

I read aloud to May. Chief Justice Lewis
motion and we both enjoyed it greatly.
You certainly shall be remembered
in my prayers. I never forget
you when engaged in
devotional exercises. - Don't flatter

yourself that I pray for you
alone. For I pray for all who
are dear to me. Do you
ever pray for yourself? I hope
so. A man who prays
cannot be bad at heart.

Please never tell me
any little fibs, because
I would please me to hear
them. For I do detest
deceit, and should rather
have something disagreeable, if it
had the virtue of being true
than pleasing if I had to doubt it.
Good night - May good night
I would your humble,
11th/65

Dear the happy
recipient of two of your good
letters, dated July 9th and 14th.
They arrived, the first, Saturday
the very day after I wrote and
sent a letter to you, and the
second this morning. A paper
dated July 15th has also arrived
& believe I am continually
returning thanks, but here goes

another supply. Didn't you
hear them rattling out as
you opened this letter?

Mary has gone home &
had the painful pleasure
of carrying her down this
morning, and "I'm alone all
alone", so far as congenial
society is concerned.

Fortunately my conscience
is clear as that solitude
is not irksome. It is
pleasant to have some one
to speak over thoughts to,
but if thoughts are not spoken
there is no danger that they
won't be appreciated. That
is a source of consolation
to me. Then too, it is easier
to improve the moments when
there is no one to help waste them.

I've had a narrow escape!
No matter about holding your
breath at this late hour,
because it came out all right.

Mr. G. informed me last
week that I must find another
boarding place, as she was tired
of working so hard. I went
down to the village and
consulted Mrs. Gove, my boarding
mistress last winter, who said
she would take me again.
With my mind greatly relieved
I came back at night to
find that Mr. Frost had
pleaded my cause & so well
that Mrs. G. had reconsidered
her decision, and recorded
her spouse in wishing me
to stay, so I shall remain
three months longer.

Of course I am delighted that
Timothy has such a fine
appreciation of the benefits
of my society.

Imagine me making my
fullest bow for your compliment
about my letters. It is so long
since those two were written
that I've forgotten what was
in them, so I can't profit
by having them for a model.

I'm very glad if any of my
productions are readable, I've
sometimes feared they might
prove a bore instead of a
pleasure.

I'm going to laugh at
the idea of your liking
Norway better because you
first met me here. You
may love me a little now

But you certainly were not in love with me, or I with you, five years ago. Don't waste breath trying to persuade ^{me} of that absurdity.

You might have thought me an amusing innocent child, but I know you didn't think of seriously loving me.

Had you done so I don't believe you would have spent the last five years quite so useless as you say you did - I'm only your word for all I know of you, which is very little. I do wish we were better acquainted.

Am glad your Fourth of July passed so pleasantly? Did you escort my lady to the

Ball? and if so what does
her name and is she
pretty? - You will perceive
that I'm a true daughter
of Eve.

I read your paper faithfully
even to the advertisements
because Carson is your dwelling
place and I must become
as familiar as possible with
the town and people. By the
way - what is the difference
in the time? - I mean
how much later does the
sun rise there? and do
you have fine sunsets?

They are very lovely from
this elevated home and
I watch the western hills
crowned with gray, many

an hour, until dokeyed
twilight recedes and starry
robed night ascends her
throne, - imperious unless
could yet firm Luna ascends
slowly with a royal air
dimming the lustre of her
younger sister - ruling night
with a quiet triumph - or
is too proud to acknowledge
her superiority. - Really -
am I not getting sentimental
or something of the sort?

What I intended to say
when I began that sentence
was, that I sometimes thought
of a friend of mine for
every over the mountains
and plains where she
seem ever going and that

I gave him commissions
to execute if he should
chance to meet a certain
person the initials of whose
name I mentioned, but—
"was all" over the left you
know Harry, over the left you
know". — Can't see to write
lets go and get a glass
of milk and a candle.

If ever I'm a poet I
mean to sing the praises of
fresh new milk, warm and
smut and bubbling, but some-
body else may sing of the
candle. They are above my
appreciation, for the only
featin I ever knew them
to perform, ^{was} to grease my
dishes, make my eye ache

9.

When I attempt to
read or write, and to choke
me when I blow them out,
all very well doubtless, but
not to my liking.

Yesterday I listened to two
sermons. One by a Mr Drew
which was the most amusing
disquisition I ever listened
to in a Church. 'Twas impossible
to keep the corner of one
mouth straight when he
quoted Shakespeare, but it was
not just satisfactory or one
likes to feel devout instead
of merry during Divine service.

The other was an able
discourse by Mr Snow (Jennie's
husband) upon the fate of
Booth in the land of the

May wish to be remembered as still
"Gennie's" and
abner.

Hereafter, It was a subject
I have wanted to hear
discussed, and I was doubly
glad because there were
many "orthodox" present - who
were obliged to hear many
home truths.

Are you aware that I sing
in the choir? Such is the
case but 'tis not because I
wish to, - merely to accomodate.

I meant this letter to be
short - but this is the tenth
page. However it's in answer
to two, so I'll merely apologise
for the egotism displayed.

The fact is there is nothing
but my insignificant self
to write about.

As ever -

Stellie.

Per Steamer.



Aug 14
1865

Major Harry R. Nichols
Carson

Nevada



Frosty Retreat. Aug. 14th /65
Monday evening --

Harry --

I am the happy
recipient of two of your good
letters, dated July 9th and 14th.

