



[John Muir Correspondence \(PDFs\)](#)

1879-10-05

Letter from [Ludlow] & Abby H. Patton to John Muir, 1879 Oct 5.

Ludlow Patton

Abby H. Patton

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No 6, Wall
Street's
our address

Palace Hotel.

San Francisco, Oct 5, th 1879,
General Muir.

The last rays of
the setting sun are shining in
to our window of the Palace and
perhaps it is the last sunset
we shall ever see in this city of
the Golden Gate. I could not think
of leaving the Pacific Coast without
saying good bye to you who so much
love all the work about here.
California you may say has made
you, and you in return have made
California and you are both rich
for having made each other. You
will persist in staying up among
the great glaciers and ice fields
of the Stikkeen, and can't come
down to the level of common folks
who have only sand lots, lone
mountains and golden gates

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Mrs. Mason received your
cross paper autograph along
with your own and wrote of you
in such terms that would make
your eyes look bright and heart
throb more warmly could you recall
what she ~~wrote~~ has written - Long may
you live to climb mountains and

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to look at. Oh yes I forget we
 have had a great general and
 ex president and great American
 traveller for a week and a city
 full of red, white and blue flags
 floating from hill top to hill top.
 We have not known such an oration
 or so much patriotism since we
 drew our best blood of the north
 to wash out the accursed slaver
 Galt of atonement, who ever knew
 a more fearful atoning for sin than
 that our Nation North and South
 East and West passed through in
 the great Rebellion. Mr Patton and
 I were among the enthusiastic
 to welcome General Grant. Now
 we are going in the morning to stage
 car stage - St. Joseph - Salt Lake
 City - Denver - Leadville - St. Louis &
 other points on the way to New York.
 We have read of you in the Bulletin and
 heard of you through Dr & Mrs Kendall. By
 the way how you enjoy little hills at the
 missions. Hope they or the Indians won't
 kill you - Do write us and do come to
 New York and be lionized a while

to teach other people how to love
 them. When you come to see
 us we will sit on a blanket
 and sing Robert Burns songs
 while you give us the fine
 ringing Scotch accent. I wish
 to say more but only have room
 to write Mr Patton and my love
 and tell you I bless the day that
 our eyes saw you and the flowers of Alaska

over to Mr Patton