

OFFICE OF THE STATE CONTROLLER,

Carson, Nevada, May 28th 1865.

Dear Nellie:-

You will see by the date of this that I am already in my new home in "Silverland." My last letter to you was written on the day that I left San Francisco to come here. I got here one day of the week before last after a tedious journey, the last twenty four hours of which I passed on the outside of a stage coach. This place is the State Capital. The Governor and the other State Officers live here. I cultivate the Controller as you will observe by the printed heading. He is one of my earliest California friends. His name is Nightingill - not gale - and is one of the Princes of this State. I lend him character by sleeping with him. This is Sunday and we have just come from church. The preacher expounded a sermon from a text found in the book of Job. He entertained us with a brief biography of these natives of the Land of Uz; and set forth a description of his trials and

misfortunes. Job was sorely tried no doubt and
experienced remarkable fortitude and patient resig-
-nation under his many trials. But he "escaped"
one trial of patience. He was ever submitted
to the vexations of an Editor in a new country.
He never had to cudgel his brains six days
of every week to give enlightenment to an un-
-appreciative people.

The name of my paper is the "Carson
Daily Appeal". It was named out of Compli-
-ment to me, by the publishers, after the
Marquette Appeal, a paper which I started
in 1860 and left just before going home
that year. I send you a copy. You see
that it is of the "seven by seven" order of sheets.
But it is big enough for all the requirements
of this new settlement in the desert. I seem
destined to identification with new states.
Perhaps I am helping the Star of Empire on
its westward course. It is some little
fratification to take part in the erection
of new members of the Grand Old Union.

This place is situated just at the foot
of the Eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada.

It probably numbers two thousand in population
mainly from California. This is a strange part
of the world. A vast portion of the State is
a desert of bare, bleak plains and mountains.
The latter are wonderfully rich in silver and
Copper. Gold is not found in much abundance
here. There are no very extensive mines in the
immediate vicinity of Carson. The silver diggings
are about Virginia City, the principal
place of business in the State, 15 miles hence.
I have not been there yet.

Carson is situated in a pleasant little
valley - barren and treeless - surrounded
by high barren hills on the summits of some
of which large patches of snow are still to
be seen. By looking out of the window
before me I see "Job's Peak" a lofty,
"Cloud Kissing" mountain, white with eternal
snows. This is a picturesque region. Carson
itself stands at an elevation of some
5000 feet above the level of the sea. The
climate is generally pleasant and healthful
the only objection that I have experienced being
the high winds which too frequently blow

through the mountain ranges.

About 12 miles from here is Lake Tahoe or Lake Bigler as it used to be called. I don't believe that the Lake of Geneva that Claud Melnotte celebrated so enthusiastically ~~is~~ is half as beautiful as this sheet of water. It is completely surrounded by high, snow capped mountains at the foot of which it rests in undisturbed solitude. I never saw anything approaching its beauty and the grandeur of the scene of which it forms a part as presented to the spectator from the Summit of the Mountains on the California side. I thought of you and wished you were with me to enjoy it, when the stage brought ~~the magnificent panorama~~ us in view of the magnificent panorama.

I know you would enjoy a journey thro' these mountain scenes. How would ^{you} like to make Carson a temporary dwelling place? I wish you were here, Nellie. I could feel contented if you were here; as it is, I am all the time longing to be back in Maine.

The steamer from Panama has arrived in San Francisco. I am expecting a letter from you by tonight's mail.

God bless you darling. Remember me kindly to your brothers and to Emma and Hattie. I shall write a letter to you tonight. Tell "Gunny" that I send her my love. Write to me and advise your letter to "Carson State of Nevada." Yours affectionately Henry R. Wright.

By Steamer.

May 28 - 1865



Sam Capt Henry

Carson

Merceda

Miss Nellie L. Vernie

Norway Village

Maine.

[printed letterhead
OFFICE OF THE STATE CONTROLLER,
Carson, Nevada,] May 28th 1865.

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State of Nevada."

Yours affectionately

Henry R. Mighels

[envelope]

By Steamer

[postmark:] Carson NV May 29

[stamp removed]

Miss Nellie L. Verrill
Norway Village
Maine

[left side of envelope with flourishes:]

Frm Capt Henry
Carson
Nevada