

Carson, Sunday Oct 22nd 1865

Dear Nellie:

Your overland letter, the receipt of which I have already acknowledged, is the last message I have had from you. As the days and weeks which increase the period of our separation pass by, these fortnightly intervals between your letters seem longer and the letters themselves more infrequent. I have made up my mind to write to you oftener and to send by the overland mail, hoping thereby to stimulate corresponding action on your part. But I shall also employ the steamer mail to transmit my "regular" communications and hope you will do so too.

I believe I told you that the

Appeal Proprietors had purchased
an entire new outfit of Types, Press
&c. and moved into a more
convenient and better located
building than the one in which
I first found them. Well, in rear
of this building I have had fitted
up a little snugger for a sleeping
apartment and sanctum. I am
writing in it now; and it is as
cozy a little room as one would
wish to have in this barren land.
I shall be very comfortable this
winter - and you know that
comfort has many attractions for
me. I suppose that you will
conclude that being an old bachelor,
my room lacks a commendable
degree of tidiness. But when I
tell you that "furniture" are

intelligent Cupboards, makes
material visits to my room
for the purpose of building my
fire and blacking my boots, and
that while I am at breakfast,
that faithful "Cullud Jusson"
makes my bed and sweeps out
and sets things to rights generally,
you will learn that I combine
comfort with a reasonable sort
of neatness, while avoiding the
necessary drudgery to attain
it.

Social life in Carson is really
very pleasant. I have alluded
to our ladies and their surprise
parties before. I have attended
as many as three social gatherings
since I last wrote to you.
On last Tuesday night, Mr & Mrs

Lockhart celebrated the tenth
Anniversary of their wedding day
by a "Tui Wedding" party. On
such occasions everybody who is
invited is expected to present
"the bride" with some sort of a
present in tui. I succeeded in
admiring the assembled beauty
and Chivalry by presenting Miss
L. with a tui bonnet, gorgeously
decorated with artificial flowers
and pumpkin colored ribbons.
I had it trimmed by a regular
Milliner. Among other presents
were tui Cradles, tui Chairs, tui
horns and an endless variety
of tui lanterns, plates, Coffee
pots &c. &c. But nothing approached
the tui bonnet; and it was
voted the premium for oddity of
design and fantastic construction.

I am over head and ears
in politics. Nearly two weeks
since we put our Mexican
Nominie in the field for Con-
-gress, and yesterday the Cop-
-perheads assembled here and
nominated one of their number
for the same position. I came
near having a fight yesterday
morning. I follow who goes by
the name of Major Lillis and
whom I have known for several
years, here and over California
came to warn me that I must
be careful how I used his
name in connection with matters
political. He is a blatant
"Secesh" and I have taken
occasion to give him some

pretty hard rubs through the
columns of the Appeal — such
as saying that he was a stay
at home rebel without the
courage to take his gun and
fight for "the Confederacy" &c &c.
After hearing the gentleman through,
I fiercely informed him that
I had fought his kind of
rascals with powder and shot
for some two or three years
and that I proposed to talk
and write about him pretty
much as I pleased. He didn't
seem to like the tone of my
remarks and again cautioned
me to be careful what I
published about him. I then
asked him in a very savage
sort of style what he proposed

to do about it if I did
make a personal attack upon
him in my paper. This brought
him up with a round turn
and he left me without an-
swering my question and with
a very large sized flea in his
ear. I am afraid that I
became mercilessly profane
while pursuing it upon his
mind that I should take the
liberty of treating him as I
chose. But I must be pardoned
for not selecting the nicer
expressions while addressing
myself to an avowed rebel.

I state this circumstance
by way of demonstrating a certain
condition of things which exists
here. The "Democrats" of this place

of the world are nearly all
out and out rebels; and had
they the power, not a Union
man could show his head in
the streets with safety. But
Cowards and bullies as they
are, they dare not attack us
now.

The Editor of the Gold Hill News
was kind enough to make a very
complimentary notice of me; and as
you are not a subscriber to that
paper, and as I am anxious to
to make myself appear as favorably
in your sight as possible, I have
cut the notice out and send it to
you. It is pleasant to receive such
compliments, especially when they come
unexpectedly and from a stranger, as
this did.

I am anxiously and hopefully waiting
for a letter from you. I shall send this
overland - but will prepare another in time for
the steamer. Give my love to all the household
of Verill and Millett, remember me in your prayers
and believe me dearly,
yours affectionately
Harry.

P.S. I have been thinking to deliver a lecture before
the business society. I have no you think of that? I have
not got more up they would not answer & make. How say you?



oct 22 - 1865

Miss Nellie Vermeil

Norway Village

Maine.

Carson, Sunday Oct 22nd 1865

Dear Nellie:

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I believe I told you that the

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appeal proprietors had purchased an entire new outfit of types, presses &c. and moved into a more commodious and better located building than the one in which I first found them. Well, in rear of that building I have had fitted up a little snugery for a sleeping apartment and sanctum. I am writing in it now; and it is as cosy a little room as one would wish to have in this barren land. I shall be very comfortable this winter -- and you know that comfort has many attractions for me. I suppose that you will conclude that being an old bachelor, my room lacks a commendable degree of tidiness. But when I tell you that "Jackson" an

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intelligent contraband, makes matutinal visits to my room for the purpose of building my

fire and blacking my boots, and that while I am at breakfast, that faithful "cullud pusson" makes my bed and sweeps out and sets things to rights generally, you will learn that I combine comfort with a reasonable sort of neatness, while avoiding the necessary drudgery to attain it.

Social life in Carson is really very pleasant. I have alluded to our ladies and their surprise parties before. I have attended as many as these social gatherings since I last wrote to you.

On last Tuesday night, Mr & Mrs

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Lockhart celebrated the tenth anniversary of their wedding day by a "tin wedding" party. On such occasions everybody who is invited is expected to present "the bride" with some sort of a present in tin. I succeeded in astonishing the assembled beauty and chivalry by presenting Mrs L. with a tin bonnet, gorgeously decorated with artificial flowers and pumpkin colored ribbons.

I had it trimmed by a regular milliner. Among other presents were tin cradles, tin chairs, tin horns and an endless variety of tin lanterns, plates, coffee pots &c. &c. But nothing approached the tin bonnet; and it was voted the premier for oddity of design and fantastic construction.

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I am over head and ears in politics. Nearly two weeks since we put our Union nominee in the field for Congress, and yesterday the Copperheads assembled here and nominated one of their number

for the same position. I came near having a fight yesterday morning. I fellow who goes by the name of Major Gillis and whom I have known for several years, here and in California came to warn me that I must be careful how I used his name in connection with matters political. He is a blatant "secesh" and I have taken occasion to give him some

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pretty hard rubs through the columns of the Appeal -- such as saying that he was a stay at home rebel without the courage to take his gun and fight for "the Confederacy" &c. &c.

After hearing the gentleman through, I fiercely informed him that I had fought his kind of rascals with powder and shot for some two or three years and that I proposed to talk and write about him pretty much as I pleased. He didn't seem to like the tone of my remarks and again cautioned me to be careful what I published about him. I then asked him in a very savage sort of style what he proposed

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Verrill and Millett, remember me in your prayers
and beleive me darling, yours affectionately

Harry.

[left margin]

P.S. I have been invited to deliver a lecture before
the historical society! What do you think of that? I have
not yet made up my mind what answer to make. Shall I say yes?

[envelope]

[postmark: CARSON CITY NEV OCT 22]

[stamp removed]

Miss Nellie Verrill
Norway Village
Maine

