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MC194: Folder 22 Mudd, George to Sister [Mudd, Margaret?], circa 1880

This transcription from the original letter contains language contemporaneous of the time and is being presented as part of a historical record.

Germantown, Colusa Co., Cal.

Dear Sister,

Your letter of June 3rd was recd about two months ago and found me in the midst of harvest, and so busy that I had no time to write. I am not quite through yet. I had heard from Brother Alexander some time before, telling me of Stephen's death. I am exceedingly sorry to hear of it, and feel his loss greatly. But yours and the children's loss is the greatest, and I sincerely sympathise with you in your bereave-ment. Even if he had been always a cripple it would have been a great satisfaction to have had him with you. I should have liked to have seen him before he died. He was only a boy when I left home sixteen or seventeen years ago. If I had had money to spare, and could have left my business, I would have come over when he first wrote. I cannot leave this fall or winter for the same reasons, or I would come over and see you all. I could not make out how much you get from the Parish a week, I thought 4^s & 6^d, but perhaps ^s2 " 6^d, which is more likely. Do the best you can, and get all the work you can, and are able to do. God helps those most who try to help themselves. Keep up a brave heart and never despair! Let me know how much it takes to live on a week, and just what you get from the Parish, and about what you can manage to earn yourself towards a living. We will try and help you some, as it may be found necessary, and as we may be able to do. If we could get you and the children out here, we could fix you as you could earn a living for your-self and children. At any rate we could see you had a living, and we would not feel it much. It would cost forty or fifty pounds to get you out here, and then you could not come all alone. We cannot raise the money now to do it. Then you may not want to come if we could. You will have to stay where you are at present, and in two or three years I may get in such a condition, that I can take a run over to England. I have just had a severe attack of illness, and am scarcely able to get out of the house now. I have an immense amount of work to attend to, and it throws me back terribly when I get down sick. My health is not very good at best, and I would like to get out of this valley for a few months, but can't do it. I shall have to stay here till I get worked out of debt, and may die before I do it.

We have a pretty fair crop this year, but prices are so low that we can't make anything at present prices. We hope the prices will improve before we have to sell.

I have not heard from Bro. John yet. He might manage to write. I should like to hear from him. Write and let me know if you are still in the Pit-house, and if you are settled down permanently, so that you are sure of getting letters. If you are not, it will be the best for us to write through Bro. John. I send you my picture, have none now of wife and children. I also send you a sketch of my home. It is not a photograph but was sketched by an artist and then printed. You will have to take a smooth sheet of paper and place over the picture and smooth out the creases with a smoothing iron. You will see I have

quite an orchard growing. We have plenty of all kinds of fruit, including quite a number that can't be grown in England. My wife sends kind love and sympathy to you and children, accept the same from me and tell the children that Uncle George will come and see them by and bye.

From your freind [sic] and brother

Geo. Mudd