

Letter #91

Pacheco March 9th 1862

My Dear Grandma

One sheet of
cream, 7³/₄ x
9¹/₂", lined
paper

Date: March 9,
1862

Place: Pacheco

From: Clara
Germain, Ann

To: Grandma,
Mrs. C.H.
Fassett

Today is my birthday I am twelve years old and I thought I would write to you. Sarah and Guy go to school now and Jane would like to go too. Jane says that she would like to come up to your house if she could but she says that she will come as soon as she can. Hellen Gregory came yesterday and took Sarah home with her to stay a week or two. I am not going to school now. Dwight is at work in the Printing Office. Mother has another son. We have not decided what we will name him yet. We would name him after Uncle Chittenden if it was not such a long hard name. I wish that you would send us a name. The baby will be six weeks old tomorrow, and weighs twelve pounds without any clothes on. The baby was crying and Harry ran and pretended to snatch something from my letter and gave it to the baby and told him that there was Grandma for him. Harry is a large fleshy boy, talks everything. Sarah and Jane are peicing each of them a quilt. They have got about half enough blocks for a quilt.

Begin 2nd side

We have no girl and Mother calls Sarah and I the house maids, and Jane her Nurse girl. Uncle Harris came here to supper tonight and gave Mother a ring. On the eleventh of January when we woke up in the morning our floor was about four inches under water. Mother and the children had to stay on the bed untill almost noon, when they came out and sat in chairs around the fire. The water had never been within a foot of our floor before and we did not expect it at all. I should like very much to hear from Willie. Tell Kate and Ella that I send my love to them both. Tell Kate that I should like to have her write to me soon. And I shall do the same to her. I should like to hear from Emma Dalton and Aunt Mary. I send my love to all. It is now very late and I must bid you all Goodnight.

*Your affectionate Granddaughter
Clara Germain*

Ann continues

Dear Mother,

I can just say that I am gaining slowly. baby six weeks old today and I sit up about half the time, though that is more than I am really able to do. have not been able to do anything since June. That is my excuse for not writing to you. hope to be able to write after awhile. The last time I tried to write you was Sept. Am anxious to hear from Jane. Wish I could send word to her to use chloroform, I did. its firstrate, I tell you.

Written
vertically in
right margin

very much love to you all, write soon and often to

your absent but loving daughter

Ann.