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toward you; - 27 it even that let me know This is my last Laturday at Thost, Returned in the held of I shall "the of my bed and malk " I shall arenes regret the beason about here, line had more time to think of the fast could have found where there ask more to distract my mind, now my flows are pully made and mile mat-Be easily shoken, Do you worder. what they are? Time mill discour of chor. you know 2m going "down Seart to leelebrate that furtime accasion. Con't tell get just what day 2 shall go & Fortland. Lee eat as many flersond for you as etiquette mile allow! Hatter. Altonison is a small girl, But she will ask me perplexing questions about when him to be martied, and take at for growted that the said of a gos your lection is formed, not ithat aling. myt enefree manded deniala. The do hope the mile be married by ne; well before - "the true leave out ! " I told y cousin may you one

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thep. 2. Sunday - 2 Pti. to a funday. The prople have all going to a fundal - that of a young gul. I declined going because such occasions always time byou me the soddert days of my sife. Therefore its selfish, but Is don't like & drucce on the painafal details. Churfalmers is a blining not to be tripled with, and I mean to keep what I have as long an dean. As you are so desirout of some-"Intring" you ask for, Burn it ment, and please don't even tell ong body & indulged in such a peak. The poor thing bings and halte shockingly, but I haven't time on ability to muse lame fact, - unless some comely youth possessed them. in a desolate may, and long die sat by the glowing coals, trying to und in this changing farma, some signe by which I might define what the Jutine holds for me, But its

all in vain, They hold Thur and boffled & term array, meaning .- 2 do nech & maan't so impotent of all suspense, but its natur." This is the Jourth Sunday I've staged from Church, - Court retimember when such a String has happened! before, but its redeter quite on effort to mack four miles in flearent meather, and not to be thought of when it is otherwise, To speak truthfully, I shall rejoice with exceeding joy " & get back to. my Form ite abode, Since noture has lost many of her attractions, I find it hard to console my vely mith books for the atter low of social pleasures. ardie has been gone some dags and as a consequence I ment down to the village for an hour or two, and staged nearly two days. I dived with mis Smith one day, and she talked much of you, turning the conversation in such a may that I thought she must suspect me a guilty conscience &C", but monit it queen the should remork that,

"all be nucle is a good mife;" and I mould sooner love a mon of totent if he did here faulte, then an innocent blockhod " The slad said some very complimintary things which I should repeat, and this she told me of one of your youthful flitations, with a young lody who lime with her, "mulder will out" you know and I shall eventually her y de your doings, confere - how many hearth. have you broken? How many lines have you forfied the question? How many times have you thought yourses really in love? Suese die in how meter you answer Those by one I propound any more. I for do misely not to tell your find "In Justice Lewis" The name of the young ledy who admined his orotion, because some dag he might here chance to findge of her appreciation of literary phoductions. Lag Harry who of your western finds know of your interest in me? and who purchased the buckle for go ? I inogine mi a hird

Sorhow, and I amagine too, that Lance" knows me, on I know him to well. I mote you a long letter about a merk ago which & appose mile go by the same steamer as This. I wish I could beer from you every make. to shink its a month old, and to many things may have happened in that time, but see keep, cool easy enough in this meather, your mother sime about as und 2 gtre mut her on the street, but. I heard of her remarking that she did not suppose the stored ever see you again the probably thinks you won't come another spring. Line firm for the firm . your good letter har put to flight some infrious fears, but get I hope you mile explain that which troubled me, - mentional at length in my last episte. I won't doubt you How. 2 mile trust you fully and may be sile _____, thereder what modethat blank come there ? - Be a good boy and kep your face clean. P. J. pait ever tobacco. Lord by e dien Auce. End of Chep. L.

"Lacted husings" Come to my aid, the Thalia the ! That the bonny lads, and lainer gay Trill hush This, mith to hit to the lay. Though the much more like the uffling sills-The , and erreet , and healtful to oll , The rick or well, The great or sandle. When normhearted dol whispers low, "good night To meck-eyed Earth, are vory with light, Home from the field comes the smeet-breathed cow, maiting with patience the milk maid now. hot for marchen care & fin, But for that she brings the fail within "I's The sunlight, and fragrance, and dew, Caught by clover and butter cup too,

and by some magical art are made Into this free drink, without the aid of human skill, so drink your fill has gear the length of a doctore bill. Fill with the farmy milk the cup, Till it rises high and higher up, Then lift to The life, with smile ord boi and drink & The health of good more cow?



Nell'12 to Harry Det. 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 mede husband and wife, and may each be blessed and comforted in happy unison long beyond the accepted period for another Golden wedding.











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]]

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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

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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

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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.

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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 farms, some signs by which I might define what the future holds for me. But its

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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

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"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

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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 I could hear from you every week.

Its provoking when I get a letter to think its a month old, and so many things many 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 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.

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"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,

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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 morning, and feel really ashamed to send them, 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.

I've got to do my washing, and mustn't keep him to waiting any longer.

Adieu Nellie.

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[newspaper clipping:]

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 Venerial Diseases, and for the suppression of Quackery.

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

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[back of a newspaper clipping:]

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

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

[page 13]

[newspaper clipping, front of the above clipping:]

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. [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]

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