They arrived, the first, Saturday
the very day after I wrote and
sent a letter to you, and the
second this morning. A paper
dated July 15th has also arrived
I believe I am continually
returning thanks, but here goes

[written sideways at top; continued from/see page 10]

[page 2]

another supply. Didn't you
hear them rattling out as
you opened this letter?

May has gone home! I
had the painful pleasure
of carrying her down this
morning, and "I'm alone all
alone", so for as congenial
society is concerned.

Fortunately my conscience
is clear so that solitude
is not irksome. It is
pleasant to have some one
to speak ones thoughts to,
but if thoughts are not spoken
there is no danger that they
won't be appreciated. That
is a source of consolation
to me. Then too, it is easier
to improve the moments when
there is no one to help waste them.

[page 3]

I've had a narrow escape!
No matter about holding your
breath at this late hour,
because it came out all right.
Mrs F._ informed me last
week that I must find another

boarding place, as she was tired
of working so hard. I went
down to the village and
consulted Mrs Favor (my boarding
mistress last winter) who said
she would take me again.
With my mind greatly relieved
I came back at night to
find that Mr Frost had
pleaded my cause so well
that Mrs F had reconsidered
her decision, and seconded
her spouse in wishing me
to stay, so I shall remain
three months longer.

[page 4]

Of course I am delighted that
Timothy has such a fine
appreciation of the benefits
of my society.

Imagine me making my
prettiest bow for your compliment
about my letters. It is so long
since those two were written
that I'd forgotten what was
in them, so I can't profit
by having them for a model.
Am very glad if any of my
productions are readable, I've
sometimes found they might
prove a bore instead of a
pleasure.

I'm going to laugh at
the idea of your liking
Norway better because you
first met me here. You
may love me a little now

[page 5]

5.

but you certainly were
not in love with me,
or I with you, five years
ago. Don't waste breath trying
to persuade me of that absurdity.

You might have thought
me an amusing innocent

child, but I know you didn't
think of seriously loving me.

Had you done so I don't believe
you would have spent the
last five years quite so uselessly
as you say you did -- I've
only your word for all I know
of you, which is very little.
I do wish we were better
acquainted.

Am glad your Fourth of July
passed so pleasantly. Did
you escort any lady to the

[page 6]

ball? And if so what was
her name and is she
pretty? -- You will perceive
that I'm a true daughter
of Eve.

I read your paper faithfully
even to the advertisements
because Carson is your dwelling
place and I must become
as familiar as possible with
the town and people. By the
way -- what is the difference
in the time? -- I mean
how much later does the
sun rise there? and do
you have fine sunsets?

They are very lovely from
this elevated home and
I watch the western hills
crowned with glory, many

[page 7]

an hour, until darkened
twilight recedes and starry
noted night ascends her
throne, -- imperitive unless
mild yet firm Luna ascends
slowly with a royal air
dimming the centre of her
youngest sister -- ruling night
with a quiet triumph -- as
if too proud to acknowledge
her superiority. -- Really

am I not getting sentimental
or something of the sort?

What I intended to say
when I began that sentence
was, that I sometimes thought
of a friend of mine far
away over the mountains
and plains where the
sun was going and that

[page 8]

I gave him commissions
to execute if he should
chance to meet a certain
person the initials of whose
name I mentioned, but
'twas all "over the left you
know Harry, over the left you
know". -- Can't see to write
let's go and get a glass
of milk and a candle.

If ever I'm a poet I
mean to sing the praises of
fresh new milk, warm and
sweet and bubbling, but some-
body else may sing of the
candles. They are above my
appreciation, for the only
feature I ever knew them
to perform, more to grease my
dresser, make my eyes ache

[page 9]

9.

when I attempt to
read or write, and to choke
me when I blow them out.
All very well doubtless but
not to my liking.

Yesterday I listened to two
sermons. One by a Mr Drew
which was the most amusing
disquisition I ever listened
to in a Church. 'Twas impossible
to keep the corner of ones
mouth straight when he
quoted Shakspeare, but it was
not just satisfactory or one

likes to feel devout instead
of merry during Divine Service.

The other was an able
discourse by Mr Snow (Jennie's
husband) upon the fate of
Booth in the lord of the

[sideways margin bottom to top:]

May wished to be remembered, as did
"Gussie" and
Abner.

[page 10]

hereafter. It was a subject
I have wanted to hear
discussed, and I was doubly
glad because there were
many "orthodox" present who
were obliged to hear many
home truths.

Are you aware that I sing
in the choir? Such is the
case but 'tis not because I
wish to, -- merely to accomodate.

I meant this letter to be
short but this is the tenth
page. However it's in answer
to two, so I'll merely appologise
for the egotism displayed.

The fact is there is nothing
but my insignificant self
to write about.

As ever --
Nellie.

[continued on page 1]:

I read aloud to May Chief Justice Lewis
oration and we both enjoyed it greatly.
You certainly shall be remembered
in my prayers. I never forget
you when engaged in
devotional exercises. Don't flatter
your self that I pray for you
alone, for I pray for all who
are dear to me. Do you
ever pray for yourself? I hope

so. A man who prays
cannot be bad at heart.
Please never tell me
any little fibs, because
'twould please me to hear
them, for I do detest
deceit, and should rather
hear something disagreeable if it
had the virtue of being true
than pleasing if I had to doubt it.

Good night -- May good angels
guard your slumbers.

[envelope]

Per Steamer.

[Postmark: NORWAY ME Aug 15]

[stamp removed]

Major Harry R. Mighels
Carson
Nevada