

Monday morn. She read
over those lines this
morning, and feel really
ashamed to send them
Dear as they were written
in a folk you must
excuse their inapropriety.
I hope she fun to be still
once in a while - don't
you think so.

I've got to do
my washing, and
my mending, then to
wait my longer
Achen
Retreat.

Friday evening, Oct. 28th / 65

All day long my fingers
have been busy over "gussit and bond," and
my thoughts have been equally active, roaming
away from these dingy cottage walls, through
the fast falling snow, over the distant hills
to the western land where dwell one who
claims their notice. Now they step slyly
into the little denotum and peep dancily
over the shoulder of the unconscious
writer, their curiosity prompts them to
open all the drawers and ransack the
summers "pigeon holes". They see them
at dinner, round the board where
reigns "Lobelia", by the way - fear that
young herb for me - if you need an
emetic, it's an excellent "yarb".

Your letter of the 28th ult. didn't
get along until today, and you will
never know how glad I was to get it

John

untill you've been a close prisoner
in a country farm house during
a dreary storm without, and a more
hopeless one within, caused by human
elements done up in the form of
several young chambers. Such confusion
have they made that I've been glad,
in a comparatively calm moment, to
forget who and where I was, and let
my thoughts "go wool gathering."

The first snow has fallen today.
Some earth is dressed in half mourning
and looks desolate enough. Poor
thing! I wish she might have either
a suit of clear white or her usual
dark robe. Perhaps old Sol. will be
kind enough to relieve her tomorrow.

Tonight I went to the door facing
the west, made of the damp white
mass a nice round ball, and with
all my force threw it toward the
toward the "land of silver and gold - smiling"
the whole at the conceit which
prompted you to ask me to do so.

I was relieved that it was so
dark I couldn't see it fall, for
now I can imagine it still flying

toward you; - if it ever hits let
me know!

This is my last Saturday at Grout's
Retreat. Next Wednesday I shall "take
up my bed and walk." I shall never
regret the season spent here. I've
had more time to think of the past
and to consider the future, than I
could have found where there was
more to distract my mind. Now my
plans are fully made and will not
be easily shaken. Do you wonder
what they are? Time will discover.

Thanks giving will be the 2^d
of Nov. You know I'm going "down
heart" to celebrate that festive occasion.
Can't tell yet just what day I
shall go to Portland. I'll eat as many
plum-cakes for you as etiquette will allow!

Hattie Robinson is a smart girl, but
she will ask me perplexing questions
about when I'm to be married, and let her
it for granted that the suit of a gay
young scion is favored, notwithstanding
my carefully worded denials.

I do hope she will be married before
well before - "the trees leave out!"

I tell of cousin May you come

coming there, and she is anxious to know when that interesting change takes place in Nevada, and I confess to a little curiosity on the subject.

I ~~can~~ believe as you do, that silent devotion is quite as sincere and effectual as that which is open and public. I try to pray with all my heart, but I believe I have not prayed aloud since my childhood days.

Thank you for considering my question only "frivolous". It was meant in the kindest spirit, as indeed are all my questions, and I am so earnest that I forget that there is such a thing as impudence. If I get to the latter point, "break it gently to me," and don't answer my questions, I shall not be offended. I fear you will have to exercise much patience with ^{me} for I was always prone to a prayerward, wilful spirit, and a disposition to tease my dearest friends. - Hope you don't think ^{that} means you! I was thinking of you and my family friends.

Good night. May the good Father keep you lovely.

End of Chap. 6.

Lovingly
A. Beech.

Chap. 2.

Sunday - 27th

The people here all gone to a funeral - that of a young girl. I declined going because such occasions always bring before me the saddest days of my life. Perhaps it's selfish, but I don't like to dwell on the painful details. Cheerfulness is a blessing not to be trifled with, and I mean to keep what I have as long as I can.

As you are so desirous of something to laugh at I'll send the "Outsings" you ask for. Burn it after you've had all the fun you want, and please don't ever tell any body I indulged in such a freak. The poor thing limps and halts shockingly, but I haven't time or ability to nurse lame feet, - unless some comely youth possessed them.

The wind whistles and moans in a desolate way, and long I've sat by the glowing coals, trying to read in their changing forms, some signs by which I might define what the future holds for me. But it's

all in vain. They hold their secrets well if any they have, and baffled & turn away, merrily. - I do wish I wasn't so impatient of all suspense, but it's nature.

