

Letter #21

Placerville, March 4th, 1855.

My own dear Mother.

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

Date:
3/4/1855
3/12/1855

Place:
Placerville

From:
Ann F.
Germain

To:
Mother

Date:
3/14/1855

From:
H.H. Fassett

To:
Mother

Begin page 2

Your letter of Jan 27, I have just rec from the shop (Chit takes them out late in the evening when they are sent to him. I dont get mine till the next morning) and I cannot tell you how much pleasure it gives me. I have never for a moment doubted your earnest love for me, but I do not think my letters can do you as much good, as yours do me. To fully appreciate a letter one must be a stranger in a strange land, away from friends and home, that dear old home. ask Grandma Peck if she dont think so. I often think of her removal to Ohio, & of Mother Germain going to N. Y. Yet they never make me homesick. I am so glad to hear from you that I have no room for sad thoughts. Dearly as I love you all, & much as I should enjoy a visit with you, I am happy, and contented here. Duty seems to have called me here, & I have never repented coming. But I am a perfect egotist in writing, it is nothing but I, I, I. If you could look in this pleasant Sabbath morning you would see the doors wide open, fire out, & a pitcher of lovely wild flowers on the table where I am writing. They are very handsome, yellow, white, red, &c with a splendid bunch of wild pea blossoms. Dwight loves flowers as well as Grandma does and keeps me supplied as long as they last. him and Guy are at Sunday School (Baptist) Clara is here looking at me as I write as it is too muddy for her to go today. They go to Baptist at 9. Methodist at 2. Harris seems as contended as any of us when I see him which is not very often. he has not been up for 2 weeks, and Chittenden dont come sometimes for a month and then dont stay hardly ten minutes. The last time he came I threatened telling you, he said if I did he would get a scolding. he is doing better than ever before making money. I dont know how much he writes to you about it, so do not say anything myself. Hale and him are in partnership in a new shop down town which Hale tends. Harris tends Chits shop, one man packs, while Chit, oversees, buys goods, &c. Parker is doing well in his tunnel, but will sell the first good offer and move down to the bay. The boys are anxious to have us stay here & we would rather on their account, but it is unpleasant living in this way. we live so rough & unsettled, no garden, no yard, no house, but a little temporary shanty, as H says not half as warm or well finished as Father's barn. When we move, we shall buy a little place, have a good house, & something we can call a home. we intend to settle ourselves, as if for life, though Parker says we will visit you as soon as we are able, and if I wish it he will stay there if he can have good health. I would rather live in this country if my friends were all here. March 12. Give Harris a long credit mark. he has been up here this stormy day to chat with me a while. (what if I did mend his coat, and what if it happened so the last time he came.) Chittenden has not been here lately but then his coat dont want mending so I excuse him. I am going to send this down for them to finish. The stockings are nice, they keep my feet so warm these cold, rainy,

Letter #21
page 2
continued

days, again many thanks for them, and all the nice presents from all. Give my love to Grandma Fassett, Uncle T, Aunt Sally, Jeff, Mary, &c. Tell Uncle Thomas I think he need have no fears of his name becoming extinct. It is in good hands. You write, little some one has been sick, but did not put the name, I suppose it was one of Mary's children. When H. came here first we were eating supper, just dark. I was expecting him, and on hearing his step said to Parker, 'that is Harris,' ran to the door and met him, he was quite unwell with bad cold, sore throat &c and went right to bed, but I kept him talking several hours. he unlocked his trunk and we sat down on the floor and pulled everything out to see the presents. Chittenden staid in San Francisco that day and came here the next night. It would have done Father good to have seen him and the children. I dont hardly know which was the happiest. When Harris first came his face was broke out and I thought him not as good looking as formerly, but he is now well only so very fleshy. I dont know what to compare him to if you have killed your fat pigs. he is actually fat, very fat, and in fine spirits. I have not heard from Mrs. Harker lately. James Morrow started last week for home, poor fellow, I hope he will reach it in safety. Parker gave him 5,00 said if he had, had what was owing to him would have given him 30,00. he (P.) only had 10 by him then. Chit gave him 10,00 H 2½. The people gave him nearly 200,00. I dont know where that negro man is, have not seen him since last summer. The Recorders come regular, and I enjoy them much. Chit has signed for a Presbyterian paper one year and made me a present of it, have only had one number yet but will send it to you if I can get any stamps. am glad you have so much charity for me about writing, but am afraid I have offended my other correspondents, as I have written to no one out of the family since last summer. But it is supper time and I must close with much love and warm wishes for all. I always think of your birthday and all the rest.

Begin page 3

As ever, yours affectionately.

Ann F. Germain.

[The following in in Harris' handwriting.]

Tell Father I will write to him soon & expect an answer. Harris

Wednesday morning March 14 1855

Mother

I think Ann had not ought to have "told" of James Morrow & what was given to him but as she has please let no one see this letter or know but what he made his money all himself for the sake of his own feelings at least,

I have not had my Breakfast, Franklin Platt (our Packer) from Columbus Ohio is getting Breakfast, Chit- is in Bed and even I myself have not combed my hair or slicked up any yet. Please excuse my looks, for I am so fat you would hardly know me only when I laugh it would sound natural I think,

Begin page 4

Letter #21
page 4
continued

The "Golden Hills" of El Dorado Co have other attractions to me than the ore they contain. for "sierra nevada's" snow caped mountains blow the breath of Joyous health upon us all the poor as well as the rich. What Parker has told you of the health of this country is all true. I wrote you a letter by James Morrow when he started home & he says he will go & see you & tell you all about how we live & where &c &c. If I but had time I could fill sheet after sheet with the incidents of our journey here & promise myself that at some future time I will do so.

We are all well & wish to hear from you as often as you can find time to write & when the mail comes in & no letters from home we feel a little ————— in the countenance, Give my love to Father & the children & all the friends. Grandma & Uncle & Aunt. Play with the Dogs & ride & drive the Horses once in a while for me. I have no such opportunity now I suppose the buggy has not had any spokes broke out since we left.

Yours Truly H. H. Fassett

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

I was up to Ann's yesterday & looked at all your Daguareotypes had quite a chat & if it din't do me good then I forgotten strangely in a day.

H