

I did not suppose you would
tell Jane what I said
about him, but if it pleased
him I don't know as I care.

This paper which I enclose
will explain itself. I received
it only a few days ago.

I hope I may put here
but do letters from
you instead of the
b-l you promise,
but you must keep
your promise and
write as often as
once a week.

Sunday Dec 24th 1866

M. L. V.

Shall I tell you how
very very glad I was made by the receipt
of your splendid long letter of the 19th ult.
after worrying so much at your long silence!
But I'll forgive you as you seem to have
good reasons. I'm delighted at your decision
to write every week for I can't have too
many of your precious letters. You have
doubtless received ere this one of my epistles
in which I declared a similar resolution -
guess wasn't it that we should both make
up our minds on that point so nearly
together? - must be mutual affinity!

I am overjoyed at your success and do not know how to express my congratulations properly. That you have gained such good noble friends is proof of your worth and as such is almost invaluable to me, not that I doubt it for a moment, but because I am so silly as to want those who have been unjustly prejudiced against you to ~~see~~ see their error. Your reputation is much dearer to me now than my own, and the honors you gain please me more than if they were bestowed upon any other living person. I long, yet dread, to meet those kind friends you have told me about. - Day have you no fears that they may think you have chosen unwisely? I wish I did have beauty or talent, but there is only my plain self to give you and a heart brimful of love and trust, and a will to do my utmost to make your life happy and your home pleasant.

I wish we might meet once in a while before - before you come for me!

I always thought the very happiest days of a woman's life must be during her engagement, but one will have to be during the "honey moon" won't they? - because you will be so naughty as to stay away off then. - I wonder if its unmaidenly to speak so frankly of these things! The fact is Harry I don't know how to act, - the position is so novel, having never before been under the influence of "le grand passion". Frankness is one of my weaknesses, so dear, you will forgive my seeming forwardness won't you?

You will see that I am "home again"; or to the only place I can call by that sweet name. We came last Monday. All the friends seemed glad to see me and most surely I was glad to get back.

Line spent the week in a very lazy manner - going almost every day and evening to the office with Line. Last evening we called at Augustai

Found her in bed (as we expected to),
and "Aunt Lydia", the nurse, brought
out for our inspection a tiny baby boy
with his little purple fists knocking
at some invisible hobgoblin, and his
rosy face peering in the blankets:

A smart baby it's called, has dark
blue eyes and looks very like Johnny
the stepson. I think it's not named yet -
is only a few days old. "Lissy" is very
comfortable. What do you think of all that?

The flakes of snow are falling fast -
that fact added to the one that my head
aches very badly, gives the reason for my
staying at home from Church, and nothing
loaths war & to have two such good reasons
for spending my time with you, but if you
were here in the body I would not talk
so much. I would have you hold my head
and charm away this ugly pain.

These cold days and the white creeping
snow bring back the days of last winter
very fresh. When I walk home with

Line from the Office, listening to the voice
 of King Herod in the "regions below";
 looking at the bright stars above, I
 can hardly persuade myself that so many
 long months have passed since I walked
 through the same deserted streets, listening
 to a voice which told the sweetest tale
 one ever heard in this life; thinking all
 the while 'twas too good to be true, not
 daring to trust myself or you, longing to
 be happy yet fearful till time should prove
 us both. It has done that and I am
 happy, very happy today, without one thought
 of dread or doubt about the future of our
 lives.

Harry Line told me and Byron that
 I am the same as engaged. Of course not
quite until you accept your New Year gift;
 but I have not much fear that you
 will "respectfully decline".

To others who joke me on the subject

I say "wait till you see a ring
on my first finger, that will be
a sure sign." The ring you gave me
I have never taken off, but the black
bands on it forbid my putting it on
the finger, 't would seem to me an evil
omen. Oh! I want so much to tell you
a secret, but Lue won't let me.

I hope you will receive the little pin
of my hair which I sent in my last
week's letter, and that it may please your
Jancy.

Lue has purchased a very handsome
suit with the present you sent her,
but we shall not have dresses alike
for I decided to keep mine until next
spring when I shall need it more.

Harry I thank you very much indeed
for your thoughtfulness of the little girls
and your generous gift to them. You
are almost too good to me and mine
and I fear I shall never be able to
repay you for all your kindness.

There was nothing here which I
wished to buy for them so I concluded
to tell them what you sent them
and the next time I go to P-
buy something useful and nice.

