

Carson Nov 26th /65

Dear Nellie:

I leave half
a crown 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 appressed,
in the quickest possible
time that I had not
fallen so far from the
position of high and
worthy resolve ~~or~~ from
which I honestly and
sincerely told my love
to her whose life and
hope and happiness I would
link with mine, as to

debase my manhood
and to prove myself
an imbecile and a liar
by taking so much as
a drop of anything that
might intoxicate. And
yet, anxious as I am
to relieve your mind
from any suspicion of
unmanly irresolution on
my part, I cannot express
to you darling 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

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 ~~both~~ Editor
Edison 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 Man!"

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 professional
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,

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 outrage
 nor of any other beverage
 which ~~would~~ would make
 me a drunken Prejurer,
 will I, so long as God
 gives me strength, ever
 taste again. Shall I
 get my good friend
 Governor Blaxdel who is
 the Chief Executive of this
 State, and who is a teetotaler
 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 say

Solemn word and Trust
in my faith. Mistaken
my strength to withstand
Temptation Hellie, 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
Soul.

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

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

But I know you
will be satisfied with
my plea of "not guilty";
so I won't pursue this
subject any further. How-
ever, 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
Fairley, your new companion,
for me.

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

from Lee. 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 Mary
Grove 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 cease
trust your loving 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. Nichols.

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.

By Steamer



Nov 26
1865

Miss Nellie Benill
Norway Village
Mamie.

Carson Nov 26th /65

Dear Nellie:

I have half
a notion to go to the
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4)

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Henry R. Mighels.

[enclosure]

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[envelope]

By Steamer

[postmark: CARSON NEV. NOV 27]

[stamp removed]

Miss Nellie Verrill
Norway Village
Maine.