

Portland Me Dec 2nd 1865
Sunday eve. 10. p.m.

Dear Harry -

I haven't one of
your good letters to answer, but
I do want to write to my old boy
so I propose to "go it alone".

Shall I tell you how the week
has passed? - Believe you are informed
of my proceedings up to that time.

Well - the most important item
is that I've been acting as house-
keeper: you must know that grandfathers
housemaid had a husband come home
on furlough, quite unexpectedly to all,
and she took it into her head to go
"down East" with him on a little bit
of a honey moon. Wishing to forward

such a sensible plan, & offered
my services to grandfather,
which were accepted and Monday
they left with glowing colour,

to be sure it kept me in the kitchen
with my sleeves rolled up most of
the time, but I suppose it's a good
thing to "keep my hand in", because
when somebody comes home from
the office tired and hungry, 't would
be sort of jolly to be able to serve
that somebody some delicate dainties
prepared by one's own hand - and
don't be so presuming as to think
that has any reference to you!

Monday evening I was at home,
Byron and Ned and May you called.

Tuesday evening I went to a dance
with — guess whom? Wednesday
night attended a lecture by the Rev.
Mr. Depworth. His political views
were very good, but I didn't like
the way he touched on religious

subjects — it seemed almost profane
coming from a minister.

Thursday eve, there was a cousin
party at my Aunt Bennett's, when we
had quite a nice time playing cards
and eating apples. You wanted to
go? Perhaps I'll let you sometimes.

Friday another dance with the
same person with May G. — as an
addition, — had a night nice time.

Saturday ditto — omitting Mallie.
Have you a bit of curiosity on the
subject? Well I was with Byron!
Isn't it so queer? After all these
years for him to commence learning
to dance, — but — I can read the
middle. Hattie likes it. Ah! what
strange changes love brings about!

You would do as much? — Don't
I know you have done a thousand
times more dear old fellow? And don't
I mean to do all I can that you
may never regret your denotion — 't

will discover that part of the act.

Ray - do you think we are going to form an exception to the old rule and have our love run smooth? or is it obstacle enough that we are parted by such a distance and for such a long time! - Six months looks longer now, than a year did when you went away.

Tomorrow eve we are invited down to Mary Jones to play euchre - you can call about seven to take me there.

Tuesday evening I shall go again with Rayon to the dancing school, and Wednesday noon we start for Wiscasset, and the rest of the week programme is a blank to me, but it will probably pass pleasantly.

Don't you know you are keeping me in the cold & I must go - I do so hope I may have a letter this week! Write as often as once a week, won't you?

And now - one goodnight kiss from

Yours -

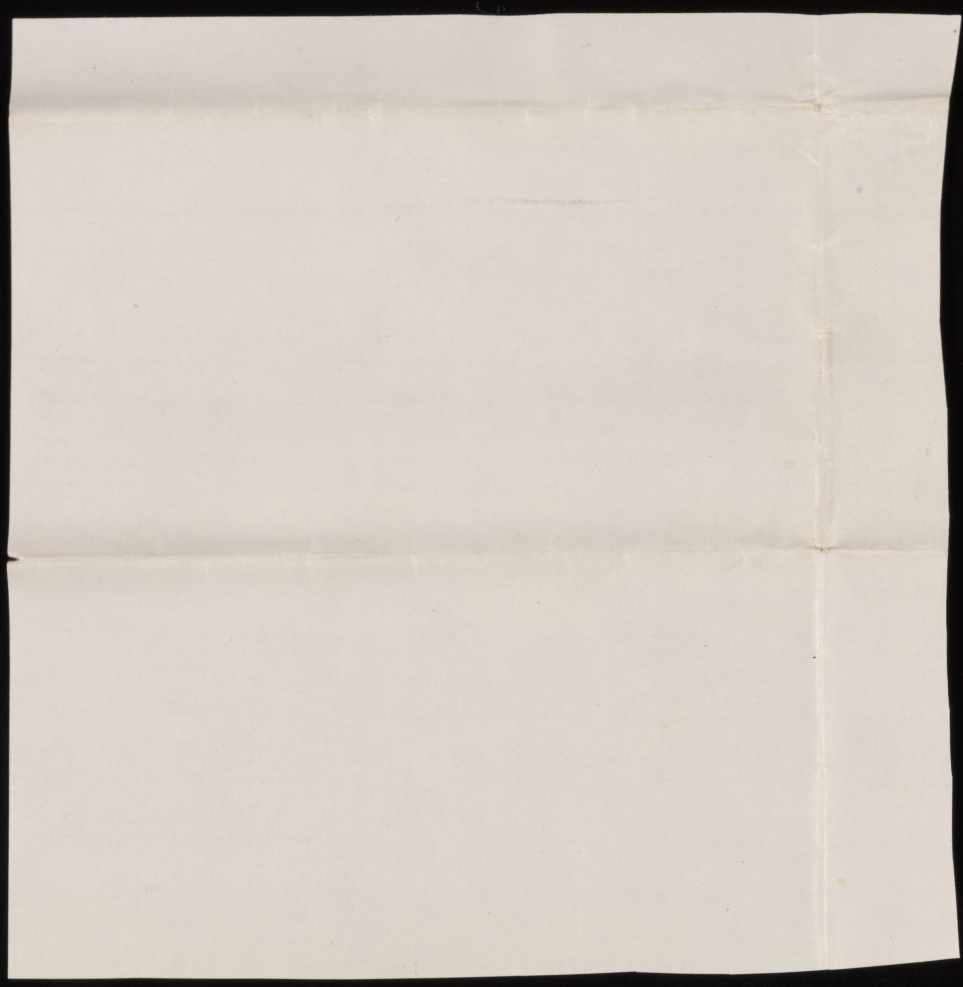
2.