Does this "seem good" in your sight?

Add and the one here spending
Christmas. They send kind regards.
Gloria is not in good health. She had
the diphtheria some time ago and it has
left her very puny. Add thinks
he would like my buckell for his cabinet,
says it is the richest quartz he ever saw.

I've been finishing "Our Mutual
Friend" and pronounce it first rate, don't you?
Do you remember of calling me "Pleasant
Bidenhead," and of my retaliating by calling
you fickle "Eugene Mayburn". Well I think
my choice of a "nick-name" wasn't so bad.
for I couldn't but like him a little all
the time and after he repaid I was
quite in love with him, but you must
let me be "Lizzie" instead of "Pleasant".

My dear boy, your explanation in your
letter of the 24th ult. was perfectly satisfactory.
I had ceased to worry about it for I
knew you would explain it all right,
and indeed have felt very sorry I ever
asked you for an explanation, you must
forgive me Harry for I wrote upon
the impulse of the moment without
stopping to reason on the matter, and
without thinking how very heartless I
was to doubt you. Whatever I may read
or hear in the future, I will never
allow myself to imagine for one moment
that you have done wrong in any way, unless
you bid me believe it.

The little paper with "Henry R. Kingbolt"
Editor, has arrived. I'm afraid I let a
big lot of pride get into my head
when I saw it, - not pride for myself
but for some one who almost belongs
to me. I am glad to congratulate you
with my whole heart, and my prayers
shall be for your success and happiness.

Any time when you feel so disparaged you can tell your (or "our") mother of our "intentions toward one another". I fear she will not be pleased with your choice, although she seems to like me. I don't know why but I never feel that I get very near her heart, she is wrapped in such a ladylike reserve, so different from my impulsive open-heartedness that I don't know how to get around or over the barrier. Lue says she is more familiar with me than with most people.

I know she is good and true, but I am glad her son is more demonstrative, — is that naughty?

Do you still smoke cigar?
I thought it doubtful if ^{you} left that habit so quickly, but I won't scold you if you don't smoke all the time.

You don't know how glad I am that you have stopped chewing!

Well it's getting dark and I believe
I'll leave the rest of this sheet
to tell you how passes the Christmas
day and if I have any presents.

Monday evening 25th

This has been a
perfect day. The sunshine couldn't have
been more cheerful, or the air more
delicious, or the roads in better condition for
sleighing. Every body was out with wives,
smothers, or friends. After taking all
the number of her family out, your mother
included, Luc came for me and we took
a short ride in the afternoon.

Ned, my young brother, came in the morning
and we were all invited to take tea at the
Smiths, which we did and afterward passed
a very pleasant evening in family conversation.
At 7 o'clock came home with the Luc and
the little girls, walking slowly through
the moonlight, talking quietly as we
wandered where we two should be where

the sweet Christ day shall come again.
Thus has passed my Christmas - outwardly.
When my thoughts have been roaming, you
may imagine by comparison with your own,
for really I hope I don't think of you often
then you do of me.

Oh! about my presents - Well I had - let me
see first in order, a nice handkerchief with
a butterfly in the corner from Byron, & pretty
silk scarf from Mary Anne. \$6.00 from the
other boys, and from Luc a yoke for a
nightdress all stamped with an elaborate
pattern to be embroidered. She says her object
is to keep me out of idleness, and 'twill
surely have the desired effect if 'tis ever
finished. I've made up my mind to
have it done by the time you come, so
I can show you how nimble my fingers
are. There is such a heap of work to
be done between now and spring!

This very day I have got the cloth
on a dozen shirts for Byron. There is
no work I dislike so much as making

shirts, but I can afford to be aly sacrificing
for so good a better as he is.

Well my boy, I hope you have
passed the day merrily and that you
will pass many more happy days and
years in this godly land. Do you
know - you did not wish me a "Merry
Christmas" in your last? - no apology is
needed - I am sure it slipped your mind
'twas so long before the time.

The girls, Emma and Hattie, were
perfectly delighted with your gift
and feel richer than they ever did
before. They wished me to return their
thanks and love - you see you've "won
their hearts right merrily."

I tried to have them write a note to you
but they felt too bashful.

I must close. Good night and may
God bless and keep you -

Ever lovingly

Stellie

Per Steamer.



