at the mansion. Sunday morning for 28th 1866 Ald, but some may mother nome came, cop, 20 Med mint mail a letter, even of the is getting infation to at my regligence - orhich is solely owing to my volumenous conspondence with a certain Editor out West. It is only a few days since I mote a letter of section foger & that some individ. and and consequently 2 mean to make this as short and devoid of smeet as possible. Gutiley I had a long talk with both mighels" ( & quote from Lung on the subjict of

her "young hopeful" and his intended began life with only love in a moniege. The said she had written Cottage and did ony forther and mother, and I ake ask no happin wedded loge objections to feeling on just what she said them they enjoyed to the coul of their line. don't your choice? for I confire to being "may Same cende thanks for you at heart , a if the is dispased to make picture and cogs . Remember me with the best of what is menitable. heaps of love, or just as much as your The spoke of the importance of the step; conscience mill allow? you can take as of the leability of mistaker by all; of your much er you like my de pet, & shout impulsiveness; of her source st- you not earling care may will bend her ficture orher the I settle never fime, and of her satisfaction has time to have it taken. at the prospect of your horing a formely due and I on talking of houring ours. when you may be in a condition to suffart together for you. Joe Newhall made due a one .- Which emphasic let me to Stink prosent of a dress - plain green. She month she would not approve of our being manuel me to have one like it, but I haven't very com. I hadn't the comoge to tell have decided yet. We now home three alike. your orishes on that pant, but I oneon to There is the dinner bell. do so some day, and also what I think .-Later - it is as cold and That if you were where I could be go wich bad walking I believe I shall once in a while I should be glad to mailanother year, but as I connort, a know a instead run over and sit with Lucy se should be happine with you, eners of twee sufficing with a hardache today.

Augusta was down with the Boly Gesterday, - the first time the has the youngster is growing fat and goin. Eliza has gone and the Cottage Decome almost. deserted. & mean to write I her and tell her of the horize & mtend to confer whom her family. for I promised her long ago. That she should know when I not engaged. I couldn't find the course to say so before she ment. San't it furning I am a Bachford's I really can't help it. my heart jumps so, and my face gets so ded at the least allusion & the activet by those who fel at liberty to speak of it, that I con't think of making it a common topic. I overder if you black ong sout it! Thanks for the music. It is very pretty but a little mon operatie the with my voice, which is git only for simple Tollade. Wich this note contained more sense but it cout be helped - a nightait do ong better of 2 tried again, Hype I shall have a letter from for this mak. The time seems long between this avinals. God kup you dear child. Ever lovingly Adlen.



At the Mansion Sunday morning Jan 28th 1866

My Dear Harry --

I took this pen and paper fully intending to write to my brother Ned, but some way another name came up, so Ned must wait a little, even if he is getting impatient at my negligence -- which is solely owing to my voluminous correspondence with a certain Editor out West.

It is only a few days since I wrote a letter of sixteen pages to that same individual and consequently I mean to make this as short and devoid of sweet as possible.

Yesterday I had a long talk with "Mother Mighels" (I quote from Lue) on the subject of

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his "young hopeful" and his intended marriage. She said she had written her congratulations to you. Have you any objections to telling me just what she said about your choice? for I confess to being unable to decide whether she is pleased at heart, or if she is disposed to make the best of what is inevitable.

She spoke of the importance of the step; of the liability of mistakes by all; of your impulsiveness; of her sorrow at you not wishing to settle nearer home; and of her satisfaction at the prospect of your having a family when you may be in a condition to support one. -- Which emphasis led me to think she would not approve of our being married very soon. I hadn't the courage to tell her your wishes on that point, but I mean to do so some day, and also what I think. --That if you were where I could see you once in a while I should be glad to wait another year, but as I cannot, I know I should be happier with you, even if we

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began life with only "love in a Cottage" as did my father and mother, and I ask no happier wedded life than they enjoyed to the end of their lives.

May Gosse sends thanks for your picture and says. "Remember me to him with heaps of love, or just as much as your conscience will allow." You can take as much as you like my old pet, I shan't care. May will send her picture when she has time to have it taken.

Lue and I are talking of having ours together for you. Joe Newhall made Lue a present of a dress -- plain green. She wants me to have one like it, but I haven't decided yet. We now have three alike.

There is the dinner bell.

Later -- it is so cold and such bad walking I believe I shall not go to Church this afternoon, but instead run over and sit with Lue who is suffering with a headache today.

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Augusta was down with the baby yesterday, the first time she has been out. They are both nicely and the youngster is growing fat and fair.

Eliza has gone and the Cottage seems almost deserted. I mean to write to her and tell her of the honor I intend to confer upon her family, for I promised her long ago. that she should know when I was engaged. I couldn't find the courage to say so before she went.

Isn't it funny I am so bashful? I really can't help it, my heart jumps so, and my face gets so red at the least allusion to the subject by those who feel at liberty to speak of it, that I can't think of making it a common topic.

I wonder if you blush any about it!

Thanks for the music. It is very pretty but a little more operatic than suits my voice, which is fit only for simple ballads. Wish this note contained more sense but it can't be helped -- I mightn't do any better if I tried again. Hope I shall have a letter from you this week. The time seems long between thier arrivals. God keep you dear child.

Ever lovingly

Nellie

[envelope]

By Steamer

[postmark [NOR]WAY JAN 29]

[stamp removed]

Major Harry R. Mighels Carson City Nevada