Carem nov 26th /65 Dear Wellie: I leuve least a autin to so to the belegraph Office and allay your apprehensions by Rending you the brief but sympicane menage - "nor a desp- and more well." To should you be appresed, in the quickest possible time that I had not fallen to far from the porchin of leigh and worthy resolve as from which I homestly buil fairedly told my love to her whose life and hope and brappiners I would full with mine, as to

debase my manhood and to Juve myself are surberde and a lear by lasting so much as a deep of accepting these might intoxicate. and Jet, auxious as I am to releve Jan brund from any suspecies of minauly presolution an my part, I cannot express to you darling hear deeply your lamest Dolutude in any behalf has factioned And upon my thoughts. I am Juned to Know that you feel that it is your right to question me especally in view of the shory care wheel those two paragraphs from the appeal make out against me. and now for an

explanation: The Editional "eve", sometimes gets the newspaper unster suto Sad fredicaments. It is capable of a vandy of constructions. In some sushances is means only the Editor lunself, as for sustance, we ghose leave the hupord for a day or levo And during our absence, John Jones Eg will fel our place: Then again, it way furthy apply to the Jublishers, as " We are prepared to execute orders for purty &": Or, Il may mean tot Edd Editor and Junters both as who should fay " we shall loke a holiday homorow, hence There will be no usur of the Coppeal! In the sustance of "Poor mae!"

and the plentiful Justations of Champagne", which Ro alarmed my food angel, it means to speak for the office as large, and Ceally Conveys a profferend fet , for is so quite opin to the Construction which Jun Jamful apprehensions pare to is. I attended the wedding, harred wine to the pollipping guests, and as the request of the happy Endegroom, Grought two Office for the Junters - and They are the "we" who drank it and whose July was drowned. And,

41

les I tell Jon my belegram, if I sent are, brould Luy, of that champages I neither " not a drop " herd a of thos dangerous ventage an of any other beverage while the would make me a dranken perjuser, well I, so long as had Jivis me strength, ever taite again. Shall I Jes my food friend Governor Blandel who is the Chief Executive of this Habe, and who is a bestoballer to attest the truth of what I say, and affing thereto the guar Seal of nevada. He would do that for one, I have no doubt - but I believe you will take any

solem word and Trust in my truth. Mistered my shought to withstand Temptation Mellie, if you must, but believe me sucapable of telling you a lie. And pray from the depths of Jun pure and formy heart that He will not lead me ruto lemptation and that He will deliver me from

of spirits are often

privated to me; and

I often preff them with

an Editor's license - and

it is a suster of mere

professional country - a

front of the business of an

Soldin to do so - of this

lost is the notice from

to old meders whiskey, dark and pale therry to! But I know you will be satisfied with my plea of not fenety; so I would pressure this Subject any further. How = 2 goer, I am glad of the apportunity I am have five me to get suppelf right. I mean to ful up a boy of specimens for add in time for the next steamer after the one wheel will Convey this fetter to you. I fues I will fend them to lum direct.

Ju may Kis Archie July, Jun new Companin, for me.

June luy, Kind letter of bet 17th and 230 came accompanied by one from months and another

from Luc. dell L. I were answer hers by this mail, if purible. The amount of Course Lydias death ded not fempure me sunch. The was a food, purple foul and is now happy in the appeal, in two thirds of is, will have sinks my hands lomonoro, but not in time for me to send you a copy and my name horsted as ets Edetor. But you shall have it regularly after I beenne ets frinifal owner. my bed regards to Byron, add and work, love to may None and Hattie Robinson, Kis the little ones (my Listers) for me, accept my approval of Jun dies, of while you have Sent me a pattern, never misz trust your loving boy again, Pray for one every day, love me with all your dear heare and may had bless your more affectionably than ever thine Hung R. mighels.

THE LUMBERMEN OF MAINE.

There were shouts in the crowded street,
And martial music strain,
And banner waved and loud drum beat

As the men of the city came out to meet The Lumbermen of Maine.

A thousand strong and more
From the woods and streams came they,
From where the Kennebec fountains rear,
And the swift Penobsoot twists the oar,
And the Passamaquoddy bay.

Strong knights of the ax and pole, Kings of the raft and saw, In brawny limb and dauntless soul, By the breath of the mountain air made whole And the use of Nature's law.

They marched with a steady tread
Toward the front of death and pain,
Where the splintered stumps of the trees
were red

And the rivers waited to raft the dead Of the Lumbermen of Maine.

And a thousand more forsook

The ax and the setting pole,
And the forest camp by the swollen brook,
And in squads the vacant places took,
To keep the torn ranks whole.

Dusty and hot, and worn,
The regiment came to-day,
With a battle-flag all soiled and torn,
And a dozen footless heroes borne
Behind an a rumbling dray.

Behind on a rumbling dray.

Through the city's double tide

Through the city's double tide
Slowly they marched again,
With a look of modest and manly pride,
That made them tall as they marched beside
The throng of common men.

But a hundred strong and three,
They came from the battle-plain;
The others will never fell the tree,
Or sing or dance when the raft floats free,
With the Lumbermen of Maine.

By Steamer NOV 26 Mis Mellie Verniel morning billage manie.