Major Harry R. Nichols

Carson City
Nevada



Norway Maine
Sunday Dec 24th 1865

Dear Harry --

Shall I tell you how
very very glad I was made by the receipt
of your splendid long letter of the 19th ult.
after worrying so much at your long silence!
But I'll forgive you as you seem to have
good reasons. I'm delighted at your decision
to write every week for for I can't have too
many of your precious letters. You have
doubtless received ere this one of my epistles
in which I declared a similar resolution --
queer wasn't it, that we should both make
up our minds on that point so nearly
together? -- Must be mutual affinity!

[written at top of page turned sideways; continued from/see page 12]]

[page 2]

I am overjoyed at your success and
do not know how to express my congratulations
properly. That you have gained such
good noble friends is proof of your worth
and as such is almost invaluable to me,
not that I doubt it for a moment, but
because I am so silly as to want those
who have been unjustly prejudiced against
you to see their error. Your reputation is much
dearer to me now than my own, and the
honors you gain please me more than if
they were bestowed upon any other living
person. I long, yet dread, to meet those
kind friends you have told me about. -- Say
have you no fears that they may think
you have chosen unwisely? I wish I did
have beauty or talent, but there is only my
plain self to give you and a heart brimful
of love and trust, and a will to do my
utmost to make your life happy and
your home pleasant.

I wish we might meet once in a
while before -- before you come for me!

[page 3]

I always thought the very happiest
days of a womans life must be during
her engagement, but ours will have to be

during the "honey moon" won't they? -- because you will be so naughty as to stay away off there. -- I wonder if it's unmaidenly to speak so frankly of these things!

The fact is Harry I don't know how to act, -- the position is so novel, having never before been under the influence of "le grande passion". Frankness is one of my weaknesses, so dear, you will forgive my seeming forwardness won't you?

You will see that I am "home again", or to the only place I can call by that sweet name. We came last Monday. All the friends seemed glad to see me and most surely I was glad to get back.

I've spent the week in a very lazy manner -- going almost every day and evening to the Office with Lue.

Last evening we called at Augusta's

[page 4]

Found her in bed (as we expected to) and "Aunt Lydia", the nurse, brought out for our inspection a tiny baby boy with his little purple fists knocking at some invisible hobgoblins, and his rosy face nestling in the blankets. A smart baby it's called, has dark blue eyes and looks very like Johnny the stepson, I think it's not named yet -- is only a few days old. "Gussy" is very comfortable. What do you think of all that?

The flakes of snow are falling fast -- that fact added to the one that my head aches very badly, gives the reason for my staying at home from Church, and nothing loath was I to have two such good reasons for spending my time with you, but if you were here in the body I would not talk so much, I would have you hold my head and charm away this ugly, pain.

These cold days and the white creaking snow brings back the days of last winter very freshly. When I walk home with

[page 5]

5.

Lue from the Office, listening to the voice of King Croseus in the "regions below", looking at the bright stars above, I can hardly persuade myself that so many long months have passed since I walked through the same deserted streets, listening to a voice which told the sweetest tale one ever heard in this life; thinking all the while 'twas too good to be true, not daring to trust myself or you, longing to be happy yet fearful 'till time should prove us both. It has done that and I am happy, very happy today, without one thought of dread or doubt about the future of our lives.

Harry I've told Lue and Byron that I am the same as engaged. Of course not quite until you accept your New Years gift, but I have not much fear that you will "respectfully decline".

To others who joke me on the subject

[page 6]

I say "wait till you see a ring on my first finger, that will be a sure sign." The ring you gave me I have never taken off, but the black bands on it forbid my putting it on the finger, 'twould seem to me an evil omen. -- Oh! I want so much to tell you a secret but Lue won't let me.

I hope you will receive the little pin of my hair which I sent in my last weeks letter, and that it may please your fancy.

Lue has purchased a very handsome suit with the present you sent her, but we shall not have dresses alike for I decided to keep mine until next spring when I shall need it more.

Harry I thank you very much indeed for your thoughtfulness of the little girls and your generous gift to them. You are almost too good to me and mine and I fear I shall never be able to

repay you for all your kindness.

[page 7]

There was nothing here which I wished to buy for them so I concluded to tell them what you sent them and the next time I go to P__ buy something useful and nice. Does this "seem good in your sight"?

Add and Flo are here spending Christmas. They send kind regards. Flora is not in good health. She had the diphtheria some time ago and it has left her very unwell. Add thinks he would like my buckle for his cabinet, says it is the richest quartz he ever saw.

I've been finishing "Our mutual Friend" and pronounce it first rate, don't you?

