

If you leave in the Spring  
I shall be under the necessity  
of thinking you an awful  
kisser, since the pickled  
flourish at the green bay tree.

You must be in good  
terms with Miss Bealy  
to talk of mutual engagements.  
What did you tell her  
concerning yours? I'll bet

you told her, Ray, and  
regretted the fate that  
had pleased her beyond  
the reach of aspiring  
amour. I know you couldn't

resist such a temptation  
to administer a delicate  
remedy. - "I know you  
kicker and monner."

23rd Oct. 1865

Your epistle of Aug 18th  
was received some days since. I have  
contemplated answering it before but could  
not decide what my reply should be.

It becomes my painful duty under the  
existing circumstances, to inform you  
that this is a world of change! Since  
writing you two months ago I have met  
with a change of - mind. Allow me  
to tender my thanks for the honor you  
would have bestowed upon me, together  
with my refusal of your offer to  
write for your paper. - Did you think  
I was going to say something else? Don't  
flatter yourself that you will get off  
so easy. I don't "respectfully decline"



the other offer unless — I get a better one! — I did think I should like to write for your paper, but 'twas so long before I received the "substantial encouragement," that I lost the mood.

Wish I might have seen the surprise on your face when you read the formal greeting on page one of this sheet. Although begun with such a business air it will be sure to degenerate before I get through. My letters must be intensely interesting! They contain so many original subjects. — The weather for instance. Much might be said at the present time on that dry subject, but I will content myself by observing that the farmers are talking anxiously about the "dry spell" because of the "fall seed" which is withering very fast. The crops are beyond the reach of rain or frost, inasmuch as they are being fast put into the barn and cellar. You can stalk rattle in the light breeze, and the round pumpkins are fast assuming the hue of their benefactor who shines alike on the good and false hearted in pumpkin-land.

I wish you might have one of these small, juicy apples, with taste that rival a maiden's lip, but as you can't, I'll eat the apple and snap the seeds at at you. Did any of them hit? Oh! plant them, do — and who knows but that we may live under our own vine and apple tree! Honey smut, they are called, and are just the things to make one plump and good natured, — not that I need any thing to make me all of that, but some body whom I could mention is sometimes a little, well — say fussy.

"We" are getting ready for a "huckling" next week. It'll be Friday, and a jolly time is expected. I've promised Mrs. G. my assistance in making the pier and other good things, but after the huckers have eaten their fill, they will have to repay me by giving me a chance for fun. We shall probably "tip the light fantastic toe" until that "wice sma' hour." Cousin May Lane thinks she will come up, and Dan will probably be there.

There was a dance at the village last night but there was no swain who wished to see me there enough to come for me. Sad isn't it?



I have had two concerts lately  
for excitement, both of which I have  
honored by my presence. To the first  
I went with Mr. Knott and the children,  
to the second with Henry Rust, who  
is expecting his sister soon - I believe  
you are very fond of her?

Your mother has come back from  
her visit to Portland looking well and  
says she had a nice time.

The Appeal, marked, was received  
with your letter. Thanks - I always  
do find them interesting, as is every  
thing that relates to you.

Have you ever given your  
mother to understand that we were  
more than ordinary friends? I've  
thought at times that she thought  
there was more than the public knew  
of, but if you haven't said anything  
I hope you will not, either to  
her or any other of your relatives.  
There are so many things that  
might happen, even if we had  
formed ~~an~~ engagement, which I  
do not consider we have done,  
that I had much rather nothing.



would be said about it. There will be time enough when you come on to let them know if it is desirable for me to go back with you, which point cannot possibly be decided until you do come.

A year sometimes makes great changes, and we must wait patiently for the developments of the one that is coming.

I shall go back to ~~Mr~~ <sup>Mr</sup> Horner the first day of November if nothing happens to disarrange my plans.

Have you forgotten how cold and numb you used to get in those "delightful slight rickles"? Well I remember how I used to lend somebody my snuff and take the "ribbons" in my own hands — Pruney didn't bring back that feeling, did it? I should say — "distance lends enchantment."

Will you have snow in Nevada? Of course I know but little about the climate, so do not think me hopelessly ignorant if I ask some simple questions.

I dreamed last night that you had issued a volume of poems, quite unexpectedly to all of your friends, who had not heard that you were preparing such a work.



When do you propose to do it?  
I shall expect to be duly notified.

In my dream I received a very  
handsomely bound volume with the  
authore's compliments. Wonder what put  
such an idea in my head!

I notice that my letter arrived  
in pairs. It must have been because  
I did not know but that the steamer  
sailed three times a month as when  
you first went away. Thanks for  
the information in regard to that.  
I will regulate my letter accordingly.

