

Dear Jane,

Date:
11/13/1853
Place:
Placerville
From:
Ann
To:
Jane

Your letters are all duly rec and I am glad to get them. But I have not time to write half as many to you as I would like to. We have built a house on the hill near Mr. Harker's, and have moved, so we are once more under our own roof, and not in debt for it either. We feel quite relieved to think we can save that 20 and 30 dollars of monthly rent. we are on a high hill with a beautiful prospect in every direction. that is beautiful to any one that likes mountain scenery. We are in sight of the upper town, and part of the lower. Mary Ann's is in sight & within call, and by going a few rods back of the house, we can look down a higher hill than you ever saw, right over the tops of the houses into – what? why Chit's shop – but take care, you cant get down there, it is too steep. come around by this path on the side of the hill and take a gradual slope down. Now slowly, carefully, hold back at first, or you may find yourself going as Guy says "over heels head" whack against the house I moved out of day before yesterday. Now around the corner of the house, across the funniest little road you ever did see and here we are at the shop. Are you hungry? come in and eat some pie & cheese or bread & butter. here is mince, apple, currant, plum, & cranberry pies, and here are bottles of lemon and sasaparilla soda to wash it down with. Come, oh pshaw! we cant get in here, the table is full, & all are poking down pies, as if they never expected to see another. I declare they are all almost gone and I made 37 yesterday. Never mind, here is Chit behind the counter weighing 4 or 500 dollars worth of gold dust, we will go look at it, push your way through these miners, they all know me, now crowd through this gang of Chinese that are trying to buy one dollars worth of cabbage for 2 bits, but go around these nasty dirty Indians. if you touch one of them you may carry home more than you want. see their black hair is white with them, crawling in every direction, besides if you look twice at them you wont want any supper. here is Chit, hearty as ever with a very important business face. he says "how are you, glad to see you, but aint time to chat now." so we will go home. I guess you will think as Clara says "don't it ache our legs so" to climb this hill. here close by the door is the spring we get our water from, soft, cold, and clear, always overflowing. Now if you are not too tired we will go to the top of Coon Hollow ridge (about a mile) and see the snowy mountains in one direction and the coast range in another. There we could see the sun rise, and set, which is something I have not seen since I have been here. Think of that will you when you are looking at it. I am now where I always wanted to be, among the mountains. From my earliest recollections I longed to travel and see the mountains. I would listen to Father talking about them till I would feel I must see them, & wish I was a boy, for I thought if I was I would foot it there. Many an hour have I lain awake when a girl, trying to contrive ways to earn something to travel with. Can you wonder then, that I was willing to leave very dear friends at home and come this long journey? Words can never describe with what exulting, bounding joy, I have gazed on some of the

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Continued

beauties of nature. don't laugh, but I have actually felt sometimes as if it was almost too much and my heart would burst with emotion. I tell you Jane, there are "idees" enough in your poor sisters brain, dull as you and the rest may have thought her sometimes, but the trouble was to get them out. (and is yet.) But never have I seen anything but what the first thought was Oh! I would give anything, if Mother, Jane, and Sarah were only here to see it too. So dont think me too selfish. I loved the rest of the family just as much, but it always seemed that you three would enjoy it more. but what a letter. I have been carried away by my feelings and have not written what I intended. We are all very well. I mean Chit too. I am writing to Uncle George to day, and the mail closes to night so must hurry. Next mail intend to write to Mother Harris & Mr Case. I will send this to Father and let them read it because I have not time to write to them. Much, very much love to all friends. all write often. From one that loves you dearly.

Ann

[The following is upside down at the top of the first page.]

Parker wont even write some. he says I write it all.