Thursday ere, Oct 5th 1865, Dear Hary I've girt finished a letter to ledd and contresist The temptation to say a few words to you although how It is "niel, mid, modding" and I know wente one to go to bid, besider which I am positive I should write ony way but straight The light is so dim. The more abstrala to overcome the amoter freeen you know. Juniothy went down to the Part Office today and although I show to pertain my impolience by saying, "you con't havily get a letter "by bleamer today", get that I non out to the born when he was "unladding" to ask sagerly for the mail, ofthe much fumbling in deep

poelite, drew forth a letter, how die holf stored for my naughte. Daying "There out he a heap : new by acknowledging it and to make of love in that it's as heavy. it all agree The promise not to do In ofraid & grew red in The Do dome more. Let kere and make of face when I recognized the dear dence I om milling to be Jergiven and you are (I know) willing to Jorgine. familiar hand writing, and man do 'tuck Bock' That I could make no It's almost a rick since The refly to his joke, as multering domething husking! may and wash tolk about lovis being light I maked come of and one had a jolly freefitately to my room. time. There were over a hundred many ethouse for the good letter & people here. It man a sight once had the pleasure of acading. Did it moth sung . The uncertain figures not come very quickly? It was dated of the hurhers dealed round the dinly lighted born filled with I fear I dererne it, been the progrant hay, laising The yellow lane about with many a wild joke and beauce I got pettish at not ringing laugh, while behind Them receiving a letter from you to from The much egel cottle shook their ar I thought I ought to. It come horned heads. I could think of mothing But gothing holding Their along of be it mor too late for me undhe myself orher dealed which them, to write for that steamer. Sometime your letters are delayed ten days or a Jordinight ofthe the arrival of the Alama, pulling the white hunks, doing homoge

in my heart to the gay and fught would lever, but trying the sustain a dicursion of the meether with one form Don forth who had discounted that the moon was putty bright." The Doffer or here some of Them proved themselve gotble ina, me donced. I officialid in a long, broad open, behind The chairs of The fore said foul (du horcerter ferauthority) saying in amutest accente do lake another copes coffee, soto roce bunt pear. Let me help you to some pumpkin pie! you will have some more pudding to the They didn't "go home till morning and at S. h. m. I him Had ento: bed weary enough, to dream of clouds with a wordth of con husks, and volching Cerer spile the coffee over the heads of aguirming young america. ofthe that oblivion, which I hope provide one now in a vice norm tel orhere the little gash ore sluping. Good night and God buch you is the progen of their

Chap. 2 nd Jainday morning. morning, as I tuned over for onother orap, was, . The day is cold and dark and drang. It rains and the wind is never meany" now I can stay hope without ong twinger of conscience, good! To Ine opent the day thou for, in reading and thinking. It was only a shower that whe are and no rain has gollen aince but I have men to authority that it is not pudent to go down other The with clouds look so Theolening. you don't know world a pleasure it is to have plenty of time to write to go without Juling that I ought to be busy sewing, or ought to go to bed to flease the "good Jolks" with whom I Good. your decord better of Left. 13th come to had gestudag. I'm glad that ony letter was delayed since it gave one a second one, but I've "owned up" to a foult dooner than I need to, however, There was one steamer which I feel very dure I mirsel and for the reasons given, to

you will understand the own-arrival Yesterday & met your cousin Many at the village, or ho greated one with, I find by reference to my diary that I did not write to you from any 14th till How do you do cousin Sell ? - is it as?" Light 10 the line wally ashamed of it and Being laken by surfrise & got red in facet at which every body langted but promise you it shall not hather organ. I moneged to say in no neous, your It illustrates my bad disposition which cousin them I bleve been for a long time". you will have to learn sometime of you Earl dix months a long time, I confeer propose to become my quadion. Ifor to greling a little vexed at her for asked a question in regard to that point? surprising me out of my usual storeism. She hald heard of my thresent ord show her own conclusions. It always prowher Here sa a serioromie diologue for your edification. Leene, a lonely road by the persons siding slowly, and conversing in low tones. me to be teased obout one person whom I volly eare for however, I guess I con dom very gled indeed you have such hash. "What about your friend brighels?" hell. "nothing much." a good friend as Lance much be from your discription of him. Indud I am m. "Do you hear from often"! prepared to love him as I would gove h. "Yer by every steamer". M. "When is he teoming an ageni?

