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Letter from J[ulia] M[errill] Moores to [John Muir], 1876 Aug 19.

Julia Merrill Moores

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CID
Hart Mackinaw
August 19th 1876

My Dear Friend,

Your farewell
note of the 2nd of July - after halting
at Indianapolis - and learning
the way - followed me here.
I wonder many times if in your
wanderings your feet have
ever trod this fair island. I
should love to think that
you had been here.

Sister Kate and I left home
the last of June - and have
been here with our dear
Cousins the Houghts - since
then. - You may be sure that
we have enjoyed ourselves.
We were neither of us well - she
worn out with her years labor
in school - and I - worn with

care and sick nest. There was
 no other way than to come off -
 And we are glad that we did.
 This is a beautiful place. not
 mild enough for you - but very
 satisfactory to such as we - who
 see nothing the year round but
 brick walls and dusty streets!
 We are living in the garrison - and
 it is our first experience of
 military life, Col. Hough is
 Commandant of the Post. Still we
 do not find it at all disagreeable
 for there is only one female company
 of soldiers here - the most of the
 regiment having gone out to
 meet the Sioux.

But the island! It has been a
 source of delight - since we came.
 We are where we can continually
 see the Straits of Mackinac -
 with lakes Huron & Michigan
 stretching off on either side.

Perhaps you know the situation
of the Fort - some one hundred and
fifty feet almost perpendicularly
above the water - built on the
rock. A few steps will take us
into thickets of evergreens -
along shady roads - overarched
with maples & oaks or birch.
Mossy banks - or hillides covered
with ferns - Immortelles - daisies
& cow slips - with the 'slight hare bell'
rang the scene. We ride from one
side of the island to the other - through
these shady lanes - or rather roads.
for they wind about in every
conceivable way - There is a post
boat in which we can sail - or
we can get a row boat - and our
Cousin Charlie will take us
around the island. We are at
no loss for occupation. All day
long we breathe this perfect air
and at night sleep as we did
when children.

00740

But you will think this all a semi
civilized horror. So I forbear.
I am glad to think of you in your
beloved valley. When I think of you
miting your brook - it frightens
me - I know I can not under-
stand it as a whole. I shall
do with it - as I used to when
a child - pick out the 'pretty
places'. Our friends at home are
suffering from the heat. My 'Merrill
boy' is home from Yale. much
grown & happy to be at rest for
awhile. Janet is a darling child
sweet & obedient - loving to live.
Your prince Charlie - earned his own
money by a year's work - Took himself
to the Centennial - Stayed a month &
brought himself home. The children
are a great comfort to me. all of them
I know that you will be glad to know
it. Miss Knodicks is not well. - but
none of our friends are who are in the
city. Sister K. sends love & wants to see you both.
with love J. M. Moore

950