

Camden June 11th 1865

Dear Nellie:

I have just received your kind letter of May 12th in which you mention having received mine of April 11th announcing my arrival in San Francisco. Many thanks for your kind congratulations for my cordial reception among my old friends. And I owe you more than I can express for your prayers in behalf of my good resolutions. Your goodness and security of heart have great influence with me. The belief that you feel an interest in my holding steadfast to well formed resolutions sustains and comforts me. Your candour and frankness in declaring that you could not have entertained

my proposition had you thought
me the Harry you knew years
ago, prove your good judgment
while flattering me into a belief
that I have improved - like old
wine - with age. My judgment
commends your caution in not
fully committing your self while
my swollen head's yearnings crave
a complete resignation of your
love into my keeping. I long
to be near you - as you
express it - to prove your heart.
It seems to me that the season
of my absence from you is so
much of lifetime lost. I long
to pray that a good Providence
shall hasten our meeting with
me another never to be separated.
You warn me not to trust you.
I ~~do~~ trust in God that my
future life is not to be one
long, bitter disappointment - as

it would be if another should
gain that love which I prize
above everything else. You ask
me to help you apply your
"warning"; - I would rather
help you to despise and dis-
-avow it, as far as my selfish
self is concerned. The possibility
that "finally we can be nothing
more than friends" sinks into
my heart like a lump of ice.
Friendship is a cold substitute
for such love as I hope for. If
I were only your well-wishing
friend I would hope for your
marriage with a worthier, better
man than I am or can be capable
of being. But love is too intense,
a selfish sentiment to admit
of that state of feeling. I would
share my desires and hopes and
ambitions - and - it might be
my disappointments and trials with

you for my nearest and dearest
Companion. I feel that your
sympathies and kindly thoughts are
already with me. Heaven send me
your dear love and make our
semin a visit.

I hope you have got the letter
and papers I have sent you from
here. I sent you a piece of new
music. Did you get it?

Mother mentions the fact which
you allude to - your "notice
to quit" your boarding place.
Mother expresses the fear that
you may be obliged to return to
Portland to take up your residence
there. I hope not. I had rather
have you remain in Norway. I
can place you there. Besides,
you and Sue are too good friends
to be separated. Couldn't you
get board at Cousin Ruth's
Mausoleum? Why can't you
board with Add's father in law?

By the way ~~the~~ he and
his sweetheart are to be married
on the 15th of this month - you
tell me. Presents the happy
pair with my congratulations.
Tell Walter Addison that he
ought to visit this wonderful
country to feast on Geological
and Mineralogical wonders. I
wish he would come and
bring you and his wife with
him.

The girls in Norway seem
to have caught the marrying
mania, judging from your
account. Tell Sue that she
has my consent to marry
Joe - since she rejected me.
Give that dear Cousin of mine
the sweetest kind of a kiss
for my sake. I wrote to her

from here. I hope she got my
letter. Tell Sue and Henry Reed
to send me their photographs,
and send me your own. I
am raising a pair of chin
whiskers. When they grow out
I will have my picture taken
and send you one.

I am see-sawing away
as my Editorial duties after
a plodding sort of fashion.
There are very few incidents
transpiring here to furnish
material for subjects - but
the people must have a
newspaper and they flatter
me with occasional expressions
of satisfaction with my
efforts. This place has been
a regular grave-yard for
newspapers, and if I suc-
=ceed in making a permanent
institution of the Appeal, I

shall indulge my vanity with
a feast of self credit. And
you know what an awful
egotist I am.

We are having a season
of dry, hot summer weather
now. This quiet Sunday, the
clouds have spread themselves
over the sky and it is sultry
and close. - I have neglected
going to Church to write this
great long letter. So you must
share my sin of Sabbath
breaking with me.

I am glad that Frank is
so near ready to make you
happy with a visit. Will he
be mustered out, or will he
remain in the regular service?
If I were of his age, I think
I should prefer a soldier's life.
I sometimes regret having left
the service - especially in view

of the fact of the fall of Richmond
and the surrender of Lee's Army —
in the great glory of which events
I wish I had participated.

I should just company with
the "fictitious world" before meeting
you again. I will make you
that promise — and what is
better — keep it.

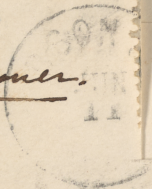
Gottschalk gave us a Concert — the
other night. So you see, we are
not so utterly secluded from the
world of fashion and great events
as you would suppose.

Remember me to your brother
and sisters. Give my love to Emily
and Abner and to Henry Rush. I
have already given you a Com-
=mission to execute with Lee.

