

Norway. April 24th. 1865.

My Friend Harry,

Your good letter of 20th and 21st ult. was very gladly received yesterday morning, and with what I consider most commendable promptness I attempt an answer. By reference to my diary I find that I wrote to you just three weeks ago today, and I remember too that the snow was quite deep at that time. Now I cannot see a particle look which way I will! The road is dry and dusty, the grass has assumed a decided tinge of green, the birds sing sweetly, show the fresh young buds of the naked tree tops, and they tell me that the frogs have been piping merrily the past two evenings but I've not heard them — much to my regret. Every thing gives promise of the approaching summer, which I

shall hail with intense delight,
I am indeed glad to know of
your safe arrival at the ^{first} stopping
place of your long journey; of the
comparatively few inconveniences,
and the many pleasant diversions
with which you have whiled away
the long days on shipboard.

I should think one might find
much that would amuse in watching
the different phases of life and
character in such a compact little
world. Physiognomy was always a favorite
study with me, so much so that I can
sit for hours in a crowd of strange faces
and not think of being weary. There
is the Church here, and I must go
although I am just in the mood for better
writing.

Monday Morning.

I didn't think so long a time
would pass before I should resume
this writing, but we (Lee, Col. Rust
and Lou Brown) were invited to take
tea at Augustai, so we went there
from Church and stayed most of the
evening meeting, after that
the mail had to be put up and
then I spent the night with Lou,
there we are reminded that "tempus

tempus fugit" - ing, also that the old
fellow waits for no man or, what is
very ungentle, woman either, but it
passed in a jolly manner while we
were at home for so long no fault to
find. - Wish you might have made
one of the party!

A week ago today we received
glorious news. "Richmond is ours!"
was flashed over the wire and
every body was electrified thereby.
Yesterday the patriotism of our good
people threatened to burst some body
or something if no safety valve could
be found, so they let thought steam of
our ancient cannon and straightway
it boomed - as loudly as it could
conveniently. Boulda D. bought out
her pet, a gun "about six inches
long," which she has ^{kept} silent four
years that she might first fire
it in honor of the fall of Richmond,
and she says lighted the gun herself.
In the evening tea and tin horns
predominated. "Take it all in all"
this town has not indulged in so
much of a celebration for many
a day. Truly they have sufficient
reason to rejoice and be exceedingly
glad, but I could not enter much

into the spirit of it because - our
brother is on the field of battle.
We have a line written Sat. evening.
He was unharmed at that time, but
his cup is with Sheridan and one
can but be filled with apprehension.

Yet a just God is over all who doeth
all things well, and whatever be the
issue I trust we shall meet it with
due resignation.

Our reading circle flourishes.
Last week we read "Much ado about
nothing" in which I did Beatrice,
the book before Milton's "Sampson
Agonistes" was read, in that I had the
part of Delilah. - did you ever read
it? 'Tis a splendid thing but very hard
to read aloud. "As you like it" has
also been read, Rosalind fell to my
lot in that, so you will perceive
that "The child" has been rather conspic-
uous for one of her years and size.

Yesterday evening was spent at Mrs
Gen. Beall's by special invitation. There
was a supper party, but Mrs Virginia is quite
anxious for me to learn cribbage so
he undertook to teach me but I imagine
found a dull pupil, although on a
matter of courtesy he proined me a
little and let me beat part of the time.

Tomorrow morning I start for
Portland on a short visit - wind
and weather permitting, the latter
looks now very much like having a
bad spell - "flying and dark is the day",
a disagreeable contrast with yesterday
morning - "Lick it off which is the
end of all things"!

I have read Eugene Aram, How do
you like it? I was full of sympathy
for the poor deluded fellow. Yesterday
I came across "The dream of Eugene Aram"
by Hood, a very thrilling little poem.
Have you ever seen it? I've been
reading some of Scott's novels lately.
Isn't Jenny Deane a lovely character
in his "Heart of Midlothian"? "The Bride
of Lammermoor" is interesting now.

I gave you regards to Henry Rust
and he wished me to reciprocate when
I wrote, which you will please consider
done, my best friend here prevented
my delivering you other messages.

Perhaps it would be well for you to
write to all the girls instead of
instructing manager to me because I
give you fair warning that they may
not be delivered, - Henry - about that

me too much in any thing.

Really you had better not - "varium
et mutabile semper femina" - and I
am no exception. Bear in mind
that "there is money a slip 'twixt the cup
and the lip", especially when the cup
is a little shy of the lip. Also that
I had not faith enough in myself
to bind myself in any manner.

If my good wishes will help you
any to succeed in your undertakings
you know or ought to, that they are
yours. Your mother does not seem
very concerned. She often speaks of you
but never complainingly, but she is
a person who expresses very little either
joy and I am not with her enough
to understand her different moods.

I think I wrote you in my last
that I received the telegram and
expressed my thanks for the same.
I appreciate all your kind thoughtfulness
but don't know how I am ever to
repay it. You must take my will
for the deed.

