

Carum Nov 5th 1865

Dear Mellie:

I have been laboring under a mistake in regard to the sailing days of the Mail Steamers. Instead of taking their departure on the 3^d and 18th as during the Summer months, they now go on the 10th, 20th and last day of each month;— hence my last written letter which I expected to ~~to~~ have lent immortal honors to the Steamship Company by embarking for Panama on my birth day will have to take its chances with this and other common

place letters. I was
also mistaken about
the manner of conveyance
of your last two letters—
they came by steamer
and not overland, as
I first thought they did.

Well, I ~~staid~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~
remained in my office until
a quarter past 12^o clock
on Friday morning by way
of watching my old 34th
year go out and to catch
my new 35th year come
in. I confess to my shame
that I failed to be inspired
with the solemnity of the
occasion—and I was
imprudent enough to go
to bed and sleep as
soundly as if my age
was only half of thirty
five instead of being

half of twenty! Don't
shudder at contempla-
-tion of this awful truth.
Remember that twice
twenty one is forty two—
and consider the joys
and pleasures of a certain
fair fat and forty two
year old lady with
an old chap of fifty
six for her loving
"Joe John"!

I find a very touching
piece of poetry in an exchange,
entitled "The Lumberman of
Maine" which I clip out
and send you. Can't you
find some music which
will suit it and make
it one of your songs? There
are noble lines:-
"With a look of modest and manly pride
that made them look tall"—

It reminds me of the
warming embowered in those
lines of Oliver Wendell
Holmes' "Song of the Loyal
North":—

"God help them if the tempest swings
The pine against the palm!"

I feel a thrill that makes
me "tall" when I think
of the heroism of the men
of Maine and remember
that you and I were
born within the sound of the
waters of the Androscoggin.
And well, I am proud
that I have partly gained
the right to love you by
~~doing~~ learning a soldier's
scars in defense of that
old flag which we all love
so well. This Republic would.

have surmounted its shocks
 quite as successfully, if I
 had remained Superintendant
 listless in California; but
 no actum of my life gives
 me so much satisfaction
 as the step which I took
 toward leaving my Country.
 I regret having left the Service
 before the final blow was
 struck, but as you kindly
 tell me, it was best for
 my habits that I did.

I am thankful to be
 able and to be furnished
 with the means of still
 serving, to the best of
 my ability, the same Cause
 with my pen. I can
 say to you what it would
 be egotism and immode-
 racy for

me to say to another,
"I have done the State some
service, and they know it."
The Appeal is the first
"square up" min paper
ever published in Carson
and its conduct has pleased
the Miners and vexed
the Copperheads - and
I am largely delighted
with both results. Our
election takes place on
the day after tomorrow -
Tuesday the 7th of November
- and if we have a Min
victory I mean to telegraph
the result right straight
to you, if the wires are
working. And as you will
get that telegram before
you get this letter, mark
my Prophecy - we will
carry every County but one

in this State and elect
our Congressman by
a handsome majority.

I had a Present
made to me on my
birth day. What do you
suppose it was? Nothing
more nor less than a
plate full of "Cookies"
from my little friends
Bessie and Willie Johnson.
By the way, I am going
to change my boarding
house tomorrow - leaving
the widow Beigham to
her needs and accepting
an invitation from George
Johnson and his good wife
to make my home with
them. Isn't that kind
and pleasant? I believe
I told you once that
Mr Johnson was once

Governor of California. His
wife is one of the most
accomplished and estimable
ladies that I ever knew
and I shall be most
agreeably situated as one
of her family.

I am waiting for an
answer to my proposition
to send a box of specimens
to A. D. Levi that Scientific
gentleman and his good
wife my kindest regards -
likewise remember me to
Byron and his beautiful
lady love, not forgetting Wash,
Mary Ann and the rest of the
family. Promise Mattie and
Emma a Christmas present from
me. It shall be forth coming.

Miss Sue and Gussie for me
left up a brief prayer from your
pillow for me, and accept unbounded
love from your affectionately,
Henry R. Nichols.



Nov 5 1865



By Steam

For 6-

Miss Felli Verrill

Care B. D. Verrill ~~Norway Village~~
But 165. Port-Capd.
Maine.

