

3/26 March 1882, 10 South St. San Jose 482

Dear William

It is now a long time since I have heard from you, and I am getting anxious to know how you are all getting along. I answered your last letter a long time ago, but receiving no reply I write now hoping to receive an answer to this soon. I hope that you are still able to write some, if not let some one of the family write me, how you are and all the family news. The last I heard from you was a letter I got from Will, some time in January, he spoke of you as being in better health and able to be about, which I hope still continues. He sent me four pictures of himself in different positions, from which I am now trying to make a bust, if I get one to please me, I will send you a photograph of it. I find it hard to get the likeness, as his face is so fleshy and rounded out, that there are no well marked lines, to follow, and which make a likeness easy to get. Still I think I will be able to make one that you will be able to recognize. The last bust I made was one of Rachel for the "Kindergarten Association" in San Francisco

My oldest Grand Son, William H. Coffin died on the 22<sup>d</sup> of Feb. his health had always been poor, he spent his years in his native town, but on his return to Chicago he began to run down again, him some good, but on his return to Chicago he began to run down again, his mother took him south, but it did him no good, the doctor there Southern home in Memphis, it is to Chicago, many lauds to go and see you, I will be sure your own love to all your family and love to the sons of Horace

I had three very poor pictures to make it from, but they  
expressed themselves as very much pleased with it, and set  
it up in the room of their head quarters,

Our chief treat we had a visit from Julius and his wife  
and child, which we greatly enjoyed. He came from Santa  
Fe, New Mexico, where he has been engaged for some months  
on a large irrigation plant for the town and neighborhood.  
It is an extensive work, and will take two or three years  
to complete. <sup>It</sup> This and the water works there belongs to our  
Chicago firm, who authorized Julius to contract with Sam  
Day, Emma's husband, to superintend the work for them.  
He went on immediately there, and the family will move  
there in another month. This breaks up our home here, I  
expect Hattie and I will go on there too, but not so soon  
as we want to stay a while longer in California. Flora  
wants <sup>us</sup> to come to Chicago for the summer, which we may  
do, so as to see the fair. But it all depends on how able I  
<sup>might</sup> feel, for that much travel. Santa Fe, is said to be a very  
fine climate, but altho south of this by two degrees, it is colder  
<sup>in winter</sup> than it is here, it being 7000 feet above sea level. But that  
altitude is a very pleasant one to live in, and we may  
like better than this. It is an old Spanish town nearly two  
hundred years old, quite a foreign looking place, the  
majority of the people being Spanish or Mexican. I am  
still very well pleased with California, and don't expect to find  
as pleasant a place to live in. This has been a very wet winter,  
and has been quite chilly, but the thermometer has not been below 35°.