

The Mansion.

Sunday p.m. April 1<sup>st</sup> 1866

Dear old boy -

I had a mind to send this along with just the date written for an "April fool", but concluded you were too far, and yet too near to make it a paying joke. - and then, what woman likes to keep her tongue, or pen, still when there is a petulant listener. Not I, at any rate.

It seems an age since I had one of your letters, and it is only a week.

Some weeks do stretch out wonderfully!

Shall I tell you how this one has been spent?

Monday morning I received a very nice card - gold tinted &c. of invitation to the golden wedding reception of Mr & Mrs Peter Kimball on that evening. After much deliberation I concluded to accept, and about eight o'clock marched over to the cottage and rode up with Mrs Miller and "mother night". We found the room well filled with friends and neighbors. The happy couple were seated in the parlor "in state". After wishing them good evening and presenting my congratulations, I found my way to the table on which were spread the presents. They were very numerous and elegant, and were all presented by the sons and daughters and their families. There were even children and one orphaned but one - the youngest son, who honored me with his escort to the refreshment table. Every thing that was nice in the

estable line was served and the wedding cake tasted as nice as if it had been made for a younger bride. After supper there was singing and talking, and I started for home about eleven under the wing of a tall young man - one of the grandsons - Horro Gage by name. Every body voted it the best time Horro has witnessed in long years.

Tuesday evening Horro and Ed Kimball called at the office to see Luc and I. We had a pleasant call, but were prevented thereby from attending a Lecture as we had intended.

Wednesday eve. we - Luc and I. went to the Sewing Circle at Mrs Leptons. The time passed much as usual at such gatherings.

Friday evening over the second of a course of four lectures delivered here by a Prof. Mason of Cornell on

Natural History. He was a student  
with Add and consequently an acquaintance  
of mine. Len and I were favored  
with complimentary tickets. His  
audience was small but he gave us  
an interesting and instructive half-hour  
talk. He is somewhat eccentric and  
very quick with the pencil to illustrate  
his meaning. He used to know your  
father and called to see you mother  
on that even.

Thursday and Saturday evenings were  
passed quietly at home, so you know  
all I've done - Ah! I came near  
forgetting about the eclipse - Did you see  
it? your mother and I got up and  
watched it. The night was beautifully  
clear and we found ourselves much  
interested in contemplating Luna in  
the shadow. She must have come  
out of it all right for she is shining  
brightly at this moment.

It is now half past nine with me, —  
 you are probably just at dinner. I  
 wonder if the letter to me has been  
 written, or if you propose to give me  
 the evening. I will be a long month  
 before I can know.

I've been answering Elija's kind  
 letter, which I sent to you, and I  
 fear it was a poor affair — I don't  
 know how to write good letters — in fact  
 I believe I don't know any thing!

I wish you were here this moment to  
 tell me you can love in spite of it —  
 for there are moods in which I doubt  
 almost every thing — then it seems like  
 an absurd dream, — the thought that  
 you want me for your wife and that  
 I have promised to be, — of course it's  
 true — but if you would only put  
 your arms round me and tell me so,  
 I should be so much better satisfied:  
 Lily child am I not?

Every body is more or less weak - I  
suspect I'm more.

What shall I tell you about?  
The weather? It has been a delightful  
day up above, but so shocking for  
white shirts and shiny boots!

I rode up to Church with Ma &  
Mrs. Pava, and listened to a fine  
sermon appropriate to Easter Sunday.

Wednesday evening the Circle  
meets at the parsonage, and the  
good people propose to surprise the  
worthy pastor with a donation.

Money has been collected for the purpose -  
don't know what they will buy.

Hulda Demison returned from her  
western tour last week. She is looking  
plump and healthy. Haven't seen her  
to talk with her.

It is getting late and I'm  
cold - good night dear.

Wednesday evening -

You dear child  
I didn't mean to neglect you so long, but  
my time has been so much occupied that  
I have not found a chance to take my  
pen. I can now thank you for your  
note of much thanks. It's contents caused  
a slight flutter under my vest.

I shall be glad to see your friend  
Abraham, and if you, and the friends,  
think best, shall no doubt return  
with him. If you like him and  
consider him a suitable escort, I can  
have no hesitation in putting myself under  
his protection. But Henry, I do hope  
you haven't given him any instructions  
to furnish me with money, for I shall  
have all I shall need to expend for  
the wedding "fixings" and the journey.

