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Letter from Merrill Moores to John Muir, 1912 Apr 10.

Merrill Moores

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Indianapolis, April 10, 1912.

Dear Mr. Muir:-

I was in New York all last week, being busy on law business nearly all of the time. I saw in the papers on Tuesday morning that you were on for Mr. Burroughs's birthday; and I wanted much to see you especially as I had had to leave home at a time when my mother was suffering much pain with a rheumatic attack. Her physician had told me that it was entirely safe to leave her; and as she had read with great interest your letters and papers in the magazines during the last year, I knew she would enjoy hearing of you from me.

Saturday morning, I had not heard anything from you, though I had written her that I was expecting to hear from you at any moment.

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That day I had three letters all stating that she was very much better. When I returned to my hotel, I received from my brother a telegram announcing that she was some what weaker, and later in the evening I received word that she had died at half-past-eight. I came home at once as a matter of course. When I reached here on Monday morning, I was told that she had been sitting up on Friday and out of pain, and that, on Friday and Saturday, her mind had been perfectly clear, as, in fact, it always was. Saturday afternoon, she was weaker. Her heart had always been good and its action perfect, but at half-past-eight, it quit beating and she was dead. She was buried yesterday morning, the day being perfect. Her friends had filled the house with flowers, and the service was beautiful.

I had had her painted a year ago by a very clever portrait painter, but she did not like the oil painting, saying that it made her look old. So, two months ago I took a cast with me an old daguerreotype taken when she was about twenty, and for the last three or four weeks she had taken great delight in an enlargement of this old daguerreotype, I had caused to be made in New York.

She has enjoyed the letter you wrote her last summer and your articles in the Atlantic and every other article you have printed in the last few years and was very proud of your friendship.

I am sorry indeed that I was unable to meet you in New York.

Sincerely,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.