

I don't dare to trespass on your time by taking another sheet, as I'll make my share short. I believe I have done nothing in the same line to commend

The world still grows and there is no appearance of the end yet in that part of it. Be good and

you will be happy with my love - obedience I bid you - good of heaven.

John V.

Stony Retreat.
Sunday June 30th 1868.

I wonder what has "come over the spirit of your dream" that caused you to neglect to send me a letter by the last steamer! Was it to furnish me for my dreaming negligence, or have you concluded that it doesn't pay? Either object is utterly unworthy the character of a gentleman of your standing. If the first, I have only to refer you to the golden rule. If the second, I say to you that

it should be your pleasure
to do that which affords
pleasure to others even at a little
inconvenience to yourself.

Let me observe that you may
consider yourself wonderfully provided
by this token of our regard, since
it is very rarely I write except
in answer to letters, and do only
ease my conscience this time by
remembering that my last annual
tons of yours, and was not adequate
payments either in quantity or
quality.

I wish you might have been
here to have enjoyed the lovely days
and magnificent nights of the
past week. More perfect hours
I cannot conceive of. Much
as I have deemed to live in
the enjoyment of them I have
felt myself incapable of a

full appreciation of their glory.
I doubt believe you much praised
"Eldreds" can show graver fields
bluer skies or finer mountain
scenery, than our cold hearted
Maids. That her birds do not
sing so sweetly you admit; that
her insect life hums more
merrily, or that her flutter flies
float more gaily, I doubt.
I believe there is quite a strong
love in me for this ~~thin~~ honest
old rough country, even if I
do remember that it keeps me
freezing half the year.

Well, in less than a week
I shall look a brother and you
an older sister - I always wanted
one - - isn't it a strange custom
this marrying and giving in
marriage? That a few words said
by another man can make persons

almost akin - I'm no objection
to offer in the subject~~ion~~

Next Tuesday, Byron and his
lady will come, and Thursday
the wedding takes place, I have
given up all idea of going
with them on the tour. - though
I should have liked it much,

Do you hear that Bobolink
sing? Isn't he a jay fellow!

I wonder if he knows I am
looking and listening admiringly
on the side there swinging in
the breeze, tuning his song on
the highest pitch! - Sing away
birdie - it isn't always you have
so delighted an audience.

wish I could go out and
lie down on that tall grass
under the apple tree, but if
Timothy should see me he would
be vexed by the middle of next
morn'g - why this is the very last
line on this sheet, "who'd a think it!"

Per Steamer

NOV 10 11

June 1866

SAN FRANCISCO
CAL
JUL 10 1866

Capt. Henry R. Nichols
Carson City
~~San Geo. L. Graham Esq.~~
Nevada
~~San Francisco Cal~~



Frosty Retreat.
Friday June 9th 1865

Harry --

I wonder what has "come
o'er the spirit of your dream" that
caused you to neglect to send me
a letter by the last steamer!
Was it to punish me for my seeming
negligence or have you concluded
that it doesn't pay? Either object
is utterly unworthy the character
of a gentleman of your standing.
If the first, I have only to
refer you to the golden rule.
If the second, to say to you that

[written on left side of paper and top turned sideways continued from/see page 4]

[page 2]

it should be your pleasure
to do that which affords
pleasure to others even at a little
inconvenience to yourself.

Let me observe that you may
consider yourself wonderfully served
by this token of my regard, since
it is very rarely I write except
in answer to letters, and I only
ease my conscience this time by
remembering that my last answered
two of yours, and was not adequate
payment either in quantity or
quality.

I wish you might have been
here to have enjoyed the lovely days
and magnificent nights of the
past week. More perfect hours
I cannot conceive of. Much
as I have seemed to live in
the enjoyment of them I have
felt myself incapable of a

[page 3]

full appreciation of their glory.
I don't believe your much praised
"Eldorado" can show greener fields
bluer skies or finer mountain

scenery, than our cold hearted
Maine. That her birds do not
sing so sweetly you admit; that
her insect life hums more
merrily, or that her flutter byes
float more gaily, I doubt.
I believe there is quite a strong
love in me for this honest
old rough country, even if I
do murmur that it keeps me
freezing half the year.

Well, in less than a week
I shall lose a brother and you
an older sister -- I always wanted
one -- isn't it a strange custom
this marrying and giving in
marriage? That a few words said
by another man can make persons

[page 4]

almost akin -- I've no objections
to offer on the subject

Next Tuesday, Byron and his
lady will come, and Thursday
the wedding takes place. I have
given up the idea of going
with them on the tour. -- though
I should have liked it much,

Do you hear that Bobolink
sing? Isn't he a gay fellow!
I wonder if he knows I am
looking and listening admiringly
as he sits there swinging in
the breeze, tuning his song on
the highest pitch! -- Sing away
birdie -- it isn't always you have
so delighted an audience.

Wish I dared to go out and
lie down on that late grass
under the appletrees, but if
Timothy should see me he would
be vexed by the middle of next
week -- why this is the very last
line on this sheet. "who'd a thunk it!"

[continued on page 1]:

I don't dare to trespass on your time by taking another
sheet, so I'll make my

stories short. I believe
I've nothing in the
news line to communicate
The world still moves and
there is no appearance of
the end yet in this part
of it.

Be good and
you will be happy.
With my lowest
obeisance I bid
you -- good afternoon.

Nellie V --

[envelope]

[postmarks: NORWAY JUN 10;
SAN FRANCISCO CAL JUL 11 1865]

Per Steamer

[stamp removed]

Capt. Henry R. Mighels
Carson City
Nevada

[previous address crossed out as follows:]

Care Geo. C. Gorham Esqr.
San Francisco Ca

[back of envelope]

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