

Oregon Sept 27th 1865

Dear Nellie:-

Your letter of August 14th came
day before yesterday, the Steamer Sacra-
mento having arrived in San Francisco
on Saturday, bringing the mails. As I
promised you in my letter of Sunday
I improve the opportunity to acknowledge
its receipt. But I must not attempt
a regular letter, for this is one of
my working days; and Politics and
the Printer are keeping my hands full.

But right here I will essay
something beside giving you a ~~receipt~~
receipt for your kind epistle. It
lies before me; and across the
top of the first page I see something
which I have read and pondered
with no inconsiderable degree of satisfaction

I am just about making up a budget of Appeals
for you. Kiss Sue for me. Regards to Byron.

It is altogether worthy of your good
frankness to ask me "Do you pray
for yourself?" To answer this and
the deductions which follow it, categorically,
I will say, first, I do not often
"pray" in the common acceptance of that
word. But we are too apt to give
way to the conventional meaning of that
word. I believe that one can "lift
his soul to God" in devoutness of
spirit without ~~employing~~ employing
the set phrase of speech used in the
Churches or even at the family
altar. And when I lay my head
upon my pillow, I often, - not
always - in inward reverence for
the Supreme Creator, invoke His
watchful care for me and those
I love and while feeling myself
within the Divine presence, hope for

the continuance of life, health and
all earthly blessings for myself and
them. And you derive in these
devotional thoughts of mine. Is
this not prayer? I hope it is.
Nellie I will not tell you any
"little fibs". Will you, I "detect
deceit"? God knows that sinners
have justified themselves about me
and fastened themselves upon my
habits of thought and action. But
I hope that I have escaped that
lower stratum of depravity, the
practice of deceit. But every man
who has learned his world wide
lesson feels that there is much
of his experience for evil that he
ought to withhold from the good
and pure. Pretention is deceit -
I hope I do not practice it.

But I am writing a comedy -
not a letter - but with all that
I have said, you may be certain
that I am bad enough in all
conscience. There is no "little fib"
about that.

I am glad that you concern in
my judgment of Mr Justice Lewis
Oration. He is a good friend of mine
and I shall tell him that a certain
young lady who is a very good judge
of literary productions, pronounces favorably
upon his effort. Don't shrink as he
is alarmed - I won't tell him who that
young lady is.

Please don't doubt me Nellie. I
feel very sad when I sometimes fear
that you do not altogether trust my
sincerity. Believe me and pray for
me; and when the good time comes that
we shall meet again may our imperfect acquaintance
ripen into full union of confidence and love - already
full and perfect on my part now. And so do I

Write a longer than long very true than you and me. My kind
Remembrance to all. I should like to read your papers before we
"see each other". Hope it "lacked nothing" and says we a copy. My kind
Affectionate and a love to Henry.

Carson Daily Appeal.
ROBINSON & MIGHELS.

Sept. 27. 1865

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NEV.

By Steamer

Miss Nellie Merrill
Norway Village
Maine.

Carson Sept 27th 1865

Dear Nellie:--

Your letter of August 16th came day before yesterday, the Steamer Sacramento having arrived in San Francisco on Saturday, bringing the mails. As I promised you in my letter of Sunday I impose the opportunity to acknowledge its receipt. But I must not attempt a regular letter, for this is one of my working days; and politics and the printers are keeping my hands full.

But right here I will essay something beside giving you a receipt for your kind epistle. It lies before me; and across the top of the first page I see something which I have read and pondered with no inconsiderable degree of satisfaction

[in Margin:]

I am just about making up a budget of appeals for you. Kiss Lue for me. Regards to Byron.

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It is altogether mostly of your good frankness to ask me "Do you pray for yourself?" To answer this and the deductions which follow it, categorically, I will say, first, I do not often "pray" in the common acceptance of the word. But we are too apt to give way to the conventional meaning of that word. I believe that one can "lift his soul to God" in devoutness of spirit without employing the set phrase of speech used in the churches or even at the family altar. And when I lay my head upon my pillow, I often, -- not always -- in inward reverence for the Supreme Creator, invoke his watchfull care for me and those I love and while feeling myself within the Divine presence, hope for

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the continuance of life, health and

all Earthy blessings for myself and them. And you share in these devotional thoughts of mine. Is this not prayer? I hope it is. Nellie I will not tell you any "little fibs". With you, I "detect deceit." God knows that impurities have fastened themselves about me and fastened themselves upon my habits of thought and action. But I hope that I have escaped that lower stratum of depravity, the practice of deceit. But every man who has learned his world will lesson feels that there is much of his experience for evil that he ought to withhold from the good and pure. Pretention is deceit -- I hope I do not practice it.

[page 3]

But I am writing a homily -- not a letter -- but with all that I have said, you may be certain that I am bad enough in all conscience. There is no "little fib" about that.

I am glad that you concur in my judgment of Mr Justice Lewis oration. He is a good friend of mine and I shall tell him that a certain young lady who is a very good judge of literary production, pronounces favorably upon his effort. Dont shrink nor be alarmed -- I wont tell him who that young lady is.

Please don't doubt me Nellie. I feel very sad when I sometimes fear that you do not altogether trust my sincerity. Believe me and pray for me; and when the good time comes that we shall meet again may our imperfect acquaintance ripen with full unison of confidence and love -- already full and perfect on my part now. And so do I

[left margin]

breathe a prayer when I say may God bless you and me. My kind remembrance to all. I should like to read your proposed poem in "New Milk". Style it "Lacteal Musings" and send me a copy. Affectionately and in haste Harry.

[See margin of page 1]

[envelope]

[letterhead envelope]
Carson Daily Appeal.
ROBINSON & MIGHELS.

By Steamer

Miss Nellie Verrill
Norway Village
Maine.