

Justy Retreat.
Thursday eve, Oct 5th 1865.

Dear Henry -

I've just finished
a letter to Adell and can't resist the
temptation to say a few words to you
although Mrs H is "nied, nied, nodding"
and I know wants me to go to bed,
besides which I am positive I shall
write any way but straight the light
is so dim. The more obstacles to
overcome the greater success you know.

Timothy went down to the Post Office
today and although I strive to restrain
my impatience by saying, "you can't
possibly get a letter "by steamer" today", yet
there lingered a faint spark of hope, so
that I ran out to the barn when he
was "unloading" to ask eagerly for the
mail, after much fumbling in deep

pockets, ^{he} drew forth a letter saying "There must be a heap of love in that it's so heavy".

Lin said I grew red in the face when I recognized the dear familiar hand writing, and was so "tick back" that I could make no reply to his joke, as muttering something about "love being light" I rushed precipitately to my room.

Many thanks for the good letter I had the pleasure of reading. Did it not come very quickly? It was dated Sept 10 & 11th.

I wish you had scolded me for I fear I deserve it, ~~because~~ the reason of my not writing was just because I got peevish at not receiving a letter from you so soon as I thought I ought to. It came along after it was too late for me to write for that steamer. Sometimes your letters are delayed ten days or a fortnight after the arrival of the steamer.

Now I'm half atoned for my naughtyness by acknowledging it and to make it all square I'll promise not to do so some more. Let's "bise and make up" since I am willing to be forgiven and you are (I know) willing to forgive.

It's almost a week since the "husking": May and Wash Potte came up and we had a jolly time. There were over a hundred people here. It was a sight well worth seeing - The uncertain figures of the huskers seated round the dimly lighted barn filled with fragrant hay, tossing the yellow ears about with many a wild joke and ringing laugh, while behind them the milk-eyed cattle shook their horned heads. I could think of nothing but goblins holding their unmeaning revels, and felt strangely unlike myself when seated with them, pulling the white husks, doing homage

in my heart to the gay and bright
robed Ceres, but trying to sustain a
discussion of the weather with one
fine Danforth who had discovered
that "the moon was putty bright."

After supper where some of them
proved themselves gobbles, we
dined. I officiated in a long,
broad apron, behind the chairs of
the good old soul (the Worcester presbyterian)
saying in a muted accent "do take another
cup of coffee; do take some burnt peas. Let me
help you to some pumpkin pie; you
will have some more pudding - &c &c.

They didn't go home till morning
and at 3. A. M. I tumbled into
bed weary enough, to dream of
floating of the thinnest kind of clouds
with a wreath of corn husks, and
watching Ceres spill the coffee over
the heads of squirming young America.
After that - oblivion. (which I hope excite
me now in a nice warm bed where
the little girls are sleeping. Good night
and God keep you is the prayer of
Belin

9
Chap. 2nd

Sunday morning.

My first waking thought this morning, as I turned over for another nap, was, - "The day is cold and dark and dreary. It rains and the wind is never weary" - now I can stay ^{at home} without any twinges of conscience - good!

So I've spent the day thus far, in reading and thinking. It was only a shower that woke me and no rain has fallen since but I have Mrs. F's authority that it is not prudent to "go down" when the ~~wild~~ clouds look so threatening.

You don't know what a pleasure it is to have plenty of time to write to you without feeling that I ought to be busy sewing, or ought to go to bed to please the "good folks" with whom I board.

Your second letter of Sept. 13th came to hand yesterday. I'm glad that my letter was delayed since it gave me a second one. But I've "owned up" to a fault sooner than I need to. However, there was one steamer which I feel very sure I missed and for the reasons given, to

you will understand it's own arrival
& find by reference to my diary that
I did not write to you from Aug 14th till
Sept 10th. I'm really ashamed of it and
promise you it shall not happen again.
It illustrates my bad disposition which
you will have to learn sometime if you
propose to become my guardian. - You
asked a question in regard to that point?