You know one has to have just  
about as many "things" when preparing  
for the final "trip" and it won't

require many extras because there is a long journey to start on.

I appreciate your kindness in this matter but do hope you haven't carried it into execution.

I hope Mr. Shroder will come to see us directly after his arrival so I shall have time to make the necessary preparations if the proposed arrangement should be carried out.

Although it would be much pleasant to take the journey with you, I can't help help hoping the present plan may <sup>seem</sup> feasible to all interested - I'm so restless under suspense.

I'm glad Byron wrote to you and that you have been frank with him. He's one of the truest hearted of men and we couldn't have a better ~~counselor~~ counsellor. I know his heart thoroughly.

I have thought some of going to  
 visit Auld and M'Graw, directly after  
 Byron is married, but that plan  
 must remain in embryo until  
 our arrangements are fully settled.

The day is not set for B's  
 exaltation to the "seventh heaven", but  
 June is probably the month. He  
 won't be able to attend the ceremony  
 etc rather too bad, but "dicta  
 in life".

This morning I took a ride  
 with Prof. Morse and Clarence Smith.

We went down to Mr Holmes  
 for the purpose of seeing them "sugar  
 off". The family are very pleasant  
 and Mr Morse is delightful, so I  
 passed a few hours most happily.

Your mother told Bruce that we  
 were engaged, and he is married  
 so we can see very few footings.

We talked considerably about you.

He thinks I am rather eccentric and admires my frankness - declares I am the best looking one in the family (we were never noted for beauty!) and look five years younger than I did three years ago. - Aren't you glad of that? I am for you sake. I wish I could grow pretty every day for six months, then you wouldn't have a very handsome wife! - Be a maid - see try and be good.

Henry Millett came Monday. He is much more civil to me than I ever saw him before, I wonder what makes him!

Gen Veigin told me to tell you something but it looks as like paining myself that I can't make up my mind to say it.

That man teases me awfully

sometimes - he knows how to do it.

Well, my boy, I mustn't stop to write more tonight.

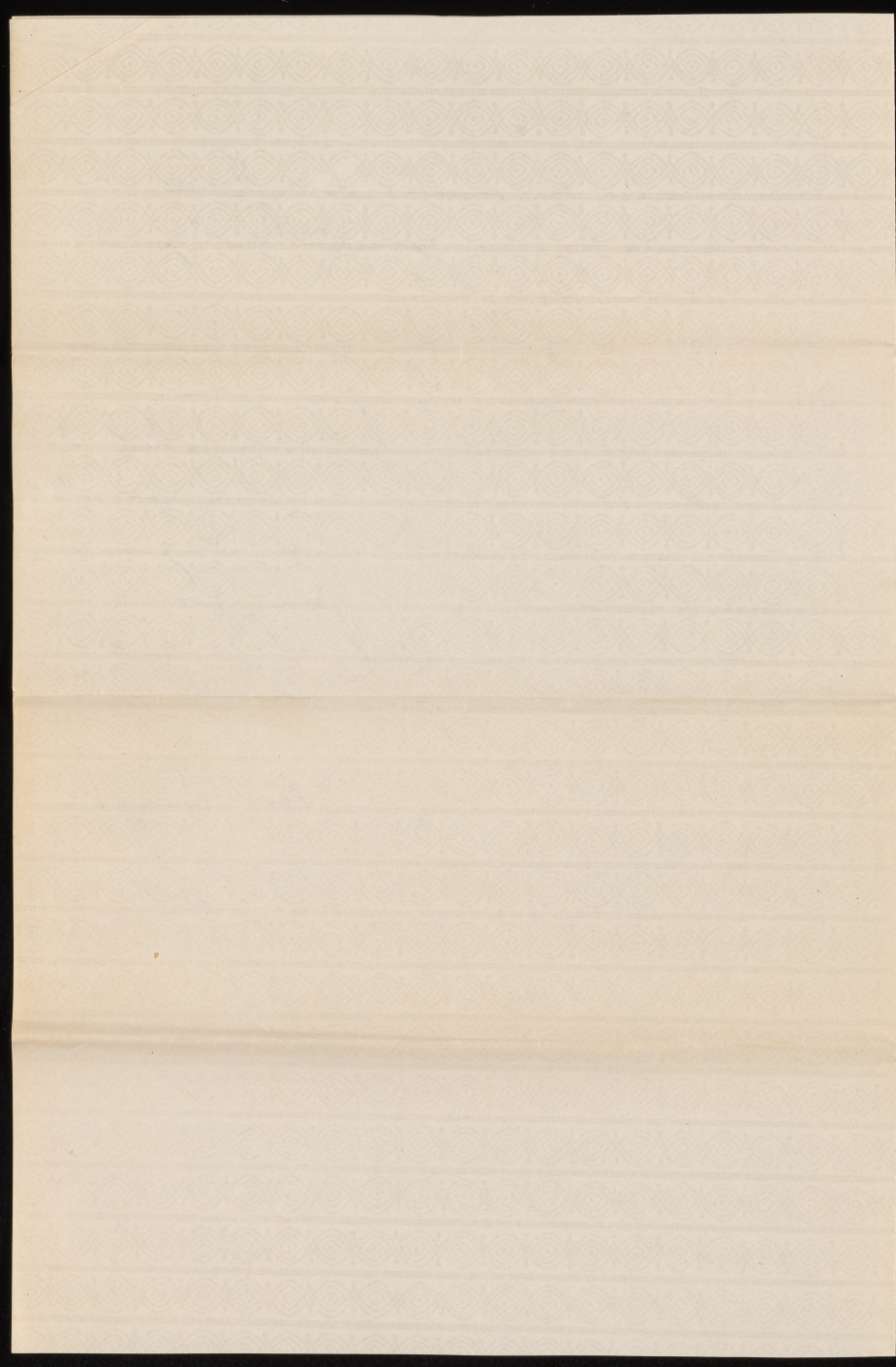
Be a good boy and love me just as much as you can. I may as well warn you now that I shall be very exacting on that point, so make up your mind to give always every bit of your good big heart. - I'm glad it is so big.

