

Timothy Ledge.

July 8th. 1865, Sunday 9. 1865

Good morning my dear friend:
How do you find yourself this lovely
day? Have you been out to take the
fresh air? I've bathed once since I
do that same - yes I speak from
experience. We have a good breeze
here most of the time. The situation
is so elevated.

I've no letter of yours to answer
but every body has gone down to
Church and left me "alone in
my glory". Though I don't feel very

glorious. Indeed I'm feeling
rather stupid, - suspect I
celebrated too hard. I went to Pollard
as I think I wrote you I thought
of doing, with my little sisters.
I had a good chance to send them
home the next day and did so,
and stayed myself until Friday.

Had a nice time but got very
tired and have hardly got rested
yet. What did you find & do?

I've been reading in "Harper's"
"Machoe Perished" and the descriptions
of Carson and Virginia are not
very pleasing pictures. I felt almost
horrified thinking of you there
alone in such a wicked place,
and wished I were there to take
care of you. You need not laugh.
By taking care I mean, using my
influences to counteract the outside

influences. I know it (mine) wouldn't
hurt you because I don't know
much bad and it would necessarily
be either good or harmful.

However you are old enough to
behave pretty well and I shall
try to believe that you do.

I think you told me I might
flirt a little? Whether you did or
not I mean to do so, because if
you come home next spring as you
say you are sure to do, my time
is short for such pastime and I
mean to improve it. There is no danger
of my falling in love with any of the
dancers hereabouts, so your cause is
just as secure. If you have any
objections to make I suppose I can
listen to them.

Mr Frost's niece a Miss Hurlong
came here last week. So I shall

be so lonely after Kate the schoolman
goes home or I found I should be.

"Pussy" had a cousin tea party
a short time since, and we had a
nice time. Wish you might have
been there. I never attempted to tease
me about you but I was not tearable
that day. They were very happy
and contented.

Dear Sir, in order to reach the
village in season for the afternoon
service I must be "marching along".

Hope a letter will come from
you this week. It is a long time
since you last was written. I do
wish letters could come sooner,
you wouldn't mind so far away.

My brother wished to be remembered.
Wish her not yet decided what he will
do with himself.

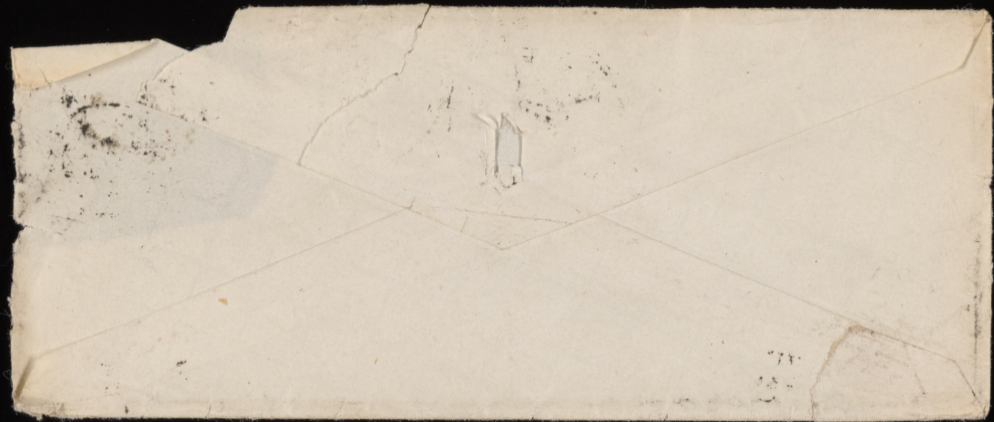
affectionately

Cherish,

By Steamer.



Capt. Henry R. Nichols.
Carson, Nevada.



Timotheus' Lodge
July 9th 1865, Sunday A.M.

Good morning my dear friend:

How do you find yourself this lovely day? Have you been out to take the fresh air? It's worth ones time to do that same -- yes I speak from experience. We have a good breeze here most of the time, the situation is so elevated.

I've no letter of yours to answer but every body has gone down to Church and left me "alone in my glory," though I don't feel very

[page 2]

glorious, indeed I'm feeling rather stupid -- suspect I celebrated too hard. I went to Portland as I think I wrote you I thought of doing, with my little sisters. I had a good chance to send them home the next day and did so, and stayed myself until Friday. Had a nice time but got very tired and have hardly got rested yet. What did you find to do?

I've been reading in "Harpers" "Washoe Revisited" and the descriptions of Carson and Virginia are not very pleasing pictures. I felt almost homesick thinking of you there alone in such a wicked place, and wished I was there to take care of you. You need not laugh. By taking care I mean using my influences to counteract the outside

[page 3]

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However you are old enough to behave pretty well and I shall try to believe that you do.

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flirt a little? Whether you did or
not I mean to do so, because if
you come home next spring as you
say you are sure to do, my time
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of my falling in love with any of the
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just as secure. If you have any
objections to make I suppose I can
listen to them.

Mrs Frost's niece a Miss Furlong
came here last week. So I shall

[page 4]

be so lonely after Kate the schoolmarm
goes home as I feared I should be.
"Gussy" had a cousin tea party
a short time hence and we had a
nice time. Wish you might have
been there. Abner attempted to tease
me about you but I was not teaseable
that day. They seem very happy
and contented.

Well Sir, in order to reach the
village in season for the afternoon
service I must be "marching along."

Hope a letter will come from
you this week. It is a long time
since your last was written. I do
wish letters could come sooner.
You wouldn't seem so far away.

My brothers wished to be remembered.
Wash has not yet decided what he will
do with himself.

Affectionately

Nellie.

[envelope]

By Steamer

[postmark: NORWAY ME JUL 10]

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Capt. Henry R. Mighels
Carson, Nevada

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