There is a serisomic dialogue for your
edification. Scene, a lonely road by the
side of a silvery lake. Two young
persons riding slowly, and conversing in low
tones.

Wash. - "What about your friend Dwight?"

Ell. - "Nothing much."

W. - "Do you hear from often?"

Ell. - "Yes, by every steamer."

W. - "When is he coming on again?"

Ell. - "Next Spring."

W. - "What is he coming next spring for?"

Ell. (Holy smiling) "To take me back with him!"

W. - "Cool enough! Will he do it?"

Ell. - "I should not wonder."

W. - "Oh shell! What will become of the girls?"

Ell. - "Perhaps I ought not to go?"

W. - "They must not interfere with your happiness."
Certain bees.

Yesterday I met your cousin Mary
at the village, who greeted me with
"How do you do cousin Nell? - is it so?"
Being taken by surprise I got red in
face at which every body laughed but
I managed to say "I'm no nearer ^{being} your
cousin than I have been for a long time."
Isn't six months a long time? I confess
to feeling a little vexed at her for
surprising me out of my usual sticism.
She had heard of my "present" and drew
her own conclusions. It always provokes
me to be teased about any person whom
I really care for, however, I guess I can
"stand it."

I am very glad indeed you have such
a good friend as Lance must be from
your description of him. Indeed I am
prepared to love him as I would your
brother. - You want me too of course?
Is he young or old? Married or single?
Handsome or plain? Dark eyes or light?

I hope sir, when the snow comes
you will be able to keep the perpendicular
and not slip flat on your back while
pretending to ~~support~~ support two young
ladies, as I once saw a young crowd.

I've been peck-nutting with the girls
and you shall have some of the fruits
of the expedition. Do they not bring
back the rustle of the dry leaves - the
low murmur of the autumn breeze - the
sickly rays of the half veiled sun, through
the tree tops faded, and brown, and dun? - the
fresh, sweet fragrance of dear mother earth,
receiving her children of last spring's birth?
The fine care-free days of your childhood -
roaming purposeless, hours in the wild wood -
idly picking the dead leaves away,
dreaming of fortunes to be found someday,
building castles so grand and airy,
half hoping to meet some good little fairy,
who will make of these vague dreams of glory
things real and true, as in ancient story.

Don't get out of patience please, because
it wasn't my fault at all. I didn't
mean to make rhyme - it just came so
and you see I left off all the capital
letters so you might know I didn't
do it.

Do you remember when you told
me you didn't love me because of my
beauty? This bit of newspaper poetry
reminded me so quickly of the whole

scene that I send it to you
for yourself.

Love has been quite sick for a week
but is out again. She says she is not
owing you a letter.

Poor May will feel badly to have her
romance thus nipped in the ~~bud~~^{bud}
If I wasn't sure to end by telling
the truth when I attempt to see a
girl, I would tell her, she ~~is~~ ^{was}
see she imagined him - young, handsome,
and "jenny-jill". May is a nice girl
and would like "a lover handsome and bold."

Hattie Robinson (Byron's lady), has
invited me to spend Thanksgiving
with her, & shall go if nothing
happens to prevent. It has not yet
been appointed. I shall probably stay
a week or two in Portland either
before or after.

Please tell me when your birth
day comes. I believe I know your age -
thirty five next birth day isn't it?

I wrote acknowledging the receipt
of your handsome present. Hope you
have received the letter. I took the

Buckle down to show your
mother. She admired it much
and said she was glad I had it.

It was too elegant for me to wear
without my friends remarking it, so
I thought it best to tell the whole
truth. You will probably perceive
that I am not naturally secretive,
although I flatter myself that I can
"keep a secret" when it is necessary.
It is immaterial to me which way
your picture is taken. Please yourself
and you will please me.

I think I have received all your
letters but one, and I have the
explanation of that omission. Your
letters are always received with
pleasure and the longer they are
the better am I pleased.

You mistake. I have been heavier
this summer than ever a summer
before, and now weigh 120 lbs.

