

Portland April 20th 1865

Tues day.

My Friend Harry,

Yours of the

20th was received a few days since. My thanks for the same. You will see by the date of this that I am not at home; have been here something over ~~the~~ a week and shall stay a few days longer. My visit has not been particularly joyous because I came partly to see my grandmother who is very sick, and it has been more gloomy the past few days because of the great public calamity which I suppose you have heard of ere this. You must have heard of our joy and our sorrow very nearly

together. One week ago the city was
gayly dressed in token of rejoicing
at the surrender of Lee and the
seeming prospect of immediate peace,
now it is deeply draped in
mourning for the death of our loved
President. I can conceive of no greater
loss that could have befallen us
at this time of critical interest
& all concerned in our country's
welfare. The suddenness of the stroke
seems to have nearly paralyzed our
good people, they can think of nothing
else and business has been almost
suspended. Public buildings, all places
of business, and many private houses
are deeply hung with black and
white. Some of the designs are very
fine and quite touching. We are
going tonight - no this afternoon, to
hear a sermon appropriate to the occasion,
that reminds me that I was very
near listening to one at dinner today.

An old minister was a guest and
as the subject turned upon the
cause of this war I got into quite
a warm discussion with my uncle
who is always on the opposite side,
and by (I flatter myself) a few
ingenious questions made him
contradict himself very shortly.
When the old fellow ^{the parson} begged my pardon
if that is disrespectful - advanced
some views which being a wicked
Unionist I could not swallow,
so I ventured to respond, and such
an avalanche as I found coming
about my devoted ears! Mrs Lane
helped them and they repeated to
me nearly the whole of the New
Testament which I found too large
a dose and rose to leave the room
when he arrested me by this
momentous question. "If a man
drunk and swearing should fall

overboard where would he go to?"

Some imp of mischief prompted me to say "to the bottom", this look of holy horror caused me to retreat in disorder, feeling half ashamed of my levity.

Byron has gone down last & to take a peep at his Dulcinea, there being two days in which he was most obliged to keep open his office, he could not resist the temptation even when his Dig Sir was here to console him. However I forgive him as - "his sin's at least they'll sin do", a young man of your age and experience can in all probability sympathize with him. You see you are so old isn't it? Had you been young and good looking enough possibly I might have played the sweet for your benefit; as it is though you are safe from

any of my wiles. What girl
with my youth and beauty would
a beaut who is nearly forty and
grey hair to his hair? What if he
was considered the finest figure
in a stoney ball room? I shall
nothing? Why once upon a time
I even saw the belle in that
some hall, but there were not
more than a dozen ladies present
and all of those were old maids.
Can you take a joke?

May wishes to present her
cousinly love, but I won't deliver
any such message. How in
the world can she have a
cousinly regard for you? Indeed
I can't see how it can happen
that she does — unless you have
been making love to some of
my relatives, which you had
better not do, because I'll expose

you and tell them what a
gay deceim you are, and how
you trifled with my young
expectations, and when I get
to be a man I'll call you out
and give you a dose of warm
lead. May won't let me write
another word so good bye - be
a good boy, mind your master
go to school and if
you firmly believe that the
world is round and has no
end, you will die when the
time comes and go to the
best place that is ready for you
when I will be waiting with
open arms to receive you - if
nothing takes place to prevent,
but if you know see doubtful
things are uncertain. So don't
die for that especial purpose
because I might change my

mind at the last moment -
I'm not to be trusted!