Yes, I should enjoy the voyage
very much I know. The ocean is
very dear to me, I never weary of

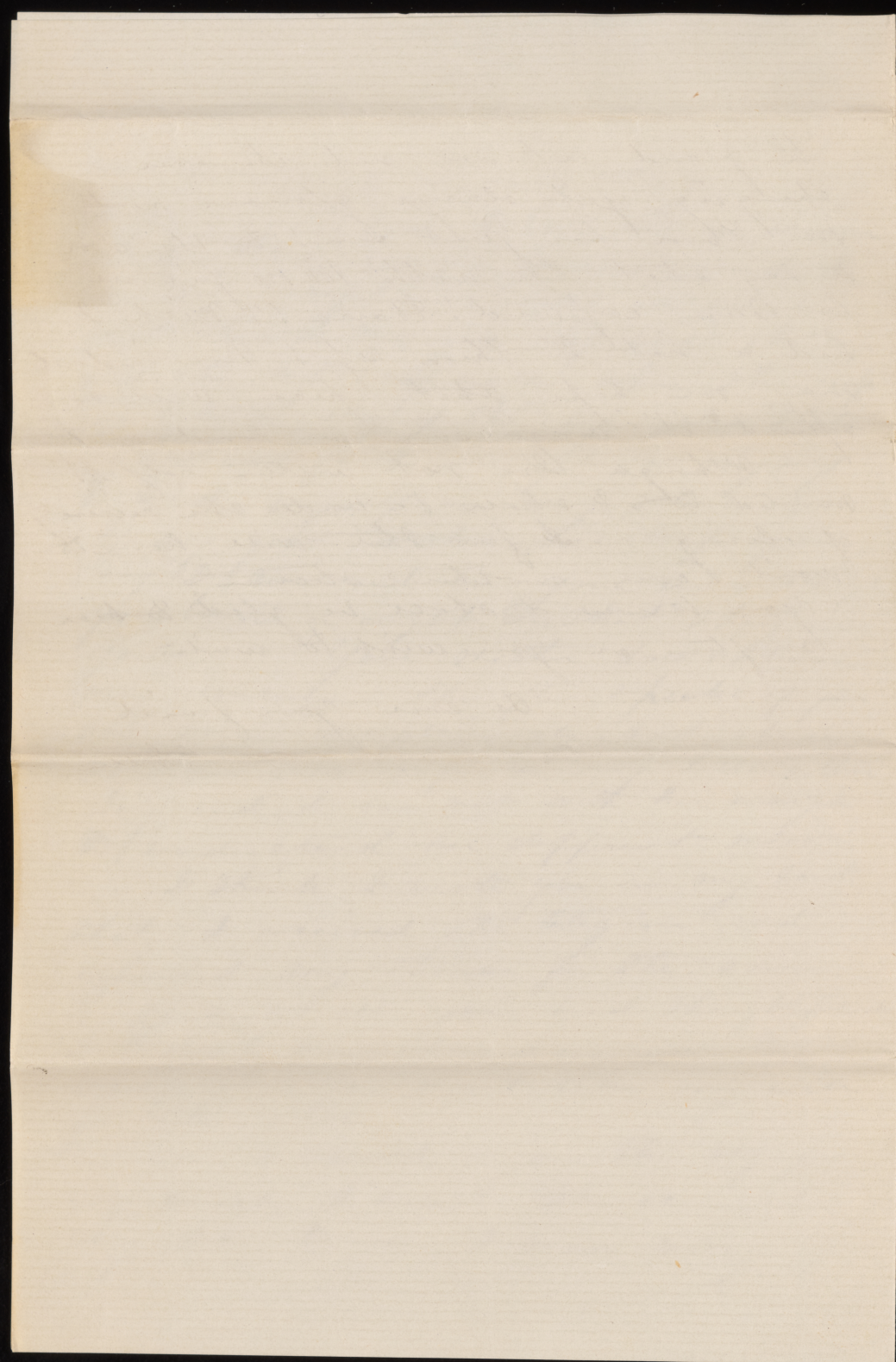
its grand expanse, and its ever
changing yet always glorious moods -
Mr. Floss has just come to the door
to say that Lee with 100,000 prisoners
has been captured! Hurray!!! Wish I
had a hat to throw up! Now indeed
may we hope that peace will soon
spread its wings over our loved country.

Although I've not written half as
wanted to, I shall be under the necessity
of closing or I fear this will have to
wait for another steamer.

You know I shall be glad to hear
as often as you wish to write.

As ever your friend

Allen.



Per Steamer



April 9
1865

1915

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



Norway. April 9th 1865.

My Friend Harry,

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then I spent the night with Lue,
Thus we are reminded that "tempus

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[page 5]

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As ever your friend

Nellie.

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[envelope]

[postmark: NORWAY APR 10]

Per Steamer

[stamp removed]

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