



1872-09-09

Letter from Julia [Merrill] Moores to John Muir, 1872 Sep 9.

Julia Merrill Moores

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mournful tale of the ages - yet never for one moment have I grown weary of it - but love it as a type of its Maker. So my soul it has given health & strength but sometimes I am afraid my body is almost worn out. - I do not allow myself to think this often - for I must live for my children. Should I go - you will always love them I know. - God grant they may be all that father & mother have prayed they might be! I have not spoken this to any one - and everything that will can do to make me strong - I shall do.

I thank you again for all your assurances of love for Merrill. I shall probably stay here thro' this month - and think you had better not send any more letters here after you receive this - but send to 170 E. Merrill St. Indianapolis. If I change my mind & remain in New England this winter - I will let you know immediately. I have written to Mr's uncle that if all seemed best. Merrill could go to him at Salem in November

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Nantucket 9th Sept. 1842

Dear Mr Min.

Last night's mail brought me your kind letter of the 24th Aug. How much gratification I felt at its contents - I can scarcely express. It did me good like a medicine. Weak and worthless as I am, I climbed with you to the top of Mt Tyall - the 13,000 ft. were nothing to me. I stood with you & looked off, and felt in my soul all its sublimity. I thank you for all you tell me of Merrill - & of the assurances you give me that he does not annoy you in your researches. I have been very much distressed lest his noisy talk might be a serious hindrance to you - but I will not let it trouble me any more.

Yours affectionately
Julia Moore

I cannot write you much of a letter - and what I write will I fear be disjointed & scattering but you will put up with it & be thankful perhaps - when you know that I am better & getting to be able to write for the first time in the last month. It has been a great trial to me not to write to you & Merrill. - What you tell me of his tardiness - I understand only too well - and care not how severe you are with him - if any thing you can do will startle him out of it - I shall be only too thankful. I think he has needed more sternness - more severity than I have been able to give him. He has felt the loss of his dear father - without being conscious of it. God grant he may be able to overcome this fault.

I am happy and content in the thought of you being together. I am glad that you are taking him away from the valley & away from humanity into the wilderness - where even John the Baptist & Christ himself dwelt for days & years. - I am still on this quiet sand hill. Sister Kate has left me & is before this at home - tho' I have not heard of her arrival there. Janet & Charles I kept - as I could not bear to be separated from them. I have been very ill but my physician says I am improving & I feel that I must stay here until the warm weather at home is all gone. As I sit now in my room I look out on the sea - I never tire of it - it is always more & more beautiful. I have walked on the beach - sat in the sand - listened by the hour to its