Carson Nov 26th /65

Dear Nellie:

I have half a notion to go to the telegraph office and allay your apprehensions by sending you the brief but significant message -- "Not a drop -- and never will!" So should you be appraised, in the quickest possible time that I had not fallen so far from the position of high and worthy resolve from which I honestly and soundly told my love to her whose life and hope and happiness I would link with mine, as to

[page 2]

debase my manhood and to prove myself an imbecile and a liar by tasting so much as a drop of anything that might intoxicate. And yet, anxious as I am to releive your mind from any suspicion of unmanly irresolution on my part, I cannot express to you daily how deeply your earnest solicitude in my behalf has fastened itself upon my thoughts. I am proud to know that you feel that it is your right to question me -especially in view of the strong case which those two paragraphs from the Appeal make out against me. And now for an

[page 3]

explanation: The Editorial "we," sometimes gets

the newspaper writer into sad predicaments. It is capable of a variety of constructions. In some instances it means only the editor himself, as for instance, "we shall leave the tripod for a day or two and during our absence, John Jones Esq will fill our place." Then again, it may simply apply to the publishers, as "we are prepared to execute orders for printing &c." Or, it may mean Editor and printers both -as who should say "we shall take a holiday tomorrow, hence there will be no issue of the Appeal." In the instance of "Poor Mal!"

[page 4]

and the "plentiful potations of champagne", which so alarmed my good angel, it meant to speak for the office at large, and really conveys a proffessional fib, for it is quite open to the construction which your painful apprehensions gave to it. I attended the wedding, passed wine to the jollifying guests, and at the request of the happy bridegroom, brought two bottles of champagne to the office for the printers -- and they are the "we" who drank it and whose grief was drowned. And,

[page 5]

4)

As I tell you my telegram, if I sent one, would say, of that champagne I drank "not a drop" and neither of that dangerous vintage nor of any other beverage

which would make
me a drunken perjurer,
will I, so long as God
gives me strength, ever
taste again. Shall I
get my good friend
Governor Blasdel who is
the Chief Executive of this
State, and who is a teetotaller
to attest the truth of what
I say, and affix thereto
the Great Seal of Nevada?
He would do that for me,
I have no doubt -- but I
believe you will take my

[page 6]

solemn word and trust in my truth. Mistrust my strength to withstand temptation Nellie, if you must, but believe me incapable of telling you a lie. And pray from the depths of your pure and loving heart that He will not lead me into temptation and that He will deliver me from Evil.

Bottles of wine and of spirits are often presented to me; and I often puff them with an Editor's license -- and it is a matter of mere professional courtesy -- a part of the business of an Editor to do so -- of this sort is the notice given

[page 7]

to old Meder's "Whiskey, dark and pale sherry &c".

But I know you will be satisfied with my pleas of "not guilty," so I won't pursue this subject any further. However, I am glad of the opportunity you have given me to set myself right.

I mean to put up a box of specimens for Add in time for the next steamer after the one which will convey this letter to you. I guess I will send them to him direct.

You may kiss Archie Furlong, your new companion, for me.

Your long, kind letter of Oct 17th and 23d came accompanied by one from mother and another

[page 8]

from Lue. Tell L. I will answer hers by this mail, if possible. The announcement of cousin Lydia's death did not surprise me much. She was a good, simple soul and is now happy in heaven.

The Appeal, or two thirds of it, will pass into my hands tomorrow, but not in time for me to send you a copy with my name hoisted as its Editor. But you shall have it regularly after I become its principal owner.

My best regards to Byron,
Add and Wash, love to May
Goss and Hattie Robinson, Kiss
the little ones (my sisters) for
me, accept my approval of
your dress, of which you have
sent me a pattern, never mistrust your roving boy again, Pray
for me every day, love me with all
your dear heart and may God bless
you. More affectionately than ever, thine

Henry R. Mighels.

[enclosure]

THE LUMBERMEN OF MAINE.

There were shouts in the crowded street, And martial music strain, And banner waved and loud drum beat As the men of the city came out to meet The Lumbermen of Maine.

A thousand strong and more
From the woods and streams came they,
From where the Kennebec fountains rear,
And the swift Penobscot twists the oar,
And the Passamaquoddy bay.

Strong knights of the ax and pole, Kings of the raft and saw, In brawny limb and dauntless soul, By the breath of the mountain air made whole And the use of Nature's law.

They marched with a steady tread Toward the front of death and pain, Where the splintered stumps of the trees were red And the rivers waited to raft the dead Of the Lumbermen of Maine.

And a thousand more forsook
The ax and the setting pole,
And the forest camp by the swollen brook,
And in squads the vacant places took,
To keep the torn ranks whole.

Dusty and hot, and worn, The regiment came to-day, With a battle-flag all soiled and torn, And a dozen footless heroes borne Behind on a rumbling dray.

Through the city's double tide Slowly they marched again, With a look of modest and manly pride, That made them tall as they marched beside The throng of common men.

But a hundred strong and three, They came from the battle-plain; The others will never fell the tree, Or sing or dance when the raft floats free, With the Lumbermen of Maine.

[envelope]

By Steamer

[postmark: CARSON NEV. NOV 27]

[stamp removed]

Miss Nellie Verrill Norway Village Maine.