Do you remember of calling me "Pleasant Riderhood," And of my retaliating by calling you fickle "Eugene Wrayburn". Well I think my choice of a "nickname" wasn't so bad, for I couldn't but like him a little all the time and after he reformed I was quite in love with him, but you must let me be "Lizzie" instead of "Pleasant".

[page 8]

My dear boy, your explanation in your letter of the 27th ult. was perfectly satisfactory. I had ceased to worry about it for I knew you would explain it all right, and indeed have felt very sorry I ever asked you for an explanation. You must forgive me Harry for I wrote upon the impulse of the moment without stopping to reason on the matter, and without thinking how very heartless I was to doubt you. Whatever I may read or hear in the future, I will never allow myself to imagine for one moment that you have done wrong in any way, unless you bid me believe it.

The little paper with "Henry R Mighels" Editor, has arrived. I'm afraid I let a big lot of pride get into my head when I saw it. -- not pride for myself but for some one who almost belongs

to me. I am glad to congratulate you with my whole heart, and my prayers shall be for your success and happiness.

[page 9]

9.

Any time when you feel so disposed you can tell your (or "our") mother of our "intentions toward one another". I fear she will not be pleased with your choice, although she seems to like me. I don't know why but I never feel that I get very near her heart, she is wrapped in such a lady like reserve, so different from my impulsive open-heartedness that I don't know how to get around or over the barrier. Lue says she is more familiar with me than with most people.

I know she is good and true,
but I am glad her son is more demonstrative, -- is that naughty?

So you still smoke cigars?
I thought it doubtful if you left that habit as quickly, but I won't scold any if you don't smoke all the time.
You don't know how glad I am that you have stopped chewing!

[page 10]

Well it's getting dark and I believe I'll leave the rest of this sheet to tell you how passes the Christmas day and if I have any presents.

Monday evening 25th

This has been a perfect day. The sunshine couldn't have been more cheerful or the air more delicious, or the roads in better condition for sleighing. Every body was out with wives, sweethearts, or friends. After taking all the members of her family out, your mother included, Lue came for me and we took a short ride in the afternoon.

Add, my young brother, came in the morning and we were all invited to take tea at the Smiths, which we did and afterward passed

a very pleasant evening in family conversation.
At 9 O'clock came home with Lue and
the little girls, walking slowly through
the moonlight, talking quietly as we
wondered where we two should be when

[page 11]

the sweet Christ day shall come again.

Thus has passed my Christmas. -- outwardly.
Where my thoughts have been roaming, you
may imagine by comparison with your own,
for really I hope I don't think of you oftener
than you do of me.

Oh! -- about my presents. -- Well I had -- let me
see first in order, a nice handkerchief with
a butterfly in the corner from Byron, a pretty
silk scarf from Mary Gosse. \$26.00 from the
other boys, and from Lue a yoke for a
nightdress all stamped with an elaborate
pattern to be embroidered. She says her object
is to keep me out of idleness, and 'twill
surely have the desired effect if 'tis ever
finished. I've made up my mind to
have it done by the time you come, so
I can show you how nimble my fingers
are. There is such a heap of work to
be done between now and spring!

This very day I have got the cloth
for a dozen shirts for Byron. There is
no work I dislike so much as making

[page 12]

shirts, but I can afford to be self sacrificing
for so good a brother as he is.

Well my boy, I hope you have
passed the day merrily and that you
will pass many more happy days and
years in this goodly land. Do you
know -- you did not wish me a "Merry
Christmas in your last? -- no apology is
needed -- I am sure it slipped your mind
'twas so long before the time.

The girls, Emma and Hattie, were
perfectly delighted with your gift
and feel richer than they ever did
before. They wished me to return thier
thanks and love -- you see you've "won

thier hearts right merrily".
I tried to have them write a note to you
but they felt too bashful.

I must close. Good night and may
God bless and keep you.

Ever lovingly

Nellie --

[continued on page 1]:

I did not suppose you would
tell "Lance" what I said
about him, but if it pleased
him I don't know as I can.

This paper which I enclose
will explain itself. I received
it only a few days ago.

I hope I may not have
but 26 letters from
you instead of the
6-2 you promise,
but you must keep
your promise and
write as often as
once a week.

N. L. V.

[envelope]

Per Steamer.

[postmark: NORWAY [DE]C 27]

[stamp removed]

Major Harry R. Mighels
Carson City
Nevada

[back of envelope]

[blank]