My headache here been more frequent
since the weather has become cooler
but that is not an unusual occur-

rence, and not an alarming symptom.

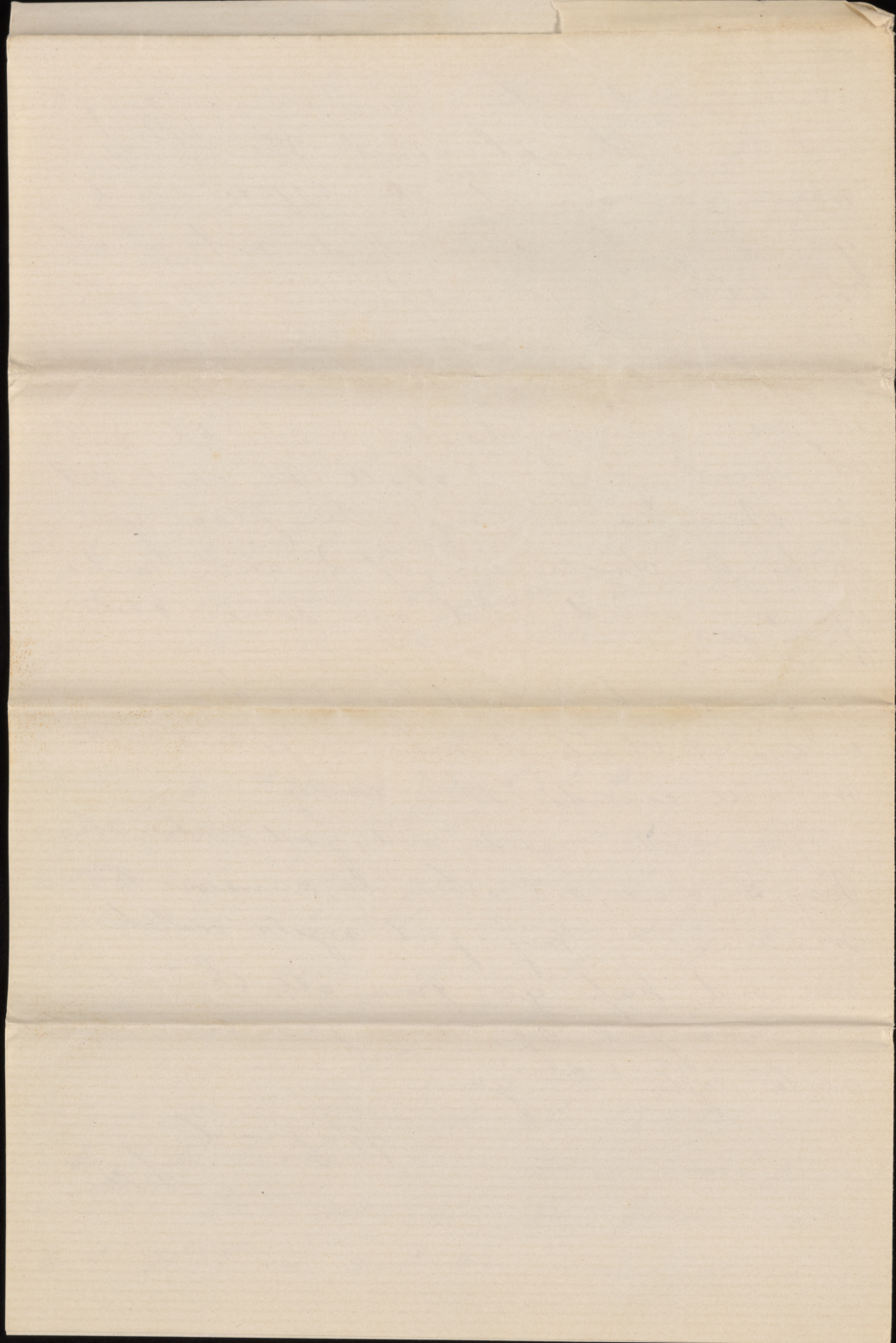
I have thought about the time
"when you are at the office" and
you may be sure I do not wish
the idea of your spending all the
evenings there, if I ever have any
thing to say about it, but yet, if
it was unavoidable I should make
the best of it. I shall be contented
in Nevada or any other place you
wish to dwell in, if I once make
up my mind that our homes shall
be one.

