

Canon Sept 10th / 1865

Dear Nellie:

The Telegraph of
yesterday informs me that the mail
steamer "Colorado" is in
and my inclination is to
wait until your letter
comes (as I feel sure it
will, by tomorrow night) before
writing to you. But this
is Sunday, and therefore a
leisure day, so I had
better improve it, for I
don't like being bothered
with business when I
write to you.

Our summer weather
is all gone; and Jack
Ivot claims the nights
and cold blustering winds

the days. This early and
sudden coming of fall re-
-minds me of Maine; and
so I sigh for the happiness
which lurks in the dear
old village which you and
I love so well. As the
cold weather is creeping
upon you, I suppose you
are preparing to come
down from your lofty
summer retreat to take
winter quarters in the vil-
-lage. Pray think of me
when the snow falls and
throws a snow-bank as
far out towards this
far western world as you
can make it come. I shall
remember one thing when
our snow comes too. I
shall be reminded that
when my hat blows

off, I can possibly pick
it up without being
laughed at and that I
can go quietly and digni-
-fiedly home without
being pelted with frozen
lumps, as I have been
by somebody. Perhaps too,
I shall think of certain
pleasant sleigh-rides that
somebody and I had last
winter - and which I wish
we might repeat without
waiting and hoping so long
and so very far apart.
But you remember my
telling you that my phre-
-nological formation
developed our immense
bump of hope. It is there
yet - and helps to cheer
me in my labors and
laurels. Yet does time

move slowly, and I get
a good deal impatient at
times.

I went last night to
hear Miss Angela Starr
King in her "readings" from the
poets. She is a sister of
Thomas Starr King, the for-
-mer minister preacher and lecturer,
who died about a year
ago, in San Francisco. Miss
K. is a very charming reader
has a very pleasing and highly
musical voice and displays
rare powers of Elocution
and dramatic talent. I
sat along side of a very
interesting young lady, at
whose mother's house I
passed a very pleasant
evening last week in company
with others, comprising a
"surprise party" - which ~~is~~

entertainments ~~are~~ are
all the go, now-a-days,
Of course you know what
a surprise party is, so
I won't attempt ~~describe~~
=ing them. They occur at
some one of the ladies'
houses about once a
week, and, as the Con=
=ventional term has it, "are
delightful reunions." Dan=
=cing is the order of the
evening; and you know
how I enjoy that sort
of amusement. But
your presence is needed
to make these parties
entirely pleasant. Kind
Heaven willing, it shall
not be many months
before you shall fill the
vacancy. I must meet

you again next year.

In Mother's last letter she tells me "Nellie received one (letter) on Saturday, and a piece of music a few days previous. I was very glad to hear of you through your communication." So she knows of our correspondence - or at any rate, of mine. Well, if it is not superfluous - and to you I have no objection to her knowing the fact. If her good taste is not materially demoralized, she must be very glad of it.

If I was better acquainted with Adair, I would send him a box of specimens from the silver mines. If you will please

break the matter gently to him, and will let me know if ~~it~~ it would be agreeable, I will send them along. He is a scientific man and feels interested in such things. I have a good mind to waive all formalities and send them anyway.

Monday Morning Sept 11

I left off at "Anytown" to be in time to feel an engagement to dine with my good friend Governor Johnson and his wife and children. J. is a former Governor of California and an old whig friend of mine.

The mail has come and brought me a letter from Mother but not a line from you. I am wretchedly disappointed.

And note the fact "more in
sorrow than in anger": I am
at a loss to account for this
omission. Pray let me ascribe
it to an accident and not to
intention or illness. I would
frequently to scold you, for I
am sure you have some good
Excuse. And whatever that
Excuse may be, I trust it
may not have its foundation in
any sickness or mishap which
has befallen you. But I
must wait another fortnight
before I can expect another
letter from you - and a further
disappointment ~~will~~ at that
time will be too cruel.

Mother acknowledges the
receipt of our Appeal con-
= taining my "poem" - and tells
me that "Nellie says it is
very good - this will please you."
And she has judged rightly,

if you have not.

I send you a statement of fact regarding the "Big Trees" of which you have heard so much. As the Quaker said "too much familiar breeds despise" and I have lived within ^{wonderful} distance of those great ~~scenic~~ ~~sights~~ so long that the Engemans of my curiosity has never yet urged me to pay them a visit. But when you come to California we will go and see them together.

"More Copy" bawl the printers and I must close. Let me entreat you not to neglect me again Nellie unless you are willing that I should feel very miserable and utterly dejected.

Believe my regards to

Byron and his sweetheart,
to add and Jo and his
Emma and Kattie in my
name.

Love to Sue and
Gussy, who I hope are
both well.

Remember me in your
prayers and never let
a mail leave New York
again without sending me
a letter.

Most respectfully
but ever affectionately,

Yours as ever

Henry R. Duighe.

P. S. Mother tells me that Mary Anne
has been paying you a visit. I
would convey my "distinguished
considerations" to ^{that} your Cousin
of yours.

Adios

SEP
12

By Steamer

Sept 10-1865

Miss Nellie Verrill

Norway Village

Maine.

