



1878-02-26

Letter from Julia M[errill] Moores to John Muir, 1878 Feb 26.

Julia Merrill Moores

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Indianapolis Feb. 26th 1878
232 N. Ala. St.

My Dear Mr Muir,

Very grateful
are we for your sweet story,
sketch or history of your lovable
little friend the Water Ouzel.
We have all read it more than
once and some parts many times,
so that were we to meet him
we should not need an
introduction. Would that we
could meet ^{him} in the company
of his friend - and ours! We
recognized John Lamon in the
Bachelor friends.
How fresh - how wonderful
your life seems among the
flowers the birds and the
waterfalls, of your own
Yosemite.

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But we outsiders - we just comers,
time - even dwellers in cities
do not want to lose sight of
you, - personally, I mean. Why
do you not write. It has been
a long time - and I want a
letter. I do not know when I
have written to you - but that
makes no odds - when you have
so much within yourself and
around you, you do not need us -
but we do need you.

I do not believe I have ever told
you of my last summer - among
the Green Mountains - with the
children. Children indeed!
Two six footers for a bodyguard
and my Bonnie Janet -
now nearly twenty years
old. How can I call them
children? Well - we had a nearly
perfect summer - and I shall

tell you any more until
you write.

Sister Kate is hard at work
pegging away at the tough
soles of raw Hoosiers - or
gathering flowers from the
plants she has trained in the
passing years. I wish you
could see her - she is noble
and beautiful in her work.
Mina is with her. The Morrills
The Ketchums - Davis' and
Graysons - no one of them
forget you. All have read and
enjoyed your 'Humming Bird'.
Miss Hendricks - I see every few
days. She is well - and remembers
you with much pleasure.

Write soon to your old friends
and give an account of
yourself. My health is better.

Truly affectionately
Julia M. Moore