howay March 19th 1866 My Friend Hang Hooing allowed myself once to be guided by your will I find I have lost the former of resistance to a certain extent, Gut since I must obey it shall be in in my own way so for as writing at any rate, which I mean ter day L'el write just when I please! To forget you would be impossible when I am so completely durrounded by tokens of your thoughtfulnen, and overwhelmed by a dense of gratetude, and at the same time, of dismay at having received so many proofs of an offection which I have not

fully returned, However ensurable I may be of the "grand passion", & assure you I appreciate the high compliment you have paid me, and do most dinesely with your offection had been more worthely bestowed, but what is, is and it only remains to make the best of it whichever way it ends. My conscience smiler one that I am not mon decided, - That I do not either make an unconditional durrender or beat on inglorious retreat. you may be sure I shall do one or the other before many wreter. Justier to you demonts lit, and my rule is, do right at all hayards, when it is plain which is right. your letter wor received bridnesday, and has been read - how many times I shall not day because your vanity is already large enoughed, Thanks for A, but-mon

for the "Good bye" I received by blegraph monday oftenoon, It seemed very like a verbal parting, and from being so unsefected war dootly welcome. Low very glad your laveling acquaintancer one so pleasant, and Shoold not be durprised of you had duch a folly time that you the furt day or two, you did not find a chance to Think of the gallyon left behind you, Inch is the nature of mole bifuds. The days how passed so quetty that it deeme a month instead of a week direr you left. Last creming the reading with met with my distile that is to be, but I felt do stiefed that I did not much enjoy it. heat muck They were come here, won't you honor us by your presence! The "C.L. L", a young ladied

deent- dociety, which wor organized Three years ago but how been asleep erer dince, to now being revised and will occupy one of my evenings, The gentlemen on invited and It. is made a very docial office. would you like a beket of invita how! Ble the girls of "our det" go and will doubtlen exert them below for your entertainment, The long long weary day" come all night, - at comes quite afterand will hardly be dung without Some bitte thought of the donor. I hope I may never sing it from my heart, realizing the bitter have of an only love lost forever more, because L'inobeld triple with my love", many and me hundle on here, toarding at her Inelyn. I know you are longing to see his my your dear cousin, I have not get had

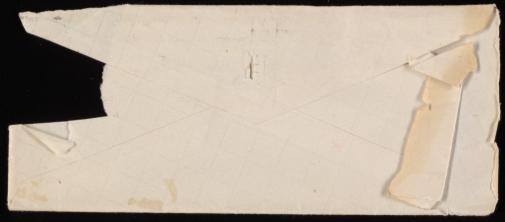
It's I that pleasure, The Col, har come Book, and show resplendent last the weather, which has been indulying in a "spell" for the last much, during which time we have had but one pleasant afternoon, and ar Love improved that by taking a vide, I secretly wished that "my coptain 3 with -out - the whisters were near I serough to "lake a oly glove at me"; to the imagination. When you write me from Colyonia I please describe your oursoundings and the routine of your life that I may know just where to find you when in my thought I make the journey to you distant home, now I can only think of you, Through the midnight sailing, soiling, Listing to the wild winds wailing, and The

darking of the Jaam" - you shoved be here Today to appreciate that second line, Inch a waiting, howling, seruching, as the wind melade through This old house and the ancient trues, with the accasional dashing of the rain against the window france, is were worth listing to. July The wind is a grand old mudicion, and he whistes 'oner The hills and for away" in an issimilable style. Mip Belay Sordner is here winiting. you should hear the old lady coulife Ment my playing and singing. The heats you in the delicate out of flotting, and what makes her more desirable, it is all sincere. Oh! goodner ! how it pour hail stone, I must wolch them, so you con stand one side god if I have any Thing more to day, Le sogit some other time,

Kunday morning. I monderhow do you find yourself this glowiour Spring day! Inch a templation or it has been to lake a view on the crust, but do many things dumed to demand my attention in doors that I worst ed, you should be thankapel since I shall devote part of the time to your most intimate friend, Coft mights If my style of writing should seem to abouted in superfluous adjectives it will be particley attribution to the Joel that I have been reading a Junch honslation - "Corinne" which is made of of flowery nothings - as - down hos sweeping in that statement, There are Some beautaful ideal and Jim Thoughts in it, but They are clothed in the most extravagent longuage. I have also read this mik, Lowe

It Down" and English owel, with stout equal facts of plat and moral. My friend Joge called & su me last evening, what do you think now about bomp thing devoue having farred between us! "One can't most olways lett", concerning those offairle, I should a may by to Portland in a few weeks to make a visit. and we not continued to pray for even our enemier! That certainly our friends should have a small show. but don't think me better thou I am, for I never pray except when I feel like it, - not believing in the efficacy of a prayer which does not proceed from an earnest heart, I generally manage to ful in the mood once a day. Thanks for your kind meastages of my Jamily, and shirt know none of yours, you con take to yourdely all of my line which

Henry R. Mighela Care of Seo. C. Sorham Eags, Per Momer. Lan Francises



Norway March 17th 1865

My friend Harry

Having allowed myself once to be guided by you will I find I have lost the power of resistance to a certain extent, but since I must obey it shall be in in my own way so far as writing at any rate, which I mean to say " -- I'll write just when I please!