You must be tired by this time, so
unless I think of some important P.S.
we will consider this "lastly".

Byron sends regards and good wishes, and
May I, Lane, and others too numerous to
mention. May good angels watch
over and keep you from all harm!

Be a good boy, read your Bible, and
write often to your

Off. Friend
Nellie.



Memor.

Oct 5 1868

Major Henry R. Ingalls

"Carson Daily Appeal" Office

Carson City, Nevada

W
R
O
A



Frosty Retreat.
Thursday eve. Oct 5th 1865,

Dear Harry --.

I've just finished
a letter to Add and can't resist the
temptation to say a few words to you
although Mrs F is "nid, nid, nodding"
and I know wants me to go to bed,
besides which I am positive I shall
write any way but straight the light
is so dim. -- The more obstacles to
overcome the sweeter success you know.

Timothy went down to the Post Office
today and although I strove to restrain
my impatience by saying "you can't
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there lingered a faint spark of hope, so
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was "untackling" to ask eagerly for the
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[page 2]

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saying "there must be a heap
of love in that it's so heavy".
I'm afraid I grew red in the
face when I recognized the dear
familiar hand writing, and was so
"tuck aback" that I could make no
reply to his joke, so muttering something
about "love's being light" I rushed
precipitately to my room.

Many thanks for the good letter I
had the pleasure of reading. Did it
not come very quickly? It was dated
Sept 10 & 11th

I wish you had scolded me for
I fear I deserve it, the
reason of my not writing was just
because I got pettish at not
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to write for that steamer. Sometimes
your letters are delayed ten days
or a fortnight after the arrival of the Steamer,

[page 3]

Now I've half atoned for my naughtiness by acknowledging it and to make it all square I'll promise not to do so some more. Let's "kiss and make up" since I am willing to be forgiven and you are (I know) willing to forgive.

It's almost a week since the "husking." May and Wash both came up and we had a jolly time. There were over a hundred people here. It was a sight well worth seeing -- the uncertain figures of the huskers seated round the dimly lighted barn filled with fragrant hay, tossing the yellow ears about with many a wild joke and ringing laugh, while behind them the meek-eyed cattle shook their horned heads. I could think of nothing but goblins holding their uncanny revels, and felt strangely unlike myself when seated with them, pulling the white husks, doing homage

[page 4]

in my heart to the gay and bright robed Ceres, but trying to sustain a discussion of the weather with one fine Danforth who had discovered that "the moon was pretty bright."

After supper where some of them proved themselves gobble-ins, we danced. I officiated in a long, broad apron, behind the chairs of the afore said fowl (sir Worcester for authority) saying in smartest accents "do take another cup of coffee! soto voces burnt peas. Let me help you to some pumpkin pies! You will have some more pudding -- &c &c.

They didn't "go home 'till morning and at 3 a.m. I tumbled into bed weary enough, to dream of floating of the thinnest kind of clouds with a wreath of corn husks, and watching Ceres spill the coffee over the heads of squirming young america, after that -- oblivion, which I hope awaits me now in a nice warm bed where

the little girls are sleeping. Good night
and God keep you is the prayer of Nellie

[page 5]

5

Chap 2nd
Sunday morning.

My first waking thought this morning, as I turned over for another nap, was -- "The day is cold and dark and dreary. It rains and the wind is never weary" -- now I can stay at home without any twinges of conscience-- good!

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[page 6]

you will understand it's non-arrival. I find by refence to my diary that I did not write to you from Aug 14th till Sept 10th. I'm really ashamed of it and promise you it shall not happen again. it illustrates my bad disposition which you will have to learn sometime if you propose to become my guardian. You asked a question in regard to that point? Here is a serio-comic dialogue for your edification. Scene, a lonely road by the side of a silvery lake. Two young persons riding slowly and conversing in low tones.