This is the fourth Sunday I've stayed from Church. - Can't remember when such a thing has happened before, but it's really quite an effort to walk four miles in pleasant weather, and not to be thought of when it is otherwise.

To speak truthfully, I shall rejoice with exceeding joy, to get back to my favorite books. Since nature has lost many of her attractions, I find it hard to console myself with books for the utter loss of social pleasures.

Archie has been gone some days and as a consequence I went down to the village for an hour or two, and stayed nearly two days. I dined with Mrs Smith one day, and she talked much of you, turning the conversation in such a way that I thought she must suspect me - "a guilty conscience &c", but wasn't it queer she should remark that,

"all he needs is a good wife; and I would sooner love a man of talent if he did have faults, than an innocent blockhead." She also said some very complimentary things which I don't repeat, until Oh; she told me of one of your youthful flirtations, with a young lady who lived with her. "Buddha will out" you know and I shall eventually hear of all your doings. Confess - how many hearts have you broken? How many times have you jessed the question? How many times have you thought yourself really in love? Guess I'll see how many you overcome those before I propose any more.

If you do wisely not to tell your friend "Mr Justice Lewis" the name of the young lady who admired his oration, because some day he might have chance to judge of her appreciation of literary productions. Lay Harry, who of your western friends know of your interest in me? and who purchased the buckles for you? I imagine Mr or Mrs

Dorham, and I imagine too, that "Lance" knows me, as I know him so well.

I wrote you a long letter about a week ago which I suppose will go by the same steamer as this. I wish I could hear from you every week.

It's provoking when I get a letter to think it's a month old, and so many things may have happened in that time, but I'll "keep cool" - easy enough in this weather.

Your mother seems about as usual. I often meet her on the street, but I heard of her remarking that she did not suppose she should ever see you again. She probably thinks you won't come another spring. I've firm faith that you will - am I right?

Your good letter has put to flight some anxious fears, but yet I hope you will explain that which troubled me, - mentioned at length in my last epistle. I won't doubt your story. I will trust you fully and may be I'll ———, wonder what made that blank come there? - Be a good boy and keep your face clean.

P.S. Don't chew tobacco.

End of Chap. 2.

Good bye - cheer
Will.

"Lactool Musings"

Come to my aid, Oh Thalia true!
Help me to sing a song so new,
That the bonny lads, and lauvie gals,
"Will hush their mouths to hit to the lay.

The theme shall be, "as old as the hills",
Though 'tis much more like the rippling rills—
Pure, and sweet, and healthful to all,
The sick or well, the great or small.

When warm-hearted Sol whispers low, "good night"
To meek-eyed Earth, all rosy with light,
Home from the field comes the sweet-breathed cow,
Waiting with patience the milk maid now.

Not for maiden care I pin,
But for that she brings the pail within
'Tis the sunlight, and fragrance, and dew,
Caught by clover and buttercup too,

And by some magical art we made
Into this pure drink, without the aid
Of human skill, so drink your fill
Nor fear the length of a doctor's bill.

Fill with the foamy milk the cup,
Till it rises high and higher up,
Then lift to the lip, with smile and bow,
And drink the health of "good wooly cow."

Established in the city of Sacramento, in 1852 and
removed to San Francisco in 1862, for the
express purpose of affording an Assylum
to those afflicted with Chronic and
Venereal Diseases, and for the
suppression of Quackery.

Nellie To

Harry

Oct. 28, 1865

TO THE AFFLICTED.

D. B. TOZER, IN RETURNING THANKS TO

An A 1 Bar is attached to the House.

BOARD AND BATHS, PER WEEK.....\$15

A. W. STOWE, Proprietor.

**DR, A. MILLIKEN,
OF BOSTON, MASS.,**

Has taken up his residence at the above Hotel,
where Medical Assistance can be procured when
desired. au9-1m

Nellie to Harry
Oct. 28, 1865

Poor Mac! he has gone at last. Well! it can't be helped; such things will happen in the best regulated families. Certain "dead marines" in our office attest the fact that we managed to partially drown our grief in plentiful potations of champagne. May the sun shine cheerily on the path of this new made husband and wife, and may each be blessed and comforted in happy unison long beyond the accepted period for another Golden wedding.

