

Carson Aug 28<sup>th</sup> 1865

Dear Nellie:

I got your good letter of July 29<sup>th</sup>, last evening and am now trying to steal time enough from the printers, who are all the time bawling for "Copy" - to answer it.

I must not forget to thank Byron for his pleasant feelings.

Along with this letter, I send you a trifle of old and gold bearing quartz, in the shape of a buckle, which I beg you to accept, as a brook day remembrance, from yours

devotedly &c. I only wish it was of diamonds and weighed a ton. I ought to have sent you a ribbon to go with the buckle, but as I am no judge of the

proper quality of that sort of thing,  
I have concluded it best to  
leave it to your own good  
taste taste.

We have had a military ball  
since ~~of~~ I would say. I think  
I told you that Governor Blossell  
has made me a Major. Well,  
as in duty bound, I appeared  
in Major's uniform, and escorted  
the plump and charming daughter  
of one of our Supreme Judges to  
and through the "misty mazes".  
The name of that damsel is  
Mary Beatty. That dear creature  
has the credit of being engaged -  
and she was so good as to tell  
me that she had heard that  
I was in the same delightful  
situation! I hope she has surmised

rightly - and can only hope for  
you to prove it.

I sometimes get desperately  
out of patience with the life of  
drudgery and constant confinement, so  
~~and~~ unavoidable to an Editor. And  
I only wish I could follow this  
letter ~~and leave~~ to its destination.  
I have an irrepressible longing, night  
and day, to be by your side  
once more. I suppose I shall  
find it best to remain here during  
the coming winter - but, like the  
trees, I shall do my best to  
leave in the spring. Excuse the  
wretchedness of the pen - I am  
too stupid to do better. It will  
be a model of Jerry dullness -  
the Appeal of tomorrow morning.  
As you will see by the tenor

Aug. 28, 1865

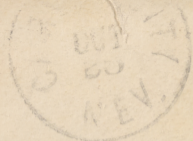
and blunders of this hap hazard  
letter, I am only writing, as I can  
catch a few moments of ~~these~~  
time. In fact, I ought to have  
written yesterday - Sunday - an idle  
day with me - but I waited until  
evening, knowing that the mail would  
bring me a letter from you, and it  
being my purpose to answer that same -  
letter - as the lawyers say. But I  
have left it in my room. I will  
try and write you more at length  
before the sailing of the mail steamer.

I send you a new song which is  
much sung in San Francisco - also a  
puff which I just cut out of a Columbian  
- Journal newspaper.

Don't fail to give my best regards to Byron,  
Add and Wash and my love to Hatty and  
Emma - and oh! I had forgotten her! I'll  
kiss old Tulytok for me and accept my  
excuses for writing such an abominably stupid  
letter. Remember me in your prayers Nellie  
darling and believe me ever  
affectionately  
Mary R. Wright.

P.S. Love to Mary Anne and Byron's sweetheart.

Du 3 ct



Aug. 28, 1865

Miss Nellie Verrill

Norway Village  
Maine.

Carson Aug 28th 1865

Nellie;

I got your good letter of July 29th, last evening and am now trying to steal time enough from the printers, who are all the time bawling for "copy" -- to answer it. I must not forget to thank Byron for his pleasant greetings.

Along with this letter, I sent you a trifle of gold and gold bearing quartz, in the shape of a buckle, which I beg you to accept, as a birth day remembrance, from yours devotedly &c. I only wish it was of diamonds and weighed a ton. I ought to have sent you a ribbon to go with the buckle, but as I am no judge of the

[page 2]

proper quality of that sort of thing, I have concluded it best to leave it to your own good taste.

We have had a military ball since I wrote back. I think I told you that Governor Blasdel has made me a Major. Well, as in duty bound, I appeared in Major's uniform, and escorted the plump and charming daughter of one of our Supreme Judges to and through the "misty mazes". The name of that damsel is Mary Beatty. That dear creature has the credit of being engaged -- and she was so good as to tell me that she had heard that I was in the same delightful situation! I hope she has surmised

[page 3]

rightly -- and can only hope for you to prove it.

I sometimes get desperately

out of patience with the life of  
drudgery and constant confinement, so  
unavoidable to an Editor. And  
I only wish I could follow this  
letter to it's destination.

I have an inexpressible longing, night  
and day, to be by your side  
once more. I suppose I shall  
find it best to remain here during  
the coming winter -- but, like the  
trees, I shall do my best to  
leave in the Spring. Excuse the  
wretchedness of the pun -- I am  
too stupid to do better. It will  
be a model of prosy dullness -  
the Appeal of tomorrow morning.

As you will see by the time

[page 4]

and blunders of this haphazard  
letter, I am only writing, as I can  
catch a few moments of spare  
time. In fact, I ought to have  
written yesterday -- Sunday -- an idle  
day with me -- but I waited until  
evening, knowing that the mail would  
bring me a letter from you, and it  
being my purpose to answer that same --  
Seriation -- as the lawyers say. But I  
have left it in my room. I will  
try and write you more at length  
before the sailing of the mail steamer.

I send you a new song which is  
much sung in San Francisco -- also a  
puff which I just cut out of a column  
from my newspaper.

Don't fail to give my best regards to Byron,  
Add and Wash and my love to Hatty and  
Emma -- and oh! If had forgotten her! -- Flo --  
Kiss old Luty toot for me and accept my  
excuses for writing such an abnormally stupid  
letter. Remember me in your prayers Nellie  
darling and believe me ever thine

Affectionately Henry R. Mighels

[written sideways in left margin:]

P.S. Love to Mary Gosse and Byron's Sweetheart