

Dear Sister Sarah

Date:

9/3/1856

Place:

Placerville

From:

Ann

To:

Sister Sarah

Have you made up your mind that Ann never will write to you, no wonder if you have, but I have no excuse to offer as I really cannot help it. And now if it pleases you, I should like to have some knowledge of your whereabouts, that is how long you intend to stay at home, dear home, and where you are going to next. do you ever intend to settle down like other married folks, please make us a long visit first, and not be so partial to Mother that cannot visit a sister. I will show you the prettiest, best natured, little namesake you ever saw, but cannot send you her picture yet as this artist here takes such poor ones, and his charges are "bamnable" high. I am talking some of going to San Francisco with Chitt, if I do will have one taken there. For the three last summers, my health has been quite poor through the hot weather, and Parker is anxious for me to go to the bay and recruit. When C- was down last he saw Dr Cruthers, who very kindly sent a pressing invitation for me to stay with them till I get well. I am anxious to visit Mrs Harker who has settled at San Francisco, and if I had no babe to take would go. The weather is now cooler, and I am better, and as I dread the jaunt of 50 miles by stage in half a day, then right on the boat and a child to carry, have some doubts about going. The rest are all well, Guy & Clara at school, P- in the old tunnel. Dwight has been at home all summer helping me, but will go soon. Clara reads and spells better than Guy now, and I think Willie must study hard to keep ahead of his little niece. Guy, poor boy, became so discouraged that we began to think of sending him to another school away from here. I saw Mrs Cole about it and she put him in a Natural Philosophy for beginners. that pleased him as C- is always boasting. he studies well but cannot learn fast, while C- learns without trying. But Miss Clara is well satisfied for she takes music lessons on the piano. You would laugh to hear her tongue go, and see her fingers fly over the chair showing me where the letters are. Mrs Cole says 10 is generally the right age to commence, but considers Clara as old at 6 as others are at 10. Mrs C- says Clara has such an ear for music that she wants her to attend to nothing but that & reading. Parker laughs and says Mrs. C- wants the fun of seeing her learn so fast. The terms are 50 cts a lesson and when she masters the key board, and uses the piano daily, 100 per week for the use of it. Considerable for us to pay but P- says he never can give his children anything but an education, and if he lives they shall have a good one. Perhaps you all laugh at me for writing so much about myself and children, but I think it will interest you more than anything else. if not give me a hint & I'll 'dry up.' Jane's last letter threatens vengeance on all that dont write to her once in 6 months. I dont know as it is that long since I wrote to her, but for fear it is will notice her next month, as I wish to keep peace in the family. Chitts new fireproof building is nearly done. Hale, & Fassett are going on swimmingly, selling 'lots' of goods. The town is nearly built up again, the most of it better than before. My love to Mr C- and tell him we are always glad to hear from him, but would be gladder, gladdest to see him. Father, Mother, brothers, & sisters,

Letter #32
continued

Grandmothers, Uncles, Aunts, & cousins, are always remembered by me, but (I beg their pardon for saying so) they are too numerous to mention.

[The following is written upside down on the first page at the bottom]

Be sure to give my love to Harry & Willie, when shall I see them.

[The following is written upside down on the first page at the top]

I really intended writing to Aunt Delia but could not. will she favor me with a good letter. Cant Mary & 'Lida find time to write a little to me, and Ann Hale too if she feels disposed. I will try & answer. Sarah do write often. I wonder if my letters give as much pleasure as yours. accept much love to your own dear self. from Sister, Ann.