Did you drink
Champagne?

Tell me truly
"on you love me."



By Steamer.



Major Harry R. Nichols

Carson City

Nevada.







Frosty Retreat.

Saturday evening, Oct. 28th / 65

Dear Harry

All day long my fingers have been busy over "gusset and band," and my thoughts have been equally active, roaming away from these dingy cottage walls, through the fast falling snow, over the distant hills to the western land where dwells one who claims their notice. Now they step slyly into the little sanctum and peep daintily over the shoulder of the unconscious writer, then curiosity prompts them to open all the draws and ransack the numerous "pigeon holes." They see him at dinner, round the board where reigns "Lobelia", by the way -- kiss that young herb for me - if you need an emetic, its an excellent "yarb".

Your letter of the 28th ult. didn't get along until today and you will never know how glad I was to get it

[top of page, sideways; continued from/see page 10]]

[page 2]

until you've been a close prisoner in a country farm house during a dreary storm without, and a more hopeless one within, caused by human elements done up in the form of several young cherubs. Such confusion have they made that I've been glad in a comparatively calm moment, to forget who and where I was, and let my thoughts "go wool gathering."

The first snow has fallen today. Dame earth is dressed in half mourning and looks disconsolate enough. Poor thing! I wish she might have either a suit of clear white or her usual dark robe. Perhaps old Sol will be kind enough to relieve her tomorrow.

Tonight I went to the door facing the west, made of the damp white mass a nice round ball, and with

all my force threw it toward the
toward the "land of silver and gold -- smiling
the while at the conceit which
prompted you to ask me to do so.

I was relieved that it was so
dark I couldn't see it fall, for
now I can imagine it still flying

[page 3]

toward you; -- if it ever hits let
me know.

This is my last Saturday at Frosty
Retreat. Next Wednesday I shall "take
up my bed and walk," I shall never
regret the season spent here. I've
had more time to think of the past
and to consider the future, than I
could have found where there was
more to distract my mind. Now my
plans are fully made and will not
be easily shaken. Do you wonder
what they are? Time will discover.

Thanksgiving will be the 23rd
of Nov. You know I'm going "down
East" to celebrate that festive occasion.

Can't tell yet just what day I
shall go to Portland. I'll eat as many
[illegible] for you as etiquette will allow.

Hattie Robinson is a sweet girl, but
she will ask me perplexing questions
about when I'm to be married, and take
it for granted that the suit of a gay
young editor is favored, notwithstanding
my carefully worded denials.

I do hope she will be married before --
well before -- "the trees leave out"!
I told cousin May you were

[page 4]

coming then, and she is anxious to
know when that interesting change
takes place in Nevada, -- and I
confess to a little curiosity on the
subject.

I believe as you do, that

silent devotion is quite as sincere and effectual as that which is open or public. I try to pray with all my heart, but I believe I have not prayed aloud since my childhood days.

Thank you for considering my question only "frankness." It was meant in the kindest spirit, as indeed are all my questions and I am so earnest that I forget that there is such a thing as impudence. If I get to the latter point, "break it gently to me," and don't answer my questions. I shall not be offended. I fear you will have to exercise much patience with me for I was always prone to a wayward, wilful spirit, and a disposition to tease my dearest friends. -- Hope you don't think that means you? I was thinking of Lue and my family friends.

Good night, may the good Father keep you safely.

Lovingly
Nellie.
End of Chap 1.

[page 5]

Chap. 2.
Sunday. 29th.

The people have all gone to a funeral -- that of a young girl. I declined going because such occasions always bring before me the saddest days of my life. Perhaps its selfish, but I don't like to dwell on the painful details. Cheerfulness is a blessing not to be trifled with, and I mean to keep what I have as long as I can.

As you are so desirous of something to laugh at I'll send the "Musings" you ask for. Burn it after you've had all the fun you want, and please don't even tell any body I indulged in such a freak. The poor thing limps and halts shockingly, but I haven't time or ability to nurse lame feet, -- unless some comely youth possessed them.

The wind whistles and moans
in a desolate way, and long I've
sat by the glowing coals, trying to read
in their changing forms, some signs
by which I might define what the
future holds for me. But its

[page 6]

all in vain. They hold her
secrets well if any they have,
and baffled I turn away, wearily. -- I
do wish I wasn't so impatient of all
suspense, but its "nature."

