Thirty Retreat. Friday Q. M. Sept St. 168 letter of July 30 th man foot Precinct until last night and I confire I had looked impatiently for its arrival every day for the part two muchs, of my onswering it to soon but I happen to feel tim the mood this morning, this summer. It's too late for you to have a frice of the medding cake. I thought. of the time of sending you some but concluded it was not expedient to do to for various reasons - one deing that rich cake is apt to make Boys dick, when there is no

now you to shew Hoven to "settle down." person of experience near to say but on going to board of pierent. how much twee do for their Bywon it in prescarnet visiting ther treat. You know I wouldn't cause "lody Jain", det delime gom merroger for the world; god I think perhaps when I write to Them! Win't you spaid Haltin' kin may get brushed owny if I kup it orhere the so inconsides: you had better not send any precious stones by Expuess, who knows what - Lety left it? - I cont help getting wonder that mife Grace with The kind sometimer, and who knows whether my property is later or large, fine, lustrour black eyer, and such on exquisite mouth? may work That I have in charge! he year is a long time to keep a kin aret whom that shruptible heart of yours? without howing it packled . - ah! a hoppy By mondescript- eyer, and borely passable Thought! L'e get his Frost to walt the month, would duffer to much in a comparison that I hope you mon't be tenefted to drow one. - The har just the complicion botherome thing down with the cucumbers Then you can get it of her if I am you ought to make with while I have not here just at mill, brhat a relief; not, Hadn't you better trom for your How can you day ong lipe har keen exection? Ille try and console myself all dundhine and gladners? Do you by hunting up a pair of blackeyerferget Harry that I have no fother, no mother, no home? and could I for know I derage did admire Ithem, here lost them all - then of the dearest earthly blinings - without intense It I covedn't blome goe if you which them better. _ om I not self-sacrificant. the hours of grief which sometimes add and Alo home been here on a short virit as they returned from come to me even now, as The Thoughts There love. The looke younger and of my hoppy childhood and loving prettien than she had for a long parente smeet over me you mould time. Devoting hersely to enjoying life enidently agree with her. They have Think I had my whom of darkners

and gloom. Time has poplared my proe ord in a mouner brought-religacion But it will orine entanty head the mound left in my children heart. you know how free of care and pain it was when you wished me joy on my sixteenth birthday, and get one short year made of the carelin shild en thoughtful woman, Gur wastly different in the history of our liver, but & 2 Deliene mine has known as much of pain ar your, despite it seeming columnes. With oil my coulou entit monsensied talk, 2 never Jorget for a moment that I have the con of two little sisters and that I am responsible for their Juliu choractur. Harry it brows in me to decide whether 13 I could conscientionly go oway and been those bitte ones, you know & heme bun their dister mother for nearly Jour years, and beside their being altocked to one in an unusual degree, I ful that they are just at The age when They need my care The most - I could think it out so I trust it to time as I have so many

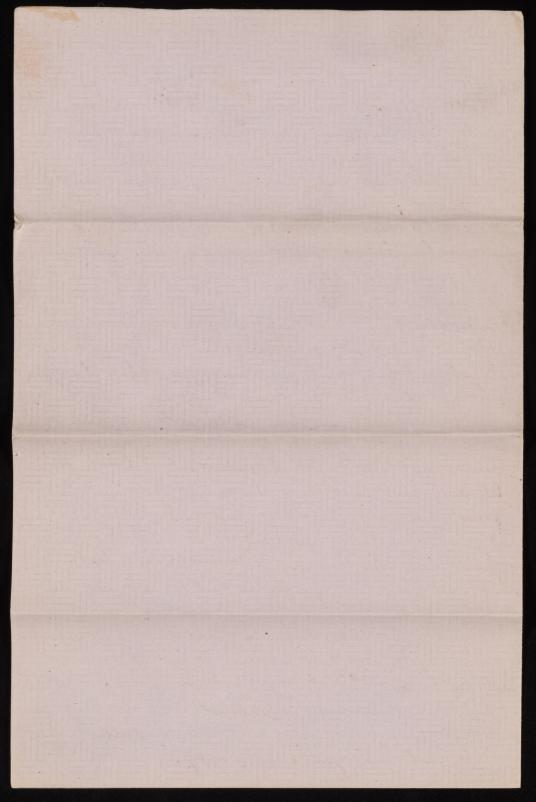
other matter that bother me Cousin many Jinished the visitand ment back many a month ago, and The days here bun much longer to one die other olthough in reality growing Shorter. Autumn is coming with her bright hard rober, already the sing eur and the crichete chief mon, and if to improve the momente given Them before the chilling winds come The Joiner tolk of howerting, and one by one the Justoon of office are hing obone The kitchen store. The sponning orhiel hums monotonous and knitting medler fly - "Time and tide wait for no men", interupte mis It & her worthy & pouse who is not sumarkoby "offer," in his movements, and do ofthy tit comes into my train of thought that I wrote fit stmost involuntarily. The crow of a youthful chanticles where voice is when they once young and I believe I mer writing to you of the time and told you of the downy flock, mell They are so by now I have to look

