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1862-07-11

## Letter from Frances N. Pelton to John Muir, 1862 Jul 11

Frances N. Pelton

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almost every thing except  
 Nature would remind  
 you of decay. Our Hills &  
 Mountains & Rocks of Granite  
 would be a substitute for  
 your "Scottish Highlands".  
 The same stream of water  
 runs before the door that  
 has since my remembrance  
 as clear as crystal. Some  
 of the shrubs that I  
 planted years ago, are  
 still alive. I am enjoying  
 myself very much here tho'  
 I am not able to wait  
 upon myself much. I  
 hope that a few months  
 among the Mountains will  
 revive and recruit me.  
 If my "little Fannie" had lived  
 she would have been 3 years  
 old this month. What a com-  
 fort and blessing - if she had  
 lived - but my loss is her gain

Please write me and direct to  
 Middlefield Mass  
 I have left Emily  
 with her Uncle  
 Our house is a  
 hotel now - I suppose  
 you have heard  
 before -  
 Ever remember  
 your old friend  
 Mrs Pelton

Middlefield, Mass  
 July 11<sup>th</sup> 1862.

My dear friend John -  
 You have  
 doubtless thought that  
 Mrs Pelton had forgotten  
 John Muir and her promise  
 to continue a correspondence  
 with him. Well, let me  
 explain - The last time you  
 wrote me - but one, you were  
 just going to sea in the  
 country, and forgot to tell  
 me where to direct a letter.  
 The last letter I received  
 I have not been able to  
 answer until now -  
 You see from this that

I am in Mass, with my friends  
or Parents I should have said  
My health has been very poor  
since winter - One of my lungs  
has been quite diseased -

I was not able to travel,  
but had company and was  
very anxious to be with my  
mother you know that we  
always feel, when we are sick  
that no one can do for us  
like a mother - Well John  
how is it with you - You  
have been home - and are  
back in school again - It  
seems that you are going to  
continue on through - And  
what then - "What are you  
going to make" Are you going  
to follow some business that  
will call out your mechanical  
genius or are you going to

take some profession -  
Whatever you may do, I  
sincerely hope you may never  
be influenced, to give up  
the honest pure minded sen-  
iments of your heart, found  
upon the "love of Christ"

I used to think I seldom,  
if ever, saw a person less  
contaminated with worldly  
associations, and influences,  
than yourself.

The Christian character  
is beautiful, when it is so  
be found in its purity -  
But that is not often  
this side of the "spirit world"  
John, I wish you were  
here - Would you not like  
to be set back a "century,"  
and see something old  
well if you were here

Middlefield, Mass.,  
July 11th, 1862.

My dear friend John,

You have doubtless thought that Mrs. Pelton had forgotten John Muir and her promise to continue a correspondence with him. Well, let me explain. The last time you wrote me but one, you were just going to teach in the country, and forgot to tell me where to direct a letter. The last letter I received I have not been able to answer until now. You see from this that I am in Mass. with my friends, or parents, I should have said. My health has been very poor since winter. One of my lungs has been quite diseased.

I was not able to travel but had company and was very anxious to be with my mother. You know that we always feel, when we are sick that no one can do for us like a mother. Well John, how is it with you? You have been home and are back in school again. It seems that you are going to continue on through, and what then -- "What are you going to make?" Are you going to follow some business that will call out your mechanical genius, or are you going to take [up] some profession. Whatever you may do I sincerely hope you may never be influenced to give up the honest pure-minded sentiments of your heart, founded upon the "love of Christ".

I used to think I seldom if ever saw a person less contaminated with worldly association and influences, than yourself. The Christian character is beautiful, when it is to be found in its purity. But that is not often this side of the "spirit world".

John, I wish you were here. Would you not like to be set back a century and see something old. Well, if you were here almost everything except Nature would remind you of decay. Our hills and mountains and rocks of granite would be a substitute for your "Scottish Highlands". The same stream of water runs before the door that has since my remembrance, as clear as crystal. Some of the shrubs that I planted years ago are still alive. I am enjoying myself very much here, though I am not able to wait upon myself much. I hope that a few months among the mountains will revive and recruit me. If my "Little Fannie" had lived she would have been 3 years old this month. What a comfort and blessing, if she had lived, but my loss is her gain.

Please write me and direct to Middlefield, Mass. I have left Emily with her Uncle. Our house is a hotel now, I suppose you have heard before. Ever remember your old friend,

Mrs. Pelton. [F.N. Pelton]