This is the fourth Sunday I've
stayed from Church, -- can't remember
when such a thing has happened
before, but its really quite an effort
to walk four miles in pleasant
weather, and not to be thought of
when it is otherwise.

To speak truthfully, I shall rejoice
with exceeding joy," to get back to
my [illegible] abode. Since nature
has lost many of her attractions, I find
it hard to console myself with books
for the utter loss of social pleasures.

Ardie has been gone some days
and as a consequence I went down
to the village for an hour or two,
and stayed nearly two days. I dined
with Mrs Smith one day, and she
talked much of you, turning the
conversation in such a way that
I thought she must suspect me --
"A guilty conscience &c," but wasn't
it queer she should remark that

[page 7]

"all he needs is a good wife," and
I would sooner love a man of talent
if he did have faults, than an innocent
blockhead." She also said some very
complimentary things which I shan't
repeat, and Oh! she told me of
one of your youthful flirtations,
with a young lady who lived with
her. "Murder will out" you know and
I shall eventually hear of all your

doings. Confess -- how many hearts
have you broken? How many times
have you popped the question?

How many times have you thought yourself
really in love? Guess I'll see how
well you answer those before I propound
any more.

You do wisely not to tell your friend
"Mr Justice Lewis" the name of the
young lady who admired his oration,
because some day he might have
chance to judge of her appreciation
of literary productions.

Say Harry. Who of your western
friends know of your interest in me?
and who purchased the buckle
for you? I imagine Mr or Mrs

[page 8]

Gorham, and I imagine too, that "Lance"
knows me, as I know him so well.

I wrote you a long letter about a
week ago which I suppose, will go
by the same steamer as this. I wish
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to think its a month old, and so
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I often meet her on the street, but
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some anxious fears, but yet I hope
you will explain that which troubled
me, -- mentioned at length in my last
epistle. I won't doubt you Harry.
I will trust you fully and may be
I'll ----. Wonder what made that
blank come there? -- Be a good
boy and keep your face clean.

Good bye dear
Nell.

P.S. Don't chew tobacco!
End of Chap. 2.

[page 9]

"Lacteal Musings"

Come to my aid, Oh Thalia true!
Help me to sing a song so new,
That the bonny lads and lassies gay,
Will hush thier mirth to list to the lay.

It's theme shall be, "as old as the hills,"
Though 'tis much more like the rippling rills --
Pure, and sweet, and healthful to all,
The sick or well, the great or small.

When warm-hearted Sol whispers low, "good night"
To meek-eyed Earth, all rosy with light,
Home from the field comes the sweet-breathed cow,
Waiting with patience the milk maid now.

Not for maiden care I pine,
But for that she brings the pail within,
'Tis the sunlight, and fragrance, and dew,
Caught by clover and buttercup too,

[page 10]

And by some magical art are made
into this fine drink, without the aid
of human skill, so drink your fill
nor fear the length of a doctors bill.

Fill with the foamy milk the cup,
Till it rises high and higher up,
Then lift to the lips, with smile and bow,
And drink the health of "good mooly cow."

[continued on page 1]:

Monday morn. I've read
over those lines this
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but as they were written
in a frolic you must
excuse their insipidity.
It's fun to be still
once in a while -- don't

you think so.

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mustn't keep him to
waiting any longer.

Adieu
Nellie.

[page 11]

[newspaper clipping:]

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[handwritten in pencil: Nellie to Harry Oct. 28, 1865]

[page 12]

[back of a newspaper clipping:]

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[handwritten in pencil: Nellie to Harry Oct. 28, 1865]

[page 13]

[newspaper clipping, front of the above clipping:]

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champagne. May the sun shine cheerily on the
path of this new made husband and wife, and may
each be blessed and comforted in happy unison long
beyond the accepted period for another Golden
wedding.

[handwritten pencil note beneath:]

Did you drink
Champagne?
Tell me truly
"as you love me."

[page 14]

[square of woven blue, green and brown fabric]

[page 15]

[reverse side of a square of fabric material]

[page 16]

[right side of above square of cream and red paisley type fabric]

[envelope]

By Steamer

[postmark: NORWAY OCT 31]

[stamp removed]

Major Harry R. Mighels
Carson City
Nevada.

[back of envelope]

[blank]