

Shanty Retreat.
Friday 9. M. Sept 8th/65

My Dear Friend -

Your good long letter of July 20th was not received until last night, and I confess I had looked impatiently for its 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

person of experience near to say
how much I will 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, fine, lustrous black eye, and
such an exquisite mouth!" may work
upon that susceptible heart of Louis?

My nondescript eyes, and barely passable
mouth, would suffer so much in a com-
parison that I hope you won't be tempted
to draw one. - She has just the complexion
you ought to mate with, while I here
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 I'd have been here on
a short visit as they returned from
their tour. I'd look younger and
prettier than she has for a long
time. Devoting herself to enjoying life
evidently agrees with her. They here

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

Beyond it in Wisconsin - visiting this
"lady fair", I'll deliver your messenger
when I write to them. Aint you afraid
Hattie's kiss may get brushed away
if I keep it where she so inconsid-
erately 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. - ah! a happy
thought! I'll get Miss Frost to salt the
botherome thing down with her cucumbers
then you can get it of her if I am
not here just at all. 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 - three 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 thought
of my happy childhood and loving
parents sweep over me you would
think I had my share of darkness

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 full of care and pain
it was when you wished me joy on
my sixteenth birthday, and yet one that
year made of the careless child a
thoughtful woman. Yet - vastly different
is the history of our lives, but I
believe mine has known as much of
pain as yours, despite its 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. How
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

other matter that bother me,

Cousin Mary finished her visit and went back nearly a month ago, and the days here run much longer to me since then although in reality growing shorter. Autumn is coming with her bright lined 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 pictures of apples are hung above the kitchen stove.

The spinning wheel hums monotonously and knitting needles fly - "Time and tide wait for no man", interrupts Mrs. H. 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

close to tell the old ones from the young, - another evidence of the flight of time. I saw a pretty idea about that some time in a book I was reading lately - "Dustier". 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 -

July moth-like, right into the flickering sun; so that the sun went out, and they both perished. Is it not weird and foneyful?

Have also been reading a theological discussion between a Unitarian and an 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 earth's 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

& 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 in 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 me, 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 Mary, 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 glare 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

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

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

7.

Sunday morning, Sept. 10th

My birth day you know.

The sky is overcast and threatening, and that wind chills one every time a door opens. I wonder - is it indicative of my future life? Truly the prospect 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 my 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.

That about three and a half hours is it not? - Then, it is about

7 o'clock with you and you are probably

trying to pull your eyes open,
eating it all bare 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 or
I should not imagine you indulging
in them - I know you frowned them
apite 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 - must
be "Cousin Ruth's". Mr. Garrison 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 her picture of
herself a few days since. She would
like one of you, and if sent to me
I'll try and deliver safely.

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
than die to be with you.

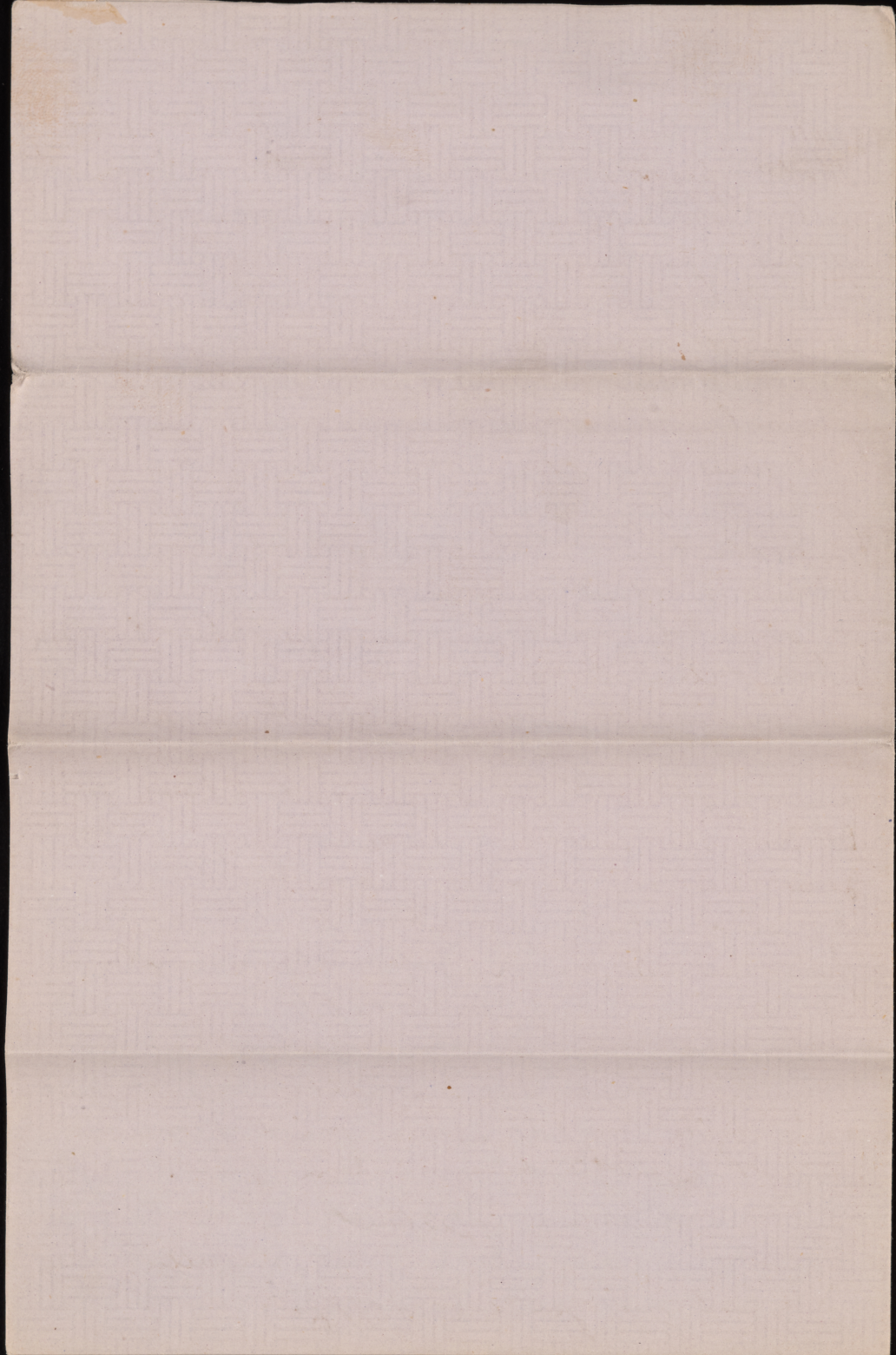
You find encouragement in my
letters do you? What a presuming
boy it is! Harry I wouldn't advise you
to "lay the flatteringunction to your soul"
because my pen is given to all sorts
of mischievous pranks, and I won't
promise to be responsible for all
it says, - remember that!

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 -

Allen.

"Be good and you'll be happy."



Per Steamer



Sept 8
1865

Major Henry R. Nichols
Carson, etc



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 com-
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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!

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[page 5]

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[page 6]

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[page 8]

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[page 9]

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[page 10]

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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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[envelope]

[postmark: NORWAY ME SEP 11]

Per Steamer.

[stamp removed]

Major Henry R. Mighels
Carson, Ne[vada]

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