Timothens Lodge, Norway Me.
June 29th 1866

Harry,—

You are making of me a spoilt child. Since you have indulged me in a weekly (your good letters) I get very impatient if they don't come regularly.

Don't neglect your volunlary promise to write to me by every steamer, because that would lead me to distrust certain other declarations, which it is my pleasure to remember. My thanks are due for yours of the 28th ult. which came to hand last night. Also for the "Appeal" But in the same breath I am going

to scold you. For what? Well for just because you didn't mark any of your articles so that I might be sure which you wrote. A few I think I recognize, but I am so much interested that I want to know your thoughts on every subject. That little paper brought Retreda nearer that I have been able to make it seem before. — Please may I have another one with the distinguishing marks? How would I like to live there? Listen — if a friend of mine comes home one of these days, and if no other man has taught me that my heart is capable of a deeper feeling than now actuates it: I shall answer your question — "Whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God; where thou dient I will die and there will I be buried". — Art thou satisfied? Two little ifs keep me free, take them away, and the will of the possible is a thing of the past.

Isn't that committing myself wonderfully? Really I hardly recognize caution at all in it, but as 'tis true I shall not take it back — unless you want me to? Would it be a joke on me if by this you had changed your mind in regard to my qualifications for making a man happy? Mary, please let me know quickly if you should do so, for I can't bear the thought of being deceived for one moment.

You judged me rightly. I do love mountain scenery, and should prefer a life among them only that it implies cold ~~scorching~~ winds, and a small allowance of sunshine, which is very essential to my spirits. A dull day spent alone will most always make me quiet, and suggest thoughts of a vanished home, and absent friends.

Look at my fingers. How do you like such a pink tint? Fresh ripe delicious strawberries did it. I'm going to carry this nice dish fuse down to Lu - "gathered by this hand".

Here come! - No - Not those that I've got all hulled - you must hull them yourself, or perhaps you would like to go down in the field and get some there? Come then, Timothy will let us tumble on this grass but he is very much afraid of most of his fields.

I like this lazy quiet life, and these long bright days, in which I read write sew or dream the hours away with no one to say "why do yr so?"

Mosh has come up this week to go fishing, so I have spent a good part of the week down to the village, but like all other boys he work some chirts made, and I have

got to make my machine work up and go to work.

Emma and Hattie are desirous to go to Portland to spend the "4th" so I think I shall take them down. But shall not stop more than two days. My Grandmother is still living but is very low and I feel glad my self to think of seeing her again.

We have heard from Add and his wife (how queer that sounds!) and they had arrived at their first stopping place - Lake Champlain, and were I suppose happy as mortals ever are. I think I wrote you all about the wedding in my last weekly letter - "Now happy be the bridegroom and happy be the bride" for the rest see "Cock Robin".

I laughed well over that article from the "San Francisco correspondent". It was such a mixture of all matters from religion to politics. Did he say

one of your friends that I have heard you speak of?

By the way – don't you want a correspondent for your paper from the Pine tree state? Do you know I once edited a paper? – No laughing, "in your phiaise", it is a fact; but truth bids me say it was only a Lyceum paper. Yet I was complimented for the editorial in so much that people said some of my brothers must have written it!

I wonder – did you go to that "Showing Festival"? and see the ladies very attractive in Carson? Tell me the last do, before I get jealous of them.

I've been reading lately some of George Sand's novels. Her character of "Consuelo" I think is finely drawn, and the book contains some new theories of religion, or at least new to me, so I felt quite repaid for the time spent in reading it. Have also read Miss Mulock's "A life for a life" which is well written, although not very sensational.

I can't fairly spend any more time with you this morning.

Be a good boy and write to me often.

Good bye – which means God bless you.

Don't you wish – a rose from the "sweet bier" which lends to so much fragrance to the library, fills inside the cottage.

PS – I don't care myself very much because I do but little to make me do, except run down to Mr Ezer the Office, and that is nobody's fault but my own. John Ke

Write I feel one that most vain I feel innocent flown and crushe

the Proof of it. I believe the the first one I ever Hurtl

to you, and should be smelli on that account

By Steamer.

June 29
1865

Capt. Henry R. Mighels,
Carson. Nevada.