Wash.-- "what about your friend Mighels?"
Nell.-- "Nothing much."
W.-- "Do you hear from often"?
N.-- "Yes, by every steamer".
W.-- "When is he coming on again"?
N.-- "Next Spring."
W.-- "What is he coming next Spring for"?
N.-- (Half smiling) "To take me back with him!"
W.-- "Cool enough! Will he do it"?
N.-- I shouldn't wonder.
W.-- "Ah Nellie! What will become of the girls"?
N.-- "Perhaps I oughtn't to go"?
W.-- They mustn't interfere with your happiness."
Curtain falls.

[page 7]

Yesterday I met your cousin Mary
at the village, who greeted me with
"How do you do cousin Nell? -- is it so?"
Being taken by surprise I got red in
face at which every body laughed but
I managed to say "I'm no nearer being your
cousin than I have been for a long time."
Isn't six months a long time? I confess
to feeling a little vexed at her for
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you will be able to "keep the perpendicular"
and not slip flat on your back while
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ladies, as I once saw a young man do.

[page 8]

I've been beech-nutting with the girls
and you shall have some of the fruits
of the expedition. Do they not bring
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low murmur of the autumn breeze -- the

sickly rays of the half-veiled sun, through
the treetops faded, and brown, and dun? -- the
fresh, sweet fragrance of dear mother earth,
receiving her children of last springs birth?
The free careless days of your childhood --
roaming purposeless, hours in the wild wood --
idly kicking the dead leaves away.
dreaming of fortunes to be found someday.
building castles so grand and airy,
half hoping to meet some good little fairy,
who will make of these vague dreams of glory
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Don't get out of patience please, because
it wasn't my fault at all. I didn't
mean to make rhyme -- it just came so
and you see I left off all the capital
letters so you might know I didn't
do it.

Do you remember when you told
me you didn't love me because of my
beauty? This bit of news paper poetry
reminded me so quickly of the whole

[page 9]

9

scene that I send it to you
for perusal.

Lue has been quite sick for a week
but is out again. She says she is not
owing you a letter.

Poor May will feel badly to have her
romance thus nipped in the bud.
If I wasn't sure to end by telling
the truth when I attempt to tell a
fib, I would tell her, he (Wake) was
all she imagined him -- young, handsome,
and "fancy-free". May is a nice girl
and would like "a lover handsome and bold."

Hattie Robinson (Byron's lady) has
invited me to spend Thanksgiving
with her. I shall go if nothing
happens to prevent. It has not yet
been appointed. I shall probably stay
a week or two in Portland either
before or after.

Please tell me when your birth

day comes. I believe I know your age --
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[page 10]

buckle down to show your
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and said she was glad I had it.

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truth. You will probably perceive
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letters are always received with
pleasure and the longer they are
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You mistake. I have been heavier
this summer than ever a summer
before, and now weigh 130 lbs.

My headaches have been more frequent
since the weather has become cooler
but that is not an unusual occur-

[page 11]

ence, and not an alarming symptom.

I have thought about the time
"when you are at the office" and
you may be sure I do not relish
the idea of your spending all the
evenings there, if I ever have any
thing to say about it, but yet if
it was unavoidable I should make
the best of it. I shall be contented
in Nevada or any other place you
wish to dwell in, if I once make

up my mind that our homes shall
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You must be tired by this time, so
unless I think of some important P.S.
we will consider this "lastly".

Byron sends regards and good wishes, also
May G-, Lue, and others "too numerous to
mention.

May good angels watch
over and keep you from all harm!

Be a good boy, read your bible, and
write often to yours

aff. friend

Nellie.

[page 12]

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[postmark: NORWAY]

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Steamer

Major Henry R. Mighels
Carson Daily Appeal Office
Carson City Nevada

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