To forget you would be impossible when I am so completely surrounded by tokens of your thoughtfulness, and overwhelmed by a sense of gratitude, and at the same time, of dismay at having received so many proofs of an affection which I have not

[page 2]

fully returned. However insensible I may be of the "grand passion", I assure you I appreciate the high compliment you have paid me, and do most sincerely wish your affection had been more worthily bestowed, but what is, is, and it only remains to make the best of it whichever way it ends. My conscience smites me that I am not more decided, -- that I do not either make an unconditional surrender or beat an inglorious retreat. You may be sure I shall do one or the other before many weeks. Justice to you demands it, and my rule is, do right at all hazards, when it is plain which is right.

Your letter was received Wednesday, and has been read -- how many times I shall not say because your vanity is already large enough, thanks for it, but -- more

[page 3]

for the "Good bye" I received by telegraph Monday afternoon, It seemed very like a verbal parting, and from being so unexpected was doubly welcome. I am very glad your traveling acquaintances are so pleasant, and should not be surprised if you had such a jolly time that after the first day or two, you did not find a chance to think of "the gall you left behind you". Such is the nature of male bipeds.

The days have passed so quietly that it seems a month instead of a week since you left. Last evening the reading circle met with my sister that is to be, but I felt so stupid that I did not much enjoy it. Next week they will come here. Won't you honor us by your presence?

The "C. L. L.", a young ladies

[page 4]

secret society, which was organized three years ago but has been asleep ever since, is now being revived and will occupy one of my evenings. The gentlemen are invited and it is made a very social affair.

Would you like a ticket of invitation? All the girls of "our set" go and will doubtless exert them selves for your entertainment.

"The long long weary day" came all night, -- it comes quite often -- and will hardly be sung without some bitter thought of the donor. I hope I may never sing it from my heart, realizing the bitter woe of an only love lost forever more, because I "would trifle with my love".

Mary and Mr Merrill are here, boarding at Mr Greely's. I know you are longing to see Mrs M -- your dear cousin. I have not yet had

[page 5]

that pleasure. The Col. has come back, and shone resplendent last evening -- perhaps from contrast with the weather, which has been indulging in a "spell" for the last week, during which time we have had but one pleasant afternoon, and as Ive improved that by taking a ride, I secretly wished that "my Captain with-out-the whiskers" were near enough to "take a sly glance at me", the result of said glance being left to the imagination.

When you write me from California please describe your surroundings and the routine of your life that I may know just where to find you when in my thoughts I make the journey to your distant home, -- now I can only think of you, "Through the midnight sailing, sailing, Listening to the wild winds wailing, and the

[left margin: continued from/see page 8]

[page 6]

dashing of the foam." -- You should be here today to appreciate that second line. Such a wailing, howling, screeching, as the wind makes through this old house and the ancient trees, with the occasional dashing of the rain against the window panes, is well worth listening to.

July the wind is a grand old musician, and he whistles "over the hills and far away" in an inimitable style.

Miss Betsy Gardner is here visiting. You should hear the old lady compliment my playing and singing. She beats you in the delicate act of flattery, and what makes hers more desirable, it is all sincere.
Oh! goodness! how it pours hail stones, I must watch them, so you can stand one side and if I have any thing more to say. I'll say it some other time,

[page 7]

Sunday Morning,

I wonder --

How do you find yourself this gloriouos Spring day! Such a temptation as it has been to take a run on the crust; but so many things seemed to demand my attention in doors that I resisted. You should be thankful since I shall devote part of the time to the pleasant task of trying to entertain your most intimate friend, Capt. Mighels.

If my style of writing should seem to abound in superfluous adjectives it will be partially attributable to the fact that I have been reading a French translation -- "Corinne" -- which is made up of flowery nothings -- no -- I am too sweeping in that statement, there are some beautiful ideas and fine thoughts in it, but they are clothed in the most extravagent language.

I have also read this week, "Live

[page 8]

It Down" and English novel, with about equal parts of plot and moral.

My friend Gage called to see me last evening, what do you think now about something serious having passed between us? "One can't most always tell," concerning those affairs.

I think I may go to Portland in a few weeks to make a visit.

Yes, -- I'll pray for you, because -- are we not commanded to pray for even our enemies? Most certainly our friends should have a small share, but don't think me better than I am, for I never pray except when I feel like it, -- not believing in the efficacy of a prayer which does not proceed from an earnest heart. I generally manage to feel in the mood once a day.

Thanks for your kind messages to my family and friends, as I know none of yours, you can take to yourself all of my love which

[con't in margin of page 5]:

goes California ward. Don't flatter yourself that the prism is very large with this friendly caution -- don't trust me too much, -- I subscribe myself as ever Nellie L

[envelope]

[postmark: NORWA]

[stamp removed]

Henry R. Mighels Care of Geo. C. Gorham Esqr. San Francisco Cal --

Per. Steamer.

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