Write to me often Nellie
and love me all you can. Your
daguerrotype stands open before
me as I write. I wish its own
original was as near me. Remember
me in your prayers and accept much
love from yours affectionately
Henry R. Wright.

17. Don't forget to give my love to Mary Anne when you see
her or write to her. Tell her to write to me. Henry.

By Steamer.



June 11 - 1865

Miss Nellie Verrill

Norway Village

Maine.

Carson June 11th 1865

Dear Nellie:

I have just received your kind letter of May 12th in which you mention having received mine of April 11th concerning my arrival in San Francisco. Many thanks for your kind congratulations for my cordial reception among my old friends. And I owe you more than I can express for your prayers in behalf of my good resolutions. Your goodness and purity of heart have great influence with me. The belief that you feel an interest in my holding steadfast to well formed resolutions sustains and comforts me. Your candour and frankness in declaring that you could not have entertained

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my proposition had you thought me the Harry you knew years ago, prove your good judgment while flattering me into a belief that I have improved — like old wine — with age. My judgment commends your caution in not fully committing your self while my earnest hearts yearnings crave a complete resignation of your love into my keeping. I long to be near you — as you express it — to prove your heart. It seems to me that the season of my absence from you is so much of lifetime lost. I try to pray that a good Providence shall hasten our meeting with one another never to be separated. You warn me not to trust you. I trust in God that my future life is not to be one long, bitter disappointment — as

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it would be if another should gain the love which I prize above everything else. You ask me to help you apply your "warning"; — I would rather help you to disprove and disavow it, as far as my selfish self is concerned. The possibility that "finally we can be nothing more than friends" sinks into my heart like a lump of ice. Friendship is a cold substitute for such love as I hope for. If I were only your well-wishing friend I would hope for your marriage with a worthier, better man than I am or am capable of being. But love is too entirely a selfish sentiment to admit of that state of feeling. I would share my desires and hopes and ambitions — and it might be my disappointments and trials with

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you for my nearest and dearest companion. I feel that your sympathies and kindly thoughts are already with me. Heaven send me your dear love and make our desires a unit.

I hope you have got the letter and papers I have sent you from here. I sent you a piece of new music. Did you get it?

Mother mentions the fact which you allude to — your "notice to quit" your boarding place. Mother expresses the fear that you may be obliged to return to Portland to take up your residence there. I hope not. I had rather have you remain in Norway. I can place you there. Besides, you and Lue are too good friends who separated. Couldn't you

get board at cousin Ruth's
mausoleum? Why cant you
board with Add's father in law?

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By the way he and
his sweetheart are to be married
on the 15th of this month — you
tell me. Present the happy
pair with my congratulations.
Tell brother Addison that he
ought to visit this wonderful
country to feast on geological
and minerological wonders. I
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bring you and his wife with
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The girls in Norway seem
to have caught the marrying
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has my consent to marry
Joe — since she rejected me.
Give that dear cousin of mine
the sweetest kind of kiss
for my sake. I wrote to her

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from here. I hope she got my
letter. Tell Lue and Henry Rust
to send me their photographs,
and send me your own. I
am raising a pair of chin
whiskers. When they grow out
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I am see-sawing away
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shall indulge my vanity with a feast of self credit. And you know what an awful egotist I am.

We are having a season of dry, hot summer weather now. This quiet Sunday, the clouds have spread themselves over the sky and it is sultry and close. — I have neglected going to church to wite this great long letter. So you must share my sin of Sabbath breaking with me.

I am glad that Wash is so near ready to make you happy with a visit. Will he be mustered out, or will he remain in the regular service? If I were of his age, I think I should prefer a soldiers life. I sometimes regret having left the service—especially in view

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of the fact of the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee's army—in the great glory of which events I wish I had participated.

I shall part company with the "filthy mud" before meeting you again. I will make you that promise — and what is better — keep it.

Gottschalk gave us a concert the other night. So you see, we are not so utterly excluded from the world of fashion and great events as you would suppose.

Remember me to your brothers
and sisters. Give my love to Gussy
and Abner and to Henry Rust. I
have already given you a com-
mission to execute with Lue.

Write to me often Nellie
and love me all you can. Your
daguerreotype stands open before
me as I write. I wish its dear
original was as near me. Remember
me in your prayers and accept much
love from yours affectionately

Henry R. Mighels.

[sideways in left margin]

P.S. Don't forget to give my love to Mary Gosse when you see
or write to her. Tell Lue to write to me. Harry.

[envelope]

By Steamer.

[Postmark:] CARSON CITY
JUN 11

Miss Nellie Verrill
Norway Village
Maine.