

Letter #19

Placerville Jan 12<sup>th</sup> 1855

One sheet ~16"  
x 10" folded  
in half to  
make 4  
pages.

"Dear Pepils," and family, generally, individ-

ually, & collectively,  
*The opportunity is so precious I cannot restrain any feelings from writing to you a short line. The ink I believe is made from Coffee grounds & water so if you can read at all lay it to the sea voyage being beneficial to deepening impressions.*

Date:  
1/12/1855  
1/17/1855

*Therefore, wherefore, & besides all this & much more which I could say if I thought you could read it, but fearing you cannot, think I'll have to quit when I get this page done or it might be "loves labor lost."*

Place:  
Placerville

*Believe me sincerely*

*dear friends if you was only here you would think just as I do but as you are not, if I ask your advice you can tell me nothing about it. one thing is certain you'll think this a strange kind of a letter and there we'll agree, for my private opinion is if I was in China or the Sandwich Islands I'd be Harris, still or noisy, the year round having given you all the general particulars, I'll now write private news. Chitt sold his big hog, 2 years old, & weighed full a hundred pounds. I tore one of my shirts in the elbow trying to contain myself. Ann thinks I'm writing nonsense and that this is not worth paying postage on. well if you do not like it please don't take it out of the office.*

From:  
H.H. Fassett  
To: "Dear  
Pepils," ...

Begin page 2

*Well you'd like to know how we all are. I'm worser, the rest of us are all in a qondorwri so the letter writing devolves on me.*

*You would like to have a*

*valentine from me so you shall.*

*Feb 14 /55*

*The Grass is green on yonder Hill  
As we haint got no hog, the chickens eat the swill  
The water keeps pouring down from above  
And fills my heart brim full of love  
Our old hen fell down & broke her nose  
And so this loving epistle I must close  
Hoping that in coarse or fine  
You'll all be my Valentine.*

Desmodies.

"Nota Bena"

*"Love to all the girls  
and divide the valentine with them."*

*It's very singular how things look here. day before yesterday I walked up a hill one side & down the other 3 miles.*

*Mining is still going on in this vicinity. the long spell of weather makes it look droughty.*

Yours &c

H. H. Fassett

Letter #19

For all the family, from Father to Willie

continued

My advice to Harris

Begin page 3

Date:

1/12/1855

1/17/1855

From: Ann

For all ...

is to burn this thing, but as he will send it, Ann must put in something to make it worth the postage. I never can thank all of you enough for your good letters (especially Mother). All the amusement I have is my letters. All my time is taken up at home. I never have been out of town since I came in more than 2 years ago, never rode a step since, (not even in a wheelbarrow) have not even taken tea with my neighbors a dozen times since I came here. There are a great many concerts, shows, &c here but I never go. I dont even speak to a woman sometimes for weeks as I often dont go down the hill for a month at a time. There are beautiful walks all around but I do not go once in 6 months. have wanted to go to Parker's tunnel ever since he owned it but have no time or strength to spare. As long as I work so hard I can do nothing else. I do not write to complain. (for I never was happier in my life,) but to show you why I do not write more. I intended writing this mail to each one that sent me anything to convince them I appreciated their kindness, but every moment is so filled up with cares and duties I find it impossible. Give my love and thanks to each one, and tell them they could not found anything more useful or acceptable, but I prize them most as tokens of love and remembrance from absent but never to be forgotten friends. Aunt Sally's lines imply almost a reproach that I have never written to her and Grandma. but if she knew how much I think of them and how I am situated she would not feel neglected. besides to tell the truth I have been the least bit jealous, to think she never wrote a word to me, but could not mention it, because I have so little time to answer. Tell her and all my dear friends to always consider themselves remembered in every letter, for I never write without thinking of all of them. Why, I would like to write to my old neighbors too if I had time. Home, and friends were never as dear, as now. I hope you had a merry Christmas, and wish you all a happy New Year Our New years day was very stormy, but Christmas was pleasantly spent. Mrs. Lee and I put our dinners together at her house. I invited Hale, Chit, Harris, and Frank Platt a young man that tend a shop for them. Mrs Lee had two of their friends, and we had an agreeable pleasant time. Harris was going to send a bill of fare, but I will for him. Roast Chickens. Shoulder of Pork baked. Fresh Salmon boiled. Sweet Potatoes, Irish ditto. Cabbage, Turnips, Pickled Beets. Bread, warm biscuits, Plum tarts, Plum, Pumpkin, Mince & and Custard pies, Loaf cake, Cup cake baked in little tins, fried cakes, Peaches, Damson plums, and Green gages all fresh fruit, Tea, Coffee, &c &c. had enough left for all of you and would have been very happy to seen you there. After dinner Mrs. Lee and myself accompanied by H. went shopping and at one store were presented with a handsome neck ribbon. The children hung up their stockings, and had, candy, nuts, and raisins from Chit. & the boys a candy horse from Parker, with a candy rabbit for Clara. Speaking of hanging up stockings, makes me think of something too good to keep. Guy heard me tell his Father that one of our neighbors had a New years present of a little daughter. Guy

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*laughed right out and said "O Moler I know where she got it, she hanged up her stocking and Santa Claus put it in. and Moler I guess she laughed when she found it." then ended with wishing I had hung up mine. we are all quite well. I still bake, and wash for Hale, Chit, and Harris. H. sleeps here and takes breakfast with us, dinner and supper with C. Parker & Dwight are gone all day and my hands are full. but it is 11 oclock and I have a large ironing to do so must say good bye, with much love to all.*

*[Jan.] 17. Parker washed up his dirt and took out 156,00 to be divided between 4 men, for 2 weeks and a half's work. This he calls very good pay for the amount of ground they dug over. Dwight's letter is his own composition and his first trial. It is about a month since he began to write. He says Grandma gets one the next time I write.*

*Yours in haste. Ann.*