God Bless you dear Henry.

Ever lovingly

Mellie





The Mansion  
Sunday P.M. April 1st 1866

Dear old boy --

I had a mind to send this along with just the date written for an "April Fool", but concluded you were too far, and yet too near to make it a paying joke. -- and then, what woman likes to keep her tongue, or pen, still when there is a patient listener. Not I -- at any rate.

It seems an age since I had one of your letters, and it is only a week. Some weeks do stretch out wonderfully!

Shall I tell you how this one has been spent?

[page 2]

Monday morning I received a very nice card -- gold tinted &c. of invitation to the golden wedding reception of Mr and Mrs Peter Kimball on that evening. After much deliberation I concluded to accept, and about eight o'clock marched over to the Cottage and rode up with Mrs Millett and "Mother Mighels". We found the rooms well filled with friends and neighbors. The happy couple were seated in the parlor "in state". After wishing them good evening and presenting my congratulations, I found my way to the table on which were spread the presents. They were very numerous and elegant, and were all presented by the sons and daughters and their families. There are nine children and all married but one -- the youngest son, who honored me with his escort to the refreshment table. Every thing that was nice in the

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eatable line was served and the wedding cake tasted as nice as if it had been made for a younger bride. After supper there was singing and talking, and I started

for home about eleven under the wing of a tall young man -- one of the grandsons -- Hanno Gage by name.

Every body voted it the best time Norway has witnessed, for long years.

Tuesday evening Hanno and Ed Kimball called at the Office to see Lue and I. We had a pleasant call, but were prevented thereby from attending a Lecture as we had intended.

Wednesday eve. we -- Lue and I -- went to the Sewing Circle at Mrs Uptons. The time passed much as usual at such gatherings.

Friday evening was the second of a course of four Lectures delivered here by a Prof. Morse of Portland on

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Natural History. He was a student with Add and consequently an acquaintance of mine. Lue and I were favored with complimentary tickets. His audience was small but he gave us an interesting and instructive half-hour talk. He is somewhat eccentric and very quick with the pencil to illustrate his meaning. He used to know your father and called to see your mother on that score.

Thursday and Saturday evenings were passed quietly at home, so you know all I've done -- Oh! I came near forgetting about the eclipse -- Did you see it? Your mother and I sat up and watched it. The night was beautifully clear and we found ourselves much interested in contemplating Luna in the shadow. She must have come out of it all right for she is shining brightly at this moment.