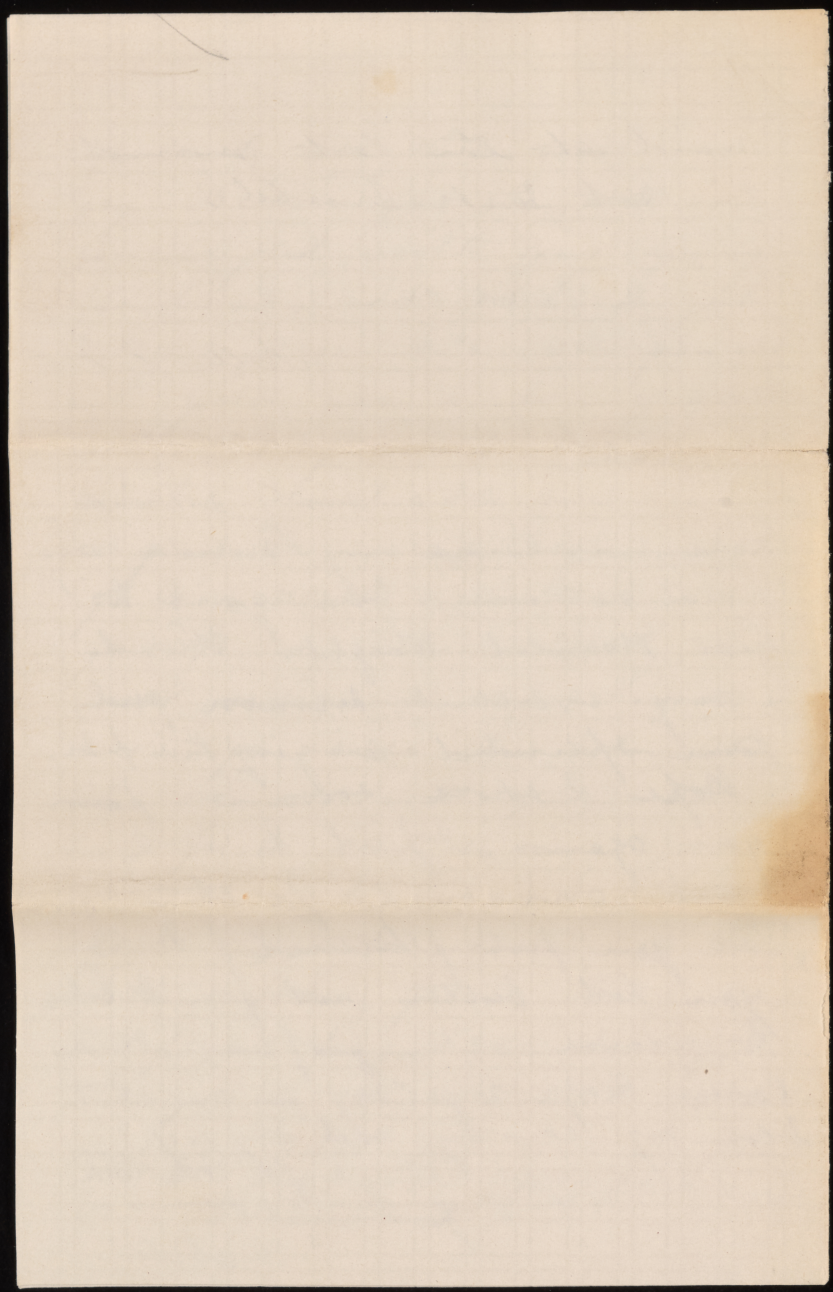
As ever

Nellie L. D.

Later

at a newly married
cousine who are very sweet - honey
moon not over, are going to
hear "Hamlet" tonight. Heard
a very excellent sermon and
some splendid singing this p.m.
Hope I shall soon hear from
you again. I find I look

quite anxiously for them - your
letters
Do you feel flattered? Well
you had better not for I like
to receive other people's letters.
Cousin George says, "say for me that
I love my country and my wife."
Can't hear myself think for the tick,
Good night -
Nellie



Per Steamer.

April 20 - 1865



Henry H. [unclear]

Care of Geo. C. Gorham Esq
San Francisco Cal.

1913



Norway Inn. May 30th 1866.

My Friend Henry,

Many thanks for
yours of the 14th inst. telling me of your
safe arrival. I am glad for you that
your reception was so cordial, and that
you found so many old friends. - and
more than glad that those same old friends
were unable to dissuade you from your
resolution to be a temperate man. 'Tis so
much easier to please ones friends even
at some self-sacrifice, that I can
imagine something of the struggle
it cost. I do hope and pray you
may be able to keep all of your good
resolutions in regard to your future life.

Portland April 20th, 1865
Fast day

My Friend Harry,

Yours of the
29th was received a few days since.
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[page 2]

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good people. They can talk of nothing
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[page 3]

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[page 4]

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[page 5]

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[page 6]

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you trifled with my young
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Nellie L. V.

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letters. Do you feel flattered? Well
you had better not for I like
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Cousin George says, "say for me that
I love my country and my wife".
Can't hear myself think for the talk.

Good night
Nell

[page 8]

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[envelope]

[postmark PORTLAND ME APR 21]

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Per Steamer

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