to The kind Forther to believe Heir close to bell to old over form the comparisonate heart copober of it. young, - onother evidence of the flight. I think I have fold you that my of time. I seem a fully idea about grandmother mer very Dick. The no that some time in a book I war reading lately - "Turker"; here gos longer duffer, and is I trust receiving her reword for her faithfulness on ever read it? I think it contains earth. The wer are of the deorest many oplinated things and real it and best women I ever knew, but with much interest. - "I looked and so ar quat a low as it is to un, I Time on his two great-wings - one, night- one, ful that it would be wicked to wish Jely moth like, right into the flickering Dun; her back. I do mish you oright-home Lo That the sun went out, and they both perished. known her, her goodner alwegt made me desire to be better and Home also been reading a Theological more like her. I did not get discussion between a Chamines solut- and The letter in time to go to The Orthodox minister. I know to lette Juneral. of eneds that I have been interested, & that other glass, I have manteel and more firmly comminced that & Jeliene in the free faith. It is to ask you sout it, but did not Durch the happiest, and I believe Hearing like to broach as delicale a subject. is a hoppy and contented state of you don't know those glad I am that mind. I know I showed be retterly you can and do kup your good perolutions. Oniserable could at for one moment I stronght it would be to hard for you believe that any of earth children would be extended punished. There It do so in you present position, and where the social glave is or common. is not a human heart to cruck If you can result temptotion now I strick I may trust you in the Julius. I do believe enough in you to think you would not decein me, to make That it could condemn its wornt energy to enclarting punishment, and it does seem to me unget

un both imhoppy in The future, " Bor I know that is I over not hoppy I should not make ong one class, with whom my life wer spert. Don't appropriately because you could not find a dubject that would interest men't man! men't to know all about your doings and dayings, and in return above inflict myself upon you in my letters, because I want you to know me, and to let me lanow open all that it is possible with the pen and ink. and there is a ring on my fringer foo, which mor put their because ar feolish young men Doid he would throw it away if I would not mear it, and being of an economical turn of mind pretty tribbet wasted, I put it and one dusky might last march ord it has staged there ever dince - for the some reason. If course it doesn't remind me of ony body enry time I look at my right hand and the Third Jinger otheres. That movednich be a natural consequence! my that is full " But I con't close in a hung to hvill merely lay good morning, and twite onon some other day.

The okty is over clast and threating, and that wind chills one every timet a door opens. I monder in it tindications I my folice life! Though the prospect superstations enough to Belline Ro. Thy spirite one neither high or low, as I could think of any future with yesterday & treceived a birth day presentfrom gry three oldest frothers, of \$45.00. to buy lone a putty drew with. Do you know I have three dear good brother. I have y I tros the most amistle person living, which you know I am not be food if wishing to do just aight would be good if me so. I think I propounded a question to you in my last sout the differ once in the time here and in heroda. Orhen I diel or I forgot that a Jew calculations and a little application of my brithmetic would test me. is it orot. I then it is obout I Oclock with you and you are probably

trying to hull your eyes open, Henry Rust told me to tell you that I perhaps you had better while and coting it at bore to have to get the of his pictures of you would one and diese for breakfact, and wording if it mon't come to you if go, wall-I thought you had lost those action long enough, - Certainal, I'me had some I sent you so long ago, Hope you experience in such layy feelings or I should not emagine goe indulging never imagined I mant the sextiment in them - I know you youred then of that "Frommer" to apply to you. It was written in reply to some spile of my entertaining convertation visiting for a number of mules, land of your doft- nonsense with the expectation that you would understand it as I did yours, because really I believe there was a letter come for I should nother line without you her from you, but none for me at then die to be with you. the some time, wonder why. You find encourage thent in my The Universalist on talking of building a parsonage, first stone that Church fourt eletter do you! What a presuming Doy it is ! Harry & wooldn't I odvise for to "comin Rhetsi. In Bunnison The It " Day the flatteting unction to your doul" new minister is much superior to because my pen is given & all rook In Sil best in every way, and I strike will be loved by the feetle. of mischedour pronter, and I won't fromise to be respondable for all He has a fine looking son who is it dags, remember that! studying for the manustry, - has fine dark teger! Don't you believe he wice Church, Though I'm a little spoked it will secure converts? I think so. rain before night, Nower mind I must Cousin hary sent me to picture of celebrate a cittle because im fru. ar erer - effectordily - Shellin. perself a few doys time. The would like one of you, and if bent to me I'll try and deliver defely. "De good and gamble be happy"