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5

It is now half past nine with me, -- you are probably just at dinner. I

wonder if the letter to me has been written, or if you propose to give me the evening! 'Twill be a long month before I can know.

I've been answering Eliza's kind letter, which I sent to you, and I fear it was a poor affair -- I don't know how to write good letters -- in fact I believe I don't know anything!

I wish you were here this moment to tell me you can love in spite of it -- for there are moods in which I doubt almost every thing -- then it seems like an absurd dream -- the thought that you want me for your wife and that I have promised to be. -- Of course it's true -- but if you would only put your arms around me and tell me so! I should be so much better satisfied.

Silly child am I not?

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Every body is more or less weak -- I suspect I'm more.

What shall I tell you about? The weather? It has been a delightful day up above, but so shocking for white skirts and shiny boots!

I rode up to Church with Mr & Mrs Favor, and listened to a fine sermon appropriate to Easter Sunday.

Wednesday evening the Circle meets at the parsonage, and the good people propose to surprise the worthy Pastor with a donation.

Money has been collected for the purpose -- don't know what they will buy.

Hulda Denison returned from her western tour last week. She is looking plump and healthy. Harriet saw her to talk with her.

It is getting late and I'm cold -- Good night dear.

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Wednesday evening

You dear child

I didn't mean to neglect you so long, but my time has been so much occupied that I have not found a chance to take my pen. I can now thank you for your note of March 4th. Its contents causes a slight flutteration under my vest.

I shall be glad to see your friend Rhoades, and if you, and the freinds, think best, shall no doubt return with him. If you like him and consider him a suitable escort, I can have no hesitation in putting myself under his protection. But Harry, I do hope you haven't given him any instructions to furnish me with money, for I shall have all I shall need to expend for the wedding "fixings" and the journey.

You know one has to have just about so many "things" when preparing for the final "leap" and it won't

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require many extras because there is a long journey to start on.

I appreciate your kindness in this matter but do hope you haven't carried it into execution.

I hope Mr Rhoades will come to see us directly after his arrival so I shall have time to make the necessary preparations if the proposed arrangement should be carried out.

Although it would be much pleasanter to take the journey with you, I can't help half hoping the present plan may seem feasable to all interested -- I'm so restless under suspense.

I'm glad Byron wrote to you and that you have been frank with him. He's one of the truest hearted of men and we couldn't have a

better counsellor. I know  
his heart thoroughly.

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9.

I have thought some of going to  
visit Add and Flora, directly after  
Byron is married, but that plan  
must remain in embryo until  
our arrangements are fully settled.

The day is not set for B\_\_'s  
exaltation to the "seventh heaven", but  
June is probably the month. Flo  
won't be able to attend the ceremony.  
It's rather too bad, but "such  
is life".

This morning I took a ride  
with Prof. Morse and Clarence Smith.  
We went down to Mr Holmes'  
for the purpose of seeing them "sugar  
off." The family are very pleasant  
and Mr Morse is delightful, so I  
passed a few hours most happily.

Your mother told Morse that we  
were engaged, and he is married  
so we were on very fine footing.

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We talked considerably about you.

He thinks I am rather eccentric  
and admires my frankness -- declares  
I am the best looking one in the  
family (we were never noted for beauty!)  
and look five years younger than  
I did three years ago. -- Aren't  
you glad of that? I am for your  
sake. I wish I could grow  
pretty every day for six months,  
then you wouldn't have a very  
handsome wife! -- Never mind -- I'll  
try and be good.

Henry Millett came Monday.  
He is vastly more civil to me than  
I ever saw him before, I wonder  
what makes him!

Gen Virgin told me to tell  
you something but it looks so  
like praising myself that I can't  
make up my mind to say it.

That man teases me awfully

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sometimes, -- he knows how to do it.

Well, my Boy, I mustn't stop to  
write more tonight.

Be a good boy and love me  
just as much as you can. I  
may as well warn you now that I  
shall be very exacting on that point,  
so make up your mind to give  
always every bit of your good  
big heart. -- I'm glad it is so big.

God Bless you dear Harry.

Ever lovingly

Nellie --

[page 12]

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[envelope]

By Steamer

[postmark NORWAY ME]

[stamp removed]

Maj Harry R. Mighels  
Carson City  
Nevada

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