

New York March 13th / 65

Dear Nellie:-

I feel too "jazz in spirit" to write to you as I should like to today. I have had a lump in my head as big as a turnip ever since I said good bye to you; and it gets no smaller "very fast" as the time approaches for my going on board the departing steamer. How jolly and happy I should be if you were going with me. But you may be certain, that as poor Pat says in the song, "I'll not forget you darling dear, in the land I'm going to." And you know, you are to go with me to that

land, one of these days - not
for distant, - I trust. The
hope and longing for that time
to come sustain and cheer
me in my great grief at being
obliged to put so many miles
between you and me.

I am very fortunate
in being largely acquainted
among Californians and there
is a large party of my
intimate friends going on
the steamer of tomorrow.

This is very lucky, for a
lonely voyage, among stran-
-gers would be almost
unbearable under the cir-
-cumstances.

Ordinarily, the steamers
of this side connect with
very elegant vessels on the
Pacific - but - as is very
usual ill fortune, something

has happened in the arrange-
-ments at San Francisco, and
instead of the splendid "Golden
City" or the "Constitution" or the
"Sacramento", the old tub "St
Louis" is to have the honor
of returning me to the golden
shores of El Dorado. The many
disappointments which occur
to me on my voyages, remind
me of my many sins, in
days bygone, and with be-
-coming resignation I bow
my head in meekness
and contrition. I am also
reminded that "there is a
divinity which shapes our
suds rough" &c.

How I ~~wish~~ wish that
Norway was a Port of entry
and that the steamer "Costa
Rica" was to begin her voyage
from the front steps of Miller

Cottage with Lue crying good
bye to you and me and Mother
and Aunt Harriet and Eliza
and the Major and the rest
blessing us ~~to~~ thro' their tears
and bidding us "God Speed"
as we were about starting
on the voyage of life and
hope together - never more
to be separated on Earth.

But I think I could willingly
dispense with the Post of Duty
and the Steamer and even the
touching farewell of loved ones
if this "day of jubile" had come.
With you for my darling wife
the measure of my contentment
and happiness would be filled.
Hail blessed day! May Heaven
hasten and bless our union.

I love to write to you
after this fashion. For I believe
you trust my correctness now;
and to repeat these thoughts at
even so great a distance is

like talking to you in my
dreams - as I often do.

I send you "the long
long weary day" as I
promised you I would
I hope you will think
of me when you sing
"But hope he he'd come once more
and love me as before" - and
yet in view of the fact
that the song is a wail
over a dear one dead and
gone, I may be excused
from the charge of undue
selfishness if I express the
hope that you may not
have occasion for a good
long time to come to weep
over my demise when from
your "windows' heights" you
"look out on the night."

A very warm, kind friend
of mine, Capt Berier, formerly
of our staff, has just come
to visit me at my hotel
and to dine with me and
Geo. Graham today. The
Captain knows you by
reputation - for I often
talk to my good friends
of those I love. To entertain
him, I must bring this
hap-hazard writing to an
end.

In all earnestness Nelly -
Pray for me - for I need
your good, pure intercession
in my behalf. Think of
me darling as him who
loves you better than any
being on earth and whose
deepest hope and desire
is to be your nearest and
dearest friend. Give my

P. S. Remember me to Augusta and Abner.
Tell her I will write often for the steamer.

love to you Sue and
remember me to Henry
Rush - not forgetting me
to your Brothers when
you write. Don't forget
to write to me in time
for the mail of the 23^d
and be sure and endorse
your letter Per Steamer.
Kiss Hattie and Emma for
me. God bless and preserve
you.

Accept much love
from yours

Very affectionately
Henry R. Procter

To

Miss Nellie Verrie }
Norway Maine }

Mar 12
1865



Miss Felli L. Verree

Norway Village
Maine.

New York March 12th / 65

Dear Nellie: --

I feel too "poor in spirit" to write to you as I should like to today. I have had a lump in my heart as big as a turnip ever since I said good bye to you; and it gets no smaller "very fast" as the time approaches for my going on board the departing steamer. How jolly and happy I should be if you were going with me. But you may be certain, that as poor Pat says in the song, "I'll not forget you darling dear, in the land I'm going to." And you know, you are to go with me to that

[page 2]

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[page 3]

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[page 3]

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[page 5]

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[page 6]

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Kiss Hattie and Emma for
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you.

Accept much love
from yours

Very affectionately
Henry R. Mighels

To
Miss Nellie Verrill
Norway Maine

[sideways in margin]:
P.S. Remember me to Augusta and Abner.
Tell Lue I will write to her from the steamer.

[Envelope]:

[Postmark] MAR 12

Miss Nellie L. Verrill
Norway Village
Maine