And if you think your letter "long-winded"  
what must you think of mine? Well  
I'll try and look after that too, but  
I won't promise to make them all  
the length of this one, because some-  
times I may forget and write more.

My brother and sister send greetings.

May the good Father bless and  
keep you, in ever the prayer

of your friend

Mellie.

5931  
1875  
1 2 2 1/2



Tuesday evening. 26<sup>th</sup> inst.

In some inexplicable reason I forgot to take this letter when I went down to Church Sunday, & tonight, here by the kitchen fire and by the light of a single candle, I propose to chat a little with you.

This very afternoon, to accomodate the worthy pair who find me in "vituals and drinks" I drove "thunderbolt" down to the village, while beside me sat Mary Ann, and, tucked in what little space there was left, were two young Troats. Marching boldly into the Post-office I met a warm greeting from its sweet mistress, and also found quite a feast, viz. your letter of Aug 26<sup>th</sup> and a package of fine "appeals". Many thanks for the same, I read both with great pleasure.

The gift has not arrived yet. I doubt not I shall be pleased with it, and although you were a very naughty child to disobey my commands by sending me, or rather by making me any sort of a present, I suppose



I must exercise the Christian  
virtue of forgiveness and accept  
it with what grace I may. —

Probably it's only a slight sample  
of my trials when I take in hand  
the living jet which has been  
offered me! — I may say something  
more on the subject when the  
buckle arrives. — Buckle! — Quite  
suggestive of a belt, and from belt  
to chain is only a step. — I'm  
suspectious that you mean to bind  
me slowly and surely, as the  
spider does the fly. Already my  
fingers are tangled, and half-chermed  
by the novel mode I make no  
effort to untangle the silky web.

Of course it's not strategest to tell  
you of your advantage, but it is  
fun to run into danger for the  
excitement it gives one — don't  
you think so?

Here is a bit of village romance  
which was not all a romance.  
About two weeks ago there appeared

in the village, a respectable looking  
young man, who would have been  
well dressed only that he wore  
plaid pants. Said person pretended  
a knowledge of a son of Mr Palmer  
who is "out-west" and visited them  
on that ground. He met in the  
street one Miss Fannie North, a  
fair, buxom school-marm, and  
instantly fell into the unfathomable  
abyss, known by the "common herd"  
as love. The unfortunate "tumbler"  
procured an introduction and the  
dommel immediately followed his  
example. For a week they walked,  
rode, "sat up" and when though the  
proscribed forms of making love.

Mr Woodbury became anxious for  
the pay for horse hire and intimated  
as much to the enamored youth, who  
was on his way to visit Miss N.  
That night he left the maid  
with tears and vows and left  
for parts unknown. This week  
we hear that he is an escaped  
"jail bird" and has a wife and  
two children! Poor Miss Fannie!



She has been most-unfortunate in her "affaire du coeur", having been twice before engaged. Her first lover "shuffled off this mortal coil, in a hurry, owing to too close an intimacy with a mill pond. The second time "cruel parents" had too much finger in the pie. — Poetic? isn't it?

Last night I went to a combination affair called a "whang". The male portion hurled the corn, and the female had on "apple pie" until 10 o'clock. Then a regular farmers supper was provided. Then the tables were removed and we danced in the oldest old kitchen. — full of dark corners, unfinished, unpainted, with an enormous great chimney, and to cap all haunted! The brave young farmers, full of life and jollity danced with a vim quite refreshing to behold. It was a scene I shall not forget for a long time — more impressive than your military ball I will wager.

Tired of being bothered? You shall not.

Good night dear, be a good boy and write soon to Mamma.





Major Henry R. Nichols

Carson City







Frosty Retreat.  
Saturday p.m. Sept. 23rd/65

Sir --

Your epistle of Aug 18th  
was received some days since. I have  
contemplated answering it before but could  
not decide what my reply should be.

It becomes my painful duty under the  
existing circumstances, to inform you  
that this is a world of change! Since  
writing you two months ago I have met  
with a change of -- mind. Allow me  
to tender my thanks for the honor you  
would have bestowed upon me, together  
with my refusal of your offer to --  
write for you paper. -- Did you think  
I was going to say some thing else? Don't  
flatter yourself that you will get off  
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[on top of page turned sideways; continued from/see page 10]

[page 2]

the other offer unless -- I get a  
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myself by observing that the farmers  
are talking anxiously about the "dry spell"  
because of the "fall feed" which is withering  
very fast. The crops are beyond the reach  
of rain or frost, in as much as they are  
being fast put into the barns and  
cellars. Yon corn stalks rustle in the  
light breeze, and the round pumpkins are  
fast assuming the hues of thier benefactor



who shines alike on the good and  
false heated in pumpkin-dom.

