



1880-03-28

Letter from Kate M. Graydon to John Muir, 1880 Mar 28 .

Kate M. Graydon

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I can not see how you can be happy so far away from human care & sympathy, except the little fellow must always be singing "Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?"

All you say of him is a sermon on that - isn't it?

I must tell you, if only to make you smile, how much sympathy I wasted on you.

Some how I thought - you had no friends nor companions but glaciers & icebergs & birds & bears & evergreens, & that you had no mother to wear out her anxious heart about you, & all that. Well, one day my sympathies were all

Indianapolis, March 28th 80.
Dear Mr. Muir -

For a fact, I was glad to get your letter, & see that you had not forgotten me. You see in an open letter, I could not tell all truth of the reading of that piece on the eyel. It was this.

One morning Prof. Jordan greatly offended us by announcing in class that instead of the regular lesson, he would read an article from Scribner, thus intimating we were too stupid to appreciate such a piece if left to ourselves. To retaliate, - when he told who wrote the article, I made him

believe I had known you always,
 & that I received at least one
 letter each week. Well, when
 Prof. Jordan started to Cal.,
 he naturally asked for a
 letter of introduction. Just-
 then some one exclaimed
 to herself, "Be sure your sin
 will find you out." What-
 if Mr. Nevins should ask, Who
 is Kate Graydon? So you
 see why I was at once relieved
 & happy, when your letter
 came.

I presume you & Prof. Jordan
 are together, & if you & he do
 not mix, it is because I am
 not there to stir you up.

You must understand
 Janet introduced Mr.
 Gilbert, - he is her friend.
 Janet is about as large in

stature as he, but for
 unately "the mind is the
 measure of the man."

Miss Hendricks allowed us
 to read your Alaska letters.
 I always thought it was cold
 up by the north pole until I
 read them. You speak of
 furling streams & balmy air,
 etc, etc, as if it were Florida,
 quite an overturning of my
 geography.

You drew a pretty picture
 of what home life might be,
 with-drawn curtains &
 crackling fire, & books still
 damp from the Press. Why
 not more minute, & say whether
 you would prefer a Brussels
 or a minister, a Knabe or a
 Steinway?

So you met your little angel?

several acres in dimensions.
When I get in the High School
& become rich, I am coming
out to see you, if "that-adoring
circle" will allow.

Janet & I are afraid you do not
intend coming in for another
12 years. We do not want to gaze
at you thro' spectacles or meeting
you on crutches, so we appoint
your visit-as next-fall, to
come in with Prof. Jordan.
Another dozen years might
see Merrick Chief Justice, &
Janet & I having our rights.
I leave all the sensible news
for Prof. Jordan to tell. We
are all well.

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Your friend
132 U. Sta. St. } Kate M. Graydon,

exploded. I heard your mother
was living in Iowa, & you had
not been near her for twelve
years. And then while I
supposed you had not-a
loyal friend in the world, I
heard you were the centre
of an adoring circle of ladies
in San Francisco. If you
heard any one laugh about
that-time, it was I. (This last
piece of news came from
London.) See if I ever waste
my sympathy on you again!
So the Fort-Mangel press
has just-issued Emerson's
last; Mama has an antidote
for Emerson in the Longer
Catechism, the cure being so

fearful, that-I'm careful not to need it. We learned the shorter catechism to propitiate-I suppose, the spirits-of the Merrills who came over in 1637, & I have no doubt-They looked from their distant abodes & smiled on us. Solomon too approves of the way in which we have been trained, it remains to be seen if we ever depart from it.

Grandma Graydon once give us a willow, appropriately called weeping willow, it was planted at our back-door & was pruned for our benefit without regard to time or season. Well, the elements though long delayed, were at last kind to us, & a tornado came along the other night & turned

that-weeping willow up side down. Joy came with the morning, our six children stood around & laughed without-measure.

This is too silly, but-it is such a relief to be out of school. I am at home now, away from my boarding school, & it is not a bad exchange from "Miss Graydon", to "Katie".

Sometimes I get out of sorts & wonder why you & Prof. Jordan have all the sight-seeing & good times, then I am thankful I can sit at home, & free of all fatigue & expense, can see it all through your pen. I think you should have more consideration for woman's weakness, than to suggest "lace sixty miles wide", but something will suggest a seal skin