

San Francisco May 15th /65

Dear Nellie:

The steamer from Panama got in this morning and I have just finished reading your letter of April 20th dated at Portland. And I hereby acknowledge your last letter from Norway which came to hand in due time.

I owe you lots of thanks for them both.

Last Friday I got a telegram from Carson City, Nevada, in the shape of an offer to take editorial charge of a daily newspaper. I have signified my acceptance and shall start on my journey to the Silver State this afternoon at four o'clock. It is now about 1 o'clock and as I have a great many matters to attend to I must make this letter extremely short and sweet.

As old Boston, the actor, used

to say, "I laughed consumedly"
when I read your rejoinder to
the "Reverend Melchisedec Howler".
"To the bottom" was to the point
and was a settler.

I can't tell you the name
of the paper that I am to edit, for
I don't know it myself. I only
know that Lance Rixington, the
Controller of the State of Nevada, one
of my oldest and best Californian
friends telegraphed the request to
come up; that I telegraphed back
that I would do as he advised;
that he then responded by stating
the salary and wound up by saying
"Come immediately, if you accept."
And I accepted. I suppose the paper
is one to be started under the
auspices of the State officials. If so
it will ~~to~~ afford a pleasant
position and ought to pay well.

Carson City is the Capital of Nevada
and is said to be the most desirable
place of residence in the new State.
I leave here this afternoon on the
Sacramento boat; get to Sacramento
tomorrow morning and then take the
cars for Folsom. At Folsom, I
get into the stage for Placerville
and thence to Carson over the
Sierra Nevada Mountains. I don't
anticipate very much of a picnic
in the trip. Riding all night in
a stage coach is no enviable
luxury - but I reckon I can
stand it, for stout as I am
I am not "constructed out of candy".

I believe I intimated in my
last that there was a possibility
of my going home shortly. That
bubble has exploded. I could have
~~gone gone~~, but the enterprise presented
a poor prospect of being a paying.

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P.S. Please continue to let mother know you have heard from me. I haven't time to write to her now. Ever truly H. S.

investment - and money is the grand object of my toidid Pursuit just now. I don't like to be obliged to take up my residence in another new State, but I think I see an opportunity to better my fortunes, and perhaps to secure something like a competency. If things turn out fortunately, I shall go home next summer and marry you! What do you think of that? There is only a little if in the road, and I ~~can~~ feel too strong to be turned aside by so insignificant an impediment.

I feel very sure that I shall go home next Spring if I am not beset, in the meantime by very much worse fortune than I anticipate now.

I will write to you from Carson and send you a copy of my paper. In the meantime continue to direct your letters as heretofore until I get settled and apprise you. My love to Sue and Mary Goss and to all whom you and I number among our mutual friends. God bless you Nellie. Yours affectionately Henry R. Singsels.

San Francisco May 15th / 65

Dear Nellie:

The Steamer from Panama got in this morning and I have just finished reading your letter of April 20th dated at Portland. And I hereby acknowledge your last letter from Norway which came to hand in due time.

I owe you lots of thanks for them both.

Last Friday I got a telegram from Carson City, Nevada, in the/Users/edit2/Box/Mighels/Ready for Islandora/93-05_1_3_5.txt shape of an offer to take editorial charge of a daily newspaper. I have signified my acceptance and shall start on my journey to the Silver State this afternoon at four o'clock. It is now about 1 o'clock and as I have a great many matters to attend to I must make this letter extremely short and sweet.

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to say, "I laughed consumedly" when I read your rejoinder to the "Reverend Melchisedec Howler" [Melchisedic]. "To the bottom" was to the point and was a settler.

I can't tell you the name of the paper that I am to edit, for I dont know it myself. I only know that Lance Nightingill, the Controller of the State of Nevada, one of my oldest and best California friends telegraphed the request to come up; that I telegraphed back that I would do as he advised; that he then responded by stating the salary and wound up by saying "come immediately, if you accept" -- And I accepted. I suppose the paper is one to be started under the auspices of the State officials. If so it will afford a pleasant position and ought to pay well.

Carson City is the Capital of Nevada and is said to be the most desirable place of residence in the new State. I leave here this afternoon on the Sacramento boat; get to Sacramento tomorrow morning and then take the cars for Folsom. At Folsom, I get onto the stage for Placerville and thence to Carson over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. I don't anticipate very much of a picnic in the trip. Riding all night in a stage coach is no enviable luxury -- but I reckon I can stand it, for sweet as I am I am not "constructed out of candy".

I believe I intimated in my last that there was a possibility of my going home shortly. That bubble has exploded. I could have gone, but the enterprise presented a poor prospect of being a paying investment -- and money is the grand object of my sordid pursuit just now.

I don't like to be obliged to take up my residence in another new State, but I think I see an opportunity to better my fortunes, and perhaps to secure something like a competency. If things turn out fortunately I shall go home next summer and marry you! What do you think of that? There is only a little if in the road, and I feel too strong to be turned aside by so insignificant an impediment.

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Your affectionately
Henry R. Mighels

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I haven't time to write to her now.
Ever true H.