M. "What I fing.

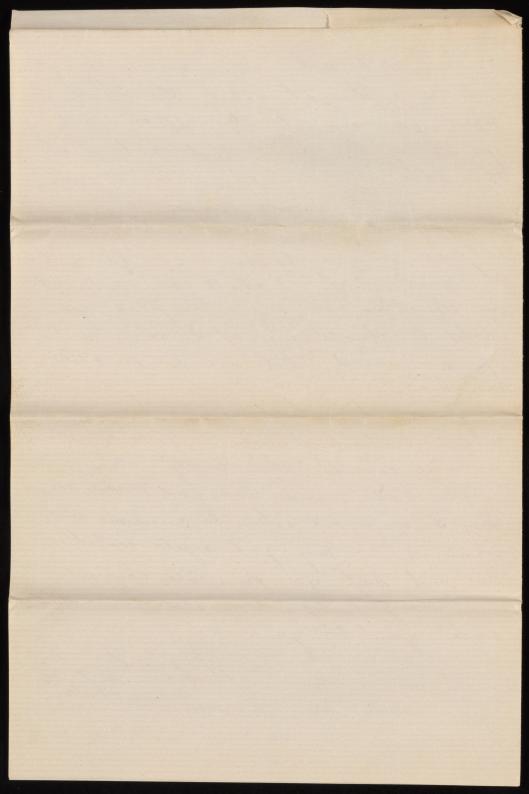
M. "What is he coming must spring for "!

M. (Holf Smiling) "to lake me back with him! buther. - you ment me los of course! de he young or old? married or single? handlown or plain? dark eges or light? I hope der, when the know comes you will be able to keep the perfendicula W. "Cool enough! will he do it-"? and not obip flat on your fock while h. I shouldnit wonder. practing to exact hughfast two going Mr. " Oh shellin I brhat will become of the guli" n. Ferhape a ought at to go? lodur, ar donce sen a going mends. M. Shey mustat interfere with your happiness.

I've been buch multing with The guils and you shall have from of the fruits of the expedition, Do They bothing Bock the mother of the dry leaves - they low murmer of the autumnt bruge the sichly rays by the halfaciled sun though the true tops bodied, and bown, and dun? The fresh, much prograve of dear mother earth, receiving her children of last approper Birth! The free cone line dages of your childrend colly kicking the dead leaves array. diemang of fortunes & be found someday. fuilding earther so grand and virge, half hoping to meet some good better fairy, This will make of these vague dreams of glorg things real and true, as in ancient story. ite man't my fault- at- all, I didn't mean to malae sayme - it first come do ord you are I left off all The capital letter so you might know I didn't do it. Do gon revember orhen god told me gar didn't love me because of me beauty? This bit of news paper poetry remiddle me so quickly of the Tohole

for pursol. I dne har bun grite vick for a mela fut is out ogain. She dags she is not owing you a letter. sommer the affect in the dist If I want dure to end by telling The truth when I altempt to there a fib, I would bit her, hi (make, mas are the imaginal him - young handsome and forcy free: may is to truce girl ord would like "a lover hardrome and bold." invited me to spend Thankspiring north her, I shall go if nothing to haspens to prevent. It has noth get a much or two in Portland either before or often. Heave tell one orher your with dag comer. I believe I know your age-I wrote acknowledging The receipt of your hordrene present, Hope you here received the letter. I look the

: ence, and out on glaming dymptone Buckle down to show your I have thought obout the time mother. The admired it much "when you are of the Office" and and deid the man glad I had it. you way be sure I do not which It was too elegent for one to mean The idea of your spending all the without my friends remarking It, so evenings there, if I ever home ony I shought it best to tall the whole Thing to say about it, but get by buth. you will prototly perceine it was unavoidable I should make that I am not noticely secretice, in Annala or one other place you although & Glotter ongrely that Lean kuf a eieret" orhen it is necessary. wish to dwell in, if I once make It is commotived to one which way be one mind that our homes whole for you must be tried by this time, so gover frieture ir taken. Dleane your self and you will please one. & Shirts & home received all your unless & think of some important I.d. letter but one, and I have The fre mile consider this lastly. explanation of that omission, your Agron derds regards and good misher, also letters are slower reclind with may in, Lare, and others too premerous & pleasure and the longer they are the better our I pleasured. mertion. May good angels watch over and keep you from all tharm! you mistake, I have been heavier The a good boy, Mad your bille, ord The summer than ever a summer mute often to your Defore, and now weigh 130 Chr. If. Jund Melli. Any headacher here been more prequent since the weather for become cooler but that is not on unusual occur-



200 major Henry R. Mughela "Carron Daily Office Office Carson City Neverla



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 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 "untackling" to ask eagerly for the mail. After much fumbling in deep

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pockets he drew forth a letter 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 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,

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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

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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

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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!

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

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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.

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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 stoicism. 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 two young ladies, as I once saw a young man do.

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I've been beech-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 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 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 news paper poetry reminded me so quickly of the whole

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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 -thirty five next birth day isn't it?

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

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

It was too elegent 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 130 lbs.

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

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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 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, 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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[envelope]

[postmark: NORWAY]

[stamp removed]

Steamer

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

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