Monday afternoon.

It's raining so I have not had a chance to send this down.

The woman hasn't come today, and I've a mind to feel vexed for I'm tired of housework as substitute, there is some fun in it when one is principal. - I wish you would run in and see me - it's so dark and dreary that I am almost blue, I wish grandmother was such days. Your mother didn't have a letter by the last steamer. I wonder why! Mine came all right.

Ever lovingly - Nellie.





Wednesday morning -

I din in a
 desperate hurry this morning, but I
 must and will stop to thank you
 for your dear letter and the package
 of papers which were brought to me
 Monday night at May Green where
 there was a small party playing
 croquet. I got excited long enough
 to read it, and felt so happy
 the rest of the evening that I
 suppose I was too "beaming" for Byron
 laughingly accused me of flirting
 with one John Davis, - and oh!
 I must tell you of another small
 sized flirtation which has started.

You must know that Byron
 makes me dance with him
 all the time at the school.
 Well, last night Gen Henry

Thomas, after discharging
a battery of glances on all
the previous evenings, requested of
Dr. D. an introduction, which
that young man couldn't possibly
refuse, so I dined with him
once, twice, and had to refuse
a third invitation for his sake.

Gen. Henry Thomas, reminds me
a little in his face and in his
devotedness of my Henry, who
isn't exactly a General, only
he (Gen. T.) isn't nearly so good
looking or elegant in appearance,
and I wouldn't exchange my
Major for sixteen first Lieut.
him! Now you needn't feel
flattered for there are many
civilians who surpass you in
both particulars mentioned.

The telegram has not reached
me. Did you send it? I won't
think the election went the
wrong way after reading your
prophecy.

My I find in the list
of arrivals at the "St. Charles", in
one of your papers, the name of
George Lee which she thinks must
be a cousin of hers, and was
quite delighted to learn his where-
abouts.

I've bought me a new shawl,
it's very bright plaid. Wonder
if you are interested in what
I wear! Some way I seem to
write you about even those trifling
matters.

Am very glad indeed that
you are to have such a good
place to board, only I do hope

Mrs Johnson won't make you so
happy that you ~~want~~ will not
want to come back to me.

Tell me - are there any young
ladies in the family? I really
should be sorry to have my eyes
turn green, and there is danger
of it if you flirt; but how
am I to know if you do? I'll have
to become a spiritualist, or better
still, I'll write to friend Louie
and he will tell me all about
you, so look out young men!

I must go and pack my
trunk.

Good bye - be a good
boy dear, and write soon ~~to~~ and
often to ~~to~~
Mum.

Per Steamer
Dec. 5, 1865



Major Harry R. Nichols

Carson City

Nevada.



Portland Me Dec 3rd 1865
Sunday eve. 10. P.M.

Dear Harry --

I haven't one of
your good letters to answer, but
I do want to write to my old boy
so I propose to "go it alone".

Shall I tell you how the week
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Well -- the most important item
is that I've been acting as house-
keeper! You must know that grandfather's
housemaid had a husband come home
on furlough, quite unexpectedly to all,
and she took it into her head to go
"down East" with him on a little date
of a honey moon. Wishing to forward

[page 2]

such a sensible plan, I offered
my services to grandfather,
which were accepted and Monday
they left with flying colors.

To be sure it keeps me in the kitchen
with my sleeves rolled up most of
the time, but I suppose it's a good
thing to "keep my hand in", because
when somebody comes home from
the Office tired and hungry, 'twould
be sort of jolly to be able to serve
that somebody some delicate dainty
prepared by ones own hand -- now
don't be so presuming as to think
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Monday evening I was at home,
Byron and Ned and May Goss called.

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with ___ guess whom? Wednesday
night attended a Lecture by the Rev.
Mr Hepworth. His political views
were very good, but I didn't like
they way he touched on religious

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Thursday eve. there was a cousin party at my Aunt Bennetts, where we had quite a nice time playing cards and eating apples. You wanted to go? Perhaps I'll let you sometime.

Friday another dance with the same person with May G__ as an addition. -- had a right nice time.

Saturday ditto -- omiting Mollie. Have you a bit of curiosity on the subject? Well 'twas with Byron! Isn't it so queer? After all these years for him to commence learning to dance, -- but I can read the riddle. Hattie likes it. Oh! what strange changes love brings about!

You would do as much? -- Don't I know you have done a thousand times more dear old fellow? And don't I mean to do all I can that you may never regret your devotion -- time

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Say -- do you think we are going to form an exception to the old rule and have our love run smooth? Or is it obstacle enough that we are parted by such a distance and for such a long time? -- Six months looks longer now, than a year did when you went away.

Tomorrow eve we are invited down to Mary Gosses to play euchre -- you can call about seven to take me there.

Tuesday evening I shall go again with Byron to the dancing school, and Wednesday noon we start for Wiscasset, and the rest of the weeks programme is a blank to me, but it will probably pass pleasantly.

Don't you know you are keeping me

in the cold? -- I must go -- I do so
hope I may have a letter this week, won't you?
And now -- one goodnight kiss from

Nellie --

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[page 8]

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[page 9]

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and he will tell me all about
you, so look out young man!

I must go and pack my
trunk.

Good bye -- be a good
boy dear, and write soon and
often too.

Nell --

[envelope]

Per Steamer

[postmark: PORTLA[ND] ME DEC 5 '65]

[stamp removed]

Major Harry R. Mighels
Carson City
Nevada

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