

Norway, March 17<sup>th</sup> 1865

My Friend Mary.

Having allowed myself once to be guided by your 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



fully returned. However envious 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

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  
acquaintance 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  
mole 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. S.", a young ladies



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 invita-  
tion? 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 forevermore, because  
I, "would trifle with my love".

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



your California word, Don't flatter your self that the price is very large.  
With the friendliness, caution - don't trust me too much - I outside of my self  
advised  
Bellevue

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 love improved that by taking a ride, I secretly wished that "my Captain with-out-the-whiskers" were near enough to "take a shy 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



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 pane, is well worth listening to.

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

Miss Betsey Gardner is here visiting. You should hear the old lady compliment my playing and singing. She beats you in the delicate art of flattery, and what makes her 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.

Sunday morning.

I wonder how do you find yourself this glorious spring day! Such a temptation as it has been to take a run on the coast; but so many things seemed to demand my attention in doors that I resist ed. 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. Wright.

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 - as I am too sweeping in that statement, there are some beautiful ideas and fine thoughts in it, but they are clothed in the most extravagant language.

I have also read this week, "Levi



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

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

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

Yes, — I'll pray for you, because — and 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 message to my family, <sup>and friends</sup> as I know none of you, you can take to yourself all of my love which





Mar 17  
1865

Henry R. Nichols  
Care of Geo. C. Gorham Esq.  
San Francisco  
Cal.

Per. Moore.







Norway March 17th 1865

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[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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