Carson Nov 5th 1865

Dear Nellie:

I have been laboring under a mistake in regard to the sailing days of the mail steamers. Instead of taking their departure on the 3d and 18th as during the summer months, they now go on the 10th, 20th and last days of each month; — hence my last written letter which I expected to have lent immortal honors to the Steamship Company by embarking for Panama on my birthday will have to take its chances with this and other common

[page 2]

place letters. I was also mistaken about the manner of conveyance of your last two letters — they came by steamer and not overland, as I first thought they did.

Well, I remained in my office until a quarter apast 12 o'clock on Friday morning by way of watching my old 34th year go out and to catch my new 35th year come in. I confess to my shame that I failed to be impressed with the solemnity of the occasion — and I was unpoetical enough to go to bed and sleep as soundly as if my age was only half of thirty five instead of being

[page 3]

half of seventy! Don't
shudder at contempla-
tion of this awful truth.
Remember that twice
twenty one is forty two—
and consider the joys
and pleasures of a certain
fair fat and forty two
year old lady with
an old chap of fifty
six for her loving
"Joe John"!

I find a very touching
piece of poetry in an Exchange,
entitled "The Lumberman of
"Maine" which I clip out
and send you. Can't you
find some music which
will suit it and make
it one of your songs? There
are noble lines:
"With a look of modest and manly pride
That made them look tall" —

[page 4]

It reminds me of the
warning contained in those
lines of Oliver Wendell
Holmes' "Song of the Loyal
North": --

"God help them if the tempest swings
The pine against the palm!"

I feel a thrill that makes
me "tall" when I think
of the heroism of the men
of Maine and remember
that you and I were
born within the sound of the
waters of the Androscoggin.
And Nellie, I am proud
that I have partly gained
the right to love you by
earning a soldiers'
scars in defense of that
old flag which we all love

so well. This Republic would

[page 5]

have survived its shocks quite as successfully if I had remained supine and listless in California; but no action of my life gives me so much satisfaction as the ship which I took toward serving my country. I regret having left the service before the final blow was struck, but as you kindly tell me, it was best for my habits that I did.

I am thankful to be able and to be furnished with the means of still serving, to the best of my ability, the same cause with my pen. I can say to you what it would be egotism and immodesty for

[page 6]

me to say to another, "I have done the state some service, and they know it." The Appeal is the first "square up" minor paper ever published in Carson and its conduct has pleased the Unionists and vexed the Copperheads -- and I am hugely delighted with both results. Our elections takes place on the day after tomorrow -- -- and if we have a minor victory I swear to telegraph the result right straight to you, if the wires are working. And as you will get that telegram before you get this letter, mark my prophesy -- we will carry every county but one

[page 7]

in this state and elect
our Congressman by
a handsome majority.

I had a present
made to me on my
birth day. What do you
suppose it was? Nothing
more nor less than a
plate full of "Cookies"
from my little friends
Bessie and Willie Johnson.
By the way, I am going
to change my boarding
house tomorrow -- leaving
the widow Bingham to
her weeds and accepting
an invitation from Governor
Johnson and his good wife
to make my home with
them. Isn't that kind
and pleasant? I believe
I told you once that
Mr Johnson was once

[page 8]

Governor of California. His
wife is one of the most
accomplished and estimable
ladies that I ever knew
and I shall be most
agreeably situated as one
of her family.

I am waiting for an
answer to my proposition
to send a box of specimens
to add. Give that scientific
gentleman and his good
wife my kindest regards --
likewise remember me to
Byron and his beautiful
lady-love, not forgetting Wash,
Mary Gosse and the rest of the
family. Promise Hattie and
Emma a Christmas present from
me. It shall be forthcoming.

Kiss Lue and Gussie for me
lift up a brief prayer from your
pillow for me, and accept unbounded
love from yours affectionately

Henry R. Mighels.

[envelope]

[postmark: NORWAY DEC 4]

[postmark: CARSON NEV N 6]

[stamp removed]

Ford Due 6-

Miss Nellie Verrill
Care B. D. Verrill
Box 165.
Portland
Maine.