Conway Me. May 27th 1866.

My Friend Harry,

Many thanks for your of the 11th inst. telling me of your safe arrival. I am glad for you that your reception was so cordial, and that you found so many old friends. And more than glad that those same old friends were unable to dissuade you from your resolution to be a temperate man. It is so much easier to please our friends even at some self-sacrifice, that I can imagine something of the struggle it cost. I do hope and pray you may be able to keep all of your good resolutions in regard to your future life.

Do you know — I couldn't for a moment have thought of your proposition, had I not thought you a different person from the Harry I knew years ago. Then you were merely the pleasant acquaintance, not the man I could respect and perhaps learn to love. Now — I don't know what to say to you or how to say it. I thought I should have been able to make a final decision on this. I dare not engage myself to you fearing I may not love you, and I am sorry to have you feel so sure of me when I am so sure of myself.

I wish you were near me, that I might prove my own heart. Indeed I don't think I shall ever know until we meet again, but Harry if finally we can be nothing more than friends, don't blame me. I've told you not to trust me, and really you are safer not to. You don't want me without all the love I am capable of giving, and if another gains that, why I can't help it, and you will of course consider yourself well out of the affair. Time will prove us both. By the way I had a fortune given me the other night. You will find it on this slip of paper. Is it a warning? I don't know how to apply it, help me.

I came back last week. The people seemed quite glad to see me after my three weeks absence. Late days I grew pretty (you think there is chance enough) and quiet. Many things combined to render the latter true. But the worst trouble I have now is to find another boarding place. These people don't want me any longer and I can't think of any body who does. Truly 'tis an unpleasant state of affairs to be without a home when love or money won't make one.

think I will set up a boarding house on my own hook.

Adel and Flo are to be married on the fifteenth of next month. They will travel about three months and seem very happy at the prospect.

Nellie Denison commits matrimony sometime this month, and Kate D. is expecting her "lover" home very soon.

Ella Tucker is also making ready for the hymeneal move, and "they say" Van Fuel has shown some symptoms. However she has moved to town, so we shall lose the opportunity of watching the progress of the disease.

Brother Gilbert who tells pretty little stories in his sermons has resigned and will leave here quite soon.

Mr Leonard our school teacher has left, so there are two vacant places, and I hope some nice young men may put the spirit move them to take up their residence here.

The war seems to be virtually over and we are hoping our Capt. may "come marching home" soon, — my way in season for the wedding.

Don't allow your modesty to stopper when recounting your wonderful exploits as a soldier, — keep truth on your side. I've had occasion many times to thank my lucky star that I was not given to jibbing, when in the course of time I have seen how nicely I should have been exposed had I yielded to temptation.

We made Augusta a call Sunday evening. They seem very happy and cosy, and are evidently a "good match", notwithstanding the predictions to the contrary. Abner taken almost every opportunity to sound me on the California question, How much wiser he is in consequence, is best known to himself.

Col. Rust has rented his house to Mr Boles who will board him thus making the major family a little smaller. I've still kept that long Joe on the anxious seat. "Sometime he thinks he is all right then again he don't know". Poor fellow! I've warned him and talked to her but all to no purpose. Its rather provoking but people never will heed my exhortations. That reminds me, have you left off that disagreeable habit of chewing the filthy weed? Indeed you had better if you wish to keep in my good graces. I never could endure it and I never will. Do you understand sir?

I shall be glad to have another picture of you as the one I have looks at me in a very fierce way. 'Twould be dangerous for a timid person to meet it in an uncertain light, as they might fancy the horns and hoofs starting out.

I hope you will be able to find some business to suit your mind, and since you are so very mercenary I suppose I ought to wish you success in that tho. But don't forget that "all is vanity", and perhaps 'twould be well for you to read the moral of Hardi "Miss Kilmansegg" (believe that's the name,)

If any one makes inquiries, tell them the moon is made of green cheese and that the inhabitants of that ball are supposed to be maggots which have fallen out of it, hence the ancient hymn, "We are but warm" &c

Study the ten commandments, as I may want to catechise you at some future day.

As ever

Nellie Pierce.

Per Steamer

Nov 1 1865

SAN FRANCISCO
JUN 9
1865
CAL

Henry R. Mighels

~~Care of Gen. C. Gordon Esqr~~

~~Lt. Virginia City~~

Carson City
Nevada

Sam sends love —

Norway Me. May 12th 1865.

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Nellie Verrill.

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[envelope]

[postmarks: NORWAY MAY 10; SAN FRANCISCO CAL JUN 9 1865]

Per Steamer

[stamp removed]

Henry R. Mighels

[crossed out: Care of Geo. C. Gorham Esqr San Francisco Cal]
Carson City
Nevada

[back of envelope]

Lu sends love --