Carson Sept 10th 1865

Dear Nellie:

The telegraph apprizes me that the mail steamer "Colorado" is in and my inclination is to wait until your letter comes (as I feel sure it will, by tomorrow night) before writing to you. But this is Sunday, and therefore a leisure day, so I had better improve it, for I don't like being bothered with business when I write to you.

Our summer weather is all gone; and Jack Frost claims the nights and cold blustering winds

[page 2]

the days. This early and sudden coming of fall reminds me of Maine; and so I sigh for the happiness which lurks in the dear old village which you and I love so well. As the cold weather is creeping upon you, I suppose you are preparing to come down from your lofty summer retreat to take winter quarters in the village. Pray think of me when the snow falls and theres a snow-ball as far out towards this far western world as you can make it come. I shall remember one thing when our snow comes too. I shall be reminded that when my hat blows

[page 3]

off, I can possibly pick it up without being

laughed at and that I
can go quietly and dig-
nifiedly home without
being pelted with frozen
lumps, as I have been
by somebody. Perhaps too,
I shall think of certain
pleasant sleigh-rides that
somebody and I had last
winter -- and which I wish
we might repeat without
waiting and hoping so long
and so very far apart.
But you remember my
telling you that my phre-
nological formation
developed our immense
bump of hope. It is there
yet -- and helps to cheer
me in my labors and
loneliness. Yet does time

[page 4]

move slowly, and I get
a good deal impatient at
times.

I went last night to
hear Miss Angela Starr
King in her "readings" from the
poets. She is a sister of
Thomas Starr King, the fa-
mous preacher and lecturer,
who died about a year
ago, in San Francisco. Miss
K. is a very charming reader
has a very pleasing and highly
musical voice and displays
rare powers of Elocution
and dramatic talent. I
sat along side of a very
interesting young lady, at
whose mother's house I
passed a very pleasant
evening last week in company
with others, comprising a
"surprise party" -- which

[page 5]

entertainments are
all the go, now-a-days,
Of course you know what

a surprise party is, so
I won't attempt describ-
ing them. They occur at
some one of the ladies'
houses about once a
week, and, as the con-
ventional term has it, "are
delightful reunions". Dan-
cing is the order of the
evening; and you know
how I enjoy that sort
of amusement. But
your presence is needed
to make these parties
entirely pleasant. Kind
Heaven willing, it shall
not be many months
before you shall fill the
vacancy. I must meet

[page 6]

you again, next year.

In mother's last letter
she tells me "Nellie received
one (letter) on Saturday, and
a piece of music a few
days previous. I was
very glad to hear of you
through your communi-
cation." So she knows
of our correspondence -- or
at any rate, of mine.

Well, if it is not unpleas-
ant to you I have
no objection to her knowing
the fact. If her good taste
is not materially demoralized,
she must be very glad
of it.

If I was better ac-
quainted with Addison,
I would send him a box
of specimens from the silver
mines. If you will please

[page 7]

break the matter gently to
him, And will let me
know if it would

be agreeable, I will send them along. He is a scientific man and feels interested in such things. I have a good mind to waive all formalities and send them anyhow.

Monday morning Sept 11
I left off at "anyhow" to be in time to fill an engagement to dine with my good friends Governor Johnson and his wife and children. J. is a former Governor of California and an old whig friend of mine.

The mail has come and brought me a letter from mother but not a line from you. I am wretchedly disappointed

[page 8]

And note the fact "more in sorrow than in anger." I am at a loss to account for this omission. Pray let me ascribe it to an accident and not to intention or illness. I won't presume to scold you, for I am sure you have some good Excuse. And whatever that Excuse may be, I trust it may not have its foundation in any sickness or mishap which has befallen you. But I must wait another fortnight before I can expect another letter from you -- and a further disappointment at that time will be too cruel.

Mother acknowledges the receipt of an Appeal containing my "pome" -- and tells me that "Nellie says it is very good -- this will please you." And she has judged rightly,

[page 9]

if you have not.

I send you a statement
of fact regarding its "Big
Trees" of which you have
heard so much. As the
darkey said "Too much
familiar breeds despair" now
I have lived within visiting
distance of those great wonders
so long that the
eagerness of my curiosity
has never yet seized me
to pay them a visit. But
when you come to California
we will go and see them
together.

"More Copy" bawl the printers
and I must close. Let me entreat
you not to neglect me again Nellie
unless you are willing that I should
feel very miserable and utterly de-
feated.

Deliver my regards to

[page 10]

Byron and his sweetheart,
to Add and Flo and Kiss
Emma and Hattie in my
name.

Love to Lue and
Gussy, who I hope are
both well.

Remember me in your
prayers and never let
a mail leave New York
again without sending me
a letter.

Half reproachfully
but ever affectionately,

Yours as ever

Henry R. Mighels

P.S. Mother tells me that May Gosse
has been paying you a visit. I
would convey my "distinguished
considerations" to that good cousin

of yours.

Adios

[envelope]

[postmark:] CARSON CITY SEP 12

By Steamer

Miss Nellie Verrill
Norway Village
Maine.