major Henry R. Mighels. Carron, A



Frosty Retreat. Friday a.m. Sept 8th/65

My Dear Friend ---

Your good long letter of July 30th was not received until last night, and I confess I had looked impatiently for it's arrival every day for the past two weeks. Of course there is no need of my answering it so soon but I happen to feel in the mood this morning, and that is the only law I know this summer.

It's too late for you to have a piece of the wedding cake. I thought at the time of sending you some but concluded it was not expedient to do so for various reasons -- one being that rich cake is apt to make boys sick, when there is no

[page 2]

person of experience near to say how much 'twill do for them to eat you know I wouldn't cause a pain near the region of your heart for the world!

Thank you -- but I think perhaps you had better not send any precious stones by Express. Who knows what wonders that Miss Grace with the "large, firm, lustrous black eyes, and such an exquisite mouth!" may work upon that susceptible heart of yours?

My nondescript eyes, and barely passable mouth, would suffer so much in a comparison that I hope you won't be tempted to draw one. -- She has just the complexion you ought to mate with, while I have not. -- Hadn't you better transfer your affection? I'll try and console myself by hunting up a pair of black eyes -- you know I always did admire them, so I couldn't blame you if you liked them better. -- am I not self-sacrificing?

Add and Flo have been here on

a short visit as they returned from their tour. Flo looks younger and prettier than she has for a long time. Devoting herself to enjoying life evidently agrees with her. They have

[page 3]

now gone to New Haven to "settle down, but are going to board at present.

Byron is in Wiscasset visiting his "lady fair", I'll deliver your messages when I write to them. Ain't you afraid Hattie's kiss may get brushed away if I keep it where she so inconsiderately left it? -- I can't help getting kissed sometimes, and who knows whether my property is taken or that I have in charge? A year is a long time to keep a kiss sweet without having it pickled. -- Oh! A happy thought! I'll get Mrs Frost to salt the bothersome thing down with her cucumbers then you can get it of her if I am not here just as well. What a relief!

How can you say my life has been "all sunshine and gladness"? Do you forget Harry that I have no father, no mother, no home? And could I have lost them all -- thru of the dearest earthly blessings -- without intense heart suffering? If you witnessed the hours of grief which sometimes come to me even now as the thoughts of my happy childhood and loving parents sweep over me you would think I had my share of darkness

[page 4]

and gloom. Time has softened my woe and in a manner brought resignation, but it will never entirely heal the wound left in my childish heart.

You know how free of care and pain it was when you wished me joy on my sixteenth birthday, and yet one short year made of the careless child a thoughtful woman. Yes -- vastly different is the history of our lives, but I believe mine has known as much of

pain as yours, despite it's seeming calmness. With all my careless and nonsensical talk, I never forget for a moment that I have the care of two little sisters and that I am responsible for their future character. Harry it troubles me to decide whether I I could conscientiously go away and leave those little ones. You know I have been their sister-mother for nearly four years, and beside their being attached to me in an unusual degree, I feel that they are just at the age when they need my care the most. -- I can't think it out, so I trust it to time as I have so many

[page 5]

5.

other matters that bother me.

Cousin May finished her visit and went back nearly a month ago, and the days have been much longer to me since then although in reality growing shorter. Autumn is coming with her bright hued robes. Already the leaves are beginning to turn; the birds sing less and the crickets chirp more, as if to improve the moments given them before the chilling winds come. The farmers talk of harvesting, and one by one the festoons of apples are hung above the kitchen stove.

The spinning wheel hums monotonously and knitting needles fly -- "Time and tide wait for no men", interupts Mrs F__ to her worthy spouse who is not remarkably "spry" in his movements, and so aptly it comes into my train of thought that I wrote it almost involuntarily. The crow of a youthful chanticleer whose voice is not yet clear, reminds me of the time when they were young and I believe I was writing to you at the time and told you of the downy flock, well they are so big now I have to look

[page 6]

close to tell the old ones from the young:- I saw a pretty idea about that some time in a book I was reading lately -- "Festus", have you ever read it? I think it contains many splendid things and read it with much interest. -- "I looked and saw Time on his two great wings -- one, night -- one, day -- Fly moth like, right into the flickering sun; So that the sun went out, and they both perished".