[page 3]

I wish you might have one of these  
sweet, juicy apples, with tints that rival  
a maidens lips, but as you can't I'll  
eat the apple and snap the seeds at  
at you. Did any of them hit? Oh!  
plant them, do -- and who knows but  
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vine and apple trees! Honey sweets, they  
are called, and are just the things to  
make one plump and good natured. -- not  
that I find any thing to make me all  
of that, but somebody whom I could  
mention is sometimes a little, well -- say  
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"We" are getting ready for a "husking"  
next week. It's to be Friday, and a jolly  
time is expected. I've promised Mrs F.  
my assistance in making the pies and  
other good things, but after the huskers  
have eaten thier fill, they will have  
to repay me by giving me a chance for  
fun. We shall probably "trip the light  
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Cousin May Gosse thinks she will come  
up, and Lue will probably be here.

There was a dance at the village  
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to come for me, Sad isn't it?

[page 4]

There have been two concerts lately  
for excitement, both of which I have  
honored by my presence. To the first  
I went with Mr Frost and the children,  
to the second with Henry Rust, who  
is expecting his sister soon -- I believe  
you are very fond of her?

Your mother has come back from  
her visit to Portland looking well and  
says she had a nice time.

The Appeal, marked, was received  
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do find them interesting, as in every thing that relates to you.

Harry have you ever given your mother to understand there we were more than ordinary friends? I've thought at times that she thought there was more than the public knew of but if you haven't said anything I hope you will not, either to her or any other of your relatives. There are so many things that might happen, even if we had formed an engagement, which I do not consider we have done, that I had much rather nothing

[page 5]

would be said about it. There will be time enough when you come on to let them know if it is desirable for me to go back with you, which point cannot possibly be decided until you do come.

A year sometimes makes great changes, and we must wait patiently for the developments of the one that is coming.

I shall go back to Mr Favors the first day of November if nothing happens to disarrange my plans.

Have you forgotten how cold and numb you used to get in those "delightful sleigh rides"? Well I remember how I used to lend somebody my muff and take the "ribbons" in my own hands -- mem'ry didn't bring back that feeling, did it? I should say -- "distance lends enchantment."

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I dreamed last night that you had issued a volume of poems, quite unexpectedly to all of your friends, who had not heard that you were preparing such a work.

[page 6]



When do you propose to do it?  
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in pairs. It must have been because  
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the information in regard to that,  
I will regulate my letters accordingly.

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I'll try and look after that too, but  
I won't promise to make them all  
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times I may forget and write more.

My brothers and sisters send greetings.

May the good Father bless and  
keep you, is ever the prayer  
of your friend  
Nellie.

[page 7]

Chap. 2. Page 1.

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I went down to Church Sunday, so  
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[page 8]

I must exercise the Christian virtue of forgiveness and accept it with what grace I may. --

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Of course it's not strategic to tell you of your advantage, but it is fun to run into danger for the excitement it gives one -- don't you think so?

Here is a bit of village romance which was not all a romance. About two weeks ago there appeared

[page 9]

in the village, a respectable looking young man, who would have been well dressed only that he wore plaid pants. Said person pretended a knowledge of a son of Mr Polmers who is "out West" and visited them on that ground. He met in the street one Miss Fannie North, a fair, buxom school marm, and instantly fell into the unfathomable abyss, known by the "common herd" as love. The unfortunate "tumbler"



procured an introduction and the damsel immediately followed his example. For a week they walked, rode, "sat up" and when though the proscribed forms of making love.

Mr Woodbury became anxious for the pay for horse hire and intimated as much to the enamored youth, who was on his way to visit Miss N\_. That night he left the maid with tears and vows and left for parts unknown. This week we hear that he is an escaped "jail bird" and has a wife and two children! Poor Miss Fannie!

[page 10]

She has been most unfortunate in her affairs due coeur", having been twice before engaged. Her first lover "shuffled off this mortal coil, in a hurry, owing to too close an intimacy with a mill pond. The second time "cruel parients" had too much finger in the pie. -- Pathetic isn't it?

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Tired of being bothered? You shall rest.

Good night dear, be a good boy and write soon to

Nellie.

[continued on page1];

If you leave in the spring  
I shall be under the necessity  
of thinking you an awful  
sinner, since "the wicked  
flourish as the green bay tree".

You must be on good  
terms with Miss Beatty  
to talk of mutual engagements.  
What did you tell her  
concerning yours? I'll bet  
you told her, nay, and  
regreted the fate that  
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resist such a temptation  
to administer a delicate  
deceit, but. -- "I know your  
tricks and manners."

[envelope]

[postmark: NORWAY SEP 28]

[stamp removed]

By Steamer

Major Harry R. Mighels  
Carson City