Timotheus' Lodge, Norway Me
June 29th 1865

Harry,

You are making of me
a spoilt child. Since you have indulged
me in sweets (your good letters) I get very
impatient if they don't come regularly.
Don't neglect your voluntary promise to
write to me by every steamer, because that
would lead me to distrust certain other
declarations, which it is my pleasure
to remember. My thanks are due for
yours of the 28th, ult. which came to
hand last night. Also for the "Appeal"
but in the same breath I am going

[page 2]

to scold you. For what? Well Sir
just because you didn't mark any of
your articles so that I might be sure
which you wrote. A few I think
I recognize, but I am so much interested
that I want to know your thoughts on
every subject. That little paper brought
Nevada nearer that I have been able to
make it seem before -- Please may I
have another one with the distinguishing
marks? How would I like to live
there? Listen -- if a friend of mine
comes home one of these days, and if
no other man has taught me that my
heart is capable of a deeper feeling
than now activates it, I shall answer
your question -- "Whither thou goest, I will
go; and where thou Lodgest, I will lodge;
thy people shall be my people, and thy
God my God; Where thou diest I will die
and there will I be buried." Art thou
satisfied? Two little ifs keep me free,

[page 3]

take them away, and the will of the
Verrillite is a thing of the past.

Isn't that committing myself wonderfully?
Really I hardly recognize cautious Nell
in it, but as 'tis true I shall not
take it back -- unless you want me
to? Wouldn't it be a joke on me if

by this you had changed your mind
in regard to my qualifications for making
a man happy! Harry, please let me
know quickly if you should do so, for
I can't bear the thought of being deceived
for one moment.

You judged me rightly. I do love
mountain scenery, and should prefer a
life among them only that it implies
cold searching winds, and a small
allowance of sunshine, which is very
essential to my spirits. A dull day
spent alone will most always make
one quiet, and suggest thoughts of
a vanished home, and absent friends.

[page 4]

Look at my fingers. How do you like
such a pink tint? Fresh ripe delic-
ious strawberries did it. I'm going to
carry this nice dish full down to
Lue -- "gathered by this hand".

Have some? -- no -- not those that
I've got all hulled -- you must hull
them yourself, or perhaps you would
like to go down in the field and
get some there? Come then. Timothy
will let us tumble on his grass
but he is very much afraid of most
of his fields.

I like this lazy quiet life, and
these long bright days, in which
I read write sew or dream the hours
away with no one to say "why do ye so"?

Wash has come up this week
to go fishing, so I have spent a
good part of the week down to the
village, but like all other boys he
wants some shirts made, and I have

[page 5]

got to make my machine
wake up and go to work.

Emma and Hattie are desirous
to go to Portland to spend the "4th"
so I think I shall take them down.
but shall not stop more then

two days. My Grandmother is still
living but is very low and I feel glad
myself to think of seeing her again.

We have heard from Add and his
wife (how queer that sounds!) and they
had arrived at their first stopping place --
Lake Champlain, and were I suppose
happy as mortals ever are. I think
I wrote you all about the wedding
in my last weeks letter -- "now happy
be the bridegroom and happy be the bride" --
for the rest see "Cock Robin".

I laughed well over that article
from the "San Francisco correspondent,"
It was such a mixture of all matters
from religion to politics. Is he any

[page 6]

one of your friends that I have
heard you speak of?

By the way -- don't you want a
correspondent for your paper from the
Pine tree state? Do you know I
once edited a paper? -- no laughing,
"si vous plaise", it is a fact; but truth
bids me say it was only a Lyceum
paper, yet I was complimented for
the editorial in so much that people
said some of my brothers must have
written it!

I wonder -- did you go to that "Strawberry
Festival": and are the ladies very
attractive in Carson? Tell me the
last do, before I get jealous of
them.

I've been reading lately some of
George Sand's novels, Her character
of "Consuelo" I think is finely drawn,
and the book contains some new
theories of religion, or at least new to

[page 7]

me, so I felt quite repaid for the
time spent in reaching it, Have
also read Miss Mulock's "A life for
a life" which is well written, although
not very sensational.

I can't possibly spend any more
time with you this morning.

Be a good boy and write to
me often.

Good bye which means God
bless you.
As ever
Nellie L.

[written sideways:]

Don't you want a rose from
this "sweet brier" which lends
so much fragrance to the weary
bipeds inside the cottage.
No -- I don't call myself weary
because I do but little to make
me so, except run down to
the Office, and that is nobody's
fault but my own. Take the
kiss I put on this most
innocent flower and make
the most of it. I believe 'tis
the first one I ever offered
to give you and should be sweeter on that account.

[page 8]

[blank]

[envelope]

By Steamer

[postmark: NORWAY ME JUN 30]

[stamp removed]

Capt. Henry R. Mighels,
Carson, Nevada.