  
John Muir with us, you can guess  
how eyes brighten, and ears quicken

to hear all we can say about the Mountains and the Mountaineers.

If we brought one ray of light to you who were "helplessly cribbed and corralled within the narrow bounds of the wee cabin," you with your knowledge and love of Nature, made all our doors seem grander and more "beautiful to us, and so I add "Providence be praised". My first impulse on reading your letter was to give a part of it at once to the New-York Press so that other people might hear of your little 800 mile walk, and of your visit to the Chieftains who not only wished to make you a chief, but also promised you a dark skinned maiden

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for a wife. <sup>(22)</sup> Then I thought I might be stealing ~~the~~ the thunder with which you intend to astonish the literary world through Scribner or some other magazine. I still think if you will allow it, that a most charming note can be made of your letter and I hide your answer. As this is a speculative age I began at once to plan how you could make a fortune by giving "talks" all the way from the Pacific to the Atlantic. I suppose if you could walk 100 miles or so a day you might have enough exercise to be willing to be shut up with an audience an hour in the evening, but if you were fatigued and did not like to come out in dresscoat and high heels, you could just go to your hotel and telephone your speech over to the assembled multitude, what think you?