Is it not weird and fancyful? Have also been reading a Theological discussion between a Universalist and Orthodox minister. I know so little of creeds that I have been interested. and more firmly convinced that I believe in the true faith. It is surely the happiest, and I believe Heaven is a happy and contented state of mind. I know I should be utterly miserable could I for one moment believe that any of earths children would be eternally punished. There is not a human heart so cruel that it could condemn its worst enemy to everlasting punishment, and it does seem to me unjust

[page 7]

to the kind Father to believe His compassionate heart capable of it.

I think I have told you that my grandmother was very sick. She no longer suffers, and is I trust receiving her reward for her faithfulness on earth. She was one of the dearest and best women I ever knew, but as great a loss as it is to us, I feel that it would be wicked to wish her back. I do wish you might have known her, her goodness always made me desire to be better and more like her. I did not get the letter in time to go to the funeral.

Thank you Harry, for your reference to "that other glass". I have wanted to ask you about it, but did not like to broach so delicate a subject. You don't know how glad I am that you can and do keep your good resolutions, I thought it would be so hard for you to do so in your present position, and where the social glass is so common.

If you can resist temptation now I think I may trust you in the future. I do believe enough in you to think you would not deceive me, to make

[page 8]

us both unhappy in the future, for I know that if I was not happy I should not make any one else with whom my life was spent.

Don't appologise for writing about yourself because you could not find a subject that would interest me more. I want to know all about your doings and sayings, and in return shall inflict myself upon you in my letters, because I want you to know me, and to let me know you all that it is possible with the pen and ink.

And there is a ring on my finger too, which was put there because a foolish young man said he would throw it away if I would not wear it, and being of an economical turn of mind consequently not wishing to see the pretty trinket wasted, I put it on one dusky night last March and it has stayed there ever since -- for the same reason. Of course it doesn't remind me of any body every time I look at my right hand and the third finger thereof. That wouldn't be a natural consequence!

My sheet is full but I can't close in a hurry so will merely say -- good morning. and write more some other day.

[page 9]

9.

Sunday morning. Sept. 10th

My birth day you know.

The sky is over cast and threatening, and the wind chills one every time a door opens. I wonder -- is it indicative of my future life! Truly the prospect I would not be very cheering if I was superstitious enough to believe so.

My spirits are neither high or low, so I could think of any future with calmness today.

Yesterday I received a birth day present from my three oldest brothers, of \$45.00. to buy me a pretty dress with. Do you know -- I have three dear good brothers. They could not be kinder to me if I was the most amiable person living, which you know I am not. I should be good if wishing to do just right would make me so.

I think I propounded a question to you in my last about the difference in the time here and in Nevada. When I did so I forgot that a few calculations and a little application of my arithmetic would tell me. It's about three and a half hours is it not? -- then it is about 7 O'clock with you and you are probably

[page 10]

trying to pull your eyes open, voting it a bore to have to get up and dress for breakfast, and wondering if it won't come to you if you wait long enough. -- Certainly, I've had some experience in such lazy feelings as I should not imagine you indulging in them -- I know you yawned then spite of my entertaining conversation.

Your mother has been away visiting for a number of weeks, and I believe there was a letter come for her from you, but none for me at the same time, Wonder why?

The Universalists are talking of building a parsonage, just above the Church -- next to "Cousin Ruths". Mr Gunnison the

new minister is much superior to Mr Gilbert in every way, and I think will be loved by the people. He has a fine looking son who is studying for the ministry, -- has fine dark eyes! Don't you believe he will secure converts? I think so.

Cousin Mary sent me a picture of herself a few days since. She would like one of you, and if sent to me I'll try and deliver safely.

[page 11]

Henry Rust told me to tell you that perhaps you had better write and ask him yourself if you wanted one of his pictures.

I thought you had lost those letters I sent you so long ago. Hope you never imagined I meant the sentiment of that "Farewell" to apply to you. It was written in reply to some of your soft nonsense with the expectation that you would understand it as I did yours, because really I should rather live without you then die to be with you.

You find encouragement in my letters do you? What a presuming boy it is! Harry I wouldn't advise you to "lay the flattering unction to your soul" because my pen is given to all sorts of mischevous pranks, and I won't promise to be responsible for all it says, -- remember that!

Well it's time to think of starting for Church, though I'm a little afraid it will rain before night. Never mind, I must celebrate a little because I'm free.

As ever -- affectionately --

Nellie.

"Be good and you'll be happy."

[page 12]

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Per Steamer.

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Major Henry R. Mighels Carson, Ne[vada]

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